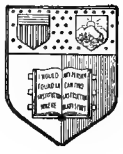

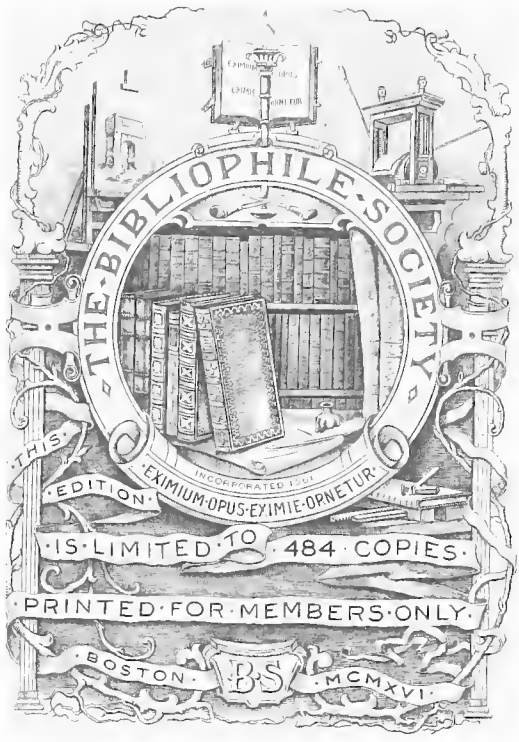
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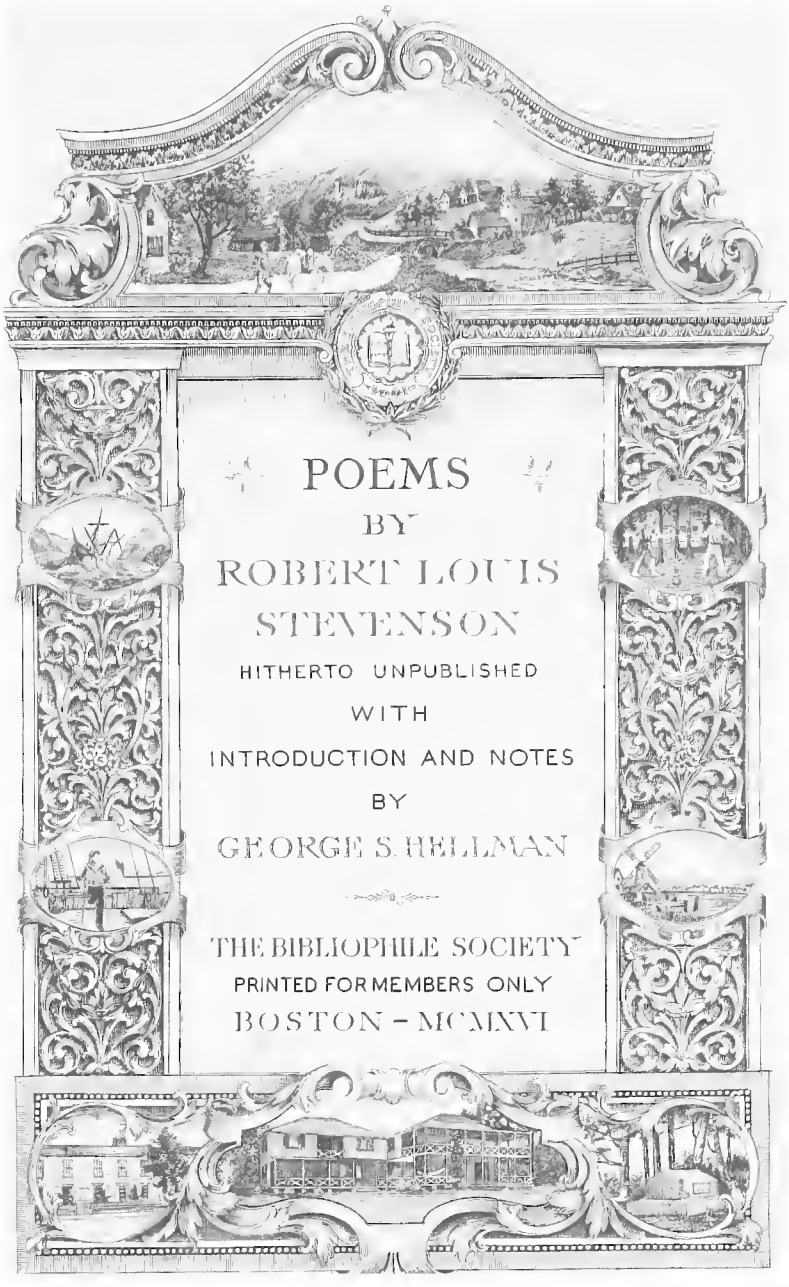
The picture at the top represents Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*; on the left side, the shipwreck is from *Kidnapped*; John Silver with his parrot, from *Treasure Island*; on the right side, the duel of the two brothers, from *Master of Ballantrae*, and beneath it a bit of the *Inland Voyage*. The bottom pictures, from left to right, show his birthplace, his home in Samoa, and his tomb.



POEMS

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

GEORGE S. HELLMAN

THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

PRINTED FOR MEMBERS ONLY

BOSTON – MCMXVI

UNPUBLISHED POEMS
OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VOL. II

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1885

HAIL GUEST, AND ENTER FREELY! ALL YOU SEE
LO, NOW, MY GUEST, IF AUGHT AMISS WERE SAID
SO LIVE, SO LOVE, SO USE THAT FRAGILE HOUR
AD SE IPSUM
BEFORE THIS LITTLE GIFT WAS COME
GO, LITTLE BOOK — THE ANCIENT PHRASE

HAIL GUEST, AND ENTER FREELY!

LO, NOW, MY GUEST, IF AUGHT AMISS WERE SAID

In the spring of 1885 Robert Louis Stevenson was at last to live in a home of his own. His wife had won her way into the affections of his parents, and "Skerryvore" (a name commemorating "one of the great lighthouse works carried out by the family firm" of the Stevensons) was presented to her by her father-in-law. Stevenson tried his hand at various inscriptions for the new home. Two of these were printed in "Underwoods" (Book I, Nos. XXXIV and XXXV). Another two are the poems that follow. In the first there is a reminiscence of "The Rubaiyàt;" although, of course, the idea of hospitality that it embodies goes back to the earlier Greeks. The second inscription is more original, with its well-phrased characterization of the spirit of forgiveness as both "the parent and the child of sleep."

HAIL GUEST, AND ENTER FREELY!

Hail, guest, and enter freely! All you see
Is, for your momentary visit, yours; and we
Who welcome you, are but the guests of God
And know not our departure.

LO, NOW, MY GUEST

Lo, now, my guest, if aught amiss were said,
Forgive it and dismiss it from your head.
For me, for you, for all, to close the date,
Pass now the evening sponge across the slate;
And to that spirit of forgiveness keep,
Which is the parent and the child of sleep.

SO LIVE, SO LOVE, SO USE THAT FRAGILE HOUR

In this quatrain, also written at Skerryvore, the significant word is "shining." Stevenson was often bed-ridden during these weeks and he well knew how fragile is life's hour; but though the hand of death might seem dark, he clung to his vision of death in its entirety, as "a shining power." We know how often he bodied forth this conception both in his poems and in his essays, and it is all the more noteworthy — as it may, for some, be all the more inspiriting — that this attitude did not in his case depend for support upon the rock of religious belief in the continuance of individual life beyond the grave.

SO LIVE, SO LOVE, SO USE THAT FRAGILE HOUR

So live, so love, so use that fragile hour,
That when the dark hand of the shining power
Shall one from other, wife or husband, take,
The poor survivor may not weep and wake.

AD SE IPSUM

Stevenson here addresses himself. He recalls the adventure of marriage five years earlier, and reflecting on its happy consequences, acknowledges once more that the fate of man lies in the hand of God. In an earlier poem in volume one ("It's Forth Across the Roaring Foam"), written in California, he gave sincere praise to God for the friends that then arose to comfort him.

The reference to the "various whimsical pretexts" whereby he won his bride is contained in a couplet worthy of Pope.

AD SE IPSUM

Dear sir, good morrow! Five years back
When you first girded for this arduous track,
And under various whimsical pretexts
Endowed another with your damned defects,
Could you have dreamed in your despondent vein
That the kind God would make your path so plain?
Non nobis, domine!—O, may He still
Support my stumbling footsteps on the hill!

BEFORE THIS LITTLE GIFT WAS COME

At his home in Bournemouth, Stevenson finished "A Child's Garden of Verses," his first published volume of poetry. One surmises that this book is referred to in the following poem as his "little gift" to a child. But whose child had died ere the gift arrived — who was the mother for whom Stevenson wrote these verses? Perhaps it was Nelly, his wife's sister.

BEFORE THIS LITTLE GIFT WAS COME

Before this little gift was come,
The little owner had made haste for home;
And from the door of where the eternal dwell,
Looked back on human things and smiled farewell.
O may this grief remain the only one!
O may your house be still a garrison
Of smiling children, and forevermore
The tune of little feet be heard along the floor!

GO, LITTLE BOOK — THE ANCIENT PHRASE

Stevenson was very fond of his sister-in-law, Nelly Sanchez, and at her California home he had been a welcome guest. To her, in 1885, he sent "Prince Otto," and with it these beautiful lines. The poem is in the form of a colloquy between the author and his work. In the first stanza, Stevenson bids Otto go to Nelly; in the second he answers the book's query as to how Nelly shall be recognized; and in the rest of the poem he instructs his messenger regarding what shall be said and done when Nelly's home is reached.

The poem is all the more interesting because it was to her that "Prince Otto" was dedicated. Giant Adulpho was Stevenson's brother-in-law.

GO, LITTLE BOOK — THE ANCIENT PHRASE

Go, little book — the ancient phrase
And still the daintiest — go your ways,

My Otto, over sea and land,
Till you shall come to Nelly's hand.

How shall I your Nelly know?
By her blue eye and her black brow,
By her fierce and slender look,
And by her goodness, little book!

What shall I say when I come there?
You shall speak her soft and fair:
See — you shall say — the love they send
To greet their unforgotten friend!

Giant Adulpho you shall sing
The next, and then the cradled king:
And the four corners of the roof
Then kindly bless; and to your perch aloof,
Where Balzac all in yellow dressed
And the dear Webster of the west
Encircle the prepotent throne
Of Shakespeare and of Calderon,
Shall climb an upstart.
There, with these,
You shall give ear to breaking seas
And windmills turning in the breeze,
A distant undetermined din
Without; and you shall hear within
The blazing and the bickering logs,

The crowing child, the yawning dogs,
And ever agile, high and low,
Our Nelly going to and fro.

There shall you all silent sit,
Till, when perchance the lamp is lit
And the day's labour done, she takes
Poor Otto down, and, warming for our sakes,
Perchance beholds, alive and near,
Our distant faces reappear.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1886

MY LOVE WAS WARM

DEDICATORY POEM FOR "UNDERWOODS"

MY LOVE WAS WARM

At Kingussie, in March, 1886, Stevenson wrote this little lyric in which he shows with what deep love he still is held by the bond of marriage. Six years had passed since "the mountains and the sea"—the Atlantic and the Rockies—had been crossed by him in that journey which ended in the lovers' meeting.

MY LOVE WAS WARM

My love was warm; for that I crossed
  The mountains and the sea,
Nor counted that endeavour lost
  That gave my love to me.

If that indeed were love at all
  As still, my love, I trow,
By what dear name am I to call
  The bond that holds me now?

DEDICATORY POEM FOR "UNDERWOODS"

Although "Underwoods" was not published until the latter half of 1887, Stevenson was preparing his book of verses for the press in the preceding year. This dedication was never used, the actual dedication, in prose, being to some ten or eleven physicians who, both in Europe and in America, had tended him during many illnesses.

The present dedicatory poem (to the pieces in English, Book I of "Underwoods") is most interesting. The Spectator — that austere and critical review — had in the course of years commented both adversely and favorably upon the writings of Stevenson. He compares The Spectator to a scolding grandam, who yet can be kind; and we should have to seek far to find a poem in which an author takes so smiling and gracious a revenge upon his critics. The line "She damned me with a misquotation" will appeal to both writers and reviewers; while the entire concluding stanza wherein Stevenson shows his recognition of the value of publicity, even when the notice is unfavorable, is full of humor.

DEDICATORY POEM FOR "UNDER-WOODS"

To her, for I must still regard her
As feminine in her degree,
Who has been my unkind bombarder
Year after year, in grief and glee,
Year after year, with oaken tree;
And yet betweenwhiles my laudator
In terms astonishing to me —
To the Right Reverend THE SPECTATOR
I here, a humble dedicator,
Bring the last apples from my tree.

In tones of love, in tones of warning,
She hailed me through my brief career;
And kiss and buffet, night and morning,
Told me my grandmamma was near;
Whether she praised me high and clear
Through her unrivalled circulation,
Or, sanctimonious insincere,
She damned me with a misquotation —
A chequered but a sweet relation,
Say, was it not, my granny dear?

Believe me, granny, altogether
Yours, though perhaps to your surprise.
Oft have you spruced my wounded feather,

Oft brought a light into my eyes.—
For notice still the writer cries.—
In any civil age or nation,
The book that is not talked of dies.—
So this shall be my termination:
Whether in praise or execration,
Still, if you love me, criticise!

Dedication.

To her, for I must still regard her
As feminine in her degree,
Who has been my unkind commander
Year after year, in grief and glee,
Year after year, with varied tree;
And yet betwen whiles my Laudator
In terms astonishing to me: —
To the Right Reverend the Spectator,
Here, a humble dedicator,
Brings the last apples from my tree.

In tones of love, in tones of warning
She hailed me through my brief career;
And Kiss and buffet, night and morning,
Told me my grandmamma was near;
Whether she praised me high and clear
Through her unrivalled circulation,
Or sanctimonious-insincere
She damned me with a misquotation —
A checquered but a sweet relation,
Say, was it not, my Granny dear?

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1888-1894

FAREWELL
THE FAR-FARERS
COME MY LITTLE CHILDREN, HERE ARE SONGS FOR YOU
HOME FROM THE DAISIED MEADOWS
EARLY IN THE MORNING I HEAR ON YOUR PIANO
FAIR ISLE AT SEA
LOUD AND LOW IN THE CHIMNEY
I LOVE TO BE WARM BY THE RED FIRESIDE
AT LAST SHE COMES
MINE EYES WERE SWIFT TO KNOW THEE
FIXED IS THE DOOM
MEN ARE HEAVEN'S PIERS
THE ANGLER ROSE, HE TOOK HIS ROD
SPRING CAROL
TO WHAT SHALL I COMPARE HER
WHEN THE SUN COMES AFTER RAIN
LATE, O MILLER
TO FRIENDS AT HOME
I WHOM APOLLO SOMETIME VISITED

FAREWELL

The manuscript of these verses is not dated, but the second line with its reference to the Bay of San Francisco and to the Pacific isles would seem to place the poem in the summer of 1888. Mrs. Stevenson had preceded her husband to California and there had chartered the schooner "Casco" in which the Stevenson party set forth, toward the end of June. The voyage terminated at Samoa where the remaining years of Stevenson's life were spent.

The poem is presumably unfinished, the sixth line revealing an incomplete sentence, although even there, if we adopt the theory of an aposiopesis, the very lack of conclusion carries the thought into paths of suggestion which the reader may follow as he lists. In idea and in effect the poem is an entity, despite its fragmentary form, and embodies Stevenson's conviction of the fruitlessness of the quest on which "a hopeless sailor" he is now about to adventure. As he prophesies herein, that was indeed the last of his travels.

FAREWELL

Farewell, and when forth
I through the Golden Gates to Golden Isles
Steer without smiling, through the sea of smiles
Isle upon isle, in the seas of the south
Isle upon island, sea upon sea
Why should I sail, why should the breeze? —

* * * * * * * *

I have been young, and I have counted friends,

* * * * * * * *

A hopeless sail I spread, too late, too late —
Why should I from isle to isle,
Sail, a hopeless sailor?

THE FAR-FARERS

This little poem was perhaps written about the time that the Stevensons sailed from California. There is in the melody of these verses the note of a dirge, and the concluding lines were to prove prophetic.

THE FAR-FARERS

The broad sun,
  The bright day:
White sails
  On the blue bay:—
The far-farers
  Draw away.

Light the fires
  And close the door.
To the old homes,
  To the loved shore,
The far-farers
  Return no more.

COME, MY LITTLE CHILDREN HERE ARE SONGS FOR YOU

There seems to be no way of establishing just what songs Stevenson had in mind when he wrote these verses. The phrase "all, all are new," indicates that the songs to which he refers may have been compositions of his own. The manuscript belongs to the last years of his life, a fact which precludes the theory that the lines might have been meant as a prefatory poem for "A Child's Garden of Verses." Moreover, the second stanza points to musical as well as verbal composition. It is very likely that Stevenson thought of writing songs for children during the Vailima days, but we lack the data that might prove this; although the two poems that follow this one may be regarded as evidence tending to bear out such a theory.

COME, MY LITTLE CHILDREN HERE ARE SONGS FOR YOU

Come, my little children, here are songs for you;
Some are short and some are long and all, all are new.
You must learn to sing them very small and clear,
Very true to time and tune and pleasing to the ear.

Mark the note that rises, mark the notes that fall.
Mark the time when broken, and the swing of it all.
So when night is come and you have gone to bed,
All the songs you love to sing shall echo in your head.

HOME FROM THE DAISIED MEADOWS

At the top of the manuscript page Stevenson has written a line in German: "Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen?" He then launches forth into his own verses, the only lullaby among these poems. It belongs to the Samoan years, as evidenced by the appearance on the manuscript page of some fragmentary lines referring to an island legend.

A study of the poem leads to the belief that it was written for music, at least the comparative commonplaceness of the phraseology and the disparity in length of line seem most easily accounted for by the necessity of conforming the words to notes. It is possible that these verses were intended for music of Stevenson's own composition. And since we have ventured into the realm of conjecture, perhaps this lullaby may have been meant as one of those songs referred to by Stevenson in the preceding poem.

These surmises are, in any case, not weakened by the inference to be drawn from the line in German; for it points to a literary inspiration, and the poem seems therefore to be

addressed to an imaginary child, or to a child evoked by memory. The purpose of writing words for music renders unnecessary the identification of an actual child as Stevenson's playmate at the time.

HOME FROM THE DAISIED MEADOWS

Home from the daisied meadows, where you linger yet,
Home, golden-headed playmate, ere the sun is set,
For the dews are falling fast
And the night has come at last.
Home with you, home and lay your little head at rest,
Safe, safe my little darling, on your mother's breast.
Lullaby, darling, your mother is watching you, she'll be your guardian and shield,
Lullaby, slumber, my darling, till morning be bright upon mountain and field.
Long, long the shadows fall.
All white and smooth at home your little bed is laid.
All round your head be angels.

EARLY IN THE MORNING I HEAR ON YOUR PIANO

The appearance of the following lines on the reverse of the sheet where Stevenson wrote the first draft of the envoy for "The House of Tembinoka" places this little poem in the Samoan period.

This, like the one preceding, may have been intended by Stevenson as the words for a song of childhood.

EARLY IN THE MORNING I HEAR ON YOUR PIANO

Early in the morning I hear on your piano
You (at least I guess it's you) proceed to learn
    to play.
Mostly little minds should take and tackle
    their piano,
While the birds are singing in the morning
    of the day.

FAIR ISLE AT SEA

This quatrain appears on the page of manuscript with the preceding poem. The island of "soft and lovely name" was, of course, Samoa.

FAIR ISLE AT SEA

Fair Isle at Sea — thy lovely name
Soft in my ear like music came.
That sea I loved, and once or twice
I touched at isles of Paradise.

LOUD AND LOW IN THE CHIMNEY

This is a Vailima poem, very probably of the year 1893. The last line refers to the war that was then raging among the Samoan tribes; and "the youth apart" who "hearkens with changing colour and leaping heart" one identifies as the Samoan boy in the Stevenson household.

The metrical arrangement is very unusual with Stevenson, and the single example of its kind in the present volumes.

LOUD AND LOW IN THE CHIMNEY

Loud and low in the chimney
  The squalls suspire;
Then like an answer dwindles
  And glows the fire.
And the chamber reddens and darkens
  In time like taken breath.
Nearby the sounding chimney
  The youth apart
Hearkens with changing colour
  And leaping heart,
And hears in the coil of the tempest
  The voice of love and death.

Love on high in the flutelike
  And tender notes
Sounds as from April meadows
  And hillside cotes;
But the deep wood wind in the chimney
    Utters the slogan of death.

I LOVE TO BE WARM BY THE RED FIRESIDE

On the reverse side of the manuscript of the poem beginning, "Loud and low in the chimney" there are various lines of verse, also some sentences written in the Samoan language. On the next page are further sentences in Samoan, and the quatrain commencing, "I love to be warm by the red fireside." It is a very Stevensonian bit of poetry and is typical of some of the shorter poems in "A Child's Garden of Verses." His was the affection for the hearth; but he loved the open road "wet with rain," the door that opened into the lamplit room, and the door that opened out to the wanderer's freedom.

I LOVE TO BE WARM BY THE RED FIRESIDE

I love to be warm by the red fireside,
I love to be wet with rain;
I love to be welcome at lamplit doors,
And leave the doors again.

AT LAST SHE COMES

There is little need to comment on the following lines. In themselves they render the complete and appealing picture: the longing poet on his bed of pain, and the coming of his dearly beloved wife.

AT LAST SHE COMES

At last, she comes, Oh never more
In this dear patience of my pain
To leave me lonely as before
Or leave my soul alone again.

MINE EYES WERE SWIFT TO KNOW THEE

In these verses addressed to the loyal companion of many years, Stevenson refers specificially to the love episode which, beginning in France, found its consummation in his marriage. The stream, "deep, swift and clear," is the river at Grez mentioned elsewhere among the verses in these volumes. The poem is undated, but in all probability it belongs to the late years at Samoa.

MINE EYES WERE SWIFT TO KNOW THEE

Mine eyes were swift to know thee, and my heart
As swift to love. I did become at once
Thine wholly, thine unalterably, thine
In honorable service, pure intent,
Steadfast excess of love and laughing care:
And as I was, so am, and so shall be.
I knew thee helpful, knew thee true, knew thee
And Pity bedfellows: I heard thy talk
With answerable throbbings. On the stream,
Deep, swift and clear, the lilies floated; fish

Through its cool shadows ran. There, thou and I
Read Kindness in our eyes and closed the match.

FIXED IS THE DOOM; AND TO THE LAST OF YEARS

In thought this is one of the deepest of Stevenson's poems. In other instances, so numerous as to confirm his position as the most delightful of modern writers in the realm of occasional poetry of love and friendship, he shows his power in the expression of the close ties of love and affection; but here we find him beginning with the recognition of one of the most essential facts in the individual life of man. No matter how intimate are the bonds that connect one life with another, the soul still walks alone. As in the world of physical atoms, so too in the spiritual world, immediate contact, in the last analysis, is not to be. For some great authors this is far the most potent and the most tragic truth in human life, and perhaps nowhere else in poetry is it more succinctly expressed than in the first four words of Stevenson's poem: "Fixed is the Doom."

As the verses proceed, Stevenson, with his characteristic inclination to oppose with the compensation of wisdom the weight of sorrow on the scales of destiny, has recourse to the thought that "The years shall bring us ever

nearer;" but even so he knows that only death can dissolve that "long divorce" which separates, by the very nature of the mind's activities, even the lover from the beloved.

FIXED IS THE DOOM

Fixed is the doom; and to the last of years
Teacher and taught, friend, lover, parent, child,
Each walks, though near, yet separate; each beholds
His dear ones shine beyond him like the stars.
We also, love, forever dwell apart;
With cries approach, with cries behold the gulph,
The Unvaulted; as two great eagles that do wheel in air
Above a mountain, and with screams confer,
Far heard athwart the cedars.
Yet the years
Shall bring us ever nearer; day by day
Endearing, week by week, till death at last
Dissolve that long divorce. By faith we love,
Not knowledge; and by faith though far removed

Dwell as in perfect nearness, heart to heart.
We but excuse
Those things we merely are; and to our souls
A brave deception cherish.
So from unhappy war a man returns
Unfearing, or the seaman from the deep;
So from cool night and woodlands, to a feast
May some one enter, and still breathe of dews,
And in her eyes still wear the dusky night.

MEN ARE HEAVEN'S PIERS

The first four lines here are perhaps the only instances among Stevenson's poems of his use of metaphors drawn from the terminology of architecture. The fifth and sixth lines are notable for their epigrammatic compactness. For the wife, the atmosphere of the home depends upon her husband; it is he who upholds the sun, or, negligent, brings the cold. Then follow six lines of tribute to the wife's power, lines suggestive of Emerson's poetry at its best.

The remainder of the poem pictures the Stevensons "sequestered in the seas of life," love still blossoming in the garden of their "unfrequented isle." These verses are among the fairest of all that Stevenson wrote at Vailima.

MEN ARE HEAVEN'S PIERS

Men are Heaven's piers; they evermore
Unwearying bear the skyey floor;
Man's theatre they bear with ease,
Unfrowning cariatides!
I, for my wife, the sun uphold
Or, dozing, strike the seasons cold.
She, on her side, in fairy-wise
Deals in diviner mysteries,
By spells to make the fuel burn
And keep the parlor warm, to turn
Water to wine and stones to bread
By her unconquered hero-head.
A naked Adam, naked Eve,
Alone the primal bower we weave;
Sequestered in the seas of life,
A Crusoe couple, man and wife,
With all our good, with all our will,
Our unfrequented isle we fill;
And victor in day's petty wars,
Each for the other lights the stars.
Come then, my Eve, and to and fro
Let us about our garden go;
And grateful-hearted, hand in hand,
Revisit all our tillage land
And marvel at our strange estate.

For hooded ruin at the gate
Sits watchful, and the angels fear
To see us tread so boldly here.
Meanwhile, my Eve, with flowers and grass,
Our perishable days we pass;
Far more the thorn observe — and see
How our enormous sins go free —
Nor less admire, beside the rose,
How far a little virtue goes.

THE ANGLER ROSE, HE TOOK HIS ROD

In this quatrain there is perhaps a trenchant moral, pertinent to Stevenson's general thought. The business of the angler is not to pray, but to fish. Let him attend to his business and he will do well. Let him pray when he should fish, and the eels will feed on him. Here we have in a nutshell Stevenson's impatience with lip service, his faith in the value of a man's adherence to the task in hand.

THE ANGLER ROSE, HE TOOK HIS ROD

The angler rose, he took his rod,
He kneeled and made his prayers to God.
The living God sat overhead:
The angler tripped, the eels were fed.

SPRING CAROL

The hand-writing of this poem is of the Vailima period, and the first line of the second stanza points similarly to the later years of Stevenson's life; but the memory of the poet recurs to the days of youth.

There is one line — the second of the second stanza — which is especially interesting to the student of Stevenson's verses, in that it is reminiscent of that one of the English poets who most influenced Stevenson, whose heart "with rapture thrills," and "dances with the dancing burns," as Wordsworth's heart "with pleasure fills," and "dances with the daffodils."

SPRING CAROL

When loud by landside streamlets gush,
And clear in the greenwood quires the thrush,
  With sun on the meadows
  And songs in the shadows,
    Comes again to me
    The gift of the tongues of the lea,
  The gift of the tongues of meadows.

Straightway my olden heart returns
And dances with the dancing burns,

It sings with the sparrows;
To the rain and the (grimy) barrows
Sings my heart aloud—
To the silver bellied cloud,
To the silver rainy arrows.

It bears the song of the skylark down,
And it hears the singing of the town,
And youth on the highways
And lovers in byways,
Follows and sees:
And hearken the song of the leas
And sings the songs of the highways.

So when the earth is alive with gods
And the lusty ploughman breaks the sods,
And the grass sings in the meadows,
And the flowers smile in the shadows,
Sits my heart at ease,
Hearing the song of the leas
Singing the songs of the meadows.

TO WHAT SHALL I COMPARE HER

This poem, of uncertain date, but very probably belonging to the Samoan days, may be one of those poems of memory referring to the woman that he loved when he was young, and whom he never married. The concluding lines depict that heritage which is the possession of all who have the poetic imagination. For this brotherhood the actual truth of existence is of less moment than those dreams which are the essential and potent truth of the inner life.

TO WHAT SHALL I COMPARE HER

To what shall I compare her,
  That is as fair as she?
For she is fairer — fairer
  Than the sea.
What shall be likened to her,
  The sainted of my youth?
For she is truer — truer
  Than the truth.

As the stars are from the sleeper,
  Her heart is hid from me;

For she is deeper — deeper
  Than the sea.
Yet in my dreams I view her
  Flush rosy with new ruth —
Dreams! Ah, may these prove truer
  Than the truth.

WHEN THE SUN COMES AFTER RAIN

Another poem probably of the Vailima period, these verses have the lilt and simple music of a characteristic lyric, although they are descriptive rather than personally expressive. The final stanza is unusual among Stevenson's poems, by reason of its unqualified statement of Heaven as that home to which all shall go at last. It is in significant contrast to many of Stevenson's earlier poems written in a vein of religious cynicism.

WHEN THE SUN COMES AFTER RAIN

When the sun comes after rain
  And the bird is in the blue
The girls go down the lane
  Two by two.
When the sun comes after shadow
  And the singing of the showers,
The girls go up the meadow,
  Fair as flowers.
When the eve comes dusky red
  And the moon succeeds the sun,

The girls go home to bed
  One by one.
And when life draws to its even
  And the day of man is past
They shall all go home to heaven,
  Home at last.

LATE, O MILLER

The hand-writing of this unfinished poem (some tentative lines are omitted) is again of the Samoan days, and its form indicates the same period, as short lines of this nature were seldom used by Stevenson in his early verses. One might otherwise attribute it to that period of his life when, with his friend Walter Simpson, he was deep in the study of Goethe. While there is no suggestion of any direct connection between this poem and the famous Evening Song of the great German, yet one perceives its affiliation with his lyric beginning:

"Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh."

LATE, O MILLER

Late, O miller,
The birds are silent,
The darkness falls.
In the house the lights are lighted.
See, in the valley they twinkle,
The lights of home.

Late, O lovers,
The night is at hand,
Silence and darkness
Clothe the land.

TO FRIENDS AT HOME

In connection with the present publication, these few verses have a special importance. The fourth and fifth lines place them in Samoa, and the poem is obviously a dedication. We thus have proof that during the last years of his life Stevenson was contemplating another book of verse. The manuscripts from which he would have drawn his material are among those that have formed the basis of the present volumes, which are thus in a way the fruition of the poet's unfulfilled desire.

TO FRIENDS AT HOME

To friends at home, the lone, the admired, the
lost,
The gracious old, the lovely young, to May
The fair, December the beloved,
These from my blue horizon and green isles,
These from this pinnacle of distances, I
The unforgetful, dedicate.

I WHOM APOLLO SOMETIME VISITED

We may read these verses as the poet's epitaph for himself. They differ radically from the famous epitaph inscribed on his tomb. Altogether impersonal, they portray no individual predilection for the wanderer's life or for the life of the home; they indicate no philosophy of cheer or of despair of whatsoever nature.

Only in a minor point need the foregoing comment be qualified. In the second line, there is the note of Stevenson's modesty in regard to his rank as a poet; but otherwise we find nothing beyond the quiet understanding of the finality of death, and of that eternity which obliterates the individual records of man.

I WHOM APOLLO SOMETIME VISITED

I, whom Apollo sometime visited,
Or feigned to visit, now, my day being done,
Do slumber wholly; nor shall know at all

The weariness of changes; nor perceive
Immeasurable sands of centuries
Drink up the blanching ink, or the loud sound
Of generations beat the music down.

POEMS OF UNCERTAIN DATE

TEMPEST TOSSED AND SORE AFFLICTED

That Stevenson could have been a successful writer of hymns had his character and his life developed differently is shown by these verses, which are equally adapted for congregational singing and for the voice of the individual heart. Yet even here we find the touch that comes from his personal attitude toward death, in that line where the ending of life is thought of as the approach of "the songful morning."

At the top of this manuscript Stevenson wrote four titles: "Starry Evening," "Adieu," "Du Bist," and "Ständschen." These are of songs of Heine; the third surely being the lyric beginning, "Du bist wie eine Blume," and the first, perhaps, Stevenson's title for Heine's poem commencing, "Es fällt ein Stern herunter." Although he knew but little German, it is possible that Stevenson contem-

plated translating these poems. In any event these jottings are worth recording, in view of that decided influence of the German over the Scotch poet, to which reference has been made in connection with the dated poems that Stevenson wrote in the early 70's.

TEMPEST TOSSED AND SORE AFFLICTED

Tempest tossed and sore afflicted, sin defiled
and care oppressed,
Come to me all ye that labour, come and I will
give ye rest.
Fear no more, O doubting hearted, weep no
more, O weeping eye!
Lo! the voice of your redeemer, lo the songful
morning near.

Here one hour you toil and combat, sin and
suffer, bleed and die;
In my father's quiet mansion, soon to lay your
burden by.
Bear a moment, heavy laden, weary hand and
weeping eye,
Lo the feet of your deliverer, lo the hour of
freedom here.

VARIANT FORM OF THE PRECEDING POEM

Come to me all ye that labour, I will give your spirits rest;
Here apart in starry quiet, I will give you rest.
Come to me, ye heavy laden, sin defiled and care opprest,
In my father's starry mansions,
In your father's quiet mansions soon to prove a welcome guest.

But an hour you bear your trial, sin and suffer, bleed and die;
But an hour you toil and combat, here in day's inspiring eye,
Bear a moment, heavy laden, weary hand and weeping eye,
See the feet of your deliverer, Lo the hour of freedom nigh.

I NOW, O FRIEND, WHOM NOISELESSLY THE SNOWS

The following verses may with considerable certainty be assigned to the year 1872. They are, in the rough drafts of the manuscript, unfinished compositions, with some incomplete lines, and, now and then, repetitions.

The verses begin with a line addressed to one who had died — not inconceivably the poet Fergusson, lying at rest in the Canongate churchyard. The "disused quarry" places the poem at Swanston; and the authors whom Stevenson introduces into his verses — Horace and gossiping Montaigne and "chattering Pepys" — are the three that head a list he made in 1872 of his favorite authors — a list of eleven writers that of course included the names of Burns and Heine.

These incomplete verses have much of interest in them. In the first place, they are the earliest instance of an ambitious attempt in the couplet form, an order of rhyme through which Stevenson later achieved much of his best poetry. Then, too, enter the notes of the wandering preacher and of Prince Charlie's Highlanders, evocative of memories of Stev-

enson's romances. The references to his readings; to his twilight dreams; to a new purpose in life, all confirm the personal significance of these lines where Stevenson plays — not quite firmly as yet, but with original melody — upon the strings of his own lyre.

I NOW, O FRIEND, WHOM NOISELESSLY THE SNOWS

I, now, O friend, whom noiselessly the snows
Settle around; and whose small chamber grows
Dusk as the sloping window takes its load:

. . . . . .

The kindly hill, as to complete our hap
Has ta'en us in the shelter of her lap;
Well sheltered, in our slender grove of trees
And ring of walls, we sit between her knees;
A disused quarry, paved with rose-plots hung
With clematis, the barren womb whence sprung
The crowstepped house itself, that now, far seen
Stands, like a bather, to the neck in green.
A disused quarry, furnished with a seat

Sacred to pipes and meditation meet
For such a sunny and retired nook.
There in the clear, warm mornings, many a book
Has vied with the fair prospect of the hills
That, vale on vale, rough brae on brae upfills
Halfway to the zenith, all the vacant sky
To keep my loose attention . . .
Horace has sat with me whole mornings through:
And Montaigne gossipped, fairly false and true;
And chattering Pepys, and a few beside
That suit the easy vein, the quiet tide,
The calm and certain stay of garden-life,
Far sunk from all the thunderous roar of strife.
There is, about the small secluded place,
A garnish of old times; a certain grace
Of pensive memories lays about the braes:
The old chestnuts gossip tales of bygone days.
Here, where some wandering preacher, blest Lazil
Perhaps, or Peden, on the middle hill
Had made his secret church, in rain or snow,
He cheers the chosen residue from woe,

All night the doors stood open, come who might
The hounded kebbock mat the mud all night.
Nor are there wanting later tales; of how
Prince Charlies Highlanders . . .

. . . . . .

I have had talents, too. In life's first hour
God crowned with benefits my childish head.
Flower after flower, I plucked them; flower by flower
Cast them behind me, ruined, withered, dead.
Full many a shining godhead disappeared.
From the bright rank that once adorned her brow
The old child's Olympus—

. . . . . .

Gone are the fair old dreams, and one by one,
As, one by one, the means to reach them went,
As one by one, the stars in riot and disgrace,
I squandered what—

There shut the door alas on many a hope
Too many;
My face is set to the autumnal slope,
Where the loud winds shall—

. . . . . .

There shut the door alas! on many a hope,
And yet some hopes remain, that shall decide
My rest of years and down the autumnal slope.
. . . . . .
Gone are the quiet, twilight dreams that I
Loved, as all men have loved them; gone!
I have great dreams and still they stir my soul
on high.
Dreams of the knight's stout heart and tem-
pered will.
Not in Elysian lands, they take their way;
Not as of yore across the gay champaign,
Towards some dream city, towered in . . .
and my . . .
The path winds forth before me, sweet and
plain,
Not now; but though beneath a stone-gray sky,
November's russet woodlands toss and wail,
Still the white road goes thro' them, still may I
Strong in new purpose, God, may still prevail.
. . . . . .
I and my like, improvident sailors!
. . . . . .
At whose light fall awaking, all my heart
Grew populous with gracious-favoured
thought

And, all night long thereafter, hour by hour,
The pageant of dead love before my eyes
Went proudly, and old hopes with downcast head
Followed like Kings, subdued in Rome's imperial hour,
Followed the car; and I—

SINCE THOU HAST GIVEN ME THIS GOOD HOPE, O GOD

This undated poem belongs either to the early days of Stevenson's marriage in California, or to the Samoan years, when his life was drawing towards its close. At both periods "great woods" embosomed him, the "light of love" shone on him, and in his wife he had "a perfect friend." It may be added that while the punctuation of these verses is not beyond censure, it would be rash to introduce any change that might detract from the cumulative effect which the poet managed to secure by giving his poem the form of a single sentence.

SINCE THOU HAST GIVEN ME THIS GOOD HOPE, O GOD

Since thou hast given me this good hope, O God,
That while my footsteps tread the flowery sod
And the great woods embower me, and white dawn
And purple even sweetly lead me on
From day to day and night to night, O God,

My life shall no wise miss the light of love,
But ever climbing, climb above
Man's one poor star, man's supine lands,
Into the azure steadfastness of death
My life shall no wise lack the light of love,
My hands not lack the loving touch of hands,
But day by day, while yet I draw my breath,
And day by day unto my last of years,
I shall be one that has a perfect friend,
Her heart shall taste my laughter and my tears
And her kind eyes shall lead me to the end.

GOD GAVE TO ME A CHILD IN PART

Among the poems of Robert Burns, there is one addressed to a daughter born out of wedlock, and in his verses Burns expresses, along with paternal affection and loyalty, an almost bitter defiance to the opinion of society. In the present poem to an unborn child — and, as such, a poem of very unusual character — Stevenson writes in a vein far more beautiful than that of Burns. One would have to search far to find any other poem of a famous author so essentially ideal in its expression of paternal love. He has no living child upon which the affections can center, but only the idea of that child who was never to be born. It is as if the poet had, through his imagination and his emotions, visualized in a bud killed by early frost all the wonder and delight of the unfulfilled days of blossom. The love that would have made him "immortal among mortal men" was destined to come to no fruition, and the poet, dreaming of the unattainable joy, presents a phase of grief as appealing as it is unusual.

The original draft of this poem was presumably written in the early 70's; the form shown here is from the later manuscript which Stevenson preserved among the poems that he selected for retention from the numerous writings of various periods of his life. The earlier draft (a more intimate account) has thirty-five lines, many of them incomplete. The final version, as revised by Stevenson, contains sixteen lines.

GOD GAVE TO ME A CHILD IN PART

God gave to me a child in part,
Yet wholly gave the father's heart:—
Child of my soul, O whither now,
Unborn, unmothered, goest thou?

You came, you went, and no man wist;
Hapless, my child, no breast you kisst;
On no dear knees, a privileged babbler, clomb,
Nor knew the kindly feel of home.

My voice may reach you, O my dear—
A father's voice perhaps the child may hear;
And pitying, you may turn your view
On that poor father whom you never knew.

Alas! alone he sits, who then
Immortal among mortal men
Sat hand in hand with love, and all day through
With your dear mother, wondered over you.

OVER THE LAND IS APRIL

LIGHT AS THE LINNET

The handwriting of the two poems which follow is that of Stevenson's later years, but the verses themselves seem beyond doubt to establish the place of their composition as Scotland, and the period as the 70's. The manuscripts are therefore to be considered as late transcripts from earlier drafts, the whereabouts of which it would be difficult to establish. "The high brown mountain" which figures in the first of these poems is assuredly one of the Pentland hills. The references to the snows and the wind of winter of course preclude the possibility of its being a Samoan mountain, and the mention of sonnets recalls the fact that it was during the years 1870-1872 that Stevenson was most addicted to this form of versification. Altogether there can be little question that this lyric, so redolent of spring, belongs with the series of love poems inspired by the romance of his early manhood.

The general tenor of the second poem gives some evidence of the time of composition, and it may be surmised that the verses were written when Stevenson was about to leave Scotland to set forth on his great adventure, his voyage across the ocean to meet Fanny Osbourne in California. On the other occasions of his departure from home, Stevenson had been adequately provided for by his father; only this time did he start "light as the linnet" and with an empty pack. However, he bears "a chartered heart" and is content in the knowledge that the "eternal woman" is waiting for him. The last phrase, it is almost needless to remark, is taken from Goethe, who, it will be remembered, had been studied by Stevenson during his early life. Later the Scottish poet was to some extent estranged from the thought and philosophy of the German.

OVER THE LAND IS APRIL

Over the land is April,
  Over my heart a rose;
Over the high, brown mountain
  The sound of singing goes.

Say, love, do you hear me,
  Hear my sonnets ring?
Over the high, brown mountain,
  Love, do you hear me sing?

By highway, love, and byway,
  The snows succeed the rose.
Over the high, brown mountain
  The wind of winter blows,
Say, love, do you hear me,
  Hear my sonnets ring?
Over the high, brown mountain
  I sound the song of spring.[1]
  I throw the flowers of spring.[1]
  Do you hear the song of spring.[1]
  Hear you the songs of spring?[1]

LIGHT AS THE LINNET ON MY WAY I START

Light as the linnet on my way I start,
For all my pack I bear a chartered heart.
Forth on the world without a guide or chart,
Content to know through all man's varying fates,
The eternal woman by the wayside waits.

(1) *Variations of the final line.*

COME, HERE IS ADIEU TO THE CITY

Although a poem of no great distinction, these verses have an interest as an evidence of that enthusiasm for "the broad road" so characteristic of their author. The one phrase indicative of Stevenson's faculty of artistic observation is to be found in the seventh line where he notes how the fallows are yet a-gleam with the rainfall of the night.

The character of the manuscript points to Stevenson's younger years, and the poem probably belongs to the early '70's.

COME, HERE IS ADIEU TO THE CITY

Come, here is adieu to the city
  And hurrah for the country again.
The broad road lies before me
  Watered with last night's rain.
The timbered country woos me,
  With many a hill and bough;
And again in the shining fallows,
  The ploughman follows the plough.

The whole year's sweat and study
And the whole year's sowing time,
Comes now to the perfect harvest
And ripens now into rhyme.
For we that sow in the Autumn,
We reap our grain in the Spring,
And we that go sowing and weeping,
Return to reap and sing.

IT BLOWS A SNOWING GALE

These few experimental verses show Stevenson in the incompleted act of composition. There is in them one fine touch of description: the seizure of the flash of sun on the veering vane. This is what would have immediately caught a painter's eye, however unconscious he might have remained of the inferential symbolism of this note of sunlight amid the "autumn leaves and rain."

IT BLOWS A SNOWING GALE

It blows a snowing gale in the winter of the year;
The boats are on the sea and the crews are on the pier.
The needle of the vane, it is veering to and fro,
A flash of sun is on the veering of the vane.
Autumn leaves and rain,
The passion of the gale.

NE SIT ANCILLAE TIBI AMOR PUDARI

"Be not ashamed of your love for the handmaiden," Stevenson exhorts us in the title of a poem which is an achievement of grace and delicacy. Class distinctions are class distinctions, and while Mrs. Grundy is watching us we take care to observe them; but the poet is willing to proclaim that the uniform of service and the dress of the master are, after all, but outward insignia. And so, sometimes "by chance" (though well we know it as a happy chance, if chance at all) he touches the finger of the handmaiden, and in that touch expresses a sentiment that his wording renders free from even the remotest shadow of vulgarity. It is one of the most essentially human of all his poems.

The stanzaic form points to an early period, say 1874; the place, very possibly, Swanston.

NE SIT ANCILLAE TIBI AMOR PUDARI

There's just a twinkle in your eye
That seems to say I *might*, if I

Were only bold enough to try
An arm about your waist.
I hear too as you come and go,
That pretty nervous laugh, you know;
And then your cap is always so
Coquettishly displaced.

Your cap! the word's profanely said.
That little top-knot, white and red,
That quaintly crowns your graceful head,
No bigger than a flower,
Is set with such a witching art,
Is so provocatively smart,
I'd like to wear it on my heart,
An order for an hour!

O graceful housemaid, tall and fair,
I love your shy imperial air,
And always loiter on the stair,
When you are going by.
A strict reserve the fates demand;
But, when to let you pass I stand,
Sometimes by chance I touch your hand
And sometimes catch your eye.

TO ALL THAT LOVE THE FAR AND BLUE

These twenty-four lines form but one sentence, whose period is reached only when Stevenson has proclaimed to all wanderers that "at the end of ends" they shall see "the golden city come in view." This last phrase is reminiscent of San Francisco with its Golden Gate; and the mention of Utah at the close of the second stanza would seem further to confirm the surmise that the verses were written either during or after his visit to the United States. Indeed the whole tenor of the poem points to its composition after his happy marriage in 1880. In the first stanza are the references to earlier years and to his canoe trips; in the second, to his crossing of the ocean; in the third, to the long way across the plains with their "dust and dew," and to the interment of old hopes (one recalls his temporary estrangement from his parents) as well as to the new joy that awaited him in California.

TO ALL THAT LOVE THE FAR AND BLUE

To all that love the far and blue:
  Whether, from dawn to eve, on foot
The fleeing corners ye pursue,
  Nor weary of the vain pursuit;
Or whether down the singing stream,
  Paddle in hand, jocund ye shoot,
To splash beside the splashing bream
  Or anchor by the willow root:

Or, bolder, from the narrow shore
  Put forth, that cedar ark to steer
Among the seabirds and the roar
  Of the great sea, profound and clear;
Or lastly if in heart ye roam,
  Not caring to do else, and hear,
Safe sitting by the fire at home,
  Footfalls in Utah or Pamere:

Though long the way, though hard to bear
  The sun and rain, the dust and dew;
Though still attainment and despair
  Inter the old, despoil the new;
There shall at length, be sure, O friends,
  Howe'er ye steer, whate'er ye do —
At length and at the end of ends,
  The golden city come in view.

THOU STRAINEST THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN FERN

(A Fragment)

Did these verses (whose handwriting points to the 80's) accompany some volume of Swinburne's, sent by Stevenson to the friend who is adjured to burn the book? In any case, the poem is a humorous piece of interesting criticism on a famous contemporary. Stevenson entirely escaped the influence of Swinburne—in itself a noteworthy fact. Despite the furore and din of the greatest metrical master of the Victorian era, Stevenson finds in Swinburne's poetry only a thin stream of enduring human appeal. The true poetic kin are those who enter into less esoteric fields of human emotions, passing with singing voice along the common highways of life: poets like Burns and Wordsworth. "Tintern Abbey" was assuredly one of the vital poems in Stevenson's career, bringing to him not alone "The still sad music of humanity" but also the sense of that sublime spirit

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

THOU STRAINEST THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN FERN

(A Fragment)

Thou strainest through the mountain fern,
A most exiguously thin
Burn.
For all thy foam, for all thy din,
Thee shall the pallid lake inurn,
With well-a-day for Mr. Swin-
Burne!
Take then this quarto in thy fin
And, O thou stoker huge and stern,
The whole affair, outside and in,
Burn!
But save the true poetic kin,
The works of Mr. Robert Burn'
And William Wordsworth upon Tin-
Tern!

TO ROSABELLE

This poem is an example of Stevenson's ability to use, for the purposes of his art, the incident of a child's gracious action. The verses recount how one hot day when Stevenson was seated with a friend, the latter's little daughter noticing the languor of the "giants," climbed a piano, and took down a pair of fans. First, she gave the smaller fan to Stevenson and the larger one to her father; but then she remedied her error—

> and with the greater fan,
> In gracious better thought, equipped the guest.

Stevenson then goes on to describe the little girl as she reviewed her work of art, now advancing and now stepping back, as painters do "before the growing canvas." His comparison of the piano to a "vast plateau," and of the little girl to a mountaineer, shows him employing the imagination of childhood in the manner that is so often the charm of the "Child's Garden of Verses."

TO ROSABELLE

When my young lady has grown great and staid
And in long raiment wondrously arrayed
She may take pleasure with a smile, to know
How she delighted men-folk long ago.
For her long after, then, this tale I tell
Of the two fans and fairy Rosabelle.
Hot was the day; her weary sire and I
Sat in our chairs companionably nigh,
Each with a headache sat her sire and I.

Instant the hostess waked: she viewed the scene,
Divined the giants' languor by their mien,
And with hospitable care,
Tackled at once an Atlantean chair.
Her pigmy stature scarce attained the seat—
She dragged it where she would, and with her feet
Surmounted: thence, a Phaeton launched, she crowned
The vast plateau of the piano, found
And culled a pair of fans; wherewith equipped,
Our mountaineer back to the level slipped;

VI. To Rosabelle.

When my young lady has grown great and staid
and clad in sweeping raiment well arrayed
And in long raiment wondrously arrayed,
She may tell with pleasure with a smile to them
How she delighted men full long ago:
That was the day, her many sire and [illegible]),
Sat in our chairs comparatively nigh
Each ~~with~~ with a headache on their [illegible] and)

For we long after, this, this tale
still
after these years and fancy
Rosabelle!

But not the hostess waited: she viewed the scene
Divined the guests languor, dry their mien,
Unde   with hospitable care,
Trundled at once an Atlantean chair ...
Her pygmy stature scarce attained the seat –
She dragged it where she would, and with her feet
Surmounted. Thence – as [illegible] launched, she crowned
The vast plateau of the piano, found
And culled a [illegible] of Jams; wherewith equipped
Our mountaineer back to the level slipped;

And being landed, with considerate eyes,
Betwixt her elders dealt her double prize;
The small to me, the greater to her sire.

As painters now advance and now retire
Before the growing canvas, and anon
Once more approach and put the climax on:
So she awhile withdrew, her piece she
viewed—
For half a moment, half supposed it good—
Spied her mistake, nor sooner spied than ran
To remedy; and with the greater fan,
In gracious better thought, equipped the
guest.

From ill to well, from better on to best,
Arts move; the homely, like the plastic kind;
And high ideals fired that infant mind.
Once more she backed, once more a space
apart
Considered and reviewed her work of art:
Doubtful at first, and gravely yet awhile;
Till all her features blossomed in a smile.
And the child waking at the call of bliss,
To each she ran, and took and gave a kiss.

NOW BARE TO THE BEHOLDER'S EYE

If the reader should consult the third poem in "Underwoods," he would find that "The Canoe Speaks" has a series of dots following the last line as there printed. In the present verses (written, assuredly, previous to 1887) these dots are explained, for here we have the portion which Stevenson decided to omit when preparing "Underwoods" for the press. Curious that what even the most narrow-laced public will allow in the case of a painter, it hesitates to accord to the writer who draws upon his palette of words. Stevenson was, however, careful to preserve these unpublished lines which picture the young girl as she is about to enter "chaste Diana's bathing-place." Here is the kind of writing one is more apt to find in French poetry; Mallarmé, for instance. There is a touch of it in Meredith's "Love in the Valley," a poem no doubt familiar to Stevenson.

The present verses are highly successful, not alone in their happy use of metaphors sug-

gested by battle, and intimating the battle of sex, but also by reason of such fine lines as these:

> But let the stars appear and they
> Shed inhumanities away;

while the concluding verse "leaps forth," as does "the laughing girl," with that vitality and freshness which permeate the entire poem.

It might have been more logical to include these verses in that section given over to variations and unpublished portions of Stevenson's published poems; but so complete in themselves are the lines that they invite the dignity of independent presentation.

NOW BARE TO THE BEHOLDER'S EYE

Now bare to the beholder's eye,
Your late denuded bindings lie,
Subsiding slowly where they fell,
A disinvested citadel:
The obdurate corset, Cupid's foe,
The Dutchman's breeches frilled below,
Those that the lover loves to note,
And white and crackling petticoat.

From these, that on the ground repose,
Their lady lately re-arose;
And laying by the lady's name
A living woman re-became.
Of her, that from the public eye
They do inclose and fortify,
Now, lying scattered as they fell,
An indiscreeter tale they tell:
Of that more soft and secret her
Whose daylong fortresses they were,
By fading warmth, by lingering print,
These now discarded scabbards hint.

A twofold change the ladies know.
First, in the morn the bugles blow,
And they, with floral hues and scents,
Man their beribboned battlements.
But let the stars appear, and they
Shed inhumanities away;
And from the changeling fashion see,
Through comic and through sweet degree,
In nature's toilet unsurpassed,
Forth leaps the laughing girl at last.

THE BOUR-TREE DEN

These lines are important as being Stevenson's only poem based on an episode of Scottish life or legend, and as the lengthiest of his hitherto unpublished poems in the Scots dialect. In its relation of the tryst kept by the young girl with her lover in hiding, and in its connection with those Highland feuds that were so favored a theme of Stevenson the novelist, the poem is associated with his romances. Altogether one is inclined to call it the most appealing of Stevenson's excursions into the realm of ballad poetry.

While the Scottish theme might seem to point to earlier years, the hand-writing is of the South Seas period, and one surmises that the poem belongs to that time when, as is shown by the "Song of Rahero" and "The Feast of Famine," Stevenson had become especially interested in the writing of ballads.

THE BOUR-TREE DEN

Clinkum-clank in the rain they ride,
Down by the braes and the grey sea-side,
Clinkum-clank by stane and cairn:
Weary fa' their horse-shoe-airn!

Loud on the causey, saft on the sand,
Round they rade by the tail of the land,
Round and up by the Bour-Tree Den:
Weary fa' the red-coat men!

Aft hae I gane where they hae rade
  And straigled in the gowden brooms—
Aft hae I gane, a saikless maid,
  And O! sae bonny as the bour-tree blooms!

Wi' swords and guns they wanton there,
  Wi' red, red coats and braw, braw plumes.
But I gaed wi' my gowden hair,
  And O! sae bonny as the bour-tree blooms!

I ran, a little hempie lass,
In the sand and the bent grass,
Or took and kilted my small coats
To play in the beached fisher-boats.
I waded deep and I ran fast,
I was as lean as a lugger's mast,
I was as brown as a fisher's creel,
And I liked my life unco weel.

They blew a trumpet at the cross,
Some forty men, both foot and horse.
A'body cam to hear and see,
And wha, among the rest, but me.

My lips were saut wi' the saut air,
My face was brown, my feet were bare,
The wind had ravelled my tautit hair,
And I thought shame to be standing there.

Ae man there, in the thick of the throng,
Sat in his saddle, straight and strong.
I looked at him and he at me,
And he was a master-man to see.
—And who is this yin? and who is yon
That has the bonny lendings on?
That sits and looks sae braw and crouse?
—Mister Frank o' the Big House!

I gaed my lane beside the sea;
The wind it blew in bush and tree,
The wind blew in bush and bent:
Muckle I saw, and muckle kent!
Between the beach and the sea-hill,
I sat my lane and grat my fill—
I was sae clarty and hard and dark,
And like the kye in the cow park!

There fell a battle far in the north,
The evil news gaed back and forth,
And back and forth by brae and bent
Hider and hunter cam and went:
The hunter clattered horse-shoe-airn

By causey-crest and hill-top cairn;
The hider, in by shag and shench,
Crept on his wame and little lench.

The eastland wind blew shrill and snell,
The stars arose, the gloaming fell,
The firelight shone in window and door
When Mr. Frank cam here to shore.
He hirpled up by the links and the lane,
And chappit laigh in the back-door-stane.
My faither gaed, and up wi' his han'!
—*Is this Mr. Frank, or a beggarman?*

I have mistrysted sair, he said,
But let me into fire and bed,
Let me in for auld lang syne,
And give me a dram of the brandy wine.

They hid him in the Bour-Tree Den,
And I thought it strange to gang my lane.
I thought it strange, I thought it sweet,
To gang there on my naked feet,
In the mirk night, when the boats were at sea,
I passed the burn abune the knee.
In the mirk night when the folks were asleep,
I had a tryst in the den to keep.

Late and air', when the folks were asleep,
I had a tryst, a tryst to keep,

I had a lad that lippened to me,
And bour-tree blossom is fair to see!

O' the bour-tree leaves I busked his bed,
The mune was siller, the dawn was red:
Was nae man there but him and me,—
And bour-tree blossom is fair to see!

Unco weather hae we been through,
The mune glowered, and the wind blew,
And the rain it rained on him and me,
And bour-tree blossom is fair to see!

Dwelling his lane but house or hauld,
Aft he was wet and aft was cauld,
I warmed him wi' my briest and knee,—
And bour-tree blossom is fair to see!

There was nae voice of breast ae man,
But the tree soughed and the burn ran,
And we heard the ae voice of the sea:—
Bour-tree blossom is fair to see!

A SEQUENCE OF EARLY SONNETS

SONNETS

Among the "Collected Poems" of Stevenson there is, curiously enough, not a single sonnet. There are a few — very few — poems which, by reason of their metre and the number of their lines might pass as informal members of the sonnet family — easy-going cousins, impatient of the rigid rules that govern their more distinguished kin. The verses to Henry James and those to King Kalakaua, swinging along with the facile couplet rhyme, are poems of this class; but it is to Stevenson's unpublished verse that we must turn in order to see him precisely essaying versification's most difficult task.

The sonnets here printed follow the sequence in which Stevenson finally arranged them. The composition of Sonnet I antedated by two years the writing of the second sonnet, the third again belongs to 1870, and the following five to 1872, so that it would have been impossible to assign them to their chronological places earlier in these volumes without breaking in upon Stevenson's own arrange-

ment. Moreover, they constitute an interesting group worthy of study in themselves.

It was probably the influence of Wordsworth that led to Stevenson's experimentation in the sonnet form, for he was a great favorite of Stevenson, especially in those years. The fifth and sixth lines of the first sonnet are Wordsworthian, with perhaps a touch of Milton, a tinge that takes on a more decided color in the seventh line.

The theme of the first sonnet is the possibility of achievement by the devotee of "Taste, the golden pilot," as well as by the more strenuous class of men who are continually striving in opposition to the difficulties of their surroundings. Stevenson has not, indeed, made a clear-cut distinction in the two attitudes that he is trying to contrast, but we find in this sonnet a suggestion of the difference between the moral and the æsthetic points of view in regard to life.

The second sonnet, written in Earraid, would seem to be addressed to the book "once blank" which shall contain his poems — poems whose "sunshine shall stint the meagre winter" of "his projected triumph." The hoard of

treasure "from the grange of memory" which was to provide him with the jewelry of his song is the theme of the third sonnet, the last line of which reminds us of the stanzas in the Rubaiyàt. This last line is open to two interpretations. Stevenson had been a sensitive child, deeply feeling the limitations as well as the joys of childhood, which might thus seem to him to contain both the "best of Heaven and the worst of Hell," and we may look upon this concluding phrase as indicative of elder regret for the early and irreclaimable years. The fourth sonnet introduces that disillusion which came with the frustration of the love affair commemorated in many of his other poems of this period. Here, similarly, he is resolved to face with courage the future. The scene of his writings is described in the fifth sonnet, which has an Horatian quality as well as a line taken bodily from Stevenson's well-beloved Horace. Its place in this sequence of sonnets is happily chosen, for with its quietness of natural description it comes like an interlude between the fourth sonnet, with its farewell to love, and the sixth, where the "old hopes" "again seek to rise." But these desires

are restrained, and in the next sonnet the poet turns to thoughts of glory; his mood of disenchantment, however, leading him to cast dark shadows on the prospect of achievement.

Having thus shown his recognition of life's "unlovely web," and having expressed sentiments characteristic of youth in regard to old age, Stevenson emerges in the final sonnet into the sunnier atmosphere of the philosophy that was to attend him throughout the years. In comparing to the "starry prophets" and to the faithful adherents of "forgotten creeds" those who turn to "friendly arts" and offer homage at the shrine of mirth, he emphasises the value of joyous activity. But his creed is not the negative creed of hedonism, a religion of reaction; it is affirmative, constructive — the joyousness of Paganism transmuted into a spiritual force.

These sonnets are here printed in their revised form. It so happens that the original draft of the first is still extant, among Mr. Peabody's manuscripts. The earlier verses comprise twenty-three lines, many of them experimental and incomplete. Ex uno disce omnes; and we thus have some idea of the lit-

erary labor wrought by the poet in the production of the finished sonnets.

But there is another, and even more interesting, manuscript copy of the first sonnet in Mr. Peabody's collection. Stevenson sent this copy to his cousin Robert who replies with the following sonnet:

Surely he was that penned that supine lay
A seaman unambitious in his craft
Whom the gay indolence of some river raft
Floating at ease all through a Summer's Day
Had better pleased than steering arduous way
With eye intent on glorious enterprise.
Were there no seas beneath Italian skies
Of placid aspect that could tempt away
Columbus from the sterner paths he chose?
Yes, but his soul sublimely rose
Above the routine of a meaner thing
Deeming tho' failure from a nobler spring,
Heaven afterward triumphantly will bring
Its imperfection to a glorious close.

This of course is the answer, rather felicitously expressed, of one who deprecates the dilettante ideal which a surface reading of Stevenson's lines connotes. But the cousin seems to be aware that the deep thought of the

artist underlies the superficial irresponsibility of Stevenson's verses, and adds this postscript in prose:

I admire the *poetry*, vous savez, the spirit, &c., &c., if possible more than the form, which is too involved, I think; especially that piece in brackets about deeming rashly being the game of God only. You must excuse me calling your lay supine but I could not get a word.

We thus see how the cousins were exchanging not alone their thoughts, but also the products of their pens, and this series of sonnets is revealed, in part at least, as a literary act of collaboration between the two most gifted of the Stevensons.

SONNETS

I

Nor judge me light, tho' light at times I seem
And lightly in the stress of fortune, bear
The unnumerable flaws of changeful care —
Nor judge me light for this, nor rashly deem
(Office forbid to mortals, kept supreme
And separate, the prerogative of God!)
That seaman idle, who is borne abroad
To the far haven by the favouring stream.

Sonnets.

1.

Nor judge me light, tho' light at times I seem
And lightly, in the steps of fortune, bear
The innumerable flaws of changeful care —
Nor judge me light for this, nor rashly deem
(Office forbid to mortals, kept supreme
And separate, the prerogative of God!)
That seaman idle, who is borne abroad
To the far haven by the favouring stream.
Not he alone that to contrarious seas
Opposes, all night long, the unwearied oar,
Not he alone, by high success endeared
Shall reach the Part; but, winged with some light breeze,
Shall they, with upright Reels, gasp in the fane.
Whom easy Taste, the golden pilot, steered.

1872.

2.

So shall this book wase like unto a well
Fairy with mirrored flowers about the brim
As like some tarn, that wailing curlews skim,
Glaping the sallows upland as brown fell;
And so, as men go down into a dell,
(Weary with noon) to find relief and shade,

Not he alone that to contrarious seas
Opposes, all night long, the unwearied oar,
Not he alone, by high success endeared
Shall reach the Port; but, winged with some
light breeze,
Shall they, with upright keels, pass in before,
Whom easy *Taste*, the golden pilot, steered.

2

So shall this book wax like unto a well
Fairy with mirrored flowers about the brim
Or like some tarn, that wailing curlews skim,
Glassing the sallow uplands or brown fell;
And so, as men go down into a dell
(Weary with noon) to find relief and shade,
When on the uneasy sick-bed we are laid,
We shall go down into thy book, and tell
The leaves once blank to build again for us
Old summer dead and ruined and the time
Of later autumn with the corn in stook.
So shalt thou stint the meagre winter thus
Of his projected triumph, and the rime
Shall melt before the sunshine in thy book.

3

I have a hoard of treasure in my breast;
The grange of memory steams against the door

Full of my bygone lifetime's garnered store,
Old pleasures crowned with sorrow for a zest,
Old sorrow grown a joy, old penance blest,
Chastened remembrance of the sins of yore
That like a new evangel more and more
Supports our halting will toward the best.
Ah, what to us the barren after years
May bring of joy or sorrow, who can tell?
Or, knowing not, who cares? It may be well,
That we shall find old pleasures and old fears
And our remembered childhood seen thro' tears
The best of Heaven and the worst of Hell.

4

As starts the absent dreamer, when a train
Suddenly disengulphed below his feet
Roars forth into the sunlight, to its seat
My soul was shaken with immediate pain
Intolerable, as the scanty breath
Of that one word blew utterly away
The fragile mist of fair deceit that lay
O'er the bleak years that severed me from death.
Yes, at the sight I quailed; but, not unwise
Or not, O God, without some nervous thread

Of that best valor, Patience, bowed my head
And with firm bosom and most steadfast eyes,
Strong in all high resolve, prepared to tread
The unlovely path that leads me toward the skies.

5

Not undelightful, friend, our rustic ease
To grateful hearts; for by especial hap
Deep nested in the hill's enormous lap
With its own ring of walls and grove of trees
Sits, in deep shelter, our small cottage — nor
Far-off is seen rose carpeted and hung
With clematis, the quarry whence she sprung,
O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.
Whither in early spring, unharnessed folk,
We join the pairing swallows, glad to stay
Where, loosened in the hills, remote, unseen,
From its tall trees, it breathes a slender smoke
To heav'n, and in the noon of sultry day
Stands, coolly buried, to the neck in green.

6

As in the hostel by the bridge, I sate
Mailed with indifference fondly deemed complete,

And (O strange chance, more sorrowful than
sweet)
The counterfeit of her that was my fate,
Dressed in like vesture, graceful and sedate,
Went quietly up the vacant, village street,
The still small sound of her most dainty feet
Shook, like a trumpet blast, my soul's estate.
Instant revolt ran riot through my brain;
And all night long, thereafter, hour by hour,
The pageant of dead love before my eyes
Went proudly; and old hopes broke loose
again,
From the restraint of wisely temperate power
With ineffectual ardour sought to rise.

7

The strong man's hand, the snow-cool head of
age,
The certain-footed sympathies of youth —
These, and that lofty passion after truth,
Hunger unsatisfied in priest or sage
Or the great men of former years, he needs
That not unworthily would dare to sing
(Hard task!) black care's inevitable ring
Settling with years, upon the heart that feeds
Incessantly on glory. Year by year,

The narrowing toil grows closer round his
feet,
With disenchanting touch rude-handed time
The unlovely web discloses, and strange fear
Leads him at last to eld's inclement seat,
The bitter north of life — a frozen clime.

8

As Daniel, bird-alone[1] in that far land,
Kneeling in fervent prayer with heart-sick
eyes
Turned thro' the casement toward the wester-
ing skies;
Or as untamed Elijah, that red brand
Among the starry prophets; or that band
And company of Faithful sanctities,
Who, in all times, when persecutions rise
Cherish forgotten creeds with fostering hand;
Such do ye seem to me, light-hearted crew
O turned to friendly arts with all your will,
That keep a little chapel sacred still,
One rood of Holy-land in this bleak earth
Sequestered still (our homage surely due!)
To the twin Gods of mirthful wine and mirth.

(1) *Sic.*

POEMS OF STEVENSON'S HOUSEHOLD AT VAILIMA

POEMS OF STEVENSON'S HOUSEHOLD AT VAILIMA

During the Samoan days Stevenson set himself the interesting task of writing a series of poems on the members of his own household. The manuscript volume, belonging to the year 1893, in which Stevenson wrote these poems shows so many variations, erasures, and transpositions, that it is impossible to print them in that entirety which would have resulted had Stevenson finally prepared them for the press, and so it therefore seems wiser not to attempt here the publication of every line, but rather to choose such passages as seem to be most complete and in themselves suffice to indicate the character of this poem-cycle. The following are the lines in which he describes his wife, intent upon tasks of the farm:

About my fields, in the broad sun
And blaze of noon, there goeth one,
Barefoot and robed in blue, to scan
With the hard eye of the husbandman
My harvests and my cattle. Her,

When even puts the birds astir
And day has set in the great woods,
We seek, among her garden roods,
With bells and cries in vain: the while
Lamps, plate and the decanter smile
On the forgotten board. But she,
Deaf, blind, and prone on face and knee,
Forgets time, family and feast
And digs like a demented beast.

The next verses describe Isobel Strong and her daughter Aolele. The title is a gallant adaptation from Horace: "Mater Pulchra nec Filia Pulchrior." These verses, however, Mrs. Strong has already printed under the title of "Mother and Daughter" in her "Memories of Vailima," although there are various unpublished lines in the original draft, among which are the following:

Alike the steps on stair, in bower
Alike the heads poised like a flower,
The inimitable arms, the lines
Inimitably feminine
Of tender limbs.

Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's step-son and collaborator, is pictured in the next poem:

Tall as a guardsman, pale as the east at dawn,
Who strides in strange apparel on the lawn?
Rails for his breakfast? routs his vassals out
(Like boys escaped from school) with song and shout?
Kind and unkind, his Maker's final freak,
Part we deride the child — part dread the antique!
See where his gang, like frogs, among the dew
Crouch at their duty, an unquiet crew;
Adjust their staring kilts; and their swift eyes
Turn still to him who sits to supervise.
He, in the midst, perched on a fallen tree
Eyes them at labour; and, guitar on knee,
Now ministers alarm, now scatters joy,
Now twangs a halting chord — now tweaks a boy.
Thorough in all, my resolute vizier,
Plays both the despot and the volunteer,
Exacts with fines obedience to my laws,
— And for his music, too, exacts applause.

After this there follows a long series of verses to Mrs. Strong's daughter "Teuila, her native name, the Decorator," including these expressive lines belonging to the same poem, and hitherto unpublished:

The Adorner of the uncomely — Those
Amidst whose tall battallions goes
Her pretty person out and in
All day with an endearing din,
Of censure and encouragement;
And when all else is tried in vain
See her sit down and weep again.
She weeps to conquer;
She varies on her grenadiers
From satire up to girlish tears!

Or rather to behold her when
She plies for me the unresting pen,
And when the loud assault of squalls
Resounds upon the roof and walls,
And the low thunder growls and I
Raise my dictating voice on high.

Mrs. Strong's son Austin was also a great favorite of Stevenson's, and he took part in both the studies and the recreations of the lad. The following verses commemorate one of those excursions with horses on which young Austin frequently went with "Uncle Louis:"

What glory for a boy of ten,
Who now must three gigantic men,
And two enormous, dapple gray,

New Zealand pack-horses, array
And lead, and wisely resolute
Our day-long business execute
In the far shore-side town. His soul
Glows in his bosom like a coal;
His innocent eyes glitter again,
And his hand trembles on the rein.
Once he reviews his whole command
And chivalrously planting hand
On hip — a borrowed attitude —
Rides off downhill into the wood.

We now come to the verses in which the poet has pictured himself:

I meanwhile in the populous house apart
Sit, snugly chambered, and my silent art
Uninterrupted, unremitting ply
Before the dawn, by morning lamplight, by
The glow of smelting noon, and when the sun
Dips past my westering hill and day is done;
So, bending still over my trade of words,
I hear the morning and the evening birds,
The morning and the evening stars behold; —
So there apart I sit as once of old
Napier in wizard Merchiston; and my
Brown innocent aides in home and husbandry,

Wonder askance, *What ails the boss?* they ask,
Him, richest of the rich, an endless task
Before the earliest birds or servants stir
Calls and detains him daylong prisoner?
He, whose innumerable dollars hewed
This cleft in the boar and devil haunted wood,
And bade therein, from sun to seas and skies,
His many-windowed, painted palace rise
Red-roofed, blue-walled, a rainbow on the hill,
A wonder in the forest glade: he still,
Unthinkable Aladdin, dawn and dark,
Scribbles and scribbles, like a German clerk.
We see the fact, but tell, O tell us why?
My reverend washman and wise butler cry.
Meanwhile at times the manifold
Imperishable perfumes of the past
And colored pictures rise on me thick and fast:
And I remember the white rime, the loud
Lamplitten city, shops and the changing crowd,
And I remember home and the old time,
The winding river, the white moving rhyme,
The autumn robin by the riverside,
That pipes in the grey eve.

Stevenson's manuscript volume shows as the final act of composition in his series of verses on his household at Vailima, an unfinished draft of a poem to his mother. A study of these lines, some of them merely beginnings, makes possible the following reasonably close approximation to the form which the poem would have taken had Stevenson completed it:

The old lady (so they say) but I
Admire your young vitality.
Still brisk of foot, still busy and keen
In and about and up and down.

I hear you pass with bustling feet
The long verandahs round, and beat
Your bell, and "Lotu! Lotu!" cry;
Thus calling our queer company
In morning or in evening dim,
To prayers and the oft mangled hymn.

All day you watch across the sky
The silent, shining cloudlands ply,
That, huge as countries, swift as birds,
Beshade the isles by halves and thirds;
Till each with battlemented crest
Stands anchored in the ensanguined west,
An Alp enchanted. All the day

You hear the exuberant wind at play,
Its vast, unbroken voice uplift
In roaring tree, round whistling clift.

Even in their incompleteness, the foregoing poems give a vivid picture of the household at Vailima. They reveal the sympathetic bond between himself and his wife, not devoid of a touch of humorous understanding of her ways; his appreciation, in the verses to Isobel Strong and her daughter, of the charm of womanhood and of girlhood; his recognition of the force of manly character as exemplified in Lloyd Osbourne; his sympathy with Austin's emotions of boyhood; his loyal devotion to his own mother. Then in the verses where he writes of himself we have not alone the expression of that life-long adherence to the laborious art of the unremitting craftsman in the field of authorship and the insight into the minds of the Samoan laborers, but also — here near the end of his life — reminiscences of the far Scotland days of his youth, — the "imperishable perfumes of the past."

WE HAVE LOVED OF YORE

(*To an air of Diabelli*)

During the last part of his life Stevenson wrote one of the best of his poems in blank verse, wherein he addresses his wife, evoking memories of earlier days of love. It appears under the above title, as the twelfth poem in the "Songs of Travel and Other Verses" (Book III of "Underwoods"). In order to illustrate the careful art characteristic of the poet, especially at the culmination of his career, the genesis of this poem is here traced. The first page contains sixteen lines:

Up the river where the berries hang in clusters
    on the island brakes
Up the still enchanted river
Where the ruby berries cluster
Where the berries on the island, where the
    mill wheel hums and sings the weir
Where the mill wheel shakes the lilies
Where begarlanded the islands
Up the stream and through the islands
Who are there around the river?

Too late your love is dying
Too late you see before you, the love that might have been.
What was to be is finished, what is to be begun.
The seal of the eternal proclaims your story done.
Too late the fault repented, too late the evil seen,
Too late beheld the beauty, the love that might have been.
The dews of death
That dimpling face immobile, those blind averted eyes.

The poet here has before him the image of the placid river at Grez, memorable not alone for its natural beauty, but laden also with the glamour of romantic associations; for at Grez he first met and fell in love with his future wife. The first seven preceding lines give the setting; the eighth line accentuates the spirit of days gone by. But in the next eight Stevenson seems to go astray. He drifts into an almost moralizing poem fraught with a burden of regret and not free from commonplace lines. But after that, he sees better use for his material, and swiftly finds his way back to

the purely lyrical field, as revealed in the second page of his manuscript. Here too he gives the poem a title — one which is to become the parenthetical or sub-title in the printed version. Diabelli was an Austrian composer who died in 1858.

AIR OF DIABELLI'S

Call it to mind, O my love,
Dear were your eyes as the day
Bright as the day and the sky
Like the stream of gold and the sky above.

Dear were your eyes in the grey
We have lived, my love, O, we have lived, my love!

Now along the silent river
azure
Through the sky's inverted image
Softly swam the boat that bore our love
Swiftly ran the shallow of our love
Through the Heaven's inverted image
In the reedy mazes round the river
See along the silent river
See of old the lovers' shallop steer.
Berried brake and reedy island

Heaven below and only heaven above
Through the sky's inverted image
Swiftly swam the boat that bore our love.

Berried brake and reedy island
Mirrored flower and shallop gliding by
All the earth and all the sky were ours
Silent sat the wafted lovers
Bound with grain and watched by all the sky
Hand to hand and eye to something[1] eye.

Of the preceding twenty-three lines, the fourteenth (compressed from the first line of the first page) is to be the first line of the final version; the fifteenth line will be used as the second; and the eighth and ninth lines, in a varied form, are to become the third and fourth of the printed poem. Here too we have the material shaping itself for the fifth, sixth and seventh lines; while the thirteenth and fourteenth of the published version are contained in the sixth line of this page of manuscript. By this time everything, sentiment as well as setting, is lyrical.

The poem as finally wrought by Stevenson has two stanzas of fourteen lines each. In the

(1) *Sic.*

next page of manuscript we find the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh lines rounding out the first stanza. They appear as lines six, seven, eight and nine of the following verses:

Days of April, airs of Eden
Call to mind how bright the vanished angel hours
Golden hours of evening
When our boat drew homeward, filled with flowers.
O darling, call them to mind, love the past my love
Days of April, airs of Eden.
How the glory died through golden hours
And the shining moon arising
How the boat drew homeward filled with flowers.
Age and winter close us slowly in.

Level river, cloudless heaven
Islanded reed mazes, silver weirs
How the silent boat with silver
Threads the inverted forest as she goes
Broke the trembling green of mirrored trees
O remember, and remember
How the berries hung in garlands.

Stevenson has in the preceding pages gathered together all the necessary colors for his palette. The redness of the "berried brake" the azure of the sky reflected in the stream, the golden glory of sunset, the brilliancy of the moon, flowers filling the homeward boat—and the light in the eyes of the beloved, bright as day, bright in the night. What a wealth of color and beauty and joy—woven into one with strands of love—are in this picture of the past! But springtime is over, and it is a picture of the present that the poet now needs to carry out the idea that came to him as soon as he had abandoned his first conception. In the eleventh line of the next page Stevenson sticks close to the trail that is to lead him to the desired goal. But this line,

O half in vain they grew old

will yet be rejected as not sufficiently positive in its affirmation; for the thesis of the second stanza is to be that entire permanency of the love which years avail not to lessen.

Still in the river see the shallop floats
Hark! Chimes the falling oar.

Still in the mind

Hark to the song of the past!
Dream and they pass in their dreams.

Those that loved of yore, O those that loved of
yore!

Hark through the stillnesses, O darling hark
Through it all, the ear of the mind

Knows the boat of love, Hark!
Chimes the falling oar.

O half in vain they grew old.

The next page sees the evolution of important verses. Stevenson in the first stanza has painted a picture of the river in springtime. The artist sees the value of a contrasted setting. The imagery of winter is thus called into requisition; and as the page ends (lines seventeen and eighteen) he finds the verses that are to begin his second stanza. From his material here he is later to choose the third and fourth lines of the second stanza as printed (the eighth and ninth verses of this original draft); striking the personal note in a masterly way, for Joan and Darby,—here, of course, Stevenson and his wife,—are names already replete with tender associations of old

and loyal married love. We shall, however, have to go a little further in the study of these pages before we find, in their final form, the other ten lines of this second stanza.

Now the halcyon days are over
Age and winter close us slowly round
And there sounds at fall of even
Dim the sight and muffle all the sound.
And at the married fireside, sleep of soul and
sleep of fancy,
Joan and Darby
Silence of the world without a sound
And beside the winter faggot
Joan and Darby sit and doze and dream and
wake
Dream they hear the flowing singing river
See the berries in the island brake.
Dream they hear the weir
See the gliding shallop mar the stream
Hark in your dreams do you hear?

Snow has filled the drifted forest
Ice has bound the something[1] stream.

Frost has bound our flowing river
Snow has whitened all our island brake.

(1) *Sic.*

Stevenson now pauses to get the first stanza into a form that shall satisfy him, and the next page reveals the consummation of this part of his task. Of the fifteen lines there shown, the first thirteen are in the same sequence as the opening stanza of the printed poem, line six of this draft being lines six and seven in the published version.

Berried brake and reedy island
Heaven below and only heaven above
azure
Through the sky's inverted image
Bright
Safely swam the boat that bore our love.
Dear were your eyes as the day
Bright ran the stream, bright hung the sky
above
Days of April, airs of Eden
How the glory died through golden hours
And the shining moon arising
How the boat drew homeward filled with
flowers.
Bright were your eyes in the night:
We have lived my love
O, we have loved, my love

Now the . . . days are over
Age and winter close us slowly round.

Stevenson now again proceeds to fashion verses for the second stanza. To facilitate his task, he heads the next page with a number of words that rhyme. This is, of course, not the way of the inspired poet; it shows, rather, the craftsman in verse, carefully arranging his tools. But as Stevenson never claimed that he was the poet born, we need not comment further on this legitimate yet significant act of authorship.

But how happily Stevenson's art serves him in finding just the fitting phrase! Here we have a perfect instance in the thirteenth and fourteenth lines, which are, with slight changes, to become the tenth and eleventh of the printed stanza. "Love's own river!" It is the river of love down which their bark of life has floated, and the passing years have left their relationship as it was in those "days of April," in the little French town of Grez.

Vainly time departs, and vainly
Age and winter come and close us round.

Hark the river's long continuous sound.

Hear the river ripples in the reeds.

Lo in dreams they see their shallop
Run the lilies down and drown the weeds
Mid the sound of crackling faggots.
So in dreams the new created
Happy past returns, today recedes
And they hear once more

From the old years,
Yesterday returns, today recedes
And they hear with aged hearing
warbles
Loves own river ripple in the weeds.
And again the lovers shallop
Lo the shallop sheds the streaming weeds
And afar in foreign countries
In the ears of aged lovers.

The next page shows us the entire second stanza. In the printed form, however, the verses do not follow the sequence of this manuscript. The numerals (ours, not Stevenson's) at *right* indicate how the stanza appears in the published version, where also, the line,

Still in the hush of the past

becomes

Still in the river of dreams

and the word "old" (line ten) is changed to "yore." But the most interesting alteration is to be found in line sixteen. We have already seen it in its first form as

Love's own river ripples in the weeds.

Stevenson, with his ear so finely attuned to the *sound* value of words, realizes that "river ripples" is not felicitous, and so he seeks a substitute for "ripples." What he finds we must regard as little less than an achievement of inspiration. The word "warbles" contains in itself all the sentiment and imagery of that springtime of love which has been the theme of the first stanza. Indeed a word of wonder; well nigh winning us, against our will, to belief in that definition of genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains. After this alteration, the change of weeds to reeds becomes one of consonantal necessity.

1 Age and winter close us slowly round
2 Still in the hush of the past 5
3 Swims the boat of love 6
4 Hark! chimes the falling oar. 7
5 Frost has bound our flowing river 1
6 Snow has whitened all our island brake; 2
7 And beside the winter faggot, 3

8 Joan and Darby doze and dream and
wake. 4
9 Love still the past, my love; 12
yore
10 We have lived of old 13
11 O, we have loved of yore. 14
12 And again in winter evens 8
13 When from frosty fields the days recede
14 When on firelight dreaming fancy feeds 9
15 In those ears of aged lovers 10
16 Love's own river warbles in the reeds. 11

The drafts that we have studied come to a close with a page on which appear the following four verses, the last of which shows, in over-alliterative form, the verse elsewhere perfected by Stevenson:

And again in winter evens
Starred with lilies . . . with stirring
weeds.
In these ears of aged lovers
Love's own river ripples in the reeds.

Here then we have studied the original draft of a single poem of Stevenson's. There has been no attempt to give every slight jotting, change and elision that make these manu-

scripts in some places most difficult to decipher; but nothing of significance, it is believed, has been overlooked. Out of one hundred and thirty lines the poet wrought a poem of twenty-eight lines.

VARIATIONS AND UNPUBLISHED PORTIONS OF PRINTED POEMS

ENVOY
THE CANOE SPEAKS
TO K. DE M.
TO F. J. S.
THE SICK CHILD
MY HOUSE, I SAY
WHEN AINCE APRILE HAS FAIRLY COME
A LOWDEN SABBATH MORN
SHE RESTED BY THE BROKEN BROOK
I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES AND TOYS
BRIGHT IS THE RING OF WORDS
HE HEARS WITH GLADDENED HEART
TO S. C.
THE WOODMAN
TROPIC RAIN
EVENSONG

ENVOY

In Stevenson's "Envoy," as printed in "Underwoods," these two lines, constituting the third and fourth in his manuscript, are omitted:

> An active conscience, honoured life,
> A tender and a laughing wife —

It may be that these lines were omitted on account of the phrase "active conscience" — not always a pleasurable possession, as Stevenson knew from experience.

THE CANOE SPEAKS

There are in existence at least three manuscripts of this poem which is printed in Book I of "Underwoods." Mr. Peabody's manuscript is, however, the only one to show important variations. Line six reads, "Of the sweet cedar and strong pine" instead of "Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine." Lines seven and eight read:

> Fairyly fashioned, fairy slight
> Seems moulded for a maid's delight,

while in the printed version, we have:

> Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
> A hand may launch, a hand withhold.

Lines seventeen and eighteen in the manuscript are:

> By where the map ignores, by where
> The peering poacher spreads his snare.

In the printed book they read:

> And by the nested angler fare,
> And take the lovers unaware.

Lines twenty-three and twenty-four read:

> By where in the gross heats of noon
> Stripling maidens doff their shoon,

instead of—

> By meadows where at afternoon
> The growing maidens troop in June.

After the twenty-fifth line of the printed poem there appear in the manuscript these three unpublished lines:

> And stepping free, each breathing lass
> From her discarded ring of clothes
> Into the crystal coolness goes.

In Vol. II, of the present publication, there appear as a separate poem a number of lines which Stevenson composed probably as the concluding part of "The Canoe Speaks."

TO K. DE M.

This poem to his cousin, Katherine de Mattos, contains, in the printed form (No. IX, Book I of "Underwoods"), twenty-two lines. The manuscript shows between the fifteenth and sixteenth lines of the published form the following lines:

> More human grown, yet more divine
> You now outsavour, now outshine,
> The golden lamps that rare and far
> Along the blue embankments are,
> The salty smell of running tides,
> The rowan wild on mountain sides,
> The silver and the saffron dawn
> Across the arched orient drawn.

In the margin of the manuscript are eight more unpublished lines, as follows:

> We see you as we see a face
> That trembles in a forest place
> Upon the mirror of a pool
> Forever clear and beautiful;
> And in the wayward glass appears
> To hover between smiles and tears,
> Elfin and human, airy and true,
> And backed by the reflected blue.

One might have wished that Stevenson had

not eliminated the lines in which he describes the subtle loveliness of the face that hovered "between smiles and tears;" but his decision to strike out the first eight lines is more easily understood. For all their fine quality as poetry they have a note of exaggeration, and Stevenson was aware that nothing is to be gained by which the beauty of "the silver and the saffron dawn" is rendered inferior to however fair a woman.

TO F. J. S.

By reading the letters of Stevenson one may readily discover the depth of his devotion for his friend Mrs. Sitwell, who in later years was to become the wife of another of his dearest friends, Sidney Colvin. The poem beginning, "Yet, O stricken heart" and written in memory of Mrs. Sitwell's son, is a lyric of solace never to be forgotten. Another poem written at Mentone, in November, 1873, and addressed to Mrs. Sitwell, appears as the twentieth in the first book of "Underwoods." There it has three stanzas, the concluding lines of which run:

From your whole life, O fair and true,
Your flowers and thorns you bring with you!

Stevenson's manuscript shows these additional stanzas:

And thorns! But did the sculptor spare
Sharp steel upon the marble ere
Thro' cruel discipline of blows
From the dead stone the statue rose?

Think you I grudge the seed, who see,
Wide armed, the consummated tree?

Or would go back, if it might be,
To some old geologic time
With Saurians wallowing in the slime

Before the rivers and the rains
Had fashioned and made fair with plains
And shadowy places fresh with flowers,
This green and quiet world of ours,

Where, as the grass in springtime heals
The furrows of the winter's wheels,
Serene maturity conceals
All memory, in the perfect earth
Of the bygone tempestuous birth.

The foregoing verses were published in the little book entitled "Three Short Poems," privately issued at London in 1898, and reprinted in 1902, at Chicago. They are included here (with minor changes), because the earlier editor seems to have been unaware that these verses were originally a portion of Stevenson's poem to Mrs. Sitwell.

THE SICK CHILD

One of Stevenson's very few poems in dialogue form is that in which the mother brings the comfort of the coming day to her child lying dangerously ill throughout the night. In the printed version — the twenty-sixth in Book I of "Underwoods" — when the child speaks for the second time, there is in the queries addressed to the mother, the suggestion of approaching death — "Why are you crying, Mother, dear?" But in the version as published, the mother's answer contains no response to her child's questions of fear; and there is mention of God who is so kind; of the sounds of life; of the blue day so soon approaching; and the poem ends with the mother's promise that

> Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
> And dream of the birds and the hills of sheep.

When Stevenson originally wrote the poem, however, it had these two further stanzas:

> So, in the dream-beleaguered night,
> While the other children lie
> Quiet, and the stars are high,

The poor, unused and playful mite
Lies strangling in the grasp of fright.

O, when all golden comes the day,
  And the other children leap
  Singing from the doors of sleep,
Lord, take thy heavy hand away!
Lord, in thy mercy, heal or slay!

Considered merely as verses, there is nothing to call for the omission of these lines; yet a brief consideration of them makes it apparent why Stevenson decided to leave them out. They are obviously not the expression of the mother's thought, but the comment of the poet himself. The mother would not, in all probability, have expressed herself in the form shown in the last two lines of the first stanza, and assuredly no mother would have felt the wish indicated in the concluding verse. On the other hand, an outsider, however sympathetic, might well feel the desirability of the child's death rather than a continuance of its suffering. Although such a thought might take fleeting passage through a parent's mind, it would indeed require a most desperate state of affairs to call forth the expression of such an appeal in prayer.

Thus by omitting these stanzas the poet eliminates himself, leaving the verses in their more effective form as a dialogue between mother and child. The deep sorrow of the episode is sufficiently indicated in the child's fear of something inexpressible and the quiet weeping of the mother, whose natural words of comfort may disguise for the child — but not for the reader — the real meaning of the scene.

MY HOUSE, I SAY

The poem which is printed as the thirty-sixth, Book I of "Underwoods," contains in the manuscript before us eight unpublished lines. In the printed form there are twelve lines. The theme of this delightful little poem, written at Skerryvore, is all the more notable when we recall that Skerryvore was the first home of which Stevenson was the master. But however much he might think of it as *his* house, he yet realizes that it is as much the home of all the other occupants: "the sunny doves," the cat, the dog, and even the transient deer claim it, with as much right, to be *their home.*

After the eighth line of the poem, as printed, there appear in Stevenson's manuscript the following four lines:

> And she, the changeful stranger in our gates
> That left for us the land beyond the straits,
> That now the servant seems and now the guest
> Has but to say *our house* to please us best.

The omission of these lines from the printed version is testimony to Stevenson's sense of artistic fitness; for by deleting any verses having to do with a human being he more success-

fully achieves his purpose of accentuating the sense of proprietorship on the part of the dumb animals to whom his house belongs as fully as to himself.

After the concluding lines of the printed version the manuscript shows the following four lines:

> Man, maid and beast, but for an hour we stay
> Whilst the veiled owner dallies on the way;
> Who shall ere long return, his journeys o'er,
> And like the gardener show us all the door.

Here again we note the keenness of the critic in eliminating lines so excellent in themselves. In these lines, with their suggestion of Omar Khayyam, the idea of death is introduced. Death is the "veiled owner"—the sure and final owner of every home. This is all very well, but the lines take away from the effect that Stevenson desires, not alone because they have in them the note of moralization, but also inasmuch as they cast a tinge of sorrow over a poem which, in its printed form, is one of pure comradeship between man and beast.

WHEN AINCE APRILE HAS FAIRLY COME

The third poem of Book II of "Underwoods" shows in the original manuscript the first stanza in the following form:

> When aince Aprile has fairly come
> And winter turned his icy bum
> Wi pleisant days to a' and some
> O' whatna state
> Luve, wi' her auld recruiting drum
> Then takes the gate.

Of course, the chief variation is in the second line with its perhaps vulgar, although certainly original metaphor.

A LOWDEN SABBATH MORN

By some critics, this poem (No. 5 of "Underwoods," Book II) is considered the most important of those written by Stevenson in the Scots dialect. The original manuscript contains a number of stanzas hitherto unpublished. The first of these has its place between the first and second stanzas of the printed version, and is as follows:

A' legs an' airms, the dand'rin men
Hing round the doors and doun the glen —
They're naethin, wantin work, ye ken,
  Tho' blythe to want it —;
While weeminfolk are hit an' hen
  An' gey fu' handit.

Between the fifth and sixth stanzas as found in the printed form, there are in the manuscript the following two unpublished stanzas:

Again the bells begin to jowl,
And as their airn summons rowl,
Gudeman, just clappin hat on pow
  Tak's first the gate;
An the hale clan comes on in tow
  Wi' face sedate.

Noo under rowth o' hawthorn bloom
Whaur simmer flees may swarf and soom,
The thrangin' gate shune lacks for room
As friens foregaither.
— The day, the kirk'll no be toom
Says ain to ither.

The manuscript shows a few other variations, the most important of which is at the beginning of the tenth stanza. As originally written by Stevenson the opening line reads,

But here we are, we've no been lang
The mill-door sings its Sabbath sang,

instead of in the printed form,

But hark the bells frae nearer clang;
To raust the slaw, their sides they bang.

The manuscript is of further interest as showing Stevenson's study of Scottish terms, and in the margin of his poem he gives the English equivalents of many of the more difficult dialect words and phrases.

SHE RESTED BY THE BROKEN BROOK

Under the title of "The Unforgotten — II" — probably the unforgotten beloved who was the heroine of so many of his earlier verses — there appears in "Songs of Travel" (No. V) a poem of three four-line stanzas, of which the first and third are identical with the first and last of the present manuscript. The manuscript shows three other stanzas (as printed below), the first of which becomes, after considerable change, the second stanza in the published book; while from the other two, Stevenson gleaned phrases that he used in the intermediate stanza of the published poem:

She came, she passed, like summer rains,
  She went like summer dew:
The azure of her eyes remains
  Eternal in my view.

I know it well, in other lands,
  Embowered by fairer skies,
Her hands shall mix with other hands,
  Her eyes with other eyes.

The glitter of the sunny rain,
  The glint of summer dew,
The lad that gazed and gazed again,
  Does she remember too?

I WILL MAKE YOU BROOCHES AND TOYS

As this poem appears ("Songs of Travel"—XI) in the printed version it has three stanzas of four lines each. In the manuscript, however, the stanzas contain six lines each.

The fifth and sixth lines of the first stanza, omitted in the printed version, are as follows:

It's there that I'll be yours, it's there that you'll be mine,
Where the green leaves rustle and the blue days shine.

The concluding lines of the second stanza, also left unpublished, are:

It's you shall be the queen, and it's I shall be the king,
When the full stream gushes and the brown birds sing.

Of the third stanza, the final lines not printed are:

The broad road that wanders, the bare feet that go,
Where the white rain hisses and the loud winds blow.

The third stanza shows a further variant from the printed form, whose final lines are:

That only I remember, that only you admire
Of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire.

In the earlier draft before us, however, the corresponding verses read:

The song that I remember, and all the world forgets
Of the brown plain that stretches, the red sun that sets.

BRIGHT IS THE RING OF WORDS

One of the most beautiful of Stevenson's lyrics — this poem in the printed version ("Songs of Travel" — XV) has two eight-line stanzas. The manuscript, in addition to various experimental verses, shows the following intermediate stanza:

After the maker is laid
  In the grave of thistles,
Still the lover sings
  And the ploughboy whistles:
After the singer lies
  In the field of heather
The beautiful lilt of song
  Goes on forever.

There is in addition the following variant for the concluding four of the above lines:

Lasses and lads shall sing
  His carols together.
Music and song shall sound
  In the April weather.

With the exception of the unsatisfactory rhyming of "heather" with "forever," there is nothing in these lines to be criticised; but as the thought contained in all these verses is bet-

ter expressed in the concluding stanzas of the poem as published, Stevenson saw the desirability of omitting the superfluous lines, thus making his song tell in every line.

Elsewhere in his poetry Stevenson has dwelt on the temporal nature of fame, the oblivion which falls on all mortal things; but here he finds the fairest guerdon of the poet's achievement in the immortality which his songs shall have in young affection:

> And when the west is red
> With the sunset embers,
> The lover lingers and sings
> And the maid remembers.

HE HEARS WITH GLADDENED HEART

As printed ("Songs of Travel"—XXII) this poem begins with the line

He hears with gladdened heart the thunder,

and contains only eight lines. In its original form the poem has eighteen lines, as follows:

He hearkens all, to melt or harden,
He hears the children in the garden
  Sing, and the sexton delve the tomb.[1]
At dawn he hears the wood birds twitter,
He sees the lights of cities glitter,
  And the dusk [2] of thickets gloom.[3]

He knows the earth above and under,
He hears with gladdened heart the thunder
  Peal, and loves the falling dew.
He sees the ship, and longs to man it —
He sees and longs to touch the planet —
  Sits and is content to view.

The mean may crouch, the proud may clamber,
He sits beside the dying ember,
  God for hope and man for friend:
He sits alone in the high chamber
Content to see, glad to remember,
  Expectant [4] of the certain end.

Variations: (1) grave; (2) shade; (3) wane; (4) conscious.

The eighth and ninth lines of the above poem become the first two lines in the printed version; the seventh becomes the third; the twelfth line the fourth; the fourteenth and fifteenth lines the fifth and sixth; the seventeenth and eighteenth the last two of the final form.

Stevenson thus reduced the draft to a poem of less than half the original length. In this process he has foregone various lines which portray desires of activity and dreams of ambition. The result is a brief expression of the philosophy of content, having in it an epigrammatic quality reminding us of Landor's perfect quatrain that ends

I warmed my hands before the fire of life;
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

TO S. C.

Under the title of "To S. C." the verses beginning, "I heard the pulse of the besieging sea," appear as the twenty-seventh poem of Book III of "Underwoods." In the manuscript Stevenson writes out in full the name of his friend, Sidney Colvin, and dates the poem "Isle of Apemama, October 1889." In its inedited form the first eleven lines run:

I heard the breath [1] of the besieging sea
Beleaguer and becanopy the isle;
With sound and fear of inroads [2] heard the wind
Fly crying, and convulse tumultuous palms.
Heard whiles the watcher with the scarlet conch
Sing lusty-shrill, or the mysterious fowl
Of night and ocean that, out-croaking loud,
Crosses from sea to sea the narrow isle; —
Whiles peeped abroad beneath the wattled blinds,
Up-strutted, whence the effulgence of the night
Leaked in and lit the cabin, scattering sleep.

From comparison with the printed version, it will be seen that the first four lines of the manuscript become, in changed form, the first three lines of the printed poem; while the next seven lines remain entirely unpublished.

Variations: (1) pulse; (2) Speak far away all night. I.

On timber navels. I could see
No sting to their vitality,
No pang to set a price on life,
No wink before the falling knife —
No empty tombs, no broken rules,
In that green paradise of fools.

TROPIC RAIN

This Vailima poem as published in "Songs of Travel" — XL, contains sixteen lines, while the manuscript has thirty lines. The first two in the manuscript are as follows:

The mirk of the night was solid; a trowel had plastered it on;
And blue as the summer heaven, the levin glanced and was gone.

Then follows the line

As the single pang of the blow, when the metal is mingled well,

this being the initial line in the printed version. The next three lines of the manuscript are almost identical with the printed poem. Then follow these thirteen lines:

Long was the storm; till lo! a jubilant river of rain
Suddenly stunned the storm, and the mountains answered again —
Suddenly pealed and fell, with a sound that beat on the ear
The innocent joys of bathers, the innermost pangs of fear.

And pleased as a girl of the islands stands, with streaming hair,
By the well known pool of the river, when all of the village is there,
And laughs aloud to her mates, and shivers and plunges deep:
The virgin spirit of rain laughed and leaned to her leap.
So — spirit of rain — for a moment, for a moment I saw you attired
In freshness and mirth, and my heart and the eyes of my heart admired.
And loud as the maddened cataract raves in the cloven glen
Spirit of rain! you bellowed and fell on the houses of men.
And the houses shook, and the hearts of men were swayed as you fell.

When the poem was printed the above thirteen lines were compressed into the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth lines of the published poem. The concluding eleven lines of the manuscript are as follows:

You struck, and my cabin quailed; the roof of it roared, like a bell;
You spoke, and at once the mountain shouted and shook with brooks,

And behold in the forge of the witches, the sedulous smith of books.
The fire sprang in the ash and the metal ran as I heard,
And rhyme rallied to rhyme, and word was wedded to word.
And I wrote that terror and beauty were only one, not two,
And the world has room for love, and death, and thunder, and dew;
And all the sinews of hell slumber in summer air;
And the face of God is a rock, but the face of the rock is fair.
Beneficent streams of tears flow at the finger of pain;
And out of the cloud that smites, beneficent rivers of rain.

In the printed version these eleven lines are reduced to nine, and show numerous variations.

While the poem has gained in cohesion and simplicity through Stevenson's revision of it, the unpublished portions reveal various phrases whose beauty is apparent; most notable among these, that in which

The virgin spirit of rain laughed and leaned to her leap.

The omission of this metaphor is perhaps due to Stevenson's desire to portray the tropic storm alone in its rush and intensity; but there is some doubt as to whether he could not have made an even more effective poem by adhering to the scheme made evident in his manuscript, with its contrast between the rain in its first movements, fraught with the spirit of joyous virginity, and the later downpour, masculine in its force, striking at the roofs of men.

EVENSONG

With this poem, the "Songs of Travel" fittingly conclude. The printed version (No. XLVI) has two stanzas, the first of nine, and the second of six lines. The manuscript, however, has an additional stanza, as follows:

So in the furthest camp of man —
  Where he deems himself alone,
Left without sign or plan,
  At random in a desert thrown —
For ears that hear, for running feet,
There daily is the tatoo beat,
  There the reveillé blown.

Stevenson's omission of these eight lines is as easy to understand as it is interestingly significant. In the printed form we have the expression of resignation to the will of God. Wonderful are his works and past comprehension. The poet "will not question more" and when the night comes he will eat and sleep, trusting in the Lord's design. In its perfected form the poem is thus a simple utterance, an evening song of almost child-like confidence, and it is this child-like quality with which the moralizing note of the stanza given above tends to interfere.

STEVENSON'S TRANSLATIONS FROM MARTIAL

EROTION'S EPITAPH
CONCERNING ANTONIUS
TO A SCHOOLMASTER
TO NEPOS
TO CHARIDEMUS
CONCERNING LIGURRA
TO LUPUS
TO QUINTILIAN
JULIUS MARTIAL'S GARDEN
TO MARTIAL
TO MAXIMUS
TO OLUS
CONCERNING A SMALL BANQUET HALL
EROTION, THE LITTLE MAID
TO A FISHERMAN

STEVENSON'S TRANSLATIONS FROM MARTIAL

Poets of many lands and many centuries have tried their skill at translating the inimitable epigrams of Martial, the brilliant author who has in the amber of his wit preserved for all time the Roman society of the first century A.D.; and numerous critics also have directed their attempts to the interpretation of his genius. Although the name of Byron figures in the former of these categories, and that of Lessing in the latter, it may be doubted whether any writer has approached the fourteen books of Martial's epigrams in a finer and more sympathetic spirit than Robert Louis Stevenson.

Stevenson's liking for Martial is shown here and there among his letters; but that he was engaged upon a volume of translations of Martial, — the publication of which was one of his cherished ambitions, — is a fact new to the general reader. He may possibly have translated other Martial epigrams, but those

that follow are sufficient to establish his name as the most delightful of modern translators of Martial. It is perhaps more accurate to qualify this term "translator," for Stevenson would be the last to desire classic laurels to which he is not fully entitled. In his preface [1] for the contemplated volume he calls his poems "imitations," and he names the edition of Martial used by him, a work in which the Latin appears on the left hand pages, with the French prose translation facing on the right. The French translation thus served him as a "crib," whose inadequacy, however (despite his disclaimer of his own knowledge of Latin), was obvious to Stevenson.

At first blush there may seem to be a wide disparity of temperament and outlook between the so frequently vulgar poet of the early Roman days and the essentially refined author of our own times. Yet the points of contact are numerous. We need hardly have recourse to the thought that among English poets Herrick is the literary descendant of Martial, and that Stevenson called himself "a lesser Herrick." Stevenson's selections from among the

(1) See page 175.

many books of Martial's epigrams suffice to show the consanguinity of these two men. It is not in the rôle of the scholar that Stevenson approaches Martial, nor did he desire to appeal to critics, or alone to the literary public. His aim, as his choice of epigrams confirms, was to show the great expositor of Roman society in those human aspects which immediately laid claim to Stevenson's sympathies. Recognizing the dual element in man's make-up, Stevenson felt how inherently human was the Roman writer. The main difference that he noted between Martial and the general run of men and women was Martial's willingness to expose the inferior side of his nature, while it is the "Mr. Hyde" element that the majority of the human clan so assiduously strives to conceal. This very frankness is open to objections, of course; but frankness it is, and as such made its appeal to Stevenson.

On Martial's grace of diction, his humor in characterization and his lightning wit, there is no need to dilate. He ranged a freebooter through all grades of a society that offered the most various plunder for his genius, and his books of epigrams are a microcosm.

Stevenson's choice of epigrams was made here and there from pages widely separated in the original Latin; yet all these poems (with one possible exception) are directly related to Stevenson's own feelings, thoughts, and points of view. I can think of no instance where one poet, in translating the verses of another, has, by the very character of his choice of material, reflected more accurately his own nature.

PREFACE BY STEVENSON

[*The following is Stevenson's preface in an edited form that renders his remarks easily intelligible to the reader. The facsimile of the original manuscript is here given in order to reveal his thoughts in their initial shape, thus affording an interesting study of Stevenson's method in drafting his preface.*]

If it is ever permitted for a person to apologize, it must be allowed my case is grave enough. I have forgot [the] little Latin I ever knew. I had no dictionary, and I depended upon a French crib of which, to those who know French cribs, it may be enough to say I never saw a worse. Yet such is the charm of Martial that I was driven to attempt these imitations. In an English crib the point I descry had been missed, but some of the words had been translated. The French translator is more independent; he casts but a glance at his original, and, with a smooth and

inexpressive pen commits to paper something perfectly different and perfectly inept.

Why, then, if I can see the faults of others, am I not silent? I fear this is very much the judgment my commission must expect from two classes: the scholars, who understand the meaning of the original, and the poets, who are critical of verse. But in this age, when we all lean to the reading of light verses, Martial, the neatest of versifiers, the wittiest of men, is passed over with contempt; and either no one reads, or every one considers it decent to dissemble, having read him. Let this be my excuse; "and take, O reader, for the deed the will."

If it is ever permitted for a person to apologise, it must be allowed of my case in [illegible] I knew the [illegible] [illegible] of my [illegible] [illegible]; I had [illegible] [illegible] I suspected from earlier [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as to suggest of which, [illegible] who knew French [illegible], it may be simple to say I [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]. ~~[illegible] within the domain of Martial [illegible] I [illegible] the [illegible] of these imitations~~. Had I [illegible] an English [illegible], this point is [illegible] had been [illegible] but none of the words had been translated. The French [illegible] interpreter is [illegible] [illegible] independent; he casts but a glance at his original, and ([illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ perfectly different ~~[illegible]~~ and yet [illegible] [illegible] inept. (with a smooth and neat [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible])

"

Why then, if I err in the faults of others, [illegible] [illegible] ?
I fear this is the judgment [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from two causes: the scholars, [illegible] [illegible] the original, ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] and the poets, who are critical of verse [illegible] in this age, when [illegible] all [illegible] to the ending of [illegible] verses, [illegible], the neatest of ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible], the wittiest [illegible], is [illegible] over with contempt, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], as anyone [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] decent to dissemble [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]: let this be my excuse, and take, O reader, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it."

and [illegible]

[illegible] Hell's [illegible] and Hell's [illegible].

EROTION'S EPITAPH

Among Martial's verses there is nothing more winning than his poems concerning Erotion. This little girl — a slave-child — had been a cherished playmate, and Martial commemorates her death with a tenderness that more than compensates for his bitter satire elsewhere, and his vulgarity. Little more than a baby, Erotion has, through the poet's affection for her, achieved an immortality such as emperors might envy. Martial's tributes to her have been the theme of commentators and critics, and have been translated by many poets of renown.

"Erotion's Epitaph" (Book X, No. 61) has six lines in the Latin, and Stevenson has adhered to the same number in his rendering, while Leigh Hunt in translating it doubled this number. Of the two versions Stevenson's is the more faithful. Yet, apart from purposes of comparison, so charming are the

verses of Leigh Hunt that they are given a place here:

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts so cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoe'er thou mayest be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her slender little shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar,
But this tomb be here alone
The only melancholy stone.

EPITAPHIUM EROTII

Here lies Erotion whom at six years old
Fate pilfered. Stranger (when I too am cold,
Who shall succeed me in my rural field),
To this small spirit annual honors yield!
Bright be thy hearth, hale be thy babes, I crave,
And this, in thy green farm, the only grave!

CONCERNING ANTONIUS

In his translation Stevenson calls Martial's friend Antoninus. It should of course be Antonius, whose seventy-five years of life well lived, led Martial to write one of his best remembered epigrams (Book X, No. 23).

Stevenson's version could not easily be bettered, and it closely approximates the eight lines of the original, both in language and in spirit. Death's waters (in Latin, the waters of Lethe) rise for Antonius, as they did for Stevenson, without any suggestion of fear; and memory of past events is (again with Stevenson as with Antonius) a continually replenishing delight. Thus we see in this epigram two of the main currents that run through Stevenson's life and writings: courage as regards death, and love of past days.

Alexander Pope thus expressed the concluding thought of Martial's poem:

> For he lives twice who can at once employ
> The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.

DE M. ANTONIO

Now, Antoninus, in a smiling age
Counts of his life the fifteenth finished stage.
The rounded days and the safe years he sees,
Nor fears death's water mounting round his knees.
To him remembering not one day is sad,
Not one but what its memory makes him glad.
So good men lengthen life; and to recall
The past, is to have twice enjoyed it all.

TO A SCHOOLMASTER

Herein is revealed Martial's — as also Stevenson's — sympathy with the schoolboy. A plea is made for a real vacation, without any studies or any punishments. The last line of this poem (Book X, No. 62) is as follows:

Aestate pueri si valent, satis discunt.
In summer if boys keep healthy that is all they need learn.

There are twelve lines in the original, the first few of which do not appear in Stevenson's draft. This untranslated portion of the poem begins with an appeal to the schoolmaster for indulgence to his scholars, if he would be loved by them.

AD MAGISTRUM LUDI

(*Unfinished draft*)

Now in the sky
And on the hearth of
Now in a drawer, the direful cane
That sceptre of the reign
And the long hawser that on the back

Of Marsyas fell with many a whack,
Twice hardened out of Scythian hides,
Now sleep till the October ides.

In summer if the boys be well.

TO NEPOS

Martial's poem to his neighbor Nepos has for its theme the delight of wine and the companionship of the bowl. The Latin has only ten lines, whereas Stevenson's version has seventeen: a rare discrepancy, as if a mental taste of the prime Falernian had led the translator to become expansive.

Stevenson carries out the geniality of Martial's verses, but he balks at one touch of humor where Martial, in commenting on the resemblance of the daughter of Nepos to her father, writes:

"Testis maternae nata pudicitiae;"

and he rather freely renders the last line, which, curiously enough, if translated according to modern slang, would have an amusing and opposite emphasis. "For Fathers also may enjoy their nights," writes Stevenson; while Martial wrote: "Possunt et patres vivere crede mihi;" which, colloquially rendered, means: "Fathers also know how to live, *believe me!*"

AD NEPOTEM

O Nepos, twice my neigh[b]our[1] (since at home
We're door by door, by Flora's temple dome;
And in the country, still conjoined by fate,
Behold our villas standing gate by gate,)
Thou hast a daughter, dearer far than life—
Thy image and the image of thy wife.
Thy image and thy wife's, and be it so!
But why for her, {neglect the flowing / O Nepos, leave the} can
And lose the prime of thy Falernian?
Hoard casks of money, if to hoard be thine;
But let thy daughter drink a younger wine!
Let her go rich and wise, in silk and fur;
Lay down a {bin that shall / vintage to} grow old with her;
But thou, meantime, the while the batch is sound
With pleased companions pass the bowl around;
Nor let the childless only taste delights,
For Fathers also may enjoy their nights.

(1) Stevenson often had difficulty in spelling this word.

TO CHARIDEMUS

Stevenson's manuscript shows his title to be "Ad Charidemum,"—an error worth correcting, since the word "In," used by Martial, indicates adverse criticism of the person addressed, while the word "Ad" is simply our English "To."

In this poem Martial animadverts against the freedman tutor who refuses to recognize that his former pupil has grown to manhood; and in this connection we may recall Stevenson's own impatience against the restrictions of father and friends when he himself was seething with the desires and with the aspirations for personal liberty that follow adolescence.

Stevenson's translation has sixteen lines, the same number as the Latin, but there are also numerous variant lines affording interesting study. Single words, however, that were stricken out by Stevenson have in most cases been omitted.

Stevenson's rendition of the final line calls for special comment. The Latin has it: "Esse virum jam me dicet amica tibi;" and the French translation which lay before Steven-

son has rendered this: "Ma maitresse te dira si je suis un homme." Stevenson interprets the line differently and lets "amica" refer to Charidemus. This interpretation, as shown in Stevenson's phrase, "your own mistress," gives special zest and humor to the poem. One recalls the old lines concerning the nature of an epigram:

> The qualities rare in a bee that we meet
> In an epigram never should fail.
> The body should always be little and sweet,
> And a sting should be left in the tail.

If ever there was an epigram with a real sting in its tail, it is this one to Charidemus, in the form that Stevenson presents the concluding line.

IN CHARIDEMUM

You Charidemus who my cradle swung
And watched me all the days that I was young,
You, at whose step the laziest slaves awake
And both the bailiff and the butler quake;
The barber's suds now blacken with my beard
And my rough kisses make the maids afeard;

Big with reproach, your awful eyebrows
twitch;
And for the cane, I see, your fingers itch.
If something daintily attired I go,
Straight you exclaim: "Your father did not
so."
And fuming count the bottles on the board
As though my cellar were your private hoard.
Enough, at last: I have done all I can,
And your own mistress hails me for a man.

[*Variant lines for the foregoing poem*]

My boyhood's guide, philosopher and friend,
Thou who the rule of my small house doth take
'Fore whom the farmer and the steward quake,
O Cheridemus, bear for reason's sake!
And yet for you I am no older grown
Still like a child I must not walk alone —

Nor will thus groan below a servingman.

My mistress calls me man, but still to you —

Spying and groaning at my heels you keep
You shake the head prophetic and you weep.

What boots it? Since to you still incomplete
Still in your eyes in penitential sheet
And still be called before your judgment seat,
I stay the baby that you used to beat;
In vain { your / my } mistress calls me man; in vain
For love or war my heart expands amain.
In vain I threaten —

All is to you permitted: nought to me:
You must do all things, unreproved; but I
If once to play or to my love I fly —

CONCERNING LIGURRA

This poem (Book XII, No. 61) is the only one of Stevenson's selections where the relationship to his own thoughts, predilections and sentiments is difficult to establish; and it is moreover Stevenson's only choice of an epigram which has a vulgar phrase. It would be interesting to know if Stevenson had in mind a person, whether man or woman, who stood in the same relation to him as Ligurra to Martial. And if so who was this person whom he was unwilling even to smite "with a stinging song?" The poem in the original has eleven lines, — in Stevenson's version, twelve. As a translation the English rendering is very successful, — the only liberty Stevenson allowed himself being "the midge along the pool," where Martial merely says "the butterflies."

It was this poem that Ben Jonson paraphrased, and applied to Sir Inigo Jones:

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labors to seem worthy of that fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp verse, &c.

DE LIGURRA

You fear, Ligurra, — above all, you long —
That I should smite you with a stinging song.
This dreadful honour you both fear and hope —
Both all in vain: you fall below my scope.
The Lybian lion tears the roaring bull,
He does not harm the midge along the pool.
Lo! if so close this stands in your regard,
From some blind tap, fish forth a drunken bard,
Who shall with charcoal, on the privy wall,
Immortalize your name for once and all.

TO LUPUS

In the poem to Lupus (Book XI, No. 18) Martial sarcastically expresses his disapproval of an all too moderate gift. He indulges in amusingly superlative statements with which to ridicule the farm he has received from Lupus; and the poem ends with a play upon the words *pradium* and *prandium,* — Martial expressing his desire to exchange the farm for a dinner.

Stevenson's manuscript, taking into account the variant verses left in the body of the poem, does not exceed the twenty-six lines of the Latin. After he had effectively introduced the "stalking lion of Algiers," he decided that as no lion appears in Martial's verses he had better use the animal that does appear there, the Calydonian Boar. However, after this abdication of poetical license, he seems to have felt that he had done enough without finding a rhyme for Calydon.

The reference to Priapus may need a comment. His attributes were the scythe and the sceptre, and of course the meaning is that even if these were cast aside the small Priapian figure would find no room to stand in the

diminutive farm presented to Martial by Lupus.

IN LUPUM

Beyond the gates, thou gav'st a field to till,
I have a larger on my window sill.
A farm d'ye say? Is this a farm to you,
Where for all woods I spay one tuft of rue,
And that so rusty, and so small a thing,
One shrill cicada hides it with a wing;
Where one cucumber covers all the plain;
And where one serpent rings himself in vain
To enter wholly; and a single snail
Eats all and *exit* fasting to the pool.
{Here shall my gardener be the dusty mole.
{My only ploughman the mole
Here shall I wait in vain till figs be set
And till the spring disclose the violet.
Through all my wilds, a tameless mouse careers,
And in that narrow boundary appears
{Huge as the stalking lion of Algiers.
{Huge as the fabled boar of Calydon.
And all my hay is at one swoop impresst
By one low-flying swallow for her nest.
Strip god Priapus of each attribute,

Here finds he scarce a pedestal to foot.
The gathered harvest scarcely brims a spoon;
And all my vintage drips in a cocoon.
Generous are you, but I more generous still:
Take back your farm and stand me half a gill!

[*Variations*]

No toiling ploughman shall with aching arm
His great-flanked horses goad around my farm;
Followed by crows; for judging on the whole
I shall leave all that business to the mole —

The dusty mole
Shall both my gardener and my ploughman be.

TO QUINTILIAN

Martial here calls his friend "the glory and the grace of Rome," although the great rhetorician, like the poet, was born in Spain: Quintilian in 40 A.D., and Martial in 43 A.D. As a teacher of oratory Quintilian was indeed the "chief director of the growing race," a teacher who sought to cultivate character as well as eloquence. Among his pupils he had the flower of the Roman youth, including the Younger Pliny and various members of the family of the Emperor Domitian. But, with full appreciation of the value of Quintilian's teachings, Martial in this poem lays stress on the value of other aspects of life than those of knowledge and success. The desirable existence, as here outlined (and one sees why this poem appealed to Stevenson), is not the career of wealth or power, but the contemplative life of peace in a simple home and among simple surroundings of nature.

The English version, like the Latin, has ten lines. The only liberty Stevenson allows himself is in the final phrase, where he renders as "a quiet life" the Latin phrase, "sit sine lite dies." Lawsuits were very common at Rome

in Martial's time, and perhaps the chief infraction upon a quiet life; so that Stevenson's equivalent is a satisfactory one, although it does not quite provide for the significance of the Latin words "sine lite," with their special connotation for Quintilian, as a teacher of that eloquence which found so many of its opportunities in the law courts.

AD QUINTILIANUM

O chief director of the growing race,
Of Rome the glory and of Rome the grace,
Me, O Quintilian, may you not forgive
Before from labor I make haste to live?
Some burn to gather wealth, lay hands on rule,
Or with white statues fill the atrium full.
The talking hearth, the rafters sweet with smoke,
Live fountains and rough grass, my line invoke:
A sturdy slave: a not too learned wife:
Nights filled with slumber, and a quiet life.

JULIUS MARTIAL'S GARDENS

In his poem concerning the garden of his friend Martial, our poet of the same name achieves one of the most delightful of his descriptive poems. It is notable as a composition in which the human element enters only as an accessory to the scenery, the "shrill pipe" of the seaman and the "rude cries of the porters" fading into the silence that permeates the serene and beautiful garden.

In the Latin there are thirty-six lines; but Stevenson lays aside his pen after translating thirty, thus letting his poem conclude with the fine tribute to the hospitable atmosphere of the home. The last few lines which he leaves untranslated are a somewhat fulsome compliment to Julius Martial, and detract from the perfect simplicity, or the simple perfection, of the picture given in the poem as Stevenson has chosen to preserve it. This function of elision Stevenson often performed in relation to his own verses, and his exercise of it in the present instance is a striking evidence of his critical discrimination. What may seem to the precise scholar an unwarranted liberty,

commends itself to the lover of poetry as an act of artistic judgment.

DE HORTIS JULII MARTIALIS

My Martial owns a garden, famed to please
Beyond the glades of the Hesperides,
Along Janiculum lies the chosen block
Where the cool grottoes trench the hanging rock.
The moderate summit, something plain and bare,
Tastes overhead of a serener air;
And while the clouds besiege the vales below
Keeps the clear heaven and doth with sunshine glow.
To the June stars that circle in the skies
The dainty roofs of that tall villa rise.
Hence do the seven imperial hills appear;
And you may view the whole of Rome from here;
Beyond, the Alban and the Tuscan hills;
And the cool groves and the cool falling rills,
Rubre Fidenae, and with virgin blood
Anointed once Perenna's orchard wood.
Thence the Flaminian, the Salarian way,

Stretch far abroad below the dome of day;
And lo! the traveler toiling towards his home;
And all unheard, the chariot speeds to Rome!
For here no whisper of the wheels; and tho'
The Mulvian Bridge, above the Tiber's flow,
Hangs all in sight, and down the sacred stream
The sliding barges vanish like a dream,
The seaman's shrilling pipe not enters here,
Nor the rude cries of porters on the pier.
And if so rare the house, how rarer far,
The welcome and the weal that therein are!
So free the access, the doors so widely thrown,
You half imagine all to be your own.

TO MARTIAL

In this epigram (Book V, No. 20), in which his friend Martial again figures, the poet expresses thoughts obviously in consonance with Stevenson's own feelings; and it may be pointed out that the last line of the Latin, "quisquam vivere cum sciat, moratur" (rendered rather freely in Stevenson's version) is the key-note of such a poem as Herrick's "Gather Ye Roses While Ye May," and of many other poems from the days of Omar Khayyam to our own times.

Martial's Latin has fourteen lines; Stevenson's version fifteen. Cowley extended himself to twenty-six lines in his translation, and included among them two verses which are not to be found in Stevenson's rendition:

A few companions which ourselves should choose,
A gentle mistress and a gentler muse.

AD MARTIALEM

Go[d] knows, my Martial, if we two could be
To enjoy our days set wholly free;
To the true life together bend our mind
And take a furlough from the falser kind,

No rich saloon, nor palace of the great
Nor suit at law should trouble our estate;
On no vainglorious statues should we look.
But of a walk, a talk, a little book,
Baths, wells and meads and the veranda shade,
Let all our travels and our toils be made.
Now neither lives unto himself, alas!
And the good suns we see, that flash and pass
And perish; and the bell that knells them cries
"Another gone: O when will ye arise?"

[*Variation of last two lines*]

And perish; and with each a voice that cries:
"Ye still delay to live," and then "O fools, arise!"

TO MAXIMUS

This poem, which Stevenson renders in the same number of lines as the original, contains that philosophy of life which is based upon contentment with simple things. Maximus is adjured to find essential freedom in divesting himself of the desires of social ambition.

Stevenson's verses may call for a few comments. In his fifth line, the neighbor referred to was the wealthy Scinna; in the sixth line the phrase "my threadbare toga" must be understood as "a threadbare toga like mine;" while in the eighth line Stevenson has circumvented Martial's rather vulgar phrase by using the felicitous term "a mistress à la mode," well retaining Martial's suggestion that the desire for notoriety in a love affair was as much opposed to a satisfactory life of simplicity as the ambition to outshine one's neighbor with gold plate or resplendent toga.

IN MAXIMUM

Would's't thou be free? I think it not indeed:
But if thou would's't; attend this simple rede:
When quite contented } thou canst dine at
Thou shall be free when } home
And drink a small wine of the march of Rome;
When thou canst see unmoved thy neighbour's plate
And wear my threadbare toga in the gate;
When thou hast learned to love a small abode
And not to choose a mistress à la mode:
When thus contained and bridled thou shalt be,
Then Maximus, then first, shalt thou be free.

TO OLUS

This poem is in much the same vein as the preceding one. In his version (exceeding by one line the nine in the Latin) Stevenson has a notable couplet:

> The unruly wishes must a ruler take,
> Our high desires do our low fortunes make.

Written at a period when servility to the Emperor and the noble potentates of Rome was the order of the day, Martial's epigram is all the more creditable for its spirit of independence, which of course was ever one of the attributes of Stevenson. Everything considered, Stevenson's version of this epigram has no superior among the English translations of Martial, although both Sedley and Cowley were successful in their renditions.

[*Variant lines, stricken out by Stevenson*]

Those only who desire —
Those only, Olus, bow before a King. —
He, Olus, that can do without a slave —
Who stoop and tremble at their patron's ire?
Those only who desire what Kings desire —
Set loose thy slave;
Learn —

AD OLUM

Call me not rebel though {here at every word / in what I sing
If I no longer hail thee {King and Lord / Lord and King
I have redeemed myself with all I had
And now possess my fortunes poor but glad.
With all I had I have redeemed myself
And scaped at once from slavery and pelf.
The unruly wishes must a ruler take,
Our high desires do our low fortunes make:
Those only who desire palatial things,
Do bear the fetters and the frowns of Kings;
Set free thy slave: thou settest free thyself.

CONCERNING A SMALL BANQUET HALL

This quatrain, the fifty-ninth epigram of the second book (mistakenly noted as the sixtieth in Stevenson's MS.), is one of the most effective pieces of verse among the writings of Martial and may manifestly be associated with other expressions of the same theme throughout the gamut of poetry. "Mica"—the Latin "crumb"—was a small banquet hall erected by the Emperor Domitian, "the great Caesar" whose tomb Martial now sees from the window of this room. Thus we have here in dramatic juxtaposition the feasting hall and its creator, now feasted upon by death. The wisdom of Ecclesiastes—"Eat, drink and be merry;" of Horace's "Carpe diem;" and of that legion of other poems which emphasize the mortality of human things, is Mica's lesson.

Stevenson's version has, in the word "jovial," a contribution which the Latin does not call for, and the warrant for its introduction is not apparent. Otherwise it would be difficult to suggest any improvement; and Stevenson has shown good judgment in translating the

word "deus" as "the great dead." Its English equivalent of "God" would give a wrong significance, for "deus," as here used by Martial, meant merely Domitian, the god or tutelary deity of the building.

DE COENATIONE MICAE

Look round. You see a little supper room;
But from my window lo! great Caesar's tomb!
And the great dead themselves, with jovial
breath,
Bid you be merry and remember death.

EROTION, THE LITTLE MAID

This is another of the tributes to Erotion, the little slave-girl whose epitaph figures as the first of Stevenson's translations from Martial. Latin literature has bequeathed to us few verses more beautiful than these.

Why Stevenson should have omitted the ninth, tenth and eleventh lines of the original, in which the breath of Erotion is compared to the roses of Paestum, is open to surmise. It may have seemed to him a displeasing exaggeration; but certainly the omission of the concluding seven lines of Martial's poem calls for gratitude. Here, beguiled by the spirit of satire, Martial lost his sense of artistic fittingness. He closes his poem with the record of some remarks made to him by his friend Pactus, who asks: "Are you not ashamed to beat your breast, to tear your hair, to dissolve in tears, merely on account of the death of a young slave? I have lost my distinguished, handsome, noble and wealthy wife; yet I live." Then Martial concludes: "Could any one be finer than our friend Pactus who has inherited 200,000 sesterces, yet has the courage to live?"

One can readily imagine that this sarcastic ending appealed to the risibilities of Roman society, and the friends of Martial and Pactus; but for us it has a decidedly jarring note; and in omitting these lines, in letting the poem conclude with the beautiful verse concerning Martial's "child love and playmate," Stevenson gives another instance of his critical fastidiousness and his delicacy of sentiment, and leaves Martial's tribute to Erotion a gem without the disturbing flash of inopportune satire.

DE EROTIO PUELLA

This girl was sweeter than the song of swans,
And daintier than the lamb upon the lawns,
Or Lucrine oyster. She, the flower of girls,
Outshone the light of Erythraean pearls;
The teeth of India that with polish glow,
The untouched lilies or the morning snow.
Her tresses did gold dust outshine
And the fair hair of women of the Rhine.
Compared to her the peacock seemed not fair,
The squirrel lively, or the phoenix rare,
Her on whose pyre the smoke still hovering
waits:

Her whom the greedy and unequal fates
On the sixth dawning of her natal day—
My child-love and my playmate—snatcht
away.

TO A FISHERMAN

The original of Martial's poem, "To a Fisherman" (Book IV, No. 30), contains sixteen lines. Stevenson's version shows the same number, but omits the first two lines of the Latin, although the few words at the bottom of the page, "Off, fisher, from the . . ." show that he had begun his rendition of them. These opening lines may be translated:

> Fisher, from Baiae's lake we warn you stay,
> Lest you in guilt may go away.

Baiae, a favorite resort near Naples of the wealthy Romans, and remembered even more because of Horace's love for it and Seneca's detestation than as the residence of Caesar and of Pompey, now shows only the ruins of its old time splendor. It was a place of imperial voluptuousness, and the fish that inhabited its waters were the protected playmates of emperors. In choosing these fish as the sacred theme of his poem, Martial finds a good field for the employment of his gifts of humor and satire; and it is easy to understand how Stevenson, with his democratic faith in the intrinsic value of the individual, must have de-

lighted in a poem where one is adjured to have respect for fishes, because "their friends are great."

AD PISCATOREM

For these are sacred fishes all
Who know that lord that is the lord of all,
Come to the brim and nose the friendly hand
That sways and can beshadow all the land,
Nor only so, but have their names and come
When they are summoned by the Lord of Rome.
Here once his line an impious Lybian threw;
And as with tremulous reed his prey he drew,
Straight, the light failed him,
He groped, nor found the prey that he had ta'en.
Now as a warning to the fisher clan
Beside the lake he sits, a beggarman.
Thou, then, while still thine innocence is pure,
Flee swiftly, nor presume to set thy lure;
Respect these fishes, for their friends are great;
And in the waters empty all thy bait.

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