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SAINT JOHN'S FIRE

HERMANN SUDERMANN

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SAINT JOHN'S FIRE

BY HERMANN SUDERMANN

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*Translated from the German by Charlotte Porter and H. C. Porter**

CHARACTERS.

VOGELREUTER, *a landholder.*

MRS. VOGELREUTER, *his wife.*

TRUDE, *their daughter.*

GEORGE VON HARTWIG, *a civil engineer, VOGELREUTER'S nephew.*

MARIKKE, *foster-daughter in VOGELREUTER'S house.*

A Lithuanian vagrant called "The Old Hag."

HAFFKE, *the Assistant Pastor.*

PLOTZ, *the farm superintendent.*

The Housekeeper.

A Maid-servant.

Time: Late in the eighties.

Place: VOGELREUTER'S farm in Lithuanian Prussia.

ACT I.

A GARDEN-ROOM in the manor-house. The rear wall is formed by three glass doors separated by narrow wall columns. Outside the glass doors is a terrace, with a canopy over it, whence steps lead to the garden. Doors right and left. In the middle a long dining table laid for breakfast. Left, down stage, a sofa, table, and chair. Right, a sewing-

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1904

machine and a basket of laundered clothes ready to be mended. Old-fashioned engravings and family portraits on the walls. Comfortable middle-class furnishings. Morning.

SCENE I.

TRUDE, *busied at the breakfast table.* VOGELREUTER, *with* PLOTZ, *entering from the right.*

Vogelreuter. Curse it! The devil's abroad today. [*Throws down his cap.*] 'Morning, Trude!

Trude. [*brightly*] 'Morning, Daddy!

Vogelreuter. Good-for-nothing crew! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Plötz. If it had happened in the meadow, earlier, but now, in the stalls! Phew! the devil!

Trude. What's happened, Daddy?

Vogelreuter. Cow's over-eaten! Easy to see Marikke isn't here. When she goes to the milking in the morning such things don't happen. Now, then! What can you trump up, man, as an excuse?

Plötz. Nothing, Mr. Vogelreuter.

Vogelreuter. Well! That's sensible, at least. Here! Have a cigar! And see you hustle out for a veterinary surgeon. But you'll have coffee first?

Plötz. I have had mine, Mr. Vogelreuter.

Vogelreuter. Well, then, why are you loitering here?

Plötz. I beg to take my leave, Mr. Vogelreuter.

Vogelreuter. Now, there, you have developed a brilliant eloquence. . . . you blockhead! . . . 'Morning!

Plötz. [*delaying*] Good morning [*still waiting*].

Vogelreuter. Now! what else?

Plötz. Well, Mr. Vogelreuter, I have still one little matter to. . . .

Vogelreuter. Out with it!

Plötz. [*with a glance at TRUDE*] But. . . .

Vogelreuter. H'm! You there, [*to TRUDE*] go see what the weather's like.

Trude. Yes, Daddy! [*goes out on the terrace.*]

Vogelreuter. Well?

Plötz. [*softly*] The Old Hag has been seen around here again.

Vogelreuter. Heigh!...Nuh! Pretty business this is... Tut! tut! And what was she doing?

Plötz. Begging in the village. Then she was roaming around the farm sheds, yonder.

Vogelreuter. Hump! [*scratches his head*] Oh, yes, yes! If I had only let the thieving toad be jailed she would have been out of the way for a few years at least. Now here she is again! Well! What does she want this time?

Plötz. She's heard, she says, that her daughter's going to be married.

Vogelreuter. Her daughter? Oh, ho, indeed!... [*laughs*] Well, and?...

Plötz. And so now, she wants to get at a bit of the wedding cake, she says.... But she doesn't dare come to the house.

Vogelreuter. That's something to be thankful for! Now look to it, Plötz, that she doesn't come across any one belonging to the house! Not one! Do you understand? I will speak to the police. Perhaps we may get rid of her for good this time. Well, 'morning!

Plötz. 'Morning, Mr. Vogelreuter [*goes out*].

Trude. [*re-entering*] Shall I pour the coffee, daddy?

Vogelreuter. Uh! So you attend to the coffee, today, Curly-locks? Can you do that?

Trude. Oh, papa, as if I could not do that!

Vogelreuter. Now! Now! Marikke usually attends to it.

Trude. But I can do it, too. Yes, just as well as she. You must have patience, though.

Vogelreuter. You little fraud, you! How many more days am I to have you with me?

Trude. Four, daddy.

Vogelreuter. You puss! So you must get married now? Must you? Eh?

Trude. But, papa, you yourself settled that.

Vogelreuter. Of course. But what's a poor old man like me to do? Has the loved one not put in his appearance yet?

TRUDE shakes her head.

Vogelreuter. Such a set! Forever sleeping, sleeping, sleeping!

Trude. He worked late yesterday, papa. When it was nearly morn-

ing, past two o'clock, there was a light still burning in his room.

Vogelreuter. Industrious, is he? If he only wasn't such a self-willed fellow! . . . Mamma's not down yet either?

Trude. No.

Vogelreuter. And Marikke? Has she come home yet?

Trude. Oh, yes, by the early train.

Vogelreuter. Now isn't her turtle-dove's nest for our loving pair most ready? eh?

Trude. She has to go to Königsberg once more, I believe. Then it will be ready.

Vogelreuter. And it's going to be fine, isn't it, eh?

Trude. I don't know, daddy. She does not tell me one word about it. It is all to be a surprise. But certainly it is going to be wonderfully, wonderfully fine!

Vogelreuter. And you are happy, Curly-locks, eh?

Trude. Oh, papa, really! Indeed I do not deserve so much happiness.

Vogelreuter. Really, upon my word, you don't deserve it, if you bring such hard eggs as these to the table to your poor old father.

Trude. [*dismayed*] Oh, excuse me! I will at once—

Vogelreuter. Never mind! Never mind! Marikke is having her sleep out, eh?

Trude. If she only would! Ah! daddy, do scold her. Nobody can endure it to work the way Marikke does now. She is here looking out for the housekeeping one day, and the next she is in town, and at night she is sitting up for hours in the railway train. If she only does not break down.

Vogelreuter. Now! Don't you bother. I'll— [*MRS. VOGELREUTER enters from the left.*]

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Good morning!

Vogelreuter. Morning, Olsche!

Trude. [*throwing her arms around her neck*] Good morning, mamma!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. [*kissing her*] My sweet one! . . . Oh, dear! Oh, dear! We shall say 'Good morning' to each other only four times more, and then it will all be over.

Trude. You will be coming for a visit soon, mamma!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Ah! What is a visit! [*weeps.*]

Vogelreuter. Now, my dear! Don't get excited. Tears on an empty stomach — Br-r! That's poison.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Who did up your hair last night, darling?

Trude. The housekeeper.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. It is easy to see that Marikke was not here. Speaking of her, you know, I opened her door a while ago to see if she were asleep. There she sat, still dressed, just as she came from the railway station, with a book in her lap, staring, wide-eyed, into the sky.

Vogelreuter. Well! Well! I thought that craze of hers for reading had passed long ago.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. You know, I keep thinking that we ought to watch over her more carefully.

Vogelreuter. She needs no one to watch her. She has backbone. But, indeed we must spare her more.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. But Henry! Not now? Four days before the wedding! Who can think of sparing any one now?

Vogelreuter. Huh! Do you know. . . .hmm!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. I love the child dearly, Henry, you know that. Dear me! Still, she is not like our own sweet one.

Trude. She is far better than I am, mamma.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Now hear her modesty! But nobody believes that.

Trude. Just think, mamma! What if she were the one to be married and I were the one to stay at home!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Then we would be keeping with us our Sunshine and our Comfort and our — [*studying the coffee urn*] Oh! Oh! I can't express it at all. But there's something strange the matter today. . .

Trude. Why, mamma!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Dear! Dear! Everything is so — so — so. . . [*showing how upside-down things are*] If Marikke is not sleeping, surely then she might come down-stairs.

Trude. [*caresses her, laughing*] You see, mamma! You can't even live through breakfast without her.

[*GEORGE VON HARTWIG enters.*]

Vogelreuter. Well! You sleepy-head! Are you up, at last?

George. [*patting him on the hand*] Oh, now! dear uncle, go easy. Don't begin to scold right off.

Vogelreuter. Can't you begin to call me 'father' now, my boy?

George. As soon as the wedding is over. 'Morning, auntie! [*kisses her hand*] Well, now, little one! [*kisses TRUDE.*]

Trude. [*nestling against him*] George! [*laughing suddenly*] Why, just look at him, his hair is all full of hayseed!

George. Well, then, brush it off nicely, little one.

Vogelreuter. So you sleep out in the haymow now from choice?

George. Sleep! Heavens! Who can sleep on such nights as these? I have been ranging about over the meadows since God knows when. Such St. John's days! They are enough to drive one mad. There are no nights! It's never dark any more. Yesterday evening I sat by my window till late thinking. Eigh! The cursed nightingales give you no rest; you can't get to sleep. All at once the yellow thrush starts in. Before you know it, it's morning. To the left stands the sunset-glow, to the right the flush of dawn — both, there quite peacefully, side by side. 'Out of glow and glow springs the new day!' Ah, how beautiful it is! Give me some coffee!

Vogelreuter. But see here! Do you actually mean to stay with us until the wedding?

George. Why, of course.

Vogelreuter. But will that do? Whoever heard of such a thing?

Trude. [*pleading*] Now, papa!

George. It's all one to me. You can turn me out of doors, to be sure. In that case I might put up at the tavern in Prachtel.

Vogelreuter. Yes, and bring the fleas with you in the morning.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Oh! Henry, shame!

Vogelreuter. It's true.

George. Allow me! On the 20th the wedding takes place. I applied to the magistrate for leave of absence from the 19th. It is my first vacation in my new position, so I can't waste it going about here and there. But the wedding! Here's to it! Let's have it now!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. But George! The trousseau won't be ready.

George. Besides, where could I go? I have no home now. Marikke is getting that ready for me. By the way, has she come home?

TRUDE *nods*.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Now, what's the matter? You pull such a long face, all at once. Have you been quarreling with Marikke?

George. Why, no, what an idea! But I cannot bear to have that girl work so for me. If it would spare her in the least I should prefer to stay in Königsberg.

Trude. Oh, you! She isn't doing all this for your sake, but mine.

George. Don't be so vain, you little monkey.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. [*petting her*] But George, who could help doing it for her? She's such a darling!

George. As befits my bride.

Vogelreuter. And don't you be so conceited, do you hear?

George. I am not conceited, uncle, I am only frank.

Vogelreuter. Frank, are you? Then since you are so frank, my boy, suppose you explain how you came to leave such a scribble as this on my desk?

George. Oh! uncle, don't begin to quarrel so early in the morning. Wait until later.

Vogelreuter. All right. But what does this scribble of yours mean?

George. That is my balance sheet. I am a free man and I rejoice in it. I can support my wife. You see! That's the whole story!

Vogelreuter. But I tell you, you blockhead. . . .

Marikke. [*entering from the right*] Ah, papa, pardon me!
Good morning!

Trude. [*falling on her neck*] Marikke! My Marikke!

Marikke. [*kissing her*] Darling! [*then going to VOGELREUTER she kisses his hand*].

Vogelreuter. Well! So you are safe home again. . . ? Whew! Hold your head up! What troubles you? Head up, I say. Did anything go wrong with you last night?

Marikke. [*hesitatingly*] N-n-no.

Vogelreuter. [*to MRS. VOGELREUTER*] Just look at her. She's positively livid.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. What's the matter, child?

Marikke. Mamma, dear, I sat up in the train all night. So I have had scarcely any sleep.

Vogelreuter. Well, are you through at last with this cursed business?

Marikke. I must go to town o n c e more; but pardon me, papa, the new Assistant Pastor is out at the gate and—

Vogelreuter. Who?

Marikke. The Assistant Pastor.

Vogelreuter. [to TRUDE] What are you laughing at so plaguily?

Trude. [pulling at MARIKKE'S skirt and with difficulty suppressing her giggling] O-Oh! I am not l-l-laughing at all.

Vogelreuter. [to MARIKKE] Well, what does he want?

Marikke. He says he does not venture to come in so early. But perhaps you would be good enough just to . . .

Vogelreuter. Nonsense. He must come in.

Marikke. Very well, papa.

George. Good morning, Marikke!

Marikke. Good morning, George. [Goes out.]

Vogelreuter. [to TRUDE] If you snicker any longer you will have to be put in the corner, even if it is before your wedding. Look out, now.

Trude. Ah, dear, dearest daddy, really I am ashamed of myself— I won't do so any more. But it is so funny—he is so sweet on Marikke!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. When one is grown-up to be a bride, sweetheart, one does not say 'sweet on' anybody. School-girls talk that way. One ought to say—

George. 'Gone.' [TRUDE laughs out again.]

Mrs. Vogelreuter. [rebukingly to GEORGE] George!

Vogelreuter. Sh!

[Assistant Pastor HAFFKE enters with MARIKKE, who quietly clears away the breakfast dishes during the following]:

Haffke [who speaks in a rustic way with a peculiar drawl]. I scarcely dared presume to disturb the ladies so early in the morning—

Vogelreuter. Eight o'clock is not early here in the country, pastor. You will soon find that out.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. How is the dear old gentleman today?

Haffke. [shrugging his shoulders] Tchck!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Not worse, I hope?

Haffke. I always say that a man must submit to growing old, and if one is eighty it cannot be helped.

Vogelreuter. You are a philosopher. Will you have a drink?

Haffke. Yes, indeed; two, if necessary.

Vogelreuter. That's right. You talk like a man. [*Pours him out one.*]

Haffke. Yes, indeed! Here's to you! [*They touch little fingers.*]

Vogelreuter. Won't you join us, George?

George. Thank you; later.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. How long have you been here, pastor?

Haffke. Three weeks.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. And how do you like it?

Haffke. God be praised! Anywhere in the world pleases me, you know. It is very beautiful, everywhere. But here it is especially so. Here there is something more, you know. Here is not merely glitter [*looking around at MARIKKE*] but light. . . . Here is not only gayety, but happiness. [*Springing up and going towards MARIKKE.*] Ah, permit me, dear miss, you have dropped this napkin. [*Picks it up and reaches it to her.*].

Marikke [*smilingly*] Thank you, pastor. [*Goes out.*]

[*TRUDE, seized with a fresh fit of laughter, follows her.*]

Vogelreuter. Excuse her, pastor. She is still but a child.

Haffke. Ah! Don't mind her. She is quite right. I cannot break myself of this so-called gallantry. And how can a man be gallant in a long coat like this? It is not suitable.

George. Tell me, pastor, how did you happen to come to this place?

Haffke. Well, you see, that has to do with this coat, too. We of our mess-corps, four of our class, were all waiting our chance to battle against the sins of the world, and among us all I was the only one who found himself in what you might call good circumstances, and because now one and now another of us had to appear before the examining committee my best coat became somewhat shabby from so much lending. Besides, it did not fit the other fellows at all. So I said: 'Fellows, suppose we all go to the tailor and have him make us a coat which shall be, as it were, a composite coat to fit everybody.' So we did. Within four weeks an old comrade, who is second assistant at the Cathedral, came to us candidates and said: 'You holy men, come here and bring the dice-box along, for down there in East Prussia is an old man too feeble to preach any more. I have to get a supply for him. Throw for it.' But the others said unanimously: 'No, no!

Haffke must have the place, because he has shared his black coat with us.' So now I have to wear it all the time and I am, alas! not so pious as I look.

Vogelreuter. Courage, man! Courage! you soon will be.

Haffke. Ah! But you must not think that I wear it unwillingly, or that I am not gladly a preacher. For just think! Why! Most men fill me with pity! The very heart in my body is upset with pity for them. Surely our Lord Jesus knew the like compassion; and shall I then not gladly follow in His footsteps! Besides, it was my father's wish. My father is a well-to-do landholder. There are, to be sure, no large estates in the lowlands. But he has [*spoken emphatically, but also with some reproach*] considerable money. I get my common way of speaking from my father. I would scarcely do for a city preacher. But I am good enough for my countrymen. And in time I will cure myself of my gallantry. Here's to you!

Vogelreuter. You are a good fellow. Will you stay here? Will you take the old pastor's place?

Haffke. Gladly.

Vogelreuter. You will get my vote.

Haffke. Now, just think of that! Then I would have a parish. [*Looking around.*] And then I would only lack — . . . Well! Well! But the reason why I came was because the old pastor, you know, is unable to prepare the marriage discourse.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Ah!

Vogelreuter. [*indifferently*] Just as I thought.

Haffke. Now the question is: would you rather postpone it or will you entrust the affair to such a youngster as I am?

Vogelreuter. Pastor, if we had not heard you from the pulpit I would have said: 'No; you are too much of a stranger to us.' But such kindness, such warmth comes from your mouth that I believe — eh! Christine?

[*MRS. VOGELREUTER nods*].

Vogelreuter. And you, George?

George. I am not sure, pastor, I may deceive myself, but I believe we two are in sympathy.

Haffke. In my case that is saying little. I am in extraordinary sympathy with everybody.

George. Anyhow, I am glad —

Haffke. Then pray leave us a while. In order to do my duty by you I need to learn something bad about you.

George. [*gives him his hand, laughing*] Make it as easy for me as you can, then. [*Goes out.*]

Haffke. You will permit me to take down a few notes for my discourse?

Vogelreuter. To be sure, pastor.

Haffke. Then, with your permission: Your nephew stands in very intimate relations with your family, does he not?

Vogelreuter. Quite right.

Haffke. How did that come about?

Vogelreuter. Yes, yes! How that comes about: We had, here in East Prussia, you know, in '67, that frightful famine year. Do you remember it?

Haffke. Very little. I was still quite young.

Vogelreuter. It was frightful. Potatoes rotted in the ground. Fodder was ruined. Rye there was none. We landholders I can tell you! — Ah! My brother-in-law, my dead sister's husband, who had an estate over there in Ragnitz, found one day that he could not pay his interest any more, so he, with all his pride of birth — that was the class of man he was — put a bullet through his head.

Haffke. Oh, horrible! horrible! Was your sister still living then?

Vogelreuter. No, thank God! Well! and ever since that day —

Haffke. Pardon the interruption of a question that has nothing directly to do with this matter. I have heard the people in the village call your foster-daughter, Marikke, the 'Unlucky Child.' Does that, perhaps, have something to do with this year's misfortune?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Don't you know about that, pastor? Yes, only think how we happened on that child. In that same awful winter — wait a minute, I am going to tell him about this first — my husband and I were coming from Heideborg, the village yonder, where we had established a soup-kitchen. At the corner of the woods, just where it makes off from the road, all of a sudden our horse shied. We looked out and there lay stretched across the road a poor Lithuanian woman with a child at her breast, declaring she wanted to be run over. We bundled the woman into the sleigh. How

she looked!

Vogelreuter. And I found live things in the fur robes, I can tell you, pastor, for a quarter of a year afterwards.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. And the little baby. . . . Oh, my! Oh, my! But when we had bathed it and fed it and laid it on a pretty white pillow, and when it smiled up at us, with its wan pretty face, my husband said: 'See here, wife! Perhaps Heaven has sent this child to us. It is to be our share in the great misfortune.'

Vogelreuter. For we did not have Trude then, you must know.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. No, she did not come to us until three years later. Where was I?—oh, yes,—then we bought off the drunken mother, and were glad enough when she cleared out, for she smelt so of Hoffman's drops you could hardly stand her.

Vogelreuter [*explaining*]. That is what the toppers around here drink instead of whisky.

Haffke. What a pity! What a pity!

Vogelreuter. But to return to my nephew—

Haffke. Pardon me one more question. How did it turn out later as to the mother?

Vogelreuter. Oh, yes; that's a sad chapter. And this very day,—

Mrs. Vogelreuter. This very day?—what?

Vogelreuter. Oh, Heavens!—nothing. Don't interrupt! Well pastor, you're right. The woman returned, of course, and as we would not let her see the child, we gave her some more money. Of course the beast saw through that quick enough and she has become the worst plague in the country.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Wasn't that the mother's instinct, though, Henry?

Vogelreuter. Oh, of course! It must have been the mother's instinct, since every time she honored us with her company something disappeared, so at last I had to put the police on guard at the door. Huh! that scared her off.

Haffke. And how does your foster-daughter take it? Has she any suspicion? Does she know?

Vogelreuter. We told her her mother was dead. *She* saw her once, though.

Haffke. When did that mischance occur?

Vogelreuter. On her confirmation-day. Just as the girl was coming out of the church we heard a shriek. What was up? The old hag had been watching the procession, and she fell on her knees before her, clasped her in her arms, and covered her hands and feet with kisses.

Haffke [*shuddering*]. Frightful.

Vogelreuter. I snatched the child away at once, as you may imagine, and carried her home. But we had to explain the affair to her. A drunken vagrant, we told her. I am not sure whether she believed it or not. She was quite ill after it.

Haffke. And now, Mr. Vogelreuter? How is it now?

Vogelreuter [*roguishly*]. How anxiously you ask, pastor.

George. [*entering from center, TRUDE behind him*] Now, then, have you quite disposed of my character by this time?

Vogelreuter. Well, really, we have not even begun on it. The pastor was more interested elsewhere.

Haffke [*earnestly*]. You must not believe that, Mr. von Hartwig. But there are destinies bearing so mysterious an impress — [*He motions with his eyes toward MARIKKE, who enters from the left with an armful of laundered pieces.*]

George [*following the glance*]. You are right.

Haffke. If you will permit me, I will call another time about the discourse.

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*reaching him her hand*]. You know you will always find a welcome with us.

Vogelreuter. Remember us to the dear old pastor. Towards evening we will come, as usual, to inquire for him.

Haffke. That reminds me. I had almost forgotten. He begs that if you bring an eggnog again that you will make it a little sweeter. It wasn't sweet enough last time.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Dear me! The poor old gentleman!

Haffke. Don't speak so, Mrs. Vogelreuter. When all our wishes and hopes cling to a lump of sugar we shall be well out of our misery. Good day! [*To MARIKKE.*] My dear Miss Marikke, may I say, till we meet again?

Marikke [*preoccupied*]. Good-bye! [*HAFFKE escorted by VOGELREUTER goes out.*]

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Now, you need not feel guilty, my sweet pet. No one shall scold you.

Trude. Ah! I am so ashamed. He was so jolly when he came and now his feelings are hurt. He was surely vexed.

George. Not vexed, only a little serious.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. How does he please you, anyhow, Marikke?

Marikke [*who is folding up the laundered pieces, looking up*]. Who, mamma?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Why, the new pastor.

Marikke. Oh, mamma; I have had so much on my mind for the last few days I have not given him a thought.

Trude [*to GEORGE, aside*]. Now, George, you tell her.

Marikke. Trude, how about our Manzanillo-tree? Are any blossoms out this morning?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. What! You have not even been to see that beloved tree of yours?

Marikke. I have had no time, mamma!

Trude. Now, tell her now.

George. Marikke, you mustn't drudge so for us. Trude does not wish you to either. It is almost a sin for us to allow it.

[*MARIKKE looks into vacancy and hums softly*].

Trude. She is not listening to you at all, she is singing to herself.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. What are you singing?

Marikke. I? Singing?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Yes, you were singing this very minute.

Marikke. Oh! . . . Last night at the station in Insterburg I heard a song . . . A Lithuanian song. Some gipsies were singing it in a fourth-class coach. Listen! It went . . . yes . . . this way [*sings*]:

‘Zwirio czenay, zwirio tenay
Kam' mano bernyczo
Rid wid wil dai dai . . .
Nêr mano bernyczo . . .’

George. And the Lithuanian words, did you remember them just from hearing them once?

Marikke. Of course.

George. How in the world did you learn them?

Marikke. I have always known them.

George. What do they mean?

Marikke. Oh, really, they mean nothing. [*Sings.*] 'Here,'...

No... [*Sings*]:

'I looked here, I looked there;

Where then is my Lover?

Rid wid wil dai dai,

Nowhere — is my Lover.'

VOGELREUTER, *re-entering during the last words, goes softly up to MARIKKE and catches her from behind.*]

[*MARIKKE screams.*]

Vogelreuter. There, now! Patience, my gipsy. A lover will be coming to you some day, . . . perhaps he's on the way now. . . . Well, what's the matter? Haven't I got you?

Marikke [*who with tearful sobs has nestled close to him*]. You — frightened me — so!

Vogelreuter. How long since you have been so easily frightened? . . . This morning, especially, eh? . . . Has anything happened to you?

Marikke. I told you before: nothing.

Vogelreuter. Something has happened, though! . . . I can tell you that straight, and now speak out and tell me the truth.

Marikke. Well, then! . . . Something did happen.

Vogelreuter. Out with it, then! Go on!

Marikke. Some one annoyed me!

Vogelreuter. Annoy —! Where was it?

Marikke. Not far from the house.

Vogelreuter. When was it? As you were coming from the station?

Marikke. Yes.

Vogelreuter. That's beyond me! Everybody around here knows you. Every one knows you are no runabout. How did he look? Was he a workman or a gentleman?

Marikke. A — gentleman. —

Vogelreuter. What did he say to you?

Marikke. He did not say anything.

Vogelreuter. Did he take hold of you, or try to?

Marikke. No!

Vogelreuter. I thought you said he annoyed you?

Marikke. Annoyed me! Yes.

Vogelreuter. You mean he followed you?

Marikke. YES.

Vogelreuter. How far?

Marikke. To the gate. I opened it quickly. And then he turned away.

Vogelreuter [*to* GEORGE]. What do you say to that?

[GEORGE *shrugs his shoulders.*]

Vogelreuter. It's a very peculiar story. . . . And that's what frightened you so?

Marikke. Oh! Now I am quite myself again.

Vogelreuter [*raising her face towards his*]. You don't look so to me.

Trude. Now, papa, don't torment her.

Vogelreuter. Off with you now and take a good long nap.

Marikke. Not yet, papa, I can't. I must have a talk with George first. It's about his study. I don't know where to put the big bookcase.

Vogelreuter. You can talk about that some other time.

Marikke. No. I am afraid I shall forget how the other things are placed.

Vogelreuter. Very well, I don't care. [*To* MRS. VOGELREUTER.] I am going down to the cow-stalls. Will you come along?

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*rising and putting aside her needlework*]. Of course I will.

Vogelreuter. [*To* MARIKKE.] But see here, now! Listen to me! For the next few days you are not to leave this house for one minute without an escort. Not a step outside the door — do you hear?

Trude. But why not, papa?

Vogelreuter. After what's happened. [*To* TRUDE.] Nor you either. . . . Never in all my life has such a thing ever happened here. . . .

Mrs. Vogelreuter. But, Henry, in broad daylight, it seems to me it is quite different then.

Vogelreuter. It's all the same. I have my reasons. . . . Besides [*going towards the door*] Come, I have something to tell you. . . .

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*as she passes by, patting MARIKKE on the head*].
Now, see, my dear, that you take a good rest. [*They go out.*]

Marikke. Trude, you must go too.

Trude. I! Why?

Marikke. You know why, darling — the furnishing.

Trude. Oh, that silly old furnishing. A wedding isn't Christmas.

George. We shall be glad if it turns out to be a Christmas for us,
Little One.

Trude. All right, if you take it so. But don't be too long. [*Goes out.*]

George. Why are you so suddenly lost in thought?

Marikke. I. . . Oh, I — I am picturing to myself how the corner-room — your study — will look.

George. Marikke, dear, how can we ever thank you enough for all you are doing?

Marikke. Don't mention it, George. I have my own reward. When I am arranging the furniture I think how it will all become a part of your life. I say to myself, 'Here they will sit and drink tea; there you will work in your study; and here you will rest when your work is over. . . and that's all so comforting. . . I even took a trial nap for you yesterday. . . Yes, really; but there is something I must speak to you about, George: In the moving an accident happened. The large mirror from the best room was cracked.

George. Well, if our friendship is not cracked! . . .

Marikke. It will not be.

George. Never on my side, Marikke!

Marikke. And certainly never on mine. . . And then I had the large mahogany book-case polished. Is that satisfactory?

George. Everything you do satisfies me.

Marikke [*hesitatingly*]. And now — I must — tell you about something, George. Something important. When I unpacked the bookcase I found behind the books a blue note-book.

George [*still without suspecting*]. What sort of a note-book?

Marikke. George, you ought not to leave that lying around, not even hidden behind the books, George, when Trude comes into the house.

George. For God's sake, what note-book was it?

Marikke. I think — it contains — poems. . . .

George. You think it contains — poems! . . . I have missed that book ever since last winter. I thought I had lost it! Marikke, tell me now, did you read the book through?

Marikke. N-n-no.

George. Then, why do you say I mustn't leave it around?

Marikke. I read the first poem and I began the second. And then I thought: Now, you'd better leave that alone.

George. And you did not look at any of the other poems — not in the middle of the book or anywhere?

Marikke. No.

George. Will you swear to that?

Marikke. Yes, I will.

George. Then swear!

Marikke. I swear! Now, are you satisfied?

George. Thank Heaven! You must not imagine, though, Marikke, that those poems are anything I am ashamed of. No, I have held those little writings of mine most sacred always. Four years ago something came to me — was graven into my soul. . . . that no one knows or dreams of. And no one must ever know.

Marikke. No one? . . . Not even I?

George. You? . . . Not even you. What did you do with that book? . . . Give it back to me!

Marikke [*puts her hand up to her breast, then she turns her back and takes the book from her bosom*]. Here it is.

George. How shall I thank you, Marikke? How can I ever thank you?

Marikke. You can do me one favor. Promise me you will.

George. If I can; certainly.

Marikke. George, I must confess to you first. I deceived papa just now, when he questioned me. It was no man who annoyed me last night. . . . It was a woman. . . a Lithuanian woman. . . George, that woman was my mother.

George [*stunned*]. But, Marikke, I thought your mother was dead.

Marikke. My God! It is not true. None of you have ever told me the truth. That was my mother who waylaid me on my confirmation-day. It was the same woman last night. I would take the Lord's supper on it,

but it was so.

George. Tell me about it. How did it happen?

Marikke. I was walking along quietly — it was already almost light— when something stood up from the ditch alongside of the road. I looked and it was a beggar-woman, and she called out, ‘Marikke! . . . my little lady! my little daughter!’ I grew cold with fright, and I began to run, while I heard always behind me, ‘Marikke, my little lady, my little daughter.’ And now I realize that I ran away from my — own mother!

George. Hm!

Marikke. You see, dear, dear George, that was wrong. I cannot be responsible for that. So now I beg of you earnestly, so earnestly: I must see her again. I must know who I am . . . and since papa has forbidden me to leave the house — and since I am — afraid besides, or else I would do it in spite of him, — therefore I beg you, dear George, go find her, please, you find her . . . She will surely be in the neighborhood . . . in the village, or at the station, or along the road.

George. And then?

Marikke. Then bring her to me — into the garden — or better still, here into this room — towards evening, when papa and mamma have gone over to see the old pastor.

George. Marikke, I can’t do that.

Marikke. I ask of you for the first time to do something for me and you say you cannot.

George. But, Marikke, see! You have been awfully good to me . . . You have not always been so, the more’s the pity, but even if you had done more for me I could not do that. No, not behind the parents’ back. I don’t know what might come out of it!

Marikke. But, George, only think how even an ‘Unlucky Child’ like me must long just once to know her own mother, even if she is only a Lithuanian beggar-woman. I long to lay my head on her shoulder, and be petted, and cry myself to sleep on my own mother’s breast!

George. Are you not petted? Isn’t mamma always kind to you?

Marikke. Yes, but it is not the same, not the same. Never in my life have I so longed as I do now for my own flesh and blood.

George. Why now?

Marikke. Because . . . my heart is . . . bursting . . . [*Pleading.*]

George!

George. I don't know what will come of it. I dare not.

Marikke. So, you are like that?

George. Yes, I am like that.

Marikke. George!

George. Hm!

Marikke. George, have you forgotten what you said a little while ago was graven into your soul four years ago?

George [*after a silence*]. Marikke, you did read the book through?

Marikke. Yes, I did read the book through. Will you do it now?

George. Marikke, why did you swear falsely?

Marikke [*shrugging her shoulders*]. Oh, my God! . . . still, will you not do it?

George. So be it! I will.

CURTAIN.

ACT II

The same scene.

SCENE I

The Housekeeper [*at the door at the right*]. May I come in, Miss Marikke?

Marikke [*who is sitting at the sewing-table with linen garments in her lap, looking out into the garden dreamily*]. Oh, is that you? Come right in.

Housekeeper. You're a-sitting, I see, at work — on — little Trude's clothes. Lord! If that ain't a wardrobe fit for a royal princess! But just listen, the Missus has given me the orders for the wedding-dinner. Yes! un' you know about the fish! To be sure, I'm always for home markets. But carp, law! you know carp's too common.

Marikke. Why so? Carp is quite fine.

Housekeeper. It's too common when it's Miss Trude a-having her wedding. When it's you a-having your wedding, why then we can have carp.

Marikke [*smiling*]. Perhaps carp is too poor for me, too.

Housekeeper. Naw! Naw! — Everything in its place. I'll make it fine for you with a very fine Polish sauce. You'll see how good it will be. But little Miss Trude must have sea-fish. Come now, write to Königsberg about it, right away.

Marikke. Very well! I will speak to mamma about it.

Housekeeper. You're not offended?

Marikke. Oh, no!

Housekeeper. For after all you see you're only a poor Lithuanian foundling.

Marikke. I know.

Housekeeper. But we're all fond of you, though. Then about the apple-salad. We'll make that together, both of us, won't we?

Marikke. Have you seen anything of Mr. George?

Housekeeper. Why, no. . . . But now, Miss Marikke, just listen to me and I'll tell you something fine. The young assistant, the new pastor, or whatever he is, is in love with you.

Marikke. Yes?

Housekeeper. He is going to ask for your hand.

Marikke. Ah!

Housekeeper. You'll have your luck, too, Miss Marikke, you mark my words. . . . You'll be a St. John's bride yet.

Marikke. What is that?

Housekeeper. What's a St. John's bride? I will tell you! In the new seal of Solomon it is written whoever receives or gives the kiss of love on St. John's Day will be faithful in love until death. — So it is written in the new seal of Solomon.

Marikke. Indeed!

Trude [*entering from the center with her hands behind her back*]. Marikke, I have something for you.

Marikke. What is it?

Trude. But she [*pointing to the HOUSEKEEPER*] must go out first. Clear out, clear out!

Housekeeper. I am going, honey, I am going! [*Goes.*]

Trude. Now, shut your eyes!

[*MARIKKE does it.*]

[TRUDE holds a bunch of orange-colored tulip-like flowers, with maple-like leaves, before her face.]

Marikke. The Manzanillo-tree! . . . The first flowers from our Manzanillo-tree! [Burying her face in the bunch.] So that is in bloom!

Trude. Now, aren't you glad?

Marikke. Oh, yes, darling, thank you!

Trude. And think who gathered them for you? . . . George!

Marikke. For me?

Trude. Yes, and I grew quite faint, I can tell you, as he was hanging up there on the tree, so high in the air.

Marikke. To think he did it . . . for me!

Trude. My! How proud you are right off. He would do much more than that for me.

Marikke. Oh, yes, for you! . . . But where is he now?

Trude. I don't know. I never know where he is, today.

Marikke. Did he say he had to go anywhere?

Trude. Yes, he said he wanted to go over into the fields. That was quite a while ago. I asked to go with him and I begged and I begged, but he would not let me.

Marikke. Ah! [She sighs.]

Trude. He is always away today. Papa has asked for him two or three times. Today, especially, he is so—so—yes!— You know, at times, he is not nice to me.

Marikke. But, dear child, that can't be true.

Trude. Sometimes . . . If I did not know he loved me! . . . And, besides, sometimes,— I don't know as I ought to tell you . . . Yes, I will! . . . Sometimes I am afraid that some one will take him away from me.

Marikke [smiling]. George— from you? Who could do that?

Trude. Oh, I don't know. But sometimes he looks at me— a little lovingly— but almost pityingly— He must not pity me! Why should he? When I am so happy.

Marikke [petting her]. If you are only happy!

Trude. And then I am forever fearing that perhaps he loves some one else and treats me, as he does, just out of pity, or,— Oh, if I only knew!

Marikke. But darling!

Trude. Just think! I am still so young. How silly I acted only this morning! Afterwards I was so sorry. But I do so love to laugh!

Marikke. And you shall laugh — always — always —

Trude. Besides — you know — mamma thinks I do not love him in the right way. I love him, as a child loves, mamma thinks, not like a woman.

Marikke [*embarrassed, abstracted*]. And he will be a young father.

Trude. Wouldn't he? We love like children love, mamma thinks. And mamma thinks that it is too soon anyhow for me. But mamma fusses because I am going to leave her. Marikke, you will be good to her, won't you? You will soon be her only one.

Marikke. I — mamma's?

Trude. Why, yes.

Marikke. Whose only one I am I shall soon know.

Trude. What do you mean?

Marikke. There he is.

[*GEORGE comes in, center.*]

Trude [*running up to him*]. George! George!

[*MARIKKE also takes a rapid step toward him, and then halts.*]

Trude [*tousling him*]. Ugh, you rascal!

George. What! What!

Trude. Nothing! I only said rascal.

George [*gently*]. Now, listen, little mouse! That may be well enough in papa's mouth, but it does not suit yours.

Trude. Nothing I do suits you. Everything Marikke does is lovely. Go away! you can marry her!!!

George. Marikke . . . will not have me.

Marikke. George, I give you my best thanks.

George. What for?

Marikke [*lifting up the flowers*]. For these, George, . . .

George. Oh, please, I beg of you. When it is nothing more than that!

Marikke. Were you out in the fields?

George. Yes. I have been out in the fields.

Trude. And papa is angry with you. He has been looking for you all day. He wants to speak to you.

George. Oh! does he! . . . I know why. . . Hm!

Marikke. Which way did you go?

George. Oh! — every way!

Marikke. And did you find anything?

Trude. Why, what was he to find?

George. Yes, that's so. And what could I find? Your — Manzanillo-tree, children, is certainly a comical fellow. . . . He stands out there tall and proud like Saul among the prophets — quite dumbfounded. . .

Trude. My great-grandfather brought it with him from South America. —

George. Is that why you love it so much, Marikke, because it is foreign?

Marikke [*busied with the clothes*]. Perhaps. . . .

Trude. No, that isn't why.

Marikke. Why, what now?

Trude. Now, I'll tell you why. Once when she was in Königsberg with papa he took her with him to the opera. The opera was called 'L'Africaine.'

Marikke [*anxiously*]. Oh! please do keep quiet.

Trude. There comes in, in that opera, a poison-tree — doesn't there?

George. Yes.

Trude. It's called the Manzanillo-tree, isn't it?

George. Quite right.

Trude. And whoever inhales the fragrance of its flowers must die. Do you know what she did after that? I did the same, with her. We would go under our Manzanillo-tree and smell the fallen flowers and then we would lie down a long time —

George. To die?

Trude. Yes, to die!

Marikke. You can imagine, George, what a long while ago that was.

Trude. Oh, my! ever so long ago — four years! We died often then.

[*MARIKKE casts a terrified glance at GEORGE, which he returns reflectingly.*]

Trude. But now we are quite lively again.

George. Thank Heaven! Listen, little one, run and find papa. Tell him I will be with him soon. Oh, please, please!

Trude. Well, if I must . . . Marikke, will you come with me?

Marikke. I would rather stay here.

Trude. Well, so would I.

George. Be good, little one!

[*TRUDE, with a soft sigh, goes out.*]

Marikke [*swiftly and softly*]. Did you find her?

[*GEORGE nods.*]

Marikke. Will she come? Answer me!

George. Oh, Marikke, when I made you that promise this morning, you see I did not fully comprehend it. Until today I never saw your — no, I would rather not utter that word — the Old Hag, as they call her . . . Marikke, I cannot take it upon me to wrong this house so. She ought not to come.

Marikke [*anxiously*]. George!

George. Take uncle in your confidence, at least.

Marikke. No, no! No one but you! Only you!

George. Now just tell me what you really wish to do about this. You belong here. Here you have everything heart could wish. Here you have love — you have —

Marikke. — Bread! Yes, I have bread.

George. Of that I do not speak.

Marikke. But I do. And do I not earn it? I earn the little love I receive here, too. I am 'The Unlucky Child.' But I will accept no favors. I earn all I get.

George. The devil himself is pent up in you today.

Marikke. Indeed, that devil is always pent up in me.

George. Marikke, give it up. Something fatal will come of it. We shall live to see it. Whatever goes against nature revenges itself.

Marikke. Can it be against nature for a child to cry out for its own mother?

George. She is not your mother. Your mother is here in this house.

Marikke. Trude's mother is here. Not mine. A mother must feel for her child . . . know her child's aching heart. She would understand all that is in —

George. Sh!

Trude [*entering*]. What are you two always whispering about?

Please, please tell me! My heart is almost torn to pieces when you talk together so secretly.

Marikke. But, darling, it is all — all — done for you.

George [*with misgivings*]. Hm!

Marikke [*petting her and looking half anxiously toward George*]. Really it is — all — for you.

Vogelreuter [*entering*]. Well, at last you are here? See here, youngster! Where the devil have you been running about, today? It almost looks as if you were trying to keep out of my way.

George. Oh, uncle!

Vogelreuter [*turning to Marikke*]. And you, too! Did you remember the egg-nog for the old pastor?

Marikke. No, I forgot it completely.

Vogelreuter. Get it ready now, then, quick! And more sugar in it, you know.

Marikke. Yes, papa!

Vogelreuter. You, little one, can go and help. It's time you did something for once.

Trude. Yes, papa!

Marikke. But, papa, you can't take it with you, you and mamma, because it will have to cool off first; and that takes forever.

Vogelreuter. Then bring it along with you afterwards.

Marikke [*with a glance at George*]. Can't Trude do it? I have so much to do.

Trude. No. Not I.

Vogelreuter. Yes, indeed you. Precisely you. And see that you don't run right off, as you did last time. Do you hear?

Trude. Oh, papa dear! Last time the old man wanted to hold my hand in his the whole time. And his hand is so cold and wrinkled and hairy, like the hands of the dead.

Vogelreuter. My child, come here! That hairy hand once baptized you — do you hear? And when you were confirmed that hairy hand was laid in blessing upon your head. . . . And can you now refuse to warm it in your warm little child's hand? Never let me hear you say anything like that again. . . . Now kiss me!

[*TRUDE kisses him.*]

Marikke [*who has in the mean time drawn close to George, aside*]. Will you do it? Answer me!

Vogelreuter. Now clear out, both of you. [TRUDE and MARIKKE go out.] Now I can have my innings with you, as the stork said to the angle-worm.

. . . . *George* [*whose eyes had followed the girls out, turning around*]. For all I care. I am ready. But I won't let you swallow me. Take care! I am hard to digest.

Vogelreuter. We will try it, all the same.

George. Exactly, what do you want of me? I have a good position in the Construction Department, a ten-year contract settled with the magistrate, pension-right included, can become city officer, — I wish to enjoy the fruits of my labors, not yours.

Vogelreuter. Indeed!

George. Yes, dear uncle, if you are determined to make a settlement on the husband, anyhow, then you'd better hunt up some poor lieutenant over head and ears in debt. That sort that stand around in the Königsgarten in crowds, and don't even once say "Thank you."

Vogelreuter. You are such a high-strung coxcomb —

George. Right! I am! . . . I haven't anything else in the world but my pride. With that I have attained everything I have attempted to attain in my life.

Vogelreuter [*betraying his pride in him*]. And a little industry also, eh?

George. That was pride, too!

Vogelreuter. You'd like best of all to stir up just such another row as you did twelve years ago.

George. If necessary, yes.

Vogelreuter. Was it necessary then?

George. Was it necessary! I came here for my vacation a perfectly green lad, fresh from graduation, and you declared that I must go with you to Communion. Now, just think! That was a luxury my conscience would not permit me. Then you said, "Very well, if you don't obey, I will cut off your money." And I said, "Do it then." . . . So it all went. It's no joke to go hungry, you can take my word for that; still, I can stand before you today a free and independent man, and I owe that to the consciousness that I have always gone straight ahead in my own way, without compromise or

deceit, without letting anyone have a chance to put the bit between my teeth. And this consciousness of my independence is my proudest possession. I draw all my strength from it. I will never give it up.

Vogelreuter. Who the devil wants you to?

George. Yes, one thing more! I belong to your house. Destiny has so decreed. Therefore the idea never entered my head to look elsewhere for a wife. I feel that I am a part of your family. Yet it could only have come because, ever since that day, I have been inwardly, inwardly, you understand, a free man, uncle. You have, indeed, the heart of a man, but you have a heavy hand. I will not come under your heavy hand again. Therefore I will accept no money whatsoever from you. Now or ever.

Vogelreuter. Really, then, you are afraid of me?

George. I—afraid? Bah!

Vogelreuter. You are a coward in grain.

George. Now, see here! I forbid that.

Vogelreuter. You forbid! In my house, you cub! I am master here.

George. Now see! There we have it!

Vogelreuter. It seems it doesn't please you to have anyone meddle with you or keep an eye over your affairs. That is the gist of it.

George. My life lies open to anybody, up to this day.

Vogelreuter. But perhaps not after today, eh?...Who can say what you have in mind—what may happen over night?

George. That is an insult which I—

Vogelreuter [*putting himself in front of him*]. Well, then, well, come on!

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*with MARIKKE, entering, dressed to go out*]. What have you done to Trude, Henry? She is sitting in her room crying her eyes out.

Vogelreuter. Is the old pastor's eggnog ready?

Marikke. It is brewed, but not—

Vogelreuter. Let her alone, then, to have her pout out first, and then she can bring it along after us later.

Marikke. Yes, papa.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Well, Henry?

Vogelreuter. Why now, what do you want?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Are we ready to go now?

Vogelreuter. Just sit down by the door out there and wait a minute. We have something to settle up yet, we two.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Why! What's the matter with George? He is so —

Vogelreuter. I have been taking down his pride a little. It doesn't seem to suit him.

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*patting* GEORGE]. Patience, George. After the wedding you can laugh at both of us.

Vogelreuter [*half to himself*]. We will see about that! [*MRS. VOGELREUTER goes out with MARIKKE.*] We can't sing to this tune any longer. We should be shooting each other next. So, now I shall have to master you, my son.

George. Indeed! I am curious to know how.

Vogelreuter. My child loves you. You are her idol. As to the marriage itself nothing must be disturbed. . . . But — uh-uh-see here! Where do you get your right to this cursed pride?

George. Do I need your endorsement for it? — Huh!

Vogelreuter. When I see you stamping about so, clicking your heels together, it is just as if your blessed father stood there before me.

George [*startled*]. What do you want with my father? He has been dead these twenty years.

Vogelreuter. That he left it to me to care for you from childhood, — of that I need not speak, although that fact alone ought to be reason enough to make you think twice before you try to domineer over me, show your teeth in this way, to me, but — uh — uh —

George. Uncle, do what you like with me; but leave my father alone. Let him sleep in peace!

Vogelreuter. Yes, and he can sleep in peace, I think, only because I took care of that.

George. Do you —?

Vogelreuter. Yes, I say; who was it who paid up his debts of honor when he lay dead and disgraced?

George [*after a pause*]. Uncle, you ought not to have told me that. [*He sinks in a chair and covers his face with his hands.*]

Vogelreuter. Yes, my boy. . . . [*He starts to speak and wanders*

silently around the room.] See here! [He takes a cigar, goes to light it, breaks it and throws it away.]

George. Uncle, you ought not to have said that.

Vogelreuter. Heavens! you knew it before.

George. Yes, I knew it. Still you ought not to have said it again, now. Twelve years ago, when you raised your whip and I reached for the bread-knife—

Vogelreuter. I ought not to have done that.

George. No, uncle, you should not have taken up the whip, nor I that knife. But what I learned of you then for the first time—is the real reason why I will never accept anything from you again. Now, you know. From that time forth I was resolved to work till I wore my fingers to the bone, if only I might be free from you at last. I hated you. Oh, God! How from the bottom of my heart I hated you.

Vogelreuter. Simply because I had shielded your father's honor?

George. No! Because after you had done it, you made use of the fact as a weapon to humble and degrade me. That was less noble.

Vogelreuter. My boy, a man takes up whatever weapon he finds at hand.

George. Even if it is the butt-end of a whip! Well, I am as weak as a child again. I realize that I have no right to any pride whatsoever. My paternal inheritance does not permit it. Give me whatever you like. I'll pocket it.

Vogelreuter. No, no. I will take no advantage of you in this mood. In the end you would begin to hate me again.

George. Let it go, uncle. That's over. I will gulp it down. Ugh!

Vogelreuter. George!

Marikke [entering]. Pardon me, papa! But mamma sent me to ask if you were never going to be ready.

Vogelreuter. As far as I am concerned I am ready now. [*Fumbles for his cap.*] Huh! Now he sits hunched up there in a heap of grief. Give him some brandy, Marikke, to brace up his bones. . . . [*Goes to the door, and turns back again.*] George!

George. Uncle!

[*VOGELREUTER reaches out his hand to him.*]

George. Of course I cannot refuse your hand. [*They grasp hands.*]

Vogelreuter. And your heart, too, I'll win, you ^{fool}head! [*Lower as he goes out.*] You blamed idiot!

Marikke. George, what did he say to you?

George. Don't ask! Don't ask! [*Walks up and down the room.*] For this have I struggled hard and gone sleepless, with but one aim before me: to be free, to be free, — and now I must crawl, I must, I must crawl. If that child were not innocent of the whole thing I would not endure such insults. But now, I am under the yoke!

Marikke [*hesitatingly, comfortingly*]. I see nothing for you but love in this house. George, your yoke here is very light.

George. How long since you have been so pious?

Marikke. I am not pious.

George. What was that you said before? 'I am the "Unlucky Child," but I ask no favors' . . . I, too, am an 'Unlucky Child.' Only I permit myself to accept all they give me — all!

Marikke. You — an 'unlucky child' — you?

George. Faugh! Was I not, also, left, like you, to be picked up? Do I not belong to this house — just as you do? Am I not stifled also with their charity, just as you are?

Marikke. I accept willingly what I earn.

George. And serve willingly, too.

Marikke. I serve willingly.

George. But I — I want to rule.

Marikke. And you shall rule.

George [*ironically*]. Oh, yes, I rule! [*Walks to and fro.*]

Marikke. George!

George. Ha?

Marikke. Oh, pardon me! Now, you won't want to think any more of — what you — you —?

George. Oh!

Marikke. I know it is inexcusable of me. When you are so absorbed in your own affairs — And you did not want to do it before.

George. But now! Ha-ha! . . . Ha-ha-ha! I go my own gait. I owe no one any allegiance any more. I'll do it. Now, more than ever, I'll do it.

Marikke. Oh! Thank you, George! Oh! How I thank you!

George. Don't thank me at all.

Marikke. Where is she now?

George. Behind the hedge — in the garden — waiting.

Marikke. Oh! Don't keep her waiting any longer. Bring her in here!

George. But Trude has not gone.

Marikke. I'll see that she does go. When I come out on the terrace, then she will be gone.

George. Marikke! For your own sake! This is the last time. I warn you. Misfortune will surely follow this.

Marikke. One misfortune more or less in the world matters little.

George. Are you like that, too? Then I am quite sure. . . . So be it! Now, then, we shall feel the pinch of reality. [*Reaches for his hat. Goes out center.*]

Marikke [*opening the door to the left, calls*]. Trude, Trude! [*A door is heard to shut.*]

Trude's voice [*whimpering*]. What is it?

Marikke. Come quickly! Papa will be angry. Come!

Trude's voice. I am coming. [*After a few seconds she appears at the door.*]

Marikke. Why darling! What's the matter? Your eyes are quite red. [*Caressing her.*] Why do you cry so piteously?

Trude. Where is George?

Marikke [*unconcernedly*]. Oh! perhaps he has gone out in the fields again?

Trude [*snuffling*]. Didn't even say good-bye to me!

Marikke [*consolingly*]. Had heard you were crying, perhaps. So he would not disturb you.

Trude. How your eyes look! Your eyes look so strange!

Marikke. I have such eyes as God gave me. You must be content with them, little lamb.

Trude [*mistrustfully*]. Hm! Hm! [*A knock on the door at the left.*]

Marikke. Come in.

A Maid Servant [*with a basket*]. Here is the egnog for the old pastor! There are a couple of fresh loaves of cake, too. Look out that

you don't crush them, the Housekeeper said.

Marikke. Very well. [*The maid-servant goes.*]

Trude. Bye-bye, Marikke.

Marikke. Bye-bye, Trude.

[*TRUDE takes up the basket and goes through the middle door.*]

Marikke [*anxiously watching her*]. Oh! why are you going that way?

Trude. I would rather go through the garden and across the field. Then perhaps I'll meet George.

Marikke. But you must not cross the fields alone. Papa has forbidden it.

Trude. But perhaps I'll meet George.

Marikke. But if you don't meet him! No, no, I can't allow it. No. I will not allow it after such a fright as I had last night.

Trude. Marikke, dear, are you displeased with me?

Marikke. Darling! [*They embrace each other warmly.*]

Trude. Well, then, I will go this way. [*Again she looks through the door in every direction.*] Give my love to George.

Marikke. I shall probably not see him.

Trude. No? . . . Perhaps you will, though.

Marikke. Then I'll give him your love.

Trude. All right! [*Goes out right.*]

[*MARIKKE hastens out on the terrace and motions outside towards the garden, then locks the doors right and left, goes again to the middle door, looking back long and anxiously, draws back against the wall, and covers her face with her hands.*]

George [*entering with the Old Hag*]. Marikke, here she is! [*He withdraws to the terrace, where he stays seated, with his face turned toward the garden.*]

The Old Hag. Mine little lady, mine little daughter. . . Oh! . . . Yea! . . . don't be afraid. . . Oh, you are such a fine lady. . . ah, yes! . . . Hast bridegroom, ah — yea? . . . You marry? I have heard — I!

Marikke [*forcing herself to speak*]. No, I am not to be married. It is Trude, my foster-sister, who is to be married.

Old Hag. You no marry? No? Nevver mind, nevver mind. . . You marry soon. Ah! [*Runs her hands testingly over Marikke's dress.*] What

a fine dress! Ah! . . . wool—all wool dress, oh-a-h! . . . [*Noticing Marikke's silk apron.*] Jesu! *Szilka szurdszelle!* What a beautiful silk apron! . . . *eiksch!* All silk! Ah! Give me silk apron,—give me!

Marikke [*unties her apron and gives it to her.*] There!

Old Hag. Zanks mooch, little lady, zanks mooch! [*Kisses her sleeves and skirt and starts to take her hand to kiss that, too.*] *Doksch ranka!*

Marikke [*drawing her hand away in terror.*] No. . . no! *ne dos ranka.*

Old Hag. Nevar mind! Alright! Alright! Are fine lady. [*Looking around.*] The old man not at home?—Noa?

Marikke. No, he is not at home.

Old Hag. Dat ees good, dat ees good. . . He ees a deefil, Vogelreuter ees. All Zgermans are deefils. . . But eet ees fine in Zgerman's housah. . . like a Kieng's house. [*Takes hold of cover of center table.*] Ah! Fine linen cover. Oh-ah, Jesu! Ze beautiful linen! Ze white leenin! [*Motioning.*] . . . *Eiksch, mano merguze, eiksch!* Come here!

Marikke [*coming nearer.*] What do you want?

Old Hag. Geef mee ah drop! Oh, just a lettle, lettlest drop! [*Shows how little with thumb and forefinger.*]

Marikke. Yes, I will do that gladly. [*Goes to the liquor cabinet which hangs on left wall and fetches a bottle and glass.*]

Old Hag [*meanwhile thrusts some of the linen pieces which are lying near the sewing table under her apron and holds them in place afterwards with her left hand whilst MARIKKE fills the glass.*] Zanka, mine lady! Art a good lettle daughter, lady! [*Drinks and pats her stomach.*] Ah! that's good. *Tatai Skawnus!* Geev mee. . . one more, ah!

[*MARIKKE fills her glass again.*]

Old Hag. Zanka mooch! [*Drinks.*] Zanka mooch. . . Now-ah must be going! Yea-ah, yea-ah! [*She goes back and lets one of the pieces of linen fall.*]

Marikke [*horror-stricken.*] Moth—! Moth—! . . . What are you doing?

Old Hag. Jesu! [*She picks it up.*] I found eet down on-a the drying-ground—Yea-ah! [*She sticks it under her arm.*]

Marikke. Let the linen alone! It does not belong to you.

Old Hag. Nevarr mind! Alright! Alright! [*Lays it down.*]

Marikke. Give me all you have.

Old Hag. I haf no more — ah, no! Jesu! — no! No more! No more!

Marikke [*goes quickly to the door*]. George! . . . George!

George [*entering*]. *Marikke!*

Marikke. Give me a gold piece.

[*GEORGE gives her one.*]

Marikke. Here! Take this! Now give me the linen.

Old Hag. Jesu! a ducat! a ducat, a golden ducat. [*Takes the rest of the pieces from under her apron and lays them on the table.*] *Imk, mano mergusze! Mine lettle mergusze!*

Marikke. Go, now, go!

Old Hag. Yea! All right — uh! A ducat! *Ankso dakatele!* Zanka mooch! [*Throwing kisses, she goes out through the middle door.*]

Marikke [*takes a key from the keyboard and gives it to GEORGE*]. Here, take this, lock the garden gate, so that she cannot come in here again. [*The OLD HAG and GEORGE go out.*]

Marikke [*stares after them as they go out, then turns slowly back, leans on table, and stares into vacancy. A knock at the door at the left; she calls mechanically.*] Come in! [*The door is shaken violently.*]

[*Voice of the maid-servant.*] The door is locked.

[*MARIKKE goes to the door and opens it.*]

Lena [*with a trayful of dishes*]. I only want to lay the table for supper. Help me a little, won't you, please, miss, with the tablecloth. . . Why! what is the matter with you? You don't hear a word I say.

Marikke. Set them down, *Lena*; I will do it myself.

Lena. As you please, miss. [*Puts the plates down and goes out.*]

[*MARIKKE remains standing, motionless.*]

George [*re-entering*]. There! There! Child, that had to be gone through with. Be yourself again — this won't do. . . *Marikke*, don't stare so. . . Better cry — cry yourself out. . .

Marikke. Ah! *George!* [*She nestles on his breast, weeping.*]

George [*stroking her hair*]. Weep, weep, weep! I know how it hurts. It hurt me so, too, once.

Marikke. Ah! *George!* Now you know all; now I have no one in all the world but you — you alone!

George. Yes, yes. . . . We two, we understand each other, don't we? We two — we belong to each other.

Marikke. Oh, God! — Yes. . . .

George. We will often think of this day. It has brought us together. It is the day before St. John's Night. Will you remember it?

Marikke [*after a short silence frees herself, shy*]. Go!

George [*embarrassed*]. Why should I? — all at once, go away, Marikke!

Marikke. George, go! I beg you — I — must lay the table for supper. — Go!

George. Marikke, you said yourself you had no one but me. You need a human soul.

Marikke. George, if you do not want to despise me, go!

George [*embarrassed*]. How could I despise you. . . . Well, then, I'll go. [*Hesitatingly turning back in the doorway again. Goes out.*]

[*MARIKKE breaks down and cries.*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

The same scene. Late in the evening. Over the center-table, a lighted hanging-lamp. Another lamp on the table at the left. The glass doors leading into the garden are open. The moonlight falls inside.

SCENE I

VOGELREUTER, MRS. VOGELREUTER, and HAFFKE are seated around the table at the left, TRUDE and GEORGE at the center-table.

Vogelreuter. Now, then! Where is Marikke all this time with the punch-bowl?

Haffke. What, Mr. Vogelreuter, are we to have punch now?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Of course, pastor. This is St. John's Night. The country people celebrate it by lighting bonfires, and we by drinking punch.

Vogelreuter [*with mischief*]. Perhaps it is too heathenish a festival for a clergyman?

Haffke. That depends. If the clergyman were not invited of course it would be heathenish, —

Vogelreuter. But if the clergyman joins in, then it is Christian, eh?

Haffke. Oh! I did not say that. Ask the Consistory. Only the Consistory is clever enough to know everything.

Vogelreuter. You sly fellow! . . . [*To GEORGE and TRUDE.*] Now, then, what are you two doing over there? You haven't said a single word this evening.

Trude. George is too lazy. I am hard at work writing dinner-cards, while he is drawing little men.

Vogelreuter. You'd better draw little women, George.

George. Whatever you command, uncle.

Vogelreuter. The youngster is blue today. Come! Be jolly, children. It's St. John's Night. There's the punch, too. [*MARIKKE enters with a salver on which are a punch-bowl and glasses.*] So you are heard from at last, gipsy. Trude, help pass the glasses.

Trude. Yes, papa!

Vogelreuter [*drinking*]. Hah! That's good! I can tell you, pastor, whoever wins her will always swim in champagne.

Trude [*with a glass, behind GEORGE, who has gone towards the right and is gazing outside*]. George! George, don't you want some?

George [*patting her, with a furtive glance toward MARIKKE*]. Yes, my darling, thank you! . . . Just see how glorious the moon is tonight! It's all like silver; it looks as if the whole world were veiled in white gossamer. Ah! what a world!

Marikke [*embarrassed*]. If only the bonfires would blaze up now.

Vogelreuter. So you can speak. I thought you'd lost your tongue. Come here, child! But first klink! Now! Everybody klink! Then the pastor shall give us a toast, a Pagan toast!

Haffke. Nay, nay!

Vogelreuter. See here, is it true that you're going to slip away to Königsberg again tonight?

Marikke. Why, yes, papa.

Vogelreuter. But suppose I won't allow it, — how then?

Marikke. But I asked you, papa, a fortnight ago: 'Can I go a few times to Königsberg to arrange things?' You said: 'Yes.'

Vogelreuter. But not at night, my angel.

Marikke. But I must go tonight. The workmen are

ordered to be there at seven tomorrow morning. If I don't go tonight the house will not be finished.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Don't bother, Henry. It can't be helped now.

Vogelreuter. But look at the child!

Marikke. Why, papa? I am quite happy.

Vogelreuter. Then laugh.

Marikke [*constrainedly*]. Ha — ha!

Vogelreuter. Indeed! [*Whiningly*]. Ha — ha!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Come here, child! Lean down. [*She looks at her examiningly and pats her.*] You slept well, last night, didn't you?

Marikke. Yes, mamma.

Vogelreuter. And if that strange fellow annoys you again?

Haffke. What happened? — if I may ask.

Vogelreuter. Oh, nothing of importance. Nothing, nothing! . . . Then you want to take the one o'clock train?

Marikke. Yes, papa.

Vogelreuter. But there's another at four. At least it's light then.

Marikke. But then I would reach town too late.

Vogelreuter. Well, then! Have your own way. You wait up, George, and take her to the station.

Marikke [*startled*]. George!

George [*startled*]. I?

Vogelreuter. How now? Why not?

Haffke. Pray let me put myself at your service, if I am not too bold.

Vogelreuter. Don't trouble yourself, pastor. You at least are not called upon for this. He [*motioning towards GEORGE*] ought to make himself of some use in the house.

Trude. Can't I go, too, papa? Let me! I love to walk at night.

Vogelreuter. You don't say so! And walk back alone, with George, eh? No, my precious, engaged couples don't go walking about the country so late; they always have to have a chaperone along.

Marikke. I much prefer to go alone, papa. Really, I am not at all afraid. I would not trouble George. Nor any one else.

Vogelreuter. We are not talking about any one else. And you must not go alone. [*To GEORGE.*] And what reason have you against going?

George. Oh, Heavens! A very particular reason. She won't have

me. You heard her.

Vogelreuter. You two seem to be on bad terms with each other again.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. But if neither of them want to, Henry, don't torment them.

Vogelreuter [aside]. I'd better see Plötz first about that. . . . [*Calling.*] Plötz! . . . Now, then, your health! [*Touches glasses with the Pastor.*]

[*TRUDE and MARIKKE running to the door and speaking outside.*]

A Female Voice. Mr. Plötz! Mr. Plötz! The Master wants you.

Plötz's Voice. Very well, Mr. Vogelreuter. [*PLOTZ enters.*]

Vogelreuter. Look here, Plötz. Give him a glass of punch, Marikke, if he has not had too much already.

Plötz [apologetically]. Uh! I have only had one glass of beer.

Vogelreuter. Out of the little Plötz private cellar — eh?

Plötz. Lord, sir! The Housekeeper brought it to me.

Vogelreuter. You have some little heart-breaking affair on with her now, — eh? Some kind of liquor insurance, heigh?

Plötz. Lord! Now! Mr. Vogelreuter, don't make me blush before the young ladies.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Never mind, Plötz, you know he's only joking.

Plötz [to MARIKKE, who brings him a glass]. Thank you, very much, my little lady.

Vogelreuter [aside]. Now, look here, Plötz. [*Aloud to the others.*] Pray don't disturb yourselves, ladies and gentlemen! Pastor, be thinking up a beautiful toast. [*Aside again to PLOTZ.*] Have you found out yet about that stranger?

Plötz. Not a blessed thing, Mr. Vogelreuter. Day before yesterday there were two tramps in the tavern bar-room. The police drove them away at once, and there hasn't been a strange louse in the whole village since.

Vogelreuter. If I wouldn't build a house on the little gipsy's word. . . Child, come here a minute!

Marikke [coming up to him]. What is it, papa?

Vogelreuter [looking at her, sharply]. That is enough. You can go.

Plötz. And in looking around about this I ran across the Old Hag again.

Vogelreuter. Sh! Not so loud! Where was she?

Plötz. Sitting in the bar-room, with money, too.

Vogelreuter. Where did she steal it?

Plötz. Who knows? The tavern-keeper says it was a gold piece.—
Be quite easy about her, Mr. Vogelreuter, she'll not stop pilfering. So, we can soon arrest her.

Vogelreuter. Does she sleep at the tavern?

Plötz. Lord! How you talk! Nights she sleeps along the road. Mornings she is back again at the tavern.

Vogelreuter. Hm! That is reason enough. George!

George. Uncle!

Vogelreuter. I have been thinking this thing over. You must escort Marikke, whether or no.

George. Just as you command.

Vogelreuter [*to MARIKKE*]. And see that you two don't quarrel.

Marikke [*in an expressionless tone*]. No, no.

Trude [*who has stepped out upon the terrace*]. There!—there!—
See! The first bonfire is lighted up! [*A red flame flares up. Muffled singing and laughter are heard.*]

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Did you take good care, Plötz, to keep them far enough from the farm sheds?

Plötz. Certainly, Mrs. Vogelreuter.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Last year the sparks flew 'way up on the thatch-roof.

Trude. There goes the second fire, and look! there's another on the sand dune. Oh, see, George! See, how beautiful!

George. Yes, darling. I see!

Trude [*drawing him forward, aside*]. Why do you call me 'darling' today?

George. Shall I not?

Trude. Oh, yes, always! Do you love me more than ever, today?

George. I always love you the same.

Trude [*softly, blissfully*]. You used to say 'Little One'; today you say 'Darling.'

Vogelreuter. Now, then, my dear pastor, take up your glass and give us your toast.

Haffke. But I can't promise you that it will be pagan.

Vogelreuter. Ho! Ho! Old fellow, you weaken. The Consistory weighs on your stomach.

Haffke. Why, you know how good a Lithuanian stomach is! But let us talk in earnest, for once. [*To himself.*] Yes, yes, how shall I say that? [*Aloud.*] Still, I will not ask you to listen to a sermon now.

Vogelreuter. No, don't! Next Sunday.

Haffke. But you see, when, on a summer's night like this, we — dream aloud, — may I not say dream?

Vogelreuter. Yes! you may, you may. — D r e a m !

Haffke. For we all do dream, young and old, on such nights as these.

Vogelreuter. Eigh! Yes! We all have that weakness.

Haffke. Then in our courage, you know, everything lies open before us, as if we could unriddle all riddles and bind up all wounds, make pure goodness out of meanness, and pure happiness out of mere longing. Ah, yes! Then what is it in our hearts which so stirs and moves us? Is it not that wealth of love laid up within our souls and filling our whole being, which, looks at closely, is, in reality, life itself? Am I not right? . . . And now I pass on at one bound. It stands written in our Confession of Faith: God is love. Now what if God is this love which dwells within us? It is a fine trait in our religion that it clothes all that is best in us in raiment befitting the dear Father above. Can I, then, this evening, when our hearts are so full, pass Him by? Ah! Mr. Vogelreuter, whether I am a clergyman or not, it seems to me that all worth must come from God Himself, not from man. Therefore, with the best intentions, I cannot give you a pagan toast.

Vogelreuter [*pressing his hand*]. Pastor, you have said well. Forgive me. I was only jesting.

George. No, dear uncle, not wholly. I must defend you against yourself. It was not merely out of bravado, before, that so pious a man as you are wanted to hear something pagan. So, since the reverend pastor will not, I will make the toast. For you see, pastor, within every one of us a spark of paganism is glowing. It has outlasted the thousand years since the old Teutonic times. Once a year it flames up high and we call it St. John's Fire. Once a year comes Free-night. Yes, truly, Free-night. Then the witches, laughing scornfully, ride to Blocksberg, upon the mountain-top, on their broomsticks, the same broomsticks with which at other times

their witchcraft is whipped out of them,—then the whole wild company skims along the forest way,—and then the wild desires awaken in our hearts which life has not fulfilled, and, be it well understood, dare not fulfill. So it is with the social law now governing our world, and from whose grace we derive our being. It may be said that in order that the one desire considered essential to it may become established, a thousand other desires had to go miserably to wreck. That one desire was held in view, perhaps, because it was so unattainable. The other desires—ah, yes! the others were lost because we let them escape us, like wild Birds of Paradise over which our hand [*with gesture*] all too carelessly closed. Be that as it may, for them, also, once every year comes Free-night, and then do you know what it is that sparkles out there? It is the wandering ghosts of our murdered desires, it is the flaming plumage of the wild Birds of Paradise which we ought to have dared to hold and cherish our whole life long, perhaps, and which have flown away from us,—it is the elemental Chaos, it is—the paganism in us. And however happy we may be in sunshine and according to law, tonight is St. John's night. To you, ye ancient pagan fires, my glass belongs. Tonight shall ye flame high, and again high, and yet again,—high! . . . Will no one drink to this with me? [*Silence.*]

Marikke [*trembling*]. I will. [*She touches his glass with hers, gazing fixedly.*]

Trude [*anxiously*]. I too, George.

George. Yes, you too. [*He pats her tenderly, pityingly.*]

Vogelreuter. You little goose, what do you know about it? I didn't quite understand it myself, but it dawned on me that the whole screeed was sinful.

Haffke. My dear Mr. von Hartwig, I believe that even over your paganism our dear Father in Heaven keeps watch. Therefore, with an easy conscience, I can join you in your toast.

Vogelreuter. Huh! Why, then, I can, too. [*They clink glasses. A fire near by, behind the trees, flickers up. The shrieks and yelling sound louder.*]

Vogelreuter. What's that?

Plötz. Lord, they are close by the sheds now.

Vogelreuter. Didn't I tell you, man, to keep watch?

Plötz. I did, Mrs. Vogelreuter. They had three old tar-barrels;

where they got this fourth, I don't know. They must have stolen the axle grease.

Vogelreuter. Then you didn't lock it up?

Plötz. Eigh! On St. John's night that wouldn't do any good, Mr. Vogelreuter; wherever they smell anything to burn they'll dig their way through to it. If you should treat them to a fat ham, they'd sling that into the fire.

Vogelreuter. Don't stand there gabbling such cursed nonsense. Go see about it. I'll come myself in a minute, — quick now!

Plötz. All right, Mr. Vogelreuter. [*Goes out.*]

Vogelreuter. Such a slip-shod! There's no dependence on any one! My cap! [*MARIKKE fetches it to him.*]

Trude. May we come along, daddy? Oh, please!

Vogelreuter [*to MRS. VOGELREUTER*]. Will you come, too, my dear?

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Yes, with pleasure. But now, please don't scold at them. There is no wind. So there's no danger.

Vogelreuter. But I shall have to be a little strict with the louts. Are you coming, pastor? [*TRUDE, GEORGE, VOGELREUTER, and MRS. VOGELREUTER go out.*]

Haffke. Not you, Miss Marikke?

Marikke. Thank you, pastor. No.

Haffke. Then let me remain with you a little while.

Voices of the Others. Pastor! Pastor!

Haffke [*calling out*]. Go ahead. I'll come in a minute. . . . Well, may I stay?

Marikke. Why, yes, if it gives you any amusement.

Haffke. Amusement is scarcely the right word, Miss Marikke. Ah, yes, what I wanted to say was: that it was very friendly of you to turn to me for the Bridal-wreath Poem. It gave me great pleasure to do it. Did it please you?

Marikke. Oh, thank you. Very much.

Haffke. Do you know it by heart yet?

Marikke. I think so.

Haffke. Would you not like to say it over to me? . . . I will help you a little. . . . Come! . . . [*Prompting.*] 'Flowers are a maiden's peace-companions. . . .' Now? . . . 'They softly twine themselves, —

about? — her spring-time happiness.' Tell me how it goes on.

Marikke. No, pastor.

Haffke. You are too shy, Miss Marikke. What oppresses you?

Marikke. The St. John's Night oppresses me, pastor.

Haffke. That will soon be over.

Marikke. Would that it were over now!

Haffke. You do not like this journey alone at night?

Marikke [*without thinking*]. Oh. [*Bethinking herself*].
No, of course; but it doesn't matter.

Haffke. Shall I go with you? I could arrange to have something to call me to Königsberg. I do not even need to ask leave. I would be glad to go to my old club once more. One soon becomes so countrified you know. And I can easily speak to the old pastor about it. He wakens anyhow when I go to bed.

Marikke. Please tell the old gentleman, — usually I go to see him for a while every day, — that now, before the wedding, I cannot. Tell him that I am so fond of him, and in spirit I kiss his hand. Tell him so, — will you?

Haffke. Certainly, certainly. . . . And how about my going with you?

Marikke. No, no, pastor. Thank you.

Haffke. Now, may I speak quite frankly? I have been observing you the whole evening. Yes, for a long time. You seem to me like — how shall I express it? — like a mouse before a cat. You need a protector. Marikke, you need some one in whom you can confide.

Marikke. And so you would like to be my father confessor, pastor?

Haffke. Now, that is an institution we Protestants do not have, — although often it would be a blessing.

Marikke [*with a half-suppressed smile*]. And often not, too.

Haffke. True. We ought to train ourselves to self-dependence. We should settle our difficulties ourselves.

Marikke. I do that, pastor. I do that.

Haffke. And accordingly, my dear Marikke, — I don't know why I call you 'dear Marikke,' it is not at all fitting for me, pardon me, — I would like to say frankly to you: you are afraid of something, afraid —

Marikke. Of the cat?

Haffke. If I only knew of what!

Marikke. But what if I were the cat, — and some one else the mouse?

Haffke. That would be very bad of you.

Marikke. But cannot one be the cat and the mouse both?

Haffke [*pondering on it*]. Yes, one can. But then one would be playing with his own destruction.

Marikke. Whether one destroys oneself or not, who cares?

Haffke. Dear Miss Marikke, you must not talk so.

Marikke. Yes, it is nonsense — all nonsense. But what does it matter . . . for this is St. John's Night. See the fire yonder, pastor, — they had to put that out! But back there on the hill, — look there! — there Ah! how beautiful, — how wild!

Haffke. But when you come close up to it, it is only a heap of dirty lumber.

Marikke. Oh! — Oh!

Haffke. So it is with every shining thing that is not the sun.

Marikke. You should not say that, pastor, you should not. I will not have it so. I will not have you slander my St. John's Fire. I will have my joy in it. Today . . . only today . . . then nevermore!

Haffke [*moved*]. Dear Marikke, I don't know what is agitating you. I shall not ask. Yet, in your struggles, — you shall know that a friend is near you, on whom you can rely, now and forever. Marikke, I do not know how to express myself. But I would like to shield you your whole life long. Marikke, I would ever most lovingly guard you . . .

Marikke. Pastor, do you know who I am?

Haffke. I know, I know.

Marikke. And who my mother is?

Haffke. I know all!!

Marikke. Pastor, how am I to understand this — other — than —?

Haffke. Marikke, I ought not to have said this so soon. I ought to let it grow into expression slowly and quietly, — it is stupid of me, I know, . . . but I am so troubled about you, — I am so troubled, Marikke! I do not know who may meet you early tomorrow at the station in Königsberg! . . . Yet you ought to know before you go. You ought to know where you belong and what your future may be.

Marikke [*relieved, almost breathless*]. Ah — ah — ah —

Haffke. I do not wish to have an answer now. I must write my father, too. Although he is but a peasant, he must not feel that I slight him, — Marikke!

Marikke [*drawing back — indifferently*]. That may — really — be — what — I — need! . . . Oh! Oh! [*She sinks into a chair.*]

Haffke. What is the matter? Will you have a glass of water or wine? —

Marikke. Wine! . . . Wine! There, from the bowl! . . . [*HAFFKE brings it to her.*]

Marikke. Thank you! Why, pastor, do you know, — [*Drinks.*] No one ever waited on me before.

Haffke. I will wait upon you my whole life long!

Marikke. But no one must know this before the wedding.

Haffke. Then, after the wedding, with the champagne, perhaps, papa might stand up and announce: We have another bridal pair with us! Would not that come in well, then, Marikke?

Marikke. No, no. There will still be so much for me to do at the wedding. I'll have to see that everything goes on the table all right, and that Trude goes away all right.

Haffke. Well, then, — when they have gone?

Marikke [*with a mighty effort*]. Yes, when they have gone.

Haffke [*grasping her hand*]. I thank you, Marikke, — I —

Marikke [*drawing away from him*]. Hush! [*Voices are heard outside.*]

Trude [*entering*]. Oh! Here you are, pastor. We have been looking for you everywhere.

Haffke. I will come at once, Miss Trude.

Trude. Oh! But we are all returning, now.

Haffke. Why, it isn't possible! Well! When you are talking you often don't realize how the time goes. [*Goes out.*]

Marikke [*embracing her passionately*]. Do you love me, darling?

Trude [*half to herself*]. I have been quite fond of you.

Marikke. Why do you say it in that way? I have done everything, — everything. Now! You must love me, too.

Vogelreuter [*entering with the others*]. Yes, yes, my dear pastor, — one does what one can, as the hound said to the hedgehog, that bit his snout

till it bled. So you'd better take a drink and stop apologizing, or your chances will only grow worse.

Haffke. Oh, it would be wiser to say good-night at once, you know. Here I'd only be made fun of.

Vogelreuter. You will be loved in time, you —

Haffke. Now, do you think I don't hope so? And that I am not elated over it? Otherwise I would soon say —

Vogelreuter. Huh! Better say it.

Haffke [*with a happy look at MARIKKE*]. Oh, not yet! . . . Good-night. [*Gives his hand to everybody.*]

Vogelreuter [*to himself*]. Yes, yes!

Haffke. Good-night, Miss Marikke.

Marikke. Good-night, pastor. [*She gives him her hand.*]

Vogelreuter [*to George, who has taken two steps forward in excitement*]. Show him out, George.

George [*as if awakening*]. Yes, uncle. [*HAFFKE goes out with GEORGE.*]

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Yes, indeed! Now we shall be quite deserted. Henry.

Vogelreuter. Eigh! But so it must be, old lady. . . . Here it is! eleven o'clock! Away then! and to bed with you!

Trude. Good-night, daddy.

Vogelreuter. Night, Curlylocks! [*Tenderly.*] Little one, — little one!

Marikke. Good-night.

Vogelreuter. Why, yes, to be sure, you too! Child, when are you coming back again?

Marikke. About ten tomorrow morning, papa.

Vogelreuter. And now be sensible — do you hear? Don't exhaust yourself unnecessarily so that you will have no head for managing the wedding. . .

Marikke. No, no.

Vogelreuter. Kiss me, child! [*She kisses him.*]

George [*who has just re-entered*]. We have an hour and a quarter yet. I will wait for you here, Marikke.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. You can keep each other company, children. Then

the time will not seem so long.

Trude. Oh, let me, too — please!

Vogelreuter. Haven't you had candy enough yet? Now go to bed and to sleep.

Trude. Well, then, good-night.

Marikke [*haltingly*]. I can't — stay down here. I want to ask you something, mamma.

George. Come down, then, when it is train time.

Marikke. Yes, then I will come.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Good-night, George!

George. Good-night, Auntie!

[*MRS. VOGELREUTER, MARIKKE, and TRUDE go out.*]

Vogelreuter. You know where the cigars are?

George. Oh, yes.

Vogelreuter. And if you should want another drink after that sticky punch I'll leave the key in the lock.

George. Thank you!

Vogelreuter. See here, boy, how long are you going to keep this thing up?

George. What, uncle? Oh! If I have failed in all due respect, pray excuse me.

Vogelreuter. Pah! Respect! Black your boots with respect! I despise respect, — damn respect!

George. Why, what do you want?

Vogelreuter. See here, I have done you a wrong, perhaps. Yes, I suppose I have.

George. A wrong? You? How so?

Vogelreuter. See here! Are you asleep? Have you forgotten what passed between us yesterday?

George. O-Oh! dear uncle, all that seems so far away now.

Vogelreuter. Well, time goes fast with you, I must say.

George. Anyhow, don't let your hair grow white over it. We shall soon learn to take these things for granted, — we shall soon — [*starts, and listens to something outside the door*].

Vogelreuter. What's the matter with you?

George. I thought I heard someone coming.

Vogelreuter. Let him come, then. . . . Huh! . . . Well, if everything's all straight between us, good-night, my son.

George. Good-night, dear uncle.

Vogelreuter [*shaking his head*]. Hm! [*Goes out.*]

George [*sits down by the table and attempts to read. Then he stops, listens, and goes to the middle door, and calls out into the garden*]. Is anyone there? Answer! [*Softly.*] Is it you, Marikke?

Trude's Voice [*fretfully*]. No; it is only I.

George. Trude! What are you doing there?

Trude [*with her hair loose and in her dressing-sacque, enters hesitatingly*]. I am so restless. I only wanted to look at you a minute.

George. But child, if papa saw you! Go to your room, quick.

Trude. I can't! My heart is so heavy.

George. Why so?

Trude. George, do you know, I think, I am not good enough for you.

George. What—what? What kind of nonsense is this?

Trude. I am too stupid. I don't know how to talk with you. I am so stupid.

George. Child! Darling!

Trude. Before, in the garden,—when it was such beautiful moonlight—you didn't have a word to say to me.

George. But mamma was there.

Trude. Even if. . . . George, there is time yet. Wouldn't you rather have someone else?

George. For God's sake,—have you been talking about this to anyone?

Trude. Yes, to papa. He gave me a box on the ear and told me to go away; that I had an attack of the bridal-shyness.

George [*smiling*]. Hm, hm! . . . And now I'll tell you something, too, my treasure.—

Trude. If I were to make you unhappy I would rather drown myself.

George. In the first place: for you to run down here in your dressing-sacque isn't proper.

Trude. But we are to be married in three days.

George. Just on that account! . . . How lovely your hair is!

Trude [*blissful*]. Do you like it?

George [*resuming his lecturing tone*]. In the second place: I shall not have any one else. And you will not drown yourself. We shall be very fond of each other. First, you will be my playmate, and then, perhaps, my real mate. Is that all right?

Trude. Yes.

George. And now, go to bed.

Trude. Then I'll wrap myself all up in my hair and remember how you said: 'How lovely your hair is.' And so I'll fall asleep. . . . Good-night.

George. Good-night. [*He kisses her on the forehead. TRUDE goes out. GEORGE sits down again in his place, sighing, and broods, his face buried in his hands. MARIKKE enters softly.*] Marikke, Marikke! At last you have come!

Marikke. It is early, isn't it?

George. We have an hour yet, — about. . . . Are they all asleep?

Marikke. Yes. The lights were out everywhere.

George. Now, come, sit down here, won't you?

Marikke. I don't know. I — I think I will go up-stairs again.

George. Oh! Come, come! You might read something. I am reading, you see.

Marikke. Well, — yes, then. [*Sits down.*] But, George, I would really prefer to go to the railway station alone. . . .

George [*tenderly*]. Marikke! [*She closes her eyes.*] Are you tired? [*She shakes her head.*] For a whole hour of life I have you all to myself.

Marikke. George. . .

George. Marikke!!!

Marikke. Are the St. John's fires out already?

George. Yes. Why not? A pile of wood soon burns.

Marikke. And then it is as dark as ever. Ah! George, how beautifully you spoke this evening! I have never heard any one speak like that.

George. Ah! you were the only one who understood.

Marikke. No wonder. It was as though I had spoken your words myself. That is, of course, I don't mean —

George. You don't mean? —

Marikke. Oh! You know.

George. Ah! but I don't know.

Marikke [after a pause]. George, I wish to confide something to you. That, really, is why I came down-stairs. You shall know it. You alone. . . . George, I have this day given my hand.

George. Marikke!

Marikke. Yes.

George. To—?

Marikke. Why, to the new pastor. To whom else? There is no one else. Or did you think to Plötz?

George. Why have you done this?

Marikke [astonished]. Why!

George. Why have you done this?

Marikke. I have my life before me, George. George, the St. John's fires cannot burn forever.

George. You should not do this. It is— it is simply—

Marikke. Sh! Don't shriek so!

George. You don't love him at all!

Marikke. How do you know?

George. How?— . . . True! It may be so. Pardon me, of course I do not know your heart. I congratulate you.

Marikke. And I thank you.

George. But why do you tell me first? Why not uncle, or. We have not been such friends as. . . .

Marikke. Have we not, really? I thought. . .

George. So, now for both of us destiny has spoken. You have your burden. I have mine. We will then hereafter have nothing to do with each other. Now we can speak of the past. You read my diary. You even perjured yourself about it. You go for the chief matters and don't disturb yourself over the little incidents. I wish I could do so, too. You know to whom I wrote my verses. We know the truth now. So, now I ask you frankly: Why did you treat me so pitilessly in those old days?

Marikke. Did I, George?

George. Well, I would rather not go over all that old record. It seemed as if you intended to drive me mad. Do you still remember how I followed you into the milk cellar one evening and how you ran out and

locked the door, and kept me in there all night? Do you remember, you rascal, you?

Marikke [*smiling*]. I remember!

George. Why did you do that?

Marikke. That is very simple indeed. You were Mr. von Hartwig and I, a Lithuanian foundling,—worse than that. If you follow such a one into the cellar she knows, or at least thinks she knows, your purpose.

George. So that was why. And at that same time you went under the Manzanillo-tree to die? [*MARIKKE nods.*]

George. So that was why. And you never thought it might have been another way? Trude was still a child then. And only because I could not win you, did I afterward take her. Did that never occur to you?

Marikke. How could I ever dare to think so?

George. And later—never—never, never?

Marikke. Day before yesterday,—when I read your note-book, I realized it first then.

George. And now it is too late.

Marikke. Yes, now it is too late. . . . Ah, George, had I felt then as I do now, I would not have resisted you.

George. Marikke, do you realize what you are saying?

Marikke. Oh! George, I don't care! I don't care! It's fate. You must rule; I must serve, and in the end—we both of us must die.

George. Marikke, you must be loved beyond measure. . . past all understanding!

Marikke [*gesturing towards the right*]. He loves me.

George. Aegh, he!

Marikke. Don't storm, George. You dare not love me yourself. There can never be anything more between us.

George. No. Never. No dishonor must be done to this house. Not by me. Nor by you. We would choke with shame. . . . But can I not even think of what might have been. . . . That is not sin, is it?

Marikke. How did you say it? They are the wild birds of Paradise that have escaped us. Our hands closed over them too carelessly. That was it, was it not? How beautiful it was! . . .

George. I don't remember. . . .

Marikke. But, George, I am no wild bird. I am tame, quite tame.

George. You tame?

Marikke. To you, George, only to you. I would eat out of your hand.

George. My Gipsy — my love! [*He caresses her hair.*] No, no, I must not touch you. Trude was hidden in the garden just a little while ago. If she should slip down-stairs again — for God's sake!

Marikke. What did she want?

George. What should she want?

Marikke. The poor little thing! You will love her, too, George?

George. As well as I can. But then I must not think of you in the same breath.

Marikke. And you must not think of me, George. And I shall try not to think of you.

George. Never?

Marikke. Occasionally; on holidays,

George. Never but then?

Marikke. And on St. John's Night.

George. When the fires are burning, —

Marikke. Yes. And when the fires are out then I shall cry.

George. Marikke! [*Starts toward her.*]

Marikke. Sit down there, George. I will sit here. Someone might be in the garden, after all.

George. Oh, they are all asleep now!

Marikke. If so! Still, we must be brave. Oh! not for my sake, for yours. For me it makes no difference. But I know how you are. If you were to let yourself slip, it would weigh upon you, afterwards, forever, — and on me, too.

George. Marikke, why do you say that? What do you consider me?

Marikke. Hard, I consider you.

George. And yet you love me?

Marikke. Because of that I love you. . . you are hard because you have had to struggle with life. I have had to struggle, too, but I only entangle myself and everyone. Ah! If you only knew! If you only knew! I am afraid of myself, sometimes. Sometimes I could do a murder, I am

so without peace.

George. You would have been at peace with me.

Marikke. Ah!

George. We would have worked together. We would have spun plans together half the night through. I am ambitious, you must know.

Marikke. And so am I! For you I am, too! You should be the first and greatest, and all should bend before you. I myself would kneel before you and say: You love to rule. Now rule! . . . Now command!!! [*She kneels before him, clasps his knees, and looks up at him.*]

George. Stand up, for God's sake, stand up. There is certainly someone in the garden.

Marikke [*rising*]. I don't care! I don't care!

George. Marikke.

Marikke. Yes, you are right. It was low of me. . . . But who springs whence I sprang is so always.

George. Let that alone. Forget it. Remember only this house and all the love that has come to you in it.

Marikke. How quiet everything is in the house! There is not a sound in the whole world. It is like the grave, — it is so still.

George. Be at peace. They have buried us, . . . and together!

Marikke. Ah! If they only had!

George. And see how the moon beams out over the garden! There is your Manzanillo tree.

Marikke. Yes, yes, do you see it?

George. There — see! And how white its leaves are! How alive they are! Every one of them is trembling, although not a breath of air is stirring. . . . Come — shall we go out there?

Marikke [*shuddering*]. Oh! No! I think it is time now. . . . we must —

George. Sh!

Marikke. What is it?

George. Something moving. . . . It is Trude again. [*Calling.*]
Trude!

Marikke. You must have been mistaken.

George. No, no! I saw a shadow, too. . . . Trude! . . . Stay here a minute. [*He goes out into the garden.*]

Marikke. George, George! I am so afraid. . . . George! [*After a while GEORGE comes back, much agitated.*] Who was it? . . . George, who was it?

George. No one — no one.

Marikke. Yes, it was — I see it in your face. Was it Trude?

George. No.

Marikke. Then it was papa.

George. No — no!

Marikke. George, you are as white as death. What happened? Tell me!

George. Nothing happened. A tramp was wandering about in the garden and I drove him out.

Marikke. What sort of a tramp?

George [*tortured*]. Oh! don't ask.

Marikke [*dully, without expression*]. Oh! I know. It was my mother. Yes, yes! I see it in your face.

George. You have said it.

Marikke. What did she want? But do I need to ask! [*Covering her face with her hands.*] Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!

George. Marikke!

Marikke. Close the shutters. I am so afraid. . . . Tight! Put the crossbars up. So! And that, too! So, so!

George [*pressing her to him*]. Marikke! My love!

Marikke. Hold me tight, so.

George. Yes!

Marikke. Yes, yes. . . . tight, tight! [*She presses herself upon him.*] So will I stay — quite still. [*He kisses her.*]

George. Now, if we only are in time. [*Puts his hand to his watch pocket — amazed.*] Did you hear? [*The distant whistle of a locomotive is heard.*]

Marikke [*smiling*]. Yes!

George. Was it the train?

Marikke. It was the train.

George. Can you hear it at this distance?

Marikke. At night you can.

George. My God! What shall we do now?

Marikke. I will tell you: we will stay here, quietly, till the next train — till four o'clock.

George. Marikke! My love, my all! [*He kisses her.*]

Marikke. Ah! Kiss me again! George, do you understand me now? I am my own master. I care nothing for myself. This is St. John's Night.

George. The fires are burnt out.

Marikke. No, no! They shall burn. They shall burn.

George. Yes, they shall burn! A thousand times, yes, yes, yes!

Marikke. Don't kiss me again! I will kiss you. I will take all upon myself, all — all. My mother is a thief! And so am I! . . . George!

ACT IV

The same scene. Morning light. The middle-table is decked with flowers and gifts.

SCENE I

VOGELREUTER, GEORGE, and TRUDE are to be seen on the terrace through the glass doors, MRS. VOGELREUTER in the open doorway. They are all listening to an invisible male quartette, which is singing during the rise of the curtain the last bars of 'This is the Day of the Lord.' The Housekeeper comes in meanwhile from the left, also listening and wiping the tears from her eyes. When the song is ended, VOGELREUTER begins to talk and goes with GEORGE and TRUDE down the steps.

Housekeeper. Now! Mrs. Vogelreuter, dear, can't you come out for a minute?

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*wiping her eyes*]. And what is it now?

Housekeeper. Well, cry yourself out. I am crying, too. [*A faint ringing of bells is heard.*]

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Now, there go the church bells!

Housekeeper. Eigh, yes, with everything so touching! . . . Indeed, one must be made of stone to stand it.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Are there wine and sandwiches enough in the garden?

Housekeeper. My Lord, yes! I and Miss Marikke spread a pile as high as a mountain.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Then, what do you want now?

Housekeeper. Oh, Lord! Only about the cooking. Miss Marikke

thinks we'd better half-roast the venison a bit now, so it can be heated up afterward for dinner, and I think: naw, naw! — it doesn't taste so good. And Miss Marikke thinks —

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Never mind, now, — I'll come soon.

Housekeeper. Just one other thing, then: dear, good Mrs. Vogelreuter, dear, do send that child, Miss Marikke, off to rest a bit. She has been on her feet since two o'clock this morning early, and only night before last she came all the way from Königsberg. A horse couldn't stand it.

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Yes, yes, but on the wedding-day we must all expect to keep hard at it.

Housekeeper. Why, yes, ma'am, you and me, we are only a couple of old women, but we must look out for the youngsters a little. And how often we snarl at them, too!

Mrs. Vogelreuter. Well, I'll come and see.

Housekeeper. Eigh! And everything so touching all the time! [She wipes her eyes.] Eigh! Eigh! — I say! [Both go out left.]

Vogelreuter. Huh! At last the morning serenade is over. First, the Soldiers' Club and the Men's Club, then the Young Women's Club, and now the Singing Society. It is cause for thanks that the Men's Club and the Young Women's Club did not unite in a mixed chorus or next year we would have a nursing babies' club to greet us.

Trude. Oh, papa!

Vogelreuter. Well, well! Nobody hit you. You are as good as married now. Say, Curlylocks, give me a brandy. My stomach's turned with this everlasting port-wine cooking.

Trude. Yes, papa. [Hurries to the liquor cabinet.]

Vogelreuter [to GEORGE]. Well now, how does it go with you? Everything is served up now in a warm-tear sauce — isn't it?

George. Yes.

Vogelreuter [mimicking]. Yes. . . . I can't make you out! Something is — Well! Have a drink!

George. Thank you. . . No.

Vogelreuter. Then don't! Here's to Curlylocks! [Seizes a lock of her hair.]

Trude. Here's to you, papa!

Vogelreuter. Huh! We'll soon see the last of that mop of hair.

Or do you mean to go to the Civil-Marriage office frizzled like a poodle?

Trude. Why, what are you talking about? Marikke is going to do it up another way. We have tried it already.

Vogelreuter [*rising*]. The carriage will be here at half-past nine, — do you hear?

George. Very well!

Vogelreuter. And your friend from Königsberg, shall we pick him up at the station?

George. Yes, he comes by the 9.45 train.

Vogelreuter. For we must have two witnesses. . . . Do you know what I should like? [*Tapping GEORGE on the breast.*] I should like to peek in there.

Trude. Leave him alone, papa. He is my George now. If *I* am satisfied with him. —

Vogelreuter. Yes, yes, you're right. Who gets my daughter can laugh. And what's more he shall laugh, too. — Understand? [*He goes out, right.*]

Trude. You needn't laugh, George, if you don't want to. Not on my account. Just hear how the bells are ringing. Quite softly, like a song. That is for us!

George. Why for us?

Trude. The old pastor had them ring once for us especially, the assistant pastor said. In the morning a half hour and again in the afternoon for the going to church and the ring-giving ceremony.

George. Hm!

Trude. Do you know, George, mamma said that what a bride dreams the night before her wedding is a great omen. Do you believe that?

George [*abstractedly, as a matter of course*]. Yes.

Trude. I dreamed of a great field of golden grain where a poor little hare had hidden and a hawk was poised high in the air right over him, looking for it, and then, all at once, it seemed to me as if *I* were the little hare, and I kept continually crying, — George, George! And then the hawk swooped down on me. — Just think!

George. And then? . . .

Trude. And then I woke up. And the cold sweat stood in drops on my forehead. You would not let it happen, would you? No one would

dare do anything to me? I am only a poor frightened little hare, am I not?

George [*staring before him*]. My God!

Trude. George, might I just ask you something?

George. Hah?

Trude. You don't love any one else?

George [*disturbed*]. Why, what do you mean by talking that way again, child?

Trude. Well, you know, if a bride, at least, cannot laugh on her wedding-day then it's certain that she loves some one else.

George. That's all precious nonsense, little one.

Trude. No, George, I have read it myself. But even if it were true, George, listen: I love you so that I could do anything for you. I could move mountains. You will soon forget her, see if you don't, I will love you so.

George. But, child, — what?

Trude. No, — no, you see, I am not a bit angry with you. How should I be? I am of no consequence compared to the other, — the one you —! . . . George, does she love you, too?

George. Who?

Trude. Oh you know. But, George, be quite at ease, — she will soon forget it. Robert, our former apprentice, was ready to put a bullet through his head when he could not get me, and yet he has forgotten me already. And when we are standing today, before the altar, — during the Lord's Prayer, when I nudge you gently, we will ask the dear Lord not to make it hard for her. . . for no one ought to be unhappy on our. . . . Why, George, you are crying!

George. I? N-n — no. . . . why do you think so?

Trude. Yes, here are two tears — there, calm yourself. . . . there, there — there [*wiping them from his face*].

George. Tell me, — darling, — what if we should have to part after all?

Trude. How could that ever happen?

George. Well, . . . if I should die — or if. . . .

Trude [*putting her arms around him*]. Don't talk so — don't — don't!

[MARIKKE enters from the left, remains standing motionless in the door, and sees the embrace.]

George [becoming aware of her, starts]. Let go!

Trude. Oh! It is only Marikke.

Marikke [drawing]. How affectionate you are today!

Trude. We are always affectionate. What harm is there in that? Perhaps it does not please you?

Marikke. Oh! It's nothing to me.

Trude [in jesting reproach]. How do you come to be here, anyhow? Haven't you anything to do in the kitchen?

Marikke. Mamma sent me away.

Trude. Oh, then, Marikke, dear, you can do up my hair now for the civil marriage, can't you?

Marikke. Yes.

Trude. Have you some hairpins?

Marikke [shakes her head]. I will get some. [She almost swoons.]

Trude [patting her]. You can't at all. You are so tired out. Indeed you shan't.

Marikke. Oh! I am not tired.

Trude. Well, never mind. [She goes out hastily.]

Marikke [anxiously]. Trude!

George. I must speak with you.

Marikke. Speak, then! Here I am.

George. You say that with such hostility. Must this be the end? Is it all over between us?

Marikke. Now or later — it matters little.

George. What do you mean by 'later'?

Marikke. Oh, God! George! You have Trude. Just now I saw her in your arms. What do you want with me?

George. I must speak with you.

Marikke. But not now. . . .

Trude [re-entering]. Well, here are the hairpins. [Gives them to MARIKKE.] I brought mamma's combing sacque along with me, too, and a comb. . . So now, George, you go away. Afterwards you can see if it's all right.

George [with a look at MARIKKE]. May I not stay?

Trude. No, no! You will be sure to criticise, and that will embarrass Marikke. Besides, it will embarrass me. Be good, George, and go into the garden, won't you?

George. Yes, yes! [*Goes out.*]

Marikke. Now, put it on, please. [*Holds the sacque out to her.*]

Trude. Oh! I'll just throw it around my shoulders.

Marikke. As you like. . . . Will you have the knot high or low?

Trude. But Marikke! We decided before on high. Have you completely forgotten?

Marikke. Oh! Pardon me! Yes, of course. Pardon me!

Trude. Well, there! Give me a kiss!

[*MARIKKE with a sudden movement takes her head in both hands and gazes at her.*]

Trude [*troubled*]. You look at me so — so strangely.

[*MARIKKE fiercely embraces her.*]

Trude. O-Oh! You hurt me!

Marikke [*smiling*]. Perhaps you hurt me, too. . . .

Trude. I? How so?

Marikke [*who has begun to comb*]. You can guess how, yourself. You are about to be married, and I'm not. I am envious.

Trude [*reaching back, pats her*]. Now only just wait, my sweet! [*Sings.*] Oh, next year, oh, next year, when the nightingale sings!

Marikke. What then?

Trude [*singing again*]. Then wilt thou the wife of the pastor be.

[*MARIKKE with a braid in her hand, bending back, breaks out into piercing laughter.*]

Trude. Ouch! You pull. You know very well how sensitive I am there on the left.

Marikke. Come, that doesn't matter! Anyone as happy as you are ought to endure a little pain. . . . There! we'll braid that in. . . . For you are happy, aren't you? Very happy?

Trude. Ah, I could be. . . . I should like to be! But he is so sad.

Marikke. George?

[*TRUDE nods.*]

Marikke. Why so?

Trude. Ah-h!

Marikke [*watching*]. Perhaps you were right. Perhaps he does love someone else.

Trude [*groaning softly*]. Oh-h! Why do you say that?

Marikke. Because, — no, no, no! How could he? That was hateful of me, — wasn't it? He could not possibly have it in his heart to do it. Not when he looks at you.

Trude. And yet, and yet, and yet! I have often said so. To his face, too.

Marikke [*drawling*]. And what did he say?

Trude. Nothing. But afterward he cried.

Marikke [*triumphantly*]. He cried! What — George! Did you ever see him cry before?

Trude. No — never!

Marikke [*to herself*]. He cried!

Trude. And afterward he said: What if we were to part, after all!

Marikke. Who? — You and he?

Trude. Yes. If perhaps he should die.

Marikke. If he — so he said that. [*With feigned lightness.*] Oh, he was only talking!

Trude. Of course. About that he was only talking. But that about the other one! I acted as if I made nothing of it, but, at the time, I felt so! And now when I think about it! Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God! If that were so, if I knew it!!!

Marikke. Of course he would not tell you.

Trude. Whom else, do you think?

Marikke. Anyone, sooner than you.

Trude. Yes, that's so.

Marikke. Shall I ask him?

Trude. Oh! If you would do that, Marikke, if you would —

Marikke. Now then, it is done. Here, take the comb, quick! And these hairpins! Now go!

Trude. And you really think he will tell you?

Marikke. I am sure he will.

Trude. Oh, Marikke! How can I ever thank you, how —

Marikke. Go, go! [*Pushes her to the door. Alone, she rocks herself back and forth.*] Ah, ah, ah! [*Calling.*] George! [*A knock.*]

Come in.

Plötz [*entering from the right*]. Ah! Miss Marikke! The master is probably not at home?

Marikke. No, Plötz.

Plötz. The assistant pastor wants to see him. Here he is, himself.

Haffke. Good-morning, Miss Marikke.

Marikke. Good-morning. [*Reaches him her hand hesitatingly.*]

Haffke. I will wait here, Mr. Plötz.

Plötz. Very well, sir. Oh, please, Miss Marikke, give me the key to the cellar. The Bavarian beer will be here soon and I want to put it right on the ice.

Marikke [*taking down a key from the keyboard*]. Here it is.

Plötz. Thank you. [*Goes out.*]

Haffke. Now, haven't you one word to say to me?

Marikke. What should I say, pastor?

Haffke. Are you not happier today?

Marikke. No!

Haffke. Not now that we are going to be betrothed?

Marikke. We shall not be betrothed, pastor!

Haffke [*dismayed*]. What!

Marikke. I shall leave this place. . .

Haffke. Ah — oh!

Marikke. I shall leave this house today.

Haffke. Pray pardon me, but have I forced my attentions on you?

Marikke. No, you have not.

Haffke. Have I meant well by you, or not?

Marikke. Well, pastor. I thank you, but —

Haffke. So, then, I am not to blame that you are turning your back upon this house?

Marikke. Certainly not!

Haffke. Does any one know of this?

Marikke. No one.

Haffke. Oh, oh! Miss Marikke, I am still a young man. If I were to take upon my lips such a word as life-happiness it would sound absurd, perhaps. I'll forbear any mention of myself therefore. I shall strive to be ready to meet this blow and make the best of it. So, when I

say to you, Marikke, do you clearly realize what you owe the parents of this house, I do not say it for my own sake or for theirs, but solely for your sake. . . . Of course I am only human myself, and my heart must —quiver— a little—but aside from that— Marikke, if you cause discord in this house, it will hurt you, not this house, but you!

Marikke. Perhaps.

Haffke. Permit me further. I don't ask you anything. I don't wish to know anything. One is always in the best position in that way. If I did not love you as myself I would not say one more word to you now. But I do say one word more to you, one which—by God—I have never said before, save in my own heart. The best, the most precious possession a man has is his life's melody. A certain melody ever in accord with him, ever singing in his soul, in wakefulness or in dream, loud or faint, within him or outside. Others say: his nature is so or so, his character is so or so; but he only smiles to himself, since his melody is known to himself alone. You see, you have shattered my life's-happiness today, but you cannot jar my life's-melody. That is undisturbed and will remain so. But, Marikke, dear Marikke, if you fill with sorrow this house, which you have to thank for everything you possess, if you sin against your father and mother—

Marikke. — My father and mother? What do you know about them, pastor? My father I don't know myself. But my mother. Oh! yes, I know her. From her I have inherited my life's melody. And a text goes with it, too, a beautiful text. Do you know what that is? THOU SHALT STEAL. . . steal thy life's happiness, thy love—all—all. Thou shalt steal. Only others will enjoy it in the end. Oh, yes, pastor, my mother is a thief. On St. John's Night she climbed stealthily in over yonder fence. And as my mother is, so am I. And now, pastor, don't you say one word more. I need all my strength today. For my whole fate, my entire happiness, is at stake today. There. Now you know!

Haffke. Yes, now I know. Farewell, Marikke. Perhaps I shall recover from this day. . . . You. . . never will. [*Goes out.*]

Trude [*standing at the left in the door*]. Was that George?

Marikke. Were you standing by the door?

Trude. Oh! for shame.

Marikke. Go! Go! and dress yourself. I will call George now.
Go!

Trude. Then you will tell me, won't you?

Marikke. Yes, yes. [*TRUDE goes out. MARIKKE calls out into the garden, more softly than before.*] George!— George!

George [*from the terrace*]. Are you alone?

Marikke [*nods.*]

George. Ah! So you have arranged it.

Marikke. You wished to speak with me. So I have arranged it.

George. Marikke, if I should say to you I am free for one more hour, I still have a right to decide for myself, I can yet carve out my own destiny, what would you answer me?

Marikke. How can I answer you? I don't know what you want.

George. If it depends upon my will I want you. You, who belong to me for life, I want you.

Marikke [*softly, happily*]. I thought the fires were out, and you had forgotten me, and now you want me?

George [*softly*]. Are you not my wife? In the sight of God are you not my wife?

Marikke. Yes, but in the sight of man Trude is.

George. Do you believe that?

Marikke [*unbelieving*]. Go, go! You love Trude!

George. Yes, I love the child. How should I not? Don't you love her?

Marikke. I don't know. Since I saw her in your arms... George! You wept, too, only because you love her. Oh, yes! And how I bear it, how I—how I—o-oh!... But that, thank God! concerns no one but me.

George. Not me, Marikke? You might do better than torture me so. I have tried to be an honorable man my whole life long. If I cannot be! At least there are bullets in the world.

Marikke. Do you want to die?

George. No; I do not want to, — I must!

Marikke. Oh, George, then take me with you. [*GEORGE shakes his head.*]

Marikke. Ah! for years I have carried the wish in my heart to kill you... to kiss you... and love you, and follow you out of the world... out of the world into eternity.

George. Oh, child. Stop, stop. Do you not see how we go 'round and 'round in this world in a circle, as in a merry-go-round, continually, dizzily 'round and 'round, and can find no way out at last but death?

Marikke. Oh! I would gladly die, but far more gladly live with you.

George. Listen, my love, to live would require far more courage for both of us than to die.

Marikke. How so?

George. Can you ask that? This house that has reared and nourished us both from childhood, that has given us nurture and understanding and love. . . Can we raze this house to the ground and still be happy? Have you the courage to do that?

Marikke. Our dear old pastor used to say: 'You must have courage to do everything except wrong.' I have courage to do wrong.

George. Shall I put you to the test?

Marikke. If you give me your hand now and say to me: Come, we will run away out through yonder garden gate, just as we are now, this very minute, you shall see how I will run!

George. What, secretly? . . . Without their knowing? . . . do you mean that?

Marikke. Don't you?

George [*with a hard laugh*]. No.

Marikke. N-n- How else?

George. Face to face! He standing here, — I here. If he will release me — well. [*Suppressed.*] If he will not — still well.

Marikke. Oh, God! Oh, God! You know well enough how he is when rage seizes him. He will kill us! Mark my word. He will kill us both!

George. It's death either way.

Marikke. George, think!

George. I have thought for two nights. It's madness one way, it's madness the other. Hah! it's all the same. [*Bitterly.*] Only that child makes me sad.

Marikke. Ah! Trude!

George. Then you will?

[*MARIKKE nods.*]

George. This is for life or death. You will have courage to stand by me?

Marikke [*dismayed*]. When you tell him, I must —

George. What? You would share all of life with me, — all the self-reproaches — all the burdens — and now, in this hour, which under the circumstances is far from the worst of all the hours in store for us throughout the years to come — and now in this hour you will desert me?

Marikke. No, no, George! Not that; not that. But we have dreaded and shrunk before him all our lives, and. . . .

George. If you cannot even do that!

Marikke. If it must be. Yes, I will!

George. Then be ready. . . . as soon as he returns. [*VOGELREUTER'S voice is heard at the right. GEORGE breathes heavily.*] There he is.

Vogelreuter [*entering*]. Indeed, it is a pure Bible miracle! Just listen to this once, children. . . . Isn't Trude here? Where is Trude, I say. . . .

Marikke [*trembling*]. She is probably dressing, papa.

Vogelreuter. Well, this interests you, too, to a certain extent. Just now I met our Haffke as he came out of the house and he tells me, quite upset, how the old pastor has got up all at once and hobbles around the room and declares he will himself perform the ceremony — Nuh? Does that make no impression on you? Are you not glad?

George. Hm. . . .

Vogelreuter. Nuh, yes! You are a heathen — of course, you. But our little Haffke must have set his heart on making the discourse. He was positively chalky. Quite cut up. Of course it can't be helped.

George. Excuse me, uncle, lest we lose our opportunity. I would like to ask you for an interview.

Vogelreuter. What! Won't it keep till noon?

George. No. And before the civil marriage, if I may ask.

Vogelreuter [*startled*]. Ha? [*Quieting himself, laughing.*] You want to screw out a little higher settlement, eh? [*To MARIKKE.*] Now then, arrange to. . . . [*PLOTZ enters.*]

Vogelreuter. What do you want?

[*PLOTZ makes a sign to him.*]

Vogelreuter. See him blink, like a sick hen! You can talk, can't you?

Plötz. I have something to say to you in private.

Vogelreuter. Uh! If you have something to say to me in private, you blockhead, come here.

Plötz. I have just arrested the Old Hag.

Vogelreuter. The—? [*Casts a side glance at MARIKKE. PLOTZ nods.*]

Vogelreuter. You, Marikke, may stay here a while and talk with George. He is a very interesting young man. [*Aside to PLOTZ.*] Where?

Plötz. Down in the cellar. When I went to put the beer on the ice, there she stood in a corner quite weighed down with booty.

Vogelreuter. Is she down there now?

Plötz. Oh, yes. She fought like the devil.

Vogelreuter. Now if we imprison her we'll be free of her for a few years. But how can we get her through the house without a rumpus?

Plötz. We'll manage that. We'll stop her mouth.

Vogelreuter. Then I'll take out a warrant at once, and hand her over to the police. Children, I am called away—will be back directly.

George. You will not forget, dear uncle?

Vogelreuter. No, no, I just said I'd be back directly.—Come, Plötz. [*VOGELREUTER and PLOTZ go out.*]

George. How you tremble!

Marikke. I am not trembling.

George. Marikke, I am beside you. No harm shall come to you!

Marikke. Ah, because you are. . . !

George. Because?

Marikke. It has all suddenly come over me. . . . [*Starting.*] Is he back already? [*The sound of pushing and stamping and the half-smothered screaming of a woman's voice are heard from the right.*]

George. What can that be?

Marikke. For God's sake—hush!

Voice of the Old Hag [*calling for help*]. Mine daughter! Mine lady—Marikke—mine Marikke!

Marikke. Hark! . . . Hark! . . . My mother. . . . They are carrying my mother off now. Hush! Hush!—Don't open the door! Be quiet! Be quiet! [*Outside renewed half-smothered screaming.*]

George. Will you not go out? Whatever she has done, if you—

Marikke. How can I? I. . . . I am. . . . afraid!

George. Then shall I?

Marikke. No, stay here...don't leave me. Sh! Keep quiet... quiet!...So—they have gone now! Thank God! [*Starting up.*] Listen! Listen!... [Again a faint, far-away screaming.] Let her weep! Let her shriek! I cannot help her...I am a thief the same as she...I, too, have broken into this house. I have stolen...Ah, God! what have I stolen from it...what have I stolen!

George. Marikke, love, be yourself. Think what lies before us!

Marikke. Yes...yes...yes. I am quiet already. Quieter than ever. Quite calm. What is before us? No! No!... I will not... I cannot...and I will not... I will not.

George. Does that mean that you?—

Vogelreuter [*in the door*]. Did you hear anything in here, children? Racket or anything?

George. Yes, we heard shrieking. What was the matter?

Vogelreuter. Oh! nothing much. Don't trouble yourselves about it, an old vagrant... I only have to sign a paper. I'll be back right away—right away. [*Goes out.*]

George. Marikke!

Marikke. Hush! Not a word! Not a word! She out there must go her way. I in here must go mine.

George. What do you mean?

Marikke. You said yourself it was madness. Yes, yes, it is madness. All, all, all we do, all we desire. All!

George. Marikke!

Marikke. Do you believe for one moment that we could be happy together? I know you too well. I know the certain result. You would never forgive yourself. You would never forgive me, and in the end life would become a burden to me...because I would be in your way. Yes, yes, that would be the end of it all.

George. I see clearly how it must end... Marikke, I am yours, all yours, all I am and have, all the good and all the bad, you know that!

Marikke. Thank God, yes.

George. And if there were only a possibility, the least glimmer of a chance to break away from this—merry-go-round, if we might be really free, if we might really...but, no, however we began, we could never shake off our duty to this house—never in life—never!

Marikke. Then what more would you have? . . . All that was dear to us both in all this world, all love, all beauty, all, all we have given each other. There is nothing more to give, for either of us, nothing. The St. John's Night is over, the fires are all out, all out.

George. And what is to become of us?

Marikke. Of you? That I don't know. Perhaps you will be happy, perhaps not? That must rest with you. Of me? Ah! I will take care of myself. Be quite at ease about that. As soon as I can I shall leave this house. Not today, as I would like. . . for it might excite suspicion. —

George. Where will you go?

Marikke. How do I know? The world is wide. To Berlin. Away, far away. Where no one may ever find me. No, no, not even you, George.

George. And I! . . . if you go to destruction?

Marikke. That is not conceivable. I am the 'Unlucky Child.' My hands are hard. There, see! My heart, too, is hard now. I will work and work till I fall exhausted; and then I will sleep and sleep till it is time to begin work again. In that way one comes through.

George. You say you are an 'Unlucky Child.' So am I. But the reckoning does not balance between us. You go to misery and I am to blame for it. Even if I did not love you as I do, that thought would follow me. I should never get rid of it, it would make my whole life bitter — But. . . . be it so! because we are 'the Unlucky Children.' We will grit our teeth together and reach each other our two hard hands and say: Farewell.

Marikke [*softly*]. Farewell, George! . . . And. . . and. . . don't be afraid! He is not coming yet — and forgive me, do you hear. . . you know! Did I not love you so, it would not be so hard for me. But there, there, . . . it is all right again. I know I can never become quite poor now. The St. John's fire has burnt for me once. . . just once. . . Once.

George. Marikke.

Marikke [*looking around*]. Let me go! Let me go!

Mrs. Vogelreuter [*entering with TRUDE*]. Isn't the carriage there yet, children dear? What is papa thinking about? It is time.

Marikke. I think, mamma, that it is coming now.

Vogelreuter [*entering*]. Uh! Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead! Oh,

yes, you wanted to say something first, before. . .

George [*with a look at MARIKKE*]. Thank you. It is settled.

Vogelreuter. Huh! Then, quick! My coat, my coat! [*He throws off his jacket and puts on the black coat which MRS. VOGELREUTER has brought with her.*]

Trude. Well, did you ask him?

[*MARIKKE nods.*]

Trude. And what—?

Marikke. It was all nonsense, child! He loves no one but you. He has never loved anyone else, he says. And he—will—be very happy—he says.

Trude [*bubbling over*]. My George! [*Throws her arms around him.*]

Vogelreuter. Now, now! What does this mean? You can be affectionate a little later. Come on, come on, come on! [*All go to the door. GEORGE, looking back, is crowded out by VOGELREUTER, only MARIKKE remains standing at the left, with her handkerchief between her teeth, looking after them.*]

ICARUS

BY ROBERT IPHYS EVERETT



H, love and be loved till out of the joy

A haughtier ecstasy springs

To master the bliss, dare the ardors cloy,

Dare the Soul fling wider her wings!

Such wonderful wings!

They must out-soar God,—

Before His Face the man-heart laud!

Still, whether it chanced that Love smiled content,

Or if he craved quenchlessly more,

Bright alien he stayed although with God blent,

In his breast a faint heart he bore,

So faint a heart bore,

Though he rode the Sphere,

He sank to find his dwelling—here!

SONGS OF THE WILDERNESS

BY GEORGE GERMOND

I

MY life has been a desert, love,
Stretches of arid waste,
With never a bud nor blossom decked,
Nor by one river graced.

Nothing but burning sand by day,
And stilly gloom by night,
With never a hope for waking time,
Nor dream, the dark to light.

Above my world which nothing holds
Of fair and fresh and true,
You gleam, as the Stars above the Waste,
My flower, my light, my dew.

II

MY life was bare as the desert sands
Until you held its hours,
When swiftly there bloomed beneath your hands
Roses and jasmine flowers.

You turned the sands to a garden fair,
Where fountains sang life's rune;
But why could you not make changeless there
Always and ever, June?

III

IF you could make, as you have done,
From out the wilderness
My life to blossom, by the sun
Of your white hands' caress,

For wilderness to rose and green
 Beneath your smile to start,
What would its blossoming have been
 If it had known your *heart*?

IV

ONCE there sprang a fountain
 In my waste of life;
Once there grew a palm tree
 'Midst its scorching strife.

Once a green oasis
 Smiled upon the blue,
Drawing down from heaven
 Benisons of dew.

Now no tree or fountain
 Sparkles in the sun;
Green is parched to ashes,
 Blossoming undone.

Now I long for midnight
 To assuage life's smart;
Burning sands of memory
 Sear my aching heart,

While I watch your sheathing
 Sunlight scimitars,
Waiting you, my solace —
 Silver gleaming stars.

V

As blossoms on the arid desert sand
Lie, parched and dying, in some sun-scorched land,

So doth my life, which crieth out for thee,
Droop, fading slow beneath its destiny.

And Thou who, beautiful and bright, dost move,
The perfumed Rose, the shining Star of love,

My heart is dying far away from thee,
Who dost deny thyself to love and me.

My heart is dying, and my life is torn
With death's white anguish of a love forlorn;

Yet little matter that this life of mine,
All that is left me, passes without sign;

For though unto the Vague Beyond it slips,
My soul died long ago upon thy lips.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, THE INNOVATOR

An Estimate

BY MILTON BRONNER

TO conquer a new province for the poetry of all the world and to free English verse from the trammels — if such they be — of rhyme, — these were the achievements of William Ernest Henley by which he will be principally known when the history of English literature of the past two decades is written.

What Whitman did for battle scenes in poetry, Henley did for life in a hospital. What Heine did for broken lines and *vers libres* in German, Henley did in English. And, indeed, it is of Whitman and Heine that one is most frequently reminded in studying Henley's poetry; of Heine because of his similar lyrical turn, his little songs, his 'gay, golden-voweled madrigals.' Only, where Heine was essentially romantic, where he celebrated Seraphine and Angelique and Clarissa and many more, the English poet sang to his one sweetheart, his wife:

' My songs were once of the sunrise:
They shouted it over the bar;

First-footing the dawns, they flourished
 And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the sunset:
 Their brows are touched with light;
 But their feet are lost in the shadows
 And wet with the dews of night.

Yet for the joy in their making
 Take them, O fond and true;
 And for his sake who made them
 Let them be dear to You.'

Again, Henley did for the broken line, for unrhymed verse, what Whitman tried to do, and in only rare instances completely succeeded; the difference being that in Henley one feels, 'Here is true poetry'; in Whitman, 'Here is poetry in solution, more or less murky.' With Whitman, too, Henley was the poet who sang of death. To him death was ever present, as present as to the Florentines of the Renaissance. His own life a fight more or less with constant sickness, existence was to him a battle-field, in which, nevertheless, he enjoyed fighting.

'The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
 And all the words of Death are grave and sweet,
 From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
 She beckons forth — and strife and song have been.'

So much for the main currents of his poetry. It was in 1888 that his now famous 'A Book of Verses' was given to the world. It contained the celebrated poems entitled 'In Hospital,' enough, one would think, to have made any young poet's fame. Yet Henley says, 'After spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry I found myself so utterly unmarketable that I had to own myself beaten in art.' As for the hospital verses, 'they had long since been rejected by every editor of standing in London.'

And, indeed, there was little wonder. Here were not cut and dried subjects, nor reminiscences of anything that had gone before. Here were new subjects and daring rhythms. You read these verses and you pass

out from the open air into an Edinburgh

———‘Hospital, gray, quiet, old,
Where Life and Death like friendly chafferers meet.’

You wait in the ‘square, squat room,’ where your ailments are diagnosed. You are taken into the operating room, where you are chloroformed and the surgeons ply the knife. You toss on your sleepless and feverish bed. You study the faces of the nurses and the doctors and attendants. You see all the tragedies and comedies of this little world in itself. You long for the open air again, and all about you are the odors of medicines and drugs and the sight of crimson-stained bandages, and at last you are discharged, and a song wells from you:

‘Carry me out
Into the wind and the sunshine,
Into the beautiful world.

Free ——!
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.’

Once and for all time the scenes in hospital have been put into verse and are a lasting addition to the world’s poetry. Sheer realism, some of it is, and yet touched with the true magic of poetry:

‘Behold me waiting — waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform,
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.’

And who that has read it can ever forget the wonderful ‘Operation,’ with its swift pictures and its scorn of rhyme?

‘You are carried in a basket,
Like a carcass from the shambles,
To the theater, a cockpit
Where they stretch you on a table.

Then they bid you close your eyelids,
 And they mask you with a napkin,
 And the anæsthetic reaches
 Hot and subtle through your being.

And you gasp and reel and shudder
 In a rushing, swaying rapture,
 While the voices at your elbow
 Fade — receding — fainter — farther.

Lights about you shower and tumble,
 And your blood seems crystallizing —
 Edged and vibrant, yet within you
 Racked and hurried back and forward.

Then the lights grow fast and furious,
 And you hear a noise of waters;
 And you wrestle, blind and dizzy,
 In an agony of effort,

Till a sudden lull accepts you,
 And you sound an utter darkness . . .
 And awaken . . . with a struggle . . .
 On a hushed, attentive audience.'

In startling contrast to this section of the little book were the poems included in 'Bric-à-Brac.' In 1870, when it was the fashion — imported from France — for young poets 'to adorn a refrain, to sparkle and sound in odelets and rondels and triolets, to twinkle and tinkle and chime all over the eight and twenty numbers of a fair ballade,' Henley was not behind-hand. He was a master of rhyme, and his ballades, successful as those of Lang and Dobson, had an individuality of their own. One example of his felicity must suffice. Here is the first stanza of the 'Ballade of a Toyokuni Colour Print,' brimful of the essence of romance:

'Was I a Samurai renowned,
 Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
 A histrion, angular and profound?

A priest? A porter? — Child, although
 I have forgotten clean, I know
 That in the shade of Fujisan,
 What time the cherry-orchards blow,
 I loved you once in old Japan.'

The poet's work in his subsequent volumes contained much that was lovely, much that was grim and macabre, much that was unforgettable, but it contained no more new departures. The poet, to whom Tennyson's last years were memorable because he was impatient of rhyme and confident of rhythms, continued his own work in rhymed, broken lines and in those which were not rhymed.

It has sometimes been claimed that Henley's most distinctive work was contained in his 'London Voluntaries'; not, to be sure, in that stern, virile 'Song of the Sword,' dedicated to Rudyard Kipling:

'The Sword
 Singing —
 The voice of the Sword from the heart of the Sword
 Clanging imperious
 Forth from Time's battlements
 His ancient and triumphing Song.'

— not in these iron lines, but in those superb 'Voluntaries' which celebrate gray old London in the different seasons of the year, showing us how, to the poet, the ancient city can be beautiful or terrible, as the mood strikes him.

Now it is October in the Strand, and over all the bright warm sun sheds a glory which shimmers in the verse:

'The windows with their fleeting, flickering fires,
 The height and spread of frontage shining sheer,
 The quiring signs, the rejoicing roofs and spires —
 'Tis El Dorado — El Dorado plain,
 The Golden City! And when a girl goes by,
 Look! as she turns her glancing head,
 A call of gold is floated from her ear!
 Golden, all golden! In a golden glory,

Long-lapsing down a golden-coasted sky,
 The day not dies, but seems
 Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed
 Upon a past of golden song and story
 And memories of gold and golden dreams.'

But to this same London there comes a foul east wind, bringing diseases,

'And Death the while, —
 Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile,
 Death in his threadbare, working trim —
 Comes to your bedside, unannounced and bland,
 And with expert, inevitable hand
 Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,
 Or flicks the clot well into the labouring heart:
 Thus signifying unto old and young,
 However hard of mouth or wild of whim,
 'Tis time — 'tis time by his ancient watch — to part
 From books and women and talk and drink and art.
 And you go humbly after him
 To a mean, suburban lodging: on the way
 To what or where
 Not Death, who is old and very wise, can say.'

It is a striking contrast, as striking as the comparison between the famous lines:

'It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul.'

— between these lines and the calm, sweet, dying cadences of this solemn chant in memory of a dead sister, this masterly example of the poet's success in rhythms:

'A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
 And from the west,

Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.
 The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of triumphing night —
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.
 So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day done;
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown, splendid and serene,
 Death.'

In all of Henley there is this intense personal note. He is not the kind of poet who says, 'Now I will be sad,' and again, 'Now I will be gay'; but he is sad and from his troubled heart there comes a song with its minor lilt of pain or sorrow or melancholy; he is gay and there comes welling forth a note of gladness, of joy in mere living, of keen delight in the beauties of God's world —

'Of a world still young — still young!
 Whose last word won't be said,
 Nor her last song dreamed and sung,
 Till her last true lover's dead!'

This personal note extends to his prose. True criticism should be impersonal, holding the scales evenly, telling alike an author's defects and his merits, and rendering a decision in accordance with well-established laws and rules and canons. The personal element is lacking. For that reason real criticism is so rarely interesting and appealing. It is that impressionism, which we commonly miscall criticism, which appeals to us by

its vigor, its deep, personal note, its eloquence. One does not care particularly to hear a justice pronounce judgment but to listen to an eloquent advocate for the state or for the defense, — ah, that is another matter. Henley is rarely a justice. He is almost always an advocate. In the case of Dickens, how eloquently he defends his favorite! How adroitly he touches on the weakness in the case. 'He wrote some nonsense; he sinned repeatedly against good taste; he could be both noisy and vulgar; he was apt to be a caricaturist where he should have been a painter; he was often mawkish and often extravagant; and he was sometimes more inept than a great writer has ever been'; and then how strongly Henley presses home to us Dickens's matchless humor, his sincerity, his artistry, the worth of his greatest creations! Again, in the case of Thackeray, how vigorous he is for the prosecution. The author on trial is a cynic, he is 'innately and irredeemably a Philistine'; 'there is something artificial in the man and something insincere in the artist; his intelligence is largely one of trifles; he is wise over trivial and trumpery things. He delights in reminding us—with an air—that everybody is a humbug; that we are all rank snobs.'

Continuing for the prosecution, Henley charges that, Esmond apart, there is scarce a man or a woman in Thackeray whom it is possible to love unreservedly or thoroughly respect; that the function of his art was to degrade and not ennoble; not to encourage, but to dishearten; not to deal with great things and beautiful and lofty, but with those which were ugly and paltry and mean. The only good quality that he will allow Thackeray is his perfect style. Indeed, after the manner of the prosecutor, he sums up the case, he gives the measure of the man, and determines the quality of his influence in an epigram, for he says of Thackeray: 'He was the average clubman plus genius and a style.'

This is not real criticism, but we love him for it, because it displays him a full-blooded, virile, downright man, with his strong likes and dislikes.

'He has opinions and the courage of them; he has assurance and he has charm; he writes with an engaging clearness. It is very possible to disagree with him, but it is difficult, indeed, to resist his many graces of manner, and decline to be entertained and even interested by the variety and quality of his matter.'

Thus Henley spoke concerning Matthew Arnold; thus we, concerning Henley. He, too, has variety and quality. He is not always the advocate,

as in the views of Dickens and Thackeray. On rarer occasions he is the justice, and then one has a criticism of Hugo, notable for its clarity, its sanity, and its fairness.

He will toss out carelessly an epigrammatic utterance of value, such as this:

'This is the merit and distinction of art: to be more real than reality, to be not nature but nature's essence.'

Sometimes he will give one the full measure of a poet in two sentences: 'The muse of M. de Banville was born not naked but in the most elaborate and sumptuous evening wear that ever muse put on.' Thus he begins a criticism, and one begins to understand perfectly de Banville's manner and mannerisms better than if he had used pages in analysis.

'If Pierrot and Columbine were all the race and the footlights might only change places with the sun, then were M. de Banville by way of being a Shakespeare.'

Thus ends the essay, and one understands something of the subject matter and the accomplishment of the French poet. It is criticism by lightning flashes.

Or, again, he will not criticise at all, but in pages of superb English will bring to one all the atmosphere of the poet under discussion, will make one see what the poet celebrates, and will send one hot-haste after the pleasant volume. Who that loves Herrick is not grateful for this?

'In Herrick the air is fragrant with new-mown hay; there is a morning light upon all things; long shadows streak the grass, and on the eglantine swinging in the hedge the dew lies white and brilliant. Out of the happy distance comes a shrill and silvery sound of whetting scythes, and from the near brookside rings the laughter of merry maids in circle to make cowslip-balls and babble of their bachelors. As you walk you are conscious of "the grace that morning meadows wear," and mayhap you meet Amaryllis going home to the farm with an apronful of flowers. Rounded is she and buxom, cool-checked and vigorous and trim, smelling of rosemary and thyme, with an appetite for curds and cream and a tongue of "cleanly wantonness."'

And so, with this last citation, we leave him, this singer of the personal note and critic of the personal note, this innovator, who must henceforth have a place in England's pantheon as an author of genuine poetry and beautiful prose.

THE NEO-CELTIC POET—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

BY JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD AND KATE V. THOMPSON

*'Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.*

*There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.'*

SINCE Emerson wrote these words we have been passing through an era of great scientific 'progress.' The need for accurate objective concepts of things in heaven and earth has been keenly felt in all departments of intellectual activity.

It has seemed as if the dreary prognostication of Poe, our first great imaginative poet, were actually to be verified; as if it would be indeed impossible for the poet to possess in peace his 'dream beneath the tamarind tree.' There are signs and portents that this movement has had its highest development. The most sanguine disciple of the microscopical school of literary expression can hardly hope to exceed recent exploits. There are other signs and portents which indicate a reaction against the laboratory methods in creative art. If it be true that the 'scientist masters the world as a reality,' it is equally true that the seer possesses it by a dream.

The strongest indication of this present reactive tendency is shown in the intellectual revival in Ireland, and the strongest outcome of the renaissance of beauty and mystery is found in the work of William Butler Yeats, poet, essayist, dramatist, who recently lectured in this country on the Gaelic revival.

Born in Dublin in 1865, of artistic forebears, and brought up in the picturesque county of Sligo, he early learned to love the wild beauty of hillside and valley, and to listen to the infinite soul of the sea calling to the cliffs and the voices of the Shee riding in the winds. He lived in the Celtic

twilight of nature, and these words are his call to those still in the market place to enter into the sanctuary:

‘Outworn heart, in a time outworn,
 Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
 Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
 Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill;
 For there the mystical brotherhood
 Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
 And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
 And time and the world are ever in flight;
 And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
 And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.’

To this youth, thus happily born and nurtured, came Blake, Shelley, and Morris, with the Pre-Raphaelite masters. He had as a birthright the Celtic sympathy with strange beauty of all times and climes, but he was modern in catholicity of soul. His awakening was at the same hour with his race.

This awakening to self-consciousness of the great, oppressed people of Ireland has taken many forms. Mr. Yeats is especially connected with the drama, as he founded the Irish Theater in 1899. We recall three artistic productions of his plays in New York city, and regret that they were so few. His conception of the purpose of the theater is so far removed from the modern idea that it will only be understood intelligently by his own explanation in his beautiful essays, ‘The Ideas of Good and Evil.’ It is not our privilege to dwell upon this subject here further than to say that to Mr. Yeats the theater is a temple, the actor a priest of humanity, and the play a religious service.

It has been well said that ‘one of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Yeats’ religious attitude toward literature is that he never treats a work of art in the distinctive literary way, but as the speech and embodiment of forces that are and have been spiritually at work in the world.’ Thus

his plays present points of comparison with the mystical works of Mæterlinck. The best known of Mr. Yeats's six longer plays and those which interest people most directly are, 'Countess Cathleen,' and 'The Land of the Heart's Desire.' Both are lyric dramas.

The motive of the latter exquisite poem would appear to be the assertion of the supremacy of imagination. The visitant from the world of spirits overcomes the powers of tradition and environment by no magic rites, and takes only that which is her own. When the priest calls the bride from the powers of Faery —

'By the dear name of the one crucified
I bid you, Marie Bruin, come to me,'

The child spirit answers

'I keep you in the name of your own heart.'

The plays are the product of elementary folk tales, attaining exquisite hues by passing through the exalted imagination of the foremost poet of his time.

Next to these two in importance come the four plays known as 'The Hour Glass,' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan,' 'The Pot of Broth,' and 'The King's Threshold.' These are remarkable as evidences of the real worth of simplicity in dramatic art. 'The Hour Glass' and 'The King's Threshold' are moralities, and to understand them rightly we must be in sympathy with the subjective drama. What you are asked to contemplate is the inner life of the mind. 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' breathes the spirit of '98, yet it has the same dream-feeling as the others. 'The Pot of Broth' is a bit of local humor.

The play that is most enveloped in the atmosphere of mystery is 'The Shadowy Waters.' In this poem we are carried out of ourselves by the magical quality of language, and we doubt if any French symbolist has equaled it in this respect. Even in works of Shelley and Keats (to whom his friend and fellow-poet, 'A. E.,' says Mr. Yeats is most akin as a Romanticist) we cannot find passages of more perfect beauty than the following invocation to the 'immortal mild proud shadows' to whom the poet owes his inspiration.

'Is Eden out of time and out of space,
 And do you gather about us when pale light
 Shining on water and fallen among leaves,
 And winds blowing from flowers, and whirr of feathers
 And the green quiet, have uplifted the heart?

I have made this poem for you that men may read it
 Before they read of Forgael and Dectora;
 As men in the old times, before the harps began,
 Poured out wine for the bright invisible ones.'

It is a far cry from the old Irish legends and faery folk-lore to the socialism of today, but the gulf is bridged by 'Where There is Nothing,' a play in which the Zeitgeist has overmastered the poet so fully that he has indicted modern society more courageously than the professed reformers. The earlier scenes recall Bernard Shaw and Ibsen, but the latter portion is peculiar to itself. This play lacks technical finish and unity, but as Mr. Yeats expects to rearrange it completely it is unnecessary to criticise it in detail. As it stands, with all its imperfections on its head, it is a most impressive assertion of the author's belief in the essential divinity of humanity. It is very unfortunate that it has been so little understood.

To appreciate all of Mr. Yeats's lyrics it is well to be familiar with the ancient legends of Ireland, as well as with his own stories, collected in 'The Secret Rose.' But there are many, such as 'Into the Twilight,' 'The Sad Shepherd,' 'The Poet Pleads with his Friend for Old Friends,' 'Father Gilbiban,' and 'The Cap and Bells,' which need no bush.

In the latter class we include 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree,' beloved of Stevenson, of which he says in a letter to Yeats, 'I have fallen in slavery to your poem called, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree."' It is so quaint and airy, simple, artful, and eloquent to the heart—but I seek words in vain. Enough that always, night and day, I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore.'

The enjoyment of these lyrics depends entirely upon the susceptibility of the reader to that transcendent charm which is the heart of hearts of Celtic poetry. In 'The Rider from the North,' which Mr. Yeats has said is a great favorite of his own, the charm lies entirely in its mystic suggestion. 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear.'

Mr. Yeats's prose work, outside his plays, comes under two divisions: creative work and critical appreciation.

The former includes a collection of folk-lore tales, 'The Celtic Twilight,' and the inimitable original stories in 'The Secret Rose'; the latter is best represented by his confession of faith in 'Ideas of Good and Evil.' The greater part of these essays, whatever be their titles, is devoted to the exposition of the true value and office of symbolism. Whether treating the philosophy of Shelley or Blake, the prose of Morris, or the illusion of 'Popular Poetry,' the author is always presenting the claims of the mystical and eternal secrets of the unseen.

It is at first startling to the respectable Philistine to find a scholar of Mr. Yeats's attainment gravely supporting the practice of magic and stating his faith in the power of 'signatures.' In all this he is in advance of the modern school of French symbolists, who, with groanings of spirit, strive to find their way toward the road which has always been his natural direction. He is not only a symbolist but a true mystic, more mystical than any modern poet, except William Blake, of whom he is a fervent disciple; he feels the presence of the 'Divine Essence,' and walks the earth in a dream. It is impossible in a brief space to consider the deeper phases of the mystical creed. Mr. Yeats has summed them all up in his wonderful essay on William Blake, which is one of the most valuable additions to critical literature that has been written in the last decade. The very title of the book is a recognition of the writer's indebtedness to the greatest English mystic. If space permitted we should like to give more time to this book, because it will appeal to the general mind. Few people are ready for mystic poems or plays; more for essays explaining an author's point of view. An age of materialism is still doubtful of the insanity of the quest of the Heathen Grail.

In this year of our Lord it is a proof of surpassing lucidity of intellect to consecrate seven vital years to the intestines of a noxious parasite, but a suspicion of degeneration of gray matter attaches to the brain of the individual who concerns herself with the 'Far off, most Secret Rose.' Between 'Rosa Alchemica' and the Rose of the Laboratory we make an eternal choice.

We have said that Mr. Yeats has very little in common with the Symbolists of the Continent, but in conscientious craftsmanship he is as un-

sparing of toil as Villier de L'Isle Adam. He seeks 'a style which shall hold, as in a mirror, the colors of one's own climate and scenery, in their right proportion,' and he tells how to find it in 'Adam's Curse.'

His ideal of technical excellence lay in the prose romances of William Morris. In 'The Secret Rose' he has achieved perfection in this line without the prolixity which too often disfigures Morris' otherwise perfect style.

The romances of Morris are masterpieces of art for the pure love of creation. The stories of the Secret Rose voice the infinite longing of humanity for escape from the bonds of actual life. The poet Hanrahan is but a symbol of the highest emotion, wandering over the earth, unmated and finding its peers only in the space outside of the universe. Amid stories of the life of the peasant we find as contrast 'The Crucifixion of the Outcast,' which is without parallel in modern literature, and can only be compared to the 'Little Flowers of Saint Francis' and like legends. All these stories are parables, leaves from the Tree of Life, still guarded by the angel of the flaming sword lest the truth should be degraded to utility. If any cavil at the thin veil of fiction which enwraps the sacred teachings, we must remember that the 'Wisdom of Kings' decreed also 'that any who told the truth to the child should be flung from a cliff into the sea.'

All Mr. Yeats's versatile gifts, his mystic insight, power, pathos, humor, subtlety, and the magic of his touch, are inspired, as has been well said by the Irish Swedenborg, 'by the Holy Breath, and must needs speak of things which have no sensuous existence, of hopes all unearthly, and fires of which the colors of day are only shadows.'

His confession of faith has been summed up in an article upon 'John Eglinton and Spiritual Art,' published in connection with a controversy upon the nature of poetry which went on in the *Saturday Daily Express* in 1899. As this article is very difficult to obtain and not widely known we shall quote from it liberally.

'I believe that the renewal of belief, which is the great movement of our time, will more and more liberate the arts from "their age" and from life, and leave them more and more free to lose themselves in beauty, and to busy themselves, like all the great poetry of the past and like religions of all times, with old faiths, myths, dreams, the accumulated beauty of the age. I believe that all men will more and more reject the opinion that poetry is "a criticism of life," and that they may even come to think "paint-

ing and poetry and music the only means of conversing with eternity left to man on earth." I believe, too, that, though a Homer or a Dante or a Shakespeare may have used all knowledge, whether of life or of philosophy, or of mythology or of history, he did so, not for the sake of the knowledge, but to shape to a familiar and intelligible body a something he had seen or experienced in the exaltation of his senses.

'I believe, too, that the difference between good and bad poetry is not in its preference for legendary, or for unlegendary subjects, or for a modern or for an archaic treatment, but in the volume and intensity of its passion for beauty and in the perfection of its workmanship; and that all criticism that forgets these things is mischievous and doubly mischievous in a century of unsettled opinion.'

SIDNEY LANIER : THE POET OF SUNRISE

BY JAMES S. SNODDY

IN order that a poet's portrayal of an object in nature may be seen and felt it is best for him not to give a complete description; as a descriptive poet cannot expect us to accept all the mass of details that his mood sets before us. We have our own ideals, and prefer to form our own estimates, and interpret for ourselves. The best effects, therefore, are attained by giving side-glimpses of the object — visualized glimpses, that appeal to the pictorial imagination. Of this visualization there are two processes: in one the picture is complete in itself and sometimes reveals ideal beauty; in the other — which may be called the 'kindling' process — we have not a complete picture, but merely a hint or sign, by which we may, through any of our sense perceptions, construct the whole picture. If space but permitted many passages could be quoted herein that would readily illustrate how Tennyson has by visualization excelled Wordsworth and Longfellow in portraying sunrise. By the 'kindling hint' process in the opening of 'The Return of the Druses,' Browning has one line: —

'The moon is carried off in purple fire,'

which sums up more than ordinary descriptive poets give us in entire stanzas.

Those that have made a study of the poetry of England in regard to the treatment of sunset and sunrise maintain that there are a greater number of poets that have written on sunset. I have not attempted to make an extensive examination of this phase of the treatment of nature by American poets; but in turning through Griswold's 'Poets and Poetry of America' I find ten poems on evening, sunset, and twilight; while only five on morning, sunrise, and dawn. Glancing, too, through a small number of works by Southern writers which are at hand I find fifteen poems pertaining to sunset, and only five pertaining to sunrise. If by further investigation we could establish the same fact with regard to American poets that we maintain regarding the poets of England we should find that in this respect Sidney Lanier does not agree with the majority of our writers. He has written three poems on sunrise: 'Sunrise,' 'A Sunrise Song,' and 'Between Dawn and Sunrise'; while, on the other hand, but two pertaining to sunset: 'Evening Song' and 'Marsh Song— at Sunset.' In addition to these poems he refers to sunrise, morning, or dawn, in twenty-four others; and to sunset, evening, or twilight, in only four. Moreover, some of his best poems, 'Corn' and 'A Florida Sunday,' were evidently composed in the morning hours; and in 'Clover' he says:

'Tis a perfect hour.
From founts of dawn the fluent autumn day
Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly
Half-way to noon.'

Lanier is pre-eminently the poet of sunrise. When he delineates the changes and varied colors of the morning sky we find in his word-painting a richness, glow, and splendor that is not surpassed by the most celebrated pen-pictures given us by Browning in his delineations of sunrise, or by Shelley in his exquisite pictures of sunset. Although in much of Lanier's poetry there is evidence of a sense of strain and effort not often found in the lines of great masters like Tennyson, it must be admitted that when Lanier comes out before daylight, under the open sky, and wanders along 'the dew-plashed road,' no strain nor effort is manifest in his portrayal of external nature; he becomes a part of nature; it is not external to him. What he says, he *feels*. Lowell, in 'Under the Willows,' says that his soul 'danced in the

leaves.' Lanier's soul would have danced *with* them in the morning hours, under similiar circumstances.

No painter could give us a picture of sunrise so complete, that appeals to our feelings so effectively, as Lanier gives in the opening lines of 'Corn,' where the trembling woods 'melt in green,' and the 'dawn-stars melt in blue.' The kindling hints in these lines appeal not only to our senses of sight and smell, by soft tints and shades of color, and faint waftings of odor, but also appeal to our sense of hearing, giving, in side-glimpses, the most delicate sounds, — sounds that ears not attuned to the 'music of nature' seldom hear save through the intervention and interpretation of musicians. If we had nothing but this poem its picture of sunrise would be sufficient to convince us that its author was a musician.

Many of Lanier's references to sunrise are also kindling hints that appeal to the ear: in 'Clover' we seem to hear 'nimble noises that with sunrise ran'; in 'The Waving of the Corn,' 'sounds that mix each morn with the waving of the corn'; in 'June Dreams in January,' a 'visible Sigh out of the mournful East' (impressionistic); and in 'The Mocking Bird,' it was morning when the bird 'summ'd the woods in song.'

But the most excellent hint that appeals to the ear is the one in 'Sunrise,' where the 'too-tenuous tissues of space and of night' are 'oversated with beauty and silence.' He does not tell us when or how this silence is broken, but leaves the interpretation to us; we feel a noise is made, but not a noise that can be described, not even one of his 'little noises' or 'nimble noises'; it is a noise that our imaginations realize — that we hear with our inner ear. In contemplating this picture of dawn we see beyond the picture, and, by emotional inference, see the portrayer himself; we realize how one could feel with an ear like his — an ear capable of catching such delicate sounds, and thus have, at first hand, experiences of 'Revelatory Truth.'

In the 'Sunrise' there are other kindling hints which, by means of motion, appeal to us through our sense-perceptions. At the same time that the indescribable sound is made, there is also a motion:

'But no: it is made: list! somewhere, mystery, where?'

In the leaves? in the air?

In my heart? Is a motion made:

'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.'

There are other references to sunrise where the hints are made by means of motion: in 'Symphony' the mountain fawns 'tremble if the day but dawn'; in 'Jacquerie' a figure is used where blood is represented leaping 'As a hart upon the river-banks at morn'; and in the passages quoted above from 'Clover' and 'The Waving of the Corn,' motion, in connection with sound, helps to complete the picture.

The best pictures that are set forth through kindling hints by means of color are found in 'My Springs'; here heaven and earth are 'shot through with lights of stars and dawns'; and in 'A Florida Sunday,' in connection with sound and motion, we are made to see the pea-green paroquets, to hear their calls, and to see their 'quick flights from green to green'; in 'Corn,' to which reference has already been made, the woods 'melt in green as dawn-stars melt in blue.'

Bryant, the most popular nature-poet of America, is, in his treatment of sunset and sunrise, the antithesis of Lanier. In reading a few of his poems that pertain to sunset, — as 'A Walk at Sunset,' 'The Evening Wind,' 'An Evening Reverie,' and 'May Evening,' — we are convinced that the morning hour was not a favorite theme with him.

'Give me one hour to hymn the setting sun'

is his appeal to his poetic muse. In his estimation the sun's 'setting smiles' were 'loveliest.' Nature had most charms for him at the hour when

'.the weary bee. . . .
Rests in his waxen room,'

and

'Every hovering insect to his place
Beneath the leaves hath flown.'

Whitman, another American poet who loved nature, seldom referred to sunrise in his poetry. Like Bryant, he loved better the evening hours. In 'Twilight' he speaks of

'The soft voluptuous opiate shades'

that appeared when the sun had 'just gone,' and when the 'eager light' had been 'dispelled'; and in 'A Prairie Sunset' he tells us of the

'Pure luminous color fighting the silent shadows to the last.'

But Whitman's sunset sky, beautiful and sublime as it is, is surpassed by the calm solemnity of his night sky; in his 'Song of Myself' he says:

'I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.
Press close bare-bosom'd night — press close magnetic nourishing night!'

Among American poets Bryant is the poet of the evening sky; Whitman of the night sky. But Lanier is the poet of the morning sky. Further, he is pre-eminently the poet of the day sky. He manifests more interest in the sky as seen by day than in that seen by night. In this respect he is not only the antithesis of Whitman, but of Keats. Keats has been called the 'moon poet' of England; Lanier could well be called the 'sun poet' of America.

Although Lanier stands pre-eminently above all American writers as poet of the day sky and of sunrise there are several among our verse-writers of lesser fame that deserve commendation. Paul Hamilton Hayne in 'Cloud Fancies,' 'The May Sky,' and 'Cloud Pictures'; and Amelia B. Welby in her exquisite little poem, 'The Rainbow,' have portrayed the day sky in no mean way. Richard Watson Gilder in 'New Day' gives a pleasing picture of the morning sky:

'Slowly, within the East, there grew a light
Which half was star-light, and half seemed to be
The herald of a greater. The pale white
Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height
Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored like the sky.'

But contrast this with Lanier's picture in 'Sunrise':

'And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.'

In the former we have a description; the writer tells us that the colors are 'pale white,' 'pale rose,' 'gray,' and 'rose-colored.' In reading this poem we feel that Gilder is forcing his interpretations upon us. Lanier does not do this; he appeals indirectly to us; gives us hints, and leaves the interpretation to us. We are made to feel that the 'East is unveiled' — that it is dawn; we need not be told of the colors of his morning sky; they are there. Again, Gilder tells us three times, in these few lines, that the changes in color took place 'slowly.' Lanier does not interpret the change for us — does not tell us how the change took place; in a subtle way he makes us feel that there was a change in the color of the eastern sky, which happened 'ere the West was aware of it.' In his treatment of sunrise Gilder is interpretative; Lanier, revelatory. Lanier's touch is the touch of an artist.

Although he was not in every respect as great a poet as others that have been quoted in this paper, or even as great a nature-poet as some, it must be admitted that in his treatment of sunrise he has uniqueness, — a subtle quality not surpassed by other poets. Browning, for example, in his visualized presentations of sunrise, although beautiful and impressive, used them primarily as backgrounds upon which he delineated human character. After reading the opening stanza of 'The Return of the Druses' we forget the gorgeous coloring of the Oriental scene, and turn our attention unconsciously to the study of the characteristics of the Syrian people. In the first stanza of 'Pippa Passes' our sympathies are turned to the poor 'little silk-winding girl,' in whose welfare we become so interested that we lose sight of the beautiful Italian sunrise as the day

'Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim.'

In their treatment of sunrise Tennyson and other great poets, like Browning, have used it as a means to accomplish other purposes. Lanier portrayed sunrise for its own sake; in this respect he excelled them all.

ODE ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY ARTHUR FRANKLIN JOHNSON

ALL of the Cosmos mortal sight may see
I look on here, to worship or defy.
O winds of Heaven! ye may vainly try
To humble me from this my majesty!
I hold the secret of a hundred miles,
And arrogantly confident I scan
The encircling gulf, the far-flung purple ways
O'er which the daylight smiles,
Even as a God may view his monstrous plan
And hearken while above him Heaven sways.

Grey wisps of vapour like old memories float
Over the valley, hills, and waving trees.
Aloft, the sun-tipped, swirling clouds denote
The ecstasy which now my spirit frees
From the dull conflict of that lower stream
Where thronging multitudes must fight to live.
Grey mists of sorrow I have left below —
And this the mighty dream
Which the high gods to weary mortals give
For one brief interval before we go!

Once I behold, I cannot stoop again
To mingle with the ignominy there.
In the blue presence of this upper air
Let me at last forget the ignoble pain,
And 'mid the winds that here unceasing croon
And ripple with the pulses of earth's course,
Laugh on forever with the large contempt
Apollo wears at noon,
Merging this Self in the eternal Source
Of all that changes — from all change exempt!

Above the chorus by the clear winds blown
A voice thrills, softly but so audibly,
As if with faint ærial overtone
The skies' remotest regions called to me:
And I would answer, breathless with the thought
Which the new splendour of this height inspires —

ODE ON THE HEIGHTS

The poignant joyousness of magnitude
 By these large spaces taught —
 Would fain be but a voice drowned in the choirs
 That sing forever Heaven's infinitude.

Through the unending vault the sunlight sings;
 The wheeling clouds in echoed radiance
 Join with the hills in the great consonance
 That to my kindled heart a knowledge brings
 Of perfect beauty that can never die,
 Of passion that is never satiate,
 Mid melodies which evermore sustain
 The arches of the sky.

Oh, why, my soul, if mortal, so elate?
 And where, if I must suffer, is my pain?

Earth's gracious vistas overflow my sight,
 Deep in my heart their vernal promise sinking;
 And as it homeward wings from its long flight
 I meet the challenge of my soul unshrinking.

Wild spirits of the air with silver breath
 Seem luring me along to where outspread
 The endless glories of the vast abyss.

Is this the way to death?
 With Peace and Silence beckoning ahead,
 And the warm imprint of a mocking kiss?

I taste the passion of eternal wine
 Mellowed in depths of unbegotten years,
 While in the golden mist about me shine
 The wraiths of long forgotten hopes and fears;
 Half frenzied with its glow I hurl the boast
 From this high Pisgah: All is mine to take!
 And breast the menace of Infinity.

But oh, the ashen ghost
 Of a pure dawn, never, alas, to break!
 And oh, the echoed sob of history!

ON THE STAGING OF PARSIFAL

BY GEORGE TURNER PHELPS

*'When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took — the same as me!'*

The Seven Seas.

FROM the day of seven-eyed Homer to that of Kundry-eyed Kipling, the intellectual world has drawn more deeply than is ever wholly realized, of the common heritage from Greece. Opera, from its Florentine birth as attempted revival of Greek dramatic art, again and again has been recreated by a breath from the same inspiring source, even down to its apparent lifting entirely out of its own nature by Richard Wagner.

Perhaps no other single genius has reminted so large a share of the common exchange of human experience coined in concrete art-expression as Wagner has done. It would be interesting to study how much he knew of the actual working conditions of the old Greek stage. The Dionysiac Theatre at Athens was first known to the modern world, when half of the Ring dramas and Tristan were already written, its Greek form, only since his death. Did he see back to Greek conditions through knowledge of Roman changes and debasements? Did he, quite aside from archæology, by sheer imagination, recreate the actual visual effect of literary theatric treasures beneath his eyes? Even this latter suggestion is by no means improbable, for Wagner's imagination was singularly Greek: not necessarily in un-Teutonic demand of beauty or of subtle exquisiteness, in detail; but in its power of selecting and combining detail into a unity so concrete, so simple in effect that, although his complex of elaborated parts is on the scale of inexhaustible German scholarship, and his concrete unit requires some six hours of attention and memory for a single whole impression, yet the one object in all the world of art with which his 'Parsifal' is comparable is of

Mr. Phelps has recently published 'Parsifal: An English Text for the Score,' together with the first German stage version of the poem, through The Gorham Press, Boston.

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the finest flower of Greek imagination, the Parthenon.

Did he rediscover old principles of physical sight, and apply them to new conditions? Did he instinctively grasp necessary conditions of physical sight, under certain new conditions which, contradictory as they may seem, merely paralleled those of former times? What was the peculiar quality of his imagination which renders him unique in history?

His mind was of philosophic bent, but he was not a philosopher. His image-making faculty saw, not abstract ideas, not illustrations of abstract ideas, not types, but human beings who felt ideas as emotions, and who expressed these emotions by speech and gesture, by look and action. That is, he was first and foremost a dramatist. Again, his plastic creatures he saw singly and in related groups. He was a sculptor. He saw his sculpture in relation with buildings and with landscape. He was architect and painter. Most unusual of all, as musician, he heard these correlated simultaneous phenomena and their inter-relations expressing themselves to his ear in terms of musical sounds, an audible psychologic atmosphere quickening all things, as the long, slant gold of afternoon kindles the commonplace to poetry.

This five-fold unity of imagination, leaving, in concrete expression, the impression of drama in and for itself alone, has never been approached.

There are three Parsifals:—Richard Wagner's, which, perhaps, has gone forever; Cosima Wagner's, the same in physical conditions, but, if credible witnesses are to be believed, a very different creation in its appeal to the eye; and Cosima Wagner's adapted to the physical conditions of the American theatre.

This paper, suggestive rather than exhaustive, deals not at all with the musical appeal to the ear, but with the two contrasted sets of physical conditions, those of the Bayreuth and of the American theatres, and with the appeal to the eye.

The Greek dramatist and the Greek audience saw the drama out of doors, by diffused daylight, as sculpture, groups or masses of plastic figures, dissolving and recombining upon a circular pavement (orchestra), in more or less intimate relation with a simple architectural background (proscenium), which was built as a tangent to the farther side of the circle, offering conventional entrances and serving, not as scenery, but rather to give definite boundary to the field of vision.

It was somewhat as though, in a semicircular theatre with an 'orchestra

circle,' the action took place in the 'orchestra' (not the musicians' space) cleared of seats; the 'proscenium,' instead of being the curtain-arch, was a low wall with three doors, marking the background (open landscape beyond); and each seat in the 'house,' rising tier on tier, looked down upon the actors. By this arrangement, at all times, each person in the audience saw the entire sweep of the space in which the actor stood, within either his conscious or his unconscious field of vision, — directly, or 'with the tail of his eye.' That is, as the spectator sat below or above, the stage-group, focused with relation to the center of the circle or toward the 'proscenium,' was always arranged to fall within either the line of vision perpendicular to the horizon or that parallel with the plane of vision. In either case was followed the sight-principle that the wider field of definite vision (the 'infield') is the vertical, since in that case the range of both eyes is practically the same, while the coincident portion of the two horizontal ranges is comparatively small, and, consequently, the indefinite, or 'outfield,' large.

In spite of the raised stage, the theatric conditions of the Elizabethan period were very like those of the Greek Dionysiac theatre. Shakspeare and his audience, for instance, saw the drama from several sides, in diffused daylight, not in a series of pictures, but as sculpture, the effect depending upon the vertical sight-principle.

In building his Bayreuth theatre, Wagner faced the problem of an indoor audience which must see the drama by artificial light, from one side of an elevated stage, both as sculpture and also within a picture. He seized upon the two sight-principles of the Greeks, making his stage-arch narrow in proportion to its height, to keep the whole width of the picture within the vision, and his stage itself deep, since only decrease of size by distance renders objects indistinct in the 'infield.' To keep the sculpture within the whole picture for each spectator, he built his auditorium without balconies, with the stage floor visible from the lowest tier of seats (if published diagrams and elevations are trustworthy), and with the uppermost tier only at half the height of the arch.

For an object to be seen within a picture instead of against it, the object must stand beyond a wide foreground, visible or imagined. His space from front tier to curtain is a full fourth of the depth of the auditorium, and, beyond the curtain, an equal space is left before the actual scene begins with the slope of the stage floor. Another factor in the result is the architectural

arrangement of the wedge-shaped house, to look as though the stage frame were merely a section smaller in size because considerably removed along a rectangular hall. Again, as a landscape is wider than the window-opening, and a picture spreads on either hand behind its frame, the scene is actually wider than the arch. Lastly, the entire stage is about one and one-half times the full depth of the auditorium (the *half* generally unused!) Thus by sight and by imagination, from side to side of the house, the sculpture is set within the whole picture as within the Dionysiac circle.

It should be remembered that the similarity in function of the Wagner orchestra, and its possible connection with the Greek chorus, lie quite beyond the scope of this paper.

So much for the physical conditions under which Parsifal is given at Bayreuth. On the other hand, in the American theatre the stage must be shallow enough to show at least a suggestion of the picture to a spectator seated not only above the level of the arch, but also above that of the very ceiling. Even though the arch itself be high, it is seldom wholly used, as the picture must be planned for breadth, since the overhanging balconies cut the scene. The scene must fill every inch to the curtain, the curtain must be as near as possible to the front row of seats, and the front orchestra tiers must see no stage floor to base the picture.

Under such conditions, masses of people must be spread from side to side instead of from front to rear. They can no longer be seen at one glance, and the spectator's eyes, at least, must be turned. Instantly there is no grouping of sculpture within a visible space or within a picture. The field of movement for a single figure is at once restricted, else there is constant change of relation with fragments of background, or the figure is alternately within and against the picture; in the latter case the picture at once is as wholly obliterated as though a curtain had shut it from sight. The continual readjustment of vision thus forced upon the spectator is so familiar as to be quite unnoticed. Yet it deprives an audience of one chief source of theatric delight, the 'production,' singularly enough the very thing for which theatre-goers clamor and pay.

What would be left for the eye in producing Parsifal under other than Bayreuth conditions? Two experiments have been made, both in America, one practically a compressed duplicate of the other. Mr. Heinrich Conried, with the greater actual spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House stage at

his command, though under exactly similar conditions, perhaps made a less hampered attempt than the undertaking on the lesser scale, one more readily compared with the original. On the other hand, the lesser scale involved either greater triumph or greater disaster in the result.

Mr. Henry W. Savage presented Parsifal in English at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. Some comparisons in terms of seats may be of value. The stage arch at Bayreuth is twenty-two seats wide (without aisles); of the Tremont (filling the aisles) practically twenty-three. That is to say, the frames of the two pictures are not very far from the same size, the one a little wider than square, the other a trifle higher than square. Bayreuth has thirty rows of seats; the floor of the Tremont, if the standing-room were filled, nearly the same, Bayreuth being some ten seats wider. From the second row in the first balcony, which is just about midway of the Bayreuth audience, the stage is seen from the height of the Bayreuth top row.

From a seat chosen for the purpose, then, Parsifal could be seen under Bayreuth audience conditions, with all illusion from a distant stage picture, and from actual stage distances, totally eliminated. Screening everything to the very edge of the picture, even from the 'tail of his eye,' by deliberate trick upon his own brain, the spectator actually could hear Bayreuth-wise sufficiently to eliminate mental distraction by difference in orchestral effect.

In scene one of Acts I and III, the shallow stage makes no necessary impossibility of preserving the group within the picture; especially in the latter case, where, by clever planning, the actual picture can be reduced to less than half the stage width. Moreover, the absurdities of the condensed setting are so palpable as to make no trouble. However, it does make great difficulty for the actor to keep within the sense of the situation. The audience must not be taken into his confidence, and he must constantly remember that a step or two one way or the other, by taking him wholly out from the narrow perspective angle or by isolating him against a bit of the scenery, may break one effective picture into two wholly unrelated and meaningless ones. Again, he must not forget that frequently his back is of more importance than his face. Let him discover and ponder the dismembering havoc wrought by a similar oversight in the paintings of Mr. Abbey's 'Quest of the Holy Grail.'

Fortunately, of the panorama in Acts I and III the shallow stage, within hand-grasp, makes absolute wreckage. The unintelligent spectator

giggles, relapses into conversation (blessed relief!), after respectful attention remarks, when the lights are turned on, 'I really didn't care much for the moving scenery.'

At first blush it is so delightfully absurd, in spite of the musical preparation and of the dialogue. But this is its sole salvation. Watch it, and the total absence of illusion leaves the mind free to be carried with the flow of tone and color and form. There is no half good about it, like a rusty nail to tear attention into thoughts. Of course it is not Wagner's whole effect, but a moment's comparison with the curtain (blank or worse for the purpose than blank) during Siegfried's dead march between the last scenes of 'Götterdämmerung' on any stage save Bayreuth, will leave no need for justification.

Quite as fortunately, since it has the full depth of the stage, the temptation scene of Act II suffers nothing necessarily. The flower-girl chorus can be kept wholly within the vision by forgetting, for a brief hour, the all-dominant musical-comedy dozens, and by *not* arranging it across the stage, from post to post of the arch, in the footlight glare. Even were the eye wide as the proscenium, happily it is not fatal to the spectacle not to see all of every girl all the time. Then, too, the chief actors have plenty of space for related movement within the range of the actual picture, and do not *need* to walk out from it to console the lonely ghost of the operatic prompter's hood.

On the other hand, in the Temple scenes of Acts I and III, full-staged as they are, the elaborate effect of the moving processions is inevitably cut down to a mere suggestion. But, oddly enough, the effect of the Temple itself does not suffer in the smaller scale. The Bayreuth Temple gains its lift and height of dome from the spectator's comparison of spaces actually seen; the American audience reasons, at once, the depth and the reach of unseen spaces from actual height and sweep of dome.

Enough has already been said, at least to suggest that the American reproduction may be a very beautiful Parsifal, and one quite true to the drama, while yet totally distinct in stage appearance and effect from Cosima Wagner's Parsifal at Bayreuth: so distinct, indeed, that neither injures the other; quite the contrary, that each heightens the effect of the other by making possible their comparative criticism.

There yet remains for consideration, the first scene of Act II, that in

Klingsor's Castle, which opens a new series of problems. Absurd as the management of both Kundry and Klingsor remained to the last in Boston, the scene itself was the most obvious illustration of the scope of Mr. Savage's undertaking; and to watch its treatment would have delighted the heart of Richard Wagner himself, who used to be on the stage much of the time of performance, studying possible changes in detail of every kind. During the entire two weeks, this scene presented a series of surprising changes in detail, in color-scheme, in distance. From a picture quite out of keeping with the whole series, it was fashioned into one which, however contradictory to the stage directions, yet filled its place in the American Cosima scheme.

Just what is the Cosima Wagner Parsifal in its appeal to the eye, apart from physical conditions of stage and auditorium, that is, with respect to costumes, scenery, and stage effects?

First of all, it would be interesting to know the exact relation between the two American productions. Are they merely successive adaptations of similar material from the same Berlin sources? At least they are so closely related that Mr. Savage sells as his souvenirs post-card reproductions of photographs of Mr. Conried's stage-settings. Are the two 'Productions' sketched by the same hands which furnish forth the present Bayreuth stage pictures?

Mr. Savage says in his printed prospectus: 'While he [Mr. Savage] has been scrupulously careful to carry out to the smallest detail the wishes of Wagner,' etc., he has bettered them in the matter of electricity for lighting; also, 'The costumes were made from sketches designed after Bayreuth models by the best men in Berlin. They are correct in the smallest details.'

As a matter of fact, this special Klingsor scene flatly contradicts the stage directions for scenery and action printed in the German score, and it is by no means alone. Moreover, the costumes are frankly entirely at variance with photographs of Bayreuth performances even so long after Wagner's death as 1889.

To quote Mr. Savage once more: 'He [Mr. Savage] has had the best technical and artistic advice that can be procured. . . . His decorations, scenic effects, costumes, and the like are the work of the best designers, men familiar with the demands of the music-drama and with conditions at Bayreuth. . . . His stage-manager is a man of great reputation in Germany, who is thoroughly conversant with the traditions of the

Bayreuth Festival Theatre.'

Deliberately, in every way, the impression has been given that Parsifal in America reproduces to the eye, so nearly as possible, Parsifal at Bayreuth — by the way, Bayreuth previous to 1904. Parsifal in America makes the supreme impression of a wonderful whole, yet a whole distinctly different from its Bayreuth model. But to the eye its Bayreuth model is a totally different whole from that of the original production, and from the demands of the printed score left by the creating genius.

It is often said, 'If Shakspeare were alive today, he would make use of all the resources of the modern stage.' It seems never to occur to the sayers that his dramas would be in form quite different from that which has come down to us. A swift and unbroken succession of groups of living sculpture shifting and changing within a given space, is an absolutely different problem from that of a series of such groups isolated in rigid pictures separated by time intervals. While Shakspeare was a dramatist, he was a dramatist for the eye; that is, he worked for theatric conditions as he knew them, or as he could make them: he was that special species of dramatist — the theatrist.

The essence of Creative Art begins to evaporate just so soon as, in any degree, dependence is necessary upon a less or a differently creative mind. The testimony as to what Frau Wagner gives the eye at Bayreuth is flatly contradictory. In the sweep of such overwhelming emotional experience the memory of occasional eye-witnesses is practically valueless, unless each has planned intelligently beforehand to study certain definite phenomena. Even then dates must be known and compared. Again, singularly little evidence is to be found in books.

On the other hand, against the witness of the American productions, some surprising and unexpected proof is offered, even by that extraordinarily misleading 'Wagner's Parsifal as retold by Oliver Huckel,' a volume so charming in its appearance, while so successfully and, wholly against the author's effort and intention, so hopelessly misrepresenting the drama.

Moreover, the equally extraordinary series of paintings by Marcius-Simons adds direct corroborative testimony, in the same line, to the fact that Frau Wagner's color scheme is not that of the American productions. Simons claims help from the Bayreuth stage, even in certain cases to the extent of direct reproduction; also direct inspiration in meanings and inter-

pretation from Siegfried Wagner and his mother, especially the latter. He has a vivid emotional response to the discovery of certain means by which Wagner produced certain effects, but no appreciation whatever of the intellectual process by which the means were made to serve their end. The inaccuracy of mental habit displayed in the artist's own works, and in his writing about them, inspires only distrust. Yet Frau Wagner sets her seal upon his interpretations, in direct contradiction to the poem and the specific stage directions. At once the query rises, whether the devotion of the woman to the man may have had its thorny side for the creative artist, in a surprising inability to seize and to hold his artist point of view?

However, all classes of evidence inescapably force the conclusion that, whatever Cosima's point of view may or may not be, it is not Richard's. The Klingsor picture in Richard's scheme, serves as a link of perfectly simple and quiet broad mass and color, between two others elaborated in every detail, and violently contrasted; it also gathers up a note of form and color quite forgotten two hours before, to make one special contrast all the more vivid. This unique Greek quality of mind, which, by variety of means, avoids forcing any one note, yet subordinates every detail to an unbroken unity from the opening of the first curtain to the final closing, passed out with Wagner's death. The Klingsor episode becomes another intricately elaborate picture, carrying on the story, to be sure, but preventing the effects both of cumulation and of the contrast of repose between violently contrasted accents, while also forcing the note of excitement by substitution of two new and harsh contrasts of wholly different kinds.

Again arises a query, whether Cosima—upon whom has fallen the mantle of a theatrist—with her very imperfect eyesight, which absolutely precludes the possibility of her seeing the drama staged, caught upon the dilemma of archæology or art, has unconsciously and instinctively chosen the modern horn, 'correct in the smallest details.'

Last season an interesting contrast was provided for the Cambridge theatre public. Beside various open-air performances, the Ben Greet company of players gave a series of Shakspeare plays in Chickering Hall, Boston, by artificial light. With scarcely a hint of archæology, but with delightful art, was shared the zest and spirit of an Elizabethan performance.

Somewhat later, the English department of Harvard University, with the assistance of the Architectural Department, turned the academic theatre

into an Elizabethan play-house for the giving of 'Hamlet' by Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Gertrude Elliot-Robertson, and their London company. As a result of tireless research and of Germanesque archæology, a very beautiful modern presentation of 'Hamlet' was witnessed amid most peculiar and unusual surroundings, of great interest both to actors and to audience, but a presentation without the least hint of an Elizabethan performance or of Elizabethan atmosphere.

What caused the difference? Merely one unnoticed, at least neglected or uncompleted, detail of lighting. In the semi-roofless Elizabethan theatre, as in the Dionysiac, the actors were visible by diffused light; so, too, in Chickering Hall. In Sanders Theatre, however, the whole house was illuminated chiefly by direct light from the lofty chandelier. Moreover a row of lights was placed across the inner side of the middle-stage roof-support, above the long front curtain. The result was that the faces of the actors were annoyingly invisible in shade (not shadow!), below space so lighted as to illumine the rather unimportant tops of their heads.

On the modern stage faces are seen only by footlight, a totally false relation necessary to produce the effect of light diffused from any visible or invisible source. With footlights the Elizabethan atmosphere is impossible, since actor and audience are in visibly differing light media; without footlight effect, archæology was helplessly unable to reproduce the art impression of a daylit Shaksperian performance.

Again, the German score of Wagner's Parsifal contains no such hint, but the original version of the poem calls for 'ein schwebende Taube' upon mantle and scutcheon, a floating, hovering, poising (but *not* a 'soaring' dove. This hovering dove is before the eyes from the opening of the first curtain. In the first Temple scene, the ante-Grail service culminates with the boys' voices, singing from the cupola:

'Der Glaube lebt;
Die Taube schwebt,
des Heiland's holder Bote:'

'The Faith doth live;
The Dove descends, (literally, poises, hovers, floats)
The Saviour's gracious token:'

emphasize the dove to the ear. At the close of Act III, the climax of the

whole appeal to the eye is the lustrous white dove descending through the dome, from the Saviour, after the ascending jubilation over the rescue of his Sang-real from sin-stained hands.

Wagner planned most minutely for a unity of color scheme to run throughout the entire drama. Photographs of details from early performances show his attempt to carry out this special minute detail. Did the desiccated, conventionalized, imperial eagle (?), *not* on the mantles, carry out that subtle, ever-repeated, or purposely omitted, note of color? Did the chorus of boys (inaudible partly because, with apparent pause in the action, the house relapsed into conversation, partly on account of volume and position) emphasize that note to the ear?

What they really sang, fortunately, cannot be laid to Cosima:

‘ The Faith here lives,
the Saviour gives
the Dove, His dearest token:’

which quotation is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Savage’s Glyn translation at its best, a version unusually good as such ‘translations’ go. It parallels the German just nearly enough to escape the whole poetic effect of the original; to force upon the reader the instinctive question, ‘His *dearest* token?’; for the hearer, to break the musical phrase in exactly the wrong place, and wholly to conceal the emphasis on ‘Dove,’ and its relation with ‘Faith.’

The situation is well summed up in the perfectly honest query put to the writer, ‘Of course it made a finish to the color of the picture, but what *did* that stuffed pigeon at the end have to do with it?’

So much for illumination in discussing the relation of archæology to art. What is the standard of ‘correct in the smallest details’? actual facts of an artist’s own period, or actual relations between such facts and their conditioning, physical surroundings, past or present? actual customs and manners of certain historic periods, or an artist’s use of such material for his specific ends? the artist’s fact means or his real result? — But such discussion is quite as far beyond the scope of this paper as was that of the Wagner orchestra.

The whole planning of Mr. Savage’s color scheme of Act III, from the first entrance of Gurnemanz (and earlier!) to the descent of the Dove,

is a triumph of the most exquisitely subtle creative composition for the stage. When based upon the visible floor, the effects of the differing color schemes of the two Temple scenes, and of their contrast, are wonderful witnesses to the imagination of the stage artist, the creator in color, in light, and in form. Nevertheless, although the impression of the American production, as a whole, is that of a marvelous unit, yet the orchestra and the drama carry that effect in spite of the appeal to the eye, which close attention reveals to be, not a composition, but an aggregation of fragments.

It is not surprising that many minds fail to grasp the five-fold unity of the unique theatric-dramatic imagination of the nineteenth century. Nor is it by any means unusual to find even the immediate successors of a great genius unable to live in the ether of his complete conception.

The Bayreuth Theatre, the musical score, and the printed drama, are safe anchorage for the Wagner heirs. Varying theatrical conditions, the breathing of imagination, which bloweth where it listeth (or not!), across instruments of less than Greek responsiveness, can but result in Parsifals wonderful for themselves and for comparative criticism in creative stage art; Parsifals in America, Parsifals at Bayreuth. So long as the world is honest, in his printed score, and beyond human touch, lies Richard Wagner's Parsifal; and, with the Parthenon, Parsifal is too subtly marvelous for ruin.

POE ON HAPPINESS

BY DANSKE DANDRIDGE

A

ALTHOUGH Edgar Allan Poe was a genius, he was one of the most ill-starred, ill-contrived of mortals that ever wrote divinely and acted madly.

A great poet is a great seer, and, although Edgar Allan Poe's Dæmon would not allow him to practice his own theories, yet there is some truth and wisdom in these theories; and we know of none more interesting than those on the subject of happiness. 'From the violation of a few simple laws of humanity,' says Poe, 'arises the wretchedness of mankind. As a species we have in our possession the as yet unwrought elements of content; and even now, in the

present darkness and madness of all thought on the great questions of the social condition, it is not impossible that man, the individual, under certain unusual and highly fortuitous conditions, may be happy.'

He goes on to tell us of a certain highly-favored individual named Ellison, who 'admitted but four elementary principles, or, more strictly, conditions of bliss. That which he considered chief was the simple and purely physical one of free exercise in the open air. The health, he asserted, attainable by any other means was scarcely worth the name. He instanced the ecstasies of the fox-hunter, and pointed to the toilers of the earth as the only people who, as a class, can be fairly considered happier than others.

'His second condition was the love of woman. His third was the contempt of ambition. His fourth was an object of constant pursuit, and he held that, other things being equal, the extent of attainable happiness was in proportion to the spirituality of this object.'

Ellison, presumably a healthy man, with a beautiful wife whom he loved devotedly, created for himself a bit of fairyland in which to live out a happy existence. In a word, he became an enthusiastic landscape gardener.

If we are to put any faith in Poe's philosophy we may perhaps concede that, given good health, an absorbing love, absence of gnawing ambition, and an engrossing pursuit that carries one into the open air, as gardening does, we mortals might, for a time, live very contented lives.

It is not selfish to be happy; on the contrary, we do not know how one can do better than to set an example of happiness obtained by simple means, which would preach, as all good examples do, louder than the loudest sermon.

'If I can possibly help it,' said Sydney Smith, 'I will never be unhappy.'

To be sure, Ellison's pursuit is a kind of sublimated and semi-miraculous landscape gardening, the result of which Poe describes, giving his fantastic imagination full swing. Ellison spends several years in the search for an ideal locality for his earthly paradise, which must seem, when completed, as if it were the creation and abode of celestial beings. The visitor to Arnheim intrusts himself to a magic boat which, after many windings and turnings along lovely shores, 'commences a rapid descent and enters a vast amphitheater entirely begirt with purple mountains, whose bases are laved by a gleaming river throughout the whole extent of their circuit.

Meantime the whole Paradise of Arnheim bursts upon the view. There is a gush of entrancing melody; there is an oppressive sense of strange, sweet odor; there is a dreamlike intermingling to the eye of tall, slender eastern trees, bosky shrubberies, flocks of golden and crimson birds, lily-fringed lakes, meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths, and tuberoses, long, intertangled lines of silver streamlets, and, uprising confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi-Saracenic architecture, sustaining itself, as if by miracle, in mid-air; glittering in the red sunlight with a hundred oriels, minarets, and pinnacles, and seeming the phantom handiwork, conjointly, of the sylphs, of the fairies, of the genii, and of the gnomes.'

Poe, unhappy as he was, had one source of enjoyment that he does not mention among his requisites for the attainment of bliss, and that was his marvelous imagination, which enabled him

‘To fling a rainbow, now and then,
Lightly across his spirit’s heaven;
With shapes too fine for mortal ken
To limn the painted skies of even
Or in dark winter months to throw
A summer landscape o’er the snow.’

What cannot fail to strike the thoughtful reader of ‘Arnheim’ is the absence of altruism in this ingenious scheme for individual happiness. It affords little scope for the cultivation of the spiritual nature. Perhaps Poe argued about men and women as some parents do in the case of their children, that as long as they were happy they would be good. Yet so boundless are the wants of the soul that it is doubtful whether any scheme ever devised by the fancy that had for its object the gratification of the senses alone could long satisfy the higher nature. Add to Poe’s plan some pursuit which should have as its aim the sharing of one’s own happiness with others less fortunate, and it is possible that we may learn from it some lessons of wisdom. And yet the most admirable men and women are those who can keep brave and bright and sweet-tempered in spite of the troubles that must come to all, and without following any elaborate plan for æsthetic enjoyment. These strong, elastic, loving, sunny-natured souls are rare, indeed, but most of us have been privileged to know one or two of them, and to thank God for that knowledge.

STAGE VERSIONS OF SHAKESPEARE BEFORE 1800

Second Article

BY FREDERICK W. KILBOURNE

TO the foregoing account of the eighteenth century attitude towards Shakespeare* is now added a *catalogue raisonné* of the adaptations to a degenerate dramatic taste which this attitude occasioned: My list is based on that given in the Old Variorum edition of Shakespeare, and is not only a supplement to that list, but also a revision of it. It aims to be, and I may venture to hope that it is, as exhaustive an enumeration of these works as is possible from the accessible material, and it is reasonable to think that no important version made during the literary period under investigation has been omitted. The number of such plays will doubtless astonish those who have never studied the subject. In giving the list I have adopted the order of the First Folio.

The Tempest.

'The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island,' by Davenant and Dryden, written 1667, printed by Dryden in 1670. Music and spectacle were made prominent features, and, besides, the plot was materially altered, a male counterpart to and a sister of Miranda being introduced, a female Caliban added, and other strange changes made.

'The Tempest,' an opera by Thomas Shadwell, Dryden's 'MacFlecknoe and Og,' 1673, not printed.

'The Tempest,' an opera by Garrick, printed in 1756. It contains much of Davenant and Dryden's version. Kemble's acting version of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' when acted in 1789, contained not a little of the Davenant-Dryden version, but when published, in 1815, more of Shakespeare had been restored.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

An adaptation was made by Benjamin Victor in 1762, but it contains no marked change.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

*See First Article, Summer Number of *Poet Lore*, 1904.

'The Comical Gallant, or the Amours of Sir John Falstaff,' by John Dennis, 1702. This has great changes in the characterizations; omits much, including the entire episode of Falstaff's second visit to Mrs. Ford, and, of course, contains much of Dennis's own composition.

Measure for Measure.

'The Law against Lovers,' by Davenant, printed in 1673. This is a rehash of 'Measure for Measure,' with the characters of Benedick and Beatrice added from 'Much Ado.' A great deal of the play is Davenant's own.

'Measure for Measure, or Beauty the Best Advocate,' by Charles Gildon, 1700. Gildon's chief additions are four musical masques as entertainments between the acts. Besides much of his own composition, Gildon borrowed a few ideas from Davenant.

Comedy of Errors.

'Everybody Mistaken.' This was a farce, according to one authority, by William Taverner, acted about 1716. It was never printed, so its relation to its original is unknown.

'All Mistaken' is given by one authority as an alteration or adaptation of the 'Comedy,' by William Shirley. I could learn nothing about this.

'Comedy of Errors,' by Hull, deputy manager of Covent Garden Theater, 1779. This had no marked change.

'The Twins, or Which is Which,' printed 1786, by Mr. Woods. This is a farce made by cutting out much of Shakespeare, but with little change of what is retained.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Davenant's 'Law against Lovers,' as mentioned before, borrows the characters of Benedick and Beatrice and considerable of the dialogue from this play.

'The Universal Passion,' by James Miller, 1737. According to the Old Variorum editors this is a *pasticcio* of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Love's Labor Lost.' This, as Genest points out, is not so, but the play is a bad jumble of 'Much Ado' and Molière's 'Princess of Elis.' This is one of the worst instances of lack of reverence for two great geniuses.

Love's Labour's Lost.

'The Students,' 1762, never acted and author unknown. It is difficult to characterize this. There are numerous minor changes of plot, characterizations, and dialogue.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

'The Fairy Queen,' an opera, 1692, author unknown. It contains no important changes.

'Pyramus and Thisbe,' a comic masque, by Richard Leveridge, 1716.

'Pyramus and Thisbe,' a mock opera, set to music by Mr. Lampe, 1745. The nature of this and the preceding is evident from the title; the former I have read and it varies little from the part of Shakespeare's play treated; the latter I could not find. It may be the same as Leveridge's piece.

'The Fairies,' an opera, attributed to Garrick, 1755. This is a compilation from Shakespeare's play and is in three acts with many songs.

'Midsummer Night's Dream,' an opera, with alterations, additions, and new songs, attributed to Colman, 1763. Among other changes nearly the whole of the mock play is omitted.

'A Fairy Tale,' in two acts, 1763, is an abridgment of the preceding.

The Merchant of Venice.

'The Jew of Venice,' 1701, by George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. A sad travesty of Shakespeare's play, the chief change being in the character of Shylock, which is made a low comedy part. There are great changes in the diction, considerable omissions, and much of Lansdowne's own wretched stuff.

As You Like It.

'Love in a Forest,' 1723, by Charles Johnson. The chief changes in this case are in the characterizations, as, for instance, that of making Jaques become a lover of Celia, whom he marries at the end, and in the omission of Touchstone and other comic characters.

'The Modern Receipt, or a Cure for Love,' 1739. This is given as an alteration of 'As You Like It.' I was unable to secure any information as to its character.

The Taming of the Shrew.

'Sauny the Scott,' printed in 1698, by John Lacy (probably). The play is turned into prose, the scene is transferred to London, and Grumio is changed into a Scotchman. There are no great changes in the plot.

'The Cobbler of Preston,' a farce by Christopher Bullock, and a farce by Charles Johnson with the same title, both produced in 1716, are based on the induction to Shakespeare's play.

'A Cure for a Scold,' 1735, an opera by James Worsdale, a portrait painter, was given as an afterpiece to 'Richard III.' It professes to be from Shakespeare, but is really from 'Sauny the Scot,' *verbatim*, or with slight changes.

All's Well that Ends Well.

According to the Old Variorum editors, this play was altered by a Mr. Pilon and reduced to three acts, 1785. This alteration was never printed and I could learn nothing as to its nature.

Twelfth Night.

'Love Betrayed, or the Agreeable Disappointment,' 1703, by Charles Burnaby, is a comedy based on 'Twelfth Night.' According to Genest, about fifty lines are professedly taken from that play, and the plot and incidents come from the same source. The dialogue is written afresh, but, says Genest, 'this comedy is rather to be considered as a very bad alteration of Shakespeare's play than as a new one.'

The Winter's Tale.

'The Winter's Tale,' an alteration by Charles Marsh, 1756. Marsh rewrote to a great extent and abridged the first three acts and reconstructed the last two, in such a way as to do away with the lapse of sixteen years between the third and fourth acts of Shakespeare's play.

'The Sheepshearing, or Florizel and Perdita,' 1754, by M'Namara Morgan, is a reconstruction of Shakespeare's last two acts.

'Florizel and Perdita,' 1756, by Garrick, is in three acts, Shakespeare's last two with material from the other three incorporated with them and considerable of Garrick's own invention.

'The Sheepshearing,' acted in 1777 and attributed to Colman, professed to be taken from Shakespeare, but was in reality an abridgment of Garrick's play.

King John.

'Papa! Tyranny in the Reign of King John,' 1745, by Colley Cibber. The whole of Shakespeare's first act is omitted and there are great changes in the remaining acts. The character of Falconbridge is much depressed

and that of Constance much enlarged. The play is used as a vehicle for religious invective, Cibber's purpose being 'to paint the intoxicated tyranny of Rome in its proper colors.'

Richard II.

'The Sicilian Usurper,' 1681, by Nahum Tate. The play was acted under this title because the authorities suppressed it under its own name. Tate heightened the character of Richard and made York a comic rather than a serious character, but a pattern of loyalty. Tate made many additions, but the greater part of the play is Shakespeare's.

'Richard II,' 1719, by Lewis Theobald, the Shakespeare editor. Theobald did far more violence to Shakespeare and history than did Tate. The chief addition is an intrigue between Aumerle, whose part is much enlarged, and a new character, Lady Percy, a daughter of Northumberland.

A third version of this play was made by one James Goodhall in 1772. The 'Biographia Dramatica' says it was offered to Garrick, who refused it, and was printed at Manchester. Genest says the alteration was a very bad one.

The 'Biographia Dramatica' chronicles still another 'Richard II,' as acted at Bath in 1754. It was never published, and I could not learn whether it was an alteration of Shakespeare or a new play.

1 Henry IV.

A version of this was printed in 1700. It is attributed to Betterton. It is without change save omissions, and is better than modern stage versions in that it retains some scenes which they omit.

2 Henry IV, by Betterton, is not so good as his '1 Henry IV,' as he omitted too much of the original and supplied the omissions with material taken from acts first and second of 'Henry V.'

Henry V.

I found no alteration of this play. Aaron Hill's play on the same subject borrows some passages from Shakespeare.

1 Henry VI.

This play has not, to my knowledge, been altered.

2 Henry VI.

'Henry VI, with the Murder of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,' 1681, by John Crowne, is made up chiefly of the first four acts of Shake-

speare's play. The parts of the Queen, Suffolk, and the Cardinal are enlarged, and there is much invective against the Roman Catholics, this latter feature being avowedly the chief purpose of the play.

3 Henry VI.

'Henry VI, or the Misery of Civil War,' 1681, by Crowne, begins with the fifth act of Shakespeare's second part. It professes to be almost entirely original, but a great deal is taken *verbatim* from Shakespeare. Much intrigue is added.

Ambrose Phillips's 'Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester' has about thirty lines from 2 Henry VI.

'An Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster in the Reign of King Henry Sixth' is the cumbersome title of Theophilus Cibber's version (1723) of Shakespeare's play. It covers much the same ground as Crowne's second part and borrows from it, but has more of Shakespeare. As usual, a great deal of intrigue is introduced.

'The Roses, or King Henry the Sixth,' an historical tragedy represented at Reading School in 1795, consists mainly of the last four acts of '3 Henry VI.' It is by Doctor Valpy, who somewhat later made abridgments of 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'King John' for use at his school. The scene is confined to England and the duration of the play shortened. The language is mostly Shakespeare's. A few passages are borrowed from his other plays.

Richard III.

'Richard Third,' 1700, by Colley Cibber. This is probably the most famous of all versions; it is certainly the best-known one, as it entirely supplanted the original play, and many of its changes survive even to this day. A few good alterations were made, but these numerous wanton and unnecessary ones in plot and diction. Passages are borrowed from other plays and much of Cibber's own composition, most of it very poor work, is incorporated, so that Cibber deserves nothing but contempt for his performance.

Henry VIII.

So far as is known, no alteration of this play has ever been made.

Troilus and Cressida.

'Troilus and Cressida, or Truth Found Too Late,' 1679, by Dryden.

This was professedly undertaken to modernize Shakespeare's play, which Dryden erroneously thought to be one of his earlier efforts. Dryden, in attempting to 'refine' the play, made great changes, omitting several scenes of the original to introduce new scenes and episodes of his own devising. The chief change, however, is the new characterization of Cressida, who is made faithful to Troilus, thus running counter to the opinion of her held in earlier periods, during which her infidelity was proverbial. This necessitated an almost entirely new fifth act. In this new conclusion Cressida, on being reproached by Troilus, stabs herself and dies forgiving Troilus, who bitterly blames himself for believing her false. Troilus then kills Diomed — poetical justice — and is killed by Achilles. Some of the reasons for these changes have already been given in discussing the general treatment of the plays.

Coriolanus.

'The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of Caius Martius Coriolanus,' 1682, by Nahum Tate. This alteration was made to emphasize the doctrine of passive obedience and to modernize the play. The former is done by bringing about not only the death of Coriolanus but also of all his family, in the course of which much physical horror is introduced. Aufidius also dies. The women of the play talk like society women of Tate's time. A new character, Nigridius, an enemy of Coriolanus, is introduced and takes a prominent part in causing the misfortunes of Coriolanus and his family.

A second alteration of this play was made in 1719 by John Dennis. It is entitled 'The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment.' For the most part the play is Shakespeare's, but Dennis, like all the others, makes numerous additions and minor changes. Like Tate, he metes out poetical justice to Aufidius, who is killed by Coriolanus.

James Thomson's 'Coriolanus' is an entirely independent play.

The 'Coriolanus' acted at Covent Garden in 1754 is an amalgamation of Shakespeare's and Thomson's plays, the greater part being Thomson's. It is attributed to the elder Sheridan.

J. P. Kemble's alteration, acted in 1789, unfortunately is spoiled by too great borrowing from Thomson. Otherwise it might have been a judicious and legitimate abridgment. The fifth act is more Thomson's than Shakespeare's.

Titus Andronicus.

'Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia,' published in 1687, by Edward Ravenscroft. Genest says of this: 'Ravenscroft has added and omitted a good deal, but his play does not differ very materially from the original. On the whole he has improved 'Titus Andronicus'; he has altered some things for the better, and he has certainly transposed several passages very judiciously. His additions are, in general, bad.'

Romeo and Juliet.

The first alteration of this play was by James Howard, who made the play end happily. Aside from this change of the catastrophe nothing is known of the play. The play bill gives as one of the characters Count Paris's wife, who must have been introduced in the altered play.

'Caius Marius,' 1680, by Otway, can hardly be called a version of *Romeo and Juliet*, although more than half of the play is taken from Shakespeare's play. A son of Marius and a daughter of one of Sulla's partisans correspond respectively to *Romeo* and *Juliet*, the nurse is retained, and there is a character corresponding to *Mercutio*. Much of the dialogue is retained, either *verbatim* or somewhat changed.

'*Romeo and Juliet*,' 1744, by Theophilus Cibber. No very violent changes are made, but not a little is taken from Otway. Cibber follows Otway in making *Juliet* regain consciousness before *Romeo* dies.

Garrick's version, later slightly revised by Kemble, was acted in 1748. Many minor changes, as making *Juliet* eighteen instead of fourteen, are introduced, and *Juliet* wakes as in Otway and Cibber.

From the preface to Charles Marsh's '*Cymbeline*,' as published in 1762, it appears that he also revised '*Romeo and Juliet*.'

The elder Sheridan is said to have made an alteration for representation at Dublin, and John Lee one for the Edinburgh theater. Nothing is known, however, of any of these three.

Timon of Athens.

'*Timon of Athens, the Man-hater*,' 1678, by Shadwell. Shakespeare's play is very much transformed, there being many and great changes, the chief of which I have already mentioned, the giving *Timon* two mistresses, one of whom, *Evandra*, is faithful to the end, while the other, *Melissa*, deserts him. I have already commented sufficiently on this feature.

In 1768 was published '*Timon of Athens*' as altered from Shakespeare

and Shadwell by James Love, an actor and author of no high degree of merit. It follows Shakespeare in the main, but Evandra and a few minor details are taken from Shadwell.

A bad version of this play was made by the dramatist Richard Cumberland and acted in 1771. Cumberland gives Timon a daughter, which is bad art, as it makes his prodigality inexcusable. The fifth act is almost entirely rewritten. At the conclusion Timon, before dying, lays aside his misanthropy, is kind to his daughter, and gives her to Alcibiades, who, as in Shadwell, is made a model character.

Again, in 1786, Hull brought out a version of this play, with additions from Shadwell. From the playbill it appears that the two mistresses were the chief additions from that source.

Julius Cæsar.

A revision of 'Julius Cæsar' was printed in 1719, as made by Davenant and Dryden. Genest thinks it certain, however, that Davenant could have had no hand in it. I have not found a copy or an account of this version. Probably there were no marked changes.

'The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar,' and 'The Death of Marcus Brutus.' These two tragedies were made from 'Julius Cæsar' by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire. They were never acted, but were published in 1722 by his widow. Sheffield, who was a friend of Dryden and Pope, divided the play in order to conform strictly to the unities of time, place, and action. The first follows Shakespeare closely except in the diction, which is changed. It ends with Antony's oration. The second tragedy, having but two acts of the original to draw upon, necessarily has much that is new. Several new characters are introduced. In fact, a new play is made, for the first three acts are entirely Sheffield's, and, although the substance of the last two is Shakespeare's, the diction is the reviser's.

Macbeth.

Davenant's version of this play, acted first in 1672, published in 1674, turns the play into a dramatic opera. Many songs, dances, and much machinery were introduced in the representation to offset the attraction of better acting at the rival theater. But in addition to this the plot was greatly altered, the chief change being in the enlargement of the characters of Macduff and his wife, and the bad art displayed in the duplication of im-

portant features, as in the Dryden and Davenant 'Tempest.' The witches appear to Macduff in a similar way as they had done to Macbeth, and prophesy to him, and the ghost of Duncan is seen only by Lady Macbeth, as Banquo's by Macbeth in the original. The diction is so changed that Steevens declared, 'Almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised or arbitrarily omitted.'

Furness speaks of a 1673 version differing from that just mentioned. It is, he says, practically a reprint of the First Folio, except that witch songs are added. They are similar to those in Davenant's version, but are not in the same places.

John Lee made a version of 'Macbeth' which was played at Edinburgh in 1753. The editors of the 'Biographia Dramatica' thus characterize it: 'Language is not strong enough to express our contempt of Mr. Lee's performance. If sense, spirit, and versification were ever discoverable in Shakespeare's play, so sure has our reformer laid them all in ruins.'

Hamlet.

Garrick made an alteration of Hamlet in 1772, but did not venture to print it. His changes were mostly minor ones. He divided the acts differently, left out the grave-diggers, the fate of Ophelia was not given, and the king defended himself and was killed by Hamlet in the rencounter. Laertes was rendered more estimable, and Hamlet and he were made to die of mutual wounds.

Wilkinson, manager of the Hull and York theaters, also made a version, which was published in 1795. In this, Hamlet fought with and killed the king. Laertes then killed Hamlet, but was not himself killed. Passages were introduced from other plays, as the scene of Cardinal Beaufort's death in '2 Henry VI,' the king speaking what is there given to the cardinal.

King Lear.

'King Lear,' by Nahum Tate, 1681, shares with Cibber's 'Richard III' the doubtful honor of being the most celebrated alteration of Shakespeare. The chief divergences from the original are the happy ending, in which Lear is restored to his senses and Cordelia marries Edgar and rules the kingdom, the love affair between Edgar and Cordelia, the omission of the fool, and the amplification of Edmund's intrigues with Goneril and Regan.

'King Lear,' by Garrick, 1756, restored much of Shakespeare, but

retained most of the love scenes, and in the fifth act chiefly followed Tate.

'King Lear,' by the elder Colman, 1768, mainly followed Shakespeare in the first four acts, but retained many of the love scenes, and in the fifth act adopted the happy ending of Tate. Charles Lamb has well criticised this latter feature.

Othello.

This play has happily escaped alteration.

Antony and Cleopatra.

'Antony and Cleopatra,' as fitted for the stage by Capell, the Shakespeare editor, and produced with Garrick as Antony in January, 1759, was merely an adaptation by abridgment, transposition, and omission, and was in no sense a new play.

Dryden's dramatic masterpiece, 'All for Love,' and Sir Charles Sedley's 'Antony and Cleopatra' are entirely independent of Shakespeare's play. Dryden's play and Shakespeare's play were amalgamated in 1813, probably by Kemble, but as this version belongs to a later period than the one under review I shall not describe it.

Cymbeline.

This play was first altered by Tom Durfey, in 1682. Durfey, who made great changes, called his play 'The Injured Princess, or the Fatal Wager,' transferred the scenes in Italy to France, and renamed the characters. Among the numerous changes perhaps the most important as to plot are the making Ursaces (Posthumus) kill Shattillion (Iachimo), and the addition of Clarissa, a confidant of Eugenia (Imogen). The play is given an eighteenth century Frenchified treatment, and there is, of course, much of Durfey's own composition.

'Cymbeline' was altered, also, by Charles Marsh in 1755, but his version was never acted, and although it was printed I have not seen a copy. 'Biographia Dramatica' speaks of it as exhibiting its author's dullness.

A third version of 'Cymbeline' was made in 1759 by William Hawkins, professor of poetry at Oxford. Hawkins' professed purpose was to make the play conform as far as possible to the unities, especially that of time. He made, however, violent changes in the plot; in fact, he shamefully mutilated Shakespeare's play, so that the features of the original are hardly recognizable. Hawkins greatly altered the characterizations and

various details of the action, and his own additions, in which he aimed to imitate Shakespeare's style, bear no very striking resemblance to their model. The parts of Philario (Pisanio), Palador (Guiderius), and Cloten are enlarged ('improved,' says Hawkins), while that of Posthumus is somewhat depressed.

Garrick's adaptation, acted in 1761, was judiciously done, only necessary omissions and transpositions being made.

The 'Cymbeline' of Henry Brooke, author of the 'Fool of Quality,' was an independent play, although Brooke probably had Shakespeare before him as he wrote.

Pericles.

'Marina,' 1738, by George Lillo, author of the bourgeois drama 'George Barnwell,' is an alteration and abridgment of Shakespeare's 'Pericles.' It is in three acts. The scenes are confined to Ephesus and Tyre and are made up from Shakespeare's last two acts. Some judicious changes are made, but some parts are omitted that might better have been retained, and Lillo's own additions are but indifferent. No material changes are made in the action.

This completes the list of these dramatic perversions. Taken together they constitute a very considerable literary product which has now, happily, been for the most part discarded and forgotten. 'And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.' Shakespeare, whom they for a time crowded almost entirely from the scene, has survived his temporary displacement, proving thereby that his works are 'not for an age,' as were those of his would-be improvers, 'but for all time.' That this change has been effected makes one have renewed confidence in the unerring literary judgment of time. As for these plays, they have interest now merely as literary curiosities and as the manifestations of dramatic notions forever and rightfully rejected.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES: 'THE TEMPEST'

[Reprinted by request from *Poet Lore*, No. 6-7, Vol. VIII (1896) now out of print.]

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER AND HELEN A. CLARKE

HAVING read 'The Tempest' as a whole, if it be not already fresh in the mind, consider more carefully the characteristics of its dramatic structure, studying the plot and progress of the story as it is unfolded act by act, also the characters, and so forth, as suggested in the following study.

The topics given under each division may be used, of course, either as subjects for papers, for class-work, or for private study. The line-numbering of citations, here given, follows that of 'The First Folio Edition,' edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.).

The Schemes of Prospero. Act I.

The first scene shows the storm in progress. Is there any clew given to the reader that it is a magic tempest? What is Prospero's main object in having the ship's crew and passengers cast upon his island? Is it to wreak vengeance on his enemies, to work the charm of love between Ferdinand and Miranda, or by means of that to reinstate himself? In what way would this love work to his advantage? Notice the natural way in which the reader is put in possession of the necessary information about the past of Prospero and Miranda. Warburton says of this that it is the finest example he knows of retrospective narration for the sake of informing the audience of the plot. How much of the plot is permitted to come out in this act? Why does Prospero so repeatedly urge Miranda's attention? Is she abstracted, is he, or is she already beginning to be drowsy? Why was Ferdinand the first to quit the ship? Since Prospero already knows, why does he ask Ariel what time it is?

POINTS. 1. Source of the plot. (No one has as yet succeeded in

finding the play or novel on which the play was founded; but the fact that the 'unities' are observed in it as in no other play of Shakespeare's leads Warburton to suppose that it was taken from some Italian writer, none but the Italians observing, at that date, the dramatic unities, and also because the characters are all Italians. There are, however, several books from which Shakespeare may have obtained suggestions for certain incidents in 'The Tempest': the storm and wreck may have been suggested by accounts of the experiences of Sir George Somers and others during their voyage of discovery to the Bermudas; or from Ariosto's description of a storm in the 'Orlando,' Canto 41. There is, also, an early German play, 'The Fair Sidea,' which resembles 'The Tempest,' but is probably not its source, but founded, like 'The Tempest,' on the same undiscoverable story. A translation of this play is given in the Furness Variorum 'Tempest.' (See a note in *Poet Lore*, Vol. V, p. 53, January, 1894, for a possible variant of 'The Tempest.') Gonzalo's speech, too (ii. 1), follows pretty closely a passage in Florio's *Montaigne*. 2. Explain the nautical terms. 'Master's whistle.' In Shakespeare's time naval commanders wore great whistles of gold. A modern boatswain's badge is a silver whistle suspended to the neck by a lanyard. Holt extols the excellence of Shakespeare's sea-terms, but makes an exception of Gonzalo's 'cable,' which he says is of no use unless the ship is at anchor, and here it is plainly sailing; to which Furness replies, Shakespeare anchors Gonzalo's hopes on the boatswain's 'gallows complexion,' and the cable of that anchor was the hangman's rope. 3. 'Washing of ten tides.' An allusion to the custom of hanging pirates at low-water mark. (See *Poet Lore*, Vol. VI, notes, p. 220, April, 1894.) 4. Compare this storm with that in 'Pericles,' — 'Do not assist the storm,' etc., with 'Per.' III, i, 51-60. 5. Explain 'To trash for over-topping,' I, ii, 98, which is 'a blending of two metaphors.' Trash refers to the habit of hanging a weight round the neck of the fleetest of a pack of hounds, to keep him from getting ahead of the rest; and 'overtopping' to trees shooting up above the others in a grove, which have to be lopped to keep them even. 6. What does Prospero mean by saying, 'Now I arise'? Simply, now I get up, and now my fortunes change? 7. 'Still vex'd Bermoothes.' Bermudas, spelled in several ways in Shakespeare's time, and called 'still vex'd,' from accounts of tempests prevailing there. 8. 'Argier.' The name of Algiers till after the Restoration. 9. 'One thing she did.' What? Are

we anywhere told what?

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Does the long monologue of Prospero in this act detract from its dramatic force? Is the monologue rightly disused in modern plays? Why? Compare Ibsen's plays in this respect.

The Counter-plot. Act II.

Tell the story of Act II, showing how its main event is the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonzo and Gonzalo. Is the issue left undecided long, so that it threatens the result? How and why does Ariel prevent the success of it? Might it not have been to Prospero's advantage to have the King killed, since Ferdinand would then succeed to the throne of Naples? Did Ariel's intervention kill the plot? What light is thrown on the characters by scene i. of this act? Do you think it is intended to be shown that Gonzalo is prosy and tiresome, although good, or only that the lower and more frivolous characters find him so? Which is the likelier, that Shakespeare intended the dialogue about Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth to be a satire upon it, or favorable to Utopian schemes? Which comes out the better at last in the wit-combat,—the quick Antonio and Sebastian, or the thoughtful Gonzalo? Is Sebastian's solicitude about Claribel a sign of a kindlier nature than Antonio's? Are there any indications that Antonio's mind is more alert than Sebastian's? What purposes of the action or plot are served by the introduction of Claribel? Is the King's grief as great for the daughter as for the son? How does his paternal affection compare with Prospero's? Compare Antonio's speech, suggesting the murder to Sebastian, with similar speeches in Shakespeare (Macbeth's, King John's, Oliver's in 'As You Like It,' Claudius' in 'Hamlet'). In the second scene of this act, how far is a second counter-plot foreshadowed?

POINTS. 1. The jokes of Act II: their explanation (*i. e.*, 'dollar' and 'doulour,' the 'eye of green,' etc.). 2. When were watches first used in Europe? 3. Tell the story of Æneas and Dido. 4. What myth is alluded to in 'his word is more than the miraculous harp'? 5. Gonzalo's Commonwealth—its origin from Montaigne. It is commonly supposed that Shakespeare must have borrowed this reference from the translation. Frame a plea that he took it directly from the French. (For aid in this see 'Shakespeare's Compliment to Brantôme,' *Poet Lore*, Vol. IV, p. 249, August-September, 1892, for a similar use in 'Lear' of a French passage;

also Fleay in 'Gentle Will our Fellow,' Vol. V, p. 616, December, 1893.) 6. Show the bearing of Sebastian's phrase, 'I am standing water,' with its context. (That is, at the turn of the tide between ebb and full.) 7. 'The man i' the moon,' and the folk-lore about it. 8. Natural history on the island (*Poet Lore*, April, 1894, Notes and News).

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Is it a defect in the action of the play that the danger arising from the most important counter-plot is allayed so soon?

New Plots against Prospero. Act III.

What new turns are given events in Act III? Scene i continues Ferdinand's love-making, and shows no hindrances there to Prospero's plans; but scene ii develops Caliban's plot, and scene iii shows Sebastian and Antonio making ready to carry out the purpose which had at first been defeated. Give an account of the scene in Act II which leads up to this plot in connection with its sequel in this act. Ariel is baffled in his attempts to breed contention between the conspirators by Trinculo's good nature, but finally he leads them off with his music. Scene iii represents Alonzo and his courtiers bewildered and tired by their fruitless tramps through the island, and in just the temper to be confused by the dumb-show and the harpies. Note the dependence placed, throughout 'The Tempest,' on the effect of 'solemn and strange music.' Antonio's plot, being resumed, is blocked by Ariel's magic show and his accusation. Note how the supernatural quality of the scene makes his speech affect their consciences as if they were themselves accusing themselves, and how it drives them into mental disorder. Dr. Bucknill, a specialist in brain disease, who has commented on Shakespeare's knowledge of such maladies, explains that Alonzo's frenzy leads him by an imaginative melancholy to the idea of suicide, while the madness of Antonio and Sebastian expresses itself in the idea of desperate fight.

POINTS. 1. What is a 'catch,' a 'tabor'? Give an account of the music in the play, and show the fitness of its different effects on the different characters. 2. Explain the allusions, 'unicorns,' 'one tree, the Phœnix throne,' 'mountaineers,' with 'wallets of flesh,' etc. 3. What is a harpy? Give an account of the mention of harpies in Virgil (*Æneid*, Book III), and 'Paradise Regained' (Book II). What appropriateness to the purpose in this 'quaint device'?

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Do the counter-plots introduced in this act

mainly affect events or character?

The Confusion of the Plotters. Act IV.

Show how the story of Act IV is of the smoothing down of all that disturbs Prospero's designs, and foreshadows the complete reconciliation of the last act. The lovers, whose readiness to fall in with Prospero's plan has made his task light so far as they are concerned, could only imperil his and their future by a premature union; and Ferdinand, having stood the test of hard work, is now induced, by an awed and holy mood, produced by art, to keep his good resolutions. Describe the mask, and show its meaning and fitness for Prospero's purposes. Why is Prospero so disturbed at the reminder of so paltry a plot as that of Caliban and his associates? Is it likely that these drunken fellows could frame any plot that would be but as gossamer before his art? Is it natural that so low a creature as Caliban should show more intelligence than Stephano and Trinculo in disregarding Ariel's 'stale' set to catch them? How do you explain his superior caution? Describe the device employed by Prospero and Ariel to rout these plotters. Would it be effective on an English stage?

POINTS. 1. Explanation of classical allusions. 'Hymen's lamps,' 'Phæbus' steeds,' Ceres, Iris, Juno, etc.; 'dusky Dis,' 'Paphos,' etc. 2. The botany of Act IV. What is 'stover,' 'furze,' gorse? 3. Was Prospero's 'line' a lime-tree or a clothes-line? 4. Explanation of the jokes of the act. 5. Natural history on the island again: the 'blind mole,' 'barnacles,' 'apes,' 'pard,' etc.

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Why is the punishment devised for the lesser plotters corporal, and for the greater ones psychological?

Prospero's Triumph. Act V.

Sum up the results consummated by Prospero's magic. Note Gonzalo's account of the play, and show the ethical results, and Ariel's part in Prospero's course of reconciliation. Explain how, if Prospero had regained his dukedom, and yet, if 'all of us,' as Gonzalo says, had not *found ourselves*, the triumph would have been material, not ethical. Show how this effect is enhanced by the plan to awaken dismay and remorse in the minds of the evil-doers and how the climax in Prospero's triumph is reached by the victory wrought in his own mind when he determines to take part with his 'nobler

reason 'gainst his fury' in order to restore his enemies to themselves. What indications are there in the play that Prospero was high-strung and spirited, — a revenge-loving Italian? Trace the effects of remorse on each of the ill-doers. Is there any reason to suppose that Antonio, Stephano, or Trinculo are repentant? Is it out of character for Caliban to be?

POINTS. 1. The 'Faerie' of the play. Compare with that of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' (See 'Fairy-lore of Midsummer Night's Dream,' *Poet Lore*, Vol. III, p. 177, April, 1891.) Victor Hugo notes the contrast as follows: "Midsummer Night's Dream" depicts the action of the invisible world on man; "The Tempest" symbolizes the action of man on the invisible world.' (See also the 'Supernatural in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"' in *Poet Lore*, Vol. V, p. 490, October, 1893; in Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' p. 557, November, 1893.)

2. The duration of the play. Explain how it follows the 'unities'; and in this connection show the probable equality of 'three glasses' to three hours, and Shakespeare's mistake. (Shakespeare's use of nautical terms, approved by all seamen, seems to be here at fault in supposing a 'glass' equal to one, instead of to a half, hour.)

3. The game of chess and its pertinence here: Because so wise a father would have taught his daughter so intellectual a game; because Queen Elizabeth was fond of it, and it was *par excellence* a 'royal game'; or because Naples was the source and center of the chess *furor* at just this time?

4. Where is the scene of the 'Tempest' laid? Is the island real or unreal? (The main conjectures for a known place are Hunter's that it was Lampedusa, and Elze's that it was Pantelaria. Both argue that each island was so situated in the Mediterranean, between Milan or its port and Algiers, whence the sailors landed Sycorax, as to suit the requirements. Elze further urges the name of a town on the opposite African coast, Calibia, as suggesting Caliban's name.)

5. The influence of the New World on the writing of 'The Tempest,' and all allusions traceable to it.

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. What constitutes the interest in 'The Tempest,' — character, dramatic situations, movement, plot, poetry, or moral purpose?

Character Studies.

1. Prospero and his Servants.

With the first word Shakespeare introduces Prospero as one who can raise and calm such a tempest as scene i describes, and the magician admits the power Miranda ascribes to him. Show from the story what his plans and motives were likely to prove. Would a sense of his own former neglect of duty be likely to embitter him against his brother or make him excuse him? Does he show signs of either? Prospero's magic, his garment, books, staff. How far is his magic in accord with the popular notions of such art? (See 'Prospero and Magic,' *Poet Lore*, Vol. III, p. 144, March, 1891.)

Show Ariel's qualities. What caused his first impatience? Is Prospero unnecessarily harsh and imperious with him? Aside from the popular supposition that spirits or familiars obeying magicians were always reluctant to serve longer than one hour (and, therefore, says Scot's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' 'the magician must be careful to dismiss him'), how can you explain this quarrel,—as a dramatic expedient giving occasion for telling Ariel's story, or revealing the characters of both Prospero and Ariel? Note, also, its further use in introducing Prospero's second servant, Caliban, and his story. How do you explain Ariel's irrelevant rejoinder: 'Yes, Caliban, her son'; and Prospero's angry, 'Dull thing, I say so,' etc.? Do you think Moulton right in supposing that Prospero governs 'this incarnation of caprice by outcapricing him'; or Rolfe, in supposing that Prospero is irritable because under the strain and suspense of conducting affairs within three hours perfectly, and upon which accuracy hangs his future and the happiness of his daughter? This was also his only chance of retrieving his own past error.

Contrast Ariel with Caliban. Show the skill of his first appearance as some slow-moving thing, half of water, half of earth, in contrast with Ariel's second appearance as a nymph. What may be learned of Caliban's traits from Miranda's speech (as in the Folio, but by various editors given to Prospero): 'Abhorred slave,' etc.? Do you think this speech should be given to Prospero? What signs are there of Caliban's having a good mind? Do you think Prospero's tyranny over Caliban altogether justified? Is Caliban's penitence consistent with his nature? How far does Ariel proceed independently of Prospero? Is he really fond of him?

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Is there any bond of love between Pros-

pero and his servants? Do the relations between them illustrate the impossibility of gratitude?

2. The Lovers.

Is the love of Ferdinand and Miranda an enchantment caused by Prospero, or an emotion he can help, but not cause? If not caused by him, does Shakespeare depart from magic to the detriment of the play? Would it be better, for example, if a love philter was introduced for consistency's sake? (For literary use of the love philter, see Tennyson's 'Lucretius.') Does it reflect against Ferdinand's courage that he was first to quit the ship? Are Miranda's speeches about her grandmother (I, ii, 140) and to Caliban inconsistent with the maidenly innocence assumed to be characteristic of her? Do you consider her talk with Ferdinand (III, i) in character? Is she undutiful to her father? Unmaidenly in her speedy declaration of love (III, i, 67, 89, 94-106, 110)? Should she be represented as ignorant or innocent of the world, or as in love? Describe the characters and relations to each other of the lovers from all that is given about them. Compare with Florizel and Perdita in 'The Winter's Tale.'

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Are Miranda and Ferdinand undeveloped characters whose relation to each other is more important to the play than they themselves are?

3. The Minor Characters.

Which is the most important of the lesser characters and why? Is Gonzalo blamable at all under the circumstances for following the command to turn Prospero and Miranda adrift? Why is Gonzalo of better cheer than his companions? What do you think of his philosophy in itself and as an index to his character? Is his knowledge superior to that of his companions? Does he suspect the evil intent of Antonio and Sebastian? Show how his frankness and loyalty came out in Act III, and how his uprightness is rewarded in Act V. Do you think it significant that he closes the play? Francisco considered as the least important personage in the play: should his speech describing Ferdinand's swimming be given to Gonzalo? (For some attempt to describe Francisco, etc., see 'Notes on "The Tempest,"' *Poet Lore*, Vol. III, p. 21, January, 1891.) The sailors considered as examples of Shakespeare's skill in outline portraits. Are Stephano

and Trinculo more highly developed types than Caliban? Would the play be better if they were left out?

QUERY FOR DISCUSSION. Is Gonzalo more like Polonius in 'Hamlet' or Kent in 'Lear'?

A Study of Artistic Design.

The Symbolism of 'The Tempest.'

Did Shakespeare typify himself as Prospero? Prospero (says Montégut) alludes to his own age, and intimates that the time has come for retirement to private life. What indications can you find that Prospero images Shakespeare? If he is so interpreted, what parts may Ariel and Caliban be supposed to play? Is the history of the Enchanted Island and the transformation wrought a parallel with the history of the Stage and the transformation Shakespeare wrought? According to Montégut, Caliban stands for Marlowe, Ariel for the English Genius which Shakespeare frees from its barbaric prison. Dowden ('Mind and Art of Shakespeare') fancies Prospero as the great artist lacking at first in practical faculty, cast out therefore from practical worldly success; but bearing with him Art in her infancy, the child Miranda, finds at last an enchanted country where his arts can work their magic, subduing the grosser appetites and passions (Caliban), and commanding the offices of the imaginative genius of poetry (Ariel). He supposes Ferdinand to be Shakespeare's heir as a playwright (Fletcher). Lowell ('Among my Books') considers that the characters do not illustrate a class of persons, but belong to universal nature, — Imagination embodied in Prospero; Fancy in Ariel; brute understanding in Caliban, who, with his wits liquor-warmed, plots against his natural lord, the higher reason; Miranda, abstract Womanhood; Ferdinand, Youth, compelled to drudge till sacrifice of will and self win him the ideal in Miranda. Browning makes an incidentally interesting contribution to this subject by symbolizing in Caliban rudimentary theologizing man, in his poem 'Caliban.' (See *Poet Lore*, Vol. V, p. 562, November, 1893.)

TOPIC FOR DEBATE. Is 'The Tempest' an allegory? Is it in any sense an autobiographical play? Does its symbolism have much in common with that of modern symbolistic plays, such as Mæterlinck's 'Joyzelle,' for example?

LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. CHESTERTON'S recent praise of Browning and Mr. Santayana's less recent condemnation of him remind one of the pleas for and against Pompilia delivered by Browning's two advocates, Bottinius and de Archangelis, in 'The Ring and the Book.'

Both of these pleas regarding Pompilia were intellectually ingenious with relation to an established legal manner, but humorously lacking in insight as to the living fact. So neither the gymnastic vaulting of the loose-witted, meteoric Bottinius nor the scholastic profundity of the heavily Latinized de Archangelis strike the reader, who has felt the heart and truth of Pompilia's life from the poet, as ever hitting at all upon the real Pompilia. Here and there and everywhere, except at the central whiteness, the flying arrows of the one advocate and the heavy shot of the other fall idly to the ground around their target.

Simplicity is generally supposed to be a quality of the meagre and undeveloped nature, therefore the last trait in the world to belong to so rich and highly developed a nature as Browning's. And it is true that the simplicity of a child who does not spell beyond words of one syllable and the simplicity of a sage or an artist having wisdom within him, won from digested knowledge of life and the world, is not the same simplicity as that of a child, nor for the same audience. And yet child and sage, relatively, as regards the one his small world, and the other his spacious manifold universe of sensation, impression, and utterance, may be equally simple if their utterance be single to the truth within.

In this sense the genius of Browning, unusual as it was, is almost as unusual

in simplicity of aim and development. He could not be other than he was, for he almost never posed—the common trick of the minor artist, easily applauded of his day and circle. He never depended for his color on other times and minds, although so abundantly informed of them, or perhaps because so abundantly informed of them. Neither did he conform to pre-determined standards of the simple or artistic, nor plot to overthrow these standards, or circumvent them. He merely took the forthright course of living himself out artistically, and letting his own light lead him, quite like his own Pompilia, who neither submitted to other people's laws nor broke them, but lived her life obediently to the conscience within her.

So it may be said without paradox, and with reference to sincerity of manner in the expression of the nature—whether the nature be rich or meagre, and in Browning's case it was rich—that Browning was as simple as his own Pompilia.

When therefore Mr. Bottinius Chesterton praises Browning for a willfully microscopic exaggeration of the petty in life, in order to be modern and gain grotesque effects; or when Mr. de Archangelis Santayana censures him for transgressing with his emotionalized barbarism the artistic geometry and ascetic control of literary laws superstitiously supposed to be as fixed as civic laws, then, readers who know Browning for what he is, must refuse either to like him or dislike him, to praise him or to condemn him for what he is not.

That which gives his presentation of life its fire and conviction is the intense vividness of its reverent embrace of both the physical and the spiritual sides of life as one flesh together aspiring con-

tinually. That which gives his accomplished work its deep and staying force is what makes a personality eminent and impressive—its singleness of truth to his own genius.

* * *

IN his 'Parsifal: An English Text for the Score,' George Turner Phelps has done a valuable piece of work. He disclaims the intention of making a translation couched in literary language; but the result is one in which the strength and atmosphere of the original is preserved as it could never be in a smoothly polished translation, especially when it has to be made to fit music. The double process of making German verse into English verse and at the same time preserving its metrical relation to the music is fatally likely to result in something out of which all the original flavor has been taken.

In his preface Mr. Phelps writes:

'As has been said, for the eye, the verse takes its form from the emotion of the text. So, too, for the ear, the vocal declamation is based wholly upon the same emotion, and in magnifying that destroys the verse. Nevertheless, the declamation follows the original text, syllable by syllable, and the English syllables must follow the declamation in exactly the same way. Otherwise the notation of the declamation must be rewritten and we lose Wagner. Now, the order of words in a German sentence is not the English order; moreover, English equivalents of German words with the same number of syllables, only too often may have accents exactly reversed. But in the English text, the sense emphasis, the emphatic words, even the emphatic syllables, must coincide with the points of the musical declamation; in other words, with the structure of the German sentence. It becomes evident, at once,

that, although the sense must be easily intelligible, and the form must not distract the mind by uncouthness, literary English is at least a doubtful possibility.

'Again, the declamation itself is often distorted musically to amplify its emotion by intricate thematic mosaic of orchestration, each detail of which, in turn, depends for its emotion upon the coincident German phrase. It often happens that, where the declamation itself allows a passage of word construction, purely English, the orchestration depends absolutely upon the German phrase sequence, and the English order must be sacrificed for correspondence, if the balance of sense, declamation, and orchestration is to be maintained; that is, if one is to know what Wagner meant by what he said at any given point.

'For a complete understanding of Wagner's "Parsifal" as he wrote it, a unit composed of three coincident phenomena, Text, Declamation, Orchestration, a unit whose two musical elements depend absolutely for meaning upon the text, a translation into literary English is useless.

'No one ever suggests taking the declamation apart from text and orchestration. On the other hand, the orchestration has great emotional and intellectual interest in and for itself. But both these interests, changed, to be sure, are enormously heightened when seen, not isolated, but in relation with their cause. The orchestration suffers from isolation, as is proved interestingly by the fact that taken as a musical whole, it is a perfect example of dramatic anti-climax, while taken as written, it increases the irresistible upward sweep to the culmination of a marvelously constructed psychologic drama.'

Along with the translation is printed on the opposite page the German text. Additional value is given to this text by

the indication of the orchestral interludes and by diagrams showing the manner in which the words are broken up in the choruses.

We should like to see this excellent and virile text adopted in the English performances of the drama. By its use we believe the weakening of the dignity which is apparent when the English production is compared with the German could be largely if not completely avoided.

* * *

THE sort of criticism Miss O'Neil has received in New York upon her opening of her season there in Sudermann's 'Magda' is a glaring revelation of her unusual power and independence as an actress.

Not the enthusiasm she so profoundly stirred in Boston last spring is so notable a sign of her importance as a dramatic force to be reckoned with, as the concerted abuse she has aroused in New York this winter. It has been both so virulent, personally, and so shallow, critically, that persons of insight in artistic matters or of wisdom in worldly affairs as they are manipulated behind the scenes, cannot help but see that it is not genuine or fair criticism at all, but the rotten outgrowth of a condition of things the American public is feared to be on the eve of overthrowing utterly.

Whence can such virulence proceed but from the fierce jealousy of competing managers combining to run down Miss O'Neil stock in order to get hold of her and control her themselves?

Whence can such critical ineptitude come but from a pitiful ignorance of the drama as a living force in modern literary art, or else from a slavery to stage commercialism and literary employeeism too long and degrading to permit of high-minded or disinterested ex-

pression?

What can such concentrated attack mean but a recognition from Miss O'Neil's enemies, more unquestionable than any she has yet received from her friends, that her dramatic power is dangerous?

Her genius is neither flawless, equal to all its tasks, nor fully developed, but so beyond the common in fire and force that it threatens the eminence of more usual talents and personalities. Moreover, it promises a wide choice of plays to a drama-loving public now kept on a starvation allowance.

Hence this New York stampede.

* * *

IN the course of clearing out some old papers recently we came upon two interesting dramatic records. One was a personal letter from Lady Martin, known, as the actress Helena Faucit, for her graceful impersonation of Shakespeare's heroines. She was also the first Lady Carlisle in the first production of 'Strafford' in London, March, 1837, the first Mildred in 'The Blot in the Scutcheon' in London, in February, 1843, and the first Colombe in 'Colombe's Birthday' in London, in April, 1853. Her letter expresses her feeling towards her Shakespearian characters and how she had let them grow with her growth into more conscious expression:

'31 Onslow Square, S. W.

'July 11, 1888.

. . . 'I was so very young when I first acted in Shakespeare that I was wholly unfit to form any definite conception of his characters.

'I could only give them my whole heart, and in time my mind expanded and enabled me to better understand and appreciate their greatness.

'My great desire was to leave my mind open to fresh impressions so that

if my general idea of a character remained the same, I saw fresh meanings in passages during the execution which had escaped me in study. My wish was to take up each character as though I had never acted it before, keeping the study and preparation entirely in the background.

'I have been told that I varied in certain scenes, at times, considerably and sometimes bringing out one scene more prominently than another. I did not do this intentionally, but from the accident of the moment and perhaps from the actor by my side being more or less impassioned, or the reverse.

'I did not make my study the less earnest, but made it the rock upon which my ideal rested and from which fundamentally I never departed. . . . Real to me were all the women I had to represent. . . . I tried through intense sympathy with them to raise my nature up to theirs.

'I dislike thus to write about myself. It goes quite against me to do so. But your kind letter has unwillingly drawn so much from me.

'Believe me, with kind compliments

'Very truly yours,

'HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.'

* * *

THE second dramatic record unearthed consists of some notes by Mrs. Lander, originally made by her for the Boston Browning Society, in regard to her first production in this country of 'Colombe's Birthday.'

'Friday, Feb. 16, 1854. First representation in America of a play of Robert Browning's — "Colombe's Birthday" for a benefit at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Manager Mr. H. Willard.

'Friday, March 31. Second performance also for a benefit, at the old Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia. Manager a Mr. Quinlin. Acting and

Stage Manager Mr. John Gilbert. The cast included James H. Taylor, Messieurs Mason and Gile, Dawson and Mr. John Gilbert.

'The incentive for the presentation of "Colombe's Birthday" seems to have been novelty with me rather than an enthusiasm for Browning. Yet this may be an injustice to my youthful high dramatic aspirations. The fact remains that from 1850 I had played such frequent and prolonged engagements in Boston that I had fairly worn out my *répertoire* of tragedies, tragical dramas, historical tragedies, comedies, tragical comedies, and farcical comedies. Browning had been played in London. Why not in Boston? Paris provided a becoming ducal crown and an exquisite costume of white silk adorned with filmy lace, embroidered in flowers of natural tints. I experienced no difficulties in committing the Poet's verse, in a condensed version, omitting repetitions and delightful meanderings. Above all Colombe suited me. I reveled in her thought-broken sentences.

'But the stage manager, on receiving the book to distribute the characters, essayed to read it, fell asleep and returned it to me as "impossible! for one night. Such tortuous and torturing numbers had never been presented to any actor's study on short notice."

'I urged that I had nothing else to give on my benefit night! Mr. McFarland had an exceptional gift for rapid memorizing, and though with the actor's prejudice against undertaking so long a part as Valence, for one night, without likelihood of ever playing the second — yet to oblige, etc., etc.

'It happened that the "leading juvenile," Mr. J. H. Warwick, was a reading man and an ardent admirer of Browning. He came to the rescue and despite the — as he expressed it — the "twist of lan-

guage that was appalling," grappled with Prince Berthold, and to the amazement of every one, appeared at the first rehearsal (the morning after the part had been delivered to him) with the MS. in his pocket, and "letter perfect" in the words. Mr. Warwick also helped the others in rhythming the verse, and so the presentation to the audience was smooth, even, and without need of prompter. Mr. Conway's letter gives a too flattering account of our performance and the effect of the play. He wrote:

"I remember well to have seen a vast miscellaneous crowd in an American theater hanging on every word down to the splendid climax when, in obedience to the Duchess's direction to Valence how he should reveal his love to the lady she so little suspects herself to be herself, he kneels—every heart evidently feeling each word as an electric touch, and all giving vent at last to their emotion in round after round of hearty applause."

"On its second representation at the Chestnut Street Theater the difficulties were repeated. Mr. James H. Taylor writes me that he remembers playing Valence:

"On my first entrance, being dressed in a plain but shabby dress. Can recall nothing else. I have never kept any play bills, newspaper notices, nor advertisements in my whole career. A man named Dawson, an eccentric light comedian, most probably played Guibert. Mr. John Gilbert was also in the company and he, I think, can give you the information you desire."

"Mr. Gilbert remembers that he "played something in it, but could not understand what it all meant."

"I believe he played Melchior, Prince Berthold's friend. The cast also included a Mr. Mason, Giucelme, and Mr. (now General) Gile, the Prince.

"Mr. Leander Lippincott was present and of the audience only recalls these facts:

"I sat in the Pit with General James Burney, who was eating peanuts [in the *entr' actes* it is to be hoped] and who asked me to write a notice of the performance. I did so and it appeared in the *Daily Register*, of which he was the editor."

"In both cities, Boston and Philadelphia, the papers failed to notice the play, and the excuse given by *The Boston Transcript*, on inquiry, Mr. Lippincott, in a letter, supposed might account in both cities (partially) for the neglect of noticing a notable event: "This occasion being a benefit, no notice appeared in the *Transcript*."

"This was and is a journalistic rule in England, with many exceptions. I had forgotten it used to be a rule here without exception, even for Robert Browning."

* * *

WE have not intentionally been inhospitable in *Poet-Lore* to news of the little flurry of excitement created last spring by the claim that Browning had written a poem, hitherto overlooked, called 'A Miniature.' We did not regard the claim as established on external grounds when it was made; nor did we feel convinced that the poem was Browning's on internal grounds. We regarded it as merely a graceful trifle, whatever it might turn out to be in the light of further facts. Mrs. Emma Endicott Mearns at once doubted its authenticity, and so expressed herself, despite its easy acceptance by various readers of Browning.

Shortly after, in *The Westminster Gazette*, Dr. Furnivall announced that the editor of the now extinct magazine, *The Sibyl*, in which the poem in question

appeared, declared it to be the work of a Mrs. Watts-Jones.

Here follows the poem which took in so many Browningites. Prefixed appear also Dr. Furnivall's confident words about it. They are of special value, now that the truth is known, to point the warning against the assumption of anyone whatsoever to adjudge authorship of unknown work, save as a matter of private opinion. Such adjudgment has, however, been made, with authority to an unscientific and vicious extent in England, and, imitatively, in this country, in regard especially to the authorship of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists. The 'Album of a Virginian Lady' is an amusing element in the myth growing up so fast about this modern poem:

A MINIATURE.

A GENUINE Poem of Robert Browning's, almost unknown, is here reprinted from "*The Sibyl*, Edited by Members of Rugby School,"

No. 16, April 1, 1893, pages 18-20, where a prefatory notice states that the poem "is believed to have been written by Mr. Browning in the album of a Virginian lady. By this lady it was bequeathed to the present owner (now herself absent from England), to whose kindness we are indebted for the permission to publish it." That this poem is Browning's own, no knower of his work will doubt. Mr. W. F. Revell, whose attention was called to it by a friend, has just told me of it, so I lookt it up in the British Museum.—F. J. FURNIVALL, 16 Feb., 1904.'

I.

"One dull day in the bright Touraine
In a high-turreted, steeple-roofed
town,
Sheltering out of a skurry of rain,
Down a dim back street, dusky brown,

II.

"I stepped into a bric-a-brac shop,
Hardly room to open the door,
Heaped with rubbish right up to the top,
Strewn with lumber all over the floor.

III.

"Aubesson tapestries all in holes,
Cabinets guiltless of locks or drawers,
Faded banners and tattered stoles,
Cushionless tabourets, Louis quatorze.

IV.

"Arquebuses and pistols triggerless,
Clumsy teapots without a handle,
Figured portières, frayed and figureless,
Sticks that would never again hold
candle.

V.

"Soundless spinets on legs precarious,
Long slim rapiers long since rusty,
Stringless mandolines, violas various,
All most musty, dusty, and fusty.

VI.

"And down in a cupboard, in mildew
and rust deep,
Like a rose in a city sewer,
Like a butterfly on a dust-heap,
Lay, unnoticed, a miniature.

VII.

"Face most delicate, brave and fair,
Glowing colour and perfect line;
Sun-tinged circles of dark-brown hair,
Costume the fashion of '89. [1789.]

VIII.

“ Blois or Beaugency, Amboise or
Tours —
Which fair town of that joyous land
Gave her the beauty can still endure
Fresh as it came from the artist’s
hand?

IX.

“ Whose was the portrait? At sunny
Chaumont
Turning over some casts by Nello,
We discover the face we want,
Face like our portrait, just its fellow.

X.

“ Turn of the head and bust the same,
Same fine features and radiant air,
And beneath it a sweet girl-name,
“ Suzanne Jarente de la Regnière.”

XI.

“ When the Terror, with hungry
throat,
Ravished the homes of the wide Tou-
raine,
These medallions were flung in the moat;
Terror past, they emerged again,

XII.

“ None the worse for their cold eclipse;
But the originals, where were they?
Human bosoms and eyes and lips
Cannot compete with these things of
clay!

XIII.

“ Colder and deathlier roll the waves
Where the sea swallows the dark
Loire floods;
Hungrier raven the yawning graves
Where tiger Paris is crazed with
blood!

XIV.

“ Forth from the fell Conciergerie
towers,
O’er sights and sounds that profane
the air,
Did one name float like a breath of
flowers —
‘ Suzanne Jarente de la Regnière?’

XV.

“ Were those steps the last path she
trod?
Did she, with gracious and even mien,
Hand her sweet soul right up to God,
Dauntless under the black guillotine?

XVI.

“ Ah, my beauty! Or did she rather,
Lightening a few years our English
air,
Cook and keep house for an emigrant
father,
While he taught dancing in Leicester
Square?

XVII.

“ Then hie home where the wide Loire
lies
Warm in the light of its fleurs-de-lys?
All I know is, her brave, sweet eyes
Brighten a bit of this world for me.”

* * *

VICTOR HUGO’S friend, Mr. Paul
Stapper, has been contributing to the
Revue de Paris, for October, the conver-
sations he had with the poet at Guernsey.
Immortality was one of the subjects dis-
cussed, and this (from the translation in
the *Literary Digest*) is what Hugo said:
‘ I know that I am immortal. If
others have not the conviction of their
immortality, I am sorry for them, but it
is their own affair. I do not dispute
what they think. Doubtless they are
right in what concerns them most and

their instinct does not deceive them. I said one day to a self-declared materialist whom you know — our poor friend Kessler now dead, alas! and consigned to mother earth a little after your departure from Guernsey — and I illustrated my idea by a comparison which made so strong an impression upon him that I noticed it and afterward wrote down my words. You may read them later in a book to be entitled *Explanations*. Kessler then said to me: "I am sure, absolutely sure, that I shall die utterly. Nothing of me shall survive. That which you call my soul shall die with my body. I have the intimate certainty of this, the indestructible conviction. I know it; I feel it; it is for me a matter that has been proved. To your conviction, which you think clear and profound, I oppose another which is not less so. Which of us is right?"

"We are both right," replied I.

"How is that?"

"Look you. A poet, a great genius (call him Dante, Æschylus, Shakespeare), writes two verses. During his absence the two verses begin a conversation: "How happy we are," says one. "Behold, we are immortal! What glory, my friend! and what duration! Eternity is ours! As long as the human mind shall subsist, as long as there shall be a human language, we shall live in the memory of men!"

"Bah," says the other, "do you believe that? What a singular thought. I have no such idea at all. I am living now, true; but it is strange, it seems to me — I feel that in an instant I shall be dead." Thereupon the poet re-enters his study, approaches the table where he has written the two verses, reads them over again, takes up his pen, scratches one out and preserves the other. . . . And you see how both were right.'

THE SEASON'S BEST BOOKS

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Canterbury Tales. By Geoffrey Chaucer. A modern version in prose of The Prologue and Ten Tales, by Percy MacKaye.

A rewording of these splendid stories, preserving in a striking degree the perennial humor of the first of English poets. Particular pains have been taken to make the translation accurate enough for the use of students, and at the same time to bring Chaucer nearer to the popular audience that without special study does not readily understand him.

The pictures by Welter Appleton Clark, in a novel combination of four colors, are the best work this talented young artist has yet produced. With pictures and text archæologically and historically correct the volume as a whole undoubtedly does for Chaucer what Butcher and Lang's translation does for Homer, or Charles Eliot Norton's prose version of Dante for the great Italian poet. A standard work and at the same time a gift-book of unusual beauty. (Fox, Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.)

The Star of Bethlehem. An early drama of the Nativity, edited by Prof. Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, for Ben Greet and Miss Wynne-Matthisson. Professor Gayley's arrangement is "practicable" as well as good to read, and makes a Christmas offering that leaves nothing to be desired. (Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.00.)

A Belle of the Fifties. Memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama, covering social and political life in Washington and the South, 1853-66, gathered and edited by Ada Sterling. This book is full of the most entertaining anecdotes of such people as Presidents Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln; Jefferson Davis, and other lead-

ers of the Confederacy; Marcy, Cushing, and Crittenden; Patti, Jenny Lind, and "Blind Tom," Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Thackeray; in fact, most of the notabilities of that quarter-century—social, political, musical, literary, theatrical. It is illustrated in a most interesting manner from contemporary portraits. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.75 net.)

The Cathedrals of Southern France, By Francis Miltown. Illustrated by Blanche McManus.

The Cathedrals of England. An account of some of their distinguishing characteristics; together with brief historical and biographical sketches of their most noted Bishops. By M. J. Taber. Illustrated.

These two companion volumes form a most interesting set, especially when Mr. Miltown's earlier volume, *The Cathedrals of Northern France*, is added. Both the volumes are profusely illustrated, Mrs. Taber's from photographs and Mr. Miltown's from drawings by his wife, Blanche McManus. The greater interest is naturally attached to this last, as Mrs. Mansfield (Francis Miltown being in real life Mr. M. F. Mansfield) does wonderfully good work and the various mediums she has employed infuse an atmosphere that photographs lack. This volume also contains practically double the material of its English companion. Both books are very complete in the matter of indexes, plans, maps, etc. (L. C. Page & Co. Each \$1.60 net.)

The Nibelungeenlied, translated into rhymed English verse in the metre of the original by George Henry Needler. This volume places one of the world's great Epic poems within the reach of English readers, in the metrical form of

the original. The poem is preceded by an introduction which supplies a historical background by summing up the results of investigation into its origin and growth. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.)

The Younger American Poets. By Jessie D. Rittenhouse. Deals with work of eighteen poets born during the second half of the nineteenth century. Just why Miss Rittenhouse should have selected these eighteen and omitted many others whose work is equally good, in some cases certainly better, is somewhat strange, but although one may disagree with the selection, the work itself is certainly well done. It is a volume of criticism having sympathy and charm, and the book will prove an entertaining as well as intelligent guide to the work of those poets represented. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.)

New England in Letters. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

This is a series of pilgrimages to all the noteworthy literary landmarks of New England. The work of each author is dealt with in association with its environment, and this method makes Mr. Wilson's book both a guide for the pilgrim and an illuminating review for the student. The result is a delightful mingling of historic fact and intimate personal impression, which will give the book a distinctive and welcome place among works of its kind. (A. Wessels Co. \$1.50 net.)

Japan: The Place and the People. By G. Waldo Browne, with an introduction by the Hon. Kogoro Takahira, Japanese Minister to the United States, is a particularly timely volume. This is a large quarto containing over four hundred pages, and covers in a most comprehensive manner all those things of interest to the foreigner. A particularly notable feature is the illustrations, there

being over three hundred, many of them in color. (Dana Estes & Co. \$5.00.)

The Friendship of Art, is Mr. Bliss Carman's second volume of prose, and the new volume of essays makes a most acceptable companion to its predecessor, *The Kinship of Nature.* A nine-page dedication *To "Moonshine"* is followed by more than thirty short papers on such diverse subjects as *The Burden of Joy, Moving Day, Vanitas Vanitatum, The Magic of the Woods,* and *The March Hare's Madness.* (L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.)

The Amateur Spirit is the title Mr. Bliss Perry gives his latest book, a collection of six essays: *The Amateur Spirit, Indifferentism, The Life of a College Professor, College Professors and the Public, Hawthorne at North Adams,* and *Fishing With a Worm.* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.)

Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings. Being a selection of the poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which have to do with the history, the scenery, and art of Florence. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. With over sixty full-page illustrations from photographs. (A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.60 net.)

Divided, The Story of a Poem. By Clara E. Laughlin. This dainty little volume is issued in the Art Gift-Book Series and is particularly appropriate as a Christmas gift for "Those Toilers who have never loosed the clasp of Love to follow the winding way to Fame." (F. H. Revell Co. 75 cents net).

FICTION.

The Truants, by A. E. W. Mason, is an exhilarating story of London life which follows the fortunes of two young married people living with the rich, overbearing father of the husband. His tyr-

anny drives the young man to seek independent success, and during his absence his wife falls under the influence of an adventurer. The story then develops rapidly, with exciting incidents, and a certain mystery that adds greatly to the interest of the plot. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

The Masquerader, by Katherine Cecil Thurston, is a remarkably good bit of fiction. Two men, not related, but looking absolutely alike—one married, the other a bachelor—secretly change places. The novel develops along lines new to fiction, and is a forceful, compelling story; not a story of style and words, but a story of doing, a history of life in action. The moral problem involved is a strange one, and solved in the only rational manner. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

Babes in Toyland. By Glen MacDonough and Anna Alice Chapin.

A delightful narrative of a version of a play which has been enjoyed by thousands of children and their parents since its first production on the stage. The incidents of the story are amusing and romantic, and the eight full-page pictures in color and many drawings in black and white, by Miss Betts, a pupil of Howard Pyle, carry out deliciously the mingling of the real and the fantastic in the author's story. (Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50 net.)

Old Gorgon Graham, Being More Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. By George Horace Lorimer.

This second work by Mr. Lorimer is a distinct departure from his first, in that it deals with the young man's problems from a new and distinct standpoint. In the first book, the father wrote to the son as to a subordinate clerk, while in the second as to one of his managers—the old man having come gradually to

regard his son as more and more of an equal. There is here, also, a good deal about Pierrepont's domestic problems, and consequently it appeals alike to men and to women. The book is essentially American, characteristic both in its humor and its philosophy. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

Traffics and Discoveries is Mr. Kipling's first volume of short stories since *The Day's Work*. It contains one long tale, *The Army of a Dream*, not hitherto published, and ten other stories and eleven poems. Like all Mr. Kipling's work it is impossible to deny a certain charm, but after *Steam Tactics*, "*Wireless*," *Mrs. Bathurst* and "*They*" it is impossible not to regret the days of *Barack Room Ballads* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

Painted Shadows, by Richard Le Gallienne, displays in a remarkable degree this more or less effeminate young Englishman's rather morbid imagination, charming style and the high quality of his verse. *The Youth of Lady Constantia*, *The Wandering Home*. *The Shadow of the Rose*, *Beauty's Portmanteau*, and *Old Silver* are certainly equal to his best work, and the story entitled *Poet Take Thy Lute*, will appeal especially to those who love what is most delicate in literature. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

Evelyn Byrd, by George Cary Eggleston, is the third of Mr. Eggleston's romances of the Civil War. The story is that of a high-minded and courageous Southerner, who joins the army of Lee at the time when the Confederacy is making its last desperate stand. Dorothy South and other characters endeared to the readers of Mr. Eggleston's previous novels appear again as the friends and advisers of Kilgariff, who is himself the embodiment of Southern daring and

chivalry. The heroic fortitude and devotion of the people of the South in the last stage of the war are strikingly shown. (Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

The Loves of Edwy, by Rose Cecil O'Neill, the well-known illustrator, is unique among love stories, and a love story it is *par excellence*, following with perfect sureness of touch the romance of three interlacing lives from its beginning in childish attachment to the flowering forth of a grand passion. Aside from the story, the sixty or more beautiful illustrations make the book a choice possession. (Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

Captains of the World, by Gertrude Overton, is a distinct disappointment. The book has such a vigorous title, and the subject of modern industries with which it deals is so truly great that the work itself seems painfully weak and strangely unconvincing. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.)

Whosoever Shall Offend, F. Marion Crawford's latest piece of work, gives renewed evidence of his really wonderful ability as a writer of fiction. Mr Crawford not only always has a good story to tell, but he knows how to tell it. The combination is by no means common. *Whosoever Shall Offend* has its scene laid in Italy of today. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.)

The President, a novel by Alfred Henry Lewis.

A story full of dramatic incidents, absorbing in its interest, extraordinary in its inner glimpses of the great game of national politics. *The President* is first of all a novel picturing striking phases of life in Washington, Wall Street, and elsewhere, revealing intrigues and full of dramatic happenings. A most interesting love story runs throughout. But the author has drawn upon his extraor-

dinary knowledge of the inside of political life, and he tells a remarkable story. *The President* is a book that will be heard from everywhere. (A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.)

The Divine Fire, by May Sinclair.

This is a story of a cockney, the son and clerk of a London bookseller, who became a real poet. It tells of his life and loves, and of many sorts of people whom he met. The scenes are chiefly in London and in English country houses. There are many interesting figures besides that of the poet. It is believed that this elaborate novel, of which, however, the reader scarcely recognizes the length, will be highly commended for its sincerity and humor, and above all for its strong character drawing. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)

The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, by Henry Fielding, Esq. Abridgment by Burton E. Stevenson.

An abridgment after all is only the assumption by an editor of a task which most readers try to accomplish, more or less successfully, for themselves. Very few actually read every line of a long novel. . . . *Tom Jones* ranks with the best of these [the classic 'three-deckers'], amusing, absorbing, vibrant with life; but, alas! covering nearly fifteen hundred closely-printed pages — every one of them, perhaps, a delight to the connoisseur, but appalling in their very multiplicity to the average reader. . . . This abridgment has followed in the main the recognized lines of criticism. The principal characters, and even most of the minor ones, remain full length, as they were drawn, and no detail has been consciously omitted which assists the action of the story. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)

The Boss and How He Came to Rule New York, by Alfred Henry Lewis, is really a remarkable book. It is almost

impossible to consider the work as fiction at all; it seems as if it were a bit of real life set naked before the world. It is certainly worthy of serious consideration as a primer of politics and the control of great cities. (A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.)

Baccarat, by Mrs. Frankau, is by all odds the most dramatic and intense story which she has yet written. It has no less depth and feeling than *Pigs in Clover*—now in its sixth edition—and as a story of passion and its consequences should go to the very heart of things. It deals with a young Frenchwoman—a wife—who is left at a Continental watering place by her husband, and while there is brought by the gambling table to a critical pass. It is at this stage that the complications occur which exhibit Mrs. Frankau's profound knowledge of life as does probably no other chapter she has yet written. The volume is effectively illustrated in color. (J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.50.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The True Henry Clay, by Joseph M. Rogers, is this year's addition to the *True Biographies*. Mr. Rogers has made a lifetime study of Clay and his environment, and he writes from the knowledge obtained through a long and close family friendship with the great American, as well as from a thorough acquaintance with the literature on the subject. He had access to all the private Clay papers now in possession of the Clay family, who gave to him as well every assistance in the preparation of his work. His book is notable for its wealth of anecdote and for its portrayal of Clay as a man. The volume contains twenty-four illustrations, most of them from photographs

made especially for the work. (J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$2.00 net.)

SOME RECENT VERSE.

The Place of My Desire and Other Poems. By Edith Colby Banfield. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

Lullaby Castle and Other Poems. By Blanche Mary Channing. Little, Brown & Co.

Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman. IV *Songs From a Northern Garden*. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.00 net.

Poems. By Eugene Barry. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.00 net.

The Playmate Hours. By Mary Thacher Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75c. net.

Elfin Songs of Sunland. By Charles Keeler. Published at the Sign of the Live Oak in Berkeley, California. 75c. net.

Poems and Verses. By Mary Mapes Dodge. The Century Co. \$1.20 net.

Lyrics of Joy. By Frank Dempster Sherman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00 net.

Underneath the Bough. A book of verses. By George Allan England. The Grafton Press. \$1.00 net.

Mr. England is one of the younger yet more promising men in the field of contemporary poetics. His verse and prose have been appearing for five or six years in a variety of periodicals, and *Underneath the Bough* represents a garner of the best of published poems, with a goodly addition of new material.

Mine and Thine. By Florence Earle Coates, contains a dedication to Mr. Stedman and about eighty poems. The general make-up of the volume is particularly ungainly and amateurish. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net.

