PR
4202
C4
905

·SELECT·POEMS·
·OF·
·ROBERT·BROWNING·

Class PR4302

Book .C4

Copyright N°. 1905

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

EDITED BY

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, A.B.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

ROBERT BROWNING

SELECT POEMS

Longmans' English Classics

SELECT POEMS

OF

ROBERT BROWNING

EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

PERCIVAL CHUBB

DIRECTOR OF ENGLISH, ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOLS, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

LONDON AND BOMBAY

1905

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
DEC 22 1905
Copyright Entry
Nov. 4. 1905
CLASS a XXc. No.
130449
COPY B.

Copyright, 1905
by
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

All rights reserved

The Plimpton Press Norwood Mass. U.S.A

CONTENTS

PAGE

Introduction
- I. Browning's Poetry vii
- II. Browning's Life and Personality xvii

Suggestions to Teachers xxiii

Chronological Table xxvi

Poems —
- Incident of the French Camp 1
- How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix . 2
- Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr 5
- Muléykeh 6
- Tray 13
- Donald 14
- Hervé Riel 23
- Pheidippides 29
- Echetlos 35
- The Patriot 37
- Count Gismond 39
- The Twins 43
- The Boy and the Angel 44
- My Last Duchess 47
- A Face 49
- Song from Pippa Passes 50
- Cavalier Tunes 50
- Home-Thoughts, from Abroad 53
- Home-Thoughts, from the Sea 53
- "De Gustibus—" 54
- Memorabilia 55
- The Lost Leader 56
- Life in a Love 57
- Youth and Art 58
- Evelyn Hope 60
- Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister 62
- A Grammarian's Funeral 64
- One Word More 69
- Prospice 77
- Epilogue to Asolando 78

Notes 79

INTRODUCTION

I. Browning's Poetry

The editor undertakes this task of his with a double ambition: first, with the hope that this little collection may introduce "to many a youth and many a maid" a few poems that hold an honored place in the hearts of those who love noble verse, and, secondly, that this taste may be appetizing enough to lead them farther into that world of varied humanity which is peopled by one of the most fertile and subtle creators of human character and personality.

Although Tennyson and Browning are commonly coupled in popular references as the two primates of English poetry in the Victorian epoch, Browning still remains — all the ladies' Browning Clubs notwithstanding — little more than a name to the general reading public. This ignorance and neglect are reflected in our schools. While the little child of the primary grades knows Tennyson's "Brook" and other simple lays; while "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Revenge," and half a dozen other ballads and lyrics find their way into the Elementary Readers and Anthologies; while the high school student has for years had to labor over "The Princess," and is now required to know "The Idylls of the King," — Browning's name is but scantily represented in the texts by "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" and "How they Brought the Good News." At last a tardy

justice is being meted out to him by offering the college-bound student an inducement to read a short dozen of his representative poems. We who find in Browning an inspiring poet and a great master of insight into the problems of human life to whom we may turn for help, welcome this concession, and will try to make the most of it.

Let me be frank with my readers and say that there are some plausible reasons for this neglect of Browning. His manner has been against him: it is frequently unconventional and abrupt; it takes for granted an unusually alert intelligence. His matter, too, is more than commonly difficult: it implies a vivid interest in human character, in many types of the human soul, and in the conduct of men and women placed in perplexing circumstances, — on spiritual trial, in short. In this, he suggests a quite common experience in social intercourse: our meeting with some one who is, as we say, "a trifle difficult to get on with," — brusque, reticent, or what not, — who yet, as we discover later, hides a heart of gold or a mind of piercing clearness behind his idiosyncrasy. Browning's unwonted ways may be easily made light of; and it is the purpose of this "Introduction" to him to play the part of a tactful host in smoothing out little surface difficulties that handicap an honored and distinguished guest.

For instance, in the very first selection given here, the poet seems to take his reader familiarly by the arm, and unceremoniously to open up on him: "You know, we French stormed Ratisbon." "Indeed, sir, I don't know," says the surprised auditor; "and pray, sir, who are 'we French'?" This is Browning's little hâbit of monologing. He is dramatically assuming the rôle of some old cuirassier of Napoleon's guard, and asks you

to imagine his addressing other scarred veterans who are comparing notes over many a glorious victory. The reader of Browning must at the outset get accustomed to this monologing habit and all that it takes for granted — little unexpected interpolations and asides on the part of the speaker; the sort of interruptions we get in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," when we are suddenly recalled to the lank, lean-fingered mariner with his glittering eye, and the spellbound wedding-guest whom he has transfixed by it. The notes to the poems try to make this imaginative task easy.

Browning, in short, exacts of his readers an active dramatic imagination. He asks of us, by the peculiar form of his poems, to visualize and realize the scene, the speaker, his gestures, his broken and elliptical speech, and so on. It is those who lack this imaginative capacity (a very important and precious endowment), who find Browning hard reading. The best advice, for those who would speedily overcome any difficulties on this account, is, first to read each new poem carefully, in order to seize the sailent features of the dramatic situation which it presupposes; then to read it a second time aloud, identifying oneself dramatically with the person who speaks.

For example, — to take a small point in one of the pieces cited, "My Last Duchess," — we gather from the first reading that the Duke and his guest, having left the company below, have been discussing a marriage contract on the floor above. Their discussion is ended; they are passing on their way to rejoin the company, when the guest's eye falls on the striking portrait of a beautiful woman. The Duke's vanity is flattered; that was *his* wife, painted by a great painter whom *he* had the wit and resources to employ; and so he proposes a halt, "Will't please you sit and look at her." So they

sit; and the silent reader of the poem must visualize the scene, and in imagination will sit down with the pair. We look and listen, absorbed in the story and the picture. Then (in l. 47) the attention is brought back from these to the two sitting talkers: "Will't please you rise?" They rise. "We'll meet the company below then." They proceed to the great stairway, talking the while. The visitor prepares to take his leave at the head of the stairs: "Nay, we'll go together down, sir. But, before we descend," he seems to imply, as he points a finger, "just notice that Neptune, in the alcove over there." This is a fairly palpable instance of the kind of imaginative demand which Browning continually makes upon his readers. We must be ready to exercise this dramatizing faculty. Perhaps I am laboring the point; but the elaboration may serve to help out in other cases, — in "Tray," for instance, with its unusual opening.

So, then, the main recommendation I would make to the beginner, to enable him to overcome the chief difficulty of Browning's form, is to realize the dramatic suppositions of Browning's monologs. Dramatically conceived, the poems — so many of them — must be dramatically approached and interpreted.

Passing now to related difficulties in the subject-matter, the key is still the word "dramatic." Browning has been aptly called the poet of situations, of crises in human lives. Many of his poems assume a moment of choice, a dramatic turning-point, in some one's life. Now it is the opportunity of love between the young singer and the sculptor in "Youth and Art." Now it is the patriot on his way to the scaffold to be tried as to his faith, despite failure, in his vision of the past; his faith in the populace which has turned upon him whom it had lauded a short year ago, and in the trustworthi-

ness of a God which could bring to naught his heroic effort after human improvement. And now it is the sportsman Donald, on trial when his humanity is put to the test by his "sportsmanlike" prompting to kill. Yes, Browning's dominating interest is the behavior of the human soul in moments of stress, when sore beset by temptation, when it is difficult to be brave. He conceives of us all as being, at some crucial moment, when our action will determine our whole future, tasked to fight the great fight of our lives. It is a supreme moment of trial, when we are to prove ourselves either heroes or cowards, either men and women of faith and fortitude or lost creatures of fear and despair. No, we must not use these words; "lost" is not in Browning's vocabulary. "We fall to rise." Our defeats may be turned to splendid spiritual victories, if we but conduct ourselves worthily in our adversity, and resolve to continue the fight and to profit by the lesson. Equally, our victories may turn to inglorious spiritual defeats, if they relax our energies, or breed over-confidence or pride or selfishness. The hero of heroes is the battered and bowed victim of his own cowardice or meanness, who, having had a moment for the truth to flash out upon him, gathers and reknits his energies for further battle. This is a high and exacting moral athleticism: who shall be equal to it? Browning's answer is: "You may be, must be. Ultimately there is no escape; the universe exists to discipline men's souls to that result of spiritual renewal."

This is an evangel for youth. Do you not, you young man or woman who begin to understand, feel the invigorating appeal and challenge of this message? At no time in life does this old-time gospel with its ultimate question —What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world

and lose his own soul? — meet with such a ready response as it does in youth, the springtime of generous enthusiasm and idealism. At no time in the world's history has it been so important that this question should echo and reecho through the soul of youth, to keep it loyal, as it is now, when so rich and tempting a world lies stretched at the feet of every enterprising and ambitious youth. Hence the hope which the present editor indulges that an increasing number of high school and college students may be brought into the tonic atmosphere of Browning's stalwart and unfaltering faith, his rapturous recognition of the joy of deep living and heroic attainment, of true, noble love, of unbeaten endeavor and unquenchable aspiration.

It is only a few of the simpler poems that can be given here, with some suggestion of what there is in the unquarried remainder. These longer and more complex studies of temperament and situation present the most varied types of manhood and womanhood in numerous nationalities, the good and the evil, the great and the lowly, the healthy and the diseased. Browning's optimism is so confident* that he does not hesitate to grapple with the greatly erring, the criminal and the sinning, by way of revealing the soul of goodness in things evil, and the subtle, devious ways by which everything is either in process of conversion into ultimate good, or hints the promise of fair weather after foul. To convey an idea of the scope of his work, the following rough classification may be made. We have a group of great dramas, — "Luria," "A Blot on the Scutcheon" (recently staged in New York), "Colombe's Birthday" (frequently presented), etc.; shorter pieces like "In a

*See *Song from Pippa Passes,* and note thereon, pp. 50 and 85.

Balcony" and "A Soul's Tragedy"; the vast structure of the "Ring and the Book," in which Browning presents a crime seen from several distinctive points of view; a group of poems dealing with the arts (chiefly painting) and great artists, "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Old Pictures in Florence"; another group dealing in profound ways with music, "Abt Vogler," "A Toccata of Galuppi's," etc.; a larger group, with deeds of heroism, — well represented in this volume; a much larger one with love in innumerable aspects and forms of manifestation (Browning's master-theme); and a rich feast of poems which may be called religious, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day," "Caliban upon Setebos," "Rabbi ben Ezra," "Saul," "Cleon" — these last two dealing with a subject very near to the poet's heart, the problem of personal immortality.

Only one more cautioning word must be said to those who would advance from the small enclosure of this volume of selections into the more spacious field: don't expect the ordinary kind of dramatic excitement. It is the caution one would administer to those who should expect the ordinary type of play in a presentation of one of Browning's dramas. These dramas have been pronounced failures by theater-goers — although some have been acceptably performed. Expect to find, we caution, the drama of deliberation rather than of action. Browning's supreme interest is less in the outward acts than in the drama within the mind. It is the inner struggle, the storm of thought and emotion which drives the soul now this way and now that, to which he attaches central importance. The long soliloquy and debate of the troubled mind, the dialog of the two selves at strife in us, the pathetic and tragic plea of the angelic with the demonic powers in us — that it is which it is the aim of

his art to lay bare and interpret. In his attempt to do this we shall find either the strength or the weakness of Browning, according to the intensity of our interest in what we must call the psychology of the human soul.

In emphasizing this supreme concern of Browning's with human character, and in preparing the young reader to pass on from the simple studies here given to the subtle analyses of all sorts and conditions of men and women in the longer poems, we must not neglect Browning's more general accomplishments as a poet. Although his gaze is bent chiefly upon the inward world, he has a keen eye for the outward, and for the sensuous beauties of nature. Consider the sensitiveness to human beauty shown in such poems as "A Face," and the feeling for nature in "Home Thoughts from Abroad," or "De Gustibus." Several other instances tempt citation; this autumn scene, "Among the Rocks," for instance:

> Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
>   This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
> To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
> For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
>   Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
> The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

Or this little seascape, with its lilting charm:

> The gray sea and the long black land;
> And the yellow half-moon large and low;
> And the startled little waves that leap
> In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
> As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
> And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.
>
> Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
> Three fields to cross till a farm appears.

Or this quiet evening scene:

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
        Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
        Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
        As they crop.

. . . .

Now, — the single little turret that remains
        On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
        Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
        Through the chinks,
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
        Sprang sublime.

Nor must we fail to note the pure lyric quality of the songs, like that from "Pippa Passes," "Wanting is — What?" and "Pisgah Sights." Then, like every passionate poet, Browning in his narrative verse will frequently pass over into a lyric vein. What can be more beautiful than this passage in his early poem, "Paracelsus," from which we cite a few lines?

Then all is still: earth is a wintry clod:
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it. . . .
Above birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy:
Afar the ocean sleeps: white fishing-gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nesting limpets: savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain — and God renews
His ancient rapture.

Of some of the striking features of Browning's poetic art much might be said. In spite of too much of harsh and halting colloquialism, and of a tendency towards the grotesque, and a love of surprise, his versification (and

his blank verse in particular) has a quality of rhythm which is all its own, and may be profitably compared with Tennyson's — in, say, the "Idylls of the King." But even more noticeable than his blank verse is Browning's rimed verse. He has extraordinary facility in riming; double and triple rimes abound. For an example you may look into one of the most fascinating of his poems, "The Flight of the Duchess," — a deliberate attempt at the grotesque. What jocularity in rime is this!

> Blessed was he whose back ached with the jerkin
> His sire was wont to do forest-work in;
> Blesseder he who nobly sunk "Ohs"
> And "Ahs" while he tugged on his grandsire's trunk-hose.

Which should lead us on to say something concerning Browning's humor — a very pervasive quality in his poems, jetting out upon us in most unexpected ways. We have been able to give only one familiar example, the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister." Many others may be found; indeed, it is the poet's underlying sense of humor which makes possible such a masterpiece of ironic portraiture as "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church," of which Ruskin says, paying a tribute to Browning's profound insight into the Renaissance, that he knows no other piece of modern English "in which there is so much told of the Renaissance spirit — its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin."

Finally, much might be said of the definitely autobiographical parts of Browning's work, and more especially of the traces to be found in it of the marriage which links his name with that of the great woman-poet whose heart was as passionate and whose mind was almost as brilliant as his own. In his "One Word More," given

here, we have the most striking of his addresses to his wife; but her influence, her presence in his life, even after his bereavement, is felt in many a poem: it gives a quality to his love-poems which finds a parallel only in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's unapproached "Sonnets from the Portuguese." But of this we shall say more in the short biographical section which follows.

II. Browning's Life and Personality

We feel Browning's stalwart, buoyant personality everywhere in his work. It is commonly remarked that, be the dramatic figure what it may, man or woman, ancient or modern, the voice that speaks through it is the voice of Robert Browning. There is much truth in this; most of his personages have a Browning manner and bearing. But this must not mislead us to the conclusion that his "fifty men and women," and more, have no distinct and individual qualities of their own,—his Fra Lippo Lippi, and Andrea del Sarto, for example. Nevertheless, the various "dramatis personæ" are so conceived and handled that they illuminate Browning's own fundamental conclusions about life. In a large sense he is a preaching poet; a rimer of "morality plays."

Thus it may be said that his life is in his work. True of him more than of most poets are the following words from a letter which the present writer received from Browning's distinguished contemporary, William Morris: "For my part I think any biography of men engaged in art and literature is absolutely worthless: their works are their biography." This was Browning's general feeling, too, as some of his poems declare. The few facts that call for record here are these:

Robert Browning was born May 7, 1812, in Camberwell,

London, a suburb in the locality made famous by Ruskin, who lived at Herne Hill nearby, of which he has left a fascinating description in his "Præterita." His father was a great lover of books, and the boy caught the passion. He went to school; then at fourteen studied under tutors; and at eighteen was matriculated at London University, where he spent two years. This schooling and formal studying was the least part of his education. He had developed in a wholesome, all-round fashion: knew Latin and French well, and was becoming proficient in Greek too. He had loved nature; had roamed woods and fields; had kept pet animals of various kinds, being always a lover of animals (as the poems here show), and had made collections of one sort and another. He had studied music and art to some purpose — in fact, wavered as to whether these arts or that of poetry should claim his life-devotion. He learned also to ride, dance, box, and fence. Also he browsed and meditated much; and we have a striking word-picture of him lying for hours on the grass and looking out from a high spot near his home upon the great city whose swarming humanity lent it its chief interest for him.

He began early to versify, and received encouragement from his proud parents. But it was not until his genius caught fire from contact with another poet who made a profound impression upon him, that he produced anything really individual. He accidentally picked up from a bookstall a copy of Shelley. He had never heard the name, but soon found out the main facts about the dead poet; and his mother bought him a set of Shelley. The result was his first notable poem, "Pauline" (January, 1833). A little later followed "Paracelsus," which brought him some recognition from people of note — among them the actor Macready, for whom he proceeded

to write a play, "Strafford," which was produced at Covent Garden theater by that actor and Miss Helen Faucit. The most difficult of his poems followed, "Sordello," while writing which he made his first visit to Italy, the country which he has spoken of as his "University." He then wrote his other dramas one after another (see Chronological Table, p. xxvi), and many of his famous short poems, which he published in the very unusual form of thin paper-covered volumes, called "Bells and Pomegranates," now among the book-collector's great treasures.

Suddenly into his life of free and varied enjoyment came the great change that followed upon his meeting a fellow-poet of whom he had heard something, Elizabeth Barrett — then a fragile, couch-ridden invalid. They loved, and Browning proposed marriage. Although a physician held out hopes that removal to Italy might restore the invalid to health, Mr. Barrett objected to his daughter's marrying. The affianced pair took the matter into their own hands. They were quietly married, without her father's knowledge, September 12, 1846. Then they met by agreement and went to Paris and thence to Italy, where they lived — for the most part at Florence, in the famous old palace of Casa Guidi — during the fifteen years of their married life, journeying occasionally to England and Paris. Two sons were born to them, one of whom died. Husband and wife worked at their craft very independently, and the story of their life and labors and friendships in Florence is an engaging chapter in our literary history. Of the intercourse of these two great lovers and poets the great memorial is their correspondence, published a few years ago — with not a little protest against this laying bare of such sacred intimacies — by their surviving son, Robert Barrett Browning.

Mrs. Browning died in 1861. Browning then left Italy for England and made his home in London. By this time his long-neglected work began to make its way with the public. There was an increasing demand for his books, and for volumes of selections from them. Honors came to him from the Universities. Then he began in 1868 the publication of his longest work, "The Ring and the Book," completed in six volumes. Thereafter he continued to produce one work after another until his output was prodigious. All this while he was more and more of a favorite in cultivated circles, and was seen much at social gatherings and functions — a most genial, lovable man, who shared in the life about him with the zest and the unaffected simplicity that won him a host of friends.

It was in 1882, while negotiating for the purchase of a villa at Asolo, that he was taken ill, and died at his son's home in Venice on December 12, 1889. His countrymen insisted upon his being brought home to rest in his native country, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey on the last day of the year. Italy did not fail to honor him also: on the wall of the Rezzonico Palace where he died she has placed a memorial tablet upon which appear the lines from "De Gustibus":

> Open my heart and you will see
> Graved inside of it, "Italy."

The best generalized impression of the poet's vigorous personality is that contained in the following lines by his great and admiring contemporary, Walter Savage Landor, whose name and fame are so clearly associated with his younger friend's beloved Italy:

Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man has walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

The poetry is the thing! If you do not like that — and like it greatly — do not touch it. You are not obliged to, for Browning is an elective in the groups of readings for college entrance. Take him up for the joy of the thing, so to speak; because you believe, as the writer has expressed himself in the foregoing Introduction, that he will make blood, — brain and heart, — heroism and love and aspiration, — a deeper insight into human nature, for boys and girls in the susceptible adolescent period.

If you have chosen this edition of the Selections, it is presumably because you agree with the editor's general point of view and method of approach. The main article of his belief is that Browning must be dramatically apprehended and rendered. Some other poets demand oral interpretation because of the music of their verse; Browning, because of the dramatic and colloquial form of his. This dramatic rendering may be and must be done without the staginess and the vocal ceremony that touches the risibles of our youth. There are no recipes for the good taste and the sense of proportion which are needed here in conjunction with the deep, sincere feeling of genuine poetic appreciation. The teacher must be an artist, that's all. Nothing further need be said by way of help than what is said with reference to specific poems in the Introduction and the Notes.

It will pay the teacher to be sure, as soon as a poem has

been read, that the imagination of the pupils has been quickened: that scene, situation, persons, stand out for the visualizing faculty with appropriate distinctness.

The philosophy of those poems that have an obvious philosophy must, of course, be brought home concretely or dramatically — that is, in terms of personality. The word becomes flesh, takes on the hue and color of life. It must live, not as an abstraction, but incorporate in the individuality which the poet creates.

It is necessary, of course, that the teacher should be thoroughly familiar with most of Browning's work; so that other poems and passages may be drawn upon to throw light upon those here given.

The editor has chosen, instead of grouping together the few poems given in the college entrance list, to place them in a setting that will help both to develop their wider relations to Browning's work as a whole, and to keep in the back-ground the fact that the reading of Browning subserves college entrance purposes. There is method in the grouping, although here and there considerations other than those of likeness of literary species have led to a departure from strict classification. The Notes seek to indicate the nature of the special relationships. The teacher will, of course, use his own judgment as to the order of attack according to his own general habits and the quality of his class. He will also find it expedient, doubtless, now to ignore, now to dissent from, and now to amplify the Notes.

It is advised that the large Browning literature be sparingly used. Let not the encyclopedias, handbooks, and guides be generally or indiscriminately used. Sharp's Life (Great Writers Series) is a good and indispensable general guide and contains a full bibliography. Mrs. Orr will do for the students, in outlining a poem, what the

teacher may wish them to do for themselves; and the same may be said of other primers and handbooks. All, however, may find occasional use, for particular purposes. Special essays, like Dowden's Comparison of Tennyson and Browning (in his "Studies in Literature"), the teacher, with the aid of the bibliography, will consult as occasion demands. Cooke, Corson, Hutton, Nettleship, Stedman, Symons, are the most important names in the bibliography. The editions are numerous: the one-volume "Cambridge" edition (Houghton, Mifflin) very convenient; the "Camberwell" edition (Crowell), the most fully annotated.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Browning.	Contemporary Literature.
1812. Born in London. (Camberwell.)	Elizabeth Barrett, Darwin, and Tennyson, born in 1809; Thackeray, 1811; Dickens, 1812. In 1812 Wordsworth was 40; Scott, 41; Coleridge, 42; Lamb, 45; Byron, 24; Shelley, 20; Keats and Coleridge, 17.
	1813. Shelley's *Queen Mab.* Southey, laureate.
	1814. Scott's *Waverley.*
	1816. Bryant's *Thanatopsis.* Byron's *Childe Harold.*
	1818. Irving's *Sketch-Book.*
	1819. Ruskin born.
	1820. George Eliot, Spencer, Tyndall born. Keats, important poems.
	1821. Cooper's *Spy.* Keats died.
	1822. Irving's *Bracebridge Hall.* Arnold born. Shelley died.
	1824. Byron died.
	1825. Carlyle's *Life of Schiller.*
1826. (Mrs. Browning's first writings — *Essay on Mind*, etc.)	
1829. Attends University College, then first opened.	
	1830. Tennyson's *Poems, chiefly Lyrical.*
	1831. Poe's *Raven.* Whittier's *Legends of New England.*
1832. *Pauline* written, published 1833.	1832. Goethe and Scott died.

Browning.		Contemporary Literature.	
1833.	Travels to Russia and first visits Italy. (Mrs. Browning's translation of *Prometheus Bound.*)	1833.	Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus.* Tennyson's Poems.
1835.	*Paracelsus.*		
		1836.	Dickens's *Boz* and *Pickwick.*
1837.	*Strafford* acted.	1837.	Victoria queen.
1838.	Again visits Italy. (Mrs. Browning's *Seraphim and Other Poems.*)		
		1839.	Longfellow's *Hyperion.*
1840.	*Sordello.*		
1841.	*Pippa Passes.*	1841.	Dumas's *Monte Cristo* and Longfellow's *Voices of the Night.*
1842.	*King Victor and King Charles. Dramatic Lyrics.*	1842.	Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*
1843.	*Return of the Druses. A Blot on the 'Scutcheon. Colombe's Birthday.*	1843.	Wordsworth, laureate. Dickens's *Christmas Carol.* Ruskin's *Modern Painters* (vol. i).
1844.	(Mrs. Browning's *Poems.*)	1844.	Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon.*
1845.	*Dramatic Romances and Lyrics.*	1845.	Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse.*
1846.	*Luria. A Soul's Tragedy.* (These published in eight numbers of *Bells and Pomegranates.*) Married to Elizabeth Barrett.	1846.	Dickens's *Dombey and Son.*
1847.	Settles in Florence at Casa Guidi.	1847.	Tennyson's *Princess.*
		1848.	Thackeray's *Vanity Fair.* (Revolution abroad.)
1849.	His mother dies. A son born — Robert Wiedemann Browning.	1849.	Emerson's *Representative Men.*
1850.	*Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day.* (Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*)	1850.	Wordsworth died. Tennyson, laureate.
1851.	(Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows.*)	1851.	Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables.*
1855.	*Men and Women.*	1855.	Matthew Arnold's *Poems.* Longfellow's *Hiawatha.*
1856.	(Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh.*)	1856.	Motley's *Dutch Republic.* Emerson's *English Traits.*

Browning.	Contemporary Literature.
1860. (Mrs. Browning's *Poems before Congress.*)	1860. George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss.* Holmes's *Professor at the Breakfast Table.*
1861. Mrs. Browning dies. Browning leaves Italy and settles in London.	1861. George Eliot's *Silas Marner.*
1862. (Mrs. Browning's *Last Poems.*)	1862. Ruskin's *Unto this Last.*
1863. Complete Edition of his works.	1863. George Eliot's *Romola.*
1864. *Dramatis Personae.*	1864. Tennyson's *Enoch Arden.*
1866. His father dies.	1866. George Eliot's *Felix Holt.*
1867. Honorary M.A. of Oxford.	1867. Longfellow's translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*
1868. *The Ring and the Book.*	1868. Morris's *Earthly Paradise.*
1871. *Balaustion's Adventure. Prince Hohenstiel-Schwarzgau.*	1871. Darwin's *Descent of Man.* Meredith's *Harry Richmond.* Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise.*
1872. *Fifine at the Fair.*	1872. Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree.*
1873. *Red Cotton Nightcap Country.*	1873. Mill's *Autobiography.*
1875. *Aristophanes' Apology. The Inn Album.*	1875. Tennyson's *Queen Mary.* Arnold's *God and the Bible.*
1876. *Pacchiarotto.*	1876. Morris's *Sigurd the Volsung.*
1877. *Agamemnon of Aeschylus.*	1877. Tennyson's *Harold.*
1878. *La Saisiaz. The Two Poets of Croisic.*	1878. Morley's *Diderot and the Encyclopedists.*
1879–80. *Dramatic Idylls.*	1879. Henry James's *Daisy Miller.*
1883. *Jocoseria.*	1883. *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.* Stevenson's *Treasure Island.*
1884. *Ferishtah's Fancies.*	1884. Tennyson's *Becket.*
1887. *Parleyings with Certain People.*	1887. Stevenson's *Underwoods.*
1889. *Asolando.* Dies at Venice. Buried in Westminster Abbey.	1889. Tennyson's *Demeter and other Poems.*

SELECT POEMS

OF

ROBERT BROWNING

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
  A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
  Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how, 5
  Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
  Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
  That soar, to earth may fall, 10
Let once my army-leader Lannes
  Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
  A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew 15
  Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect — 20

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace 25
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire, 30
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye 35
  When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
  Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

[16—]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
  undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right, 10
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; 15
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back 25
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,

We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff; 40
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight 45
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round 55
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent. 60

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-KADR

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed, 5
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his Allied, 10
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied —
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride? 15

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride) 20
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)
To reside — where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride, 25
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
— Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed — 30
How has vied stride with stride
As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide 35
(As I ride, as I ride)
All that's meant me — satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride! 40

MULÉYKEH

If a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried "A churl's!"
Or haply "God help the man who has neither salt nor bread!"
— "Nay," would a friend exclaim, "he needs nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the shore-sand, picking pearls,
Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears instead 5
On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which of night makes morn.

"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of Sinán?
They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand camels the due,

Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never since time
began, 10
Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men's land
and gold!'

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn — and right,
I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping all,
Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor's staff. 15
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed and named,
that day.
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,' as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth. Right, Hóseyn,
I say, to laugh!"

"Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?" the stranger replies:
"Be sure
On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both 20
On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers away in heart
For envy of Hóseyn's luck. Such sickness admits no
cure.
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with an
oath,
'For the vulgar — flocks and herds! The Pearl is a
prize apart.'"

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding to Hóseyn's
tent, 25
And he casts his saddle down, and enters and "Peace!"
bids he.
"You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall mend
the wrong.

'Tis said of your Pearl — the price of a hundred camels spent
In her purchase were scarce ill paid: such prudence is far from me
Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long parley may last too long." 30

Said Hóseyn, "You feed young beasts a many, of famous breed,
Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of Múzennem:
There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it climbs the hill.
But I love Muléykeh's face: her forefront whitens indeed
Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels — go gaze on them! 35
Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the richer still."

A year goes by: lo, back to the tent again rides Duhl.
"You are open-hearted, ay — moist-handed, a very prince.
Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your simple gift!
My son is pined to death for her beauty: my wife prompts 'Fool, 40
Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder, since
God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on Him shows thrift.'"

Said Hóseyn, "God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted — hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share! once quench it, what help is left? 45

The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine while Muléykeh lives.
Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Muléykeh died?
It is life against life: what good avails to the life-bereft?"

Another year, and — hist! What craft is it Duhl designs?
He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last time, 50
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by the trench
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for night combines
With the robber — and such is he: Duhl, covetous up to crime,
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by whatever the wrench.

"He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted with half my store, 55
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like Spring dew?
Account the fault to me who chaffered with such an one!
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature he rode: nay, more —
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in two:
I will beg! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my wife and son. 60

"I swear by the Holy House, my head will I never wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried, then guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or die:
Let him die, then, — let me live! Be bold — but not too rash!

I have found me a peeping-place: breast, bury your breathing while 65
I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He deceived me not, the spy!

"As he said — there lies in peace Hóseyn — how happy! Beside
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her headstall about his wrist:
'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound — the moon through the roof reveals.
And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known far and wide, 70
Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever missed
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous heels.

"No less she stands saddled and bridled, this second, in case some thief
Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I mean to do.
What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount her we both escape." 75
Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl, — so a serpent disturbs no leaf
In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest: clean through,
He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he performs the rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the girth, has clipped
The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice bound as before, 80

He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert like
bolt from bow.
Up starts our plundered man: from his breast though
the heart be ripped,
Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute
more,
He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose worth
we know!

And Hóseyn — his blood turns flame, he has learned
long since to ride, 85
And Buhéyseh does her part, — they gain — they are
gaining fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj to cross
and quit,
And to reach the ridge El-Sabán, — no safety till that be
spied!
And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-length
off at last,
For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the touch
of the bit. 90

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider the strange
and queer:
Buhéyseh is mad with hope — beat sister she shall and
must,
Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has
to thank.
She is near now, nose by tail — they are neck by croup
— joy! fear!
What folly makes Hóseyn shout "Dog Duhl, Damned
son of the Dust, 95
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's
left flank!"

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as prompt perceived
Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and evanished forevermore.
And Hóseyn looked one long last look as who, all bereaved, 100
Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living may:
Then he turned Buhéyseh's neck slow homeward, weeping sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hós yn upon the ground
Weeping: and neighbors came, the tribesmen of Bénu-Asád
In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him of his grief; 105
And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl had wound
His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape, so bad!
And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor Hóseyn is crazed past hope!
How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune's spite? 110
To have simply held the tongue were a task for boy or girl,
And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!" —
"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn. "You never have loved my Pearl."

TRAY

Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:
"Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon" . . .
Sir Olaf and his bard ———! 5

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second),
"That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting death" . . .
You too without your host have reckoned! 10

"A beggar-child" (let's hear this third!)
"Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!
Help, you the standers-by!' None stirred. 15

"Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives! 20

"'Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet — twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right! 25

"'How strange we saw no other fall!
It's instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he's a long while under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder —
Strong current, that against the wall! 30

"'Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
— What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished — the child's doll from the slime!' 35

"And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off, — old Tray, —
Till somebody, prerogatived
With reason, reasoned: 'Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say. 40

"'John, go and catch — or, if needs be,
Purchase — that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!'" 45

DONALD

"Will you hear my story also,
  — Huge Sport, brave adventure in plenty?"
The boys were a band from Oxford,
  The oldest of whom was twenty.

The bothy we held carouse in 5
  Was bright with fire and candle;
Tale followed tale like a merry-go-round
  Whereof Sport turned the handle.

In our eyes and noses — turf-smoke:
  In our ears a tune from the trivet, 10
Whence "Boiling, boiling," the kettle sang,
  "And ready for fresh Glenlivet."

So, feat capped feat, with a vengeance:
  Truths, though, — the lads were loyal:
"Grouse, five-score brace to the bag! 15
  Deer, ten hours' stalk of the Royal!"

Of boasting, not one bit, boys!
  Only there seemed to settle
Somehow above your curly heads,
  — Plain through the singing kettle, 20

Palpable through the cloud,
  As each new-puffed Havana
Rewarded the teller's well-told tale, —
  This vaunt "To Sport — Hosanna!

"Hunt, fish, shoot, 25
  Would a man fulfil life's duty!
Not to the bodily frame alone
  Does Sport give strength and beauty,

"But character gains in — courage?
  Ay, sir, and much beside it! 30
You don't sport, more's the pity;
  You soon would find, if you tried it,

"Good sportsman means good fellow,
  Sound-hearted he, to the centre;
Your mealy-mouthed mild milksops 35
  — There's where the rot can enter!

"There's where the dirt will breed
  The shabbiness Sport would banish!
Oh no, Sir, no! In your honored case
  All such objections vanish. 40

"'Tis known how hard you studied:
  A Double-First — what, the jigger!
Give me but half your Latin and Greek,
  I'll never again touch trigger!

"Still, tastes are tastes, allow me! 45
  Allow, too, where there's keenness
For Sport, there's little likelihood
  Of a man's displaying meanness!"

So, put on my mettle, I interposed.
  "Will you hear my story?" quoth I. 50
"Never mind how long since it happed,
  I sat, as we sit, in a bothy;

"With as merry a band of mates, too,
  Undergrads all on a level:
(One's a Bishop, one's gone to the Bench, 55
  And one's gone — well, to the Devil.)

"When, lo, a scratching and tapping!
  In hobbled a ghastly visitor.
Listen to just what he told us himself
  — No need of our playing inquisitor!" 60

Do you happen to know in Ross-shire
  Mount Ben . . . but the name scarce matters:
Of the naked fact I am sure enough,
  Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.

You may recognize Ben by description; 65
  Behind him — a moor's immenseness:
Up goes the middle mount of a range,
  Fringed with its firs in denseness.

Rimming the edge, its fir-fringe, mind!
  For an edge there is, though narrow; 70
From end to end of the range, a strip
  Of path runs straight as an arrow.

And the mountaineer who takes that path
  Saves himself miles of journey
He has to plod if he crosses the moor 75
  Through heather, peat, and burnie.

But a mountaineer he needs must be,
  For, look you, right in the middle
Projects bluff Ben — with an end in *ich* —
  Why planted there, is a riddle: 80

Since all Ben's brothers little and big
  Keep rank, set shoulder to shoulder,
And only this burliest out must bulge
  Till it seems — to the beholder

From down in the gully,— as if Ben's breast, 85
  To a sudden spike diminished,
Would signify to the boldest foot
  "All further passage finished!"

Yet the mountaineer who sidles on
  And on to the very bending, 90
Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,
  No necessary ending.

Foot up, foot down, to the turn abrupt
  Having trod, he, there arriving,
Finds — what he took for a point was breadth, 95
  A mercy of Nature's contriving.

So, he rounds what, when 'tis reached, proves straight,
  From one side gains the other:
The wee path widens — resume the march,
  And he foils you, Ben my brother! 100

But Donald — (that name, I hope, will do) —
  I wrong him if I call "foiling"
The tramp of the callant, whistling the while
  As blithe as our kettle's boiling.

He had dared the danger from boyhood up, 105
  And now, — when perchance was waiting
A lass at the brig below, — 'twixt mount
  And moor would he stand debating?

Moreover this Donald was twenty-five,
  A glory of bone and muscle: 110
Did a fiend dispute the right of way,
  Donald would try a tussle.

Lightsomely marched he out of the broad
  On to the narrow and narrow;
A step more, rounding the angular rock, 115
  Reached the front straight as an arrow.

He stepped it, safe on the ledge he stood,
  When — whom found he full-facing?
What fellow in courage and wariness too,
  Had scouted ignoble pacing, 120

And left low safety to timid mates,
  And made for the dread dear danger,
And gained the height where — who could guess
  He would meet with a rival ranger?

'Twas a gold-red stag that stood and stared, 125
  Gigantic and magnific,
By the wonder — ay, and the peril — struck
  Intelligent and pacific:

For a red deer is no fallow deer
  Grown cowardly through park-feeding; 130
He batters you like a thunderbolt
  If you brave his haunts unheeding.

I doubt he could hardly perform *volte-face*
  Had valor advised discretion:
You may walk on a rope, but to turn on a rope 135
  No Blondin makes profession.

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
  Though pride ill brooks retiring:
Each eyed each — mute man, motionless beast —
  Less fearing than admiring. 140

These are the moments when quite new sense,
  To meet some need as novel,
Springs up in the brain: it inspired resource:
  — "Nor advance nor retreat but — grovel!"

And slowly, surely, never a whit 145
  Relaxing the steady tension
Of eye-stare which binds man to beast, —
  By an inch and inch declension,

Sank Donald sidewise down and down:
  Till flat, breast upwards, lying 150
At his six-foot length, no corpse more still,
  — "If he cross me! The trick's worth trying."

Minutes were an eternity;
  But a new sense was created
In the stag's brain too; he resolves! Slow, sure, 155
  With eye-stare unabated,

Feelingly he extends a foot
  Which tastes the way ere it touches
Earth's solid and just escapes man's soft,
  Nor hold of the same unclutches 160

Till its fellow foot, light as a feather whisk,
  Lands itself no less finely:
So a mother removes a fly from the face
  Of her babe asleep supinely.

And now 'tis the haunch and hind-foot's turn 165
  — That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?
Yes, traversing half the prostrate length,
  His hoof-tip does not graze it.

Just one more lift! But Donald, you see,
  Was sportsman first, man after: 170
A fancy lightened his caution through,
  — He wellnigh broke into laughter:

"It were nothing short of a miracle!
  Unrivalled, unexampled —
All sporting feats with this feat matched 175
  Were down and dead and trampled!"

The last of the legs as tenderly
  Follows the rest: or never
Or now is the time! His knife in reach,
  And his right-hand loose — how clever! 180

For this can stab up the stomach's soft,
  While the left-hand grasps the pastern.
A rise on the elbow, and — now's the time
  Or never: this turn's the last turn!

I shall dare to place myself by God 185
  Who scanned — for he does — each feature
Of the face thrown up in appeal to him
  By the agonizing creature.

Nay, I hear plain words: "Thy gift brings this!"
  Up he sprang, back he staggered, 190
Over he fell, and with him our friend
  — At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next day
  From the gully's depth the wreck of him;
His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath, 195
  Who cushioned and saved the neck of him.

But the rest of his body — why, doctors said,
  Whatever could break was broken;
Legs, arms, ribs, all of him looked like a toast
  In a tumbler of port-wine soaken. 200

"That your life is left you, thank the stag!"
  Said they when — the slow cure ended —
They opened the hospital-door, and thence
  — Strapped, spliced, main fractures mended,

And minor damage left wisely alone,— 205
  Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,
Out — what went in a Goliath wellnigh, —
  Some half of a David hobbled.

"You must ask an alms from house to house:
  Sell the stag's head for a bracket, 210
With its grand twelve tines — I'd buy it myself —
  And use the skin for a jacket!"

He was wiser, made both head and hide
  His win-penny: hands and knees on,
Would manage to crawl — poor crab — by the roads 215
  In the misty stalking-season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
  Why, harvest was sure: folk listened.
He told his tale to the lovers of Sport:
  Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes glistened. 220

And when he had come to the close, and spread
  His spoils for the gazers' wonder,
With "Gentlemen, here's the skull of the stag
  I was over, thank God, not under!" —

The company broke out in applause; 225
  "By Jingo, a lucky cripple!
Have a munch of grouse and a hunk of bread,
  And a tug, besides, at our tipple!"

And "There's my pay for your pluck!" cried This,
  "And mine for your jolly story!" 230
Cried That, while T'other — but he was drunk —
  Hiccupped "A trump, a Tory!"

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest;
  For, as Homer would say, "within grate
Though teeth kept tongue," my whole soul growled, 235
  "Rightly rewarded, — Ingrate!"

HERVÉ RIEL

I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
  Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
  Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance, 5
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
  First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
    Close on him fled, great and small,
    Twenty-two good ships in all; 10
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
  Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
  Here's the English can and will!"

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board; 15
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty
guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons, 20
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them
take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? 30
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach! 35
France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third? 40
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel: 45
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for? 50
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way! 55
Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well, 60
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,— here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel. 65

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief. 70
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound! 75
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past, 80
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come — too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
  They see the green trees wave 85
  On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
  Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance 90
  As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
  "This is Paradise for Hell! 95
    Let France, let France's King
    Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
  "Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more, 100
  Not a symptom of surprise
  In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end, 105
  Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
  You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse! 110
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
      Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
  Since on board the duty's done,
  And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? — 120
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
  Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
  Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
  That he asked and that he got, — nothing more. 125

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
  In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack, 130
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
  All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank! 135
  You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
Aurore! 140

PHEIDIPPIDES

Χαίρετε, νικῶμεν

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to all!
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in
praise
— Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and
spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your
peer, 5
Now, henceforth and forever, — O latest to whom I
upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture
and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan — patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that
speaks! 10
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens
and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your
command I obeyed,
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs
through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two
nights did I burn 15
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria — but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die — the flower of Hellas utterly die, 20
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?
How, — when? No care for my limbs! — there's lightning in all and some —
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens — Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond? 25
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice, — each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering, — the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood:
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate? 30
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must'!"

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come, — does Athens ask aid, — may Sparta befriend?

Nowise precipitate judgment — too weighty the issue at
stake! 35
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect
to the gods!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the
odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable
to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to
it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we — who judgment
suspend." 40

Athens, — except for that sparkle, — thy name, I had
mouldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away
was I back,
— Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false
and the vile!
Yet "O gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and
plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them
again, 45
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid
you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too
rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

"Oak and olive and bay,— I bid you cease to enwreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian's
foot, 50
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn
a slave!

Rather I hail thee, Parnes, — trust to thy wild waste tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least I can breathe, 55
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across: 60
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Erebos, thus I obey —
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!" — when — ha! what was it I came on, of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he — majestical Pan! 65
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head; moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly — the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
"Halt, Pheidippides!" — halt I did, my brain of a whirl: 70

"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:
"How is it, — Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me! 75
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God saith:
When Persia — so much as strews not the soil — is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!' 80

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!'"
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear
— Fennel — I grasped it a-tremble with dew — whatever it bode)
"While, as for thee" . . . But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto —
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew. 85
Parnes to Athens — earth no more, the air was my road:
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge!
Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed, — what gift is promised thyself? 90
Tell it us straightway, — Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance — "Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release 95
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow, —
Pound — Pan helping us — Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then, — no Athens to save, — 100
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave, —
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees, — recount how the God was awful yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full — rewarding him — so!"

Unforseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day: 105
So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!

Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung
down his shield,
Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-
field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs
through, 110
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine
through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died — the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of
salute
Is still "Rejoice!" — his word which brought rejoicing
indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever, — the noble strong
man 115
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom
a god loved so well;
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was
suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he
began,
So to end gloriously — once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!" — Pheidippides dies in the shout for
his meed. 120

ECHETLOS

Here is a story, shall stir you! Stand up, Greeks dead
and gone,
Who breasted, beat Barbarians, stemmed Persia rolling on,
Did the deed and saved the world, for the day was
Marathon!

No man but did his manliest, kept rank and fought away
In his tribe and file: up, back, out, down — was the spear-arm play: 5
Like a wind-whipt branchy wood, all spear-arms a-swing that day!

But one man kept no rank, and his sole arm plied no spear,
As a flashing came and went, and a form i' the van, the rear,
Brightened the battle up, for he blazed now there, now here.

Nor helmed nor shielded, he! but, a goat-skin all his wear, 10
Like a tiller of the soil, with a clown's limbs broad and bare,
Went he ploughing on and on: he pushed with a ploughman's share.

Did the weak mid-line give way, as tunnies on whom the shark
Precipitates his bulk? Did the right-wing halt when, stark
On his heap of slain lay stretched Kallimachos Polemarch? 15

Did the steady phalanx falter? To the rescue, at the need,
The clown was ploughing Persia, clearing Greek earth of weed,
As he routed through the Sakian and rooted up the Mede.

But the deed done, battle won, — nowhere to be descried
On the meadow, by the stream, at the marsh, — look far and wide 20
From the foot of the mountain, no, to the last blood-plashed sea-side, —

Not anywhere on view blazed the large limbs thonged and brown,
Shearing and clearing still with the share before which — down
To the dust went Persia's pomp, as he ploughed for Greece, that clown!

How spake the Oracle? "Care for no name at all! 25
Say but just this: 'We praise one helpful whom we call
The Holder of the Ploughshare.' The great deed ne'er grows small."

Not the great name! Sing — woe for the great name Míltiadés
And its end at Paros isle! Woe for Themistokles
— Satrap in Sardis court! Name not the clown like these! 30

THE PATRIOT

AN OLD STORY

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day. 5

The air broke into a mist with bells,
  The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels —
  But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?" 10

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
  To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
  And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run. 15

There's nobody on the house-tops now —
  Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
  At the Shambles' Gate — or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow. 20

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
  A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
  For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds. 25

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
  In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
  Me?" — God might question; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so. 30

COUNT GISMOND

AIX IN PROVENCE

Christ God who savest man, save most
  Of men Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
  Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length 5
My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

And doubtlessly ere he could draw
  All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
  Few half so happy as I seemed, 10
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
  To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;
God makes, or fair or foul, our face; 15
  If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen
  By virtue of her brow and breast; 20
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
  As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head!

But no: they let me laugh, and sing 25
  My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
  A last look on the mirror, trust

My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs — 30

And come out on the morning-troop
  Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me queen, and made me stoop
  Under the canopy — (a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun, 35
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun) —

And they could let me take my state
  And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
  My queen's-day — Oh I think the cause 40
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent
  Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 't was time I should present 45
  The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
  With his two boys: I can proceed. 50
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
  Forth boldly — to my face, indeed —
But Gauthier, and he thundered, "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet 55
  About her! Let her shun the chaste,
Or lay herself before their feet!
  Shall she whose body I embraced

A night long, queen it in the day?
For honor's sake no crowns, I say!" 60

I? What I answered? As I live,
  I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
  What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole 65
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
  That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
  I felt quite sure that God had set 70
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
  Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote 75
  In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
  The heart of the joy, with my content 80
In watching Gismond unalloyed
  By any doubt of the event:
God took that on him — I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

Did I not watch him while he let 85
  His armorer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
  The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves

No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on. 90

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
  Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
  Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove, 95
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
  And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
  From my first, to God's second death! 100
Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
  — What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked 105
  My powers forever, to a third
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
  Against the world; and scarce I felt 110
His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
  A little shifted in its belt:
For he began to say the while
How South our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude 115
  We two walked forth to never more
Return. My cousins have pursued
  Their life, untroubled as before

I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace! 120

Our elder boy has got the clear
Great brow; though when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I just was telling Adela 125
How many birds it struck since May.

THE TWINS

"Give" and "It-shall-be-given-unto-you"

Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables — flowers on furze,
The better the uncouther:
Do roses stick like burrs?

A beggar asked an alms 5
One day at an abbey-door,
Said Luther, but, seized with qualms,
The Abbot replied, "We're poor!

"Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain: 10
But they give us naught, for the nonce,
And how should we give again?"

Then the beggar, "See your sins!
Of old, unless I err,
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins, 15
Date and Dabitur.

"While Date was in good case
  Dabitur flourished too:
For Dabitur's lenten face
  No wonder if Date rue. 20

"Would ye retrieve the one?
  Try and make plump the other!
When Date's penance is done,
  Dabitur helps his brother.

"Only, beware relapse!" 25
  The Abbot hung his head.
This beggar might be perhaps
  An angel, Luther said.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well; 5
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew. 10

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome 15
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone. 20

With God a day endures alway;
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth, 25
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite. 30

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent, 35
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear: 40

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell 45
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery, 50

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade, 55
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here. 60

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere; 65
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; dropped —
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain. 70

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home; 75
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5
"Frà Pandolf" by design; for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast, 25
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace — all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, — good! but thanked
Somehow — I know not how — as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35
In speech — (which I have not) — to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,

Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
— E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

A FACE

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening soft 5
In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its staff's
Burden of honey-colored buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for this. 10
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground

Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it lifts!
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb 15
Breaking its outline, burning shades absorb:
But these are only massed there, I should think,
Waiting to see some wonder momently
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky
(That's the pale ground you'd see this sweet face by), 20
All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing; 5
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

CAVALIER TUNES

I. Marching Along

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong, 5
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!

Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup 10
Till you're —
Chorus. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well! 15
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Cho. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls 20
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
Cho. — March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song! 25

II. Give a Rouse

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since? 5
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?
Cho. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now? 10
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else, 15
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
  Cho. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
  King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
  Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
  King Charles! 20

III. Boot and Saddle

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue its silvery gray.
  Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say; 5
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —
  Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array: 10
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
  Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude, that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering: "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they? 15
  Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there;
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf 5
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows! 10
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower! 20

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;

"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?" — say, 5
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

"DE GUSTIBUS —"

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice — 5
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say, —
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon, 10
With the beanflowers' boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled, 15
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands) — 20
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree — 'tis a cypress — stands
By the many hundred-years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted, 25

My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, forever crumbles 30
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there's news to-day — the king 35
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:
— She hopes they have not caught the felons.
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me — 40
    (When fortune's malice
    Lost her, Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she: 45
So it always was, so shall ever be!

MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
  And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
  How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that, 5
  And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at —
  My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
  And a certain use in the world no doubt, 10
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
  'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather,
  And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather! 15
  Well, I forget the rest.

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver; 5
  So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their
      graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen, 15
  — He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering, — not through his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire: 20

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us! 25
  There would be doubt, hesitation and pain;
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
  Menace our heart ere we master his own; 30
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

LIFE IN A LOVE

Escape me?
Never —
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you,
  So long as the world contains us both, 5
  Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear:
  It seems too much like a fate, indeed!
  Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed. 10
But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
  To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again, —
  So the chase takes up one's life, that's all. 15
While, look but once from your farthest bound
  At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope goes to ground

Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
I shape me — 20
Ever
Removed!

YOUTH AND ART

It once might have been, once only:
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay, 5
You thumbed, thrust, patted and polished,
Then laughed "They will see some day
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered; 10
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered!

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble, 15
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun, watched each other's windows. 20

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse — nay, a bit of beard too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I — soon managed to find 25
  Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
  And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
  If you never turned your eye's tail up 30
As I shook upon E *in alt.*,
  Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
  And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare 35
  With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
  In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
  Of thanks in a look, or sing it? 40

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
  (And yet the memory rankles,)
When models arrived, some minx
  Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good! 45
  "That foreign fellow, — who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
  For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
  "Suppose we join hands and fortunes, 50
And I fetch her from over the way,
  Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes"?

No, no: you would not be rash,
  Nor I rasher and something over:
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash, 55
  And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
  I'm queen myself at *bals-paré,*
I've married a rich old lord,
  And you're dubbed knight and an R. A. 60

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
  It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
  Starved, feasted, despaired, — been happy;

And nobody calls you a dunce, 65
  And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
  And we missed it, lost it forever.

EVELYN HOPE

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass; 5
  Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name; 10
It was not her time to love; beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares,
  And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares, — 15
  And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
  What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
  Made you of spirit, fire and dew — 20
And, just because I was thrice as old
  And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
  We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above 25
  Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
  I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
  Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few: 30
Much is to learn, much to forget
  Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come, — at last it will,
  When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still, 35
  That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
  In the new life come in the old one's stead. 40

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope, 45
  Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
  My heart seemed full as it could hold; 50
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep:
  See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep! 55
  You will wake, and remember, and understand.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER

Gr-r-r — there go, my heart's abhorrence!
  Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
  God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming? 5
  Oh, that rose has prior claims —
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
  Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
  Salve tibi! I must hear 10
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
  Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
  Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"? 15
  What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
  Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
  And a goblet for ourself, 20
Rinsed like something sacrificial
  Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps —
Marked with L for our initial!
  (He-he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores 25
  Squats outside the Convent bank
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
  Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,
  — Can't I see his dead eye glow, 30
Bright as 't were a Barbary corsair's?
  (That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
  Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection, 35
  As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
  Drinking watered orange-pulp —
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
  While he drains his at one gulp. 40

Oh, those melons! If he's able
  We're to have a feast! so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
  All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double? 45
  Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange! — And I, too, at such trouble
  Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
  Once you trip on it, entails 50
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
  One sure, if another fails:
If I trip him just a-dying,
  Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying 55
  Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel
  On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
  Hand and foot in Belial's gripe: 60
If I double down its pages
  At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his greengages,
  Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan! — one might venture 65
  Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
  As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
  We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . . 70
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ,*
  Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r — you swine!

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
  Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
  Each in its tether

Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain, 5
    Cared-for till cock-crow:
Look out if yonder be not day again
    Rimming the rock-row!
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,
    Rarer, intenser, 10
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
    Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;
    Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top, 15
    Crowded with culture!
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
    Clouds overcome it;
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
    Circling its summit. 20
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights;
    Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;
    He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head, 25
    'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
    Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
    Safe from the weather! 30
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
    Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
    Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should Spring take note 35
    Winter would follow?

Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!
    Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!
    My dance is finished"? 40
No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountain-side,
    Make for the city!)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
    Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world 45
    Bent on escaping:
"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled?
    Show me their shaping,
Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage, —
    Give!" — So, he gowned him, 50
Straight got by heart that book to its last page:
    Learned, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
    Accents uncertain:
"Time to taste life," another would have said, 55
    "Up with the curtain!"
This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?
    Patience a moment!
Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
    Still there's the comment. 60
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,
    Painful or easy!
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
    Ay, nor feel queasy."
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, 65
    When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give!
    Sooner, he spurned it.
Imagine the whole, then execute the parts —
    Fancy the fabric 70

Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place
Gaping before us.)
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace 75
(Hearten our chorus!)
That before living he'd learn how to live —
No end to learning:
Earn the means first — God surely will contrive
Use for our earning. 80
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever."
Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head: 85
Calculus racked him:
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:
Tussis attacked him.
"Now, master, take a little rest!" — not he!
(Caution redoubled, 90
Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)
Not a whit troubled,
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst) 95
Sucked at the flagon.
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain! 100
Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen) —

God's task to make the heavenly period
  Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear 105
  Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
  Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing — heaven's success
  Found, or earth's failure: 110
"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes!
  Hence with life's pale lure!"
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
  Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue, 115
  Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
  His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
  Misses an unit. 120
That, has the world here — should he need the next,
  Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
  Seeking shall find him.
So, with the throttling hands of death at strife, 125
  Ground he at grammar;
Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
  While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business — let it be! —
  Properly based *Oun* — 130
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
  Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
  Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highfliers of the feathered race, 135
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know —
Bury this man there? 140
Here — here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm;
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects: 145
Loftily lying,
Leave him — still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

ONE WORD MORE

TO E. B. B.

London, September, 1855

I

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together:
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

II

Rafael made a century of sonnets, 5
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you. 10

Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving — 15
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

III

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael, 20
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas —
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre —
Seen by us and all the world in circle. 25

IV

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!" 30
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

V

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded 35
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,

Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle, 40
Let the wretch go festering through Florence) —
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel, —
In there broke the folk of his Inferno. 45
Says he — "Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."
Says the poet — "Then I stopped my painting."

VI

You and I would rather see that angel, 50
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? — than read a fresh Inferno.

VII

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel, 55
In they broke, those "people of importance:"
We and Bice bear the loss forever.

VIII

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only, 60
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving, 65

None but would forego his proper dowry, —
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem, —
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only, 70
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

IX

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!
He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him, 75
Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
While he smites, how can he but remember,
So he smote before, in such a peril, 80
When they stood and mocked — "Shall smiting help us?"
When they drank and sneered — "A stroke is easy!"
When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,
Throwing him for thanks — "But drought was pleasant."
Thus old memories mar the actual triumph; 85
Thus the doing savors of disrelish;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness — the gesture.
For he bears an ancient wrong about him, 90
Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,
Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude —
"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel —
"Egypt's flesh-pots — nay, the drought was better." 95

X

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

XI

Did he love one face from out the thousands, 100
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,
Were she but the Æthiopian bondslave,)
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
Keeping a reserve of scanty water
Meant to save his own life in the desert; 105
Ready in the desert to deliver
(Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

XII

I shall never, in the years remaining, 110
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing: 115
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

XIII

Yet a semblance of resource avails us —
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.

He who works in fresco steals a hair-brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets. 125
He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver,
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once as I do.

XIV

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy: 130
Enter each and all, and use their service;
Speak from every mouth, — the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours — the rest be all men's; 135
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:
Pray you, look on these my men and women, 140
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

XV

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence, 145
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.

Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato, 150
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver, 155
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

XVI

What, there's nothing in the moon noteworthy?
Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos), 160
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman —
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats — him, even! 165
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal —
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders, 170
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?
Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?
Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu
Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest, 175
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

XVII

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall
 know. 180
Only this is sure — the sight were other;
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides: one to face the world with; 185
One to show a woman when he loves her!

XVIII

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you — yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder;
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you! 190
There, in turn I stand with them and praise you —
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel 195
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

XIX

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas;
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it; 200
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom!

R. B.

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold. 20
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
Then a light, then thy breast.
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned —
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
— Pity me? 5

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
— Being — who? 10

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake. 15

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, — fight on, fare ever
There as here!" 20

NOTES

Incident of the French Camp

This poem serves to introduce the form into which Browning throws so many of his narratives, the dramatic monolog. The speaker and the scene must be vividly imagined. In this case we may suppose a little group of French veterans smoking their pipes over a glass of wine at an inn, and recalling incidents in their glorious campaigning with the Little General. The speaker is standing, and begins in familiar story-telling fashion, "You know we French stormed Ratisbon"; and, continuing, he insensibly assumes dramatically Napoleon's customary attitude, "legs wide, arms locked behind." The poem, then, is essentially one for free dramatic interpretation; it needs careful handling, especially in the fourth and fifth stanzas — the last desperate effort of the dying lad to deliver his message — and the transition to the quieter, slower, tenderer manner of the concluding stanza. It is a true story, save that the real hero was a man.

How They Brought the Good News

Again, essentially a poem for dramatic realization. The rhythm is the chief factor. The pauses of the opening stanza are important, until, as the more even swing of the lines intimates, the horses settle down to a steady gallop.

Note the changes in time and tone in the following stanzas. How does the meter compare with that of other poems describing rides? The poem is not based upon fact; but the geography is real enough, and we can easily imagine circumstances under which the saving of Aix became a matter of such desperate necessity, as, *e.g.*, that it had been determined to set the city on fire at a certain time rather than deliver it into the hands of the enemy. The case has been compared to that of Mitylene when it had revolted from ancient Athens. But this is, after all, a matter of quite secondary importance (say why). Browning gives us the leading clue when he tells us that the poem was written when he had been on a sea-voyage "long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse, 'York,' then in my stable at home."

Through the Metidja

This *tour de force* is given for its contrasting movement. The lilt of the riding rhythm differs, as the circumstances differ, from that of the preceding poem. Can you justify the difference? Note also how slight is the scenic allusion here. What emotion dominates the rider? The strange fancies of this fanatical Arab, as he rides across the lonely desert to his great chief, Abd-el-Kadr, are somewhat impalpable, but suggestive of one of those wild uprisings of the fierce Arab tribes against their modern French "civilizers." The main thing, however, is the impression of that swinging desert ride, and its passionately meditative rider.

Muléykeh

The rhythm is irregular and difficult; read aloud until you catch it. Note the rime scheme. The story is a touching expression of the Arab's love of his steed. (Tell it briefly in your own words.) How is Hóseyn's character delineated? The construction is difficult at times, as in ll. 4–6; be sure of the meaning. Some of the touches are very striking, *e.g.*, ll. 34–5. What others do you note?

Tray

Another poem showing Browning's interest in animals, and the side he took in the controversy about vivisection. He protested against what he called "an infamous practice," and took an active part in the movement against it. He had no sympathy with the man who, as he says elsewhere, would

> "have no end of brutes
> Cut up alive to guess what suits
> My case, and saves my toe from shoots."

The story is true; a friend of the poet's saw this instance of what Browning believes to be animal "heroism" in Paris.

Donald

Another "true" animal story, told with the same motive as "Tray," but criticised as being unfair, because no true "sportsman" such as is spoken of in the first part of the poem would be guilty of such mean, unsportsmanlike conduct. What do you think? Do you approve of the story-teller's silence (l. 235)? Do you know the meaning of *bothy, trivet, Glenlivet double-first, heather, peat, burnie, Ben, fallow deer* (as distinguished from *red deer*), *volte-face, pastern, Goliath?* Which have local color? Characterize the meter; the stanza.

Hervé Riel

We may think of this as in some respects a companion poem to Tennyson's ballad of the *Revenge* (note the correspondences and differences in form — stanza, rhythm, direct narration, etc. — and in substance). Browning graciously wrote this tribute to French heroism in order that he might contribute the hundred guineas which it brought him to the fund for the relief of the starving citizens of Paris after the siege (1871). The story is a true one, but it curiously remained for an Englishman to blazon the forgotten deed in verse. The poem was written at Le Croisic, a small fishing village at the mouth of the Loire, and the home of the brave Breton sailor who asked, as his reward for his valor, that he might have a whole day's holiday to go ashore to see his wife!

Be careful to pronounce the hero's name as French, not German; *i.e.*, *Ri-el.*

The Rance (5): the river which flows into the English channel at Saint-Malo, Brittany. *Twelve and eighty* (18): following the French, *quatre-vingt-douze.* *Tourville* (43): the French admiral. *Croisickese* (44): native of Le Croisic. *Malouins* (46): natives of St. Malo. *Greve* (49): sands round Mont Saint Michel. *Bay* (52): that of Saint-Michel. *Disembogues* (49): enters the sea. *Solidor* (53): old fort on mainland. *Rampired* (92): ramparted, fortified. *Louvre* (135): great picture-gallery and museum in Paris.

Pheidippides

Based, with much skilful suggestiveness, on the story told by Herodotus (look it up in Rawlinson's translation), a mixture of fact and legend, of the Athenian runner who in forty-eight hours ran the one hundred and fifty miles between Athens and Sparta with a request for aid against the invading Persians. Note how the story is told: first by the hero himself (when, is explained by l. 9), who then leaves for Marathon ("Fennel-field": it is a sprig of fennel Pan presents, see l. 81); and then it is brought to a close in ll. 105–112, with an epilog explaining the Greek salutation born of Marathon Day, "Rejoice, we conquer" (given in Greek as sub-title). There is a spirit of Hellenic blitheness and grace in the poem, felt at once in the opening religious salutation. The character of Pheidippides — notably his patriotism and his modesty — is worthy of study.

The hexameter verse is rough: some lines are almost unscanable; others (*e.g.*, 64) charmingly smooth. The predominant foot is the dactyl, varied by the foot of two equal stresses — sometimes light, and at other times having the weight of the true spondee — thus (l. 2):

Gods of my | birth-place | de-mons and | he-roes | honor to | all.

or a uniformly dactyllic line like this (26):

Ev-e-ry | face of her | leered in a | furrow of | envy mis | trust.

Sometimes the line is not catalectic, as it is in the examples just given, thus (l. 21):

Die, with the | wide world | spitting at | Spar-ta the | stupid
the | stander by.

Sometimes an iambus takes the place of a dactyl or spondee (l. 53):

Treeless | herbless | lifeless | mountain! What | matter if |
slacked,

unless, indeed, a special value is given to the syllable "less" in the first three words. Note the cæsura after "mountain," and its incidence elsewhere. What about rime?

For the classical allusions consult Gayley's *Classic Myths in English Literature*. Be sure of the meaning of *dæmons* (2); *buskin* (5); *Archons* (9); *tettix* (9); *filleted* (47); *fosse* (61); *fane* (73); *guerdon* (88). *On the razor's edge* (87) means a critical situation; have we a corresponding idiom? *Parnes* (52 *et seq.*) seems to be a slip of Browning's; it is a mountain between Attica and Bœotia; whereas, according to Herodotus, it was on Mount Parthenium in Arcadia that the hero met the god.

Browning, who from his childhood, under his scholarly father's inspiration, kept his Greek studies agoing, returned to classic themes from time to time, and made some translations from the Greek dramatists. You will find them in his complete works. Try first his delightful *Balaustion's Adventure*, with its rendering of Euripides's *Alkestis*. His amusing account of his first steps in Greek is to be found in his poem, *Development*. His wife, too, loved and was learned in these old themes, and translated the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

Echetlos

In the same meter; about Marathon, too. Note the abounding energy of the narrative, and the graphic quality of the descriptions. Don't misunderstand the meaning of *clown*. *Tunnies* are large fish found in the Mediterranean. *Polemarch*, the nominal commander-in-chief at Athens, the actual commander at Marathon being

Miltiades. Kallimachos had given his casting-vote at the council of war in favor of fighting. In the last stanza the poet's comment on the great words of the oracle — "The great deed ne'er grows small" — is, "Not the great name," alas! — as the careers of Miltiades and Themistocles sadly show. What cast these in eclipse?

The Patriot

This is a more characteristically Browningesque study of a patriot — the close especially so. We return to the monolog; the speaker, his whereabouts and predicament (stanzas 4 and 5), must be clearly imaged. Note the method of the story: 1. a year ago (1–10); 2. the cause of the reaction (11–15); 3. now; 4. reflection. What is the victim's mood? Why does not he rail against the fickle populace? In what sense is this "An Old Story"?

Count Gismond

Browning finds his heroes and heroines in all times, climes, and conditions. Here we have a story of the period of chivalry,— not an uncommon theme; but is it not old in an uncommon way? It is a monolog; does this restrict the speaker? What does she contrive to tell about herself? Is she vain? What is her character? To whom does she talk (ll. 105–7)? Note the beautifully chaste quality about the poem.

The poem is, of course, one for a girl to recite and interpret dramatically. At l. 46 Browning introduces one of those little incidents, indicative of some act of the speaker's, which may puzzle the beginner. What happens here? Where is the narrative taken up again? Note the transition in the closing stanza. What effect does the poet gain by it?

The Twins

A parable told in Luther's *Table Talk*. Published in 1854 in a pamphlet sold at a bazaar for the benefit of a Refuge for Young Destitute Girls. Mrs. Browning contributed a poem, entitled *A Plea for the Ragged Schools of London*. How her woman's heart responded to the appeal of the suffering young may best be seen in her passionate *Cry of the Children*. The Latin students will explain the *Date* and *Dabitur*.

The Boy and the Angel

This poem, with its simple story, yields some deeper meanings. It presents, says a commentator, "one of Mr. Browning's deepest convictions in a popular form": this conviction is embodied in

the idea — which it may not be easy to grasp — that the simple praise of the curly-haired lad, Theocrite, singing at his work, had a quality which the praise of the Pope, in his "great way" at Rome, and even that of the angel Gabriel, lacked: there was "no doubt in it, no fear" (40). When the boy leaves his work to become a priest, God misses his praise; so Gabriel takes his place. But it is not the same: "I miss my little human praise," says God. So Gabriel hastens to Rome to enable Theocrite, who is now Pope, to return to his early cell to "resume the craftsman and the boy." When the two, the lad and the new Pope now in his place, died, "they sought God side by side," the human and the angelic, the lofty and the lowly.

The form of the poem is curious: it varies frequently, the tetrameter changing to trimeter in l. 8, and to dimeter in l. 19. Are these and other following changes expressive?

My Last Duchess

This tells a story in the most condensed form, many of the facts being indicated by implication and suggestion. It represents the monolog in its developed phase. Thus we gather at the outset that the speaker, a Duke of Ferrara, is primarily an art connoisseur; his "last Duchess" (how many may there have been?) is memorable as having furnished a marvelous subject for Frà Pandolf's skill, and so he is now the proud possessor of a masterpiece. Then he meets the question always suggested to the beholder by the beauty of the pictured lady, — a beauty she was too lavish of. Her smiles were too easily and indiscriminately bestowed; she did not honor her lord exclusively enough. As proud as he was jealous, he would not stoop to chide or question; all this displeased him. So, after the brutal manner of so many of those great criminals of the Renaissance period, he gave his murderous command, and she was removed. He knows no shame: "there she stands as if alive" — one of art's triumphs! The visitor is evidently an ambassador come to negotiate another marriage (49–51). A bargain has to be made by this cultivated ruffian, who now seeks another good match. As they descend to rejoin the company below after their negotiating, the polite and polished and heartless connoisseur points with pride to another possession, a masterly "Neptune" by the famous Claus of Innsbruck.

A Face

It is pleasant to turn now to this little attempt to do justice to a beautiful childlike face, as the poet imagines one of those old Tuscan painters might have painted it, upon a background of pale gold— something more beautiful than even Correggio's art could compass.

The allusion will not have much meaning unless you can turn to a reproduction of one of Correggio's masterpieces.

Song from Pippa Passes

This delicious snatch of rapturous song is a strain out of Browning's own happy heart. Nothing is more expressive of his assured and exultant faith that the world is sound at the core, and that life means well, than the concluding couplet, so often quoted. This epitomizes what is called — especially by those who cannot confront so buoyantly and joyously the too obvious and distressing sorrow and suffering of the world — Browning's optimism. George Eliot preferred to call herself a meliorist.

Cavalier Tunes

Very different from the pure, clear treble of little Pippa are the strong, burly tones of the great-hearted Cavaliers; but they echo a chiming mood of unconquerable confidence and courage — Browning's two conspicuous qualities. The singers are, of course, Royalists, who side with Charles I in the great Civil War; and these lusty, contemptuous country gentlemen, who rallied almost to a man to the King, mince no words over such "carles" as Pym, Hampden, Hazelrig, Fiennes, Vane, "Noll" (Oliver Cromwell), and the crop-headed Parliamentary leaders. How the choruses ring out!

Home-Thoughts from Abroad

After this pronouncedly English strain the transition is natural to one or two poems that reflect Browning's love of his native land. He lived much in Italy, which shared, as a poem we shall cite presently will show, his heart's devotion. No more beautifully colored piece of description is to be found in Browning. The *thrush* is, of course, the English bird of that name, whose song is more flute-like and more varied perhaps than that of our own delightful wood-thrush. *This gaudy melon-flower* (20) is one which he is gazing upon in Italy.

Home-Thoughts from the Sea

Not England's beauty, but her prowess and the service of her great sons, are celebrated. At sea, off the southern coast of Spain, the poet gazes at once upon the scenes of five great naval victories. So, impressed by the thought of what England through her heroes has done for him, he asks, in a solemn religious mood, "How can I help England?"

De Gustibus ——

Here the poet's double devotion to England and Italy is voiced. Here, in the first section, it is an English corn field (*i.e.*, wheat field) and an English blackbird, one of the most velvet-toned of English singers, which are referred to. The Italian landscape in the second section is most masterfully done; and the closing lines, oft-quoted, sing an unmistakable close. The title is the beginning of a Latin adage; complete it. How does it apply here?

Memorabilia

Mingled with Browning's tributes to his native country should go this tribute to her poet, to whom more than to any other he was indebted for the kindling of his own poetic fires, — Shelley. Elsewhere Browning has paid his homage to this "Sun-treader," as he called him. This is an unconventional little lyric — full of the sense of surprise and wonder at meeting one who had actually known Shelley; for it was crossing a certain gray space in life that the poet had picked up the eagle-feather that had winged Shelley's sunward flight, and had put it "inside his breast." That was the memory he "started at" — the sun-spot in his life. In the poem *Popularity* will be found his tribute to another poet, Keats, — Shelley's "Adonais," — whom also he early admired.

The Lost Leader

Here we may well introduce this poem, contrasting by its note of detraction with the foregoing, and commonly supposed to allude to another great English poet, — Wordsworth, — who, from being the enthusiastic prophet of liberty and progress in his youth, became sobered by the French Revolution and its wild excesses into a cautious Conservative, disposed to frown upon all reform. Browning, when asked about the rumor, replied: "I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or that particular feature may be selected and turned to account; had I intended more, — above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore . . . . So, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority."

Note the confident tramp of the rhythm, carrying a young man's proud assurance of the might of his cause: "We shall march prospering"; "Deeds will be done." To be sure, Browning's own Liberalism was of a mild and respectable sort: his poetry nowhere reveals a vital social enthusiasm. He was the poet of the individual, not of causes and movements. For this social enthusiasm we turn rather to his wife, who in several short poems, and in her *Aurora Leigh*, sounded the note of an impassioned humanitarianism.

The measures have fine sonorous quality — "Lived in his mild and magnificent eye." What is the meter? Render and scan, *e.g.*, ll. 11, 13, 14, 21, 31. Find the long vowel values.

Life in a Love

These little lyrics will serve to carry us from the thought of the celebration of one great poet's fame by another to that mighty theme, by their handling of which most of the great poets are to be appraised. In what way, with what nobility and splendor, does the emotion of love live in him and his works? Perhaps this is a test question not only for the poet, but for all artists — for all men and women. Browning will assuredly stand the test. For him pure, passionate love is the sacred fire on the altar of life; and fortunate was he, in his marriage with another great poet-soul, to find the fulfilment of his own highest ideal. His poems treat of love in many aspects — foiled and defeated love as well as love triumphant over every obstacle; courageous love and cowardly love; base love and "lyric love, half-angel and half-bird." Here we have it sung as the dominating and endlessly pursued purpose of a life. Failure? —

> "It is but to keep the nerves at strain
> To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall
> And, baffled, get up and begin again."

Youth and Art

This poem, on the contrary, tells the story of two who failed to see in love, when it first budded in their hearts, the lord and master of life. They dallied, were over-cautious; and looking back to those "Bohemian" days, the now great singer confesses to the equally famous sculptor that she missed the golden opportunity that might have brought joys of which she has never tasted, and that life seems unfulfilled, hangs patchy and scrappy.

Evelyn Hope

This poem is a general favorite. Read it through once to gain an outlook upon the scene — the elderly man seated in the darkened room beside the beautiful young girl, lying dead, whom he has loved unknown to her. He can wait for love to blossom in her soul. Here again we have Browning's large, forward-looking faith that all will come right, — if not in this chapter of our life, then in some one yet to come (l. 29); the faith naïvely expressed by the lover when he folds the leaf in the "sweet cold hand," so that on waking the young girl shall remember and understand.

Again the test of comprehension and appreciation must be the reading aloud, which should give us the hush of the room, the tenderly quiet, pausing, deeply moved manner of the speaker. Especially the pauses (sometimes occasioned by an omitted syllable) must be appropriate and adequate. The rhythm varies, and the scansion is not easy: be careful, for instance, with such lines as 9, 31, 54. Full value must be given to the long vowel effects, which will often yield us spondees in scanning.

Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister

Refer the Latin difficulties to the Latin students. For the rest, imagine yourself to be a surly, sour, jealous old monk.

A Grammarian's Funeral

This poem carries us back to the period of the Renaissance, when men were consumed by an enthusiasm for the rediscovered art and literature of antiquity, and worked upon the recovered and corrupt texts of the great Greek and Latin authors with a zeal that was little short of heroic. Browning tries to rescue here, from the scorn usually poured out upon the pedants who waste a life upon the minutiæ of grammar and philology, an old grammarian who brings to his scholarship a temper and philosophy that has its larger outlook and nobler meaning. It is a notable instance of the poet's effort to see beneath surface appearances to the obscure heart of human purpose and hope. There is something grandiose in the quiet confidence of the toiling scholar who, with all time for his inheritance, refuses to be hurried and perturbed in his laborious and thorough scholarship. Men find him at his books bald and hazy-eyed: "Time to taste life!" they urge. "Not so," he protests; "all is not yet learned from the text."

> "Oh, such a life as he resolved to live
>   When he *had* learned it,
> When he had gathered all books had to give!
>   Sooner, he spurned it."

The time would come; he trusted God for that. Meantime he will not be tempted by any smaller, hastier aim. And the poet comments:

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it."

Does such a way of looking upon life and its tasks actually give a certain greatness to the personality? What is to be said for and against this high, impractical idealism? Browning exaggerates, doubtless. Does he make his point?

The poem has imaginative and poetic merit of a high order. Imagine well the scene: the little band of young scholars, who have caught their old master's spirit, carrying the body up the mountain-side to give it fitting burial on the heights, singing as they go the requiem of their revered leader. The requiem? No, the matin-song; that alone becomes him:

> "Our low life was the level's and the night's,
> He's for the morning."

To their young, idealizing hearts he is no spent, bent figure; rather one of those noble figures of whom we catch a glimpse in the pictures of the great painters of the period. Upon these youths, at any rate, it is the vision of the departed man in his prime that now returns:

> "He was a man born with thy face and throat,
> Lyric Apollo!"

As they ascend, their meditations mingle with their songs; and the poet continually reminds us of that upward climb in the night to greet the dawn, by many a comment on the difficulties of the climb —

> "(Caution redoubled,
> Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly)"

until at last the platform, the top-peak there among the sky-questing birds, is reached:

> "Here, here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
> Lightnings are loosened,
> Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
> Peace let the dew send!"

A few words are unusual, and must be looked up: *crofts*, *queasy*, *calculus* (the disease of that name, not the mathematical delight); *hoti*, *oun*, *de* — Greek particles; *soul-hydroptic* means a soul suf-

fering, as it were, from a disease that produces an insatiable thirst — the passion to know. Some of the phrases are condensed, *e.g.*, "rimming the rock-row" (8), meaning making a rim beyond the row of rocks which are seen against the sky.

One Word More

This is the most intimate word that Browning has allowed us to overhear. It is a love-tribute offered to his wife *before* her death, as the allusion in the following poem came after it. It is the best response to the passionate outpourings of his wife's heart in her *Sonnets from the Portuguese.* After the introductory lines, the poet uses his allusion to the one unique expression of love which Rafael the painter found in a "century of sonnets," and Dante the poet sought in the figure of an angel which he drew. How would these two lovers prize a sight of those privacies of soul! And how does he, unapt at painting, sculpture, and music, long as these great lovers did, "once and once only . . . to be the man and leave the artist." (Stanzas ix–xi are difficult, and their clear understanding may be postponed.) But writer only as he is, he may once put his talent to a similarly unique purpose. All he has written — all his fifty men and women are hers, though "all men's" too; but hers in a different way, as coming from him in a different way, is this dedication. "Let me speak this once in my true person." "Poor the speech" — yet she knows him, as he knows her. How he knows her he indicates by the beautiful imagery of the moon — seen on one side only by the common eye, but by the rarer soul on the other side.

> "God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
> Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her!"

This, said of himself, he applies to her, his "moon of poets." The world sees her and praises, but he:

> "There in turn I stand with them and praise you —
> But the best is when I glide from out them,
> Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
> Come out on the other side, the novel
> Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
> Where I hush and bless myself with silence."

Prospice

This "look forward," under the very grip of death, is very intensely personal, charged with that spiritual athleticism, that hardy battling faith which we meet again and again in Browning.

"I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more, the best and the last!" Death shall yield its full revelations. Note the change beginning at l. 21; the beautiful *diminuendo* to the exquisite quiet rapture of the close. This is very intimately personal; the allusion is, of course, to his wife; one of the few expressions the poet has allowed himself of the love in his own life which was stronger than death.

Epilogue to Asolando

The same mood is in this last word and testament of the man who was ever a fighter, and inspired others to fight the good fight in the interest of their own highest spiritual blessedness and development:

> "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

It was *à propos* of this third stanza that Browning, one evening just before his last and fatal illness, said to his daughter-in-law and sister, when reading the printer's proof-sheets to them: "It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand."

One naturally compares this valedictory (which closes the volume published in London on the very day on which Browning died) with Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*. There is a very characteristic difference between the two in no particular more obviously shown than in Browning's last words of unconquerable resolve, his first and last evangel:

> " 'Strive and thrive!' cry: 'Speed, — fight on, fare ever
> There as here!' "

Longmans' English Classics

EDITED BY

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, A.B.
Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition in Columbia University

LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Edited by GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, A.B., Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition in Columbia University.

PRESCRIBED FOR EXAMINATIONS AS NOTED BELOW.

New volumes, 1905, *are marked by a* *. *All in cloth binding.*

Browning's Select Poems.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by PERCIVAL CHUBB, Director of English, Ethical Culture Schools, New York. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Rhetoric in Yale University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ALBERT S. COOK, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. $0.40.

[For Study, 1905 to 1911.]

Carlyle's Essay on Burns.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by WILSON FARRAND, A.M., Associate Principal of the Newark Academy, Newark, N. J. $0.40.

[For Study, 1909 to 1911.]

Carlyle's Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by HENRY DAVID GRAY, Ph.D., Instructor in English in the University of Texas. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by HERBERT BATES, A.B., Brooklyn Manual Training High School, New York. $0.30.

[For Reading, 1905 to 1911.]

Cooper's The Last of the Mohicans.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by CHARLES F. RICHARDSON, Ph.D., Winkley Professor of the English Language and Literature in Dartmouth College. $0.50.

Longmans' English Classics.—*Continued.*

Defoe's History of the Plague in London.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Professor G. R. CARPENTER, of Columbia University. $0.60.

De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Rhetoric in Yale University. $0.40.

De Quincey's Joan of Arc and The English Mail Coach.*

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Rhetoric in Yale University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by WILLIAM TENNEY BREWSTER, A.M., Adjunct Professor of English in Barnard College, Columbia University. $0.40.

George Eliot's Silas Marner.

Edited, with Introducfion and Notes, by ROBERT HERRICK, A.B., Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Chicago. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1905 to 1911.]

Franklin's Autobiography.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by WILLIAM B. CAIRNS, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of American Literature in the University of Wisconsin. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Gaskell's Cranford.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by FRANKLIN T. BAKER, A.M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in Teachers College, Columbia University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by MARY A. JORDAN, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and Old English in Smith College. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Irving's Life of Goldsmith.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by LEWIS B. SEMPLE, M.A., Ph.D., Instructor in English, Brooklyn Commercial High School, New York. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1906, 1907, 1908.]

Longmans' English Classics.—*Continued.*

Irving's Tales of a Traveller.

With an Introduction by BRANDER MATTHEWS, LL.D., Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, and Explanatory Notes by the General Editor of the series. $0.80.

Irving's Sketch Book.*

With an Introduction by BRANDER MATTHEWS, LL.D., and with Notes by ARMOUR CALDWELL, A.B., Lecturer in English in Columbia University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, with Ivry and The Armada.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by NOTT FLINT, Instructor in English in the University of Chicago. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Macaulay's Essay on Milton.

Edited by JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL, A.B., Head-master of the Brearley School, New York. $0.40.

Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison.

Edited by JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL, A.B., Head-master of the Brearley School, New York. $0.40.

Macaulay's Johnson and Addison.

1. *Life of Samuel Johnson*, by the Reverend HUBER GRAY BUEHLER, Head Master of the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.
2. *Addison*, by JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL, Brearley School. $.40.

[For Study, 1906, 1907, 1908.]

Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by HUBER GRAY BUEHLER, Head-master, Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn. $0.40.

[For Study, 1909 to 1911.]

Milton's L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by WILLIAM P. TRENT, A.M., Professor of English Literature in Columbia University. $0.40.

[For Study, 1906 to 1911.]

Longmans' English Classics.—*Continued.*

Milton's Paradise Lost. Books I. and II.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Jr., Ph.D., Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in Union College. $0.40.

Palgrave's The Golden Treasury.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by HERBERT BATES, A.B., Instructor in English in the Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, New York City. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Pope's Homer's Iliad. Books I., VI., XXII. and XXIV.

Edited by WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, Ph.D., Superintendent of City Schools, New York; and PERCIVAL CHUBB, Director of English in the Ethical Culture Schools, New York. $0.40.

Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by GERTRUDE BUCK, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English in Vassar College. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Scott's Ivanhoe.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by BLISS PERRY, A.M., formerly Professor of Oratory and Æsthetic Criticism in Princeton University. $0.60.

[For Reading, 1906 to 1911.]

Scott's Lady of the Lake.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition in Columbia University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1906 to 1911.]

Scott's Marmion.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, A.B., Assistant Professor of English in the University of Chicago. $0.60.

Scott's Woodstock.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by BLISS PERRY, A.M., formerly Professor of Oratory and Æsthetic Criticism in Princeton University. $0.60.

Longmans' English Classics.—*Continued.*

Shakspere's A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER, A.B., Assistant Professor of English in Harvard University. $0.50.

The introduction is especially designed to show the picturesqueness of Shakspere's time, and the conditions of life in the London of 1600.

Shakspere's As You Like It.

With an Introduction by BARRETT WENDELL, A.B., Professor of English in Harvard University; and Notes by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Ph.D., Lampson Professor of English Literature in Yale University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Shakspere's Macbeth.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY, Ph.D., Professor and Head of the Department of English in the University of Chicago. $0.40.

[For Study, 1905, 1909 to 1911. For Reading, 1906 to 1908.]

Shakspere's Julius Cæsar.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE C. D. ODELL, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of English in Columbia University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911. For Study, 1906 to 1908.]

Shakspere's King Henry V.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by GEORGE C. D. ODELL, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of English in Columbia University. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Shakspere's The Merchant of Venice.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by FRANCIS B. GUMMERE, Ph.D., Professor of English in Haverford College. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1906 to 1911.]

Shakspere's Twelfth Night.*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by JOHN B. HENNEMAN, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of the South. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Longmans' English Classics.—*Continued.*

Southey's Life of Nelson.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by EDWIN L. MILLER, A.M., of the Englewood High School, Illinois. $0.60.

Spenser's The Faerie Queene. (Selections.)*

Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by JOHN ERSKINE, A.M., Professor of English in Amherst College. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1909 to 1911.]

Tennyson's Gareth and Lynette, Lancelot and Elaine, The Passing of Arthur.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by SOPHIE C. HART, Associate Professor of Rhetoric in Wellesley College. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1906 to 1911.]

Tennyson's The Princess.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, A.B., formerly Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. $0.40.

The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.

From "The Spectator." Edited by D. O. S. LOWELL, A.M., of the Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass. $0.40.

[For Reading, 1906 to 1911.]

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration and Washington's Farewell Address.*

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by FRED NEWTON SCOTT, Ph.D., Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Michigan. $0.40.

[For Study, 1909 to 1911.]

Prof. C. B. Bradley, University of California; Member of English Conference of the National Committee of Ten:—"Admirably adapted to accomplish what you intend—to interest young persons in thoughtful reading of noble literature. The help given seems just what is needed; its generosity is not of the sort to make the young student unable to help himself. I am greatly pleased with the plan and with its execution."

Byron Groce, Master in English, Boston Latin School:—"As a series the books have two strong points; there is a unity of method in editing that I have seen in no other series: the books are freer from objections in regard to the amount and kind of editing than any other series I know."

LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

COMMENTS ON THE SERIES

"It is the most attractive, most consistent, most practicable, and at the same time most scholarly series for college preparation yet produced."—Principal GEORGE H. BROWNE, Cambridge, Mass.

"The series is admirably planned, the 'Suggestions to Teachers' being a peculiarly valuable feature."—Prof. KATHERINE LEE BATES, Wellesley College.

"The introductions and notes are beyond reproach, and the binding and typography are ideal. The American school-boy is to be congratulated that he at length may study his English from books in so attractive a dress."—GEORGE N. MCKNIGHT, Instructor in English, Cornell University.

"It is the best edition that I know of. The editor points out precisely the things that a class should observe; the questions are searching and suggestive; the notes lucid and literary."—Prof. MARTIN W. SAMPSON, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

"The Suggestions for Teachers are likely to be of great value, not only because many teachers need assistance in such work, but also because they must tend to introduce the uniformity of method that is hardly less valuable than the uniformity of the courses themselves."—*The Educational Review*, February, 1896.

"Admirably adapted to accomplish what you intend—to interest young persons in thoughtful reading of noble literature. The help given seems just what is needed; its generosity is not of the sort to make the young student unable to help himself. I am greatly pleased with the plan and with its execution."—Prof. C. B. BRADLEY, University of California; Member of English Conference of the National Committee of Ten.

"Differ as we may about the best way of teaching English literature we are likely to agree that this series is built in the main upon the right lines. It is unexceptionable in its outward form and habit. It gives us in every case a clearly printed text, sufficiently annotated, but not, as a rule, overweighted with pedantic comments; a biographical and critical introduction; a bibliography, through which the student can find his way to the literary and historical setting of the particular classic on which he is engaged; a chronological table and some hints to teachers—often of a most suggestive and helpful character. In every case we thus have a book edited according to an excellent general plan."—Prof. H. S. PANCOAST in *The Educational Review*.

Special terms for first introduction and regular supplies will be quoted upon application. Address

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

91 and 93 Fifth Avenue - - New York

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 388 531 8