AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY.

·P·SELVER·B·A·

Chinsegut Hill

From the Library of
Raymond and Margaret Dreier Robins
University of Florida

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Florida, George A. Smathers Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/anthologyofmoder00selv

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY

BY

P. SELVER, B.A.

A 13-98

London:
HENRY J. DRANE,
Danegeld House, 82A, Farringdon Street, E.C.

To Dr. Josef Karásek, of Vienna,
and Fr. S. Procházka, of Prague,
this book is gratefully dedicated.

PREFACE

In the present collection an attempt has been made to introduce modern Bohemian poetry to English readers. It will be seen that the majority of the poems, with one or two obvious exceptions, are of recent date. Kollár's elegy was written as early as 1824, but was included here because of its importance as a landmark in the revival of Bohemian poetry, and as a general expression of the Slavonic temperament Erben's "Willow" also appears, for although it is a product of the early fifties, it is an excellent example of the Slavonic ballad, and the "Garland," from which it is taken, plays an important part in the Bohemian poetry of the nineteenth century. The poems of Hálek, written in 1859, were introduced, not so much for their intrinsic value, but rather as a means of gauging the progress made in Bohemian poetry during the course of a few years. A comparison of Hálek with Vrchlický, Sova, or, to take an extreme case, Březina, will make this clear.

This collection makes no attempt at being exhaustive. That would be entirely beyond the scope of one volume. Indeed, it would hardly be possible for any one man to translate an exhaustive anthology of modern Bohemian poetry, so extensive is the available material. The present choice

was made largely as a result of personal likings, and it is difficult to see how a translator can adopt any other course, if he is to do justice to his originals. As a result, however, it is necessary to point out that the relative importance of a poet does not always correspond to the number of poems by which he is here represented. It is, of course, only fitting that poets like Březina, Sova and Vrchlický should appear as often as they do. But, on the other hand, Neruda and Čech have only one poem each to their credit, which, to some, may appear a somewhat meagre allowance. This is true, to a certain extent, of Heyduk, Machar, and Zeyer. In the main, however, this collection will be found to be fairly representative of the poetical output in the Bohemian language during the last twenty or thirty years.

As regards the translations themselves, they have been made as literal as possible, and the metres of the originals have been reproduced as far as the varying rhythms of the two languages permitted. In the case of Kollár's elegy, this has led to the somewhat risky experiment of writing English hexameters and pentameters. It should be pointed out that those poems which appear in rhymeless metres (chiefly those translated from Březina) are rhymeless in the original.

My best thanks are due to the Editor of the "New Age," by whose courtesy I am permitted to reprint certain of these translations.

In conclusion, I have much pleasure in acknow-

ledging my indebtedness to Dr. Josef Karásek, of Vienna, by whose able writings on Slavonic matters I have been largely guided, and Fr. S. Procházka, of Prague, whose kindly interest in my work has done much towards its completion, and to whose generosity I owe the two sets of drawings included in these pages. By their liberal encouragement, advice, and presents of books, they have both helped me greatly in the accomplishment of my task. To them this book is gratefully dedicated.

March, 1912.

THE BOHEMIAN LANGUAGE

THE Bohemian or Czech language belongs, together with Polish, to the western group of the Slavonic languages, thus being closely akin to Russian, Servian, and the minor members of this branch of speech. It is spoken by nearly ten millions of people in Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, and, in the slightly modified form of Slovak, in the northern districts of Hungary. In common with the other Slavonic languages, it displays a high degree of inflection. The nouns have seven cases, and the verbal structure displays a remarkable variety and intricacy. Bohemian forms derivatives and compounds with great ease, and is remarkably vigorous and expressive. As a rule, it employs far more purely native words than Polish, but some of the modern writers are beginning to introduce words of foreign origin to a greater extent.

Let it, therefore, not be supposed that Czech is a barbarous jargon. It is a noble, highly cultivated language, of whose kinship Russian may well be proud. Its facility for representing the finest shades of thought renders it peculiarly adapted to lyric poetry.

Note on the Pronunciation of Bohemian Names.

The chief Bohemian sounds which require notice are :—

č = ch.
š = sh.
ž = French j as in jour.
ř = French rg as in berger (approximately).
ě = ye.
c = ts. ch is a guttural sound as in the Scottish "loch."

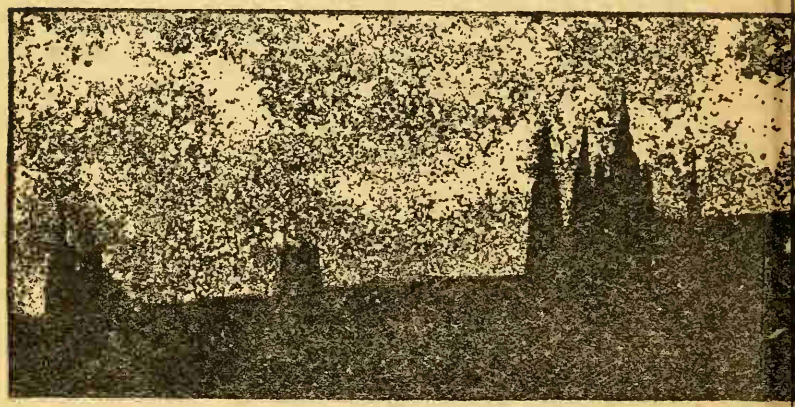
The acute accent over a vowel denotes length. ů — long u. The letters "r" and "l" between consonants form a syllable without any intervening vowel. The name Vrchlický, for example, is divided up thus :

Vrch-lic-ký.

The main accent falls in Bohemian on the first syllable of a word.

MODERN BOHEMIAN POETRY

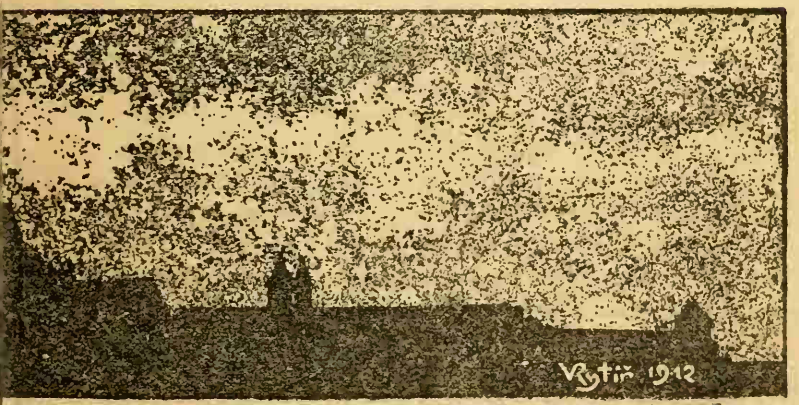
When in the year 1832 Sir John Bowring issued his "Cheskian Anthology," modern Bohemian poetry was in its infancy. The language, which had long struggled for a mere precarious existence, had been overhauled and improved. For years it had been persistently ignored by the nobility of Bohemia—alien families whose authority dated from the Thirty Years' War. It had been banished to obscure rural districts, preserved in the mouths of illiterate peasants, and was in danger of extinction as a literary language, when, in the second half of the eighteenth century,



PRA

patriotic scholars revived their native tongue, which for so long had waged an unequal contest with German.

The poetical production of these men—Jungmann, Kollár, Šafařik—is largely represented in Sir John Bowring's book. But there is little token in their work of the splendid fruit their labours were to bear, fifty and a hundred years later. They were philologists and grammarians rather than poets, and most of their verses were more in the nature of academic exercises, intended to render the language more flexible and to widen its power of expression. Yet even here, especially in some of Kollár's patriotic sonnets, there are occasional signs of a freedom from conventional phraseology and a pleasing freshness which were



GUE.

to be the characteristics of Czech poetry in its full bloom.

The history of Czech poetry in the nineteenth century is a history of progress. The aim of the earlier writers was to kindle the spark of patriotism in the hearts of the people, and the nature of their poetry was in accordance with this plan. There was, for example, an extensive revival of the folk-song. F. L. Čelakovský (1799-1852) issued his famous " Echoes of Czech Songs " and " Echoes of Russian Songs," both collections being skilful adaptations of old material. The " Garland " of K. J. Erben (1811-1870) contained ballad poetry written in a popular style. An extract from this collection is given in the present volume.

The Romantic Movement also was not without its effect on the new poetry. It found its chief representative in Karel Hynek Mácha (1810-1836), an admirer of Byron, and author of the lyric-epic poem " Máj." Amid the wave of patriotism this passed almost unnoticed, and it was not until after his death that Mácha was duly appreciated.

Meanwhile the political events of the fateful year 1848, and the reaction which followed, stemmed the tide of poetical development in Bohemia. For a time the rights of the language were diminished, and a period of stagnation set in. Fortunately, this was not of long duration. After an interval of about ten years, a new era was established. The poetical production of this period far surpassed the earlier revival both in quality and extent. It

was no longer confined to the promulgation of patriotic ideas. It was marked by a broadness of view and a profusion of fresh thought, which showed that the poetry of Bohemia was rapidly fitting itself for a place among the recognized literatures of Europe.

With this rise of Czech poetry are intimately associated the names of such men as V. Hálek (1835-1874), Svatopluk Čech (1846-1908), J. V. Sládek (1845), and Jan Neruda (1834-1901).

Hálek's "Songs of Evening" are full of a sentimental melancholy, which sometimes lapses almost into insipidity. A few extracts from these poems are given here, but it is scarcely fair to judge of Hálek by a translation. The fact is, the contents of his verse are almost too fragile to endure the ordeal of transformation into another language. What in the original is tender and sentimental appears almost grotesque and ridiculous when translated.

Svatopluk Čech is the author of numerous patriotic poems, by one of which, "Our Native Tongue," he is here represented.

J. V. Sládek, who lived for some time in America, is the author of the Czech version of Shakespeare's plays, and of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," besides translations from Tennyson, Byron, Polish and Swedish poets. Neruda, besides excelling as a poet, in his "Cosmic Songs" and "Simple Motives" became famous as a writer of short stories and sketches of Prague life. Čech was also a skilful story-writer.

Julius Zeyer (1841-1901) and Adolf Heyduk (1835) form a kind of transition between the old and the new generation. Zeyer travelled extensively, and his poetry is mainly epic in character. But he was by no means lacking in the lyric spirit, as the poem on page 128 shows.

Heyduk sought for and found inspiration in the Slovak regions of Northern Hungary. The influence of these journeys is seen in the "Gypsy Melodies" (see page 75).

The revival of the Czech nationality and the inroads made by the Czech language upon the German, tended to a limitation of intellectual development which would have boded ill for the Czechs, had these evils not been arrested before they had time to spread. The knowledge of German had meant a great deal to the Czechs. It was their link with general culture. Through the medium of German they became acquainted with the world's literature. By keeping aloof from German they were isolating themselves from their main source of enlightenment. Not until the Czech language offered them all, or nearly all, that the German had done, could they consider themselves justified in establishing an independent nationality. This great feat has been accomplished. To-day the Czechs possess all the best of the world's literature in their own language. And the man to whom they owe this great possession is Jaroslav Vrchlický. His real name is Emil Frida, but he adopted the more formidable pseudonym in his early years.

Vrchlický was born in 1853. After completing his studies at Prague University, he obtained a tutorship in an Italian aristocratic family. His residence in Italy had considerable influence on his poetic production. Upon his return he was engaged in educational and secretarial work, until in the year 1893 he was appointed professor of modern literature at Prague.

Merely to review Vrchlický's literary activity is a difficult task. His lyrical production, for example, is so extensive that two anthologies of his work have appeared, each containing over six hundred pages! He has published over forty volumes of lyric poetry, twenty dramas, together with imaginative and critical prose. Quite apart from all this original work, he has been an untiring translator. Indeed, his translations alone represent a good life's work. They include Goethe's "Faust" (both parts), Dante's works, Tasso, Ariosto, numerous poems of Victor Hugo, Schiller, Leopardi, Carducci, Spanish and English poets. His versions from Shelley, for example, are masterly. He has translated, amongst numerous other works, the "Dziady" of the Polish poet Mickiewicz, the "Crown Pretenders" of Ibsen, Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'avare" of Molière, the "Lusiad" of the Portuguese poet Camoens, and he has collaborated in versions from the Hungarian of Petöfi and Arany, from the Persian of Hafiz, and from the Chinese Shi-King. Dr. Josef Karásek says of him:—"Jaroslav Vrchlický is to-day the

most prolific and universal poet, both lyric and epic, with whom no contemporary writer can be compared. His poetical sphere knows no earthly bounds, his spirit traverses the whole history of mankind. He soars back into chaos, tarries in Indian lands, hastens over the rose-gardens of Persia to the land of beloved antiquity, penetrates into the mysteries and shadows of Bohemia's past. . . . His numerous collections of lyric poems, that went forth into the world under the most curious flags, contain the purest pearls of poetry. His fluency, his skill in the mastery of language, is extraordinary. Without hesitation he reproduces verses from a foreign language in his own. He bestowed upon Czech literature the greatest treasures of about ten nations, disclosed to his compatriots the sources of the finest poetry of Romance, Germanic and Slavonic literatures. Moreover, he reproduces foreign works in their own spirit, in the metres of the original."

This enormous activity could not fail to leave its stamp upon Czech literature. On the one hand Vrchlický's translations set the example to numerous other writers, with the result that the series entitled : "Sborník Světové Poesie," of which Vrchlický is editor, comprises the best poetry of all nations, translated by prominent authors. On all sides arises the desire to become acquainted with the productions of foreign nations. The firm of Otto, in Prague, publishes a World Library (each volume costs only twopence), a Russian Library,

an English Library (containing amongst others Czech versions of J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells, F. Anstey, Rudyard Kipling, George Moore, Rider Haggard), and similar enterprises.

On the other hand Vrchlický's formal mastery of verse is of the utmost importance. He rendered the language still more flexible, employed all metres — sonnets, ballades, rondeaus, Persian ghazels — and prepared the way for the latest generation of Czech poets. It would be difficult to estimate the debt that they owe to him.

A reaction against Vrchlický and his school began in the nineties. It was instituted by those young writers who were strongly under the influence of hypermodern ideas, whose tendencies were towards foreign models—Maeterlinck, Wilde, Whitman, Nietzsche. Their poetry is marked by a certain artificiality, deadness, sometimes even by perversity. With this movement are associated such names as Jiří Karásek ze Lvovic, Viktor Dyk, Jan z Wojkowicz, Josef Holý, Stanislav K. Neumann, Otakar Theer. Neumann (b. 1875), one of whose volumes bears the title : "I am the apostle of a new life," represents the anarchistic, rebellious element in modern Czech poetry. Another dauntless polemist is Jan Svatopluk Machar (b. 1864), who occupies an official post at Vienna. He is the poet of realism, of biting social satire, the enemy of all hypocrisy and pseudo-patriotism. In his non-political lyrics, he is the poet of deep pessimism, to which the translations in this collection bear

ample testimony. The most noteworthy member of Machar's school of poetry is Petr Bezruč, whose personality appears to have been shrouded in a certain amount of mystery. Under this pseudonym —adopted by a postal official of Brünn in Moravia, where he was born in 1867—appeared in 1903 a volume of poems entitled "The Silesian Number," of which a revised and augmented edition was issued in 1909 under the title "Silesian Songs."

Among these poems are to be found verses whose poignancy and human appeal would be difficult to rival in the poetry of to-day. Perhaps the "Rowton House Rhymes" of Mr. W. A. Mackenzie or some of John Davidson's poems strike a similar note. Bezruč deals with the miners in Austrian Silesia, the Czechs who are in danger of losing their nationality, whose language is despised and penalised. In dealing with these specifically localised social conditions, Bezruč tends to become a mere local poet, and many of his poems, indeed, suffer under this disadvantage. Without a commentary their meaning is obscure to the foreign reader. In many of them he employs local dialect and expressions—a kind of Polish-Czech jargon spoken in the districts of which he writes. But certain of his poems are universal in their appeal to humanity,—"Ostrava," "Thou and I," and "Who will take my place?" all of which are quoted here. In the poem "I," he flings a gauntlet in the face of the ruling classes. His ballads hint at rather than actually describe an event, but

they are remarkably effective. Interesting, too, are his poems inscribed with the names of places, wherein by a few deft strokes he gives the characteristics of a particular race. Thus, for instance, in the poem "Kyjov" (see page 36) he deals with the Slovaks of Northern Hungary.

The most noteworthy of modern Czech lyrists are Otakar Březina (b. 1868) and Antonín Sova (b. 1864). The poetry of Březina defies all description. It sweeps along, laden with mystic visions of the cosmos, heavy with a wealth of splendid imagery, yet filmy and intangible in its symbolistic suggestiveness.

Through Březina's amazing array of words the reader perceives but dimly, as through a veil of mist, the underlying significance of the symbols and emblems which the poet has chosen to express his meaning. Often in a kind of ecstasy he discards rhyme and fixed metre, and revels in a flood of magnificent verbiage, a very riot of mystic poetical prose. It is interesting to note that Březina, whose real name is Václav Jebavý, is a school-teacher in Moravia.

Sova's mysticism is neither as intense nor as sustained as that of Březina, but his poetical horizon is far wider. Its width is best gauged by the comparison of two such poems as "The Yellow Flowers" and "Alder Trees" (pages 109 and 111).

Sova is, indeed, one of the best of the Czech nature poets. His volume "From My Country" contains in verse-form charming little pastels from the district of Tabor.

In common with other Czech poets—Neumann is an illuminative example—Březina and Sova have attained to a free and optimistic outlook on life after a somewhat complex poetical development. Their early poems display an uncertainty, a groping hesitance, with a tendency to insincere pessimism, derived rather from the study of books than from contact with life. But gradually the mask of unreality is laid aside, the affected cynicism is discarded, and life has become for these poets something tangible, something that inspires hope and happiness.

In the midst of all these cross-currents of tendencies and poetical movements, there are a number of poets who still remain true to the old poetical traditions, and whose work commands respect. Foremost among these is Fr. S. Procházka (b. 1861), a poet of strong patriotic tendencies, a skilful imitator of the folk-song, a writer of descriptive verse, marked by clearness, fluency, and an occasional touch of humour. His most famous collection is the volume "Songs of the Hradchin," a series of poems based on historical and patriotic motives; their popularity was so great that they passed through several editions in a few months. He has also edited the "Česká Lyra," an excellent anthology of modern Czech verse. His qualities as a descriptive poet are seen in such a poem as "Moravian Landscape" (page 104). His poem "The Ore Mountains" gives an example of his patriotic verse (page 105).

The poems of Fr. Kvapil (b. 1855), though not marked by striking originality, show a delicate sense of form and rhythm, and a deep love for nature. He has translated numerous lyrics from the Polish poet Asnyk, and the "Ungodly Comedy" of Krasinski. The version on page 92 aims at reproducing his poetical qualities.

Another poet who works on similar lines is Ant. Klášterský (b. 1866), the author of a collection of translations from modern American poets. He handles the ballad form with some skill, as in the poem "The Cloister Garden" (page 82). This type of love-poetry, in which the amorous element is evolved from, and harmonises with, external surroundings, seems characteristic of the Czech poets. A similar motive is seen in the poem by E. Lešeticky z Lešehradu (b. 1877) quoted on page 95. Here the night, with its atmosphere of gentleness and restraint, is in admirable harmony with the tender and wistful mood of the lover. In the poem "June," by the same author (page 96), a close and sultry atmosphere is made to correspond with a passion, mentioned only in the last four lines of the poem, but in words of fervid and almost frenzied energy.

Fr. X. Svoboda (b. 1860) represents yet a different type of poetry, exemplified by the "Song" quoted on page 114.

It is not possible here to deal with all the Czech poets of to-day, nor even to speak of them by name. In the before-mentioned anthology "Česká

Lyra," over 150 poets are represented, of whom the majority are still alive. Many of these are quite young, some even in their early twenties, but their verse is already marked by a vigour and sense of melody which augur well for the future. Numerous examples of their work will be found among these translations.

The greatest Czech poetess is Eliška Krásnohorská (b. 1847), a fervent lover of her native country. Patriotism is the key-note of her poetry. She has shown her sympathy with the Slavonic cause in a practical manner by learning Russian and Polish, and producing admirable translations of Puschkin's poems and of the "Master Thaddeus" of Mickiewicz. She has also translated Byron's "Childe Harold."

Other women verse-writers are Irma Geisslová (b. 1855), Pavla Maternová (b. 1858), and Růžena Jesenská (b. 1863), whose poems are filled with a curious wistful mysticism.

Such is, in its broadest outlines, the Czech poetry of recent years. It is the poetry of a nation that has been labouring under a heavy yoke, but whose bonds have at length been shattered. And in its verse is heard the exultant cry of freedom, the vigorous utterance of young and lusty spirits. The poetry of the Czechs has won for itself a place among the poetry of more favoured nations, whose languages are widely spoken and who are able to look back upon a glorious literary past.

INDEX AND LIST OF SOURCES

THE bulk of the pieces in this collection were translated from the two following anthologies:—A. Česká Lyra, ed. by Fr. S. Procházka; Prague, 1910. B. Nová Česká Poesie, ed. by Dr. Arne Novák; Prague, 1907.

PAGE

Otakar Auředníček—
My Deity (A., p. 71). 27

Karel Babánek—
I go, nor know whither (Písně tuláka. A., p. 87). 28

Petr Bezruč—
Ostrava (Slezské Písně. A., p. 350; B., p. 14). 29
Thou and I (Slezské Písně). 30
I (III.) (Slezské Písně. B., p. 15). 31
Who will take my place? (Slezské Písně. B., p. 15). 33
Moravian Village (Slezské Písně). 35
Kyjov (Slezské Písně). 36
Peterswald (Slezské Písně). 37

Jaromír Borecký—
To a New Morning (Básníkův kancionál. A., p. 75). 38

Otakar Březina—
My Mother (Tajemné dálky). 38
Nature (Větry od pólů. A., p. 255). 41

PAGE

The Body (Stavitelé chrámu. B., p. 53). 42
The Woe of Man (Ruce). 44
Thus sang the Waters (Ruce). 45
Thus sang the Burning Stars (Ruce). 48
Dithyramb of the Worlds (Ruce). 49
Pure Morning (Ruce). 52
Women (Ruce. A., p. 83; B., p. 59). 53
Responses (Ruce). 55
The Spring Night (Ruce. A., p. 256). 57

Arn. Czech z Czechenherzů—
The Return (A., p. 407). 58

Svatopluk Čech—
Our Native Tongue (Nové Písně. A., p. 163). 58

Karel Červinka—
Yearning in Early Spring (Slunce v mlhách. B., p. 66). 60

Karel Dostál-Lutinov—
The Swans (Potulný zpěvak. A., p. 85). 61

Xaver Dvořak—
Astray (Nový Život. A., p. 61). 62

Karel Jaromir Erben—
The Willow (Kytice). 64

Irma Geisslová—
Song (A., p. 220). 70

Vítěslav Hálek—
Songs of Evening, II., III., IV., XI., XIII., XXI., XXIV., LVI. and LXIV. (Večerní Písně). 70

PAGE

Adolf Heyduk—
From "New Gypsy Melodies" (Nové cigánské melodie. A., p. 13). 75
Josef Holý—
Upon the Waves (A., p. 93). 77
From the World Beyond (B., p. 132). 77
Hanuš Jelínek—
The Song of the Heavens, the Stars, Schumann and My Wife (A., p. 89). 78
Růzena Jesenská—
By the Ocean (V pozdní chvíli. A., p. 238). 79
Beneath the Mountains (V pozdní chvíli. A., p. 239). 80
Bohdan Kaminský—
Ritournelles (Muži a ženy. A., p. 55). 81
Ant. Klášterský—
The Cloister Garden (Nové básně. A., p. 63). 82
Jan Kollár—
The Daughter of Sláva. Prelude (Slávy dcera. Předzpěv). 83
Eliška Krásnohorská—
And far away the azure peaks. Song. 91
Fr. Kvapil—
Spring Song (Když kvetly máky. A., p. 55). 92
Jiří Karásek ze Lvovic—
Tuberoses (Hovory se smrtí. B., p. 155). 93
The Burden of Eternity (Endymion). 94

Emanuel Lešetický z Lešehradu— PAGE
Blue Evening (Kydž kvetou růže. A., p. 265). 95
June (Kantileny Snů a Vůní Jara. A., p. 264). 96
Jan Svatopluk Machar—
Song in Autumn (Třetí Kniha Lyriky). 96
Autumn Causerie IV. (Třetí Kniha Lyriky). 97
Summer Causerie III. (Třetí Kniha Lyriky). 98
Josef Müldner—
Ocean Foreboding (Stroskotáni. B., p. 197). 98
Jan Neruda—
To My Mother, VI. (Knihy veršů). 99
Stanislav Karel Neumann—
When years have passed I still shall bewail thee (Apostrofy hrdé a vášnivé. B., p. 209). 100
Jan Opolský—
Twilight Yearning (Svět smutných. B., p. 225). 101
Fr. S. Procházka—
Blade of Grass (Nejnovější písničky. A., p. 423). 102
The Yellow Flower (Hradčanské písničky. A., p. 184). 103
Moravian Landscape (Vinobraní). 104
The Ore Mountains (Vinobraní). 105

PAGE

Karel V. Rais—
Winter Evening (A., p. 222). 106

Fr. Sekanina—
Prelude (Lyrické Intermezzo. A., p. 93). 107

Karel Šelepa—
Music (Večery Dušc. A., p. 272). 108

Jos. Václ. Sládek—
Ah, he who forgets (Směska. A., p. 26). 108

Antonín Sova—
Alder Trees (Z mého kraje). 109
Song (Vybouřené Smutky. B., p. 239). 110
The Yellow Flowers (Vybouřené Smutky. B., p. 250). 111
Reverie (Vybouřené Smutky. B., p. 251). 112
The Eagles of Discontent (Dobrodružství odvahy. B., p. 265). 112
The Springs of Hope (Lyrika lásky a života). 113

Frant. Xav. Svoboda—
Song (V našem vzduchu. A., p. 388). 114

Otakar Theer—
The Spring Equinox (Výpravy k já. A., p. 263). 115

Karel Toman—
Song (Melancholická pout'. B., p. 295). 116

Jaroslav Vrchlický— PAGE
After the Rain. 116
Eclogue (Eklogy a písně). 117
Spring Song (Poutí k Eldoradu). 118
Melancholy Serenade, XXII. (Hudba v duši). 119
Melancholy Serenade, V. (Hudba v duši). 119
The Graveyard in the Song (Hudba v duši). 120
Stairs (Brevíř moderního člověka). 121
The Autumn has come (Hořká jádra). 122
Quido Maria Vyskočil—
Two Treasures (Na osení zlatý pluh. A., p. 354). 124
Adolf Wenig—
The Coming of Evening (Zahrada srdce. A., p. 271). 125
Karel de Wetter—
Nocturne (from the "Zvon." A., p. 270). 126
Jan z Wojkowicz—
Fragment (Poesie. B., p. 299). 127
Julius Zeyer—
In Spring (Nové básně. A., p. 222). 128

MORAVIA. BOHEMIA. SILESIA.

Otakar Auředníček (b. 1868).

MY DEITY

(To Sessan.)

I would before thy bosom's shrine sink low,
Quaff from thy mouth the cup of blissful wine,
Bear to my lips thine offering divine;
Thine eyes are as my lamp's eternal glow.

Amid thy beauty's temple I would fare,
The incense fragrance 'mid thy breath abides;
Like night, that all in starry splendour hides,
Let fall on me thy dark, luxuriant hair.

Thy body where in passion I lament,
That shields the mighty godhead of thy soul,
A temple, marble, white, doth seem to me.

Like a fanatic I my head have bent
Upon thy lap, distraught with love's wild dole,
For thee, my yearning, thee, my deity!

"THE SINGING SWANS" (1891).

Karel Babánek (b. 1872).

I GO, NOR KNOW WHITHER

I go, nor know whither, and o'er the world stray,
And I know not the place where my footsteps I
stay.

I go like a leaf, from its resting-place torn,
That afar on the tempest of autumn is borne.

I go, nor know whither, no comrade have I,
But I ask not the way, without heaving a sigh.

I, vagabond, king, o'er the world wander free,
In the train of my yearning I ever shall flee.

In the train of my yearning, each day as it goes,
Till slumber eternal shall bring me repose.

"SONGS OF A VAGABOND" (1902).

Petr Bezruč (b. 1867).

OSTRAVA

A hundred years in silence I dwelt in the pit,
  A hundred years I delved for coal in the ground,
And after a hundred years my sinews were knit,
  As if my fleshless arms by iron were bound.

The dust of the coal has settled upon my eyes,
  And on my lips the coal is clustered around,
And on my hair and my beard and my brows there lies
  The coal that like icicles hangs to the ground.

Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore,
  From labour to labour I go;
Palaces tower aloft by the Danube's shore,
  From my blood and my sweat they grow.

For a hundred years in the mine my murmurs I quelled;
  Who will requite me those hundred years I have borne?
And when I threatened them with the hammer I held,
  I heard the voice of one who laughed me to scorn.

I should find my senses and go to the mine once more,
  And as of old for my masters I should toil;

I raised the hammer on high—in a trice the gore
  Was flowing on Polish Ostrava's soil!

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
  Whether Peter your name be or Paul,
The steel-wrought armour upon your breast ye must lay,
  And thousands to battle must call.

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
  Ye who over the depths your mastery wield,
From below come flame and smoke; and there comes a day,
  There comes a day when a reckoning ye shall yield!

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

THOU AND I

Get thee hence from my way:
Black are my hands and damp is the raiment I wear,
I am but a miner and thou art my master to-day;
Thine is the palace, a hovel of wood is my lair,
My Phrygian cap o'er my forehead a shadow doth throw.
But not unto me do the pleading orphans lament,
They are robbed by thy ravening hares of the fruits of the soil,

Thou art heartless and shameless—by lightning
mayst thou be rent.
From the Beskyds am I, and a son of serfdom and
woe,
I toil in thy forges and down in thy mine I toil;
Gall seethes in my veins and yet I toil for thee
still,
I seize on thy wood by the side of the foaming rill.
I am black, I am poor, and the sweat on my fore-
head appears,
But no children because of my deeds in the Beskyds
shed tears;
I oppressed no widows nor seized on their land
with might,
So I am a beggar, and thou art my master to-day.
Hast thou come to the mountains? O get thee
gone from my sight;
I wear a Phrygian cap—get thee hence from my
way.

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

I (III.)

I am the first who arose of the people of Teschen,
The first Beskydian bard who uttered his strains;
They follow the stranger's plough, the slaves fare
downwards,
Naught but milk and water flows in their veins.

Each of them has a God in the heaven above them,
A second, a greater one, here on the earth holds sway;
To the one above they pay in the church their tribute,
And unto the second with tribute and blood they pay.

He, He Who is up on high gives bread that we die not,
To the fish He gave streams, for the butterfly blossoms has shed;
Thou, thou who wert bred and born on the Beskyd mountains,
On thee He bestowed the world that 'neath Lyssa is spread.
He gave thee the mountains, and gave unto thee the forests,
The scents, that out of the meadows already sweep;
With one swoop the second has taken everything from you—
Hasten to Him Who is there in the church, and weep.

My son from the Beskyds, reverence God and thy masters,
Fair is the fruit that then shall be reckoned as thine;
Out of thy forests the guardian angels have cast thee,
Unto them thou so meekly thyself dost incline.

"Thou thief from Krásná! Is this the wood thou possessest?
Cast thyself down, and the earth in humility kiss,
Out of the woods of thy lords and away to Friedek!"
Thou Who art up on high, what say'st Thou to this?

Thine evil speaking offends thy masters,
Thy guardian angels it doth offend;
Cast it off, for this will better avail thee,
On thy son will the penalty first descend.

Thus 'twas done. The Lord wills it. Night sank o'er my people,
Our doom was sealed when the night had passed;
In that night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance,
The first Beskydian bard and the last.

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

WHO WILL TAKE MY PLACE?

So scant is my blood, and now from my mouth
It flows.
When there grows
Above me the grass, when my body decays,
Who in my stead,
Who will my scutcheon upraise?

Night gazed from my eyes, and the flame from my
nostrils trailed;
I stood, in the smoke of the Witkowitz furnaces
veiled,
And whether the sun was aglow or the evening
was falling fast,
I with a frown on my brow my gaze on the mur-
derers cast;
They were the wealthy Jews and the counts of a
high-born line,
A gloomy-faced miner was I, as I sprang from
below in the mine.
And though on their temples a diadem scattered
its rays,
Each of them flinched as he met my gaze,
My clenchèd fist, and my stubborn scorn,
The wrath of the miner who up on the Beskyds
was born.
So scant is my blood, and now from my mouth
It flows.
When there grows
Above me the grass, when my body decays,
Who will relieve me on guard?
Who will my scutcheon upraise?

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

MORAVIAN VILLAGE

The huts like white-plumed birds in bevies stud
The slope. The breeze with gentle breath scarce
blows,
And sluggish as Moravian blood
The streamlet flows.

Upon their farms the peasants abide in content,
Somewhere away in Vienna the good emp'ror's life
is spent;
Germans beneath the mountains and Jews in the
cities throng.

In the black fields like a streak of pitch the rape-
seed is laid,
And in the meadow there delves a flaxen-haired
maid;
She knows that a bridegroom will come to fetch
her ere long.

The lad of Moravia casts on his labour his gaze,
'Midst his toiling he scarce for the maid heaves a
sigh;
He knows that ere long a wife to the threshold
will hie,
And the marriage-feast will continue three nights
and three days.

The burly peasant, ruddy and tanned,
On the townsfolk looks down with a touch of pride;

None may hound him away from his land,
But,
But betwixt here and the Beskyds the gulf is wide.

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

KYJOV

Ho, ye slender youths in your top-boots clad,
  Ho, maidens in crimson array—
In Kyjov a joyful life ye have had,
  In Kyjov 'twill ever be gay.

E'en as from fragrant vines it flows,
  E'en as ye, O my verses, are streaming,
The fiery blood of the Slovaks glows,
  Lips burn and eyes are gleaming.

Who will smite us, or who will afflict us with ill?
  For unto no master we bend;
And as blithe as we live and we drink our fill,
  As blithe we will go to our end.

"SONGS OF SILESIA" (1911).

PETERSWALD

From Poremba, Dombrovsky Petr did fare,
  Before him his little girl sped.
One rode forth from Peterswald; whoso stood there
  Each moment bowed low his head.

Lo, the black steeds, hear the hoofs clatter hard,
  Bright gleams the bridle of gold;
Half a pace forward, and God be thy guard,
  Or the maid he will have in his hold.

Dombrovsky sprang to the maiden and paled,
  In his arms he clasped her amain;
The master's whip deep on his countenance trailed:
  Petr, why wilt thou take her again?

Away, for in Freistadt her lot would be woe,
  Away, and be timid and shrinking!
A channel of blood in thy soul is aglow,
  Dombrovsky, cease thou thy drinking.

An hour is approaching, as day, a great day,
  By flames the horizon is riven;
Stop the steeds! From his carriage, deuce, drag him away!
  Pay, Dombrovsky, what thou wert given!

"Songs of Silesia" (1911).

Jaromír Borecký (b. 1869).

TO A NEW MORNING

I know not what 'twas o'er me stole,
  As if the ice were rent apart,
That for a long-drawn span of dole
  In chains had fettered fast my heart.

Once more I feel exultant powers,
  E'en as the lark on high doth soar,
Or like the blue-bell 'mid the flowers,
  When that the mead is decked once more.

The hawthorn whispers from its spray,
  The torrent from the clump of firs,
That once again has dawned my day,
  Or—love once more my being stirs.

"THE PSALTER OF POETS" (1905).

Otakar Březina (b. 1868).

MY MOTHER

Thro' life my mother, as in sad atonement, paced,
  Of fragrances, hues, blossoms, light, her day was bare;
Dry is the fruit of life, and hath an ashen taste,
  That, unrefreshed, she from the tree of time did tear.

The biting dust of need her beauteous face assailed,
  Into her eyes it gnawed and quenched in tears its heat;
In drifts like to the sand-storm on her path it trailed,
  Arched for her faintness in its billows a retreat.

Beneath the load of gloomy years her back she bent,
  The scorching heat of toil upon her freshness preyed,
On death she placed her kiss; by grievous anguish rent,
  Smiling, with whispered words of thanks she answer made.

On marble dank of churches she knelt down adream,
  Amid the grave-yard taper scent, before the shrine;
She poured a shower of fragrant comforts in a stream
  Within the chalice of her soul, as dew-drops shine.

O mother mine, to-day in lustre all aflame,
  Thou golden arrow, to the focus that did fly
Of secrets ne'er at rest! The cadence of thy name
  Upon our waves ceased quailing, but I know thee nigh!

I am the blossom of thy blood, grown chill and dead,
That budded from the moisture of thine eyes, and grew,
Upon my lips thy life's sharp savour thou didst shed,
And from thy childhood sadness to my soul withdrew.

And when 'mid nightly calm, green midnight shimmers clear,
Thou risest from the grave, and with my couch art blent,
And in my breath, the rhythm of thy breath I hear,
And quickened by my voice's wave, thou dost lament.

Into my veins the warmth is from thy frame delivered,
The gloomy lustre of thine eyes in mine is poured ;
The mystic heat of faith, 'neath which thy spirit quivered,
Into my soul in glowing, blood-red fire has soared.

And mine is now the gloomy path where once thou paced,
Of fragrances, hues, blossoms, light, my day is bare ;

Dry is the fruit of life, and hath an ashen taste,
That 'mid thy shade's breath from the tree of
Time I tear.

"THE MYSTIC DISTANCES" (1895)

NATURE

Hidden springs were playing music and my day
its song thereto was chanting,
On the melancholy shores.
The grief of bygone life, from whence I came was
wafted to me from the fragrance,
And from the converse of the trees and from the
heavy drone of insects o'er the waters,
And there lay whole centuries, betwixt my hands,
that blossoms plucked, and them
Betwixt my countenance and a mystic world,
That in a thousand questioning glances in my
spirit mutely gazed.

The clouds grew dim as sank the sun, and of the
winds my spirit asked,
Are the clouds approaching hither, or are they
departing hence ?
The winds were mute, in a submissive mirror on
themselves the waters looked,
And the stars, like waning fires in frigid waves of
gleaming oceans,
Seethed and murmured over me, invisible :

Their light is dying only at the advent of a light
still greater,
Of a light still greater, greater.

"THE WINDS FROM THE POLES"
(1897).

THE BODY

Tell unto me, O my soul (from afar thou art come
again),
What hast thou met and beheld and lost upon
earth's domain ?
From the depths the music resounded, the snowing
of icy stars,
Ethereal lips in quivering play :
Mornings and noon-tides and flowers in array.

My mornings have strayed in a mystic field,
Upon paths where the early daisies grew.
In the grass the moments like dew their sparkle
revealed,
Each stem was aquiver as tho' mysterious birds
from it flew :
And as if in the sun the most precious incense were
being burned,
An azure mist o'er the rest of the worlds and
fragrance o'er us it did strew.

From salty lakes the noon-tides approached; the vault of the sky with its gleaming
On all that had died, the knell of their summer-days was sounding;
Their shimmering pinions o'er all the sky to the zenith streaming
Above us were bounding.
Whither their shadows took refuge the eyes were in weariness closed,
The blood like the shaft of a furnace its glitter o'er purest of visions did throw
A torturing heat in the midst of eternity's rapture,
The heavenly city aglow.

Blossoms I saw, and their chalices blooming towards the sun they did hold,
Like maidens their lamps, poured full with oils of gold;
And in the lamps the fires flickered, grew dark and aflame in the wind,
On the secret path of pleasure entwined.

Tell unto me, O my soul, whither thy mornings have roamed,
And whither have flown thy noon-tide hours,
And faded away like the richness of flowers?
My mornings before me their blossoms have laid,
In roses that never can fade;
To their nest in the sun have flown my noon-tide hours,
With the sun they have gone to rest,

And my blossoms within the questioning gaze of my eyes
Have died of a mystic pest.

"THE TEMPLE BUILDERS" (1899).

WOE OF MAN

We, 'neath the spell of a hostile power are by faintness assailed,
Its evil relentless face in the eyes of the sun is aglow;
The instrument of thy labour was cast from our hands as they quailed,
On a boulder amid the quarries we sat us down in our woe.

We wiped the sweat from our brows, with Death we were speaking. Amid
A motionless heaven aglow, 'mid ironical glinting of ore,
And e'en as a child lays its head in its mother's lap, so we hid
Our weary thoughts in creation's grief that endures evermore.

And then in our own magic power, the mystery of our birth,
In the guerdon of our renown that is hidden, our sorrows we found;

Princes, who in a conquering ruler's gold bearing earth,
Were fettered fast and by guards invisible compassed around.

When they think of their cities that over the lakes have grown,
Of the stars in the mystical light of dusk of their native sky,
And in their captivity's calm, of bells with a thousand-fold tone,
And of trusty multitudes, who at a crowning exultingly cry.

"THE HANDS" (1901).

THUS SANG THE WATERS

Betwixt two fires, the sun and the earth, 'neath a spell thro' the ages we wander,
From the thirsting roots of life to ethereal stems we have mounted,
To the splendour of flowers, that were clutched by the spasm of grievous desires,
Thro' currents of nummulite oceans, thro' gloom of diluvial forests,
Thro' kingdoms of bygone creation gigantic,
Thro' caverns, where man, the mystical brother of beasts, the releaser of earth of the future,

Stilled within us the fire of his blood, beset with a curse,
Glowing eternally, ne'er to be quenchèd.

In stars of the morning dew, upon fields of battle we quivered,
In torrents of tears we fierily flowed over places of judgment,
To the quickening rhythms of life we sang within cities of marble,
'Neath the triumphal bridges, and 'mid beating of waves in the oceans,
With ironical pathos we thundered the epic of earths
Buried 'mid thousands of years In the glowing ferments of fire
We seethed to the cloud-concealed mountains' ethereal glaciers,
O'er the hidden lair of the golden sun at his setting,
Like airy mirages, recoiling on distant paths of the cosmos
From a mighty world, more resplendent.
The rainbow have we conjured in waterfalls' weeping, and under the starry mirrors of ocean
We hid the eternal war of our numberless creatures,
Mute and relentless, with flashes agleam in the murky depths.
Like to the luring orbs of serpents we glinted o'er treacherous whirlpools,
In scaly rivers, but like to the graveyards of thousands of graves,

In grief-ridden bays we poured like forgetfulness.
And with words of a prayer of blessing we murmured with fervour
O'er a magical seething of balm-laden springs of thousand-fold aspect.

Before the despairer's eyes our tender billows we opened,
Like numberless lips, in a frenzy eternally moving,
Rendered mute by the blow of a sudden conception abounding in horror.
But the conquerors from their heights our hidden secrets are reading,
From the silvery chart, that blazes to them from the depths, like to lines on the hand of the night,
And as on the coin, the inscription's glittering impress, proclaiming the value,
The joyful secrets of life speak unto them out of our thousand paths,
That from all the mountainous summits are into one sea poured forth,
And from the multiple strains of our springs, our currents and oceans,
They hear a single beneficent power resounding,
That in changes unnumbered seeks the true face of the earth.

And lo! 'neath their gaze the shattered striving of millions of hands
Grows rigid in one gigantic spirit-like hand that is clasping the earth,

That with a sculptor's splendid and tragical gesture,
Kneading the sphere of his tractable clay,
Transforms the secret of things in accord with his
vision's splendour,
In the torturing pang of creation,
Ever void of content.

"THE HANDS."

THUS SANG THE BURNING STARS

Each second that passes, ever within our places
In the mystic dance of the worlds
We revolve in the cosmos.
In the lustrous spheres of spirits we burn with a
living
Beauty.
Around our heads,
In aureoles
Golden tresses are sparkling,
Extended like resonant lassos
In the flight of the whirlwind.

Into our faces glowing in ecstasy,
The ages breathe coldly
And faint from the joy of our flight,
By the sheen of a grievous pleasure o'erpowered,
With a cry that unendingly soars,
Harmony-laden, exulting,
We sink, in our mystical dancing,
And in our blood, as if buried in roses,
We perish.

Sisters shall rise in our places,
White-shimmering,
And in the song that the twilight eternally wafted,
In billows ever increasing,
Into spaces afresh and afresh they advance.
In a nebulous dust that arises,
The mystery's gleaming advance-guard.

"THE HANDS."

DITHYRAMB OF THE WORLDS

The shimmering birth and the quenching
Of a million suns
'Mid the darkness of centuries flaking
In long and in speedy flashes,
Like to the lights that are mirrored
On the blade of a grafter's knife,
At every feverish move of the hand
Of the master.

Worlds that are following one on the other amid
the mystery of time,
The mighty spring-tides of tropics eternal!
Carpet of mystical stairs!
Youth-bringing pulsings of blood!
Returning afresh and afresh,
Ever more spirit-like raging,
Whirlwind of passions!

Wingèd seeds that fly for a thousand years,
Budding and girt round by fire!
Bliss of the half-closed hand, scattering seed!
Sprinkling of glowing grain across the abyss of the
cosmos,
The milky ways!

The azure of numberless earths, glinting like spring-
tide forget-me-nots
On the shores of a river ecstatic,
That flies in the outstretched embrace
Of thine ocean!
A simmering seething from arctic heights,
The shattered ice with itself transporting,
The crystalline fleet
Of worlds that are dead!
Gulf-streams of love!

The Word's sacred harvests!
From the fountain of all the grain
A current of corn-ears!
O'er every place where it fell,
Even within the remotest,
A thousand Julys in the fire!

Spirit-like worlds!
Gardens that float, all a-frenzy with birds,
Dream-ridden earths!
Growths that are sparkling with roses aglow,

Jutting from quickening suns!
Worlds that are kindling,
Worlds that are quenching
Whirlpools of justice!

And all the suns
Round the eternal sun are revolving,
Ne'er to be seen,
The glittering, tarrying grave,
The mystery of the new cosmos
Concealing,
In silence!

On lips that with love are aquiver,
As in a wind that is fragrant,
Mighty and quickening,
Over the oceans
Your song is resounding, O mistress,
Unto the new-born.

Slumber-song of the millions,
Thro' all the universe quivering,
Amid whose rhythmical cadence
Worlds in their sorrow are swaying,
Cradles of spirits.

"THE HANDS."

PURE MORNING

When we at morn to the gardens, from many dreams weary, came,
All the earth, like our souls, we beheld abloom in the flame,
And of winds, and waters, and plants, and the birds and the bees we would know,
In the night that is o'er, thro' our garden what mystical being did go?

The sand played, changed into gold, where the sacred footprints were left,
The balm-laden waters murmured, as tho' they by angels were cleft;
Each breath had life's potence, as tho' for a hundred glowing days,
And the awe of the newly-born was seen in every gaze.

The load of our grievous secrets, as tho' 'twere thy will we have borne,
A missive in humbleness kissed, ere the seal asunder is torn;
And the enemy who is lurking asleep at our every gate,
Was like to thy wearied envoy whom we with a welcome await.

In solitudes havoc-ridden, on paths where the demons tread,
Our yearnings' delicate garden blooms e'en as a lily-bed ;
And they whose ardour was greatest, the most well-liking and sweet
Of women, in gleaming array, we as spotless sisters did greet.

" THE HANDS."

WOMEN

What sings evening o'er the kingdoms, over towns and seed-strewn ground,
O'er the paths in mystery shrouded, o'er the dusk when dews abound ?
Whose the hands in Western gardens, when 'neath heaven their glow they pour,
Pluck you roses as in welcome when a thousand years are o'er.

When ye come, from toiling weary, when love's day has reached its end,
Black earth's breath, like the foreboding of the future doth ascend,
And the mighty towns of brothers on the golden sky-line tower,
A dream of metals, gleaming gardens, living rhythms, marble power.

And in suns that far off vanish, and are quenched
and once more beam,
White extended hands of women like a lustre are
agleam,
And from age to age they lure you, from before
your gaze disperse,
With their beauty's silent gesture, they like fate,
unknown, converse.

Potent, lustrous hands, our longing whither do ye
bear away?
Into what awakened gardens, that bewitched for
ages lay?
Into what calm places, where, 'mid grief of mighty
pomp awakes
Melody of polar birds above the melancholy lakes.

Clouds of thoughts like islands rise aloft within the
sea of light,
All bedecked with phosphorescent vegetation lunar-
bright,
And the tremor of our hearts is on the shores the
wafted strains,
Ere the anchored vessels cast aside their silver
mooring-chains.

Faces, steeped in love, o'er ocean to the silent
country flow,
Where a range of spirit worlds like flaming fires
tower up and glow,

And like branches that together are entwined, the boundless skies
Quiver in the morning beams that from the cosmic forest rise.

"THE HANDS."

RESPONSES

With a curse we are laden, and 'mid our longing's loftiest flight,
By the burden of earth we are thralled, and steeped in our blood's dim night.

"Ye are mighty and know not death, and your souls where mysteries throng,
Bear in them suns and spring-tides, and vintages endless long."

In the silence of cosmos, the focus of stars that blood-red wane,
Lonely we tarry, as tho' 'mid the watch-fires of foes in a chain.

"By the armour of heavily-armed ye are burdened, and into the strife,
Ye are chosen that ye may give freedom to all on the earth that have life."

We strive on the shattered bosom of him who is vanquished to kneel,
But we love not, we love not, and e'en when love we are yearning to feel.

"Ye are hard with the hardness of fruit not ripened, and scorched by the blaze
Of a mystical summer, ye ripen, your brothers' embraces to praise."

Joy is the sun in a dream beheld; at awakening quenched,
Grief has a thousand eyes, and ne'er has it utterly blenched.

"With millions are ye by a mystical brotherly bond girt round,
And only in joy of the millions can joy that is yours be found."

On a mighty furrow of fragrance to floating islands we steer,
We float and the islands are floating, and ne'er to them do we draw near.

"Ye are shrouded around with a veil of deceit by your kingly eyes,
In the lustre that blooms in your souls do the islands before you arise."

"THE HANDS."

THE SPRING NIGHT

The night sang softly, and the sound of early grass
and spring-tide rains
In harmony was blended with her melancholy
strains ;
On high, the stars, bright chalices unbounded,
Breathed the heavy scent of plants, that grow upon
no earthly soil,
And my brothers' hands, as if in death, lay crossed
upon their breast,
Lay in silence and delusion, e'en as they were
stone-oppressed,
Asunder cleft by toil.

But their spirit hands unto the stars were clasped,
A myriad souls upon the earth and all the worlds
they grasped,
And a long sigh of glad awakenings.
The festive surging of the town that ne'er shall die,
The rustle of spirit pinions, the play of the winds
in a mystic lea,
The opening strains of orchestras, that none may
see,
To the rhythm of their secret gesture rose on high.

"THE HANDS."

Arn. Czech z Czechenherzů (b. 1878).

THE RETURN

When after years in avenues
  Of the old home I took my way,
Upon the path, around my feet,
  From every tree the blossoms lay.

And every blossom was a hope
  That e'en the soul could keep no more,
And every blossom was deceit,
  That led me to the world of yore.

When after years in avenues
  Of the old home I took my way,
Upon the path around my feet
  From every tree the blossoms lay.

Svatopluk Čech (1846—1908).

OUR NATIVE TONGUE

Power and fame and wealth—of all these things
  what doth to us remain ?
    Our native tongue.
What with a single shield did guard us in the
  wearisome campaign ?
    Our native tongue.

Let with a heavenly music sound, o'er half the
world its mastery wield,
A foreign tongue.
Queen of them all is in our eyes, and unto none
the palm shall yield,
Our native tongue.

And tho' it were a beggar-girl, and nothing but a
maiden spurned—
Our native tongue.
It is our will that it may to a glorious princess
be turned—
Our native tongue.

Be thou the apple of our eye, be thou to us more
dear than all—
Our native tongue.
And never thro' our failing care, upon it shall a
shadow fall—
Our native tongue.

There has no compact e'er been made, that can
impose a price to pay
On our native tongue.
Rather would we all surrender, than a jot should
go astray
From our native tongue.

Nay, ne'er shall be with our consent surrendered
to an overlord,
Our native tongue.

This sacred tongue's eternal rights shall ne'er by
aught except the sword
From us be wrung.

Ne'er shall it retreat, but ever farther onwards
must it go—
Our native tongue.
Ever higher must ascend, and ever more serenely
glow—
Our native tongue!

"New Songs" (1888).

Karel Červinka (b 1872).

YEARNING IN EARLY SPRING

After long years sweet feeling came to me,
Thy locks I fondled tenderly;
O little child, I took thee to my breast,
And lulled thee peacefully to rest.

Eve, eve already to the room draws nigh,
The white mists o'er the housetops lie;
The waning, waning day is softly quenched,
The bells their music in the mist have drenched.

Thou sleepest, child. I stood afar,
Gently, that I thy slumber might not mar,
Went to the casement, silent gloom beheld.

Grey evening! Woe without an end!
My heart it stirred and bloodily did rend,
And in my eyes the tear-drops welled.

"THE SUN IN THE MISTS" (1901).

Karel Dostál-Lutinov (b. 1871).

THE SWANS

The swans, white as snow,
  Have soared up on high;
They have gleamed, they have vanished
  Awhile in the sky.

To the end of the earth
  The swans have soared fleetly;
They have sung and grown silent,
  Tenderly, sweetly!

They have sung as the sound
  Of an organ that plays,
As when to Maria
  The angels sing praise.

The swans have grown silent
  At the end of the world,
As if my young years
  Their wings had unfurled.

"THE ROVING SINGER" (1902).

Xaver Dvořák (b. 1858).

ASTRAY

We have strayed from the sunlight,
  By the gloom of the forest encompassed around.
What lamps have ye kindled ?
  In their dim rays the shadows abound and abound.

Old griefs have arisen
  Like night-birds 'mid drooping of branches that sigh,
Their eyes kindled with blood ;
  Exceeding close o'er my head they did fly.

I smell the scent of decay
  Of the kingdom of death. The grave-stones are near ;
They rest with the calm of the mound,
  But the tooth-marks of Death on their crosses appear.

Let us back to the Sun !
  Sore stricken am I. O turn once again !
How sweetly it glowed in our Day newly-born,
  And a smile of delight went from all in its train.

We have gazed down from Golgotha,
  On the valley our gazes we cast in a dream ;
The field-lilies there were in blossom,
  The figs grew ripe in the gloom's reddish gleam.

The fragrance of olives gushed forth,
  As if into space from a censer 'twere cast ;
Men's songs full of longing
  Upon the horizon in harmony passed.

Peace was amid their movement,
  As tho' in devotion in toil of a throng ;
The countenance glowed in delight of a fervent
    love,
  They bowed them in mercy for them that knew
    wrong.

Why did we go from thence !
  On the loftiest of the heights we have pined ;
We descended and passed at midnight away,
  But other Days and Suns did not find.

"THE NEW LIFE" (1903).

Karel Jaromír Erben (1811—1870).

THE WILLOW

In the morn he sat at meat;
Thus his youthful spouse did greet:

"Mistress mine, thou mistress dear,
Thou in all things wert sincere.

"Thou in all things wert sincere,—
One thing ne'er thou let'st me hear.

"We have now two years been wed,
Only one thing brings me dread.

"Mistress mine, O mistress blest,
With what slumber dost thou rest?

"In the evening fresh and bright,
Like a corpse thou art at night.

"Naught has sounded, naught has stirred,
Nor is trace of breathing heard.

"Filled with coldness is thy frame,
E'en as if to dust it came.

"Nor doth rouse thee from thy sleeping
Our young child with bitter weeping.

"Mistress mine, thou wife of gold,
Doth some sickness thee enfold?

"If by sickness thou'rt dismayed,
Let wise counsel be thine aid.

"Many herbs are in the field,
Thou perchance by one art healed.

"But if herbs can naught avail,
A potent spell can never fail.

"Clouds to a potent spell will yield,
That ships in the raging storm can shield.

"A potent spell o'er fire holds sway,
Rocks can shatter, dragons slay.

"A gleaming star from heaven can rend,
A potent spell thy weal can send."

"O husband mine, so dear to me,
Let no vain word trouble thee.

"What was fated at my birth,
To no balm will yield on earth.

"What has been decreed by fate,
At man's word will not abate.

"Tho' lifeless on my bed I lie,
Ever 'neath God's might am I.

"I am ever 'neath God's might,
Who protects me night by night.

"Tho' I sleep as dead, at morn
My spirit back to me is borne.

"I rise at morn from weakness freed,
For 'twas thus by God decreed."

Wife, these words of thine are naught,
For thy husband guards his thought.

At a fire an aged soul
Water pours from bowl to bowl.

Cauldrons twelve stand in a row,—
The husband for her aid doth go.

"Mother, hear! thy skill is great,
Know'st what each has to await.

"Know'st how plague comes into being,
Where the Maid of Death is fleeing.

"Tell me, now, with clearness, this:
What is with my bride amiss?

"In the evening fresh and bright,
Like a corpse she lies at night.

"Naught has sounded, naught has stirred,
Ne'er a trace of breathing heard.

"Filled with coldness is her frame,
E'en as if to dust it came."

"How can she be aught but dead,
Since her life but half is led?

"She dwells by day at home with thee,
At night her soul dwells in a tree.

"Go to the stream beyond the park,
Thou find'st a willow with shining bark.

"A yellow bough the tree doth bear,
The spirit of thy bride is there."

"I have not espoused my bride,
That with a willow she might abide.

"Near to me my bride shall stay,
The willow in the earth decay."

In his arm the axe he held,
From the root the willow felled.

In the stream amain 'twas cast,
From the depths a murmur passed.

There came a murmur, there came a sigh,
As of a mother whose end is nigh.

As of a mother in death's embrace,
Who to her infant turns her face.

"Round my dwelling what a throng,
Wherefore sings the knell its song?"

"The wife thou lovest is no more,
As by a sickle smitten sore.

"At her toil she bore her well,
Till like a tree hewn down she fell.

"And she sighed in death's embrace,
And to her infant turned her face."

"Ah, woe is me! Ah, grievous woe;
My bride, unwitting, I laid low.

"In that same hour, thro' me was left
My child of mother's care bereft.

"O thou willow, willow white,
Why did'st bring me to this plight?

"Half my life thou took'st from me;
What shall I do unto thee?"

"Let me from the stream be drawn,
And my yellow bough be sawn.

"The wooden strips thou then shalt take,
And thereof a cradle make.

"Lay the child therein to sleep,
That the poor mite may not weep

"When he lies in slumber there,
He shall find his mother's care.

"Plant the boughs by the water-side,
That no evil them betide.

"Till he to a stripling grown,
Frame a reed-pipe for his own.

"On the reed-pipe he will sing,
To his mother answering."

"THE GARLAND" (1853).

Irma Geisslová (b. 1855).

SONG

Lark, in the glow of eve,
  Reddening like gleaming ore,
When thus I hear thy voice,
  Fain I my notes would pour.

Happy thy lot! In space
  Like quivering dust to fade,
But with thy tuneful throat
  All regions to pervade.

Vítěslav Hálek (1835—1874).

SONGS OF EVENING
(1859)

II.

Springtime is wafted from afar,
  With longing all is teeming;
And all is pressing to the sun,
  That long has been a-dreaming.

From out its nest the finch, and from
  The hut the children speed;
The many-coloured blossoms waft
  Sweet fragrance on the mead.

The leaf is bursting from the twig,
  The birds are gaily singing;
And from the youthful breast and heart
  The buds of love are springing.

III.

The trees are rustling softly; through
  The leaves scarce moves a breeze;
The birds in blissful dreams repose,
  So silent and at ease.

Many a star in heaven appears,
  Around it is so free;
But in my bosom there is grief,
  In my heart is misery.

Upon the petals of the flowers
  The dew in splendour lies;
O God, and even so the dew
  Wells up into my eyes.

IV.

Now all is sleeping in the world,
  Save the heart within my breast;
God knows, it is the heart alone
  That ne'er lies down to rest.

Upon God's earth, all now is mute,
  But the heart its song desires;
God knows, it is the heart alone
  That never, never tires.

Thought is by slumber overcome,
  Night changes place with day;
The heart keeps watch, aye in the breast,
  And there o'er love holds sway.

XI.

Like to a spreading tree am I,
  Decked for a festive day;
Come hither to the shade I spread,
  Thou lovely rose of May.

Here every leaf in fragrance breathes,
  The bees go humming by;
The birds fly in the evening here,
  They are my thoughts that fly.

They fly away, far, far away,
  Like children from their home;
But if thou com'st to tarry nigh,
  No longer will they roam.

XIII.

Thou art still but a flower-bud,
  From out the earth scarce born,
And yet already roses fair
  Thy countenance adorn.

These roses are so beautiful,
  Their fragrance so divine,
My soul is filled with love for them,
  My heart for them doth pine.

XXI.

The stars up yonder in the sky
  Are mighty worlds; and fain
Would I but know what kind they are
  The beings they contain.

And whether there is someone there
  Who gazes from above;
And if 'tis so, if he like me
  Is singing songs of love.

XXIV.

The moon is up amidst the stars,
  The woods are filled with sound;
O'er the wide world it is as if
  God scattered love around.

These early leaves with many a voice
  Exchange a converse sweet;
It is as if the amorous world
  In a single kiss did meet.

And yet I know, in solitude
  Is many a heart oppressed,
And many a youthful face doth find
  From bitter tears no rest.

LVI.

O God, within this soul of mine,
  Each wish is lulled to sleep;
This only do I crave of thee,
  That I my song may keep.

If Thou my gift of song would'st take,
  No longer would I live,
Nor happy be, if for my song
  Thou happiness would'st give.

LXIV.

The pale moon in the skies doth rest,
A song hath risen in my breast.

The birds have come and did relate
That our love hath been so great.

That these buds by spring-time borne
A bridal robe would fain adorn.

That this ivy forms a crown,
Upon thy head to thy renown.

That bedecked with charms untold,
Thee for evermore I hold.

Adolf Heyduk (b. 1835).

FROM "NEW GYPSY MELODIES" (1897)

Hostess, a cup of wine, I pray,
From Debreczin I took my way;
By distant foot-paths I did fare,—
Lo, these fetters that I bear!

Our masters gave to me these bands,
They fettered fast my feet and hands;
That, when gleamed the star of morn,
I to the gallows might be borne.

Weakly were the fetters wrought,
By my strength asunder brought;
Why should such fetters be my plight,
For scanty bread and scanty right?

The gypsy from these bonds shall raise
A sharp defence ; there come the days,
That we ourselves with spurs shall clank,
Like the man of lofty rank.

I struggled, by a savage love laid low,
Burn me, destroy me with thine eyes' bright glow,
Let on me prey a swarm of sighs like fire,
And pierce my bosom with its own desire.

Thy breath is wafted like a breeze in spring,
Thy breath is fragrant, and doth rapture bring ;
My love, which thy laments would fain allay,
Like to young wine doth surge in pearly spray.

Like to a goblet filled with foamy longing,
Within my bosom gleaming waves are thronging ;
Twine round me thy pale tresses in a flood,
Thou still'st the fervour of my flaming blood.

A bounding desert-steed, my passion, cries :
O that thy breath would like the samum rise ;
O that thine arms might bring me to my end,
E'en as the hurricanes the oak-trees rend.

Josef Holý (b. 1874).

UPON THE WAVES

Upon the waves I was lulled to rest;
To the silvery willow-trees I confessed.

The wavelets whisper, the willows are singing,
With ditties and wistful voices ringing.

The bright heavens o'er me wide open are lying,
The stars in a secret language are sighing.

Memories mock me; by sleep awhile stilled,
My heart with a winsome longing is thrilled.

Little child, full of grace, thy favour bestow,
On a peaceful stream we together shall flow.

(1905).

FROM THE WORLD BEYOND

From the world beyond, the faith I cherish,
  My heart sings an eternal strain;
Nevermore my love shall perish,
  Nevermore my fire shall wane.

Heaven and earth I touch a-wing,
  The storm throbs round in savage strife;
Belovèd maiden, to me cling,
  Let us fly to the depths of life.

(1905).

Hanuš Jelínek (b. 1878).

THE SONG OF THE HEAVENS, THE STARS, SCHUMANN AND MY WIFE

Du meine Seele . . .

The heavens have cried their golden tears,
  They have cried so still, they have cried;
My soul has sighed with an unknown grief,
  It has sighed in its woe, it has sighed.

In embraces of diamonds studded with gold,
  Heaven and earth have lain;
A magical strain in my soul is athrob,
  Of Schumann a magical strain.

Softly it thrills and my being it fills,
  In my soul it is gently streaming;
From this starry night the gaze of my wife
  Is beaming so gently, is beaming.

(1897).

Růzena Jesenská (b. 1863).

BY THE OCEAN

The night is deep and dark, with starry skies,
Before me lies the ocean's vast domain;
Its organ's psalm in storm to heaven doth rise,
In mystic distance vanishing again.
And on their crests the billows are aglow
With azure eyes that haunt the depths below;
The shadows quiver, full of phantom sprites. . . .
Some black-hued ship, long sunken to its doom,
Unheard was swimming in the veils of gloom,
Where blinks the golden eye of beacon lights. . . .

Here is the ocean—with a heavenly maze
Of unplumbed secrets, dread, alluring ocean,
With clouds and worlds, with gloom of hidden ways,
Like to a ruthless law, a dream in motion,
And comforting as Death . . . .

Alone I pass,
Before me is the ocean—mighty glass,
Wherein Eternity may send a glance
On restless passion, majesty of rest!

The ship draws nigh from far away perchance. . . .
Does it behold me, in my glowing zest?
Does it not stray? And founders not the skiff,
Which decked with garlands should for me be sent?

O dismal shores, with many a barren cliff,
By boundless ocean!
Night and gloom are blent. . . .

"WHEN THE HOUR IS LATE" (1910).

BENEATH THE MOUNTAINS

Here I stand beneath the mountains gloom-
oppressed,
And hushed to rest,
In whom a thousand years on high
And mutely eke a thousand years arose.
And birds, who to these shadows fly,
Resignedly and wistfully repose,
Like a grey trunk, like a deserted stone,
Its form into the heavens wildly flinging.

The mid-day sun has flown,
And like a wondrous lamp has sped away. . . .
Our ballad with its gold and cloud array
Somewhere with waning tones in timid wise is
singing—
And mightily aglow,
Like to a Dream and a heart-beat into space doth
flow.

The tepid gulfs of lakes grow blue far down,
And ice and snow the highest summits crown,

Nowhere of man or voice a sign—
How the ice and the snow and eternal peace are
drawing near,
In which the beating of a heart I hear!

Beauty's wondrous calm I take as mine,
In humbleness as if before the highest rite
Of lofty truth!—The stars of reconciliation in my
bosom beat,
And trustfully and solemnly concealed in this grey
night,
My soul thy soul doth meet.

"When the Hour is Late."

Bohdan Kaminský (b. 1859).

RITOURNELLES

Amid this life, where age by age are pressed
A throng of hapless beings, naught save love
So potent is, that man thereon may rest.

When that all hope amid the wastes doth stray,
Ever by love man raises him on high. . . .
Some let, ere this, their heart's blood ebb away

From out the soul much meets the poet's eye,
But if he ponders where is joy on earth,
Naught, if the heart is silent, makes reply.

Yea, joy there is. Young hearts with love it fills,
Faces with radiance, souls with song, and flowers
With dew; with reconciliation ills.

Life is a book, read joyously in sooth,
When every page speaks fragrance to our soul,
And radiance, warmth, sweet tenderness to youth.

Some ever from afar behold their joys,
Whose life is but a leaf torn from a book,
That in the fire a maiden's hand destroys.

"MEN AND WOMEN" (1898).

Ant. Klášterský (b. 1866).

THE CLOISTER GARDEN

O'er Prague the setting sun lies low,
Darker the cloister garden doth grow.

Darker and darker beneath our gaze;
The nuns still wander along its ways.

The bell has chimed and chillness is spread,
Thro' the gloomy gate has the last one sped.

The desolate garden, O child, behold,
To the song of the crickets the gloom doth enfold.

But what is the burthen of the refrain,
That the trees now whisper with secret strain ?

As if in their branches that sway on high,
There had seized upon them a peaceful sigh.

And their song in the stillness dies sadly away,
Didst thou understand it, my child, O say ?

Thou didst understand it, yea, well I know,
Thou dost kiss me with lips now in passion aglow.

"New Songs" (1901).

Jan Kollár (1793—1852).

THE DAUGHTER OF SLÁVA

Prelude

Here lies the country, alas ! 'fore my eyes that in tears are o'erflowing,
Once 'twas the cradle, but now—now 'tis the tomb of my race ;
Check thou thy steps, for the places are sacred, wherever thou turnest.
Son of the Tatra arise, cast to the heavens thy gaze,

Or to the mighty old oak, that stands there yonder, incline thee,
'Gainst the treacherous time holding its own till to-day.
Ah, but worse than the time, is the man, who a sceptre of iron,
Slavia, on thy neck, here in these lands has imposed;
Worse than savage encounters and fiercer than fire and than thunder—
He who in frenzy blind covers his kindred with shame.
O ye years of the past that as night are lying around me,
O my country, thou art image of glory and shame;
From the treacherous Elbe o'er the plain to the Vistula faithless,
From the Danube until Baltic's insatiate foam.
Where the mellifluous tongue of the sturdy Slavs once resounded.
Now it, alas! is still, silenced by onslaughts of hate.
Who has committed this theft that cries for vengeance to heaven?
Who has upon one race outraged the whole of mankind?
Blush thou for shame, O envious Teuton, the neighbour of Sláva,
Many such sins have thine hands often committed of old.

Ne'er has an enemy yet shed blood—or ink—so profusely,
As by the German was shed, compassing Sláva's decay;
Only of liberty worthy is he who can liberty value,
He who puts captives in bonds—he is a captive himself.
Whether our hands or our tongue he binds in the bonds of the captive,
'Tis but the same; he neglects rights of his fellows to heed.
He who has cast down thrones, and for naught has shed blood of his fellows,
Into the hapless world carried the torch of dissent,
Scythian, Goth tho' he be, he has earned the guerdon of serfdom,
Not who to untamed hordes peace by example extolled.
Where have ye wandered, dear nation of Slavs that formerly dwelt here,
Now Pomerania's springs, now drinking deep of the Saale,
Peaceful stock of the Sorbs, and Obotritian offspring,
Where are the Wilzen, and where, grandsons of Uker, are ye?
Far to the right I gaze, to the left I searchingly turn me,
But 'tis in vain that my eye Sláva in Slavia seeks.

Tell me, thou tree, their temple of nature, under whose shadow
They to primæval gods offerings formerly burnt,
Where are these nations, and where are their princes and where are their cities,
They who the first in the North called into being this life ?
They taught the use of sails and of oars to indigent Europe,
Taught how to sail o'er the sea, passing to bountiful shores.
Out of the ore-laden depths they dug the metals concealed there,
More from respect for the gods rather than profit to men ;
They taught the farmer to till the bosom of Earth with the plough-share,
So that the lands that were bare yielded the golden-hued corn.
They by the peaceful paths, the lime-tree sacred to Sláva,
Planted and scattered around fragrance and shadowy rest.
Each taught his son to build cities and in them to carry on commerce,
While by the women were taught maidens the weaving of cloth :
O thou masterly nation, for this what recompense hast thou ?
Torn is thy garland in twain, hatefully robbed of its form,

As to the hive of the stranger the bees for the sweet-scented honey
  Throng in a swarm and there queen-bee and young ones assail,
So in his own domain the master is serf, while his neighbour
  Slyly crept in and his neck woefully bound with a chain.
Where in the verdant groves sang the beautiful daughter of Sláva,
  Now are the song-loving lips silenced by deafening sounds ;
Where in marble arose the halls of the thunderer Perun,
  Now from the ruins distress shelter for cattle has made ;
Where to the heavens uprose the old-famed towers of Arkona,
  Yonder the stranger's foot tramples the fragments to dust.
There they bewail the ruins of Retra's temples, the famous,
  Where they arose now dig lizard and serpent their nest.
Son of the Sláva who comes from this land to visit his brother,
  Is to his brother unknown, presses not warmly his hand ;
Strange is his language that comes from lips and from countenance Slavic,

Countenance seemingly Slav sadly the hearing deceives.
For on her sons right deeply has Sláva imprinted her tokens,
Nor can the place or the time ever their traces erase ;
Just as two rivers whose waters a single bed has united,
Still for long on the way parted their colours remain.
So by violent strife are these nations confusedly mingled,
Yet does their nature till now visibly sundered remain.
But have degenerate sons heaped often upon their own mother
Curses, and yet in their guilt cringed to the step-mother's lash ;
They in their nature are neither Slavic or Teuton, but bat-like,
Half of the nature of one, half of the other possess.
Thus do the Osman hordes run riot in countries Hellenic,
Lofty Olympus is now crowned with the tail of a horse ;
Thus the two worlds of the Indies has grasping Europe corrupted,
Civilization removed virtue, land, colour, and speech.

Nation and honour have vanished, the gods have gone with the language,
  Nature alone doth remain—nature that ne'er can be changed.
Forest, stream, town and village unwilling their titles Slavonic
  Altered ; the form but remains. Spirit of Sláva is gone.
O who will come, these graves from a living dream to awaken ?
  Who will the rightful heir back to his country restore ?
Who will tell us the place where Miliduch bled for his nation ?
  Who will a monument raise, keeping his memory fresh ?
Where, in his wrath at reform, did Kruk in defence of traditions,
  Take the command of the Slavs, fighting their cause to uphold ?
Or how Bojeslav wielded in contest the sword of a victor,
  And with statutes in peace guided his happy domain ?
Now there are none remaining ; the boorish countryman's ploughshare,
  Crashing destructively on, breaks up the warriors' bones ;
Wroth at the worthlessness of two generations, their shadows

Haunt the dim mist of decay, uttering cries of lament.
Uttering cries of lament that Fortune relentless continues,
Letting their grandsons' blood either decay or be changed;
Coldly in sooth would beat the heart of a man for his nation,
If he would shed no tears here, even as o'er his love's bones.
Ah, but be silent, O grief, serenely beholding the future,
Scatter with eye like the sun thoughts that arose in a cloud.
Greatest of evils it is, in misfortune to wrangle with evil,
He who assuages by deeds anger of heaven does best.
Not from a troubled eye springs hope, but from hands that are active,
Thus, and thus only, can now evil be turned into good.
Only the man but not mankind can stray on the journey,
Oft the confusion of some favours the rest as a whole.
Time changes all, and by time is truth to victory guided,
What in their error the years planned in a day is o'erthrown.

"THE DAUGHTER OF SLÁVA" (1824).

Eliška Krásnohorská (b. 1847).

AND FAR AWAY, THE AZURE PEAKS

This wide domain is like a flower
  That budded in the morning light,
And far away, the azure peaks
  Above like dewy breath of night.

So beaming are the fields around,
  Like a sweet wreath of days of bliss,
And far away, the azure peaks—
  A myrtle spray of memories, this.

The ruddy light upon the meads,
  Like to a kiss bestowed at meeting,
And far away, the azure peaks,
  Like an embrace in farewell greeting.

SONG

O clouds, ye boisterous flock of birds,
  Where fly ye at such stormy pace,
That scarce your shadows can be seen,
  Clasping the mead in dim embrace?
And that my spirit fathoms not
  Wherefore ye to the mountains hie,
Nor what doth speed you in its train
  To foreign climes that yonder lie.

O, if into a cloud, as ye,
  Might be transformed my ponderings,
And soar unto the ends of earth
  Upon their dusky raven wings!
On Cheskian hills amid their flight,
  They would perforce awhile descend,
And with a rainbow-radiant smile
  E'en 'mid their tears a greeting send.

Fr. Kvapil (b. 1855).

SPRING SONG

Love 'mid the flowers is softly singing,
  And greeting bringing;
Its golden threads the sun doth shake,
Awake, my beauteous child, awake,
  To slumber clinging!

The golden bees 'mid clover fly,
  Swarming by;
Full of play and mirth to-day,
A wondrous thing, this morn of May
  Has risen on high.

And dost thou in this hour of gladness
  Gaze with such sadness?
Spring-tide o'er the earth is pouring,
Like to the lark thou shouldst be soaring
  In rapturous madness.

Forget the thoughts that bring thee pain,
Joy amain
Into thy soul fresh weal is bringing,
Love 'mid the flowers is softly singing
Its deathless strain.

"WHEN THE POPPIES BLOOMED"
(1905).

Jiří Karásek ze Lvovic (b. 1871).

TUBEROSES

In the faint tuberose fragrances, oblivion sending
On the last night, that never gazes on a morn,
My soul departs in sleep, to which there is no ending,
As if by beat of angels' wings to rest 'twere borne.

In the faint tuberose fragrances, oblivion sending,
My hopes, my longings, unfulfilled to rest are laid,
And like a shadow, like a dream undreamed are wending
After my spirit's shade.

"CONVERSATIONS WITH DEATH" (1905).

THE BURDEN OF ETERNITY

Gloom, the mute spinner, grief weaved in my yearning,
When in the dead waste quailed the hope that lies,
Till suddenly at night my eyes were turning
Unto the bluish mirror of the skies.

Like stars, as path I chose eternity—
Age mars them not, for them no change is wrought;
In azure space, calm, crystal-cold, they flee,
Who would be deathless, solitude has sought.

Silent sonata, 'mid stars' dreary way,
How burden'st thou the soul, that fain would lay
Amid a dream of molten gold, its wings!

As from a dazing cup, where joy makes rife
Hot passion, rather would I drink of life,
Than 'mid vain beams reach deathless lonely things.

"ENDYMION" (1909).

Emanuel Lešetický z Lešehradu (b. 1877).

BLUE EVENING

A veil upon my soul doth lie,
Come, we to the garden together shall hie.
There, where the light of the moon is flowing,
The petals of gleaming lilies are blowing,
And elves to guitars that faintly sound
In the long avenues dance around.

Lo, fragrant scents from the garden fly,
To gather the mint-sprays let us hie.
'Mid their dancing the wan elves disappear,
Within the long avenues 'tis drear,
And the castle amid the evening rays,
On its image in the lake doth gaze.

Yea, we must dance where none is nigh,
Come, we to the garden together will hie.
The fountains of night send forth their notes,
Blue evening o'er the country floats:
And let its golden laughter loom
Where lilies and begonias bloom.

"When Roses Bloom" (1904).

JUNE

The earth has blossomed, and far and near
  A languid mood o'er the land has spread;
On the heath, a radiance golden-clear
  Mingled with rain of heaven is shed.

The blossoming fields in the distance are gleaming,
  A waggon has passed. The acacia scent
From somewhere is wafted. A bird pipes a-dreaming.
  The air is athrob, with the sun's heat blent.

The chirping of crickets is borne along;
A hut on the hill-side. The buzzing bees throng
  Into the clover and white camomile.

And thou art happy—thou seemest to see
How a woman is held in embrace by thee,
  And thou lovest and lovest and lovest the while.

"CHANTS OF DREAMS AND THE FRAGRANCE OF SPRING" (1905).

Jan Svatopluk Machar (b. 1864).

SONG IN AUTUMN

'Twas in the moment when the sun is low,
Sinking to slumber in the evening gloom,
The time of roses, songs and souls aglow,
  Our love began to bloom.

Now fly the winds with shrill and piercing din,
The song is over and the roses fade,—
My heart in summer was a nest, wherein
A bird of passage strayed.

"THIRD BOOK OF LYRICS" (1886—1889).

AUTUMN CAUSERIE

IV.

Alas! youth fades, the inmost longing wanes,
Wild roses in their season clustering bloomed,
But on some autumn morning there remains
A twig, thorn-laden, doomed.

And shallow joy, frail bliss and moments sweet,
The ruthless time into the distance carries,
The summer-tide of life, so fleet, so fleet,
And a long autumn tarries.

Our lot is sad. By coming into life
We are but into Death's dominion borne,
Whereof are sorrow, woes, our livelong strife
An overture forlorn.

Our soul can foster for a span of hours
Only the thoughts from which the tears can flow,
Like fallow-land, whereon there bloom no flowers,
But only brambles grow.

"THIRD BOOK OF LYRICS."

SUMMER CAUSERIE

III.

In youth we raised our brows on high,
When first we heard Life's thunder roar,
Unwearied Life its thunder sent;
But we ere long our heads had bent,
Why let the brow be smitten sore?

Wherefore lament? Wise destiny
Has measured out our final hour!
A grave on earth . . . O wondrous fair,
Why for another end prepare?
Yea, for no longer have we power.

"THIRD BOOK OF LYRICS."

Josef Müldner (b. 1880).

OCEAN FOREBODING

My heart, thou long wert sore distressed,
Now sweetly canst thou take thy rest.

By ocean's shore, where sand-hills be,
'Neath brown-hued sails upon the sea.

'Mid scent of ocean-air and grass,
Around in herds the cattle pass.

Wild poppies in the sun-light sway—
Where am I, when they fade away?

"THE RUINS" (1903).

Jan Neruda (1834—1891).

TO MY MOTHER

VI.

Know'st thou, dear mother, of the golden sun,
And of his mother—legend passing fair,
Who, night by night upon her withered breast
To slumber lulls her son far spent with care?

Yea, the poor wight must rove enough, enough,
Yea, all the day he thro' the world must go,
Enough grey mists and tempests, gloomy clouds,
Almost as much as man bears here below.

A grey-beard he lies down, a youth he rises,
With new-gained strength afresh o'er heaven runs,—
O mother, mother, yea, thou righteous angel,—
My need is e'en as grievous as the sun's.

"BOOKS OF VERSES" (1867).

Stanislav Karel Neumann (b. 1875).

WHEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SHALL I STILL BEWAIL THEE

" Else."

Young and of subtle charm thou wert slain
By worthy fathers
Weary of virtuous spouses,
And their sons
Taking their fill of the world.

In the white passage of the lazar-house
Vanished thy body;
None clamoured: " Murderers! "
'Mid their tranquil enjoyment.

When years have passed shall I still bewail thee!
Thou hadst a lustrous eye, and tresses of dusky azure,
And blood that in part was derived from barbarian Huns.
When years have passed shall I still bewail thee!
But not because it was here denied thee
To find the hearth of some fat-paunched boor,
That thou might'st bear to him children, laughing, thriving.

Rather abiding longer within this haunt of the devil would I behold thee,
Avenging thyself, yea, direly avenging thyself,
With the venom of thine embrace avenging thyself,

Even upon their children's children avenging thyself,
For thee and for thy sisters,
For us and for our brothers,
And for all the stock of the disinherited children of Satan avenging thyself
Upon the protected caste
Of God-fearing, privileged
Citizens.

"APOSTROPHES PROUD AND PASSIONATE" (1896).

Jan Opolský (b. 1878).

TWILIGHT YEARNING

O come, thou peaceful dove of even-tide!
The soothing bells grow faint on pasture-ways;
A death-like muteness waxes far and wide,
The forest shrine amid its secrets sways.

Torches on peaks, pale glimmers from the lakes,
Into the gloom in dim array depart;
A mute, great spirit rises o'er the brakes,
Unmoved by solemn rhythms is the heart.

The unconcealèd tracks from earth to earth,
Into the dusk upon their orbits speed;
Nigh is the moment . . . calm of mighty worth,
My youthful soul, conceal thou not thy creed!

"THE WORLD OF THE SAD" (1899).

Fr. S. Procházka (b. 1861).

BLADE OF GRASS

Blade of grass so verdant,
  Growing o'er my mound,
I see thee rising higher
  Than the rising ground.

From the ground a blossom
  Nods its head to me;
O'er me a finch is singing
  In the alder-tree.

The stone doth not oppress me,
  Underneath earth's breast;
So tenderly and gently
  By me it doth rest.

And a maiden cometh,
  And she droops her head;
A tearlet, pearly-gleaming,
  In memory she doth shed.

"LATEST POEMS" (1901).

THE YELLOW FLOWER

On the court-yards of the Hradchin,
  In restfulness and orphan-lone,
The blades of grass, long-suffering,
  Raise their heads above the stone.
Grass, dear grass, that bear'st thy doom
With patience, grass suffused with gloom.

O'er it winds are sweeping,
  On it the sun is beaming,
From this grass is blooming
  A blossom yellow-gleaming.
In all the country none appears
More yellow, and 'tis washed by tears.

Pluck thou one asunder,
  It fills thy heart with woe;
Pluck thou now a second,
  In thy hand 'twill glow.
Pluck thou a third, without a sound
Blood from its stem flows to the ground.

On the court-yards of the Hradchin,
  A wanderer passes by;
He plucks the flowers asunder,
  A garland he would tie.
A hundred years in his search he doth spend
'Mid the stones, for of blossoms there is no end.

"SONGS OF THE HRADCHIN" (1904).

MORAVIAN LANDSCAPE

The dust trails on the lonely road,
  In heavy accents creaks the dray;
The black-maned horses drag their load,
  At tardy pace upon their way.

Upon the white, unending track,
  The drowsy carrier casts his gaze;
Miles lie before and miles lie back,
  Tree and post are steeped in haze.

Poplar after poplar straying,
  Pear-tree, apple-tree, and plane;
Summer-heat o'er meadow playing,
  The corn-field rustles, rich in grain.

Strings of the mighty lyre to hear,
  The quivering air upon them floats;
As in the country far and near,
  From other worlds were borne their notes.

Is any nigh, their song to heed?
  The carrier nods, in calm and peace;
'Mid sweltering heat the shoots bear seed—
  Can aught here from its slumber cease?

"A Vintage" (1911).

THE ORE MOUNTAINS

Their peaks in proud and gloomy wise
'Mid solemn stillness to the skies
  The Cheskian hills in distant haze
  Northward raise.
Hark! from their depths what sounds arise.

No shepherds loom upon the sight
By sheep-folds, and no sound takes flight
  Of angels' harps, and angels' singing:
  'Mid the bells ringing
Seethes Cheskian blood that loves the right.

But thou hear'st, the stillness rending,
The gloomy thunder-peal ascending.
  The smiths are speeding, and they fashion
  The mighty passion
Of slayers proud, the breach defending.

Thou hear'st the sound of metals roaring,
Sparks are singing, sparks are soaring;
  Renown he whets in skilful toil
  With keen-edged foil,
Who for the golden fleece is warring.

In youthful strength from depths of hills
He rises 'mid our strife and ills;
  'Neath clouds o'er earth the flashes dart,
  Within each heart,
Melts, at his gaze, the crust that chills.

Their peaks in proud and gloomy wise
'Mid Yule-tide stillness to the skies
  The Cheskian hills in distant haze
  Northwards raise.
'Tis thence the victors' tread doth rise.

All hail, our souls 'mid contest cheer,
And man to man be ever near,
  Pure-souled to toil devote thyself,
  Unbribed by pelf—
All hail, for now the time is here.

"A VINTAGE" (1911).

Karel V. Rais (b. 1859).

WINTER EVENING

The heath lies far and wide bestrewn with snow,
From the full moon there falls a gentle glow.

Amid the white expanse of snow-clad plains
Only a naked pear-tree trunk remains.

In the white gardens, by the valley's side,
Huddled in sleep our tiny homes abide.

In the small casements not a spark is gleaming,
The wearied people lie serenely dreaming.

O'er snowy plain the air doth gently sweep—
The Cheskian country breathes it in, how deep

Fr. Sekanina (b. 1875).

PRELUDE

Dost thou know what it was ?—'Twas the kiss that
Love shed.
Thou wouldst say : 'Twas the sunshine that to
us came streaming.
Lo, the lilies and daisies their blossoms have spread
And the bounteous gleaming !

But I say : 'Twas the kiss that Love did bestow.
A minstrel from Heaven on pinions came straying
To the shrine of the soul, o'er the keys he bent low,
And at a High Mass he the Kyrie is playing.

This sunlight unceasing is shining forth clear ;
From their gold-bedecked buds the lilies unfold ;
The priest in white garb to the altar draws near,
And the fragrance of incense is steeped in the
gold.

" LYRIC INTERMEZZO " (1901).

Karel Šelepa (b. 1885).

MUSIC

Lo, a sonata is a flower enchanted,
  That from a silver vase in Heaven blooms,
In azure nights, amid deep slumber planted,
  When to the sky an opening casement looms.

A prelude is the mystic music played,
  By angels 'mid the trees when dusk is nigh,
To those who girt by life and gloom have strayed,
  To those, who in the even homewards hie.

Andante is the sweetness of returning
  To the dim home, by apple-trees o'erspread;
My mother in her resting-place; soft yearning
  From her dead lips and from her brow is shed.

"THE EVENINGS OF THE SOUL" (1905).

Jos. Václ. Sládek (b. 1845).

AH, HE WHO FORGETS

Ah, he who forgets,
  His love has but slighted;
In vain by his heart
  His troth has been plighted.

Ah, he who forgets,—
  In the bounds of the world
For him ne'er has joy
  Its blossoms unfurled.

Ah, he who forgets,
  The bliss he has borne
In his hands is the blossom
  Changed to a thorn.

Ah, he who forgets,—
  His transgression is sore,
And God will take pleasure
  In him nevermore.

"A MEDLEY" (1891).

Antonín Sova (b. 1864).

ALDER-TREES

Ye alder-trees, to me how dear,
At eve, with fragrant coolness near,
When o'er the water bent alone,
Your shadow here and there was thrown.

Somewhere the fishers' voices trailing,
Within the depths of night are quailing;
The mill-sails, as they rustle low,
Have stirred within me old-time woe.

Among the reeds a snipe, black speck,
The pond with ripples did bedeck;
And likewise in my soul, meseems,
Has strayed the bird of golden dreams.

"FROM MY COUNTRY" (1898).

SONG

My hands embraced the violin
When years had passed, at home again.
In tones so void of skill, and thin
Quavered the hesitating strain,
Quavered the hesitating strain,
My tuneful art has taken wings,
Alas, 'tis vain! I know but this—
My tuneful art has taken wings.

And with desire and longing thrilled,
The tender violin to hear,
That oft by weeping strains was filled
In evenings when the moon shone clear,—
In evenings when the moon shone clear!—
I pressed more firmly on the strings;
Alas, 'tis vain! the string was rent—
My tuneful art has taken wings!

And she who once so gladly heard,
When wistfully I spoke and mused,

By no emotion was she stirred,
Her eager face no glow suffused,
Her eager face no glow suffused,
The fleeting time, what grief it brings,
I have grown old, and long ago
My skill in love has taken wings!

"SORROWS OVERCOME" (1897).

THE YELLOW FLOWERS

The meadow of Death grows sere in the gloom,
The land is athrob with the lute of Doom;
Someone a blossom asunder strips,
And presses it close to the feverish lips.

The aged folk are on the brink,
And in sips their wine they drink;
Upon their locks the moon-light rests,
On withered skin and drooping breasts.

Still may they tarry for a space,
And still to something turn their face.

Still to the Field they will not go.
The yellow blossoms rustle low,—
They will not die. They answer "No."

"SORROWS OVERCOME" (1897).

REVERIE

I know that the setting sun will quench the fear
of the coming morn,
And that before a new blossom the old one is slain
by a chilling blight;
Visions, all visions grow mute at the vision of souls
new-born,
And God in His temples trembles at new gods that
rise to smite.

How silent and cheerless and bare! I was yester-
day in my bloom,
Till I shall come to perceive that I am fading
to-day,
And I close my shrine for ever and the bells will
peal my doom,
And my lamp no longer will burn, and empty will
be my way.

"SORROWS OVERCOME" (1897).

THE EAGLES OF DISCONTENT

The Eagles would higher and higher rise,
E'en where the heart would have flown—
To the rugged crag beyond thine eyes,
Where one may perish alone.

And upon my Eagles there came dismay:
  To the sun is a distant flight,
And farther at autumn-tide is the way,
  Treacherous is the height.

In the depths of the waters the Eagles wept,
  With their dreaming all fordone:
"We to the highest summit have swept,
  Why might we not reach the sun?"

"BOLD VENTURES" (1906).

THE SPRINGS OF HOPE

To the springs in the groves of Hope, to drink I
  went,
The gleam of the waning stars in the morn was
  spent;
On the spare trees and on the boughs it trailed,
The doves at the echo of my footsteps wailed.

On crooked pathways that unending lay,
I met a thousand beings on my way;
From the groves of Hope already they were faring,
Within their palms the drops, they sought for,
  bearing.

And kings and beggars, throngs of women pour.
And little maidens whom princesses bore;
With a new magic all their eyes shone brightly,
And all their lips 'neath kisses quivered lightly.

"LYRICS OF LOVE AND LIFE" (1907).

Frant. Xav. Svoboda (b. 1860).

SONG

Thy feelings must reach o'er all thy soul,
In deep and in fervent wise;
The gleam of thy deeds and thy strife must abide in the depths below,
And not to the surface rise.
Be not a foolish dreamer, nor hungry for happiness grow,
Thou must live, and every woe
All must thou suffer and live, unheeding each blow;
Never else will incline itself
Over thy brow, the grand
Thought of thy fathers, and ne'er will its radiance flow
Into thine eager hand.
And all our earth, that has learned thro' life to go,
And to weather the tempest's throe,
Will not reach thee its arms! To believe and to live thou must know!

"In Our Air" (1890).

Otakar Theer (b. 1880).

THE SPRING EQUINOX

So sweet the air that e'en to perish were a wondrous thing,
So sweet the air, as blossoms freshly blooming in the spring;
The magic of the equinox, untroubled and exulting,
In peace is roving round, and in my soul
A garland of silvery dreams it has cast.

How much more beauteous are we all to-day,
How much more radiant are we all to-day,
Than in the days of the year that is past!

Let our eyes like waves be glowing,
Our lips in lustre mutely quivering,
Our hearts with dreams and love o'erflowing!

But amid scent of daisies in the fields draw near,
Like dancing shadows that to flowers bow not their head,
Like unto saints, that round them waft a radiance clear,
Women of whom we vainly dreamed in the year that has fled.

"CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE EGO" (1900).

Karel Toman (b. 1877).

SONG

By every stream, by every way,
  The mournful poplars heaved a sigh;
What balm will sooth the heart, O say,
  When painful memories are nigh?

Thy land converseth with the night
  Within thy heart—know'st this distress?
Around thee wood and mountain-height,
  Oh, unto whom would'st thou confess?

And women round with blossoms fare,
  And they sing ditties that lament,
And in thy soul that is so bare,
  With vanity the gloom is blent.

"THE MELANCHOLY PILGRIMAGE" (1906).

Jaroslav Vrchlický (pseudonym for Emil Frida, b. 1853).

AFTER THE RAIN

A strip of blue is on the sky-line gleaming,
  And all the wood is fresh with pearls;
  The stream that down the slope its waters hurls
With chatter and with mirth is teeming.

Hark to the waves how in their savage strife,
They wake the echoes in the rocks to life.
Thou weenest 'midst their streaming
Stands mighty Pan, exulting as they brawl,
O'er back and arms, and all
His tresses flowing free
He gazes, how the waves in torrents fall,
And claps his hands for glee.

ECLOGUE

The air is steeped in scent of berries, and 'tis crystal-clear around,
How the moss is palpitating underneath thy tread!
And from the rushes strains like unto melodies of flutes resound,
A gleaming rain of blossoms from the hawthorn bush is shed.
Thou askest—joyful tears within thine eye,
"Why is this, O why?"
On high
The bird speaks, at thy foot the blossom of the field,
"Only thus can all Spring's wonders be revealed."

Thy breath is sweet with scent of berries, crystal-clear thine eye is gleaming,
How thy bosom 'neath the pressure of my hand doth thrill!

From my heart the fervour-laden strains of melody
come streaming,
Even as from a craggy rock there pours a pearly
rill.
Thou askest—tender tears within thine eye,
"Why is this—O why?"
On high
The bird speaks, at thy foot the blossom of the
field,
"Only thus can all Love's wonders be revealed."

"ECLOGUES AND SONGS" (1880).

SPRING SONG

Exulting, the lark to the heaven is soaring,
And from the edge of the clouds grey-gleaming
On to the world that with wonders is teeming
A rain of melodious pearls he is pouring.

And every tone like gold is ringing,
And the earth as it hearkens in rapture is thrilled
And its bosom with hope of the blossoms is filled,
And to it the scent of the fresh soil is clinging.

"ON THE PILGRIMAGE TO ELDORADO"
(1882).

MELANCHOLY SERENADE V.

Grief! that in my soul com'st stealing,
From violets that at night-time bloom,
And that like a glow-worm gleamest,
Soft in the summer's evening gloom.
Kindle within my heart a winsome lay,
Full of longing and of bliss,
And then within her kiss
Fade away!

"MUSIC IN THE SOUL" (1886).

MELANCHOLY SERENADE XXII

Naught brings such grievous pain
As a flute with passionate strain,
When in the rosy glow of eve
The light of day doth wane.

'Mid trees the sound doth flow,
In darkness lying low,
Saying: "O ye dreams of youth,
Ye fill my soul with woe!"

And it laments and sighs,
In tender, moving wise,
As my belovèd, softly breathing
O'er my brow and eyes.

Hark! the rushes render,
Accents dreamy, tender,
  And they quiver, as 'neath kisses
Thy bosom in its splendour.

They flow in sorrow blent.
Night is a flower; there went
  From out its bosom, spreading languor,
A music-laden scent!

Naught brings such grievous pain
As a flute with passionate strain,
  When in the rosy glow of eve
The light of day doth wane.

"MUSIC IN THE SOUL" (1886).

THE GRAVE-YARD IN THE SONG

Nightingale, on whom in nights of splendour Hafiz was intent,
  Where sing'st thou now?
Rose, o'er whom full often Dante, plunged in meditation, bent,
  Where bloom'st thou now?
Star of sweetness, unto whose dream-laden brightness from his cell,
Tasso's woeful plaint was lifted and his thronging sighs were sent,
  Where gleam'st thou now?

Heart, that out of flames wast woven, out of roses
and of wine,
Heart of Sappho, whence by Eros lyric melodies
were blent,
Where beat'st thou now ?
Happy billow, that didst ripple tenderly round
Hero's foot,
When Leander, faint from swimming, by the
stormy waves was rent,
Where flow'st thou now ?
Cast into the song your gaze, for there a mighty
grave-yard lies,
'Neath whose surface all the bodies of the gods by
man are pent,
There weeps he now !

"MUSIC IN THE SOUL" (1886).

STAIRS

Some on the way to palaces are laid,
With statues and with tapestry adorned,
Of marble with a grey-hued balustrade.

The second in the burgher's dwelling end,
Only of sandstone—unadorned are they,
And turning, by a modest path ascend.

Others are worn away in woeful wise,
And they are high, where ne'er a foot may tread,
And moisture on the wall above them lies.

But yet a thought—whatever stairs they be
On which by chance I linger in the town,
Ever one thought there is brings grief to me:

That o'er them all 'midst cherished souls' dismay,
And with unhappiness and flowing tears,
Which in this life are seldom brushed away—

That o'er them all, or 'mid the flickering glow
Of tapers, or in semi-gloom, alike
The coffin with the dead is borne below.

"THE BREVIARY OF A MODERN MAN"
(1892).

THE AUTUMN HAS COME

The leaves, once more dying,
Are rustling and sighing.
Autumn has reached us on tip-toe tread,
O'er night he has come, in a mist-garment shrouded,
The hues he has softened, the sheen he has clouded,
'Neath his breath o'er the trees gold and purple have sped,
And the leaves, that are dying,
Are rustling and sighing.

I went from the park; and the meadows were sodden,
Roots lay there scattered, grown sere piece by piece;
The fallow-land waste, and the stubble untrodden,
Save by a flock of cackling geese.

But afar by the wood in a silvery haze,
Naught but a reaper was standing alone,
With a swing of his scythe,—not a sound did he raise,
The last of the yellow-hued ears he had mown.

And methought, as he mistily loomed in the brake,
That this was the autumn, that near to us drew,
Tears in the petals of asters to shake,
Cobwebs on every rafter to strew.

That the autumn it was, that on tip-toe drew nigh,
And lo! as the scythe he did flourish and bend,
Clearly I heard, from the sheaves came a sigh:
I am autumn and death and decay and the end.

The leaves, once more dying,
Are rustling and sighing.
Autumn has reached us on tip-toe tread,
The casket of old recollections he clasped,
And ribbons, and leaves that are withered he grasped;
But out of the heart, gold and purple have sped,
And the leaves there are dying,
And rustling and sighing.

"Bitter Seeds" (1889).

Quido Maria Vyskočil (b. 1881).

TWO TREASURES

(Theme from the Foundry)

Now comes the moment, when out of the furnace
the silver flows,
And the whole foundry quivers beneath one flaming stream;
The shadows of swarthy shoulders dance on the
surface that glows.
The silent throng of the toilers tarries hard by,
Flitting with eyes that are dazzled amid the silvery
gleam.
And the young toiler who now for the first time
of all is aware,
Of the village that brought him forth he of a
sudden thinks,
Remembering on the way how many the poor that
are there,
Yonder amid the nearness and gleam of the silver.
'Tis peaceful. The road slips by! In the arms of
dusk the day sinks.
In a wondrous dream of a sudden, his soul in the
gloom shines clear,
And to the eternal longing within him is wafted
lightness.
Lo, his young wife bids him welcome and sheds a
joyful tear,

And the toiler but wonders, wonders;
A tear of love here, in the foundry the silver: one
stream and one brightness.

"A Golden Plough Upon the Field"
(1905).

Adolf Wenig (b. 1874).

THE COMING OF EVENING

On the meadow the corn-crake in anguish is weeping,
In the reeds of the marshes his voice is adroop;
Eve from the darkening woods is creeping,
In flocks from the field the tan birds troop.

The day is closing, the red blood wells
From an open wound in the sun setting low;
From the hamlets a chiming like grievous knells,
And the dusky wood like a mound of woe.

And only the wood-dove's peaceful calling
With a lure in the gloom of the forest is falling;
O wearied heart, dost thou hear the cry?—
The end is nigh.
A grievous shadow is cast in the vale,
In the heart of the wood is a pathway pale;
What would it be, thereon to fare,
Returning ne'er?
Peace and rest for the soul is there.
Eve from the darkening woods is creeping,
The corn-crake upon the meadows is sleeping.

"The Garden of the Heart" (1905).

Karel de Wetter (b. 1882).

NOCTURNE

Serenely the country sleeps in the gloom,
  It seems like to a grave-yard there,
Or like unto one mighty tomb,
  Where I betake myself for prayer.

Like unto wraiths the trees are dreaming,
  Rigid is every leaf thereon,—
The moon is on the waters gleaming,
  Like to the image of a swan.

Afar from a window somewhere is playing
  A piano o'er lands in dream held fast,—
As if in longing someone were praying
  For the paradise, vanished in days long past.

As if from a bosom wounded sore,
  The sound of frenzied laughter were pressed;
And as if lovers that are no more
  Blent in kisses were gone to rest.

I feel as if o'er the land there stole
  A grievous sorrow without a sound—
And this, methinks, is Schumann's soul,
  That in lonely places roams around.

From the Journal "The Bell"
(1911).

Jan z Wojkowicz (b. 1880).

FRAGMENT

. . . . . .

And what of all remained to me,
When back from Eden I returned ?

Dreams of princesses in satin array,
For princes that tenderly are gleaming ;
For princes that dreamy litheness display,
And like to love with passion are teeming.

Dreams of princesses in satin array,
In a bower where scents of roses flow,
And they crave to wander away, ah, away,
Golden-clad on a horse to go.

" POEMS " (1900).

Julius Zeyer (1841—1901).

IN SPRING

In the grove sings the throstle,
O golden strain,
Full of longing and tenderness,
Full of sweet pain !

How the meadow is smiling,
And the green-covered leas ;
What secrets they capture
From the whispering breeze !

And the lark in the tempest
  Its song is flinging,
As o'er a dark forest
  A star were singing.

Lo the sun and the spring-tide,
  Lo verdant May;
Once again 'tis returning,
  With its dreamy lay.

O spring-tide, O May-tide,
  O the sounds that take flight;
How the earth has grown youthful,
  And the air full of might!

On all sides what brightness,
  And around me what gladness;
But grief in my bosom,
  And sorrow and sadness.

My love that is loveless,
  Is bleeding in anguish;
Ne'er returneth my May-tide,
  In the grave it doth languish.

"New Songs" (1907).

THE END

HENRY J. DRANE'S

NEW BOOKS.

Danegeld House, 82a Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Telephone, 7041 Central. Telegraphic Address: "TEXTBOOK, LONDON."

CIRCLING THE GLOBE BY SEA AND LAND. The record of a personal experience, by JAMES WALKER. Artistically bound in Cloth. 44 Illustrations. 5 Route Maps. Price 10s 6d.

"We are grateful to Mr. Walker for his clear and picturesque statement of interesting matters-of-fact."—*Glasgow Herald.*

ROME AND GERMANY, THE PLOT FOR THE DOWNFALL OF BRITAIN. By WATCHMAN. Second edition, Price 2s 6d nett.

"This is a startling book, but one that should be read."—*English Churchman.*

"It is a startling indictment, and the industry with which confirmative evidence has been secured is truly amazing."—*The Outlook.*

HIGHER ATTAINMENTS. By FRANK H. RANDALL, author of "Psychology," "Your Mesmeric Forces," and "Character: or, The Power of Principle." Price 6s.

THROUGH THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO. By Miss EMILY RICHINGS. Crown 8vo., Price 6s.

LIFE AND LABOUR IN AUSTRALIA. By E. WALTHAM. A book that should be read by all who take an interest in Australia. Written by one who has studied the question on the spot, it is undoubtedly the most up-to-date work treating on the economic social problems of the country. Cloth. Crown 8vo., Price 3s 6d.

BAGATELLES. By C. M. THEOBALD. A volume of romantic, vivid and realistic stories. Cloth. Crown 8vo., Price 3s 6d.

ROMISH RHYMES. By HUME NISBET, author of "The Matador," "Hathor," "Memories of the Months," etc. With Portrait of author. Cloth. Bevelled boards, Price 2s 6d nett.

THE AUTHOR'S HANDBOOK: A Guide to Quick and Easy Publication. By an OLD PRESSMAN. Containing—How to send in MSS. Methods of Publishing. Choosing a Publisher. How to Correct. All about Copyright, etc., etc. Demy 8vo., Paper Cover, Price 6d. Post free 7d.

ANTHROPOID APES. A Modern Novel by ANDREW MERRY. Cloth. Crown 8vo., Price 6s.

"It is a story with a thrill. The author introduces much incident and many striking situations."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

IRISH DROLLERIES. By J. J. MORAN, author of "A Deformed Idol," "Irish Stew," etc. Cloth Extra. Crown 8vo., Price 3s 6d.

"Mr. Moran is the most interesting living writer of Irish dialogue."—*Star.*

"Underlying the simplicity of his style there is a wealth of power."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

AS THEY ARE. By "BARTHOLOMEW." With a preface by MADAME SARAH GRAND. Price 3s 6d. nett.

"Realistic and sincere, yet humorously light and artistically telling."—*Glasgow Herald.*

HEARTHRUG COMEDIES. By D. Price 1s.

"A volume of capital little plays."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

"Bright little pieces, on which 'amateurs' would do well to expend a shilling."—*Oxford Magazine.*

LOUIS XI. By CASIMIR DELAVIGNE. Translated into English by FRANK HORRIDGE. Stiff Cover. Crown 8vo., Price 1s 6d nett.

"Mr. Frank Horridge has done his best with what is always a difficult task, and in his translation has preserved much of the original force."—*Literary World.*

The Suffrage Movement has now arrived at its literature.

OUTLAWED. By Mrs. DESPARD and MABEL COLLINS (Mrs. Keningale Cook). Price 1s nett.

Apart from an excellent and original plot, the book contains a vivid description of Mrs. Despard's prison experiences and observations.

"It will, no doubt, be widely read."—*Scotsman.*

A FAIR SUFFRAGETTE. By ADRIENNE MOLLWO. Price 6s.

In addition to an excellent plot, the author makes a most sensible proposition by which the Women's Suffrage Question may be settled.

GREAT SUFFRAGISTS AND WHY. By ETHEL HILL and Mrs. OLGA FENTON SHAFER. Price 2s 6d nett.

With Photographs of all the leading Suffragists.

THE PREMIER AND THE SUFFRAGETTE. By NAPIER HAWKE. Pictorial Paper Boards. Price 1s nett.

SWAYED BY THE STORM. By MARION DOWNES. Cloth. Crown 8vo., Price 6s.

"Written fluently and pleasantly."—*Bookseller.*

CONSUELO OF SAQUENAY. By L. COMPTON. Cloth Extra. Price 6s.

A DOG'S LIFE IN BURMA. By "THE DOG." Price 3s 6d.

An amusing story, introducing Burmese manners and customs.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

DON'T SWEAR. Price 1s. Lessons in Patience by JOB II.

ROBERT'S "BILLIARD LIFE." Price 1s net. Order early. Illustrated. Some Weird Tales of Billiard Life, 1848-1907. Ready shortly. Order of your bookseller. 5,000 Preliminary Edition. Edited by "VIVID."

BEETHOVEN. Price 1s net. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Authorised Translation by Fred Rothwell.

VIXEN'S RACE AND OTHER POEMS. Price 1s. By WILLIAM M'MURRAY. Very suitable for Recitation.

FOR VALOUR. By KATE STANWAY. A Complete Record of Winners of the Victoria Cross, and how they were won. Price 1s.

FROUDE (James Anthony.) By MARSHALL KELLY. Price 3s 6d.

THE GIANT'S SHOE. By MISS E. MACKEEG. Price 3s 6d. Fully Illustrated by W. P. Starmer.

IN THE LAND OF THE DIM DISTANCE. By MRS. HALLAM SANDERSAN. Price 1s.

DID DOROTHY VERNAN ELOPE? By J. E. PRESTON MUDDOCK (Dick Donovan.) Price 1s.

JIMMY AND I. By A. L. SUMMERS. Price 1s.

ROCKING CHAIR STORIES. Illustrated. By LILIAN TIMPSON. Price 3s 6d.

IN THE HEART OF MAKE—Believe Land. Illustrated. By V. A. PURCELL. Price 3s 6d.

THE SWORDSMAN'S FRIEND—A Drama in Four Acts. By T. H. LEE. Price 3s 6d.

THE EUPHEMISMS OF EUPHEMIA. By W. ST. IVEN. Price 3s 6d.

DONTS AND WHYS IN BEE-KEEPING. By G. C. DUNN. Price 1s.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth Extra. Price, 6s.

EVERYDAY LIFE ON A CEYLON COCOA ESTATE.

By

MARY E. STEUART.

Illustrated with Twenty Pictures from Photographs

By F. SKEEN & CO., of Colombo.

PRESS OPINIONS.

THE SPECTATOR.—"The book gives us a lively and graphic picture of conditions of life on an estate."

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER.—"Mrs. Steuart has in her the makings of an excellent delineator of natural scenery and of the everyday life of a planter's estate; and if a trip to Ceylon in fact is impossible, then we know no armchair substitute for the personally conducted tour more fascinating than this."

PUBLIC OPINION.—"It is a charming volume. Mrs. Stouart is a diarist with a sense of proportion, and an eye for the essential, the curious, and the picturesque."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"The book is written with much brightness, and contains a fund of entertaining detail such as only a visitor would be likely to record."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.—"An attractive picture of everyday life in Ceylon."

CEYLON INDEPENDENT.—"Will be found delightful reading both in Ceylon and at home, more especially by those in quest of information concerning this still little known but lovely quarter of the globe."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS.—"The authoress has in the form of a diary given a graphic description of life on one of the numerous cocoa estates of Ceylon."

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—"The book is one of the most interesting that has appeared for some time regarding the Island of Ceylon, and is also of use to those whom duty may take to that historical and delightful colony."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

PRICE 3s. 6d. Nett. Large Crown 8vo. 365 pp. Cloth.

By Rev. FRANCIS E. POWELL, M.A

(Vicar of Sewerby and Grindale).

THE UNIFIED GOSPEL

(A written Tetramorph or "Four-in-One"), Consisting of every word of the Four Gospels (with immediately recognisable indications of its single, double, treble and quadruple source) woven into a consecutive, harmonious narrative with a very full, concise and illuminating Analysis, Introductory Essays, Reference Table, a suggestive Classified Index, etc.

For all teachers and ordinary Bible readers.

Full of suggestive thought; saves much time in preparation.

Some Press and other Opinions.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.—"I believe it will find a ready and wide acceptance."

SPECTATOR.—"Immense labour. No doubt a real help."

THE SCOTSMAN.—"Bears many evidences of scholarship and true Christian feeling."

Prof. SANDAY, D.D., Etc.—"The fullest and most complete of all the works that aim at combining the four-fold text . . . . I willingly commend it for the purpose it thus fulfils."

ARCHDEACON WILSON, D.D.—"The result of enormous labour: a real help to students."

Dr. FRY, Berkhampstead School.—"Useful to busy teachers, and even elder boys."

PUBLIC OPINION.—"An excellent preface . . . . the General Summary is most useful."

ARCHDEACON MACKARNESS.—"Very useful to the devout and thoughtful reader."

CANON HICKS.—"A successful endeavour to put the ordinary reader in possession of the newer knowledge of the Gospels."

PRINCIPAL ELMER HARDING.—"Admirably printed; will be of the greatest possible service. The Classified Index is very valuable."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"Worthy of its name: the product of enormous labour. It will be highly valued."

E. J. BARRY, M.A., York Diocesan Insp.—"The most practical and useful harmony which has appeared."

LEEDS MERCURY.—"Immense amount of loving labour, with great care and excellent effect. Source of every word clearly shown."

BISHOP OF SHEFFIELD.—"All is tested by the works of the highest authorities."

CROWN.—"The work is one of undoubted interest to the theological student, and the author deserves commendation for the tables and indices attached to his book, which makes reference easy."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRONICLE.—"We know of few that combine so many useful features and are so eminently clear in every way as 'The Unified Gospel.'"

BOOKSELLER.—"The book is obviously the result of a vast amount of labour, and cannot fail to be useful for reference to all classes of readers, while for busy teachers and students of theology it has a special value."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d.

A . . . SUMMER NOSEGAY.

BY

A NORTH COUNTRY RAMBLER.

PRESS OPINIONS.

MORNING LEADER.—"The six stories in 'A Summer Nosegay' range from grave to gay. They are rather slight, but show skill in construction and execution."

SOUTHPORT VISITOR.—"A most interesting and fascinating series of short stories. . . . There is no lack of plot in any of the stories, and the writer has a vivid and picturesque style. . . . All the stories are good and deserve persual, and further work of the same kind from the same author ought to have an indulgent public."

DUNDEE COURIER.—"This book contains six excellent short stories. They are all very interesting and enjoyable reading."

LIVERPOOL COURIER.—"The tales will afford interesting reading during a spare hour or so."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"A collection of short stories—all very readable."

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d.

THE PROFLIGATES

BY

FREDA WYNNE.

PRESS OPINIONS.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"An attractive story."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"'The Profligates' should appeal to all admirers of stories, the scene of which is laid in the unsettled days of two and a half centuries ago."

MORNING LEADER.—"'The Profligates' is a bright . . . and well written romance of the Restoration Days."

DUNDEE COURIER.—"This is a well written and realistic story of the times of the Merry Monarch, and from beginning to end is in keeping with its title. . . . The story is powerfully wrought out, and as a picture of cavalier days has much to interest the reader."

NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE.—"An interesting picture of high life in the days of the second Charles."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"'The Profligates' contains a capital story."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.
By
LADY NAPIER,
OF MAGDALA.

As the Sparks Fly Upward.

A SOCIETY NOVEL.

Press Opinions

DAILY TELEGRAPH. — "Readers who like an old-fashioned story, simply and easily told, with a proper quantum of sentiment and love-making, will enjoy 'As the Sparks Fly Upward.' As the title implies, the tale is tragic in the ending."

THE STANDARD.—"The company into which we are taken is both surprising and unpleasant . . . shows a sense of the dramatic, and there is an incident with a ghost that is good and gives one a moment's thrill."

WOMAN —"Great merit, proves that she has some power of putting character on paper."

DAILY MAIL.—"Lady Napier evidently does not approve of modern society; she looks back to other days with regret; and if her picture of modern manners is correct, she is justified in doing so . . . the book is a curious compound of cynicism and sentiment."

LADY.—"A novel containing plenty of good material."

PUBLIC OPINION.—"The book has a certain charm, particularly in the description and conversations of some of the characters, and the author is always at home with them, which is more than can be said of most writers of society novels."

DUNDEE COURIER. — "For the seething masses of society which fill many of the pages of the book we have no more admiration than we have for the people of real life whom they impersonate. Lady Napier describes them with perhaps more honesty than charity, but her story will do much good by holding them up to the scathing ridicule they so well deserve. It is a love tale pure and simple, woven round the fascinating character of Lady Lorraine, and the interest in her career carries us spellbound through the book from the first chapter to the last."

LIVERPOOL COURIER. — "The book is pleasantly written . . . a very distinguished performance."

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.
By
Lady C. M. GASKELL.

The New Cinderella,

AND OTHER PLAYS.

Press Opinions.

SUNDAY SPECIAL. — "Excellent reading, and should lend themselves remarkably well to production by an amateur troupe."

THE SCOTSMAN. — "The book should minister agreeably to the entertainment of people of refinement and leisure."

TO-DAY.—"The volume should be popular with all inclined to amateur theatricals."

GLASGOW HERALD. — "One can read it and enjoy the perusal as a variation on the ordinary romance, and one could witness it with other sympathetic spectators and profit by the fresh experience."

THE SOVEREIGN. — "Excellent; infinitely better than many first pieces one has been unfortunate enough to see on the stage."

THE BOOKMAN. — "Bright, short plays (which may be had separately) well suited to amateur performance."

ONLOOKER.—"The book is not without merit . . . is well worth perusal, especially for those who are looking for something to act."

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.—"Form very pleasant reading, and prove that the author has the dramatic faculty strongly developed."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER. — "The sentiments are always elevated, and the literary style is dignified without being stilted or unnatural."

IRISH TIMES. — "The volume is clever, amusing, and should prove suitable for performance . . . The characters are well constructed, and the dialogue natural."

LITERARY WORLD.—"The author may be congratulated on having produced a dozen creditable plays."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST. — "Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell is to be congratulated on the mastery of dramatic form that she gives proof of in her latest volume, which will add to her reputation for literary versatility."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

CROWN 8VO. CLOTH EXTRA. PRICE 6s.

By L. A. M. PRIESTLEY

(Mrs. GEORGE McCRACKEN).

The Love Stories of Some Eminent Women.

. . SOME PRESS OPINIONS. . .

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Mrs. George McCracken is sure of a grateful public when she sets out to recount the love stories of certain famous women; and as she tells her tales with great enthusiasm and a pleasant air of freshness, she may be justly declared to have fulfilled a congenial task with much success. Indeed, this is a pleasing natural book, which is not ashamed to be simply sentimental, and which many good, old-fashioned tastes will declare to be none the worse for that. . . . This book will, no doubt, be a favourite as a gift book."

THE LADY.—"A series of well-considered, sympathetic, and admirably written monographs on certain women of genius. . . . In brief, the book deserves to attain wide popularity."

BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH.—"For the wealth and width of reading it displays, for the vignettes of famous personages, men and women, enshrined in its pages, and for the beautiful English in which it is written, the book is one that deserves a place on the shelves of every lover of good literature."

IRISH CYCLIST.—"In every page of this intensely interesting book, the story of the strongest human passion is told in the strongest and most delightful way. It is a book that ought to be in every library, and I would strongly advise every reader of the *Irish Cyclist* to procure a copy as the ownership of so fascinating a work will repay the small outlay ten, yea twenty, times over."

IRISH TIMES.—"It is pleasantly written, entirely free from padding, and equally so from prolixity; altogether quite worth reading."

GLASGOW HERALD.—"The book is sympathetic and yet judicial in tone, the style is fresh and clear, and some excellent portraits add an interest which in this case is by no means superogatory."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER.—It must be admitted that she has succeeded in realising her aim, and that these brief but vivid sketches bring the reader into closer and more real fellowship with the famous women about whom she writes than much more pretentious and voluminous biographical works could do. . . . Mrs. McCracken is to be congratulated upon her first volume, and it is to be hoped that it will be followed by others from the same pen."

IRISH INDEPENDENT.—This is one of the most fascinating books produced. . . . It is a volume that once opened will be devoured with avidity. We can conceive no better anodyne to cynical writings of the 'problem' type than this attractively-written book."

FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.—"The book is a charming one—healthy in tone—beautiful in sentiment, and capable in workmanship."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth Extra. Price, 6s.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN THRILLED—
THOUSANDS HAVE YET TO BE THRILLED BY

"THE DRUMS OF FATE."

The story of a primitive woman's heart, with all its passion and potentialities, its uglincss and its tender beauty—this book grips while it amuses, as no book has ever gripped before. It is the Epic of a London woman's struggle from the Pit.

BY

ROBERT HALIFAX,

Author of "THE MAN BETWEEN."
"IN EXCHANGE FOR A LIFE," Etc.

G. R. SIMS says: "If you want to read a book quite out of the common, read 'The Drums of Fate,' by Robert Halifax. The principal character is a girl who sells flowers near the Angel, at Islington, and she talks the true talk and behaves exactly like what she is. 'Jo' Galilee is as original as any petticoat that has flitted across the fiction of the twentieth century."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Touched with the genuine humour of the London Streets."

SATURDAY REVIEW.—"A masterpiece of characterization."

MORNING LEADER.—"One of the finest stories of London life that has been written for years."

STAR.—"This remarkable book of tears and laughter."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.—"A striking, a luminous, a clever study."

PUBLIC OPINION.—"Delicious—maddening—haunting Jo! The author shows a fine discrimination in dealing with an exceptional character in exceptional situations."

BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR.—"The pathos of such existence has seldom been so truthfully represented in literature before."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth Extra. Price, 6s.

THE HORNED OWL.

BY

W. BOURNE COOKE.

PRESS OPINIONS.

MORNING POST.—"What distinguishes Mr. W. Bourne Cooke's story, 'The Horned Owl,' from others of the same kind is the care he has taken in the portrayal of character. It is a tale of mystery, and in such works of fiction generally everything is sacrificed to the plot. It is not so with 'The Horned Owl,' and Mr. Cooke is to be congratulated on an admirable piece of work. Plant, Eli Putt, the Vicar, and Mr. Dottery, are excellently drawn."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"It would be difficult to conjecture a more thrilling, or a more weird mystery, than the strange succession of experiences with which the story under notice treats, The haunting secret underlying the work is cleverly preserved to the last, and the mystery is carried to a denouement as dramatic as the language in which it is set forth. . . . Once taken in hand, it is impossible to leave the book until completed."

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"Those who find fascination in a book of this description cannot better the story connected with the capture and theft of this weird bird. . . . The author has written a good story."

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—"An interesting story, the excitement being thoroughly sustained to the close. The book is principally remarkable for several good studies of country character. . . . Extraordinary, but very absorbing. The story is effectively illustrated by A. J. Gough."

DUNDEE COURIER.—"Readers who love sensational stories will enjoy this book. . . . There is much that is weird in the story. With exciting adventures and amazing incidents it abounds. The illustrations by A. J. Gough are excellent."

SCOTSMAN.—"Eeriness and mysteriousness are strongly in evidence in 'The Horned Owl.' . . . An exciting story of mystery."

PUBLIC OPINION.—"Lovers of the weird and the grotesque will find considerable pleasure in this story. . . . Here Mr. Cooke has entered upon new ground, but he is no 'prentice hand, and he has again proved that with slight material he can weave a tale that is worth reading."

MANCHESTER COURIER.—"'The Horned Owl,' by W. Bourne Cooke, is a story of the Fens district. . . . Pleasant descriptions of east county people and scenes brighten the narrative."

LIVERPOOL COURIER.—"Those who delight in mysteries will find in this book a congenial story. The author knows how to tell a story, and there is no falling off in the interest."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

London: HENRY J. DRANE.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price, 6s.

SWEET MISTRESS ANNE.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

BY

DAVID VENTORS.

PRESS OPINIONS.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Mr. David Ventors always succeeds in keeping alive the reader's attention."

MORNING LEADER.—"'Sweet Mistress Anne' is a vigorous and well planned romance of Stuart times."

PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER.—"A pleasant little story."

THE LADY.—"A spirited romance of Cavaliers and Roundheads that should please young readers mightily."

LIVERPOOL COURIER.—"A very readable narrative. The story holds the attention of the reader to the end. . . . Mr. Ventors' characters are excellent."

NEWCASTLE DAILY JOURNAL.—"The dialogue is always vigorous and strong, and not infrequently charged with humour. The tale altogether displays power and ingenuity, and betokens a successful career for the author as a writer of this class of fiction."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.—"This romance of the days of Cavalier and Roundhead is well imagined and studied, and written with no little realism."

SCOTSMAN.—"There are twenty chapters of stirring incident and exciting adventure in this book."

NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE.—"The book is distinctly readable, and the tragic element is ingeniously introduced, and not overdone."

GLASGOW HERALD.—"The life of the time is well depicted, and the portrait of the great Oliver is well worked out."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS.—"A capital example of the romantic novel."

Published by HENRY J. DRANE, 82a Farringdon St., London, E.C.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—Continued.

HORACE MORELL. By CECIL HASELWOOD. Dedicated by special permission to Lady Wimborne.

THE ROMANCE OF AN EMERGENCY. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY, author of "Under Orders," "Glady's Vow," etc. 394 pages.

"Holds the reader's attention to the end."—*The Standard.*

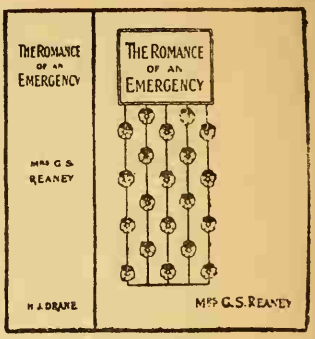
"Full of realistic pathos."—*Christian Commonwealth.*

SAINT BASIL: A NOVEL OF YESTERDAY. By BERTHA C. FOSTER.

"A domestic picture, very true to life. No one can read it without feeling a revival of old ideals and faiths."—*Literary World.*

"The reader who takes up the book is certain not to put it down until the last word is reached."—*Lloyd's.*

"The moral tone is distinctly elevating, and the story, well worked out, is thoroughly interesting from start to finish."—*Dundee Advertiser.*



Reduced Specimen of Cover.
Size of Book, 7¾ by 5¼.

THE HOUSE ON THE MINE. By the author of "Saint Basil."

"A bright story in which all the characters move instinct with vitality."—*The Guardian.*

"A thoroughly pleasant, wholesome, and lovable story, with a charmingly human and breezy girl for its heroine. The dialogue is quite exceptionally natural; the little fishes are never made to talk like whales."—*St. James's Gazette.*

RUDDERLESS SHIPS. By AIRAM. 307 Pages.

"The author evidently knows a good deal about the treatment of the neurotic, and the story will serve a useful purpose if the counsel in the epilogue is followed."—*Literary World.*

"A novel which attracts one from the first chapter and in the perusal of which the reader gradually becomes quite interested in the 'Rudderless Ships.'"—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

NO ONE TO BLAME. By author of "Rudderless Ships." 342 pages.

"Simply and gracefully told."—*To-Day.*

"Smartly written . . . an engaging story."—*Scotsman.*

TALES OF THREE COLONIES: TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA, AND ZEALANDIA. By EVELYN ADAMS.

"The stories ripple along in an attractive sort of way."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"Charmingly written studies of human nature."—*Midland Express.*

UNDER ONE FLAG. By CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY BEDDOES. A story of the Boer War.

"A touch of realism that is most convincing . . . clear and straightforward, and the story is full of incident."—*The Onlooker.*

"A capital tale of adventure with a pretty love story running through it."—*Bristol Times.*

RUDDIMENTS. New Lands to Old Homes. By FLORENCE GALBRAITH.

THE DROPPING OF AN H; being a story of a Family Complication. By INA GARVEY, author of "Rosamond's Story."

ONE FRAIL WOMAN AND FOUR QUEER MEN. By EDGCUMBE STALEY.

MY OWN DEATH. By "LIMBO."

CASH IS KING. A Novel. BY ARROWHEAD. Crown 8vo, cloth.

ARDNARIGH. An Irish Novel. By MELVILLE GRAY.

"Many people will read this novel drawn from real life with pleasure."—*Christian World.*

MRS. WATERMAN. A Novel. By NOAH LAMPKIN.

THREE LIVES AND A LOVE. By W. H. FARRAR.

"Lively and spirited."—*Morning Post.*

"There is plenty of incident in the book . . . written with considerable smartness."—*The Bookseller.*

THE SWEETNESS OF REVENGE. By R. WILLIAMSON.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by F. E. HYNAM.

"Charmingly told.—*Literary World.*

"The story is a remarkable study of German life and character."—*Daily Graphic.*

THE GAME OF LOVE. By WALTER FULLER.

"A strong piece of delightful character study."—*Dundee Courier.*

REAL LIFE. A Novel. By C. S. MARSHALL. Crown 8vo.

LOVE'S AFTERMATH. By MAUD WOOD.

WILLIAM DE WINTON. By Rev. A. C. HIGHTON.

JOHN TOWNLEY: A TALE FOR THE TIMES. By R. THYNNE.

"A book worth reading."—*Outlook.*

"There is much matter of deep interest in the book."—*Scotsman.*

LORD CULMORE'S ERROR. A Novel. By MARY ALBERT. Crown 8vo, cloth.

A GODDESS FROM THE SEA. A story of perils in China. By the author of "Under One Flag."

"A Goddess from the Sea" will be welcomed as a series of startling adventures that have been put upon the page in a spirited manner. . . . There is one tremendous scene in which Mr. Rider Haggard's feats of bloodletting are challenged."—*Literary World.*

IN THE COILS OF THE SERPENT. By MARGUERITE ROSSO. A Hypnotic Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth, with frontispiece.

COMRADES. A Novel. By ANNABEL GRAY, author of "A Spanish Singer," etc., etc. Demy 8vo. 392 pages.

"The book begins at high pressure and keeps the pressure at its utmost through much more than the ordinary length of a novel

THE SECRET OF HER LIFE. By AGNES M. and WILLIAM J. ROWE.

"The language palpitates with emotion and sentiment."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Reduced Specimen of Cover

THE REVEREND JACK. By NAUNTON COVERTSIDE (Naunton Davies), author of "Chester Cresswell," "The Secret of a Hollow Tree," "A Tale of the Commonwealth," "The King's Guide."

From the late DEAN FARRAR.

"I have read 'The Reverend Jack' with deep interest, and trust that it will meet with well-deserved success. I found it much more interesting than a vast number of stories which are daily being published, and, as far as I am capable of forming an opinion, I think it ought to succeed."—*F. W. Farrar.*

From Mr. JOSEPH KEATING of *The Idler*, author of "Son of Judith."

"Some of the ideas expressed are really of a high order, and the language often reaches excellence and elegance. The story is bright and crisp, but not without solidity. The libraries should create a strong demand for it."

"The book is clever and strong, well worked out, and carefully written. With such qualities as these to recommend it, it deserves, and can hardly fail to secure, a wide popularity" —*Glasgow Herald.*

THREE MEN AND A MAID. A novel by PHIL-LUDLOW.

"The style is good and full of promise."—*Sporting and Dramatic.*

"A highly diverting story."—*Leeds Mercury.*

TWO WOMEN. A New Problem Novel. By HAROLD TREMAYNE, author of "Doris," "Shears of Fate," etc., etc.

"Original in its design. . . The book is written with a good deal of cleverness, and is entertaining." —*Daily Telegraph.*

"Mr. Harold Tremayne has turned out an excellent story, most original."—*The Globe.*

THE RUGGED WAY. By E. WAY ELKINGTON, author of "The Lucky Shot," "The Squatter's Stud," etc., etc. 320 pages. With frontispiece by HARRY ROUNTREE.

"Written with a fine touch for 'local colour.'"—*The Daily Mail.*

"Here is a charge of murder unravelled with Sherlock Holmes' talent."—*Tatler.*

"Affords pleasant reading."—*Birmingham Post.*

Reduced Specimen of Cover

SIR WALTER'S WIFE. By EMILY RICHINGS. An Historical Romance. Illustrated with Portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh. Large crown 8vo, cloth.

"Of exceeding interest."—*Saturday Review.*

"A romance of marvellous interest."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

The above book has recently been accepted by His Majesty King Edward.

NICHOLAS MOSLEY, LOYALIST. By Rev. E. F. LETTS and MARY F. S. LETTS.

COWPER AND MARY UNWIN. By CAROLINE GEAREY. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 6s. A charming narrative of the Love Story of the great Poet.

SIX SHILLING NOVELS—Continued.

SWEET MISTRESS ANNE. By DAVID VENTNORS.

THE EXPIATION OF THE LADY ANNE. By LAETITIA SELWYN OLIVER.

THE SCARLET CRESCENT. By the authoress of "The Expiation of The Lady Anne."

VALHALLA. By GEORGE LONG

BARBARA LAVENDER. By ROSE PERKINS.

TWO WOMEN OF KENT. By NORA DOBELL.

HER REUBEN. A South African Novel. By FRANCIS BANCROFT.

DAVID ARMSTRONG'S CURSE. A Novel. By FELICITE VALENTINE.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE ZENANA. By Dr. HELEN BOURCHIER authoress of "The Ranee's Rubies."

UNGODLY MAN. An Australian Story. By HUBERT STEWART.

TERENCE TRAVERS. By Rev. A. CHARLES HIGHTON, author of "William de Winton."

WHAT BEFEL A BRISTOL TRADER. By J. JOHNSON.

JACK CHERTON OF SYDNEY. By JOHN MILLS.

THE OFFENDERS. By JANE EVELYN CARTER.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH MAID. By MARION COSMO CLARKE.

SEVEN LEAN YEARS. By GEORGE BEMERTON.

THE PROFLIGATES. By FREDA WYNNE.

THE GRIEF OF GURNEYCOURT. By C. E. BASBE.

MORNA. A Memory of Old Slave Days. By G. D. DE MONTMORENCY

WHEN CUPID MOCKS. By E. I. HENOCH.

HAND AND LAND. By GEORGE LONG, Author of "Valhalla."

TWO LIVES IN PARENTHESIS. By GEORGE LONG.

THE AGONY OF LOVE AND HATE. By A. R. KING.

THE SAINT BRIDE'S LIBRARY OF NOTABLE NOVELS.

Fancy Cloth Bindings, 8vo. Price 3s. 6d.

TARRAQUITTA. A Romance of Monte Carlo. CHARLOTTE WALES-ALMY.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR. By ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), author of "He Cometh Not, She Said," etc., etc.

FRIEND OR FOE? A Tale of an Irish Heart. By E. S. THOMPSON.

DEARER THAN ALL. A Tale of Love and War. By ROBERT OVERTON, author of "The King's Pardon," etc., etc.

PUFFS OF WIND. By HELEN DICKENS.

MY SILVER SPOONS. A Novel. By EDITH HAWTREY. Crown 8vo, cloth.

DOCTOR JOHN. A Novel. By MARIANNE PORTSMOUTH.

AN OLD WOMAN'S TRAGEDY. By E. S. THOMPSON, author of "Friend or Foe?" etc., etc.

THE GOLDMINER. A Romance. By G. R. A.

"A prettily-told tale . . . An ideal book to peruse during a railway journey."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. By GILBERT CROFT.

BORREL'S BOG. By F. HAINSWORTH.

THE PROPHET'S MANTLE. By FABIAN BLAND.

THE SEPARATION OF THE BERESFORDS. By CATHERINE ADAMS.

MYSIE AND OTHER STORIES. By BURY PALLISER BIRD.

THE EYEGLASS OF TRUTH. By CLARK STEPHENS.

A COMMON-PLACE STORY. By the author of "The Eyeglass of Truth.'

THE PRIDE OF NANCY TERRY. By Miss KATE JACKSON.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD. A Startling Tale of Adventure. By NEAL FYNE. With eight full-page illustrations by E. A. Holloway.

BOY OR GIRL? By A NEW WRITER.

A WAY OF HIS OWN. By A. KNOTCUTTER, P.G.M.U.

A GIRL IN LOVE. By Miss M. FRASER.

THE GHOST OF CHERTGATE FARM. By ETCETERA.

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE. By LAURENCE JOHN.

THE DEVIL'S SHILLING. Being the Simple Narrative of the Extraordinary Career of a Certain Coin of the Realm. By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN, author of "Kissing Cup's Race, etc., etc.

LOVE'S USURIES. By LOUIS CRESWICKE.

SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. By the Misses STREDDER.

WHILE THE LOTUS IS CLOSED. By MICHAEL GRANT. A Love Sketch.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By GEORGE S. ASTINS.

THE CURSE AND IT WAS SO. By ROMA DENE.

THE DOOR ON THE LATCH. By APPLETON ELLIS.

A SUMMER NOSEGAY. By A NORTH COUNTRY RAMBLER.

WHA-OO-OO! By E. V. A.

AT BREAK OF DAWN. By GEOFFREY JAMES.

THE EXPERIENCES OF MACK. By HIMSELF.

GWEN. A Study in Girl-Love. A Charming Love Story. Ey ANTEROS.

SHEWING THE WHITE FEATHER. By M. HARDING KELLEY.

STORIES AND ESSAYS. By KATE SCANLEN.

THE BLUE WAISCOAT AND OTHER STORIES. By LOFTUS RYAN.

DR. DONALDSON AND OTHER STORIES. By B. H. M. WALKER.

TED BUSS, the Cripple, and His Marvellous Experiments. By EDMUND ARNOLD. Illustrated with 12 Plates.

THE ASTROLOGER'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By GERALDINE M. GAY.

THE WEIRD O'T. By CLIVE PEMBERTON.

IVY. By A. H. BIGGS.

METRICAL TALES AND TALK. By A. N NEWBY.

A Year with Nature.

By W. Percival Westell. Author of "A Handbook of British Breeding Birds," &c. Illustrated with Photographs from Nature and Still Life, by J. T. Newman, G. Watmough Webster, H. Stone, and from Drawings by the Author. Over 170 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 276 pp. Price 10s. 6d

"A handsome present for anyone."—*Science Gossip.*

"A series of delightful essays on the natural history world. The book is enhanced in attractiveness by 170 beautiful illustrations from photographs."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This is really a delightful book. . . . One can only feel grateful to Mr. Westell for giving us such a wonderfully interesting book. The book would be worth buying for the pictures alone; combined with the letterpress they make a perfect book. The work is beautifully produced."—*The Daily Graphic.*

"A charming book. . . . Both as regards general arrangement and illustrations it would be difficult to find a more attractive work in its own popular class of literature."—*Morning Post.*

"This is a very charming book. . . . The pictures of bird life are the most beautiful that have ever been produced as book illustrations; and they alone are more than good value for the modest 10s. 6d. at which this handsome volume is issued. . . . This pleasantly written and excellently printed book, which possesses alike great artistic merit and educational value."—*The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE BOOK,

Country Rambles,

being a Field Naturalist's Diary for a year, containing:

Lists of Wild Flowers found in bloom throughout the year; Birds in Song; Birds seen or heard; List of Summer Migrants; Where our Summer Migrants spend the Winter; Rambles through the Zoological Gardens; List of Butterflies to be looked for each month; Field Rambles (setting out the delights of Country Life, &c.); Copious Natural History Notes and Queries, and generally the progress of Nature from January to December; also the Natural History Calendars of the Rev. Gilbert White and William Markwick from the year 1768 to 1793.

Profusely Illustrated with a splendid Series of Photographs taken direct from Nature by J. T. Newman, and from Drawings by Arthur Martin. Price 10s. 6d.; by post, 6d. extra.

This Work contains a unique Series of Cuckoo Photographs (nine in all) showing Young Cuckoo ejecting eggs, and Young Birds, and other interesting pictures illustrative of the early life history of this Bird.

Children's Illustrated Gift Books.

THE WHITE PRINCE. By KATE STANWAY. Illustrated with 20 full-pag and numerous other pictures by W. F. Coles. Cloth extra, bevelled boards. White foil and Two Inks. Price 3s. 6d.

"Warm praise must be given to 'The White Prince.' The names of the flowers are endowed with meanings, and a really pretty fairy drama is enacted with the flower-spirits of the different seasons as *dramatis personæ*."—*The Literary World.*

WILHELM'S FORTUNE, and other Fairy Tales. By E. SIMONET THOMPSON. Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d.

"A very cleverly imagined set of stories . . . will prove a great favourite with the young."—*Madam.*

THE TRUE STORY OF TIDDLEY WINKS AND TAKEY TUSS. Told by Themselves, and Edited by their kind Mistress "Kitty." Charmingly illustrated, and prettily bound in cloth, gilt. Price 3s. 6d.

"We have here a very prettily got-up book adapted to children . . . It is quite entertaining."—*The Queen.*

THE KING OF THE CATS. A Christmas Story for older children. Written and Illustrated with 18 original drawings by A. C. STANNUS. Price 3s. 6d.

"Excellently illustrated by the author."—*Literary World.*
"An amusing story of animal life."—*Observer.*

THE ODD FANCIES OF GWEN. A Book of Children's stories and pictures, written by GWEN FORWOOD. With 10 full-page coloured pictures and numerous outline wood blocks from drawings by the author. Size, 11¼ by 8½ oblong. Price 3s. 6d.

PETER QUINN'S BOOK OF MARVELLOUS FAIRY TALES. By the Children's Friend, PETER QUINN. Illustrated with many full-page Plates, and handsomely bound in cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG. By W. ST. IVEN. Price 3s. 6d.

"A picture of rural life among young folks which country people will enjoy. It has a number of pretty illustrations."—*Scotsman.*

THE GRANNY GROWLER STORIES. By ETHEL WELTCH. With 12 full-page Illustrations by W. F. Coles. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

MR. TUMPSY. By CHARLES CROFT. Illustrated throughout by G. E. Kruger. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

STORIES OF THE WIND. By MADAME KARLOTT BLOSSE. With many full-page illustrations by W. F. Coles. Price 3s. 6d.

MOTORING THROUGH DREAMLAND. By E. W. WALTERS. Price 3s. 6d. With 20 Illustrations.

DOINGS IN DOGLAND. A Story for all those who love Dogs. By GUY RAWLENCE. Price 3s. 6d. With 12 Illustrations.

FARM-YARD STORIES. By MADAME KARLOTT BLOSSE. Price 3s. 6d Illustrated.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS

LOVE STORIES OF EMINENT WOMEN. Price 6s. By Mrs. M'Cracken.

FABLES AND FANCIES. By R. G. Thomsett. With 28 Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

THE DEVIL AND I. A Philosophical Drama in twelve scenes. By Leonard Lloyd. Cloth elegant, 4to, bevelled boards. Price 6s.

"Vigorous thought and imaginative power."—*Glasgow Herald.*

MESSALINA. By F. J. Winbolt. A Tragedy based upon certain events in the reign of Emperor Claudius. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Price 3s. 6d.

"It should be read with interest by every one."—*Scotsman.*

BACK NUMBERS. A Collection of Poems that have appeared occasionally in *The Onlooker.* By Denis Duval. 24mo. Paper covers in two colours. Price 1s.

"Smart parodies . . . There is a capital swing about them."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

JEST AND EARNEST. A Series of Sketches. By "Dui Palor." Illustrated Cover. Price 1s.

STANDERTON UNDER MARTIAL LAW. Price 1s. By Emily Olivia Carolin.

SMILES FROM THE SUBURBS. Price 1s. By R. H. Roberts.

"The stories, numbering fourteen, are brimful of humour. There is wit, cleverness, and originality in every page."—*Dundee Courier.*

"Light, frivolous, and whimsical, the sketches will make an hour pass pleasantly."—*Scotsman.*

THAT GIRL. Price 1s. By John Render.

MERELY PROVINCIAL AND ETCETERAS. Price 1s. By A. C. Mason.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. Price 1s. By J. Jacques.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS—Continued.

WITH RUNDEL'S EIGHTH DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA. *Dedicated by Special Permission to Lord Roberts.* Being a Volunteer's experience with the Division, 1900-1902. By THOMAS CHARLES WETTON, ex-Volunteer, R.A.M.C., 23rd Field Hospital, and ex-Trooper 34th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. With many illustrations. 580 pages. Cloth extra, crown 8vo. Price 6s.

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.

WITH METHUEN IN SOUTH AFRICA. Price 6s. By H. S. GASKELL

BRITAIN'S SONS OF VALOUR. By KATE STANWAY. A *Complete* Record of the Winners of the VICTORIA CROSS, and how they were won. Price 1s.

COSMIC ETHICS. By CHARLES LEE. The Application of Natural Laws to Social Problems. Price 3s. 6d.

"The author's views are set forth in a clear and concise manner."—*Scotsman.*

"An excellent work on the evolution of ethics."—*Publisher and Bookseller.*

THE EXILE OF SITA. A Story translated from "The Sanskrit." By H. JANE HARDING. Fcap. 4to, cloth extra. Price 5s.

THE ROSWICK BLEND. A Collection of Poems. With over 30 full-page illustrations. By JOHN HAMILTON MARTIN. Price 6s.

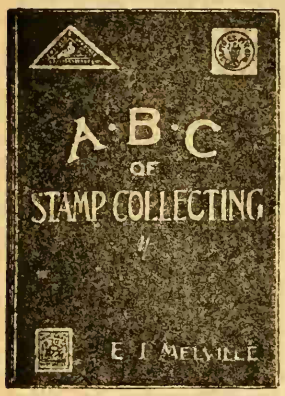
SKETCH POEMS. From the Portfolio of a Wandering Artist. Dedicated to Madame Gabrielle Apostoloff. By HENRY S. PERKINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. Price 3s. 6d.

O'ER SOUTHERN SEAS. A Volume of Poems. By G. J. TRARES. 372 pages. Cloth extra, bevelled boards. Price 6s.

ECCE SOMNIATOR VENIT. Price 2s. 6d. net. By R. J. RIDOUT.

EPICS AND LEGENDS OF EMPIRE. Price 2s. 6d. net. By CHARLES KENT.

Drane's Celebrated A B C Handbooks.



Reduced Specimen of Cover.

Size of Book, 5¾ *by* 4½.

A new series of small attractively printed and bound volumes, which will go in the pocket. Written by *Specialists*, they will be found to contain all worth knowing about the different subjects upon which they treat, and yet so clearly and plainly written that all who read will understand.

Price 1/- Each.

Every Subject under the Sun as easily explained as ABC

BOUND IN RED CLOTH
WITH WHITE FOIL LETTERING.

1.—THE A B C OF BRIDGE. By E. A. TENNANT. Description and Rules of the Game. How to Score. How to Play. What to Lead, etc., etc.

"We have not met a better guide."—*Saturday Review.*

"We commend this shillings worth to all beginners as a genuinely gilt-edged investment."—*The Onlooker.*

2.—THE A B C OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By E. J. WALL, F.R.P.S. Containing instructions for making your own Appliances, and simple practical directions for every branch of Photographic Work. Illustrated and up-to-date.

3.—THE A B C OF PALMISTRY; or Character and Fortune Revealed by the Reading of the Hand. By a well-known Palmist. With 12 full-page illustrations.

4.—THE A B C OF PHYSIOGNOMY; or How to Tell your Neighbour's Character by Reading His or Her Face. By PAUL BELLO. With 6 full-page illustrations.

5.—THE A B C OF GRAPHOLOGY. A Dictionary of Handwriting and Character. By WENTWORTH BENNETT. With 170 illustrations.

6.—THE A B C OF DANCING. A Book of useful information and genuine Hints for Dancers and Learners. By EDWARD SCOTT.

7.—THE A B C OF SOLO WHIST. By EDWIN OLIVER. Description and Rules of the Game. How to Score How to Play. What to Lead, etc.

THE A B C OF TABLE TENNIS. By C. G. EAMES. Telling all there is to be told on Table Tennis or Ping-Pong. Rules. Style of Play, etc.

9.—THE A B C OF HOUSEKEEPING. A Guide to all Housekeepers. What to do and How to Keep a House in Order. By J. N. BELL.

10.—THE A B C OF SWIMMING. This book will teach anyone who can read how to Swim in Five Minutes. By an ex-Captain of a London Swimming Club.

11.—THE A B C OF GARDENING. What to Sow or Plant, and how to Grow it in a Window Box, Greenhouse, Cottage, Villa, or Roof Garden. Everything made as simple as A B C. By a Practical Gardener.

12.—THE A B C OF MOTORING, by C. W. BROWN, is the Book you need. Driving, Gearing, Clutches, Accumulators, Cooling, Glossary, etc., etc.

"A splendid shilling's worth. A veritable child's primer of the automobile, by which I, for one, hope to profit."—*Athletic News.*

"It conveys the information in a simple style, and, as a primer, will make the elements of motoring clear to the beginner."—*The Motor News.*

13.—THE A B C OF CARPENTRY. By GEO. DAY. Fully illustrated. Can you drive a nail? It will tell you how to do so, and how to make many simple things for your home.

14.—THE A B C OF THE RIFLE. By Captain HERBERT A. JONES, with an introduction by Major the Hon. T. J. Freemantle, V.D. Evolution of the Rifle, the Magazine Rifle, Theory and Practice, Minature Shooting, Clubs and Ranges, Wallingfords, Maxims, etc., etc.

"A book of which it gives us pleasure to speak highly."—*Volunteer Service Gazette.*

"We have perused its pages with pleasure and satisfaction. Mr. Jones strives at being intelligible, and he has succeeded admirably."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

15.—THE A B C OF CAGE-BIRDS. By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL. Is the very Latest and most Up-to-date Book on the Subject, and contains all Directions for Choosing, Feeding, Managing, Breeding, and the Treatment of Diseases.

16.—THE A B C MEDICAL GUIDE. Edited by ALEXANDER AMBROSE, B.A., LL.D., M.D., etc., Silver Medallist in Medicine, etc., Coroner for the Metropolitan Division of Essex. This book has saved, and will still save, many hundreds of pounds in Doctor's Bills. It is a complete Medical Guide for the Household, and contains most Valuable Hints for the Preservation of Health.

17.—THE A B C OF COOKING FOR INVALIDS. By Mrs. JOHN KIDDLE. It will show you how Soups, Meats, Sauces, Beverages, Jellies, Eggs, Puddings, etc., etc., should be prepared. Anything and everything an invalid ought to have.

18.—THE A B C OF THE DOG. By HAROLD TREMAYNE. Will give much important information.

"Handy and knowledgable at the same time."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"Contains a marvellous amount of information in a very few words, and is a work no dog owner should fail to possess."—*The World.*

"Should find a place on the bookshelves of all who keep a dog."—*The Lady.*

19.—THE A B C OF THE HORSE. By HAROLD TREMAYNE. Is a book you should buy.

"A concise and clearly-written little book, which can be recommended."—*The Sportsman.*

"It can be recommended with confidence to those for whose perusal it has been prepared." —*Land and Water.*

20.—THE A B C OF STAMP COLLECTING. By FRED. J. MELVILLE, President of the Junior Philatelic Society of London. A Guide to the Instructive and Entertaining Study of the World's Postage Stamps, with 237 illustrations.

"Mr. F. J. Melville's 'The A B C of Stamp Collecting' should be in the collection of every philatelist, whether he be old or young, experienced or a mere beginner. It is but a small book, yet it contains in readable form a volume of condensed information from which all but the advanced specialist could scarcely fail to gather valuable information while reading for his private amusement."—*The Morning Post.*

21.—THE A B C OF GOLF. By A. J. ROBERTSON. Full instructions for playing the Game, and contains complete list of Rules. Illustrated.

22.—THE A B C OF PHRENOLOGY. By R. DIMSDALE STOCKER. Fully Illustrated.

23.—THE A B C OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. By ARTHUR RANSOME.

24.—THE A B C OF CHESS. By HOWARD STAUNTON.

25.—THE A B C OF HOW TO SPEAK WELL. By CHARLES HARTLEY.

26.—THE A B C OF COMMON BLUNDERS. By CHARLES HARTLEY.

27.—THE A B C OF THE HUMAN BODY. By EDRED WARDE.

28.—THE A B C OF ROLOLO. By J. THOMAS. The New Lawn Game Pronounced to be an improvement on Croquet.

29.—THE A B C OF BILLIARDS. By SYDENHAM DIXON.

30.—THE A B C OF PROGRESSIVE WHIST. By FRANK SPENCER. Rules, Procedure, and Etiquette: with Hints on Play and Prize-Winning.

BOOKS ON THE FISCAL QUESTION.

THE FAILURE OF FREE TRADE. As proved by the Foreign Commerce of England. By ARTHUR FELL, M.A., F.S.S. Price 1s.

"Mr. Arthur Fell makes it abundantly clear that, as things are going on at this moment, we are paying for some part of the excess of imports over exports with capital, not with profits. How long can we afford to do this?"—*Glasgow Herald.*

"May be studied with advantage."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"A telling indictment of a policy which has well-nigh ruined English agriculture."—*Agricultural World.*

THE JOSEPH JINGLE BOOK. By MOSTYN PIGOTT. Price 1s.

"Mr. Pigott's skill in topical verse is well known . . . is extremely clever and amusing."—*Liverpool Courier.*

"Extremely smart verses apropos to the fiscal policy question."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

JOHN BULL & SONS, LTD., MUTUAL PROTECTION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION. By F. W. KINGSTON. Price 1s.

"A cleverly wrought-out economic apologue."—*Scotsman.*

THE IMPERIAL GAME. As played by the Nations. Price 1s. By ANTIWOOD.

BRITAIN'S WEALTH IN GREATER BRITAIN. By H. S. THOMAS Price 1s.

"The book is likely to prove useful."—*To-Day.*

THE PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND'S FOREIGN TRADE for the past 10 years. By ARTHUR FELL, M.A., F S.S. Price 6d.

"Full of useful facts and figures."—*Ledbury Reporter.*

"The subject is admirably dealt with."—*Melton Mowbray Times.*

FETTERED TRADE. Price 1s. By ANGUS CAMPBELL.

THE FISCAL PROBLEM. Price 3s. 6d. *net.;* or in Paper Cover, 1s. By Dr. A. E. MUNRO.

THE CHINESE LABOUR QUESTION.

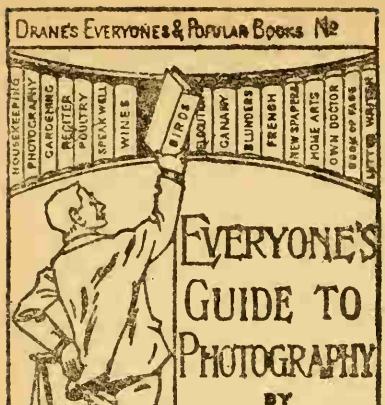
THE TRANSVAAL LABOUR PROBLEM. Price 2s. 6d. *net.;* or in Paper Cover, 1s. By Dr. A. E. MUNRO (of Johannesburg).

MODERN SEWAGE DISPOSAL. Price 1s. *net.* By HENRY LEMMOIN-CANNON.

"Author of 'The Sanitary Inspector's Guide,' and evidently is thoroughly acquainted with the whole business."—*Local Government Journal.*

FARMING IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST. Price 1s. By AN OLD SETTLER.

"It is just the work to place in the hands of intending settlers."—*Marlborough Times.*



Reduced Specimen of Cover.
Size of Book, 5¾ × 4¼.

DRANE'S EVERYONE'S BOOKS.

Cloth Extra, 6d.
Leather, Gilt Lettered, 1s.

The practical character of these Manuals is fully proved by their extensive circulation. The universally favourable opinion expressed of them is a guarantee of their excellence and utility; and the Publisher can confidently recommend them as trustworthy guides in their separate departments.

Lloyd's News says of this series: "They are well printed, well bound, and written by specialists, affording a great amount of information in an exceedingly cheap and handy form."

EVERYONE HIS OWN DOCTOR; or, The Household Medical Guide. By Dr. AMBROSE, Coroner for the Metropolitan Division of Essex. 254 pages. 60th Thousand.

EVERYONE'S GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY. How to make your own appliances, and simple practical directions for every branch of Photographic Work. By E. J. WALL F.R.P.S. 80th Thousand.

EVERYONE'S HOUSEKEEPING COMPANION. Containing Hints and Recipes for all kinds of Cooking, Preserving, Pickling, &c. 254 pages

HOW TO SPEAK WELL IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE. By CHARLES HARTLEY. A most useful Aid to Clergymen, Public Speakers, Readers, Theatrical Amateurs, &c., &c. Nearly 100 Thousand sold.

EVERYONE'S HANDBOOK OF COMMON BLUNDERS IN SPEAKING AND WRITING. Corrected and explained; containing Valuable Spelling and Grammatical Rules, Hints on Punctuation and Pronunciation, a Dictionary of Abbreviations, &c. 190 pages. By CHARLES HARTLEY.

POULTRY AND PIGEONS: Their Varieties, Management, Breeding and Diseases. By HUGH PIPER. A new and Thoroughly Revised Edition. By JAMES S. GOULD, Author of "My Canary Book."

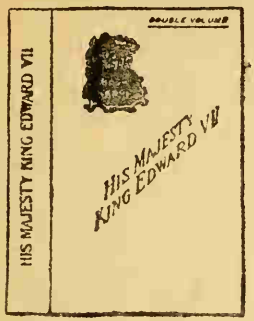
HARTLEY'S RECITER AND ELOCUTIONIST. By CHARLES HARTLEY. Comprising valuable hints on Reciting, Dramatic Reading, and Acting, with contributions by G. R. SIMS. CLEMENT SCOTT, ROBT. OVERTON, &c.

"EVERYONE'S HANDBOOK OF HOME ARTS." By GEORGE DAY, F.R.M.S. Contains instructions for making articles for every home, both useful and ornamental. Fully illustrated.

"EVERYONE'S STAMP ALBUM." Containing spaces for about 1,000 Stamps, conveniently arranged according to their respective countries A most handy pocket volume for small collections and for keeping duplicates in. Without exception the cheapest book of the kind ever issued.

EVERYONE'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BREEDING-BIRDS By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL. Containing a *complete* description of *all* Birds known to Breed in the British Isles, their Habits. Nests, Eggs, &c.

Drane's Remarkable Bijou Biographies



Size of Book, 5 by 3½

The volumes are, as the name of the series indicates, small. It is possible to carry them in the jacket pocket without the slightest inconvenience.

They are, in printing, paper, and binding, equal in quality to any half-crown volume on the market.

* * *

Authoritatively Written, Well Printed, Substantially Bound (in Green Cloth), White Foil Lettering, with Special Portraits.

* * *

Price 6d. and 1s. each.

What the Press says the Bijous are:—

"In an age when 'extracts,' 'essences," and 'tabloids' are so much in favour such highly-compressed literature will no doubt be popular."—*Morning Post.*

"These little books are interesting, informative, and cleverly written . . . deserve much more than a *succes de curiosite*. . . . Got up very prettily, quite wonderfully so, in binding, paper, and type. A collection on a bookshelf would have a very attractive appearance."—*Saturday Review.*

"Concisely written, clearly printed, and give just the facts that busy people are anxious to know,"—*Lloyd's News.*

"They are compact in form, and full of information, tersely and lucidly given."—*Sunday Sun.*

"Delightfully dainty little volumes for sixpence."—*Lady's Pictorial.*

"Daintily bound and printed, these concise and well-written little volumes are pleasant to read."—*Glasgow Daily Mail.*

"In each case the biographer has done his work well."—*Western Morning News.*

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

1.—THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P. By ARTHUR WALLACE.
The *Sunday Sun* commends it "to the Anglophobe at home and abroad."

2.—LORD KITCHENER. By W. FRANCIS AITKEN.
"A bright, lively book," says *Lloyd's.*

3.—LORD ROBERTS. By ERNEST RUSSELL.
"Deserves to be called brilliant," according to the *Glasgow Daily Mail.*

4.—MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P. By G. H. KNOTT.
"By no means the least interesting of the Bijou Biographies."—*Lloyd's.*

5.—LORD SALISBURY. By EDWARD SALMON.

6.—DR. W. G. GRACE. By ACTON WYE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH—Double Volumes.

7.—HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. By HARRY WHATES.

8.—MISS MARIE CORELLI. By KENT CARR. Double Volume.

9.—LORD KELVIN. By J. MUNRO. Double Volume.

10.—VISCOUNT WOLSELEY. By ERNEST RUSSELL.

11.—THE RT. REV. THE BISHOP OF LONDON. By F. J. MELVILLE.

DRANE'S SERIES OF MODERN POETS.

Tastefully Bound in Pale Blue and White Covers.

Royal 16mo.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

1.—POEMS OF PASSION. 100th Thousand.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Mrs. Wilcox's poems are all rich in ideas. She often condenses a whole page in a stanza and leaves the great truth sparkling and clearer than the orator would make it in a laboured argument."

"May be read with distinct pleasure."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"The poems all have the supreme merit of brevity, and they run with an easy lilt."—*Sunday Times.*

2.—POEMS OF PLEASURE. 50th Thousand.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Mrs. Wilcox in this collection runs the whole gamut of the emotions. She is decidedly the most successful of the poetesses of the present day."

3.—MAURINE AND OTHER POEMS. 144 pages.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"'Maurine' is a charming story of love and self-sacrifice, told in Mrs. Wilcox's delightful style."

4.—POEMS OF LIFE. 155 pages.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

5.—THE LOVE LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

A Small Volume of Spirited Poems.

By E. Heron-Allen.

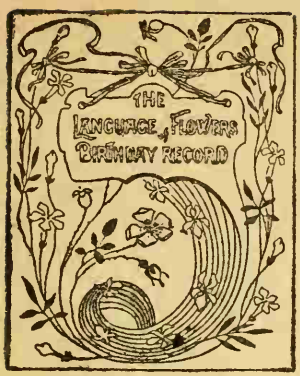
6.—FORTY FANCIES AND SEVEN SONGS.

A Volume of Poems.

By Amelia M. Barker.

Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

7.—GARDEN OF MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS. By Mabel Greenwood. Bound in fancy boards, white cloth back, and gold lettering.



Reduced specimen of Cover.
Size of Book, 5¼ by 4¼.

THE ABBOTSFORD SERIES
OF
BIRTHDAY BOOKS,

Cloth Elegant, **Price 1/6.** Especially suitable for Gift Books.

Paste Grain, Gold Lettered on Side, Gilt Edges, Round Corners, 2/6 each.

"GEMS FROM TENNYSON." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends with quotations from the works of the late Poet Laureate, and Portrait on Plate Paper.

"POET'S WHISPERS." A Birthday Book for all: forming a Birthday Register, with one or more quotations from the best known Poets for each day in the year, selected by E. NESBIT.

"THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Floral Book for registering the Birthdays of Friends, containing a carefully chosen quotation for each day in the year, a complete Language of Flowers, and beautiful Frontispiece.

"THE GIRL'S OWN BIRTHDAY BOOK," contains carefully selected quotations, especially suitable for Girls, for each day in the year, and spaces for recording the Birthdays of their Friends; selected, written, and arranged by E. NESBIT, with Portrait.

The ABBOTSFORD BIRTHDAY BOOK." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with choice passages selected from the writings of Sir Walter Scott, and a beautifully engraved portrait of this popular Author printed on Plate Paper.

"AULD LANG SYNE." A Book for registering the dates of Friends' Birthdays, with carefully selected passages from the writings of Robert Burns, illustrated with Four full-page Engravings and a finely engraved Portrait of Burns.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS." A Book for registering the Birthdays of one's Friends, containing carefully selected quotations for each day in the year from the works of the most famous Writers. By GORDON PHILIP HOOD, with finely engraved Portrait of Mark Twain printed on Plate Paper. 256 pages.

"GREAT THOUGHTS." A Birthday Book for All, containing choice passages from the great Prose Writers, selected and arranged by G. S. G. With a Frontispiece.

"GEMS FROM DICKENS." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with quotations for each day in the year from the works of this ever-popular Author. A splendid Portrait of Charles Dickens is given as a Frontispiece, printed on Plate Paper.

"GEMS OF THOUGHT." A Book for recording favourite passages from Book-Land, Pulpit, and Platform.

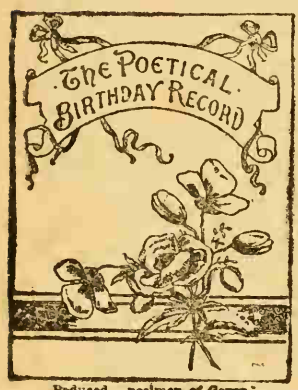
"THE FORTUNE-TELLING BIRTHDAY BOOK." By CATERINA. Containing a prophecy and suitable quotation for each day in the year, Lucky Stones of the Months, &c., &c

DRANE'S WELL-KNOWN SERIES

OF

Scripture & Other Birthday Books.

All the Books in the Series are published in the following styles of binding, viz.:—



Reduced specimen of Cover.
Size of Book 3¾ by 4¼.

Price 1s.

Cloth Extra, Gilt Edges. New Designs Lettered Back and Side.

Price 1s. 6d.

French Morocco, Gilt Edges, Gilt Letters on Side, in Protector Wrapper.

Price 2s.

Paste Grain, Gold Lettered on Side, Gilt Edges, Round Corners.

Price 2s. 6d.

Paste Grain, Padded Sides, Gilt Edges, Gold Lettered on Side, Round Corners.

"THE FORTUNE-TELLING BIRTHDAY BOOK." By CATERINA. Containing a prophecy and suitable quotation for each day in the year, Lucky Stones of the Months, &c., &c.

"THE TENNYSON BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with selections from the works, and Portrait of the late Poet Laureate.

"THE BRONTE BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with selections from the works of the Sisters Brontë, and Portrait of Charlotte Brontë.

"THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with a beautifully engraved Portrait of Shakespeare printed on Plate Paper

"THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with a beautifully engraved Portrait of Longfellow printed on Plate Paper.

"THE POETICAL BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for registering the dates of Friends' Birthdays, with a finely engraved Portrait of Byron printed on Plate Paper.

"THE HUMOROUS BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for registering the Birthdays of Friends, by GORDON PHILIP HOOD, with finely engraved Portrait of Tom Hood printed on Plate Paper.

"THE SCOTT BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with a beautifully engraved Portrait of this popular author printed on plate Paper.

"THE BURNS BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for registering the dates of Friends' Birthdays, illustrated with Four full-page engravings, and a finely engraved Portrait of Burns printed on Plate Paper.

"THE DICKENS BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends. A Portrait of Charles Dickens is given as a Frontispiece, printed on Plate Paper.

"GRAINS OF GOLD." A Birthday Book containing choice passages from the great Prose Writers for each Day in the Year, with frontispiece.

"MY BIRTHDAY BOOK." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with a Scriptural Text and Verse for each day in the year, and a List of Female Christian Names, and their meanings, selected and arranged by Thomas Bury Reid.

"DAILY LOVE AND LIGHT." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with Scriptural Texts and Verses for each day in the year, and a List of Female Christian Names and their meanings, selected and arranged by THOMAS BURY REID.

"DAILY STRENGTH." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with Scripture Texts and Verses for each day in the year, and a List of Female Christian Names and their meanings, selected and arranged by THOMAS BURY REID.

"DAILY GUIDANCE." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with Scriptural Texts and Verses for each day in the year, and a List of Female Christian Names and their meanings, selected and arranged by THOMAS BURY REID.

"DAILY COMFORT." A Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with a Scriptural Texts and Verses for each day in the year, and a List of Female Christian Names and their meanings, selected and arranged by THOMAS BURY REID.

"DAYBREAK AND EVENTIDE." A Birthday Book containing a Scripture Text for each morning and evening throughout the year. Selected and arranged by F. O. G.

THE NEW SERIES

OF

Sixpenny Birthday Books.

BEST VALUE EVER PUBLISHED.

"GEMS FROM SHAKESPEARE." A Book for registering the Birthdays of one's Friends, containing a quotation from Shakespeare for each day in the year; selected and arranged by GORDON GARRETT.

"GEMS FROM LONGFELLOW." A Book for registering the Birthdays of one's Friends, containing a quotation from Longfellow for each day in the year; selected and arranged by GORDON GARRETT.

"GEMS FROM THE POETS." A Book for recording the Birthdays of one's Friends, with a carefully selected passage from one of the well-known Poets for each day in the year, selected and arranged by GORDON GARRETT.

"SPARKS OF HUMOUR." A Book for registering the Birthdays of one's Friends, containing a carefully chosen quotation for each day in the year, selected and arranged by GORDON PHILIP HOOD from the works of the most famous humorous Writers.

"RAYS OF LIGHT." A Birthday Book for recording the Birthdays of Friends, with Scripture Texts for each day in the year, selected and arranged by MARY MAITLAND JOY.

"WORDS OF CHEER." A Scripture Birthday Book for recording the Birthdays of one's Friends, for each day in the year, selected and arranged by MARY MAITLAND JOY.

"GEMS FROM BURNS." A Book for recording the Birthdays of one's Friends, with a carefully selected passage from the writing of this favourite Poet for each day in the year, arranged by DOUGLAS R. CAMPBELL.

"BIRTHDAY CHIMES FROM DICKENS." A Book for registering the Birthdays of one's Friends, containing a quotation from this ever-popular Author for each day in the year.

"HEAVENLY WISDOM." A Birthday Book for recording the Birthdays of one's Friends, with Scripture Texts for each day in the year.

"PROVERBS AND PRECEPTS." A Birthday Book for recording the Birthdays of one's Friends, with good counsel for every day in the year, by GORDON GARRETT.

"COMFORT AND BLESSING." A Birthday Book, with Scripture Texts for each day in the year, selected and arranged by MARY MAITLAND JOY.

"THE CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY RECORD." A Birthday Book for the little ones, containing Scripture Texts selected and arranged by MARY MAITLAND JOY.

3 1262 05140 4217

9-9-55

891.861
S 469a

Date Due

DUE	RETURNED	DUE	RETURNED

KEEP CARD IN POCKET