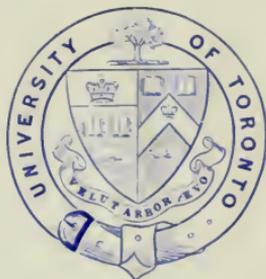




3 1761 07821554 8





The J. C. Saul Collection
of
Nineteenth Century
English Literature

Purchased in part
through a contribution to the
Library Funds made by the
Department of English in
University College.

2147



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

POETS OF THE WIGHT.

~~LIBR~~
~~A7424P~~

POETS OF THE WIGHT.

An Anthology of Vectensian Poets, namely of poets native to or otherwise identified with the Isle of Wight, with selections from their works and prefatory introductions and portraits.

COMPILED BY

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL,

Founder and late Editor of "Poetry,"
Author of "Random Rhymes of a Vectensian,"
"Love in a Mist," "A New Anthology of
Contemporary Verse," &c.

376646
7. 3. 40

Isle of Wight :
THE COUNTY PRESS, NEWPORT.

London :
C. W. DANIEL, LTD.,
3 TUDOR STREET, E.C.4.

1922.

PR

8469

W56A7

DEDICATION.

TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS BEATRICE
(THE ROYAL GOVERNOR OF THE WIGHT),
WHO DURING MANY YEARS OF RESIDENCE
HAS ENDEARED HERSELF TO ITS PEOPLE,
THIS WORK IS, BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

C.J.A.

FOREWORD.

BY SIR FREDERICK BLACK, K.C.B.

I write this brief "Foreword" with pleasure, as it gives me an opportunity of offering a word or two of personal tribute and congratulation to Mr. C. J. Arnell on his general idea of collecting representative verse and biographical details of poets—divided like the Prophets into the greater and the less—associated in some close and direct way with the Isle of Wight. And congratulation is due, not only upon the general idea, but also upon the judgment, research, and industry with which the conception has been carried through.

Mr. Arnell has ample precedent for a "county" classification of poets. It is obviously not difficult to classify poets nationally, but when it comes to counties, some justification, as well as skill of selection and presentation, is necessary to indicate that a comparatively narrow geographical environment may have had its influence even on the minds of those poets, whose reputation is world-wide and enduring, as distinct from those of purely local fame. Though the poet be born and not made, and he may be "taught in Paradise, to ease his breast of melodies," yet something will be owed to upbringing and associations, even by the greatest genius. The evidence of environment may be obvious, *e.g.*, where the poem is actually

descriptive of or makes direct reference to local scenes or events. In other cases, though the effect may be very real, yet it may be more subtle and only to be traced out by study and research. Such influence as the Isle of Wight may claim in the poems of Keats, his sea-sonnet and some of the scenery of *Endymion* and *Hyperion* for example, is of this latter character; as is the case also with the sea-scapes of Swinburne, or the sea imagery of the "Crossing the Bar" of Tennyson. That some other environment would have had a kindred influence on the same great writers, and that their work of highest excellence would have been given to the world in almost any circumstances and surroundings is admitted, but does not deprive us Vectensians of the pride of feeling that, nevertheless, it was given to our Island to have the fine essence of its many charms distilled into poems which now belong to all time and are a permanent joy to all nations and countries wherever the English tongue is spoken or understood.

Mr. Arnell has wisely chosen comparatively few pieces that are merely descriptive of Island scenes, though some such are obviously essential, *e.g.*, the Elizabethan poet, Michael Drayton's famous tribute to Vectis in "Polyolbion," and some of the writings of Edmund Peel, John Sterling, and Albert Midlane. It is only in rare instances, however, that scenic descriptions are better done in verse than in prose. Verse of that type from the pen of local patriotism, though it may give transitory pleasure to friends and neighbours, is likely to survive only to a very limited extent to be counted worthy of a permanent place in an anthology. Another class of verse, seldom rising to the dignity of poetry, finds practically no place in this volume, *viz.*, folk songs. Interesting as such songs often are, because they take us into the intimate home life and feelings of homely folk they are mostly anonymous, dates are uncertain, and the exact locality of origin is difficult to trace. Moreover, they lack much

in sentiment and expression.† Mr. W. H. Long, in his work on "The Isle of Wight Dialect," has collected some of the Island folk songs and has not been greatly impressed with them; he finds them of poor poetic merit and often lacking the element of chivalry which occasionally lifts this kind of verse to a level approaching that of true poetry. One or two dialect poems of present-day composition find a place in this volume.

In the Preface mention has been made of the barrenness, so far, at any rate, as written or printed records are extant, of the Isle of Wight in the fields of poetry before the 19th century. Whatever be the cause, it must be admitted that the fragments representing the 17th and 18th centuries are indeed small "oases." We have, however, the comfort of knowing that the 19th century, thanks to the happy circumstances of the residence of three great poets in our midst, has made much amends. Keats, Tennyson, and Swinburne have brought us from the romantic movement—the renascence of wonder—at the beginning of the 19th century down to modern times. We have one singer amongst us—Mrs. Disney Leith—who has carried on her kinsman's, Algernon Swinburne's tradition of poetry of the sea, in which the sea is treated not as something artificial, but as a part of nature just as much as a mountain or forest may be. Mrs. Leith's northward voyages, over the bath of the whale or the gannet, as our Saxon forefathers would have said, and her study of the Iceland Sagas, have given

†The present writer does not overlook the interest of folk songs in their proper place and setting. The familiar tune and the personality of the singer may make entertainment even of such quaint material as:—

Lumps of pudden and dollops of fat,
My mother gid me to cock up my hat.

Or: The colloquy between the farmer and his wife:—

She: Old fool, blind fool, blind as blind as can be,
These be three new dairymaids your mother sent to me.

He: Bravo, well done, well done you,
Dairymaids wi' whiskers on
Be zurely zumthing new.

to her verse something of the bracing keenness of the north wind and the strong movement of the white curling waves.

One word more. Mr. Arnell's collection illustrates what has often been remarked upon, viz., the comparative richness of the Isle of Wight in the authorship of religious hymns which have made their way into standard collections and have been sung in English congregations and homes all the world over.

I trust and believe that Mr. Arnell's excellent work will give pleasure to many readers and that recognition of that work will come in the present day, and not only at the hands of some remote posterity.

F. W. BLACK.

PREFACE.

This collection of Poems is but one of very numerous Anthologies, the merits of which in many instances it cannot claim to approach.

Yet it is unique in one respect, inasmuch as the singers it includes are those of England's famous and beautiful Island of Vectis.

Amongst them are three whom their genius has immortalised, namely, John Keats, Alfred Tennyson, and Algernon Charles Swinburne. The Island claims them, not by birthright, but by long residence and intimate connection. Nay, more, by its natural beauties it inspired much of their most exquisite lyrical work.

Then there are those who, though upon a lower plane of Parnassian rank, are nevertheless conspicuous by their notable productions and have won their niche in the temple of fame. Others there are, lesser poets, whose title to inclusion here rests upon their nativity, or their identification with the Island, coupled with undoubted and recognised lyrical distinction.

The compiler of this Anthology, in his search for Island poets of earlier times, has been both surprised and disappointed, for he has been unable to discover anything approaching poetic genius in the centuries preceding the nineteenth. This seems the more remarkable when considering the strong appeals to imaginative thought, and the natural stimulation to ordered song which are so widely present amongst the marvellous scenic effects and natural charms of the Island.

He must also acknowledge here with grateful thanks the help and encouragement received in his somewhat formidable undertaking, both from old friends and from generous and sympathetic strangers. Conspicuous amongst the former are Sir Frederick W. Black, K.C.B., and Mr. Robey Frank Eldridge, of Newport, both of whom have placed both time and talent at the compiler's disposal, and to whom he is very deeply indebted indeed. Miss M. A. Orme, of Newport, I.W., an ardent collector of ancient Island literature, also very kindly allowed the compiler reference to her valuable library.

Whether this Anthology fulfils its aim of embodying a fairly complete record of Vectensian Poets remains to be proved, but if any notable work has escaped the vigilant and protracted search of the compiler and his helpers, it is probably because it has escaped likewise both publisher and public.

Whatever inadequacy may be discovered in its manner of presentation, the book at any rate may be claimed to provide a record of permanent interest to those Vectensians who value the literature of their beloved Island, and to those who, in addition, keep cherished memories of many of the names found therein.

If this expectation be fulfilled, "Love's Labour" will indeed not be "lost."

It only remains to record the grateful thanks due to those publishers, whose names appear hereafter, by whose kind courtesy it is permitted in several instances, to include some of the more important selections.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

PORTRAITS.

	FACING PAGE.
KING CHARLES I	1
DRAYTON, MICHAEL	13
ARNELL, ANNIE CAROLINE	43
„ HUBERT	46
CONNOR, DEAN	54
DABBS, DR.	56
KEATS, JOHN	64
LEE, THOMAS	81
LUKE, MRS.	86
MIDLANE, ALBERT	99
PEEL, EDMUND	109
SWINBURNE, A. C.	123
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD	140
„ HON. LIONEL... ..	155
„ HALLAM, LORD	329
TUTTIETT, CANON	167
WORSLEY, PHILIP S.	173
ARNELL, C. J.	194
BLACK, SIR F. W.	230
ELDRIDGE, ROBEY F.	243
FITZGERALD, MISS ENA	255

HALL, WM. ROBERT	259
JORDAN, LEONARD	272
LEITH, WM. DISNEY	285
MEYNELL, MRS. ALICE	305
SCOTT-JACKSON, PERCY G.	310
STONE, PERCY G.	323
TUTTIETT, MARY GLEED	332

CONTENTS.

FOREWORD BY SIR FREDERICK W. BLACK, K.C.B.	vii
COMPILER'S PREFACE	xi

SECTION I—ANCIENT.

KING CHARLES I	1
Majesty in Misery	
ATKINS, REV. HENRY	8
A Poem	
D'AVENANT, SIR WILLIAM	10
Rhodalinda of Lombardy	
Chivalry and Discipline in Duke	
Gondibert's Army	
DRAYTON, MICHAEL	13
Polyolbion (1612)	
Love's Vitality	
EADES, DR. RICHARD	16
Of Man and Wife	
JOHNSON, MARY F. (Mrs. Moncrieff)	18
Value of Freedom	
On Visiting the Decayed and Uninhabited	
Abode of my late Grandfather	
Wroxall	
Discontent	
Evening	
Sonnets	

JONES, HENRY	27
The Isle of Wight		
Mariners on the Medina.		
JONES, REV. W.	}	29
PETTIES, REV. W.		
PRICE, REV. ARTHUR		
The Teares of the Wight		
KEN, BISHOP THOMAS	30
Morning Hymn		
Evening Hymn		
STERLING, JOHN	32
Carisbrooke Castle		
WORSLEY, LADY	34
To Sir Charles Bartlett		
WORSLEY, FRANCIS	35
From "Gazella" or "Rilcar the Wanderer"		
WOTY, WILLIAM	37
Lines in Praise of Mirth		

SECTION II—MODERN.

ARNELL, CAROLINE ANNIE	43
A Castle in the Air		
A Twilight Song		
In Memoriam		
ARNELL, HUBERT F. B. CARSTAIRS	46
Regret		
Divine Immanence		
Constancy		
BASKETT, HERBERT	49
The Maiden's Grave		
Song		
CONNOR, DEAN GEORGE HENRY	54
Hymn		

CONTENTS.

xvii

DABBS, GEORGE HENRY ROQUE	56
The Beacon, Freshwater Downs					
The Visitant					
The Unquenchable					
Echo					
A Song of Rain					
Before Rain					
The Goldfinch					
Confession					
In Memoriam					
KEATS, JOHN	64
On the Sea					
Lamia					
Faery Song					
Endymion					
Ode on a Grecian Urn					
La Belle Dame sans Merci					
Sonnet					
LEE, THOMAS	81
In Memoriam					
Aerial Architecture.					
LUKE, MRS. JEMIMA	86
The Child's Desire					
The Beloved Disciple					
MAUDE, MARY FAWLER	92
Thine for Ever, God of Love					
A Parable					
In the Old Hall, Chick Castle					
MIDLANE, ALBERT	99
A Friend for Little Children					
Vecta's Isle					
Summer's Evening					
PEEL, EDMUND	109
To the Nightingale					
To the Primrose					
Borodino					
Mottistone					

	Carisbrooke Castle			
	To Newport			
	Loss of the Royal George			
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES	Hertha	123
	The Oblation			
	Specimen of a Projected Version of Bernard's Rhythm			
	The Hymn to Artemis from Atalanta in Calydon			
	Tristram Swimming			
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD	In the Garden at Swainston	140
	To the Rev. F. D. Maurice			
	Will			
	The Higher Pantheism			
	Come into the Garden, Maud			
	Ulysses			
	Crossing the Bar			
TENNYSON, THE HON. LIONEL	Sympathy	155
	The Death Chamber			
	On the Centenary of American Independence			
TUTTIETT, CANON LAWRENCE	O Quickly Come	167
WESTWOOD, LUCY BELL	Elijah	170
	Leodine			
WORSLEY, PHILIP STANHOPE	Narcissus	173
	Versus Amor			
	Translation of Homer's Odyssey (Extract from)			
	Wisdom			
	Hope			
	The Search			

De Profundis
 The Day of Death
 L'Envoi

SECTION III—CONTEMPORARY.

ARNELL, CHARLES JOHN	194
Triolet	
To All Poets	
Remembrance	
The Mad Woman	
Love in a Mist	
Lost Picotee	
Time, the Healer	
The Wanderer	
Escheated	
Our Fallen	
Musings	
The Lament of the Fisher's Wife	
To a Linnet	
The Quest	
Images	
Spells	
The Re-Builders	
The Passing of Kitchener	
Afterwards	
Late-Coming	
The Lost Argosies	
The Imagiste	
De Profundis	
A Sun-Sweep	
Defeat	
To My Spaniel	
The Colonel	
The Iconoclasts	
She	
Christmas, 1918	
Sonnets—The Calendar	

BASKETT, HELEN BLANCHE	227
The Ocean				
The Sea Shell				
BLACK, SIR FREDERICK W.	230
The Isle of Wight, Our Home so Fair				
From Great Britain to America				
Music in War-Time				
"Bonny Doon"—Revised				
Verdun, March, 1916				
Chanson				
To-day and To-morrow				
The Southern Farmer				
The Dunkey's Egg				
ELDRIDGE, ROBEY FRANK	243
To the Queen				
Our Unburied Heroes				
The Ladies of the Lamp				
The Sacredness of Toil				
Hymn				
The Little House				
In Memoriam—Frederic Stratton				
FITZGERALD, ENA				255
Questions				
Marching Song				
The Exile—Serbia's Sorrow				
HALL, WILLIAM ROBERT				259
The Talisman				
The Inner Shrine				
Dissolved Pearls				
Night				
The Spirit of Man				
Sunrise				
The Door				
My Two Homes				
At the Heart of Things				
Wild Rose				
A Wild Flower and I				
Dream Palaces				
The Near Way				

CONTENTS.

xxi

JOLLIFFE, INNELL	269
A Lament					
JORDAN, LEONARD	272
To the Memory of Garibaldi					
Newport Guildhall Portraits					
Colinette					
A South Country Rondel					
Rondel					
Ad Finem Vitæ					
Even Song					
Warfare Accomplished					
Felo-de-Se					
Nocturne					
Rondeaux of My Lady					
Reveille					
To Lisette					
Lacrimæ ac Risus					
In My Garden of Girls					
Ballade of Beatitude					
The Dedicated Life					
LEITH, MRS. DISNEY	285
Brown Wings and White					
Queen Gunnhilda					
Valkyrie's Song of Music					
Steingrim Thorsteinsson's "Swan Winged Soul"					
Sea Song					
Skálholt					
Washed Ashore					
A Boxer's Death					
LEITH, ELIZABETH C.	295
Oblivion					
Gulls Inland					
A Fortnight's Holiday					
At St. Paul's Cathedral					
Mother Love					
A Thought for the New Year					

MAUDE, MARY	299
	For the King's Forces				
	Crowned				
MEYNELL, ALICE	305
	" I Am the Way "				
	At Night				
	Christ in the Universe				
	Renouncement				
	A Shepherdess of Sheep				
SCOTT-JACKSON, PERCY G.	310
	Autumn				
	The Wanderer's Hymn				
	The Harvest Moon				
	On Wings of Song				
	Hymn to the Soul				
SEWELL, ELLEN MARY AND ELIZABETH MISSING					319
	O Saviour, when Thy Loving Hand				
	At the Cross				
STONE, PERCY GODDARD	323
	Ode to Vectis				
	Spring				
	Cupid and Euphrosyne				
	A Christmas Carol				
TENNYSON, LORD HALLAM	329
	Orange Blossom				
	The Dawn				
	Epitaph on Alfred, Lord Tennyson				
TUTTIETT, MARY GLEED (Maxwell Gray)	332
	England				
	Stanzas from " Lays of the Dragon Slayer "				
	Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle				
	Keats				
	Song of Sir Galahad				
	A Valediction				
	To Prince-- from Scotland				
	Child Arthur and Lady Alys				



Facing p. 1.

KING CHARLES I.

KING CHARLES I.

The compiler has been fortunate in the circumstance that the Isle of Wight can claim amongst its singers a Royal poet, and the precedence due to Royalty is now accorded him.

This unfortunate King presents a striking and a picturesque figure. His personal beauty was remarkable, as his portraits show. So much has been written of him that to attempt to add to it would be a presumption.

The late Rev. E. Boucher James, Vicar of Carisbrooke, 1858 to 1892, wrote of him in his admirable work *The Isle of Wight—Letters Archæological and Historical* :—

“A story is told of Pope Urban VIII. (Barberini) that on being shown a portrait of Charles, and scanning those melancholy features which are so familiar to us from Vandyke’s picture, he said ‘This man is born to great troubles.’ The Papal prediction came true, not only on the scaffold of the banqueting-room at Whitehall, but in the events which led up to Charles’s execution, especially the Carisbrooke imprisonment.

We read indeed of this King and his first night at Carisbrooke Castle ‘his terrors were gradually appeased’ when next morning, on rising, he contemplated from the windows of his prison the charming view presented from that spot, and breathed the inspiring air of early dawn. But we must not blind ourselves to what is further related of the captive during his detention, how his hair and beard became grey, his person neglected, and the once handsome countenance clouded with a settled air of melancholy.

Lord Macaulay speaks of the King as displaying the high spirit of a 'gallant gentleman, and the patience and meekness of a devout Christian. The King came to Carisbrooke Castle of his own free will, not foreseeing his captivity there. It is further a mystery why he did not later make his escape, as he could easily have done."

An interesting little episode, better known to Vectensians than to the world at large, may be mentioned here. During the King's seclusion in the Castle the then Mayor of Newport was John Trattle, of a notable Island family. On November 14, 1647, King Charles was passing through the town of Newport, when the Mayor's daughter, Frances Trattle, presented a rose to the King, a delicate attention which the following poem by Mr. Robey Frank Eldridge, of Newport, felicitously describes.

A NEWPORT MAIDEN'S GIFT TO KING CHARLES I.†

As immortalised by a French artist in a famous painting, a Newport girl, Frances Trattle, presented a rose to the King in St. Thomas's Square, Newport, Isle of Wight, on November 14, 1647.

"Mother! See! I've picked this beauteous rose,
Methinks 'tis wondrous strange, since summer's
gone,
And, as I heard, but now, from one who knows,
King Charles will be in Newport town anon."

"Mother, I wish, an' I might be so bold,
To give the King my rose." The mother smiled :

†This poem, except the last three verses, appeared in the *Empire Review*.

It also appeared, except the eighth and ninth verses, in the *Isle of Wight County Press*.

A print of it, as in this leaflet, framed, has been placed in the Museum at Carisbrooke Castle, where a photogravure of the painting by Eugene Lami is also placed. The painting itself is the property of the French Government, and hangs in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris.

“Do it,” she said, “’Twould please him more than
gold,
And ’tis a kindly thought of thine, my child.”

And so the rose to her liege Lord she gave,
This Newport maiden, with the winsome face :
“Sire, deign to take it ; we pray God to save
Your Majesty from harm, by His good grace.”

And he, the King, once powerful and great,
But now, alas ! a fugitive from foes,
Low-fall’n indeed from his past high estate,
Bent to her graciously and took the rose.

’Twas near the church which, o’er that ancient town,
Rose, with grey walls, and high and stately tower,
That he, the second Stuart to wear our Crown,
Took from the maid that emblematic flower.

His kingly form, her unaffected grace,
The age-old pile up which the ivy climbed,
The peaceful quietude that filled the place—
Save for the bells which from the church-tower
chimed—

Made a soul-moving picture. On that gift
A gleam, like summer sunshine, seemed to play,
And the King’s saddened heart to soothe, and lift
Above the gloom of that November day.

Ill-fated King ! whom many loved so well,
Here, in the Wight, thy memory is green ;
In our old Castle, where so much befell,
We now enshrine it where God’s House is seen.

Fair Island maiden of the long ago !
So true and loyal to that hapless King,
Our Island daughters now are proud to know
That you some solace to his heart did bring.

A scene is this from out the distant past,
 Which tells, do we but read its lesson right,
 That loyalty, which Island folk hold fast,
 And kindness, are native to the Wight.

An old book, entitled *The Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty King Charles I. in His Solitude and Sufferings*, published 1727, gives a voluminous retrospect of the King's misfortunes and an intimate study of his personal reflections. It depicts him as a man of many parts and of high intellectual attainments. He was no mean poet, as his poem written at Carisbrooke Castle, *Majesty in Misery*, shows. No other specimen of his verse appears to have come to light, but it is clear from the solitary specimen which has been preserved that he possessed that skill in the art of prosody which only practice can acquire.

The poem is written in rhymed triplets—a form of verse not of the easiest to most versifiers.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

POEM WRITTEN BY KING CHARLES I.
 IN CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

Majesty in Misery.

“ Great monarch of the world, from whose power
 springs
 The potency and power of Kings,
 Record the Royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
 Its faculties in truth's seraphic line
 To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree
 (The only root of righteous Royaltie)
 With this dim diadem invested me :

With it the sacred Sceptre, purple Robe
 The holy Unction and the Royal Globe :
 Yet I am levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
 Upon my grief, my gray discrownéd head,
 Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war and christen it *the cause*,
 Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
 Plunder and murder are the Kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
 Revenge and robbery are reformation,
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects who in this bad season
 Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
 They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
 Pious episcopacy must go down,
 They will destroy the crozier and the crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed ;
 Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed.
 The crown is crucifiéd with the creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster,
 The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore includes the *paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent feed
 Springs with broad blades, to make religion bleed
 Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner-stone's misplaced by every pavior.
 With such a bloody method and behaviour
 Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful womb
 So many princes legally have come,
 Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forcèd into *France*,
 Whilst on his father's head her foes advance.
 Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
 In the King's name the King himself's uncrown'd.
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
 My people's ears, such as do reason daunt
 And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem
 To make me great, t' advance my diadem
 If I will first fall down and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
 Distress my Children and destroy my bones.
 I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate
 That in my absence they draw bills of hate
 To prove the King a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I.
 They are allowed to answer ere they die,
 'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

But, sacred Saviour, with Thy words I woo
 Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
 Such, as Thou knowest, know not what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed ?

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate.
Yet though we perish, bless the church and state.”

THE REV. HENRY ATKINS.

This author was during the years 1834 to 1842 a Prebendary of Wighturing, or Wittering as now known, in the Cathedral Church of Chichester. He was also for some years Vicar of Arreton in the Isle of Wight.

In the year 1834 he published through John Hatchard and Son, the well-known publishing house of Piccadilly, London, a small book containing his poem, entitled *The Isle of Wight*.

The poem fills thirty-four octavo pages, is written in good, though not distinguished blank verse, and is descriptive of the Island, as well as partly historical. From the opening pages of this poem it is plain that the author was a native of the Wight, for he speaks of his infancy being spent there, and of his "native shore," and apparently he grew up to manhood there, too, judging from his reflections on his youthful days of rustic enjoyment. We reproduce them as follows.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

A POEM.

Fairest of Isles, that stud the British main,
Ere yet the hour of parting, let me gaze
On all thy loveliness,—and then farewell!
Others in sweeter verse may sing thy praise
But none with admiration of thy charms
More stedfast, more sincere. In infancy
Mine eyes delighted turned to thy blue hills
Bounding the woodlands of my native shore.

In boyhood, with my father, early lost
How joyously I clomb at morning hour
The rugged path to Catherine's airy brow,
To watch the sun emerging from the deep,
And mark its course of glory, faint at first,
Beaming on Culver Cliff, then higher still
Advancing in its splendour o'er the rocks,
And flinging light into the deepest vales.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT, 1606-1668.

Sir William D'avenant was born at Oxford in 1606. He died in 1668 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His parents' home at Oxford was one of Shakespeare's halting places on his journeyings between London and Stratford. D'avenant is frequently spoken of as Shakespeare's godson. He was a great admirer of Shakespeare, though in the modified version of the *Tempest* which he perpetrated in collaboration with John Dryden, he can hardly be said to have shewn that admiration in quite the most appropriate manner. He was knighted for distinguished service in King Charles I.'s service at the siege of Gloucester, and on the decline of the King's fortunes he proceeded to France, where he commenced his great tragedy *Gondibert*. Sailing later on for Virginia, he was captured by one of Cromwell's ships and was imprisoned in the Castle of "West Cow" in the Isle of Wight, a small fortress erected in Henry VIII.'s time, which still exists as part of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House.

Gondibert, a poem of 6000 lines, was much praised by competent critics of D'avenant's time, but is now regarded as tedious and is seldom read. The earlier part of this poem and a prose introduction were written at "West Cow Castle." The following brief extracts are cited to give some idea of its general style.

F. W. BLACK.

RHODALINDA OF LOMBARDY.

Her mind, scarce to her feeble sex akin,
 Did, as her birth, her right to Empire show ;
 Seem'd careless outward when employ'd within
 Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

She shew'd that her soft sex contains stout minds,
 Such as evap'rates through the coarser male,
 As through coarse stone elixir passage finds,
 Which scarce through finer crystal can exhale.

Her beauty, not her own but Nature's pride,
 Should I describe ; from ev'ry lover's eye
 All beauties this original must hide,
 Or like scorn'd copies be themselves laid by.

CHIVALRY AND DISCIPLINE IN DUKE
GONDIBERT'S ARMY.

* * * * *

These that attend Duke Gondibert's renown,
 Were youth whom from his Father's camp he chose,
 And then betimes transplanted to his own,
 Where each the planter's care and judgment shews.

All hardy youth, from valiant fathers sprung,
 Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
 That th' aged fetch examples from the young,
 And hide the vain experience which they brought.

They danger meet, diverted less with fears,
Than now the dead would be, if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

Temperate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose bodies wait upon their minds ;
Chaste as those minds which not their body serve,
Ready as pilots wak'd with sudden winds.

* * * * *



Facing p. 13.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563-1631.

Michael Drayton was born in Warwickshire in 1563. He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1606 he published *Poems Lyric and Heroic*, containing the spirited *Ballad of Agincourt*. The first volume of his chief work *Polyolbion* was published in 1612 and the second in 1622. This work contains a poetical description of England. His descriptions are often of much beauty and of such accuracy as to suggest a local knowledge of the various parts of England which he describes. His reference to the Isle of Wight is printed below, and is probably the earliest extant poem of any note with which the Isle of Wight may claim association. Michael Drayton was a young man of 25 when the Spanish Armada came, and, as a student of history, he would be acquainted with the French invasions of the Isle of Wight. In prose literature however the Island may plume itself upon the fact that the *Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophres*, a translation from the French by "the noble and puissant lord, Lord Antone, Erle of Ryvyers, Lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wyght," printed by William Caxton at "Westmestre the yere of our Lord 1477," was the first book printed on English soil.

F. W. BLACK.

POLYOLBION (1612).

* * * * *

When as the pliant muse with fair and even flight
 Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the Wight,
 That ile, which, jutting out into the seas so far,
 Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war ;
 Those pirates to put back that oft purloin her trade,
 Or Spaniards, or the French attempting to invade.
 Of all the Southern isles she holds the highest place,
 And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace :
 Not one of all her nymphs her Sovereign favoureth
 thus,

Embraced in the arms of old Océanus.

For none of her account so near her bosom stand
 'Twixt Penwith's farthest point and Goodwins queachy
 land,

Both for her seat and soil that, far before the other,
 Most justly may account Great Britain for her mother.
 A finer fleece than hers not Le'sters self can boast ;
 Nor Newport, for the mart o'ermatched by any coast.
 To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,
 Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft :
 Besides her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
 Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need ;
 And meads that with their fine soft grassy towels stand,
 To wipe the drops and moisture from her hand.

And to the north, betwixt the foreland and the firm,
 She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term,
 Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights they
 meet,

With boisterous shocks and roars each other rudely
 greet,

Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make
 retreat

Upon the bulwark forts of Hurst and Calshot beat ;
 Then to Southampton run, which by her shores supplied
 As Portsmouth by her strength doth vilify their pride.

LOVE'S VITALITY.

Since there's no hope, come, let us kiss and part,—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free ;
Shake hands together, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet in any place again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain ;
Now, at the last gasp of Love's failing breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now, if thou would'st when all have given him over,
From death to life thou yet might'st him recover.

DR. RICHARD EADES.

Dr. Eades (or Edes), described by Sir J. Oglander as "ye sonne of a clothier who dwelt at ye corner house in ye Beastemarket at Newport." Oglander states that he was one of the three "Nuport" men, to whom Queen Elizabeth referred in a remark to Lady Walsingham that her three Nuport men did respectively look after her soul (Dr. Eades, her chaplain, afterwards Dean of Worcester), her body (Dr. James, her physician), and Mr. Fleming her goodes (Mr. Fleming was afterwards Sir Thomas Fleming, Lord Chief Justice of England). The Rev. Boucher James has not been able entirely to verify Oglander's statement, but such evidence as he could obtain goes to support it, and Oglander could hardly have been mistaken in regard to a man who would have been contemporary with his own (Oglander's) father.

Dr. Eades whilst at Oxford, wrote a tragedy called *Julius Caesar*, acted at Oxford in 1582 and much admired in its day. The epilogue in Latin is preserved in a manuscript copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is judicial in character as may be judged from this passage :

Recte Brutus qui libertatem restituit, improbe qui
Interfecto Caesare restituendum censuit.

Dr. Eades wrote a Latin poem of which a MS copy is also in the Bodleian ; this is called *Iter Borealis* or *The Northern Journey*, being a description of a journey from Oxford to Durham with his friend Dr. Tobias Matthew, afterwards Archbishop of York.

The only English poem of Dr. Eades which has been traced is that entitled *Of man and wife* which the Rev. E. Boucher James printed from the Bodleian MSS. (See p. 523, Vol. I. of Mr. James' Letters, etc., Henry Frowde, 1896).

Dr. Eades was selected as one of the revisers of the translation of the Bible (1611), but died shortly before that work was commenced.

F. W. BLACK.

OF MAN AND WIFE.

No love to love of man and wife,
 No hope to hope of constant heart,
 No joy to joy in wedded life,
 No faith to faith in either parte ;
 Fleash is of fleash and bone of bone
 When deeds and words and thoughts are one.

No hate to hate of man and wife,
 No feare to feare of double heart,
 No death to discontented life,
 No grieffe to grieffe when friends departe ;
 They teare the flesh and breake the bone
 That warr in worde or thought alone.

Thy friend an open friend may be,
 But other selfe is not the same ;
 Thy wife and self same is with thee
 In bodie mynd in goodes and name :
 No thine no mine may other call,
 For all is one and one is all.

MARY F. JOHNSON
(MRS. MONCREIFF).

Mary Fitchett Johnson was born on 25th October, 1779, at St. Cross, Newport, Isle of Wight. Her father John Johnson married Elizabeth Smith, of Winston, Isle of Wight, whose father as Secretary or companion to Sir Richard Worsley, the Author of the History of the Island, accompanied him in his travels in Greece and Italy and assisted him in the collection of works of ancient art at Appuldurcombe. The Smith family, as Mrs. Moncreiff's cousin, Mr. Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., the distinguished Archæologist tells us in his delightful *Reminiscences, Social and Archæological*, held freehold lands in the Wight from the time of King Charles I. and probably earlier.

Mary F. Johnson's father afterwards lived at Wroxall Farm, Isle of Wight, where she spent her youth. In an unpublished sonnet written in memory of her father, she speaks of him as "The fondest father and the warmest friend."

She married George Moncreiff, son of the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart., and lived for many years at Bridge of Erne, Perthshire, where she died on 1st March, 1883. Her husband and her three children—two daughters and a son—all predeceased her. She wrote a touching memorial verse in relation to the loss of her two daughters and her own approaching death.

In the year 1810 Mary F. Johnson published through Messrs. Longmans a volume of *Original Sonnets and other Poems*. The sonnets form the principal part of this volume, the other poems being few in number.

Mr. Roach Smith records that on her death-bed she wrote for him, for his brother's *Glossary of Isle of Wight Words*, a little poem *A dream of the Isle of Wight*.

She was evidently partial to the sonnet, and had studied the subject. She recognises the necessity of adherence to the strict form, but says in a short *Advertisement*, which follows her *Preface*, dated at Wroxall Farm, Isle of Wight, March 12th, 1810 :

“I have taken the liberty of calling them, indiscriminately, Sonnets; rather in conformity to custom and the authority of predecessors, than to strict propriety and to the purer taste of the Italian poets, who first invented and have most excelled in this species of poetry.

“In the following collection will be found sonnets (if they may all be honoured by that name) of three different constructions. That is certainly *irregular*, the metrical arrangement of which consists of three successive quatrains, and one couplet. Of the other two, one is in the measure used by Spenser, the other (the only legitimate sonnet) is in that adopted by Milton, and is exclusively upon the pure Italian model. Of all the three sorts I have availed myself, and fancied that they might be used to advantage on different subjects : at least, to my ear they seemed to give a pleasing variety.”

Her poems bear marks of the trying and disturbed period in which they were written. One is *An Elegiac Epistle from a Lady to her Husband, an Officer in Spain*, and has a note referring to No. 204 of *The Spectator*. Her sonnet on the *Value of Freedom* breathes the self-same spirit which has animated the Britain of to-day. Another sonnet *The Tyrant's Fate* plainly bears reference to Napoleon Buonaparte.

Old Isle of Wight names are constantly to be met with in her pages, as, for instance, those of Kirkpatrick, Hearn, Smith, and Jolliffe.

Her volume of poems is dedicated to the Rev. John Barwis, Rector of Niton, Isle of Wight, and Chaplain to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

One well-authenticated incident of Mary F. Johnson's life at Wroxall is closely connected with what is certainly the most notable, as also one of the best, of her sonnets, and may perhaps be related, seeing that it not only serves to illustrate the state of the Island a hundred years ago, but also throws considerable light upon her character. It is plain that besides being intellectually gifted and full of imaginative power, she was also in no ordinary degree spirited and courageous.

The country fringing the Southern coast of the Island is locally known as "The back of the Wight," an appellation which a century since was no doubt as applicable, in the sense of its being lonesome and desolate, as is that expressive term "the back of beyond" to the interior of Africa. As we now know it, Wroxall is a populous suburb of Ventnor, easily reached by the tunnel cut through St. Boniface Down. During Mary F. Johnson's early life Ventnor simply did not exist, and but for the great house, Appuldurcombe, which had been the seat of the Worsley family for generations, Wroxall was one of the most wild and lonely neighbourhoods in the South of England.

Reading the description given by Hassall in his *Tour of the Isle of Wight*, published in 1790, it is possible to realise this clearly. Approaching the site of what is now Ventnor, a few houses were found at the foot of a "mountain like a sugar-loaf." The road to these houses from Appuldurcombe was "dangerous in the extreme." Then, a little further on, Hassall finds no town, as now, not even a village, but "the cottage of St. Boniface"—a beautiful spot—the residence of Col. Hill "so retired that it might be almost a hermitage." Then, on and after visiting Bonchurch and Luccombe, he proceeded across the

Downs to Wroxall, where "the principal objects in the Valley are the Wroxall farms, which in some measure alleviate the dreariness of the hills."

At such a period, and in such a neighbourhood as this, it is no wonder that superstition was rife, and that a rumour that Wroxall Down was haunted by a ghost quickly brought about a state of feeling in which none dared use, except in broad daylight, the direct route across the down to Bonchurch.

The subject naturally fired the imagination of the poetess, and she wrote the following *Invocation to the Spirit said to haunt Wroxall Down* :

*The solemn moon-beams fall, soft dews distil,
 While now in pensive mood I lonely walk ;
 Come, sullen spirit of the breezy hill,
 Convince a sceptic, and before me stalk.
 Skimm'st thou by night the heath's impurpled bloom,
 To view the rocks abrupt, and white sail'd bark,
 While Luna's rays the sea and coast illumine,
 Gilding stack'd farm, woods, meads, and mansion'd
 park ?
 Wast thou a bard enkindling martial rage ?
 Wast thou a mighty chief in combat slain,
 Still doom'd to haunt this once embattl'd stage,
 And guard the barrow'd urns from aught profane ?
 Come, what thou wast, and what thou art reveal,
 Show me what spirits are, and what they feel.*

It is to be noted that the barrows upon the down, the opening of which her cousin, Mr. Roach Smith, recalls as one of his earliest recollections, gave it all the attributes of a burial-place, and lent themselves readily to the theme, and, though calling herself a sceptic, the young poetess had evidently worked herself into a state in which she was ready to credit even the supernatural, as the closing lines of the sonnet show.

After all, however, nothing but actual experience could satisfy the longing and curiosity which she

felt, and arming herself with a pistol the brave girl one night scaled the hill, determined to sift the mystery to the bottom. Imagine her feelings when the elusive personality of the "ghost" actually appeared, all in white, a spectral-looking, and, to any not so stout-hearted and courageous as herself, a terrifying object.

The apparition, accustomed doubtless to deal with frightened, chicken-hearted rustics, had at last, in this high-spirited and fearless girl, met his match. Probably the pistol, which she doubtless displayed for her own protection, was too much for him, at all events he turned and fled, leaving behind him—a keg of brandy, an exceedingly clear demonstration that he was no immaterial phantom, no "bard enkindling martial rage" or "mighty chief in combat slain" as she had imagined him in her sonnet, but a most material entity. For indeed this terror of the country side proved to be none other than a smuggler in a white sheet.

ROBEY F. ELDRIDGE.

VALUE OF FREEDOM.

Again, I say, arise ! repel this sloth,
 To aught of great or good so fell a bar ;
 And whence, at first arose with rapid growth,
 The ill imputed to your evil star.
 Yourself it is, be you assur'd, who mar
 The web of Bliss by smiling Fortune wrought.
 Yes, you it is, and not the Fates, who war
 To bring both hers and Nature's boons to nought.
 Security, of self-defence is bought ;
 And he who combats not, himself to save,
 And is all passively to slav'ry brought,
 Was, ere his thralldom, morally a slave.
 Most truly he deserves the bonds he bears,
 Who Freedom's value with her cost compares.

ON VISITING THE DECAYED AND
UNINHABITED ABODE OF MY LATE
GRANDFATHER.

In this lone scene, fast sinking in decay,
 What sweet illusions, cheating thought, restore ;
 Those happy hours of childhood's fleeting day,
 Which, save in Fancy's dreams, return no more !
 O'er this sunk porch, with grass and grey moss lin'd,
 The fruitful fig her mantling verdure threw ;
 Round her dark bole the honeysuckle twin'd,
 And at her foot the spring's first violets grew.
 On that cold hearth, glaz'd with the dew-snails slime ;
 On those oak seats, with hoary mould defil'd,
 Sat an ag'd pair, form'd in the good old time,
 And on their children's children fondly smiled.
 But they are gone ; and Winston must deplore,
 Like me, the days which can return no more.

WROXALL.

Wroxall ! though thou art dreary, dull, and cold,
 Though May, when she returns to cheer the isle,
 Still finds thee numbed in Winter's icy fold,
 And scarcely warms thee with her parting smile ;
 Though 'mid the straggl'g cots about thee spread,
 Nor sacred pile, nor manse, nor lordly dome,
 Raises its tower's, or meek, or haughty head :
 I prize thee as my rustic peaceful home.
 I love to steal along thy lonely ways,
 Verg'd with wild flowers in evening dew impearl'd,
 Behold no mortal in my wide-stretch'd gaze,
 And seem alone in a deserted world.
 While in thy scenes I fancy charms that lie
 But in a fond possessor's partial eye.

DISCONTENT.

Shun that thin form, compos'd of Hate and Scorn :
 She gives her sharpness to the air she breathes ;
 She blights the fruits in Plenty's brimful horn,
 And nettles binds in Pleasure's rosy wreaths.
 Banish the witch ! she but exists to tease,
 To aggravate, and to engender ill !
 To coil a serpent round the heart of Ease,
 And Comfort's most delightful warmth to chill.
 Sour discontent, as life's worst foe, abjure !
 To weal or bliss she forms the fellest bar :
 Her shadow will the clearest views obscure ;
 A cherub symphony her discords mar.
 Without her, smiling Joy the cottage crowns !
 With her, the palace as a dungeon frowns !

EVENING.

Brightly o'er western waves the Sun declines ;
 But, ere he bathes his amber tresses,
 A kiss on modest Eve he presses ;
 She blushes in his warm caresses,
 And in her glow the whole creation shines.

She, in her twilight vest of silver grey,
 While fann'd by gently-sighing breezes,
 The tumult of the soul appeases,
 Trouble, a willing captive, seizes,
 And in composure steeps the cares of Day.

She comes with healing on her dewy wings,
 And weariness from labour chases ;
 His hardships from his thoughts effaces,
 And ev'ry languid sinew braces
 As to his straw-roof'd shed the hind she brings.

Thee, Ev'ning, friend of Poesy, I woo :
 Whoe'er thy summons oft refuses,
 Or thy blest tide in riot loses,
 Has no alliance with the Muses ;
 They love to track thy feet, unchas'd in dew.

And when they mark thee silently retire,
 As on the mountain dance thy flushes,
 As on the streamlet fade thy blushes,
 And night upon thy confines rushes,
 Spontaneously resounds each golden lyre.

SONNET.

Yes, I beheld him in his prosperous day,
 By Fortune favoured, by her slaves caressed ;
 Then, when his planet shed its happy ray,
 And his high mien his conscious worth expressed,
 The erring world believed him proud and blest :
 But I regarded him with other eyes,
 And woe for him because most true, the best
 Was my instructed and profound surmise.
 I saw his heart against his reason rise,
 And every lofty faculty control,
 And all the anguish of a noble soul
 Compelled to love the thing it must despise.
 I heard him hailed the gallant and the brave—
 I saw him writhing Passion's abject slave.

SONNET.

Thinkst, oh youth ! the pensive elder said,
 That age is deaf to Misery's pleading sigh ;
 That in my breast the softer feelings die,
 Because, at thy distress, no tears I shed ?

Misdeem not thus : when thou, like me, hast sped
Thro' Life's dark vale, and when around thee fly
Misfortune's shafts ; when breaks each tender tie,
And Memory lives to mourn Enjoyment dead,
Thou wilt, like me, a grave composure keep
Whene'er Affliction's plaintive groans arise ;
With fellow sufferers often sympathise,
But feel, while bleeds thy heart, thou canst not weep.
Would I had tears for thee, for they who moan
For others' woes, awhile forget their own.

HENRY JONES (OF DROGHEDA).

It appears from the title page of the poem under review that Mr. Jones was the author of various other works, two of which here named are *The Earl of Essex* and *Kew Garden*. These probably are long since out of print and the present writer is unacquainted with them. The work before us is dedicated to the Rev. Leonard T. Holmes, of a famous Island family.

The poem itself is written in rhymed decasyllabic verse, and although exhibiting some literary accomplishment, has little originality or charm, is ponderous in phrase, and undistinguished by either art or imagination. Here follow some lines from the opening canto, which fairly represent the character of the whole.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A Poem in three cantos (pub. by W. Flexney, London, 1760).

Thou precious gem in Nature's bosom placed,
With all her bounty, all her beauty graced ;
Thou model of her wondrous vast design,
Where all her wisdom, all her grace combine
To make, in miniature, her greatness show
Th' Almighty architect confesse below ;
Compleat epitome, for ever stand,
The perfect masterpiece of wisdom's hand,

To strike th' astonished eye, to charm the soul,
Another paradise so near the pole !
In Nature's arms embraced, her shore designed
Where all extremes successive fill the mind,
Where all the north can shake with his rude arm,
Where all the south can soothe, can gently warm,
Alternate threaten, and alternate charm.
Thou little world, divided from the great,
Where pleasure sports, and plenty rules in state,
Where nature in her richest robe is dressed ;
Transparent robe ! distinguished from the rest :
Thy summer mantle o'er the mountains thrown,
That blue ethereal gauze in Eden known,
Adorns thy hills, thy valleys, and thy shore
And though it seems to hide, reveals the more.

MARINERS ON THE MEDINA.

The shipman ravished by the hills and plains
Pursues his pleasures and forgets his gains,
The helm let go, he gazes all around
Nor dreads the lurking rock and dangerous ground.

REV. W. JONES, REV. W. PETTIES,
REV. ARTHUR PRICE.

These three Island clergymen collaborated in writing *The Teares of the Isle of Wight*, 1625, a lament upon the death of the Governor of the Island, Wriothesley Earl of Southampton, who fell at Bergen in the Netherlands in 1624 and within a day or two of the death of his gallant son at Rosendaal. These poems are sincere and not without genuine pathos, but are of a very conventional elegiac type and of moderate literary merit.

F. W. BLACK.

OPENING CANTO OF
"THE TEARES OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT."

Ye famous poets of this Southerne isle,
Straine forth the raptures of your tragicke muse,
And with your laureat pens come and compile
The praises due to this great Lord. Peruse
His globe of worth, and eke his virtues brave,
Like learned Marses at Maecenas' grave.

THOMAS KEN (BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS), 1637-1711.

Thomas Ken was born in London in 1637. His eldest sister was the second wife of Izaak Walton, by whom Ken was brought up. He was educated at Winchester College and at Oxford. In 1667 the Bishop of Winchester gave him the living of Brighstone, Isle of Wight.

Ken was a musician; he had a good voice and played upon the lute, viol, and organ. Whilst he was Rector of Brighstone he wrote the *Morning and Evening hymns*, which are sung to this day by English congregations throughout the world. Ken used these hymns himself, singing them to his lute when he rose and when he went to rest. These two hymns were included in Ken's *Manual of Prayers for the Scholars of Winchester College*, published in 1681. He became Bishop of Bath and Wells shortly before the death of Charles II., to whom he had been domestic chaplain. The "saintly Ken," as Macaulay calls him, was one of the "Seven lamps of the Church," i.e., one of the seven bishops who refused to read James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence and Toleration. He was deprived of his bishopric as a "Nonjuror" in 1690 and retired to Longleat, in Wiltshire, where he died in 1711.

He published a poem called *Hymnotheo or the Penitent*, but as Professor Henry Morley (a former resident at Carisbrooke) says, "his fame rests on the morning and evening hymns, and on his place amongst the seven bishops."

The morning and evening hymns are well known and need not be quoted in full; the three opening verses of each hymn, however, are given.

F. W. BLACK.

MORNING HYMN.

Awake my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run,
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
 And live this day as if thy last ;
 Improve thy talent with due care,
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

* * * * *

EVENING HYMN.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me King of kings,
 Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

* * * * *

JOHN STERLING.

John Sterling was born in the Isle of Bute, in 1806, and was educated at Glasgow and Cambridge. His health was weak from boyhood. He wrote for the *Athenaeum* and *Blackwood*. He took holy orders in 1834 and was curate to Julius Hare at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex. Sick in body and mind, he gave up his curacy, and again took to literature. The search of health brought him to Ventnor, where he died in 1844. He was a friend both of Carlyle and of Edward Irving, and of F. D. Maurice, Tennyson, Mill, and many others, most of whom were members of the "Sterling Club," which he founded in 1838. Julius Hare edited his *Essays and Tales* (1848) and Carlyle wrote his biography. Carlyle said of him "A man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. . . . There was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known." Infirmity of body weakened his will power, and his works shew great promise rather than ripe performance.

F. W. BLACK.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

* * * * *

No cannon's roar, no bolts that tell
The terrors of the mangonel,
Disturb the swan whose lonely whiteness
Gems like a pearl yon small lake's brightness.

No sound of tumult or of fear
Rouses the muser's lazy ear ;
Nought save the light melodious chime
That thrills the air of morning's prime,
From yon gray church-tower wandering here.

'Tis peaceful all ; and he who ne'er
Had heard its destiny and tale,
Nor knew that serfs of old grew pale
To see their tyrant baron's lair,
That death has held his carnival
While armies mustered round its wall,
And that through many a month's long round
A despot here his dungeon found—
Were these untold, we well might deem
The ruined fortress but a dream,
Shaped from the morning mists that veil
The weary stars, retreating pale ;
Or clouds that float, half shade, half gleam,
In the round moon's wavering beam ;
Or from the vapours delicate
That gird the sunset's glorious state ;
Or from out that airier woof,
Visioned far from earth aloof,
Where the heart creates a sphere
Than this clay-built orb more dear,
And amid the ethereal dome
Makes a loved ideal home.

LADY WORSLEY.

This lady, a member of a well-known Isle of Wight family, wrote a much criticised poem to Sir Charles Bartlett, on the occasion of his marriage about 1620.

The Rev. E. B. James says the poem "is marked by depth of feeling combined with the strength and simplicity of diction which distinguishes the poetry of the Elizabethan era." He considers however, that the ode is rather of the conventional and complimentary type usual at that period, and not necessarily expressing a genuine attachment.

F. W. BLACK.

TO SIR CHARLES BARTLETT.

Bee what thou wilt, be counterfeyt or ryght,
Bee constant, serious, or bee vayne or lyght ;
My love remaynes inviolate ye same,
Thou canst be nothings that can quench ye flame,
Butt it will burne as long as thou hast breth
To keepe itt kindled, if not after deth.
Nere wase there one more true than I to thee ;
And though my fayth must nowe despised bee,
Unprised, unvalued att ye lowest rate,
Yet this I'll tell thee—'tis not all thie state,
Nor all that bettor seeminge woorth of thine,
Can buy thee sutch another love as myne ;
Likinge it may—but oh—there's as mutch Odds
Twixt love and likinge, as 'twene men and gods.

FRANCIS WORSLEY.

Francis Worsley was the second son of Charles Cornwall Seymour Worsley, of Newport, Isle of Wight, solicitor, and was born on the 27th August, 1817. It is believed that he followed his father's profession, for in 1861 he published a legal work entitled *An Examination on the Expediency of Passing an Act to Permit Defendants in Criminal Courts and their Wives or Husbands to Testify on Oath*, a reform which has since become law in this country.

In 1839 he published a book of verse entitled *Gazella, or Rilcar the Wanderer*, a poetic romance of the Isle of Wight (pub. Saunders and Ottley, London). Another work, *Waltheof, the Last Saxon Thane*, a tragedy, appeared in 1843, and a second edition, under the title *The Last Thane*, in 1862.

He appears to have died unmarried.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

FROM "GAZELLA, OR RILCAR THE WANDERER."

(Clara, ejected from her home by her stepmother, takes refuge in a cave near the Needles, Isle of Wight.)

Where stretches far the Isle's shore west
Neath the o'erhanging cliffs curved breast,
Screened from the world, a seagirt spot,
Half clay, half cave, rude rose her cot,

The shrine of peace whose humble heart
 The Fisher's toil, the breaker's roar,
 Broke not, but were her voice and part.
 * * * * *

'Twas peaceful as 'twas humble, low ;
 While the proud cliff that reared afar,
 And seemed to spurn Earth, Sea, and Heaven,
 Waged in many a crumbling blow,
 With lightning and with blast, a war,
 By which its pending brow was riven ;
 Whilst stretching far into the surge
 Reared pillared crags, the Needle rocks,
 Which dim tradition's voice would urge
 Are broken limbs that sole remain
 Of England's once connecting chain
 That time and tide have reft in twain ;
 As unbowed souls, still Godlike high,
 Mid ruin frown in majesty.
 * * * * *

WILLIAM WOTY.

In all probability William Woty was born in the Isle of Wight about the year 1731. His schooldays are recalled by him with pleasure in the poem *The Schoolboy*, wherein he comes to the conclusion that "One half of man is childhood overgrown."

A pleasant trait in his character is seen in his *Elegy* on the death of a schoolmaster, near Alton, in Hampshire, where he expresses affection and respect for his former tutor.

Woty became a writer in a lawyer's office in London, and soon began to contribute poems to the papers and to speak at debating societies, or "spouting clubs" as he terms them in the title of a long descriptive poem on the subject, a piece which was "got out of the author's hands and published clandestinely in 1758 without his consent in a borrowed name." At about the age of 35 his study of the law brought him the advantage of becoming legal adviser and confidant of Earl Ferrers, who arranged an allowance of £150 a year for him from rents in Leicestershire, a pleasant change from clerical work and the life of the Grub Street fraternity. To Earl Ferrers he dedicated his *Poetical Works* in two volumes, 1770, and other books. Between 1760 and the time of his death he published various volumes of verse including *Campanologia: a Poem in Praise of Ringing*, which appeared anonymously; *The Blossoms of Helicon*, 1763; *Church Langton*; *The Female Advocate*, 1770; *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1780; *Poetical Amusements*, 1789, and others. He also collaborated with Francis Fawkes,

“ a learned and jovial parson,” in editing a supplement to Dodsley’s poetical collection. Twelve volumes, one a month, of this *Poetical Calendar* appeared in 1763, to which Dr. Johnson contributed a sketch of Collins. The next year Fawkes and Woty were again associated for a brief time over *The Poetical Magazine*. Woty’s first published work was written under a pseudonym, *The Shrubs of Parnassus, consisting of a variety of Poetical Essays, Moral and Comic, by J. Copywell, of Lincoln’s-Inn, Esq.*; 1760. In the list of subscribers appear some well-known names including David Garrick, Samuel Johnson, Smollett and Bonell Thornton, and one or two names from the Isle of Wight. A curious error is made about this volume by F. W. Fairholt in his work on *Tobacco: its History and Associations*, 1859, where extracts of two poems are quoted from its pages—*A Pinch of Snuff* and *The Tobacco-Stopper*. Fairholt refers to them as from *The Shrubs of Parnassus*, a small volume of poetical essays, published in 1760 (under an assumed name) by James Boswell, the famous biographer of Johnson.” It would be interesting to know the source of this idea.

Woty was a frequent contributor to periodicals, especially *The Gentleman’s Magazine*, where first appeared *White Conduit House*, his best known, or, rather, most quoted poem, and in 1765 his *Lines in Praise of Mirth* found a place in the same journal; they contain a lively representation of the poet as seen by himself. A writer in *The Gentleman’s Magazine*, who pays a tribute to his character, adds with much frankness that “ Mr. Woty was a true *bon-vivant*; but by a too great indulgence of his passion for conviviality and society he unfortunately injured his constitution.” He died at Loughborough, Leicestershire, in 1791. *The Dictionary of National Biography* gives the date as 15th March. *The Gentleman’s Magazine*, on the page following the announcement of John Wesley’s death, first reported the date as the tenth, but corrected this later to the fifth of March, 1791.

On first reading *The Shrubs of Parnassus*—which is representative of his work—I must confess that I was decidedly interested by the poet's observation, ideas, and friendly feeling towards things, as in *The Cork-screw*, *The Tobacco Stopper*, and even his waggish lines in praise of *Pudding*. This is his description of a tobacco-stopper :

“ O ! let me grasp thy waist, be thou of wood
 Or laevigated steel ; for well 'tis known
 Thy habit is diverse. In iron clad,
 Sometimes thy feature roughens to the sight ;
 And oft transparent art thou seen in glass
 Portending frangibility. The son
 Of lab'ring mechanism here displays
 Exuberance of skill. The curious knot,
 The motley flourish winding down the sides,
 And freaks of fancy pour upon the view
 Their complicated charms, and as they please
 Astonish. While with glee thy touch I feel,
 No harm my finger dreads.”

This poet was one who loved good-cheer, as witness his lines to *A Tankard of Porter*, yet it must be remembered that elsewhere he deplored intemperance in *Lines Written after a Debauch*. He could write just as smoothly on such high subjects as are contained in his *Hymn to the Deity* and *Odes to Hope, Inspiration, Health, Friendship, and Poetry*. In the latter he writes :

“ Oh Poetry ! who can thy joys proclaim
 Who, but thy Bard, perpetuate thy name !
 Ev'n I, the hindmost in thy train,
 Obsequious to thy distant nod,
 Dare in thy praise to lisp a feeble strain,
 Yet tremble at th' exulting Critick's nod.”

Though his theme may soar the poet remains pedestrian, the style being very much that of his day, lacking the quality of the great ones, but raised from the average poetaster of his kind by the flow of his ideas and a certain quaintness, a little coarse at times, but oftener turning to such lines as these, from *The Moonlight Night* :

“ *Tho’ now the lamp that late illum’d the day
Its blaze withdraws to light up other worlds,
I cannot weep its absence while this scene
Invites to speculation more refin’d.
Witness this canopy of cluster’d stars
In dazzling order spread, immensely bright !
Witness yon glitt’ring mounts and valley streams
Dancing beneath thy silver shedding orb.
Mute are the choral warblers of the day ;
Yet though the choral warblers of the day
No more symphonius lull Attention’s ear,
And tho’ nor linnet sings, nor laughing finch
Shrill twittles from the spray—O smiling night
Still, still thou hast thy charms, while Philomel
Is thine.*”

He writes that “the moral subjects (however feebly executed) ’tis hoped will compensate for the levity of the others.” At times he followed the custom of allowing his thoughts to wander into *Prologues* and lines on the writings of contemporaries, and he wrote a witty *Familiar Epistle from the Shades Below, giving an account of the Station of the Poets*, which appeared in *The Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1760, by “*Jemmy Copywell*,” and contained the names and destinies of a number of poets of all ages.

A certain fresh breeziness blows through a few of his poems, *Spring, Summer Morning, Ode to Health, and Song*, the last named in this vein :

“ *O come, while the coats of the hedges look green
 E'er the swallows relinquish the mead,
 E'er Winter approaches with horrible mien,
 When the flower gives place to the weed.*”

In his preface to *Shrubs of Parnassus* William Woty stated frankly that his poetry is a “secondary view, his amusement not his business,” and judged from this standard it is still possible to spend a pleasant half-hour in his company.

RUSSELL MARKLAND.

LINES IN PRAISE OF MIRTH.

Let others, anxious for a lasting name,
 Bow down submissive at the gate of fame ;
 Immortal wreaths beseech her to entwine,
 And make their future memories divine ;
 What boots the bubble praise that fame can give,
 That praise unheard, when they no longer live !
 As to my self, when I resign my breath,
 And lie extended in the house of Death,
 I value not what friend (if friend I have)
 With fading flowers may idly dress my grave ;
 Or who awhile may quote my trifling lays,
 And kindly give some little share of praise :
 So little fond of what the world calls Fame,
 As dies my body, so I wish my name.
 Mean while, each brisk emotion as I feel,
 I'll play with Mirth and trip up Sorrow's heel.
 Sure some blithe spirit smil'd upon my birth ;
 For since I rambled on this speck of earth,
 I've lov'd to laugh, tho' Care stood frowning by,
 And pale Misfortune roll'd her meagre eye.
 While easy Conscience builds her easy nest
 Within my bosom, and sits there at rest,
 Why not indulge the sallies of the soul ?

Why stop the tides of pleasure as they roll ?
 Shall peevish veterans, of rigid mould,
 Who think all wisdom center'd in the old,
 Shall such (though aged merit I revere)
 Blockade my fancy in its bold career ?
 No :—Light of heart, as long as health remains,
 And guides her puppet spirits through my veins ;
 Thro' life's thick bustle I will edge my way,
 And join the laughing chorus of the day :
 Though short-liv'd wit should ridicule my name,
 And strive to brand me with the mark of shame ;
 Tho' fools, who form no judgment of their own,
 Whom nature never meant to think *alone* ;
 Who deal out praise at random, or condemn
 (Or right, or wrong, 'tis all the same to them)
 Though such insult me, calmly shall I sit,
 And grin at folly as I laugh at wit.

With just as much religion in my heart,
 As will, I trust, secure my deathless part ;
 With pure contentment ever in my sight,
 That makes the weight of poverty seem light ;
 With two such friends, ye grave ones, tell me why,
 Tell me in sober sadness, shall I cry ?



Facing p. 43.

CAROLINE ANNIE ARNELL.

CAROLINE ANNIE ARNELL.

The eldest daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Arnell, formerly of Carisbrooke and of Newport, I.W., and sister of the present writer, Caroline was born in the village of Carisbrooke on the 6th October, 1853.

After leaving a then well known ladies' school near London, she spent about a year at a private school at Godesberg, near Bonn, in Germany, where she perfected her knowledge of the German language, and continued her study of music and literature.

She was an ardent lover of music, especially singing, in which she excelled, and also of poetry, which she read widely. In course of time she used often to practice versification for her own amusement, and gradually became fairly proficient in the art. Her amiable and sympathetic character is plainly reflected in her writing, and her poetry shows imagination and deep feeling.

Of a modest and retiring disposition, she made no display whatever of her gift, and, as the writer thinks, probably destroyed most of her manuscripts, so that unfortunately we are unable to reproduce here more than three short poems.

She did, however, contribute a little poetry to the *Island Quarterly*, and to a few other magazines.

For many years, until her death in December, 1917, Miss Arnell lived at Boscombe, Hants, devoting herself to the care of her aged mother, and to parochial work.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I built me a castle high in the air,
 Ah, never before was castle so fair ;
 The walls were noble, the portals high,
 Hurrah for my castle, far in the sky—
 My castle which stands no more !

The sun looked down from his golden bowers,
 Gazed full on the pile with its glittering towers :
 The stately walls 'neath his ardent gaze
 Melted away in the summer haze,
 And were seen, alas, no more.

Never again in the summer sky
 Shall I see them rising, grand and high,
 Never again, for my castle fair
 Has left a void in the empty air ;
 Glitters and gleams no more.

Yet am I glad that for one brief hour
 Elate with the glow of its glamour,
 I was held entranced, were it but for a space,
 By the magic charm of its airy grace,
 Though it fell, and will rise no more.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

O, simple song ! What strange, what magic spell
 Is wrought by thee, that all unbidden rise,
 E'en as I hear thee, tears to mine eyes,
 And to my mind that scene remembered well !
 I see a fair young maiden robed in white,
 Whose gliding fingers press the ivory keys,
 Whose voice, sweet as a bird's upon the breeze,
 Rings through the air and dies into the night.

Into the night, which now all dark and cheerless falls
About the home where dwelt that presence fair,
And fills with emptiness her vacant chair
And casts a deeper shadow on the walls ;
While, in the churchyard, the sad yew trees wave
Their sombre branches o'er her maiden grave.

IN MEMORIAM.

When sitting musing in the twilight gloom,
My thoughts reverting to the time long past,
Again I see him as I saw him last,
His presence seems to fill the silent room.
I see a manly figure, tall, erect,
White hair above true fearless eyes of grey,
Firm mouth, strong chin, a native dignity
Of mien and manner that command respect.
And then, in fancy, I can hear again
The pure, sweet tenor voice, so full and clear,
That, as a child, I loved, yet wept to hear,
Wept tears of purest joy, immersed with pain.
God grant I may in Paradise rejoice
To see that face again, to hear that voice !

HUBERT FREDERICK BARSTOW CARSTAIRS ARNELL.

The second son of Mr. Charles J. Arnell, and of Eliza Julia (née Carstairs), his wife, was born at Newport, Isle of Wight, on the 22nd of November, 1882. He was educated at Berkhamstead Grammar School and at St. Kilda's College, Waterlooville, and at the age of eighteen entered the service of a firm of civil engineers in London.

A few years later he determined to try his fortunes in Buenos Ayres, and obtained a post in the British Consulate in that city. After a few years he resigned this, in exchange for an appointment in the Secretary's office of the Central Railway of Argentina, the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, at Buenos Ayres, where he showed conspicuous ability and obtained advancement. He held this post until his sudden death from heat-apoplexy on the 20th February, 1913, and was buried in the Chacarita Cemetery of Buenos Ayres. Hubert Arnell was fond of books, and early in life developed a strong taste for literature. That he had himself cultivated the muse was a fact unknown to his relatives, until, after his death, some MSS. were discovered amongst his papers by his father, who here reproduces a selection from them.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.



Facing p. 46.

HUBERT F. B. C. ARNELL.

REGRET.

Gentle and kind, long years can ne'er efface
 The memory of one so dear to me.
 Gone from me now ; no more that sweet embrace,
 The frail form I once so loved to see.

Had I but known how dear she was to me,
 The thoughtless sentence, or the angry word,
 These lips should ne'er have spoken, but to be
 A cause for present pain, unseen, unheard.

Dearest and best ; can grief and love atone
 For past unkindness ! There is no reproach
 In those sad eyes of thine,—weary and lone,
 Thy gentle spirit bids my own approach.

The fadeless glory of long-distant days,
 The calm of evenings long since spent with thee,
 The fireside glow, enriched by the warm rays
 Of a pure love that never ceased to be.

These things have passed ; upon this earth no more
 Shall soul commune with soul. It is enough ;
 I can upon God's mercy, patient, for
 Perchance we two may meet again above.

DIVINE IMMANENCE.

Unto the good God, unto the Father's throne
 The long, long cry of human grief ascends ;
 Immanent, indwelling ; the perpetual moan
 Vibrates a responsive chord that blends

Harmoniously within us, that which yearns to be
 As one with us, and ourselves with Him,
 As one, the creature merged in Infinity—
 Joy nevermore Earth's sin and care may dim.

CONSTANCY.

And now, Belovéd, thy sad heart resigning
Into my keeping ; look into mine eyes !
Believe the true love in my breast abiding
Is ever thine—such love as never dies.

Rememb'ring when the first dark cloud of sorrow
Divided us, thy love held strong 'midst care—
Bend thy head nearer, dearest, let me borrow
Goodness from thee—thou hast enough to spare.

Rememb'ring also, when others failed to trust
Or comfort, thou alone, save one, did'st both ;
Could I forget, for one brief moment, I must
Be evermore unworthy of thy troth.

Thy love to me has been unmingled blessing ;
My love to thee, alas, oft gave thee pain.
Now dreaming with thee, thy sweet hair caressing,
Say thou forgiv'st me, dearest, once again.

Weep not, my darling, 'tis but a little while
That you and I must part—Ah ! lay thy head
Upon my shoulder ; can'st thou not find a smile
To cheer,—and take the place of words unsaid.

HERBERT BASKETT.

The subject of this chapter was the youngest son of Thomas and Elizabeth Baskett, and was born at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on 25th July, 1818, where he died on 21st September, 1858.

In recording the death of the poet's brother in June, 1888, at the advanced age of 82, the *Isle of Wight Observer* states:—"The Basketts belonged to a good old Dorsetshire yeoman family, and came to Ryde somewhere in the last century to show the inhabitants how to cultivate a garden." On another occasion—the death of a sister of the poet, the same journal writes:—"The sister of the late Mr. Herbert Baskett, whose literary ability procured him a reputation about 30 years ago."

Another Island journal on the death of the poet's widow writes that her death "Will recall many memories to the older inhabitants of Ryde. Herbert Baskett was the son of Mr. T. Baskett, who had a large garden which once occupied the greater part of the west side of Lower George Street. The family sprang from a good old stock, and kinder hearted, nicer people than the Basketts never breathed. Although Mr. Herbert Baskett gained his living in the same way as our common progenitor, he cultivated literature (like a celebrated Scotchman) upon humble fare, and published poems dealing with Island beauties which created considerable sensation as the work of one who owed little to early education, but much to self cultivation and the inborn spirit of poetry and

imagination, as shown when he wrote out of the fulness of his love and admiration :—

*“ Nature with unsparing hand
Has brought the beauties of each land,
And blest them in this favoured spot,
Without a shadow, stain or blot ;
And poured the sea around its coast,
To guard the Isle she treasures most.”*

Of a modest and retiring disposition, this Arcadian poet wrought his memoir in seclusion, and it was left to others, amongst them persons of rank and celebrity, to discover his music. When in the year 1842, he published his one and only little book of lyrics (at the age of 24) *The Island Minstrel*, W. Pickering, London. Like Wordsworth, he drew his inspiration from the book of Nature, and most of his poems are the expression of his passion for natural objects, scenes of loveliness, and especially the diversity of charm peculiar to his native Island.

All these he outlines in simple but expressive phrase, and with harmonious metre and rhyme.

Herbert Baskett possessed by nature the true spirit of poetry and appreciation of beauty in Nature and Art. He was penetrated by a sense of the indefinable charm of natural beauties, especially in regard to those of his beloved native Island.

This faculty finds constant expression in his poetry, and notably in a long poem entitled the *Vectiad*, hitherto unpublished, which contains many fine passages in its poetic description of the “ fair island,” running into many folios. This really fine poem opens with the following :—

*'Twas summer, by the shelvy shore I stood
Hushed was the wind, serene the expanded flood,
Whose face like burnished gold resplendent lay
Beneath the radiance of the God of day,*

Who sank ere long unto his western bed
 As rosy twilight gathered overhead :
 'Twas then I heard aerial music sweep
 Along the bosom of the ambient deep,
 Which breaking gently from its calm repose
 Bared its blue depths, and then serenely rose
 Like Cytherea from her native sea
 No maid bore more of majesty than she !

The writer owes it to the kindness of the poet's loving and appreciative daughter—who has carefully guarded and cherished not only her father's memory, but his work—that he is enabled to lay the latter before the reader.

It should be noted that Herbert Baskett wrote a companion to the *Annals of the Poor*, by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, dealing with places of note in the Isle of Wight mentioned in his work in several poems.

He also contributed articles and verses to the *Isle of Wight Miscellany* and the *Ryde Visitor*—popular magazines at that time. He also compiled an interesting little volume entitled the *Isle of Wight Souvenir*, with views and short descriptions. His best works are still in manuscript, and his life was shortened by rapid consumption.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

When Evening sheds her silent dew
 Upon thy earthly bed,
 'Tis sweet, though sad, to sit and muse
 Where thou reclin'st thy head.

There thou reposest in the grave,
 To all our love now cold ;
 The symbol-flowers that o'er thee wave
 Are nurtured by thy mould.

Sweets, from the sweet, they spring around,
So fragrant, fresh, and fair,
Where not an envious weed is found—
What should a weed do there ?

Upon thy grave those flow'rs we set,
There they profusely grew ;
And many a time they have been wet
With tears, instead of dew.

As each unfolding flow'r we see,
Our tears unbidden flow ;
For it reminds us still of thee,
The fairer flow'r below.

Though thou art lost to our embrace,
And vanish'd from our gaze,
Our memory supplies each place
Thou held'st in other days.

Shrin'd in our hearts with all most dear,
The thought of thee shall lie,
And claim at times a tender tear,
That ought so fair could die.

Yet if (as was thy trust) there be
A world of happy rest,
We have no cause to weep for thee,
For surely thou art blest.

SONG.

Green is the wood, and bright the rill,
And calm the sunny sea ;
The blue-bell waves upon the hill
The corn upon the lea :

DEAN CONNOR.

The Rev. George Henry Connor, M.A., was for many years Vicar of Newport, until his appointment to the Deanery of Windsor, which he held but for a short time before his death.

His handsome presence, stately pulpit eloquence, as well as his great power of work and sympathy as the Vicar of a parish, interested in all that concerned the welfare of his parishioners, are still a pleasant recollection to Newportonians whose memories take them back to the 70's and the 80's of the last century. The present writer was often in his company, and entertained for him the highest respect and regard.

An extract from one of his sermons will be found in the biographical notes of Mr. Edmund Peel. One of his sons, Captain George Connor, is still a resident in the Island, holding the office of Chief Constable.

C. J. ARNELL.

HYMN.

When sorrow shades this heart of mine
And darkness broods upon my soul,
When Satan tempts me to repine,
O ! Jesus, comfort give.

When blighted hopes have seiz'd my life,
And tones that taught me to rejoice
Have left me in this world of strife,
Then Jesus comfort give.



Facing p. 54.

DEAN CONNOR.

When grief for sin o'erclouds my mind
And tears fill up my cup of woe,
And all around hath prov'd unkind,
Then Jesus, comfort give.

To know my life is hid with Thee,
To feel unfading joys are mine,
Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see ;
This comfort Jesus give.

O ! may my days set bright in death,
Revealing glory as they fade,
O ! gild with grace my dying breath,
This comfort Jesus give.

GEORGE HENRY ROQUÉ DABBS,

M.D., M.R.C.S.

This remarkable man, who narrowly escaped world-wide fame, was born at Southsea, Hants, on 3rd June, 1845, and was the oldest of the three sons of Dr. George Henry Dabbs, at one time a surgeon in the Navy, and later for many years a medical practitioner in the town of Newport, Isle of Wight. George took his baptismal name of Roqué from his mother, a Spanish lady. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Aberdeen University, where, in addition to medical degrees, he took honours in divinity. At the age of 25 he joined his most worthy and esteemed father in practice at Newport, and a few years later continued it alone on his father's retirement, ultimately taking up his residence at Shanklin, where he married. He had early acquired a high reputation for medical skill and resource, and by this time had an exceedingly large practice, including among his patients many notable and distinguished personages. He attended the poet Tennyson at the time of his death, having enjoyed his personal friendship for many years. He was a man of high and varied attainments, and of remarkable versatility, and an unwearying worker. Notwithstanding his exacting professional duties, he devoted much time to literature, especially poetry and the drama, and produced several plays, of which *Blackmail* was the chief, and published several works of fiction. But it was in his muse that he chiefly excelled, and he wrote countless lyrics and other verse, as well as several more important poems. Of his



Facing p. 56.

GEORGE HENRY ROQUE DABBS, M.D.

classical poems *Charlotte Corday in Prison* is conspicuous by its fine scheme and lofty sentiment and diction.

Many of the lyrics are full of originality and charm and distinguished by a musical note which never fails.

Much of his verse appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Times*, *Westminster Gazette*, and other journals.

He was a man of remarkable personality, vivacious and charming in conversation, of a kindly disposition, and made hosts of friends in many walks of life.

After the death of his wife he left the Island and took up his residence at Caxton-square, Westminster, practising both there and in Austin Friars as a consultant.

Whilst in London he published two admirable magazines, *Vectis*, and then, a few years later, *My Journal*, both of which had a wide circulation.

It was the writer's privilege to enjoy Dr. Dabbs's intimate friendship during the greater portion of his life, and his sudden death on the 8th of June, 1913, left for him the loss of a familiar friend and the memory of a never-to-be forgotten personality. By a strange coincidence or premonition a majestic piece of verse, *The Visitant*, from his pen appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* a few weeks before his untimely end. He was buried at Woking.

References to Dr. Dabbs will also be found in the preface dealing with Alfred Lord Tennyson's works.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

IN MEMORY OF "G.H.R.D."

From Westminster Gazette.

Physician versed in Aesculapian lore,
 Poet, philosopher, adviser—friend ;
 Ready to heal, to cure, or willing ear to lend,

Or share the witty tale, from thy abundant store.
 Though skilled in drugs, all drugs and simples, thou
 Valued as naught, compared with conduct sane,
 That wise restraint, which smiles at earthly pain,
 Schooling the steadfast man of the unfurrowed brow.
 "I do so want to live : the world is full of light."
 Those were thy words, writ on the random scroll.
 Nor shalt thou die, for still thy spirit bright,
 From the dark ground, will rise, a living soul,
 To call and lead us up, from earth to height,
 Through better paths, towards the appointed goal.

D.R.S.

THE BEACON—FRESHWATER DOWN.

I face the East, I scoff at Time,
 The wide sky-cope is o'er me spread,
 The changing sea's rock-riving chime
 Throbs at my feet her sullen rhyme,
 I stand as Witness for the Dead ;
 I lift Ionic arms and say
 "The Singer shall not pass away,
 While beam and breeze and Night and Day
 Anoint my consecrated head."

August 6th, 1901.

THE VISITANT.

From The Basque.

In the star-shine from the wide Biscayan
 World of waters, lo ! he walks the wave,
 Death the guest, Death th' unalterable friend :

Freeman of Earth's Kingdoms, great, republican ;
Lord of the shining armour, stainless glaive ;
Angel from Life's beginning of Life's End ;

Sleep at our portal meets him and falls prone ;
Her lips he kisses as he enters in,
To seal with deeper kiss our final sleep.

And slow returning to the great Unknown,
Gives Love his burden of transfigured sin
And takes his lonely way along the deep.

THE UNQUENCHABLE.

He sang a song in the ear of Morn,
And the passionate refrain rose
Exultant, strong, as a spirit shorn
Of the gyves of earthly woes.

And Echo, waiting, was cheated of it,
For, quick as a winnowing fire
The wanton thrush repeated it,
And the lark took it higher and higher.

So into the day it found its way
And late in the evening long,
It sank to rest in a linnet's nest
To wake in a matin song.

ECHO.

Thou still canst wake me, love,
Though mockery 'tis to try,
Thou wilt mistake me love,
Leave me then—let me die—
Thou never could'st divine
The love within this soul of mine :

We met—we parted—parted, met—
 Brief space had we for lover's joys,
 But thou did'st—ah, too soon! forget
 And I am nothing but a voice—
 Be merciful and wake me not
 Or if thou must—mistake me not!

A SONG OF RAIN.

“Here's rain at last,” the dry brook says,
 “Here's rain,” the blackbird whistles—
 Rain for new green in old gray ways—
 Rain even for common thistles.

“Here's life again,” the parched earth cries,
 “Here's life,” calls every starling,
 Life for the simple and the wise,
 And new life for my darling.

“Here's Love once more,” the wide world tells,
 “God's Love” the new leaves name it,
 Love ringing down the changing dells
 Do thou, my Love, acclaim it.

BEFORE RAIN.

A lifted coast—a distant spire—
 Still water and a shading sky,
 Sea-birds that hover lazily,
 Now drooping low—now soaring higher :
 The blue deep's breast, with sleeping breath,
 Feigns the stern quietude of death.
 And here where all the leaves are warm
 With whispers of the coming storm,
 I turn aside a woodland panel—

Of bush and briar and tangled thorn,
 And try to read the Book of Morn
 Along the highway of the Channel.
 But Nature, in her lofty scorn,
 Heeds no Belief that half believes,
 Hiding from Man the web she weaves
 To tell her secret to the leaves !

* * * * *

And all the leaves are eloquent
 With most pathetic murmurings,
 And, overhead, a pulse of wings
 Throbs on, by intuition sent,
 That doth translate the sky's and sea's
 Perfecting mutabilities.
 And yet I cannot feel the breeze
 That tells the leaves and warns the birds
 Of Nature's inner tendencies—
 I know, but cannot read the words !

THE GOLDFINCH.

I am the still small singer, the seven-coloured linnet,
 The tender nest-builder, the twittering seed-seeking
 goldie,
 I love the deep thicket for all the sweet hidden light
 within it,
 I love the old orchard, though dank and despised and
 mouldy,
 I do the small work of the world of my sweet, small
 fate,
 And I ever am linked with children who love—and
 never with men who hate !
 And all the deep winter I join my comrades and stay,
 And all the sweet spring-time I see through the night-
 shroud the day,
 And all the fair summer I know, and the autumn
 forbear
 For hope is my tiny helmsman in every sea of Despair

CONFESSION.

O wondering world of distant stars !
 O fair illusions of the night !
 How transient all our bonds and bars,
 How slight our toil-embittered scars,
 Bathed in thy tender light.

O Song that overfloweth fast
 Thy cup, O Passionate Nightingale !
 The hope that grew from hopeless Past,
 The love no night can over-cast
 Thrills every fold " beyond the veil."

O sleep ! withhold thy soothing touch—
 The sweet suspense of Nature's toil
 Fills every sense, and maketh such
 As love her love her overmuch—
 Widow'd of Day, with cruse of oil,

That ever-plenteous, ever full,
 Drops from her cool, distilling hand
 Unmeasured measure bountiful—
 She with her tender touch can lull
 The fever of the swooning Land !

IN MEMORIAM.

(*William Fergusson, Feb., 1877.*)

Gone the great heart, the gentle patient face,
 The soothing strengthful hand of matchless grace,
 That strove 'gainst pain, and conquered in the race !

Gone the fine manliness of brow and form,
 The towering pride of strength and friendship warm,
 Calm through life's joy, and patient in life's storm.

Gone the firm friend—"The artist never dies"—
And thou who wast in Art so wealthy-wise,
Wilt live for ever in our memories !

Thy mantle falls ! ah, who is worthy here
To place it on new shoulders, Master dear—
Master, so silent, whom we all revere ?

Golden and good thy pupils' memories are
Of thee, their olden, constant, guiding-star,
Their light to Honour from the obscure Afar !

Did we repine, mistrust, misdeem, disdain ?
Thy bright example set us right again
To walk with faith the weary paths of pain—

To take with patient zeal our lot in life,
To fight with godly hearts th' unending strife
With pain and sadness mingled and too rife.

Master ! thy place is vacant, and thy grave
Is where northern pines and blue-bells wave,
Far from the London poor thy skill did save.

At rest indeed ! where rest so well is earned,
And when the taper hath so brightly burned,
We would not ask it could'st thou be returned !

But holding thy great nobleness of heart,
Will cherish that till we ourselves depart,
And love thee as thou wert and as thou art !

JOHN KEATS.

This famous poet was born in London on October 29th, 1795, at his father's livery stable, "The Swan and Hoop," Finsbury Pavement. His father was Thomas Keats, a West Countryman, who married the daughter of his employer, Miss Jennings. John Keats was their eldest child. The father was killed by a fall from his horse, leaving John, his two brothers, and one sister. Keats did not suffer from the penury which so often falls to the lot of the poet; on the contrary, both he and his mother were very comfortably provided for indeed by their inheritance from certain relatives. It was only later that pecuniary embarrassment overtook him.

To justify our claim for Keats's association with the Wight we will quote from Mr. Andrew Lang's admirable account of the poet. He says: "The poems of 1817 fell flat. Keats withdrew to solitude in the Isle of Wight to read, write, and dream." And again: "In January, 1819, Keats was staying with friends at and near Chichester, working on the unfinished *Hyperion* and *Eve of St. Mark*. . . . He thought of pursuing his medical studies at Edinburgh. But Keats did not go to Edinburgh. He worked on in the Isle of Wight." The writer, himself a native of the Island, has long known and shared in the pride felt by all Vectensians in the knowledge that Keats resided for a long period both at Shanklin and at Carisbrooke, and that he was a keen lover of the Island, and deeply receptive of and inspired by all its loveliness and natural charm. The very fact that it was there he accomplished some of his noblest work justifies, we think, his inclusion in this anthology.



Facing p. 84.

JOHN KEATS.

As a boy Keats was handsome, gay, and full of spirit, but the death of his mother in 1810 was a terrible grief to him. He then left school, where he had been very industrious and had made great progress in the study of Latin, books of Mythology, and English Classics. Although not a Greek linguist, he was deeply familiar with all the great Greek examples of Literature and Art, and recaptured the essential spirit of them.

His delightful *Ode to the Grecian Urn* is an illustration of this. Quite early, too, Keats, then a mere boy, undertook the translation of *Virgil*, and about this time he wrote his sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's *Homer*."

A little later Keats determined on following the practice of medicine, and did actually take the diploma of L.S.A. When in London he made many distinguished literary friends, in particular, Leigh Hunt, whom he greatly admired. As time went on Keats published a good deal from time to time, and encountered a great deal of bitter and entirely ill-judged criticism. But Shelley and others, no mean judges, were amongst his admirers. In the summer of 1818 *Endymion* appeared. *Hyperion* was begun in the autumn of 1818.

In 1820 were published *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and other poems. The unfinished *Hyperion* was included, against Keats's own wish, by the desire of the publishers.

On February 3rd, 1820, whilst in Italy, he ruptured a blood vessel of the lungs, and his health rapidly grew worse. About this time his poem *Lamia* appeared. Removing to Naples his fever of body and mind increased. He was nursed with tender care by his friend Severn, the painter. He died on February 23rd, 1821. His body, like his friend Shelley's, lies in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. Quoting again from Mr. Andrew Lang: "In person, Keats was short, well-knit, with a head gracefully carried, thick hair

of golden brown, a noble forehead, a sensuous mouth, and large brown eyes, which seemed 'as if they had been looking on some glorious sight,' on such a sight indeed his eyes were always looking."

As our present Laureate, Sir Robert Bridges, said of him: "If I have read him rightly, he would be pleased, could he see it, at the universal recognition of his genius, and the utter rout of its traducers; but much more moved, stirred he would be to the depth of his great nature, to know that he was understood, and that for the nobility of his character his name was loved and esteemed."

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

JOHN KEATS AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.†

†By MR. LEONARD JORDAN. Reprinted from the *Isle of Wight County Press* of 26th February, 1921.

One hundred years ago last Wednesday, in a lodging in the Piazza di Spagna, at Rome, in the first house on the right-hand side as one ascends the beautiful stairway of the Trinita dei Monti, a young English poet lay dead after months of intense suffering and distressing fit after fit of bleeding from lungs, afterwards found to be completely gone—John Keats, only 25, the most purely poetic genius that our race, and possibly the world, has known. To die young—to go out on the very top of the tide—may be to escape much that the later years must necessarily bring, the disappointment, disillusion, and dismay; and, more perhaps than all, the deterioration in quality—the darkening of the light, the evaporation of the dew, the cooling of the fire. But with Keats, as with Tennyson, the will to live the life poetic was such a supreme factor that we feel instinctively that had his life been spared and his health restored, his October would have been a glorious end to the beautiful summer

foreshadowed by his brilliant April. At the outset of his poetic career—that is, about the time of his 21st birthday—he wrote to one of his brothers, “I think I shall be among the English poets after my death.” As he lay dying, conscious of the much attempted, the little done, he gave gently, and without bitterness, these words for his epitaph, “Here lies one whose name was writ in water.” The aspiration of health is for ever fulfilled, the regret of disease for ever banished! Here, in this Island to which he came but three times—during the flower of his pride, struggling against the inevitable, and at the ebb-flood of his power—it should be of interest briefly to recall the associations which for all future time our literary history will proudly cherish.

There is but little to relate of the first visit—the composition of his famous Sonnet on the Sea in lodgings with a Mrs. Cook at New Village, Carisbrooke, in the house now known as Canterbury House, Castle Road, owned and occupied by an ex-Mayor of Newport, Mr. J. C. Millgate, J.P., on the evening of Thursday April 17, 1817, after a day spent at Shanklin; the intention “forthwith to begin *Endymion*, which I hope I shall have got some way with by the time you come” (as he said in a letter to John Hamilton Reynolds), “when we read our verses in a delightful place I have set my heart upon near the Castle”; the acquisition of a coveted portrait of Shakespeare, generously given him by Mrs. Cook, though “I was but there a week and went off in a hurry”; the finding at Carisbrooke of “several delightful wood alleys and copses and quicke-freshes”; the frustrated purpose to walk over the Island, east, west, north, and south; the suggestion that “as for primroses the Island ought to be called Primrose Island, that is, if the nation of cowslips agree thereto, of which there are divers clans just beginning to lift up their heads”; the confession “I find I cannot exist without poetry—half the day will not do—the whole of it—I began

with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan ” ; (and again) “ I thought so much about poetry so long together that I could not get to sleep at night ; by this means, in a week or so, I became not over capable in my upper stories, and set off pell-mell for Margate, because, forsooth, I fancied that I should like my old lodging and could contrive to do without trees. Another thing, I was too much in solitude, and consequently was obliged to be in continual burning of thought as an only resource.”

Keats was but in his 22nd year, aflame with the divine fire. The power and charm of genius are already visible upon him. The character and expression of his features, it is said, would arrest even the casual passer-by in the street. A small, handsome, ardent-looking youth, in stature little over 5ft., the figure compact and well-turned, the neck thrust eagerly forward, carrying a strong and shapely head set off by thickly clustering gold-brown hair, the features powerful, finished, and mobile, the mouth rich and wide, with an expression at once combative and sensitive in the extreme, the forehead not high, but broad and strong, the eyebrows nobly arched over eyes hazel-brown, mellow and glowing, large, dark, and sensitive, suffusing with tears at the recital of a noble action or beautiful thought. All his friends unite in speaking of the soul that shone through his eyes.

Of the second visit, with James Rice, in 1819, we know but little more from the letters written between Thursday July 1 and Friday August 6, to Fanny Brawne (his fiancée), Fanny Keats (his sister), John Hamilton Reynolds, and Charles Wentworth Dilke. At the best it is but a sad story ; Rice in very indifferant health, and Keats himself far from well, two ailing and anxious men, firm friends as they were, depressing each other more and more day by day. Keats was busily engaged with his new Greek tale in rhymed heroics, *Lamia*, finding in the fever of

work and composition his only antidote against the fever of his love-sickness. Writing to Benjamin Bailey on August 15 Keats says: "Within these two months I have written 1500 lines, I have written two tales, one from *Boccaccio*, called the *Pot of Basil*, and another called *St. Agnes's Eve* on a popular superstition, and a third called *Lamia* (half finished). I have also been writing parts of my *Hyperion*, and completed four acts of a tragedy." If this really were so, and remembering that at least six weeks of these two months were spent in Shanklin, that town has indeed just cause and reason for the perpetuation of this visit in its lovely Keats's Green. The poet must have had at least two lodgings at Shanklin, but it is probable the growth of the then small fishing village into the modern seaside resort has destroyed them both. On July 1 he wrote from "a very pleasant cottage window, looking on to a beautiful hilly country, with a glimpse of the sea." His later lodgings were under the cliff, and "from the south-east came the damps of the sea, which, having no egress, the air would for days together take on an unhealthy idiosyncrasy altogether enervating and weakening as a city smoke—I felt it very much." So on to Winchester, where "there is on one side of the city a dry chalky down, where the air is worth sixpence a pint." We lovers of our Island rejoice that years afterwards Alfred, Lord Tennyson, remembering these words, claimed the same value for the air of our own dry chalky downs.

Keats was destined never again to stay among Island scenes, but we are proud to recall that on his last fateful voyage from London to Rome his ship, the *Maria Crowther*, lay one night—that of Saturday September 28, 1820—in the Solent off Yarmouth, and that day on board is for ever memorable for the writing of one of the saddest and most pathetic letters ever published to the world. Writing to his friend Charles Armitage Brown, Keats says: "We are in a calm, and I am easy enough this morning. If my

spirits seem too low you may in some degree impute it to our having been at sea a fortnight without making any way. I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains ; and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind I may say the bitterness of death is past. Is there another life ? Shall I awake and find all this a dream ? There must be—we cannot be created for this sort of suffering. The receiving this letter is to be one of yours. A sudden stop to my life in the middle of these letters would be no bad thing, for it keeps one in a sort of fever awhile. I feel as if I was closing my last letter to you.”

This centenary celebration can but fittingly conclude with Aubrey de Vere's fine sonnet :

TO KEATS.

*Peace, peace, or mourn the living ! Ye but hold
A shadow to your bosoms. He hath quaffed
Glory and Death in one immortal draught ;
Surely among the undying men of old
Numbered art thou, great Heart ; in heaven enrolled
Among the eternal splendours that rain forth
Love, light, and peace on our unquiet earth,
O latest radiance of the starry fold.
Below, thou liv'st, a consecrated name ;
Above, with naked feet unscorched and hair
Unsing'd thou walkest through that fierce white fire
Which mantles like a robe of golden air,
Homer and Shakespeare, and the burning choir
Rejoicing in the fulness of thy fame.*

Endymion, long since recognised as, on the whole, in the front rank, was begun in the spring of 1817 at Carisbrooke, continued at Burford Bridge (Surrey), and completed in the summer of 1818 at Teignmouth, in Devonshire. The poet makes use of a legend, Cynthia, the moon goddess falling in love with "Man" (represented by Endymion), Cynthia represents both the ideal beauty and the love of woman.

Mr. Leonard Jordan's article tells us of the work done by Keats in the Isle of Wight, viz., his *Sea Ode*, parts of *Endymion* and *Hyperion*, the *Pot of Basil*, *St. Agnes Eve*, *Otho the Great*, and *Lamia*. *Otho* takes no very high place, but *Lamia* has many admirers. Both contain fine passages, but in neither is the passion of human love treated on the high plane which the poet reaches when he is dealing with Ideal Beauty and the love of Nature. Nor was the dramatic gift greatly developed in him. In one of his letters Keats remarks, "He describes what he sees, I describe what I imagine." *Lamia* in the hands of Byron would certainly have had more of the fire and intensity of human passion, because he would have carried into it something of what he himself felt and experienced. On the other hand Byron could not have written odes so perfect of their kind and so imperishable in their beauty as Keats' odes *To a Nightingale* and *To Autumn*.

Keats' *Hyperion*, which he never completed, was an epic of the strife of the older and the newer gods, in Milton's manner. The poem was begun in November, 1818, and appears to have been laid aside from April to September, 1819, during the composition of *Lamia* and *Otho*. Dr. Bridges remarks of *Hyperion*, "Although we may say that this torso of Keats is the only poem since Milton which has seriously challenged the epic place, it is to the style mainly that this is due. The subject lacks the solid basis of outward event, by which epic maintains its interest; like *Endymion*, it is all imagination."

The Rev. Stopford Brooke has written: "Keats said, 'All I need to know is beauty.' It is not all we need to know; but when we are utterly wearied, despondent, and embittered, it is a good thing to lead us into the sorrowless land of beauty, and Keats, even now, brings to us that blessed healing and refreshment. Through all his work in *Endymion*, in *Hyperion*, and everywhere the scenery is English scenery. If ever any one among our poets studied Nature in the open and not in the studio it is Keats. Through the whole of *Hyperion* one thing is pre-eminent—the love of Beauty, which is the love of Love."

Tennyson leads us similarly into realms of "Duty," and Swinburne to those where flourishes "Liberty"—the thing "Best beloved of all good men."

F. W. BLACK.

ON THE SEA.

It keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
 Of Heeate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
 Oh ye! Who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
 Oh ye! Whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying medody,—
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!
 August, 1817.

LAMIA.

The poem is based upon an episode in Philostratus's *Life of Appollonius*, cited in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Winged Mercury (Hermes) descending to earth, restores complete human form to the snake maiden *Lamia*, in Crete, in return for her bringing to his presence the Nymph whom he is seeking. She goes to seek Lycius, a young philosopher, and "tangles him in her mesh," taking him to a mysterious palace at Corinth. He is not content that she should remain hidden:—

"What mortal hath a prize that other men
 May be confounded and abash'd withal,
 But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestic,
 And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice
 Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
 Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,
 While through the thronged streets your bridal car
 Wheels round its dazzling spokes."

The lady "Wept a rain of sorrows at his words," but in the end is compelled to agree to a public bridal, begging him only not to "bid old Apollonius." Subtle servitors unseen, but with some noise of wings, toil at her behest:—

" till in short space
 The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched
 grace.
 A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
 Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
 Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade."

Lamia, in regal dress:—"Silently paced about
 Mission'd her viewless servants to enrich
 The fretted splendour of each nook and niche."

The guests arrive, including Apollonius unbidden, apologetic to Lycius, but insistent :—

“ Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow ;
But when the happy vintage touch'd their brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments.”

—till Lamia's self appears, and by her glad Lycius sits. Then comes the bald-head philosopher Apollonius and fixes his eye

“ Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,”

Lycius, also alarmed, enquires :—

“ ‘ Knows't thou that man ? ’ Poor Lamia answer'd not.”

* * * * *

“ ‘ Lamia ’ ! he cried and no soft-toned reply.
The many heard, and the loud revelry
Grew hush ; the stately music no more breathes ;
The myrtle sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased ;
A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seemed a horrid presence there.”

Lycius reproaches Apollonius, who replies :—

“ ‘ Fool ! Fool ! ’
. ‘ from every ill
Of life have I preserved thee to this day,’
And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey ? ”
Then Lamia breath'd death-breath ; the sophist's eye
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
‘ A serpent ’ ! Echoed he ; no sooner said,

Than with a frightful scream she vanishèd :
 And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
 As were his limbs of life, from that same night."

FAERY SONG.

Shed no tear ! Oh shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more ! Oh weep no more !
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.

Dry your eyes ! Oh dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies—
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! Look overhead !
 'Mong the blossoms white and red—
 Look up, look up—I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough.

See me ! 'Tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear ! oh shed no tear !
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, Adieu ! I fly, Adieu !
 I vanish in the heaven's blue—
 Adieu ! Adieu !

ENDYMION.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

* * * * *

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness !
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !

When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever dew ;
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
 Full beautiful, a faery's child ;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long ;
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew ;
And sure in language strange she said,
“ I love thee true ! ”

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes !
With kisses four.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
Who cry'd—“ *La belle Dame sans merci*
Hath thee in thrall ! ”

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

SONNET.

Happy is England ! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own ;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent :
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging :
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing.
And float with them about the summer waters.



Facing p 81.

THOMAS LFE.

THOMAS LEE.

Mr. Thomas Lee came to Newport in 1868, and, at the time of his death in his 79th year on 7th January, 1921, had long been the doyen of Island journalists. He was a native of Cambridgeshire, and had been engaged in journalistic work in that county and in Wilts, Gloucester, Suffolk, Essex, and Middlesex before joining the staff of the *Hampshire Independent*. In November, 1884, he became the first editor of the *Isle of Wight County Press*, the first county paper to be printed and published in the Island. For close upon a quarter of a century he occupied the Editor's chair, and, on his retirement in 1908, he became Consulting Editor, and continued to within a few weeks of his death his contributions under the pen name of "Stylus," which remained a popular feature of that journal, and were read with interest by a wide circle wherever persons of Island birth or association were to be found scattered about the world. His colleagues in the *County Press*, in their obituary notice, speak with sympathy and gratitude of his great services in the pioneer work of their journal, and in raising it to the high pitch of success and influence which it has long since reached and maintained. A striking tribute to his public work was paid to him in 1886, when he was entertained at dinner by a large and representative gathering, presided over by the then Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster, M.P., afterwards Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice). A tribute from his old friend G.H.R.D. (Dr. Dabbs) was one of the features of the occasion. Mr. Lee, in his speech, stood for the maintenance of the high traditions of the Press,

particularly for the firm but kindly and temperate statement of Truth, and few journalists have lived up to that ideal more faithfully than he did. From his pen there flowed no gall, but truth came and mirth and instruction and cheerful encouragement to high endeavour.

The following extract from the obituary notice in the *County Press* already referred to, gives some idea of what Mr. Lee was as a writer, speaker, and singer, and in the social relations of life.

“As a journalist Mr. Lee had few equals. He could wrest the heart out of a speech or sermon and invest it with an interest and literary merit which often surprised and delighted the speaker or the preacher himself. He wrote as he spoke, with literary charm and dialectic skill. His rhetorical and emotional style was adorned and enriched by his unique acquaintance with the poets, especially with Tennyson. He had a wonderful memory, and once started with any poetical quotation he could give you practically the whole poem from which it was taken. It is an open secret that the verses quoted in his “Occasional Jottings” were often the product of his own fertile muse. Some years ago he was a frequent prize-winner for verse contributions to the old *Weekly Despatch*, *Truth*, and such like papers. He brought great literary ability and practical journalistic experience to the joint conduct of the old *Island Quarterly*, his coadjutors in the editorship of that brilliant but short-lived magazine being Dr. Dabbs, Mr. R. Roach Pittis, and Mr. S. Wheeler, all, alas! like the subject of this notice, now gone over to the majority.

His professional engagements brought him into touch with distinguished men, notably with Richard Jefferies, the famous fascinating writer on natural history, and Herkomer, the celebrated painter. He often recalled with pride an interview he had with the first Lord Tennyson, of whose poetry he was a most ardent admirer.

Keats was one of his favourite authors, and he was intensely interested in tracing and commemorating the residences of the young poet at Shanklin and Newport. He was instrumental in having the inscription, "The friend of Keats" engraved on the head-stone of John Hamilton Reynolds, the poet's friend, at Church Litten, Newport.

Mr. Lee was a born orator and did extremely effective work on the platform for the Liberal party in Newport and the Island generally. He was certainly the "Mercurius" of the old Newport Debating Society during its palmiest days. Himself a man of highly emotional temperament, he well knew how to play to good purpose upon the passions and the prejudices of his audience. He was quick to see the weak points in the case of his opponents, and often almost completely concealed the thin ice in his own case by the good-humoured ridicule which he poured upon his adversaries' arguments. Mr. Lee was "all things to all men," and his genial sunny nature won him the regard of all in spite of great differences in politics, religion, or outlook on life.

He possessed a tenor voice of great sweetness and power, and often thrilled the large congregations at St. Thomas's Church during the days of the late Dean Connor's vicariate by his superb singing of solos. For a considerable period he was a member of Queen Victoria's choir at Osborne. His personal and social qualities and endowments made him the life and soul of any gathering in which he took part."

Those who knew him personally will long retain a kindly recollection of his charm as a man, and those who knew him only through his writings will not soon forget the pleasure they have received from his notes on Vectensian matters, history, antiquarian lore, literature, and social life, and the worthies and landmarks of bygone days. For many readers at a distance he kept the old home fresh in their memories; the matter of his notes being presented with a literary

charm and a style always lucid, arresting, and of real distinction. If true greatness may be measured, as surely it may, not merely by such standards as the area of the stage or the brilliance of the limelight, but by excellence of work done, by the use made of talent for the general good, and by the possession of the great gift of the understanding heart, Thomas Lee deserves as truly as any of those whose names the world writes on its scrolls of fame, the praise that—

“ *Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.*”

F. W. BLACK.

The compiler feels he must add a few words of appreciation of his old friend, the late Thomas Lee.

He knew him first as a kindly neighbour at Newport, I.W., whilst he was on the staff of the *Hampshire Independent*. Years later, when he was Editor of the *County Press*, the writer met him at frequent intervals, and, later still, experienced the gratification of Lee's kindly interest in and approval of his essays in the realms of poetry. As a final tribute he reproduces the following lines, which he wrote after Lee's death, and which appeared in the columns of the *County Press* :

IN MEMORIAM.

“ *Stylus* ” we mourn ! But vainly now we scan
The old familiar page for his bright word :
In ripe old age beyond the common span,
He passed. Hushed now the voice, in memory only
heard,
Peaceful he rests, his toil achieved, a fair fame won,
His feet no longer tread the ways of the old town :

*By others now, the broken task be done.
 Closed is the book ; the ready pen laid down.
 Ah, yes ! he sleeps ; the fair Isle keeps his grave—
 Vectis, his chosen home, long loved, whereof he stirred
 Old memories' annals, tales of the great she gave :
 All these he wrote in telling phrase and word.
 Farewell, old friend ! we mourn thee and deplore
 The lost rich treasure of thy long life's lore.*

C.J.A.

AERIAL ARCHITECTURE.

Touch'd into lustre by the setting beams,
 Far in the west a scene of grandeur gleams,
 Like city bright,
 With burnish'd palaces, and domes, gold-capp'd,
 And rich-dyed walls, and tinted tow'rs enwrapp'd
 In purple light.

Whence these fair forms—these blended hues intense—
 This blaze of charms—this massed magnificence—
 This harmony ?
 O cloud-shapes rare ! grace in each glowing part,
 Transcendent triumph of aërial art,
 Who fashion'd thee ?

The sun dips down beyond the western hills,
 And sable Night, fast deep'ning, darkly fills
 The viewless air.
 Shrouded the splendour ! quench'd the glory-light !
 Vanish'd the vision from the ravish'd sight !
 Fleeting as fair !

O man ! so built that when from mortal eyes
 Earth's brightest scenes, like these now shifting skies
 Shall fade away,
 Thy house, firm-founded on the moveless Rock,
 Outlasting time, defying storm and shock,
 Shall stand for aye.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

This amiable and noble-minded lady, remarkable for her many virtues, deep religious feeling, and her beautiful expression of it in sacred song, was closely associated with the Isle of Wight, both by her long residence there and by her husband's ministry of Newport, extending over many years. Her most notable literary achievement was, undoubtedly, that beautiful and famous hymn entitled *The Child's Desire*, commencing with the line "I think when I read that sweet story of old."

Her life history was a very interesting one, and the best account of it is probably that contained in the book which she wrote herself, *Early Years of My Life*, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in the year 1900, from which we extract the following:—

"Our family name was Thompson. My father was born in 1785, and I was born on his birthday in 1813. The century was still young in my childhood, and great are the changes which I have lived to see. Looking at the maps at that period one could almost fancy it another world—and what progress has our Country witnessed in Education and Science! Few of the labouring classes of that period could read or write, and mistresses doubted the expediency of letting their servants learn. The postage of letters was usually 9d. or 11d.; gas was unknown and the streets had feeble lamps fed with train oil at far-away distances. Family fires were lighted in the morning with a spark struck from steel on tinder, and ordinary evening family light was obtained from candles made of mutton fat. Tea averaged 6s. per lb., sugar 1s., paper was made



Facing p. 86.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

of linen rags, and careful people kept a rag-bag to store up supplies for the collector. Spinning-wheels and hand-looms still prevailed, and machinery was in its infancy. Linen made from flax was the prevailing material, and very little cotton had as yet reached this country.

We lived at Brixton Hill, 5 miles from Cornhill, and Ball's two-horse coach was the usual means of reaching town, and accomplished the journey in an hour. . . .

So rapid was the progress of Science and Education that such things were soon only memories of the past. Also, side by side with the changing habits of the age, there sprung up many a benevolent enterprise, and the Christian Church awoke from the slumber of ages to carry out what the Duke of Wellington so aptly called 'the marching order' of her great Commander. My father was one of the Pioneers of those early movements. He assisted in the making of the Sunday Schools Union. In 1827 he attached himself permanently to the London Missionary Society.

Fox hunting was a favourite amusement of the clergy, and the earnest evangelical preachers in the Church of England were in a distressing minority. The Nonconformist Churches were to a great extent very apathetic, and some were tainted with Unitarianism."

Following a very interesting account of the family's doings and changes of residence, the writer proceeds to relate her "attempts at poetry and struggles for education."

"My father used to bring home a package of magazines on the first of every month, and employ me to cut them open. Among them was the *Youth's Magazine*, to which Jane Taylor, under the pseudonym of 'Q.Q.,' regularly contributed. Also a less pretentious one called *The Juvenile Friend*, which I fancied might possibly insert such verses as mine. So with many misgivings I copied out some lines and

requested insertion, if the editor deemed them worthy. Postage in those days varied, according to distance, from 3d. or so to 11d., and this letter had to be prepaid at the post office. There was a sweeping carriage drive to our front gate, with a shrubbery on one side, and the post office was just opposite. Slipping behind the shrubs I reached the post office unobserved, paid the postage, and returned. I did not tell any one; not that I feared any chiding, for I knew my parents would be pleased, but I did not wish to be the subject of conversation in the house, and resolved to wait until I should become famous and give my dear father a pleasant surprise.

The weeks rolled round, and on the first of the following month the steady-going old coach brought my father back from town with his blue bag full of magazines and books. I ran out to welcome him, fetched his dressing-gown and slippers, and then sat down to my usual business of cutting the books open. The edges of books were not cut by machinery in those days. I managed to abstract *The Juvenile Friend*, and, having finished my task, hastened upstairs and tucked myself up on the deep seat of the nursery window to learn my fate. 'Table of Contents.' Yes, there it was, and I turned to the page with unspeakable satisfaction to see my lines in print. I read every other article, and last of all the notices to correspondents, and to my surprise read 'We shall be pleased to hear again from A Little Girl of Thirteen, and she may rest assured that with us modesty and talent will always find appreciation.' I am sure that editor must have possessed much of the milk of human kindness to notice the crude productions of my childhood. . . . I continued to write for a year and a half and to send contributions under another name to a magazine until acquaintance with real poetry convinced me of my own incapacity. Verse-making, however, if kept within proper bounds, is not without its advantage in education. It cultivates the taste,

it trains the ear in euphony, it gives increased command of words, and more careful correctness in application."

Here follows a further account of this Author's continued progress in literature.

To quote further: "In 1843 I married the Rev. Samuel Luke, a much esteemed Congregational Minister. . . . I was 25 years a wife, and have been now (1900) 31 years a widow. My loneliness has been cheered by the affectionate attentions of a dear and only son, with his wife and two grandchildren. Of my two daughters, one died in early childhood, and the other, after an exemplary and self-sacrificing Christian life, entered into rest many years ago."

So, after a long and exemplary life, Mrs. Luke, greatly loved and respected, died on the 2nd of February, 1908, at the age of 93.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold:
 I should like to have been with them then.
 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 That His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He
 said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 " For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home :
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
 The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
 When the dear little children of every clime
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

*" That Disciple whom Jesus loved, which also leaned
 on His breast at Supper."—John xxi. 20.*

On his departing Saviour's breast
 He gently leaned his head,
 And in that calm confiding rest
 His dark forebodings fled ;
 Perchance he of the chosen few,
 Ere that sweet season passed,
 Alone by quicker instinct knew
 That evening was the last.

The midnight watch, the awful day,
 When weeping heavens grew dim,
 He saw the heart where erst he lay
 Broken and pierced for him !—
 Then came the glory of a morn
 The risen Lord to greet ;
 Then rapture of a holier dawn
 In Patmos at His feet.

O loved and favoured while below
'Twas not thy last embrace ;
In pure and changeless joy we know
Thou seest " face to face."
No parting looms, no traitor waits,
Where thou art gone to be,
Thy Lord within the golden gates
Keeps hallowed feast with Thee.

To that dear shelter would I flee,
And there would I recline,
No resting place so sweet to me,
Nor other name be mine.
But oh ! that he of whom I write,
Long since from earth removed,
May know me in that world of light
As one " whom Jesus loved ! "

MARY FAWLER MAUDE.

Amongst the "many hymns which have associations with the Isle of Wight" (to quote the Author of *Famous Hymns and their Authors*, Mr. Arthur Francis Jones), Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude's well-known and favourite hymn *Thine for ever, God of Love*, holds a prominent place.

Its author, though not a native of the Isle of Wight, was connected with it by long residence, and by many ties and associations. She was the daughter of Mr. George Henry Hooper, of Great Stanmore, a beautiful country place near Harrow, and traced her descent from the family of Bishop Hooper, the Martyr. She married the Rev. Canon Joseph Maude, who, at the time they first met, was curate of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and who held the living of Newport, Isle of Wight, from 1842 to 1852, afterwards being appointed Vicar of Chirk, North Wales, by Dr. Short, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had been his rector at St. George's. Her husband's father, the Rev. Joseph Maude, was for some years one of the clergy at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, and he and his wife are buried close to the Church of that Parish. Several of Mrs. M. F. Maude's own children, including Miss Mary Maude named above, were born in the Isle of Wight, one, a daughter, who died in childhood, and was the subject of a touching poem by her mother, is buried there.

From the notice of Mrs. M. F. Maude in *Famous Hymns and their Authors*, and from the Collection of her Poems, *Verse Memories*, published in 1901 by Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co., to which a

supplement, *Good-night and other Verses*, appeared in 1907, it appears that her hymn commencing *Thine for ever, God of Love*, was composed in the year 1847, for members of a Confirmation Class at Newport, belonging to her own class of elder girls at the large Sunday Schools in connection with St. Thomas's Church there. She has recorded that the hymn was written quite spontaneously, without effort, the words coming unsought. Nearly fifty years later it was sung at the Early Celebration in Hawarden Church, by the late Archbishop Benson, barely two hours before his death, and was also sung at his funeral, and it was the favourite hymn of Archbishop Plunket, of Dublin.

Mrs. Maude's prose works include four volumes, much used for many years by Bible students, viz. :

Scripture Manners and Customs,
Scripture Natural History, and
Scripture Topography (2 volumes),

all published by the S.P.C.K. The first collection of her poems, entitled *Memories of Past Years*, was locally published at Newport, Isle of Wight, in the year 1852. She and her husband were then just leaving that Parish, after ten years' residence there, and it is prefaced by a valedictory address to the Teachers and Children of the Newport National, Sunday, and Blue Schools.

On the occasion of the annual treat given to the children of these schools, Mrs. Maude was accustomed to write verses to be sung by them. The year 1848 was one of widespread unrest and disquiet, and the children sang two verses from one of Miss M. A. Stodart's *National Ballads*, and also three additional verses specially written for them by Mrs. Maude. The Queen and the Royal Children unexpectedly drove from Osborne through Newport to Carisbrooke Castle, and, as they returned, the School Children, lining the roadway, sang the verses, which were afterwards forwarded to Osborne by the Mayor of Newport.

the late Mr. James Eldridge, and graciously acknowledged.

It is, in these no less disturbed times, interesting to recall that one of Mrs. Maude's verses then sung was the following :—

*While round us realms are shaking
And mighty empires fall,
And darkening clouds of trouble
Are hanging over all,
We'll pray to Him Who ruleth
The Kingdoms of the Earth
To spare and bless and stablish
The Land that gave us birth.*

Further evidence of Mrs. Maude's attachment to the Wight is found in her Collection of Poems *Verse Memories*, which contains a special section entitled *Newport, Isle of Wight, Memories*, which includes the hymn already referred to, and other hymns and poems written there. The very apposite quotation which prefaces them, from the dialogue between Melancthon and Eucharis, testifies to the pleasing and tender character of her memories of the old Borough and the *Fair Island*.

Her poetry is chiefly religious and devotional. One of the poems in the section entitled *Memories of the Blessed* is in memory of the Rev. Edward McCall, for some time Rector of Brighstone, Isle of Wight, who will be remembered as one greatly respected and beloved.

Another section, *National Memories*, contains a poem, *The Crimean War*, which has the following as its last verse :

*Lord God of Hosts, in mercy,
Shorten the evil day ;
And with Thine Arm Almighty,
The strife of Nations stay—*

*Arise ! Shine in Thy Glory,
On our sin-stricken world,
Quelled be man's wrath and fury,
Thy flag of peace unfurled.*

ROBEY F. ELDRIDGE.

THINE FOR EVER ! GOD OF LOVE.

Thine for ever ! God of Love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in Eternity.

Thine for ever ! oh, how blest,
They who find in Thee their rest—
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end !

Thine for ever ! Lord of Life,
Shield us through our earthly strife—
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of Day.

Thine for ever ! Shepherd keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care—
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou, our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from Earth to Heaven.

Thine for ever ! In that day
When the world shall pass away,
When the trumpet note shall sound,
And the nations under ground

Shall the awful Summons hear,
 Which proclaims the Judgment near,—
Thine for ever! 'neath Thy wings,
 Hide and save us, King of Kings!

A PARABLE.

A gardener once, with searching eyes,
 Surveyed his borders fair;
 His keen sight missed, with hot surprise,
 The choicest blossom there.

“Who plucked the flower,” he angry cries,
 “Reared with such toil and care?”
 “THE MASTER came,” a voice replies,
 “And chose that floweret rare.”

The gardener paused: his lowering brow
 Grew tranquil as before;
 Said one, “So wroth you were but now—
 Why chafe and fret no more?”

“Nay, had I kept it here,” he said,
 “The flower would but have died;
 MY MASTER *wears it on His Breast,*
And I am satisfied.”

IN THE OLD HALL, CHIRK CASTLE.

January 7th, 1873.

Only an old carved chair—
 A gun against the wall—
 A screen of faded tapestry
 Set up in the ancient Hall:

A gauntlet on the floor,
And an ivory-hilted blade,
And over all, from the dying fire,
A flickering light and shade.

And as I sat alone
In the gloom of a winter day,
Startled to hear each ember drop,
And yet spell-bound to stay,
Thoughts of the by-gone times
Came rushing across my brain,
Till I closed my eyes and bowed my head,
And my heart was dull with pain.

Where is the brave strong hand
That filled that iron glove ?
And where the gallant knightly band
That fought for home and love ?
No clang of armour bright !
Tarnished the trusty sword !
Mingled in vault and graveyard night
The dust of vassal and lord.

Where are the merry sports
That made the grey walls ring ?
The waving torch, and the banquet spread,
And the voice of them that sing ?
But there came neither sound nor word :
Only *there* was the empty chair,
And the rusty gun, and the sheathéd sword,
And stillness everywhere.

I drew from a dusty shelf
A silver claspéd book,
And knelt me down by the wide stone-hearth
In its mouldering page to look :
The letters were quaint and strange ;
I puzzled them out with care ;
But from the glow of no earthly light
Came the glory resting there.

“ Now crie : all flesh is grasse :
His praise as the flowre of the fielde :
Yet the word of oure God endures for aye—
The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield.”
I rose, and was sad no more :
Though there yet was the empty chair,
And the rusty gun, and the sheathéd sword,
And stillness everywhere.



Facing p. 99.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

The subject of this preface was born in the year 1825. An Ironmonger by trade, he carried on business for many years at a small shop in Upper St. James's Street (formerly called Node Hill), Newport, I.W., where the present writer, as a boy, knew him and still remembers him quite well.

Mr. Midlane began writing hymns when a mere child. He said "the very first hymn I wrote which was *used* was written on May 24th, 1844, when I was 19 years of age. It was written under the title of *God bless our Sunday Schools*. Fifty-seven years ago last summer it was first sung as an Anniversary Hymn, and still it finds expression from the lips, and I trust, from the hearts, of many little children."

As years went on Mr. Midlane wrote hymns without number, and the majority of these were included in a large Hymn Book, containing at least 400 of his own composition. With one exception, however, none of these appear to exhibit any distinctive quality, and it was that one famous hymn, *There's a Friend for Little Children*, which brought him world wide celebrity.

He was a member of the Congregational Church, to which he was earnestly devoted; a man of deep piety, high character, and strictest integrity. To him his Religion was everything and engrossed all his thoughts, so that it is not generally known that he ever wrote secular verse. He published a book in the fifties entitled *Vecta's Garland*, comprising a number of lyrics declaiming the charms of the Island.

He attained a good old age. The following notice is from the *Isle of Wight County Press* on Mr. Midlane's 80th birthday:—

“Monday last was the 80th birthday of Mr. Albert Midlane, of Forest Villa, Newport, author of one of the most popular Sunday-school hymns in the English language, *There's a Friend for Little Children*. He is the composer of some hundreds of other hymns, and his Muse shows no signs of exhaustion. We heartily wish Mr. Midlane ‘Many happy returns of the day,’ and with the cordial congratulations which we offer him we should like to associate his excellent and devoted wife.

Our venerable friend sends us the following touching verses ” :—

FOUR SCORE YEARS.

“ *If by reason of strength they be four score years,*”—
Ps. xc 10.

“ *A little longer* ”—’tis the soul’s appeal ;
My heart as Thine, my loving Father, seal ;
Long thou hast borne me o’er life’s boisterous sea,
A little longer still my helper be.

The garish day is closed ; eve comes apace ;
The more I feel dependent on Thy grace ;
As nature fails, oh ! prove Thyself my stay,
Till earth’s vain shadows shall have passed away.

Let my yet few remaining hours be Thine ;
Heaven be more real as all things here decline ;
My strength Thou wast when life’s fair glories shone ;
My strength remains until the race be run.

As round my steps the dews of evening fall,
May sweeter sound the raptur’d heavenly call ;
The ties of earth unloose as, nearing home,
Faith triumphing, I wait the welcome “ Come ! ”
So let it be ; a little longer, pray,
Hold Thou my footsteps in life’s narrow way ;

*The eye grows dim ; strength fails ; 'twill not be long
When mine the joyous scene, the rest, the song.*

Newport, Jan. 23, 1905.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Thus this venerable singer completed his eighth decade in ripe and vigorous old age, and in the enjoyment of innumerable friendships, far and near.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

ADDITIONAL NOTE BY SIR F. W. BLACK.

For many years the figure of Mr. Albert Midlane, slightly stooping and with thoughtful kindly face, was familiar to all his fellow townfolk at Newport. He was to be seen taking his walks, especially on fine summer evenings, in the neighbourhood of his much loved Carisbrooke Castle, or by the banks of the river Medina, or on one or the other of those two beautiful hills on the south side of the town—viz., Pan Down and Mount Joy—names which, as he reminded his readers, have come down with one slight variation from Roman times—the hill beloved of Pan the Shepherd piper, and Mons Jovis, or Hill of Jove. The latter faces on its western side the hill on which Carisbrooke Castle stands—the hill of duty and service on the one side and of joy on the other.

Albert Midlane's love for little children was very genuine, and a part of his religion, walking humbly as he did in the footsteps of One who took little children in His arms and blessed them. Mrs. Jemima Luke, whose biography appears in another part of this volume, was also resident in Newport as a contemporary with Mr. Midlane. She was the authoress of *I think when I read that sweet story of old*. Thus, two of the best hymns ever written for children came from the same surroundings and within a few years of one another. Mr. Midlane's other hymns were issued in 1864 in a volume which he named *Leaves from Olivet*. Though there is a note of sadness in some of them, yet

unshakable faith and hope are predominant. All the teachings of scepticism rolled past him and left him unscathed. It was no inconsiderable service that this man of firmly anchored faith rendered to his contemporaries, stretching out a helping hand to the weaker brethren. For the circle that he reached he did what Tennyson in other fashion did for those whose faith was strengthened by *In Memoriam*. In Mr. Albert Midlane's own copy of his collected works the present writer has found a slip of paper, bearing date 1st March, 1887, on which is written a verse, evidently intended as an addition to one of his hymns called *The Moon an Emblem of the Church*. The verse runs as follows :—

“ *Fair as the Moon without a cloud
 When earthly suns have set
 The Church arrayed in spotless white
 Will be for aye her Lord's delight
 At last in glory met.
 Oh blissful scene, it thrills the soul
 Come Lord, what stays Thee yet.* ”

It is pleasing to bring this verse to the light of day. The hymn to which it is an addendum was published 57 years ago.

Mr. Midlane's secular poems are contained principally in a volume entitled *Vecta's Garland*. For the most part they are descriptions of Island sights and scenes, especially those that surround his beloved town of Newport, and they give us by the way interesting scraps of Island history. The opening poem of the book *Vecta's Isle*, strikes a note of local patriotism and shows us that the poet, with his strong religious leanings, is no great admirer of the days of mythology and paganism. A kindly interest naturally attaches to the personality of the author of a hymn which has gone round the world, and is still sung in home, church, chapel, and school, wherever English speaking people

are to be found. An insight into Mr. Midlane's character is given in another of his poems called *Summer's Evening*. The sentiment of the poem is similar to Wordsworth's *The World is too much with us*.

To Carisbrooke Castle Mr. Midlane devoted two or three small volumes of verse. In one of these he gives a summary of the Castle's history from "the mounds of earth, first raised by Celtic hands" down to the visit which the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie paid to the Castle in 1859. It may be remarked incidentally that the Empress, who survived till July, 1920, came again to the Isle of Wight in 1870, but this time as an exile.

Carisbrooke Castle has inspired more than one poet, including John Sterling, friend of Thomas Carlyle and of Edward Irving, and comes in for due attention in Edmund Peel's *Fair Island*.

With due respect to the poets who have made Carisbrooke Castle their theme, none of them has caught the inspiration of the "Wizard of the North," to whom an ancient castle was something more than a noble building over whose history and decay one might moralise, or whose walls and surroundings might inspire eloquent declamation and description.

Naturally the captivity of Charles I at Carisbrooke engages Mr. Midlane's muse. John Sterling dismisses Charles far too summarily in a single line,

" *A despot here his dungeon found.*"

Mr. Midlane is moved by the sufferings of the captive, addresses to him a special ode and imagines his "Christmas musings." Charles's quarrel with his people he passes lightly over—that matter was tried by judges—but the tortured human soul calls for his sympathy as a man and a Christian. In the ode to the monarch he suggests rather quaintly that he (the poet) in like case would have found the solitude and the

beauty of the surroundings of his prison a sufficient solace. It was this same scenery of Carisbrooke that was before the eyes of Keats when he wrote

*“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases.
It shall never fade into nothingness.”*

Mr. Midlane, true-hearted Vectensian, has something in him of the spirit of Naaman, who vaunted the efficacy of Abana and Pharpar waters of Damascus over all the streams of Israel, but even that was as a specific for bodily ills. The beauty of the Island's scenery and the salubrity of the ocean breezes that sweep o'er its uplands and vales have refreshed countless men and women who were weary and worn. It is a high claim, however, to suggest that the emerald island, set in the azure and white of sea and sky and cliff, has an alchemy or a balm more potent than Gilead's to soothe even the tortured spirit of a captive king.

Shakespeare has the deeper insight when he says of the “ mind diseased,”

“ Therein the patient must minister to himself.”

—and Mr. Midlane is on surer ground when he pictures the monarch seeking consolation—*dum spiro spero*—where the highest comfort of a soul in heaviness can alone be found, in the pages of Holy Writ and from the lips of Him whose yoke is easy and his burden light.

A perusal of Mr. Midlane's collected works, thanks to Mr. Midlane's son, has awakened pleasant recollections of a gentle spirit who had a true love for and insight into all that was beautiful around him, and whose imagination could picture what the eye of flesh cannot see—the blissful scene of the reunion of the Church with its Founder and Lord.

To Albert Midlane it was given to do, in addition to

much other useful service to his contemporaries, one piece of work which is likely to keep his memory green in the hearts of English speaking people, and especially the young, in many lands and in times yet distant, when poems of greater pretention in their day may be lying dust-covered and forgotten, and the memory of their authors shall have faded as the grass that perisheth.

F. W. BLACK.

A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

There's a Friend for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend Who never changes,
 Whose love will never die ;
 Our earthly friends may fail us,
 And change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 Of that dear Name He bears.

There's a rest for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the Blessed Saviour
 And to the Father cry ;
 A rest from every turmoil,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy ;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare ;
 For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look for Jesus
 Shall wear it by and by ;
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which he will then bestow
 On those who found His favour
 And loved His Name below.

There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
 A song which even Angels
 Can never, never sing,
 They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory,
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone ;
 Lord, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own.

VECTA'S ISLE.

Sweet Isle of the South, from the Solent emerging !
 I sing of the beauty my heart would enshrine ;
 Which to fairy creations of fancy is verging,
 The sweetest of spots washed by old Ocean's brine.

O speak not of fountains where nymphs of old bathed,
 Nor of vales where the goddesses trod ;
 Nor of groves, where in concert they sportfully waved,
 And enchanted the eyes of their God.

No ! these, with the fabulous rivers and streams,
 Which the gods with strange virtues endow,
 Are but the fantastic chimerical dreams
 Of the ancients. O where are they *now* ?

But here is fair Vecta with beauty now teeming,
 No offspring of fantasy's brain !
 Behold her, through smiles of beneficence beaming,
 No fairy's—but Nature's domain !

Her forests are vocal, her woods are sweet bowers,
 Her hillocks with verdure are crowned ;
 Her streams are clear crystal, and fragrant the flowers
 Which through her green meadows abound.

Yes ! such is my Isle—sweetest spot in creation,
 I'll boast of thy beauty wher'er I may roam ;
 With gladness I offer this simple oblation,
 Dear scene of my childhood—my Island—my *home* !

SUMMER'S EVENING.

* * * * *

The noise and bustle of the town disturb
 Me painfully. Its turmoil will I leave
 With joy, and wend my wandering steps away
 To places where sweet quiet reigns ; where noise
 Is hushed, save song of feathered choristers ;
 Where the distracting bustle which attends,
 And follows in the train of enterprise
 And speculation, never comes ; but where
 Nature in all her simple loveliness
 Reigns the sole mistress of the sylvan scene.
 'Tis sweet to leave the town at eventide !
 'Tis sweet to quit the place where nought but trade
 Engrosses thought ; where men of business toil
 From dawn of day 'till sable mantled night,

Vainly expecting at some future day,
Perchance, when evening o'er their waning life
Shall spread its deepening shadows, to possess
What all their life they struggled to obtain—
Enough! Vain thought! it never has been gained.
Death fells its victim often in the act
Of adding to their stores the last amount;
Then whose shall be the wealth they have acquired?

*

*

*

*

*



Facing p. 109.

EDMUND PEEL.

EDMUND PEEL.

Born in 1798, of the great Parliamentary family of the Peels, and first cousin of the famous Prime Minister, Edmund Peel chose the quieter sphere of letters rather than the noisy public arena which his family connections opened to him. He spent some of his earlier years in the Army, perhaps feeling like the philosopher Hartmann that a military training helped him to become a complete man. But his heart was given to poetry, and he chose his friends from among poets and novelists and critics, and there were few of the great *literati* of his day with whom he was not on terms of affectionate acquaintance. Leigh Hunt he knew well, and though Hunt was scarcely great himself, he was in touch with the very greatest of his time, with Shelley and Byron and Keats, and through him Peel seems to have known Keats in those brief unhappy years before that wonderful youth left for Italy to die. Tennyson and Dickens, and John Forster, Dickens' biographer, were also friends of Peel's, and he was on terms of intimacy with the lovable and brilliant John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle. A man must be counted very fortunate who has such friends as these, and Edmund Peel's literary and scholarly gifts must have ripened rapidly in such an atmosphere. Nor were his personal qualities less rare than his intellectual. All who came in contact with him spoke highly of his kindness and sympathy, and when he died at the ripe age of 79 he left behind him a memory which the Island with which he was so long associated will not soon forget.

His chief works were *Echoes from Horeb*, *Salem Redeemed*, a lyrical drama, *Judas Macabaeus*, *Judge*

Not, An Ancient City, The Return, The Fair Island,—a charming description of the Isle of Wight—and *The Fountains of the Nile*, together with many Lyrics and Sonnets. He was a fertile writer, and like most fertile writers, his performance was somewhat unequal. Perhaps in his Sonnets he reaches his highest level of artistic achievement. Leigh Hunt thought highly of them and is said to have stated in conversation that "Peel's Sonnets were as fine as any in the language." This is a rather extravagant claim when we remember the Sonnets of Milton, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and we fear that in the ardour of friendship Hunt said more than he would have been prepared to critically defend. Still, in the best Sonnets of Edmund Peel there is much to admire; a delicacy of sentiment, an unaffected aptness of phrase, a clear and fluent music, and a perfect craftsmanship. Those addressed *To the Nightingale* and *To the Primrose* strike us as particularly beautiful. They are the obvious outcome of a mind exquisitely sensitive to the beauty of things, and expressing that sensitiveness in language at once simple and refined.

It is not given to all to reach the highest pinnacle, but in the House of Art there are many mansions, and if Edmund Peel does not dwell in the spacious halls with Tennyson and Swinburne, he finds at least honourable housing with the devoted lovers of his art.

Mr. Peel died at his residence at Alexandra Terrace, Newport, I.W., on 10th September, 1877, and was buried in Carisbrooke Cemetery.

EDWIN FAULKNER.

The following extracts are taken from notices of Edmund Peel which appeared in the *Hampshire Independent* (September, 1877):—

It has been said that "God has made many poets, but given utterance only to a few," and one of the "few" thus dowered was he of whom we write. Nature had indeed given him a passionate love—

*For all things here, or grand or beautiful—
A setting sun, or lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance ;
And, what transcends them all, a noble action.*

—But he had more than this, for his not only the eye and soul to admire and conceive, but his, too, the rarer power to translate into words the imaginings of a pure and elevated fancy. In Wordsworth's phrase, he possessed in no inconsiderable degree the "accomplishment of verse." He won the regard of many whose names are eternised in English literature. He was on terms of the closest relationship with Leigh Hunt, who had a high opinion of his friend's poetic powers, and declared on one occasion to a mutual acquaintance that "Peel's sonnets were equal to any in the language." He was personally known to Keats and other poets of his time. He enjoyed the friendship of Charles Dickens, of Alfred Tennyson, of John Forster, of the Rev. James White. To Forster his *Salem Redeemed* is "affectionately inscribed," and his *Fair Island* is dedicated "to James and Ada White, of Bonchurch, 'who find sermons in stones and good in everything,' and to whom "love and memory would utter 'thoughts that voluntary move harmonius numbers.'"

He was a frequent and always-welcome visitor at the house of John Sterling at Ventnor, and the writer of these words has now before him a letter from Mr. Peel in which he rapturously recalls the memories of that time, the revival of which was prompted by a recent article in *The Island Quarterly*." The deceased was the author of a number of poetical works, amongst them being *Echoes from Horeb*; a lyrical drama, in three acts, entitled *Salem Redeemed*, or the *Year of Jubilee*; *Judge Not*; *The Return*; *Judas Maccabaeus*; *An Ancient City*; and *The Fair Island*, a poem in six cantos. *Echoes from Horeb* are dedicated to his brother, the Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Peel, D.C.L., and the spirit of the

author is seen in the dedicatory terms employed : " My dear Lawrence : Take the gleanings of an open field—ground of hope, home of joy ; freehold of reaper and gleaner, who leave to the covering wings and the providing beak the brood of the lowly ; who follow the rapture on high ; pure rapture to gladden the pure ! " His *Fair Island* is a work which must have involved great labour, extended research, and wide observation. Felicitous and graphic presentments of all the more notable facts in our Island history are blended with charming pictures of natural scenery, and we assert without hesitation that the poem is the finest and most comprehensive description extant of the subject of which it so happily treats.

Preaching in the Church at Carisbrooke on Sunday evening, September 16th, the Vicar of that parish, the Rev. Edward Boucher James, M.A., said : And now let them consider him, as most appropriate in that place, in the character of a Christian poet. His poems were mainly religious. The first as it stood in the volume was entitled *Judge Not*, the design of which was, to use his own words, " to dissuade from narrow views, shallow opinions, and hasty judgments ; to commend charity in thought as in deed." This motto pointed out clearly the form which Christian faith assumed in him. He (the preacher) had the honour and advantage of enjoying his friendship in the later years of his long life, and they had had several conversations on the most important subjects that could occupy human thought. He had anticipated the recent movement which had broadened and at the same time deepened the current of religious thought in this country. Faith in God as the universal Father ; in Christ as the Redeemer of the world and the outcoming of a Father's love to man ; in the Holy Spirit as the source of all good that was found in man's nature—this was his creed. With this belief he united the utmost reverence for Holy Scripture.

. . . Literary men who liked to be courted,

flattered, and made much of by the fashionable world would have pronounced that he was buried in obscurity, but he had trained himself to that lesson which could alone be learned in the School of Christ Jesus, in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content. He was indeed in the holiest sense of the words a Christian man—a servant of the living God—and one of whom, when he was alive, we might say “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night.” He was gone now from us, having fallen asleep in Christ, and doubtless, to use his own touching words, he had begun

*To feel the joy of love
Taken up to dwell above,
Never more to weep or groan ;
Call'd before the sapphire throne
To adore the Lord alone.*

The Vicar of Newport, the Rev. Canon G. H. Connor, M.A., in a sermon preached in his parish church on Sunday evening September 23rd, said that he could not close his sermon without saying a word or two of affectionate homage to the memory of one who passed away into a long-looked for Eden during his (the preacher's) brief absence from home. It was but the other day—just five weeks ago—that Edmund Peel knelt at the Holy Table in that church with a steadfast looking of desire to the Lamb of God who died for his sins. . . . Newport ought to know and be the prouder for knowing that for many years it possessed two men of remarkable power and gifts—both sensitive, shrinking, unpretending Christian gentlemen, who often worshipped together under that roof—Barry,

the painter, quitting early the profession of the law for the calmer pursuits of art, and Peel the poet, once a soldier. How often had he met the latter coming from his loved walks by the mill-streams, and he would salute him in some such strain as this—

*I have been in the meadows all the day,
And gathered there the nosegay that you see.
Singing within myself as bird or bee
When such do field-work on a morn of May.*

—And the other, the painter, a disconsolate, mournful, meditative man, of whom some thought that he was too ready with complaint in this fair world, and yet he had a hope and faith the simplest, truest, and most childlike for one who was no mean scholar—hope beyond the zenith and the scope of the grey blank of a hard life, although he would unceasingly say—

*My heart is very tired, my strength is low ;
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before
Held dead within them till myself shall die.*

The Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Peel, D.C.L., brother of the deceased, addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Hants Independent*, which appeared in that journal September 26th, in which he wrote :—

“One of my brother’s last pieces, *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, proceeded from his disgust at its being supposed that the sword and the pen could not be wielded by one and the same hand. He was not only the ‘Christian poet,’ but the Christian soldier also—‘The Happy Warrior.’ His poetry, always latent, was evoked by the compensating mercy which laid him low. It occupied his mind, calmed his regrets, and made him so walk as he has described another walking—

*He walked by faith, and living up to lights,
Kept a clear mind, an uncorrupted heart,
He lived contented, though obscure,
True, obedient, patient, sure,
Calmly standing up to die,
Sinking down without a sigh.*

Had his health not failed he might have been no poet demonstrated by verse, but he would still have been the seer, the enthusiastic adorer of all noble in nature, the man walking by faith, not the intellectual all-in-all, the feeling, loving, simple "Servant of God," which, in all humility, when dying, was the title he gave himself; true to the last, and loving to the last, telling us in words, what we knew so well, once more that he loved and thanked us. He was the very reverse of an idle man, but he could not from infirmity of body work. He venerated his family motto—*Industria*. He was my father's favourite son, and well he deserved to be, but though favourite never favoured."

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Night-warbler, whose delicious springs out-gush
From under briery bank or osier-spray,
Or from among the blossoms of the May,
Till on the conscious air the Morning blush—
Then, or at noon, or in the twilight hush,
How have I hung amid the leafy way,
On the full notes of thy melodious lay,
Tones unattempted by the fluent Thrush.

Who, having heard thee, while the moon is sleeping,
On rock and river, lead the tuneful throng,
When heaven in balm the dreamy world is steeping,
Who, gliding then the flowery vale along,
Tho', charged with sorrows would not cease from
weeping,
And find a solace in thy soothing song ?

TO THE PRIMROSE.

Born under northern star, in changeful clime,
 And early train'd to brook the spirit keen
 Men call affliction, while on joy they lean,
 Bloom on, forerunner of the rosy prime !
 Thou, on the bosom of the hoary Time,
 Patient of cold, amid the storm serene,
 Art like humility, of equal mien
 Whether the vale thou keep, or mountain climb.
 Who can behold thee, by the vernal power
 Awaken'd, smile upon thy mother earth,
 And not look forward to a brighter hour ?
 For *me*, prophetic even from thy birth,
 I quaff the nectar of the full-blown flower,
 And hail the leafy time of love and mirth.

BORODINO.

STROPHE.

Weep for the *living* ! mourn no more
 Thy children slain on Moskwa's shore,
 Cut off from evil ! want and anguish,
 And care for ever brooding and in vain ;
 No more to be beguiled ! no more to languish
 Under the yoke of labour and of pain !
 Their doom of future joy or woe
 For good or evil done below,
 The Judge of all the earth will order rightly !
 Flee winding error thro' the flowery way,
 To daily follow truth ! to ponder nightly
 On time and death and judgment, nearer day by day !
 Bewail thy bane, deluded France,

Vain-glory, overweening pride,
 And harrying earth with eagle glance,
 Ambition, frantic homicide !
 Lament, of all that arméd throng
 How few may reach their native land !
 By war and tempest to be borne along,
 To strew, like leaves, the Scythian strand !
 Before Jehovah who can stand ?—
 His path in evil hour the dragon cross'd !
 “ He casteth forth his ice ! ” at his command
 The deep is frozen !—all is lost !
 For who, great God, is able to abide thy frost ?

EPODE.

Elate of heart, and wild of eye,
 Crested Horror hurtles by ;
 Myriads, hurrying north and east,
 Gather round the funeral feast !
 From lands remote, beyond the Rhine,
 Running o'er with oil and wine,
 Wide-waving over hill and plain
 Herbage green, and yellow grain ;
 From Touraine's smooth irriguous strand,
 Garden of a fruitful land,
 To thy dominion, haughty Rhone
 Leaping from thy craggy throne ;
 From Alp and Appennine to where
 Gleam the Pyrenees in air ;
 From pastoral vales and piny woods,
 Rocks and lakes and mountain-floods,
 The warriors come, in arméd might
 Careering, careless of the right !
 Their leader *he* who sternly bade
 Freedom fall, and glory fade,
 The scourge of nations ripe for ruin,
 Planning oft their own undoing !
 But who in yonder swarming host
 Locust-like from coast to coast

Reluctant move, an alien few,
 Sullen, fierce, of sombre hue,
 Who, forced unhallow'd arms to bear,
 Mutter to the moaning air,
 Whose curses on the welkin cast
 Edge the keen and icy blast !
 Iberia, sorrow bade thee nurse
 Those who now the tyrant curse,
 Whose wrongs for vengeance cry aloud !
 Lo, the coming of a cloud !
 To burst in wrath, and sweep away
 Light as chaff the firm array !
 To rack with pain, or lull to rest
 Both oppressor and oppress'd.

ANTISTROPHE.

Is it the wind from tower to tower
 Low-murmuring at midnight hour ?
 Athwart the darkness light is stealing,
 Portentous, red with unrelenting ire,
 Inhuman deeds, and secrets dark revealing !
 Ye guilty, who may quench the kindled fire ?
 Fall, city of the Czars, to rise
 Ennobled by self-sacrifice,
 Than tower and temple higher and more holy !
 The wilful king appointed o'er mankind
 To plague the lofty heart, and prove the lowly,
 Is fled !—Avenger, mount the chariot of the wind !
 Be thine, to guide the rapid scythe,
 To blind with snow the frozen sun,
 Against th' invader doom'd to writhe
 To rouse the Tartar, Russ, and Hun !
 Bid terror to the battle ride !
 Indignant honour, burning shame,
 Revenge, and hate, and patriotic pride !
 But not the quick unerring aim
 Of volley'd thunder wing'd with flame,
 Nor famine keener than the bird of prey,

Nor death—avail the hard of heart to tame !
 Blow wind, and pierce the dire array
 Flung, drifted by thy breath, adown the frozen way !

EPODE.

Before the blast as flakes of snow
 Drive blindly, reeling to and fro,
 Or down the river black and deep
 Melt—so the mighty sink to sleep !
 Like Asshur, never more to boast !
 Or Pharoah, sunk with all his host !
 So perish, who would trample down
 The rights of freedom, for renown !
 So fall, who born and nurtured free
 Adore the proud on bended knee !
 Roll, Beresina, 'neath the bridge
 Of death ! Rise Belgium's fatal ridge !
 Rise, lonely Rock in a wide ocean,
 To curb each haughty mad emotion !
 To prove, while force and genius fail,
 That truth is great, and will prevail !
 The hour is coming—seize the hour !
 Divide the spoil, the prey devour !
 Howl o'er the dead and dying, cry
 All ye that raven earth and sky !
 With beak and talon rend the prey,
 Track Carnage on her gory way,
 To chide o'er many a gleamy bone
 The moon, or with the wind to moan !
 Benumb'd with cold, by torture wrung,
 To winter leave the famine-clung,
 O thou for whom they toil and bleed,
 Deserted in their utmost need !
 Hear, hear them faithful unto death
 Invoke thee with their fleeting breath,
 And feel (for human still thou art)
 Ruth touch that adamant heart !
 Survive the storm and battle-shock,

To linger on th' Atlantic rock !
 From ghastly dream, from death-like trance
 Awake to woe, devoted France !
 To care and trouble, toil and pain,
 Till glory be acknowledged vain !
 A beacon o'er the tide of time
 Be thou, to point the wreck of crime !
 The spoiler spoil'd, from empire hurl'd,
 The dread and pity of the world !
 O then, by tribulation tried,
 Abjuring envy, hate, and pride,
 Warn'd of the dying hour foretold,
 Of earth and heaven together roll'd,
 Revering each prophetic sign
 Of judgment and of love divine,
 Bow down, and hide thee in the dust,
 And own the retribution just ;
 So may contrition, prayer and praise,
 Preserve thee in the latter days !

MOTTESTONE.

From "The Fair Island."

Tinted by Time, the solitary Stone,
 On the green hill of Mote, each storm withstood,
 Grows dim, with hoary lichen overgrown.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

From "The Fair Island."

Imperial fortress founded on a rock !
 Clothed as thou art in gay perennial green,
 Thou feedest one more fell than battle-shock,
 One that has eaten, and will eat, I ween,

Into the very heart of what has been,
 Or is, or shall be !—Many a martial train
 Thy walls have echoed, many a banner seen
 Unfurl'd, since Roman dark, and red-haired Dane
 Rose on the tide of time, to ravage or to reign.

TO NEWPORT.

From "The Fair Island."

Set in the midst of our meridian Isle,
 By wandering heaths and pensive woods embraced,
 With dewy meads, and downs of open smile,
 And winding waters, naturally graced,
 The rural capital is meetly placed.
 Newport, so long as to the blue-eyed deep,
 Thy river by its gleamy wings is traced,
 Be thine thy portion unimpair'd to keep !
 In hope to timely sow ! in joy to duly reap !

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

From "The Fair Island."

O'er lawn and hollow let the myrtle tree
 Bloom, and the bay tree spread from side to side
 Beyond Mount Appley to the Solent Sea !
 Like a broad river rolls the Channel-tide
 In which a thousand keels at anchor ride !
 And yet, so slippery seems each human stay,
 On such a quicksand do we pile our pride,
 A battle ship huge—heeling as she lay,
 With all her gallant crew went down in open day !

Gone in a moment ! hurried headlong down
From light and hope to darkness and despair !
Plunged into utter night without renown !
Bereft of all—home, country, earth and air—
Without a warning, yea, without a prayer !
So swiftly round them did the waters sweep,
The strangling waters never known to spare !
Peace be their portion ! undisturbed their sleep
Beside the murmuring main, or down the Channel deep !

The verse with which he concludes this poem may well be quoted here :—

O Thou that drawest round the folding-hour
A dewy curtain over beast and bird,
Bedew the fever'd heart ! sustain with power
The soul immortal, still divinely stirr'd
To mourn the mortal nature which hath erred.
On all who love Thee, when at eve they pray,
Or lift those heavings only Thou hast heard.
Drop balm ; and light them on their early way,
That each may duly bear the burden of the day.



Facing p 123.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

That *Vectis* may fairly claim this superb singer, whose body now sleeps on her southern slopes, the notes which follow aim to make clear.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1837-1909, was born in London on 5th April, 1837, by what may almost be termed an accident, seeing that he was removed therefrom almost immediately, and always felt a cordial dislike for the heart of a great city.

He was the son of Admiral Sir Charles Henry Swinburne, Bart., of an old Northumbrian family, and of Lady Jane Henrietta, a daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham.

Swinburne's childhood, entirely removed from City life, was spent in a wholly different environment.

His grandfather, Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart., owned an estate in Northumberland, and his father, the Admiral, bought a beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, near Bonchurch, called East Dene, with the famous Landslip—a strip of the Undercliff.

The two homes were equally enjoyed by the family, and doubtless the poet's youthful muse was largely inspired by the luxuriant and balmy South, and the romantic sea-girt coast of the Wight. Many of his most beautiful lyrics were actually written at "The Orchard," an exquisite spot by Niton Bay, which belonged to a relation of the poet whom he constantly visited.

After private tuition Swinburne entered at Eton, where he remained five years, and then proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1857. Here he passed three years, but without taking a degree. He gained

the Taylor prize for French and Italian in 1858, and left Oxford in 1860. In the same year he published his dramas—*The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund*, rich in magnificent blank verse. In 1865 *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared, and the next year *Poems and Ballads*.

By this time fame was assured to him, and his books were in great vogue. *Dolores* and *Faustine* and *The Hymn to Proserpine* were extraordinarily popular. By his 30th year, in spite of savage and ill-judged attacks, a celebrated critic writes "Swinburne had not only placed himself in the very first rank of contemporary poets, but had become a leader of a new school of poetry, of which he was master and prophet. He was deeply affected by the death of a favourite sister at East Dene, who was buried in the little shady churchyard of Bonchurch"—where the poet himself was laid thereafter.

"In *Songs before Sunrise* his poetry exhibits a spirit entirely his own, and a method even more individualistic. His sentiment is often violent, revolting against restraints and conventions, and shewing a detestation of Kings and Priests."

In the following order appeared :—

- 1876 *Erechtheus*.
- 1879 *Study of Shakespeare*.
- 1880 *The Modern Heptalogia*.
- Songs of the Spring Tides*.
- 1880 *Studies in Song*.
- 1881 *Mary Stuart*.
- 1882 *Tristram of Lyonesse*.

A most interesting and illuminating book is *Algernon Charles Swinburne* (personal recollections), by Mrs. Disney Leith, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, by whose kind courtesy the following extracts may be here set down.

A perusal of the intimate correspondence disclosed in the narrative itself will enable the reader to under-

stand in some measure the social and spiritual characteristics of the great poet, so liable, otherwise, to misconception. Here will be found the plainest evidence of tender human sympathies, high moral ideals, and elevated spiritual tone. The following account of a daring and dangerous youthful adventure may be appropriately recorded here :—

“ How little those who rejoiced and gave thanks for the safety of a beloved son and brother could have foreseen the loss that might in one moment accrue to the world and the century, or the halo of association that will surround Culver Cliff for ever, as long as Swinburne’s name is remembered.

“ It was about the middle of the Christmas holidays that I went out for a good hard tramp by the sea till I found myself at the foot of Culver Cliff. . . . Here was a chance of testing my nerve in face of death. So I climbed a rock on the highest point and just took a souse into the sea to steady and strengthen my nerve, and climbed up again, thinking how easy it would be to climb the whole face of the cliff naked, but to this there were other obvious objections besides the atmosphere of mid-winter. So I dressed and went straight at it. It wasn’t so hard as it looked, most of the way, for a light-weight, sure-foot, and steady head. As I got near the top I found the precipice came jutting forward with an outward slant for some feet, so I felt I must not stop to think for one second, and began climbing down hand under hand as fast and as steadily as I could, till I reached the bottom and began to look out for another point of ascent. When I was most of the way up again I heard a sound as of loud music, reminding me instantly of ‘The Anthems’ from Eton Chapel organ, a little below me to the left. I knew it would be almost certain death to look down, and next minute there was no need. I glanced aside and saw the opening of a great hollow in the upper cliff out of which came swarming a perfect flock of ‘the others,’ who evidently

had never seen a wingless brother so near the family quarter before. Quite near the top my foothold gave way and I swung in the air by my hands from a ledge on the cliffs which just gave room for the fingers to cling and hold on. There was a projection of rock to the left at which I flung out my feet and just reached it, and this enabled me to get breath and crawl up the remaining bit of cliff. At the top I had not strength left to turn or stir, but lay on my left side, helpless.

‘On returning to conscious life I found a sheep’s nose just over mine, and the poor good fellow creature’s eyes gazing into my face with a look of sad kindly pity and sympathy, as well as surprise and perplexity, that I ought never to have eaten a mutton chop again.’

“I have alluded to his fondness for riding, an amusement which we often shared. I am bound to confess that if a fearless he was also a reckless rider, and more than once I remember his start ending in disaster. During all my unmarried life we rode together constantly and without mischance.

“Among the many visits he paid to us two stand out prominently in my remembrance. . . . The latter visit in the Isle of Wight was, I think, the longest time he ever stayed with us continuously, and was a delightful as well as a memorable time. His own family was abroad, and he stayed, I think, from October until February, 1863-4.

“At that time he was engaged on *Atalanta in Calydon*—his first great play on the model of the Greek drama. It was begun when he came to us, but the first time I ever heard the opening chorus *When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter’s traces* was on horseback, and I know to this day the exact strip of road between Newport and Shorwell where he repeated it to me. In our library, often alone with my mother and myself, much of the work was written out, and the table would be strewn with the big sheets of manuscript.”

In a letter to a friend Swinburne makes a short

reference to the cult of spiritualism—"As those vulgarst of materialists have the impudence to call their nonsense and imposture. . . . I always thought that he (Kirkup), a friend of Landor, Browning, and Trelawney, and a man of great learning, was fit for something better than the part of a dupe to such disgusting impostures . . . elaborate deceit and cruel villainy." One might here venture the comment that, granting proved imposture, there remains the fact that *sorcery* is as old as the hills.

Amongst these letters are plentiful allusions to his beloved and admired friend, the great Frenchman and poet, Victor Hugo, whom he had visited at his home in Paris.

Later, and at intervals, the following appeared, viz. :

- 1883 *A Century of Roundels.*
- 1884 *A Midsummer Holiday.*
- 1886 *Miscellanies.*
- 1887 *Lochrine.*
- 1894 *Astrophel.*
- 1896 *The Tale of Baton.*
- 1897 *Notes on Charlotte Brontë.*

It has been written of Swinburne—"His magnificent torrent of words is inexhaustible," and "In his technique he revolutionised the whole system of metrical expression. It found English poetry bound in the trammels of the iambic. It left it revelling in the freedom of the choriambus, the dactyl and the anapaest. From this sprang entirely new effects—richness of orchestration resembling the harmony of a band of many instruments."

It is unquestioned that Swinburne possessed the *art* of poetry in the highest degree, and was a consummate and, perhaps, unrivalled master of language, rhythm, and rhyme.

Whether he possessed, to an equal extent, the *loftiest spirit* of poetry is another question. As

dealing with the purely natural and material, his verse is superb and unique.

On the 10th April, 1909, after a short attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia, the great poet died at the home at Putney Hill where he had dwelt so many years with his friend Mr. Watts-Dunton. He was buried at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, in the family burial ground.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

HERTHA.

I am that which began ;
 Out of me the years roll ;
 Out of me God and Man ;
 I am equal and whole ;
 God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily ;
 I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or soft hair of the grass,
 Or fair limbs of the tree,
 Or the flesh-coloured fruit of my branches, I was,
 and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
 First drifted and swam ;
 Out of me are the forces
 That save it or damn ;
 Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and bird ;
 before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
 Nought is there to go ;
 Love or unlove me,
 Unknow me or know,
 I am that which unloves me and loves ; I am stricken,
 and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
 And the arrows that miss,
 I the mouth that is kissed
 And the breath in the kiss,
 The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul,
 and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
 My spirit elate ;
 That which caresses
 With hands uncreate
 My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the
 measure of fate.

But what thing does thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry
 " I am I, thou are thou,
 I am low, thou are high ? "
 I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him ; find thou
 but thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
 The plough-cloven clod
 And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
 The germ and the sod,
 The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the
 dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
 Child, underground ?
 Fire that impassioned thee,
 Iron that bound,
 Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast
 thou known of or found ?

Canst thou say in thine heart
 Thou hast seen with thine eyes
 With what cunning of art
 Thou wast wrought in what wise,
 By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen, and
 shown on my breast to the skies ?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
 Knowledge of me ?
 Hath the wilderness told it thee ?
 Hast thou learnt of the sea ?
 Hast thou communed in spirit with night ? Have the
 winds taken counsel with thee ?

Have I set such a star
 To show light on thy brow
 That thou sawest from afar
 What I show to thee now ?
 Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and
 the mountains and thou ?

What is here, dost thou know it ?
 What was, hast thou known ?
 Prophet nor poet
 Nor tripod nor throne
 Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy
 mother alone.

Mother, nor maker,
 Born, and not made ;
 Though her children forsake her,
 Allured or afraid,
 Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs
 not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod,
 And a crown is of night ;
 But this thing is God,
 To be man with thy might,
 To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and
 live out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
 As my soul in thee saith ;
 Give thou as I gave thee,
 Thy life-blood and breath,
 Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy
 thought, and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
 As mine were to thee ;
 The free life of thy living,
 Be the gift of it free ;
 Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt
 thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,
 Souls overcast,
 Were the lights ye see vanish meant
 Always to last,
 Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the shadows
 and stars overpast.

I that saw there ye trod
 The dim paths of the night
 Set the shadow called God
 In your skies to give light ;
 But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadow-
 less soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
 That swells to the sky
 With frondage red-fruited,
 The life-tree am I ;
 In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves ; ye
 shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
 That take and that give,
 In their pity and passion
 That scourge and forgive,
 They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off ;
 they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
 The wounds in my bark ;
 Stars caught in my branches
 Make day of the dark,

And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall tread
out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me ;
In the clash of my boughs with each other ye hear the
waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and
branches are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of
my blossoms increase.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of
storm-clouds on earth-shaking nights ;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins,
drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
 And more than ye know,
 And my growth have no guerdon
 But only to grow,
 Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or
 deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
 As I too in these ;
 Such fire is at heart in me,
 Such sap is this tree's,
 Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite
 lands and of seas.

In the spring-coloured hours
 When my mind was as May's,
 There brake forth of me flowers
 By centuries of days,
 Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out
 from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
 And smell of their shoots
 Were as warmth and sweet singing
 And strength to my roots ;
 And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom
 of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be ;
 I have need not of prayer ;
 I have need of you free
 As your mouths of mine air ;
 That my heart may be greater within me, beholding
 the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
 Of faiths ye espouse ;
 In me only the root is
 That blooms in your boughs ;

Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed him
with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with
the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful ?
Was it hard to be free ?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you ;
look forth now and see.

Lo, wing'd with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with
the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here ;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown grey from his fear ;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken, the last of
his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
Truth slays and forgives ;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds upon
freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
 Truth only is whole,
 And the love of his giving
 Man's polestar and pole-;
 Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body, and
 seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom ;
 One beam of mine eye ;
 One topmost blossom
 That scales the sky ;
 Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me,
 man that is I.

THE OBLATION.

Ask nothing more of me, sweet ;
 All I can give you I give.
 Heart of my heart, were it more,
 More would be laid at your feet :
 Love that should help you to live,
 Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give
 Once to have sense of you more,
 Touch you and taste of you sweet,
 Think you and breathe you and live,
 Swept of your wings as they soar,
 Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more
 Give you but love of you, sweet ;
 He that hath more, let him give ;
 He that hath wings, let him soar ;
 Mine is the heart at your feet
 Here, that must love you to live.

SPECIMEN OF A PROJECTED VERSION OF
BERNARD'S RHYTHM.

O land without guilt, strong city, safe built in a marvellous place,
 I cling to thee, ask for thee, sing for thee, wake for thee, watch for thy face ;
 Full of cursing and strife are the days of my life, with their sins they are fed,
 Out of sin is the root, unto sin is the fruit, in their sins they are dead.
 No deserving of mine can make answer to thine, neither I unto thee ;
 I a child of God's wrath, made subject to death, what good thing is in me ?
 Yet through faith I require thee, through hope I desire thee, in hope I hold fast,
 Crying out day and night, that my soul may have sight of thy joy at the last.
 Me, even me hath the Father set free, and hath bidden come in :
 In sin He hath found me, from sin hath unbound me, and purged me of sin.
 In His strength am I glad, when my weakness made sad ; I that slept am awake ;
 With the eyes that wept, with the spirit that slept, I give thanks for His sake.
 Things weak He makes sure, things unclean He makes pure, with His fresh watersprings ;
 Throughout all lands He goeth, for all things He floweth, and halloweth all things.
 O home of salvation, a chosen nation, a royal race
 Doth build and possess thee, increase thee and bless thee, engird and embrace ;
 Every heart boweth down to that grace that doth crown thee, O Sion, O Peace !
 Time there is none in thee, stars neither sun in thee, rise not nor cease ;

Of the saints art thou trod and made glorious of God ;
 thou art full of thy Lord ;
 And the sound of thee rings from the great ten strings
 of the dechachord.
 Thou hast lilies made sweet for their maiden feet who
 were clothèd with lowliness ;
 And roses blood red as a saint's blood shed in the
 beauty of holiness ;
 With His wings He shall cover thee, He that rules over
 thee, even the Son,
 The Mystic Lion, the Lamb out of Sion, the God
 which is one
 Purged of all revelling, clear of all travailing, pure
 of all strife,
 Land of glad hours, made fair with new flowers, and
 sweet with new life.

THE HYMN TO ARTEMIS FROM ATALANTA
 IN CALYDON.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent, and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamour of waters, and with might ;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendour and speed of thy feet ;
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day, and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling ?
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player,
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins ;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins ;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

* * * * *

TRISTRAM SWIMMING.†

And he ere night's wide work lay all undone
 As earth from her bright body casts off night,
 Cast off his raiment for a rapturous fight
 And stood between the sea's edge and the sea
 Naked, and gold-like of his mould as he
 Whose swift foot's sound shook all the towers of Troy ;
 So clothed with might, so girt upon with joy.

* * * * *

†“ Most of our poets, from Campbell to Kipling, regard the sea as a stage for our naval heroes or as material for metaphor. . . . Even Byron addresses the ocean as if it were a public meeting. Mr. Swinburne was the first poet to escape from all these artificialities and to do for the sea what Wordsworth did for the land. His clean rapture in the sea is free from literary affectation. . . .”

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS in Chamber's "Cyclopædia of English Literature."

Stood Tristram silent on the glimmering strand
Not long : but with a cry of love that rang
As from a trumpet golden-mouthed he sprang,
As toward a mother's where his head might rest
Her child rejoicing, toward the strong sea's breast
That none may gird nor measure.

* * * * *

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

TO TENNYSON ON HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY.

Hael ! to thee Laureate, right holder of the bays.
Hael ! to thy seventy years. May'st thou be blest
with days

Far on beyond the usual term allotted man.
Hael ! to thy raven locks and mind undimmed
By eld. All good be thine who high art set
Like some bright planet 'mid the firmament
Of God's clear truth, fulfilling sweetest task
Ordained man, of pointing man along
The upward pathway to the Heavenly life.
Thrice hael to thee ! Great Singer, Noble Heart,
Who in these world-wise, cold, degenerate days
Hast roused the finer instincts of our hearts
With soul-music of thy stirring lays—
For chivalry. undying, lives with thee.

Well hast thou bid us think on better things,
Shun base deceit, and lead the higher life—
The life of gentleness and noble deeds.
Oft hast thou brought to aching hearts sweet peace :
To wavering souls a choice of good, thenceforth
To be close followed, wavering nevermore.
Well hast thou, scorning worldly thought,
Upheld Christ's grace against the Infidel.
And knight-like fought for truth and purity,
Thrusting the evil back.

So poet-knight
When thou hast filled thy God-like mission here,
And shown us brighter paths and fairer ways,



Facing p. 140.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

Then, as some stately argosy, deep-lade
With treasure gathered 'mid the Eastern seas,
Due makes the long-sought haven, so may'st thou,
Belovéd of the English-speaking race,
Rich with the garnered store of golden deeds,
Bowed with the burden rare of years well spent,
Swift pass Avilion's mystic vale, and gain
The golden threshold of that Camelot
Prepared of God for those who strive in all
To tread the footsteps of His blessed Son,
And in that blissful rest attune thy lays
To th' inspiring strains of golden harps
Swept by the hands of Heaven's musicians,
In love, and joy, and peace.

PERCY G. STONE.

Alfred Tennyson, Baron Tennyson, 1809-1892, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire. He was the fourth son of twelve children of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, 1778-1831, and his wife Elizabeth Fytche, 1781-1865.

The Tennysons were a Lincolnshire family of Bayon's Manor. The Poet's grandfather, George Tennyson, M.P., had disinherited the poet's father of the adjoining Rectory of Somersby in favour of the younger son, Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt.

Pastoral scenery which beautified the district influenced the boy, as appears in all his early poetry, although it is known that much of the scenery reflected in his verse was drawn wholly from his imagination. He began in extreme youth to write both prose and verse.

At six years of age he was sent to a school at Louth, where he remained for five years, and then returned to Somersby, to be trained by his father. At the rectory there was a fine library, a favourite resort of the boys, and there Alfred obtained his wide knowledge of English Classics. In 1828 he went up to Cambridge,

to Trinity College. In June, 1829, he won the Chancellor's prize and medal for his poem *Timbuctoo*, which, though naturally immature, displayed genius. He was then writing lyrics of great promise, which appeared in *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830.

At this time there was a singular dearth of good poetry in England. The publication was successful, but the verse was criticised by Coleridge for supposed metrical imperfections.

About this time his intimate friend Arthur Hallam became betrothed to the Poet's sister, Emily Tennyson, and was a frequent visitor at the Rectory. This was a happy time for the Poet, and he was then much devoted to athletic exercises. The work of three years appeared at the end of 1832 in a volume of poems, an astonishing revelation of cultured genius containing *The Lady of Shalott*, *A Dream of Fair Women*, *Eenone*, and *The Miller's Daughter*. This book was savagely attacked in the *Quarterly Review*—so much for literary criticism—but had this daunted the Poet his name would still have endured in the first rank of English poets.

Then a great grief fell upon him. His friend Hallam died whilst touring abroad, and this left Tennyson melancholy and disconsolate, and in 1834 *The Two Voices* appeared, and in 1850, *In Memoriam*. In 1838 the Poet became betrothed to Emily Sellwood, but ten years more passed before they could afford to marry.

In 1842, after an uneventful interval, an edition of the poems in two volumes appeared, and from then onwards the fame of Tennyson was paramount. He unhappily became the victim of a speculation, and poverty came to him, which sorely tried and depressed his sensitive nature, until a pension of £200 a year was bestowed upon him by Sir Robert Peel.

In 1847 appeared *The Princess*. The home of Tennyson was now at Cheltenham, and in his visits to London he became intimate with Thackeray,

Coventry Patmore, Browning, and Macready, but he always avoided "Society." On the 13th June, 1850, Tennyson, being now prosperous, was married at Shiplake, a most happy union. In the same year he was appointed Laureate.

From henceforward many other works came from his pen, and it should be mentioned that the Poet, who had already often toured in Europe, now made several visits to the Continent and travelled extensively.

Physically, Tennyson was a splendid man. Carlyle thus describes him: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of dusky dark hair, bright laughing hazel eyes, massive aquiline face, yet most delicate, of sallow brown complexion almost Indian-like. Clothes cynically loose and free and easy. Smokes tobacco heavily. Voice metallic and musical. Unusually tall."

No other living poet ever held in England or elsewhere so pre-eminent a rank.

To explain the inclusion of Tennyson amongst Island poets, to which exception might not unreasonably be taken, mention must be made of his life in the Isle of Wight and his favourite home at Farringford, Freshwater, as also of his intimate ties and friendships there, and of poems immortalising these and neighbouring localities. Many celebrities used to visit the Poet at Farringford, and many have extolled the beauty and peculiar charms of the place. From thence was an easy walk to Freshwater Down, and the beacon wherefrom a magnificent panorama spreads of the Solent, the Hampshire and East Dorsetshire coast, and almost the whole of the Island. This was a favourite resort of the Poet, even in his latter days.

He was on terms of great intimacy with the late Sir John Simeon, Bart., his neighbour, whose seat was Swainston, and in the following poem *In the Garden at Swainston* refers to him:—

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

*Nightingales warbled without,
 Within was weeping for thee :
 Shadows of three dead men
 Walk'd in the walks with me,
 Shadows of three dead men and thou wast one of the
 three.*

*Nightingales sang in his woods :
 The Master was far away :
 Nightingales warbled and sang
 Of a passion that lasts but a day :
 Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of
 courtesy lay.*

*Two dead men have I known
 In courtesy like to thee :
 Two dead men have I loved
 With a love that ever will be :
 Three dead men have I loved and thou art
 last of the three.*

From that most fascinating memoir *Alfred, Lord Tennyson, by his Son*, the following is extracted, by kind permission :—

1864. The great event of the year at Farringford was Garibaldi's visit. My mother wrote : "We went to the Seely's at Brooke to pay our respects to Garibaldi, a most striking figure in his picturesque white poncho, lined with red, his embroidered red shirt and coloured tie. His face very noble and powerful, and sweet ; his forehead high and square, his manner simple and kind." Henry Taylor wrote of Garibaldi's visit to Farringford :—

*' And there was he, that gentle hero who
 By virtue and the strength of his right arm,*

*Dethroned an unjust King, and then withdrew
To tend his farm.*

‘*To whom came forth a mighty man of song,
Whose deep mouth’d music rolls thro’ all the land,
Voices of many waters, rich and strong
Or sweet, or grand.*’

The memoir continues a most interesting narrative :—

“It took him only about a fortnight to write *Enoch Arden* within a little summer-house in the meadow called ‘Maiden’s Croft,’ overlooking Fresh-water Bay and the Downs.

In the meadow he paced up and down making his lines, and then wrote them down in his MS. book on the table of the summer-house, which he had himself designed and painted.

He loved the sea as much as any sailor, and knew all its moods. The lines in *The Flowers* were the result of an investigation of the *Love in Idleness* in the garden at Farringford.

Dr. Dabbs has recorded the following conversation he had with my father about *In Memoriam* and Newman :—

D. : ‘Do you think there is any really insuperable obstacle or series of obstacles between science and religion?’

T. : ‘I have tried to say my say about it in *In Memoriam*.’

D. : ‘Certainly no lack of religion there.’

T. : ‘I hope not.’

D. : ‘And all proper reverence for scientific facts?’

T. : ‘So there should be. (Long pause.) I sometimes think it is the least misunderstood of all my work. I don’t mean that the commentators have been more right, but that the general reading public has been less wrong as to my intentions.’

- D. : ' I often wish, sir, that the commentaries might cease, or the poet himself supply them.'
- T. : ' That can never be,' and (after a long pause) ' the poet might not do them so well.'
- D. : ' He could not, in many cases, do them worse.'
- T. : ' I'm not sure he might not.'
- D. : ' I see Newman was asked as to the meaning of two lines in *Lead Kindly Light*, and frankly acknowledged that he had forgotten what he was driving at.'
- T. : ' He never used such a phrase as *what he was driving at*.'
- D. : ' No, no, that is mine.'
- T. : ' Is that a paraphrase or a commentary, eh ?'
- D. : ' Ah !'
- Then there was a good laugh at my expense.

Amongst the compliments paid to my father, that which he valued most was his old friend Browning's dedication of a selection of his poems ' To Alfred Tennyson : In poetry illustrious and consummate. In friendship noble and sincere.' Browning frequently dined with us. The table talks between him and my father on every imaginable topic were the best talk I have ever heard. The brother poets were two of the most widely read men of their time, absolutely without a touch of jealousy, and revelling as it were in each other's power.

Crossing the Bar was written by my father at 81, one day in October, when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the *Moaning of the Bar* in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem, written out. I said ' This is the crown of your life's work ?' He answered ' It came in a moment.' He explained ' The Pilot ' as that ' Divine and Unseen which is always guiding us.' A few days before my father's death he said to me ' Mind you put *Crossing the Bar* at the end of all editions of my poetry."

The poem *To the Rev. F. D. Maurice*, 1854, refers to a visit of that celebrated divine to Farringford.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*Come, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy :
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.*

*For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand college-councils
Thunder “, Anathema,” friend, at you ;*

*Should all our Churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight ;*

*Where far from noise and smoke of town
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.*

* * * * *

The poetry of Tennyson is distinguished by its rare musical rhythm, its infinite delicacy of thought and expression, and by its lofty diction. The writer, who is but a literary amateur, will not attempt any elaborate critical analysis of this poetry. This has been done again and again by many of the ablest and most distinguished critics. Nor will he crowd his pages with many examples of the poet's work, which would be superfluous, as these are, or should be, in most households, and are otherwise generally accessible. Instead, he will chiefly quote those lyrics which concern the Isle of Wight.

Of his philosophical poems, the most distinguished is undoubtedly *In Memoriam*. The writer was scarcely 22 years of age when he first read, re-read, and almost learned by heart this wonderful poem. It made a powerful impression upon him, chiefly by its unconventional and acute philosophy, and its scientific grasp and analogy, combined with an inspired mysticism, with a deep, if heterodox, religious sense pervading the whole. Its verse is stately and harmonious, delicately rhythmic, and its phrasing sweet and tender.

The Two Voices, again, is a tale of philosophic doubt and sadness, triumphed over in the end by the inborn sense of hope and divinity. It is a subtly woven, beautiful, and musical sequence of verse.

Most characteristic are his poems *Will* and *The Higher Pantheism*.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

WILL.

I.

O well for him whose will is strong !
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
 Not all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

II.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended will,
 And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
 Or seeming-genial venial fault,
 Recurring and suggesting still !

He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
 Toiling in immeasurable sand,
 And o'er a weary sultry land,
 Far beneath a blazing vault,
 Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and
 the plains—
 Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns ?
 Is not the Vision He ? 'Tho' He be not that which
 He seems ?
 Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in
 dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from
 Him ?

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art the reason why ;
 For is He not all but that which has power to feel
 " I am I ? "

Glory about thee, without thee ; and thou fulfillest
 thy doom,
 Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour
 and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit
 can meet—
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
 and feet.

God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some ; no God at all, says the fool ;
 For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent
 in a pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
 cannot see ;
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not
 He ?

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

I.

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone ;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

II.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

III.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon ;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
 To the dancers dancing in tune ;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

VI.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
In the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;

The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me ;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one ;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

X.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;
 The red rose cries, " She is near, she is near " ;
 And the white rose weeps, " She is late " ;
 The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear " ;
 And the lily whispers, " I wait."

XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

ULYSSES.

* * * * *

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail ;
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd and wrought and thought
 with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine ; and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
 The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the
 deep

Moans round with many voices. Come my friends
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.

* * * * *

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep—
Too full for sound or foam—
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.



Facing p. 155.

THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON.

THE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON.

The Hon Lionel Tennyson was a native of the Isle of Wight, having been born at Farringford on March 16th, 1854.

In the Memoir of his father, the late Poet Laureate, by his brother the present Lord Tennyson, we read : " My father, when he heard of the birth, was looking through the study window at the planet Mars ' as he glowed like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast,' and so determined to give the name Lionel."

He died on April 20th, 1886, when returning from India. Very touching is the account of him, and of the circumstances of his death, by his brother in the Memoir of his father, from which the following are extracts :

" We had always been so united a family that my brother Lionel's death, in April, 1886, as he was returning from India, was an overwhelming grief to us, ' a grief as deep as life or thought.' From earliest childhood his had always been an affectionate and beautiful nature. While at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, his imaginative qualities, his unselfishness, his open-heartedness, and humour were widely appreciated."

" He passed well into the India Office. . . . It was a great pleasure to my brother that some of the higher official work was not seldom intrusted to his charge. . . . His Blue Book on India is a model of clear style and condensation. As a relaxation from official work he wrote articles for magazines, and for the *Saturday Review*, and occasional poems, and took a great interest in music for the working classes."

“ In 1885, at the invitation of Lord Dufferin, he went with his wife on a tour to India, in order to see as much of the country as he could for himself. . . . While shooting in Assam he caught jungle-fever. . . . On his return to Calcutta he fell dangerously ill, and never recovered, but hung between life and death for three months and a half, bearing his sufferings with the utmost fortitude and with uncomplaining resignation. . . . He started for home from Calcutta at the beginning of April. Then came the last days on the Red Sea. He spoke little and did not suffer much pain. He passed away peacefully at three in the afternoon of April 20th. The burial service was at nine that same evening, under a great silver moon. The ship stopped, and the coffin was lowered into a phosphorescent sea.”

ROBEY F. ELDRIDGE.

IN MEMORIAM,
LIONEL TENNYSON.

A letter from F. T. Palgrave, Editor of "The Golden Treasury," to Hallam Lord Tennyson, by whose courtesy the Compiler is permitted to reproduce it.

Your request that I should deal with some of your brother Lionel's poems and letters, and the letters themselves, have vividly recalled his image to me when I first remember him as a child, bright and beautiful, and racing with you round the table after dinner at Farringford, for the raisins or walnuts which your father scattered : happy in your happiness, and yet, when I smiled to see him smile, with that sense how life is overshadowed by the uncertain future which was always latently present to his mind, saying only " poor

children ! ” and how, when I praised Lionel’s beauty to the mother, she answered by the old English proverb (that proves its age by the use of *foul* for ugly, and *the saddle* for manhood), *Fair in the cradle, foul in the saddle*. But the proverb was falsified as he grew up by the sweet pensiveness of his features, “ the high sweet smile ” of Lancelot, the expressive eyes, the forehead worthy of his parentage. Then, as a slim young boy, comes back a visit from him at Hastings, when my wife and I were deeply struck by that charm of nature, that almost imploring look of appeal for love, which (to me) marked him through life. Nor did this attractive spell (though circumstances did not allow us to meet often) fail in later days. And with it came clear proofs, not only of a singularly fine and discriminative taste in regard to music—the natural, almost the inevitable art for one organised so finely as he ;—but also, signs of constant growth in wide sympathetic thought for others ; in manly fibre of mind, and ability for whatever work he felt akin to his genius. And, alas ! with this progress of promise I latterly began also to feel that physical development was not of commensurate vigour : that his youthful light-heartedness was touched with premature melancholy : although, as the fatal news suddenly smote me at Lucerne returning from Italy, it came with a shock of utter unexpectedness. When, indeed, does Death come otherwise, as he calls away those we love ?

It is, indeed, only by others of the home circle, nearer and dearer, that an adequate picture of the young friend so early taken, could be attempted. Dying before he had reached the half-way mile-stone of human life, and engaged in honourable but somewhat engrossing public work, Lionel could leave but comparatively slight and imperfect evidence of his mental stature ; and the brief series of letters with which I am to deal, mere sketches for family eyes, hardly exhibit more than his fine critical power, and his firm, penetrating skill in description.

The first, however (and the single one belonging to Lionel's happy days at Trinity), refers to Mr. C. V. Stanford's music to "Queen Mary." "The overture to what was to have been the Wyatt Act is quite charming; the Milkmaid's Song a very graceful little air."

Next follows (23rd of August, 1876), a note dating from St. Maur les Fossés, near Paris, whither he had gone to study languages in preparation for his work at the India Office, in which Lord Salisbury's kindness had given him a berth. Lionel felt a strong interest in the University Extension Lectures, and, thinking of these, he describes a long conversation with the gentleman whose lessons in French he was attending, "about the difference between education in England and in France. They don't seem as yet to have made much of an advance in popular education: they have readings, but nothing approaching a popular lecture. He quite agreed with me in saying that the test of genuine merit is the applause of an *artisan* audience."

The next letter shows his kind nature in trying to prescribe simple remedies and to get medical advice for some sick people about him. Then on Balzac: his "power is most fascinating: I think, I remember his books better than those of any author: he is certainly the most equal of novel writers; whether he deals in horrors or not, his power is transcendent."

In 1877 Lionel writes to his brother: "I hope you read Fawcett's lecture. I thought it interesting, and look anxiously for the sequel. I should think he would touch on the Indian Finance questions. And he is the great Indian authority." At this date he was in fact moved to the Political Department in his Office, and began his work in high spirits. "It promises very well altogether."

This opened the way to marriage with Eleanor, daughter to Mr. and Lady Charlotte (Bruce) Locker, the late Mrs. Augustine Birrell, painted in her lively loving fashion for his brother by their old family friend, Mrs. Greville.

Perhaps, during Lionel's youth, his strongest interest was in things dramatic. It was not merely the common love of acting, although in this he drew a remarkable criticism from Mr. G. F. Watts, which was recorded by Miss Locker in a letter of January, 1877, to her *sposo*. "What pleased me most," she says, after describing a children's play at a house near Farringford, "was a conversation I had with Mr. Watts. He began to talk to me of your acting: he said he was perfectly astonished when he saw you in *Rivals*: except perhaps Robson, he said he had seen no actor who gave him the idea of such a genius for acting as you, and who had charmed him so much, on the English stage. He spoke a great deal of what a position he thought you would take, and how you would raise the stage if you had adopted it as a profession: and he spoke in such a genuine sincere admiration, that I was very delighted."

Whether this latter prophecy could have been fulfilled by Lionel, who should say? But the distinguished artist-critic had truly measured the elevated quality of his young friend's interest in the stage. He had a strong belief in the power for good that the theatre could exercise over a nation. And, looking at the matter thus, we have a few notes through January, 1881, upon plays then running, which seem to me worth preserving.

On the 4th he wrote to his father: "There is one chorus of praise of *The Cup* in the morning papers. . . . I thought Irving most marvellously clever. He made all his contrasts in the most artistic and natural manner. His conversation with Camma, after Sinnatus goes out, was wonderfully good, and the long speech after the death of Sinnatus the cleverest thing I ever saw. There is nothing so hard as to sustain the dramatic interest by a soliloquy after the scene has culminated in violent action. Camma too was perfect in the first act: the great patriotic speech she gave very well: and her scenes with her husband

were very telling and refined. The song went very well and in the last scene her "Where is Antonius?" was excellent.

'As to the last Act, the spectacle was so gorgeous and realistic that one would have thought the author would have been swamped: but it was not so. The poetry soared clear above everything. There is no doubt however that a good deal is lost by the actors having to turn their backs on the audience. This is, I believe, a modern fashion, and could not well be helped in this case. But volume of voice has much to do with the impressiveness of recitation. Irving's death was a wonderful piece of acting. As to Camma, her acting from one point of view was perfect. She preserved her grace, her 'womanliness,' and she spoke her words with perfect stress and art; but it did not seem to me as if she quite exhibited the power of the resolve which urged her on: even to that extent which would be consistent with her view of the character. I can imagine a broader, more truly tragic view of the character, such as Rachel would have conceived of it: but then Rachel would have swallowed up all the poetry in rapid utterance, and everything would have been subordinated to her personality. Ellen Terry's modest conception is quite truthful as far as it goes, and the author predominates. I write in a great hurry, and have not said half *what* I meant, or *as* I meant."

In 1885, on the invitation of Lord Dufferin, Lionel and his wife went on a tour to India. He caught jungle-fever while in Assam. On his return to Calcutta he fell dangerously ill, and never recovered, but hung between life and death for three months and a half. In the words of Lord Dufferin: "Nothing could exceed his courage and his patience and his goodness to us all."

This life of promise closed in the Red Sea on the 20th of April, 1886. From several truly sympathetic notices of Lionel's brief career an extract may be

given of that which appeared in the *Melbourne Argus* of the 24th of July, written by a fellow-passenger on board the vessel; as the short personal description gave a sad pleasure to the bereaved father :

“ No mistaking the likeness (to Lord Tennyson) in the massive head, the flowing beard and hair, as he lay, pale and wan, on a couch on deck. Six hours afterwards, at nine o'clock, the crew is mustered by the tolling of a muffled bell. . . . A reverend clergyman and missionary reads the beautiful Burial Service of the Church of England, which seems more impressive here than on shore. There are many wet eyes at the words ‘ We therefore commit ’ . . . Then the coffin slides with a solemn splash into the dark water, a bubble of phosphorescent light is seen for a moment, the waves close over it, and broken voices repeat *Our Father.*’ . . .

*Not there to bid my boy farewell,
When that within the coffin fell,
Fell, and flash'd into the Red Sea,
Beneath a hard Arabian moon
And alien stars.*

A few lines from his father to Lionel's “ chief ” at the India Office, Sir Louis Mallet, and from Dr. Jowett, may be added :

From Alfred Tennyson to Sir Louis Mallet.

FARRINGFORD, 26th of January, 1883.

DEAR SIR LOUIS MALLETT,—Allow me so to address you, since I cannot feel you, who have been so good to my son, a stranger, and let me say how sorry we are to hear that you are ill. I hope that this letter, which requires no answer, will not be a trouble to you now that you are suffering, for I only write to thank you for your most kind note to Lionel, and to express to you

my sense of his great privilege in having near him yourself as his friend and adviser. Perhaps I have done not altogether wisely in permitting one of so much originality and refinement of intellect, and so sensitive to his surroundings, and so dependent upon his interest in his work for his highest continued power of working, to place himself among the subordinates of a Public Office. Be this as it may, it is so great a misfortune for a young man to be without regular work that I cannot but recommend him to stay where he is, and I feel sure that sooner or later he will find employment as congenial as that which he has lost. With renewed thanks,

Believe me truly yours,

A. TENNYSON.

From Dr. Jowett to Lady Tennyson.

27th of April, 1886.

I remember your dear son almost from the beginning of his life. When he used to hang about me as a child, and later when I told the boys stories out of Homer, or heard them their Greek lesson; and later still, when he went to Eton, and in the last few years when he came to see me with Eleanor. He was a noble and gentle creature, with a fine sense of things and a good deal of literary gift. Much more might have been expected of him than he realised, for he was always growing and learning, and had by no means exhausted his powers. I have never known any youth who attracted me more than he did.

Lionel Tennyson left a few short poems, some for music, others in which the feelings of the heart naturally took the form of verse. Three, specially liked by his father, may close this slight *In Memoriam* :

SYMPATHY.

In this sad world where mortals must
 Be almost strangers,
 Should we not turn to those we trust
 To save us from its dangers ?
 Then whisper in mine ear again,
 And this believe,
 That aught which gives thy dear heart pain
 Makes my heart grieve.

God wills that we have sorrow here,
 And we will share it ;
 Whisper thy sorrow in mine ear
 That I may also bear it ;
 If anywhere our trouble seems
 To find an end,
 'Tis in the fairy-land of dreams,
 Or with a friend.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Bated breath and muffled voices,
 Silent footsteps on the floor ;
 One in that still room rejoices,
 For his sorrows are no more.

Rustling as of birds that hover,
 Ears that listen, nothing said,
 Figures bending slowly over
 Him who smiles, the peaceful dead.

ON THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE.

(Written in Cambridge Undergraduate days).

You think—because I stand in sunny hours
 Upon the solitary shore, and watch
 The channell'd sand between the sudden waves
 In golden lattice glow—and hanging on
 The gunwale over the near blue I love
 The billows ever-climbing whisper white,
 Or through the silent night ambrosial,
 To see my oar in rushing silver swing :—
 You think that while I learn the loveliness
 Of each fantastic shell, I scan no wave
 Of all the rolling miles beyond : or note
 When stormy sunlight breaks on distant seas ;
 That never seaward on the breezy down
 I lie high up, and far beneath me mark
 The booming breaker beat upon the roof
 Of the weed-glutted cave ; and do not feel
 That restful season when a gradual gold
 Steals on the dim blue of the fading east
 With tender power of sleep ere yet the moon
 Heaves her broad shoulder o'er the stilly earth.
 You think, to speak in plainer phrase, I live
 On sweets of Nature cull'd with little pain,
 All heedless of her grander mysteries,
 All careless of the thought that moves the world,
 The births of empire, or the mind of man.
 You deem me dreamer, misanthrope, and drown'd
 In self and soulless reverie, ignorant
 That on the bosom of our mother Earth,
 That takes us tenderly when our rough years
 Are o'er, not only where in solitude,
 Deep-valled, or on the deeps or mountains, must
 The God be sought, but where the city stands,
 And from a hundred crowded gates outpours

By road, and sea, and stream her merchandise.
 Yet have I linger'd long contemplative
 Beside the petulant lapping of this sea ;
 And, while I read that on this day was born
 That Child-republic aged a century,
 America, across the deep there comes
 A chorded sweetness in the sad salt air
 As of far bells, until I seem to stand
 In Boston streets, surged round by tides of men ;
 And wonder why he lingers dreamily,
 And she with tight unsteady lip, and eye
 Of dew, threads intricately through the maze
 Of men in haste ; and, whether this man's smile
 Is graven by the joy of years, or if
 Here is one moment in a life of pain,
 That with a hasty foot imprints it there—
 A rich bee poised upon a broken flower
 Made hueless, honeyless, by the storms of Time—
 Well, well may England mourn with head low-bow'd
 And face afire with recollected shame
 Her greed and narrowness of policy :
 But you God's children of the fair, free, West,
 If e'er the aspect of a nation's joy
 Can soothe the suffering of a widow'd heart,
 Or dull the biting edges of remorse,
 O here to-day let dreary sorrow sleep !
 This is no time for grief ! away, away
 With mournful memories ! Strike each your note
 In the universal chord of jubilee !
 Bring merry madness from the swinging bell,
 And in loud salvo let your cannon sound
 Across the sounding ocean ! Raise the cry
 Of Liberty once more, but Liberty
 Restored ; as did your fathers, while across
 The illimitable tide of garden wastes,
 The prairie blazing with a thousand hues,
 They speed the sworn companions of the sword,
 Banded together to resist the wrong !
 Yea, let it thunder with the loud Pacific !

Yea, thunder on the hoarse Atlantic shores !
Yea, let it echo down the Oregon,
And with the osprey crown the crisping wave !—
O give it voice amid the voiceless gloom
Of the continuous forest ! let it sweep—
With the devouring flame and roar high up
Amid the crackling pine-tops,—with the herd
That flees before it streaming in long rout
With lower'd crest or tossing antler !—Like
A broadening flood that leaps from the burst banks
Of some vast reservoir, yea, let it boom
From precipice to precipice amid
The trackless snows of Andes ! let it plunge
Adown Niagara's waste of waterfall !
About the silent cities of the dead
Let it put triumph in the south wind's moan !
Thro' Californian valleys let it play
With falling cataracts ever resonant !
And break the midnight of the mine ! and stir
The airs all slumberous with soft essences
That scarcely breathe about far wildernesses !
To all such full-toned music chant your hymn,
Due record of those patriots who died
To free your country from a mad misrule.



Facing p. 167.

CANON TUTTIETT.

CANON LAWRENCE TUTTIETT.

Lawrence Tuttiett was the son of Dr. John Tuttiett, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, and later of Newport, Isle of Wight.

He was born at Colyton, Devon, in 1825, first studied medicine at King's College, London, but later took orders and was ordained curate of Ryde, Isle of Wight, in 1848, became Vicar of Lea Marston, Warwickshire, in 1854, Rector of St. Andrew's, Scotland, in 1870, and Canon of St. Andrew's, 1880.

He was author of several prose works and volumes of poetry, from which his popular hymns have been collected.

Mr. Julian, in his *Dictionary of Hymnology*, says: "Canon Tuttiett's hymns are characterised by smoothness of rhythm, directness of aim, simplicity of language, and deep earnestness."

In *Famous Hymns and their Authors*, by Francis Arthur Jones, we read: "The Rev. Canon Tuttiett has written many hymns for special occasions, his Advent hymn *O, quickly come, dread Judge of all* being remarkably fine, based on the words 'Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' In some respects it is not unlike a translation of the *Dies Irae*. It was written in 1854, when the author was Vicar of Lea Marston, and one of the finest hymns he ever wrote.

O, quickly come, dread Judge of all was published in the author's *Hymns for Churchmen*, after which it passed into the first *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and from thence into numerous hymnals, both in Great Britain and America. It has been trans-

lated into several languages, including Latin, and is probably the most popular of all Canon Tuttiett's compositions.

Soon after its publication it was seen by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, who wrote for it that very beautiful and solemn air, which he christened *Veni Cito*.

It had been intended that Canon Tuttiett should, like his father, follow the profession of a doctor of medicine, but he abandoned this in favour of the Church. While acting as curate at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, his preaching attracted the attention of Lord Norton, who, in 1854, presented him with the living of Lea Marston, which he filled for sixteen years. Lord Norton used to affirm that Mr. Tuttiett's preaching equalled that of Bishop Wilberforce.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

O, QUICKLY COME.

O, quickly come, dread Judge of all ;
 For, awful though Thine Advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
 O, quickly come : for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O, quickly come, great King of all ;
 Reign all around us, and within ;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
 O, quickly come : for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

O, quickly come, true Life of all ;
 For death is mighty all round ;
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found :
 O, quickly come : for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day :
O, quickly come : for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

LUCY BELL WESTWOOD.

Poetical remains, with some account of her life, by the Rev. James Henry Millard, B.A., Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and Robert Edis, Huntingdon, 1850. Dedicated to Sir Arthur de Capel Broke, Bart., F.R.S., her friend and patron, by her father John Westwood.

Lucy Bell Westwood was born at Ventnor, I.W., on the 14th July, 1832, at Steadweal Cottage. At the end of the year 1840 the family removed to Corby, Northamptonshire, where Mr. Westwood used to labour as a minister of the Gospel, under the auspices of an extensive landed proprietor, Sir Arthur de Capel Broke.

In the summer of 1842, Lucy, then 10 years old, was sent to a school at Croydon belonging to the Society of Friends, of which she was by birth a member. Through an accident she had fallen into ill health, which a visit to the Isle of Wight and to Brighton failed to remedy. Thence to Market Harborough, where she pursued her studies under the guidance of her aunt, with the advantage, and to her, luxury, of the library of the Hon. Mrs. Broke.

In the month of March, 1850, she was affected by whooping cough, causing pneumonia, from which she died.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

The following are examples of some of her work:

ELIJAH.

What shall I write on ? whom may I portray
 In simple verse to pass my time away ?
 Many and beautiful the themes appear
 Within the volume which is lying near,
 Yet when I turn to its historic page
 What lowly subject shall my pen engage ?
 Shall Hannah, lovely child, inspire my strain,
 Or the sweet tale of Ruth my choice obtain,
 Where beauty and simplicity combined
 Seem fitting subjects for the youthful mind ;
 Or shall I turn to seek a higher theme
 To engage my pen ? Yes ! strange my choice may seem,
 For rather would my simple verse essay
 The prophet great Elijah to portray.

.

LEODINE.

After describing the illness and death of the mother she proceeds :—

Her spirit left its house of clay
 Bright angels waiting stood,
 Who quickly bore her to her rest—
 The bosom of her God.

Oh ! mournful stood sweet Leodine
 Though oft she strove to dry
 Those bitter tears that still would fall
 From her grief-clouded eye.

Yet oft her mother's dying words
 Seemed whispered in her ear,
 And in her trouble's darkest hour
 Her drooping heart would cheer.

And oft that lily-child would steal
Upon a starry night
To some loved spot and still would gaze
Upon the scene so bright.

And oft in fancy did she see
Her mother's gentle hand
That seemed to beckon her away
Unto the better land.



Facing p. 173.

PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

This notable poet was the eldest son of the Rev. Charles Worsley, M.A., of the Gatcombe, Isle of Wight, branch of the Worsleys. Born on the 12th of August, 1835, he was educated at Cholmeley's School, Highgate, and matriculated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, 28th May, 1853, B.A. and M.A. 1861, Fellow 1863-6. He died on the 8th May, 1866, at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, where he was buried on 15th May.

Worsley is described as a very tall and spare man, who suffered for years from consumption, which was the cause of his early death. He appears to have possessed both the temperament and the genius of a born poet, as is evident in his published work. Death, alas, claimed him when quite a young man. What he might have accomplished had he reached maturer years, much more had he been blessed with vigorous health, may be easily imagined. He had the advantages of birth and high culture, bearing a name famous in the history of the Isle of Wight.

The work which brought him the highest recognition and praise from the foremost critics of his day was his *Translation of the Odyssey*, published 1861-2. This beautiful poem is written in Spenserian stanzas, and Professor Arnold thus describes it:—"Mr. Worsley, applying the Spenserian stanza, that beautiful romantic measure, to the most romantic poem of the ancient world, making this stanza yield too, (what it never yielded to Byron) its treasures of fluidity and sweet ease, above all, bringing to his task a truly poetical sense and skill, has produced a version of the *Odyssey* much the most pleasing of those hitherto

produced, and which is delightful to read." *The Saturday Review*, too, always a severe critic, in the course of highly complimentary comments used these words:—"Mr. Worsley's scholarship, too, is fully proved; but his poetic faculty is so pre-eminent as to make all else in his qualifications secondary."

In the year 1863 was published *Poems and Translations*, William Blackwood and Sons. Here are a number of original poems, all bearing the impress of a serious and reflective mind, written in a variety of verse form, from blank verse to the octo-syllabic quatrain, the form in every case intuitively adapted to the theme, and wrought with a mastery of phrase and a perfect technique. Yet there can be no doubt that his persistent bad health must have weighed upon him terribly, and restricted his activity both mental and physical. From this cause he was unable to devote himself to any profession, and so gave his mind entirely to classical and poetical studies.

In the notes on this author in the *Dictionary of National Biography* we read:—"His patience and cheerfulness under great suffering and the beauty of his character are pathetically extolled by Sarah Austin in a note in the *Athenaeum* of 19th May, 1866. Worsley's distinction as a poet is to have achieved what no one else has achieved. His Spenserian translation of the *Odyssey*, and the first half of the *Iliad*, regarded merely as an endeavour to make Homer speak like Spenser, leaves no room for improvement.

No version diverging so widely from the form of the original can become the standard version. In grace, skill, and command of diction and native music Worsley is surpassed by no poet who has employed this most difficult form, peculiar to our language."

Such a poet should be held in perpetual and proud remembrance by his fellow islanders, and his work treasured in every library worthy of the name in the Isle of his forefathers.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

Everyone who had read Homer in the Greek knows how impossible it is to reproduce his peculiar quality in English verse. His majestic simplicity defies a language essentially romantic, while the sonorous roll of his hexameters falls thinly on the ear in its English reproduction. Pope had the good sense to take as his medium the heroic couplets of which he was a Master, and his work is a *tour de force*, but the spirit of Homer is not there. The older version (also rhymed) of Chapman is full of the astonishing vigour of those spacious days, but while it has something of the Homeric fire, it has little of Homer's divine simplicity. The *Iliad*, let it be said once and for all, is untranslatable into English verse. The *Odyssey*, so much more *romantic* in spirit, so much nearer in feeling to the modern mind, is not quite so intractable. The present writer remembers in his student days having his attention directed by Frederic Harrison to Philip Worsley's translation. It came to him as a revelation. It was not Homer of course—nothing outside the Greek can be Homer—but it was a presentation in English verse of the immortal story of Odysseus so fresh and beautiful and balanced that no one but the most foolish pedant could read it without sustained delight.

It is by this achievement that Philip Worsley lives, and the place it gives him in English literature is eminent and unassailable.

His original poems have a serene charm and often an easy distinction which may set some wondering as to what he might have done had he devoted himself to purely original work. But their quality is very unequal, and he probably followed a wise instinct when he concentrated upon the great Translation. And indeed a translation of this type has at its best so large a creative element in it that a man's originality may actually show itself there to greater advantage than in poems professedly "original." This was the case with Worsley. Yet some of the original poems

deserve to be more widely read than in are. *Narcissus* is a delightful rendering of the old tale, told with a lucid elegance and a polished simplicity, which makes one think now and then of Landor's *Hellenics*. There are not a few poems in well-known English anthologies that might well be displaced to make room for Philip Worsley's *Narcissus*.

EDWIN FAULKNER.

NARCISSUS.

Like as some solitary woodland flower,
 Far out of reach, upon a perilous ledge,
 Flaunts its rich colours in a maiden's eyes,
 And seems more fair because desired in vain,—
 So he, a stream-god's son, more beautiful
 Than all his peers, serene and passionless,
 Lived whole of heart, in scornful self-delight
 Vacant for ever. Love, that comes to all,
 Sought not nor found him. Many raving words,
 The multiplied despair of aching hearts,
 Thickened around him, and he heeded not ;
 Ay, thou enamoured Echo, woodland nymph,
 Pursuing him with love, filled the deep air,
 The caves, and the bleak rocks, valleys and hills,
 With murmurs meaningless to none save him,
 Wasting away till she became a voice,
 Vague, incorporeal.—And thus it went,
 Till one who also loved him all in vain
 Uttered this dying curse :—“ So let him love
 A fiery love, and, loving, not enjoy ! ”

And the suns travelled till there came a day,
 When, heated from the chase and tired with toil,
 Whether of chance, or by some envious Fate
 Misguided, he bore on with flagging steps

Unto a pure cold fount, where never bird
 Nor mountain-goat frequented, clothed around
 With fresh green turf and secret from the sun.
 Thither no devious track of mortal feet
 Led through the shady labyrinth of wood ;
 No sound of shepherds, calling from the bowers
 With melody of flute or vocal play,
 Made welcome for the weary flocks at noon ;
 Only the immemorial silences
 Kept haunt for ever on those flowery floors,
 Where the sweet summers ever came and went,
 And went and came, and even from the bees
 Year after year their customary spoil
 Concealed, as in a secret treasure-house.
 And there, in evil hour slaking his thirst,
 He in his spirit conceived a thirst tenfold,
 Which water could not quench. For, as he drank,
 Leaning to the cold lymph he saw therein
 The phantom of himself clear as the life,
 The mirrored white and red upon his cheek,
 The loose locks clustering round his snowy neck,
 Full of divinest beauty—saw and loved.

O love ! thou art the theme of many songs ;
 And some have thought thee but a froward boy,
 Risking thy random arrows here and there,
 Careless who suffer from thy pastime wild :
 Some paint thee pensive and serene of mood,
 Gentle, with very heaven upon thy face,
 Planting the deadly nightshade at the heart,
 Whereof men die, and leave wild words behind,
 And melancholy music strange to hear.
 But whether thou wert born in Rhodope,
 And sharp winds sang around thy couch of snow,
 And thy young heart grew hard among the hills—
 Or, cradled in the warmth of tropic isles,
 The softness of life corrupted thee,
 Till, to wear out the languid summer hours,
 Thou couldst not but be cruel to mankind—

Or whencesoever or of whom thou art—
 Herein thou wast supremely merciless,
 That the twin shafts, whose piercing should create
 A mutual sympathy in different hearts,
 Thou without pity at one single breast
 Didst aim too surely, so that wild desire
 Tended to no sweet haven, but must rave
 In desolate unrest without a home !

Ah ! there and then hot hope, with eager eye,
 Sprung from that first fierce hunger in his blood,
 Flashed change upon his face, and o'er his soul
 Rolled moments like to years. Ah ! then and there
 Were passionate strivings with extended arms
 To fold a shadow ; and he sought not rest
 Nor food ; the hours went on ; and still he lay,
 Gazing upon the form that answered him
 With silent gestures, silent moving lips,
 Seeming to mean a not unequal love,
 Till the truth dawned upon him, and he knew
 Himself alone of all to his own heart
 Was cruel—for himself was his own love,
 Himself his own despair. Then in his ear
 Sudden there spake, or seemed to speak, a voice :
 “ Life without love, or with a love unreaped,
 Makes every hour a death ; but death comes once.
 Better to die, for death will make an end.”

Then spake he, weaving his own funeral dirge,
 Accents whose wildness might unnerve the rage
 Of wolves that wander in the Hercynian glens,
 Roll back the rivers from their seaward march,
 And rive compassion from the core of rocks :
 “ O forests, dreaming of the years of old,
 Ask of your branches, whether green or sere,
 Whether by night or day, in calm, in storm,
 They may remember any love like mine.
 O Love, dread Love, I know thee—but too late ;
 Come, feast thine eyes ; thou art indeed avenged ! ”

And lovelorn Echo, starting at the cry,
 Paused in her bower a moment, then took up
 The shrill-toned sorrow, and from hill to hill
 Tossed it in mocking mood, until the voice
 Failed in the far-off clouds—Avenged ! Avenged !

So when the Sun unyoked his flaming steeds,
 And through the glimmering silence, calm and slow,
 The dark world drifted to the bourne of sleep,
 Came the death-angel in the cool of eve,
 Who seals impermeable to life and light
 The charm-constrained orbs, and solemnly
 O'er the lost lover bending in the gloom,
 Touched the pale brow with ceremonial wand.
 Whence a sad wonderment, the pain of dreams,
 Hung round his tranced spirit like a mist ;
 And all about him snatches of old songs,
 Heard in old hours among the Oreades,
 Mixed with a meaning never felt before,
 Floated—dark legends of mysterious love
 Unhappy, and of hope for ever fallen,
 Fallen for ever, like his own—and still
 Haunted him more than all a simple strain
 Sung by Liriopè, the naiad-nymph,
 His mother, how a maiden golden-haired,
 Trusting to treachery and led by love,
 Followed a stranger from her father's halls :
 “ She like a rose just opening into bloom,
 “ Which one hath paused in passing to admire,
 “ Anon hath gathered, and against his heart
 “ Worn for a little hour, then cast away
 “ For ever, and remembers it no more ;
 “ But all the while it lieth where it fell,
 “ Silently drooping on an alien earth,
 “ Alone, unpitied of the passers-by ;
 “ Nor any more availeth that the showers
 “ Strive with sweet influences to lend it life,
 “ And golden suns caress it as of old ;
 “ Nor to have been in native loveliness

" First among flowers availeth any more,
 " So lowly doth it lie, so far hath fallen "—
 Here Echo seemed to answer—Fallen ! Fallen !
 Slowly and sad, like one that hath her wish,
 And finds it other than she hoped, not gain,
 But bitterest loss—which when the dying heard,
 The pulses of his heart grew faint and still,
 And life-stream halted and then ebb'd away ;
 From limb to limb crept the damp langour cold ;
 And he lay silent in a seeming sleep,
 Moveless like marble, with unlighted eyes
 Changelessly fastened on the crystal pool,
 And countenance snow-cold, which even in death
 Bore impress of unutterable desire.

Then, after twilight, the stars one by one
 Peered from the broad blue curtain of the heavens,
 And the blanched delicate features of the dead
 Showed whiter in the broken misty light
 There he lay all night long, until the birds
 Sang in the mirthful morning, and the sun,
 Piercing a slant path through the woven green,
 Rested upon a flower, ambrosial, sweet,
 Alone in grace among the forest flowers ;
 And therein lay embalmed the love, the life,
 Of that bright being, who but yesterday
 Was Beauty's youngest-born upon the earth.

VERSUS AMOR.

Changed love forsooth in me you fear.
 Go to :—no whited tale I ask.
 No mocking ineffectual mask ;
 The coarse plain truth shall serve us here.
 All sin forgive save loss of gold ;
 This cursed creed hath priests of old ;
 For this my love is counted cold.

When first I saw thee face to face,
 That careless summer years ago,
 Why never whispered friend or foe
 One warning of this dire disgrace?
 Weak wish!—few words the sequel tell:
 My pomp of outward fortune fell;
 Yet this could I sustain, and well.

Constant to minister in pain,
 True woman would have loved me more.
 This reckless hollow dream is o'er;
 I kneel to no false star again.
 Yes recreant slave, take back thy vow;
 Earth's choicest crown about thy brow
 Were bribe too mean to tempt me now.

For suffering, that doth make men wise,
 Came thunder-like, and shook my sleep.
 I rose; I bought experience cheap.
 God sent the gift of open eyes.
 I thank Him thou art not my wife,
 To load the lagging years with strife,
 To damn me in my dream of life.

Henceforth I neither love nor hate;
 Thou art a thing forgotten, dead.
 This painful arrow, swiftly sped,
 Hath saved my soul ere yet too late.
 Let him who seeks thy spouse to be
 Fetter the winds and reap the sea,
 But hope not love from thine or thee.

I curse not now thy lust of pelf—
 Thou, in thy dearth of pure desire,
 Selling thy very heart for hire,
 Art curse sufficient to thyself.
 Guilt's secret stab shall find thee yet,
 Though not this sin thy conscience fret,
 Though me thy narrow soul forget.

And never hug thyself in this
 Blind hope of impotent revenge,
 That I, too sick to care for change,
 Shall feed despair with buried bliss,
 Not so— a larger heart than thine
 Shall to one music blend with mine
 In love thou never canst divine.

Once and for aye thy toils are torn ;
 I am not thine to slay or spare.
 From far-off fields of wider air
 Thee and thy selfish peers I scorn.
 Go, vilely reap thy share of earth ;
 I yet believe in woman's worth,
 Where deeper love hath holier birth.

Farewell, without a farewell kiss ;
 I leave thee here alone with crime.
 Yet for the sake of olden time,
 I would that I could teach thee this :
 Search the wide world, and thou shalt find
 No penury of baser kind
 Than this thou hoarest in thy mind.

TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY—
 BOOK 10. CIRCE—

Then in two bands I numbered all my train,
 Each with its chief. One to myself I took ;
 One did to fair Eurylochus pertain.
 Then we the lots in steely helmets shook,
 And his leapt forth ; nor he the work forsook,
 But passed with twain-and-twenty ranged around,
 Weeping ; we after them yearned many a look
 Weeping. So in the woods the house they found
 Of Circe, stone well-hewn, and on conspicuous ground.

* * * * *

Soon at her vestibule they pause and hear
 A voice of singing from a lovely place,
 Where Circe weaves her great web year by year,
 So shining, slender, and instinct with grace,
 As weave the daughters of immortal race.
 Then said Polites, nearest, first in worth
 Of all my friends : “ Hark through the Echoing space
 Floats a sweet music charming air and earth !
 Call ! for some goddess bright or woman gave it birth.”

Thus spake he, and they lifted up their voice
 And called her. She the brilliant doors anon
 Unfolding bade them in her halls rejoice ;
 Who entered in not knowing, save alone
 Eurylochus misdoubting fraud. Full soon
 Benches and chairs in fair array she set,
 And mixing meal and honey, poured thereon
 Strong Pramnian wine, and with the food they ate
 Beat up her baleful drugs to make them quite forget.

Their country. They receiving drank, unwise,
 Forthwith she smote them with her wand divine,
 And drave them out and shut them close in styes,
 Where they the head, voice, form and hair of swine
 Took, but the heart stayed sane, as ere the wine
 Confused them they thus to their lairs retreat ;
 She food, whereon the brutish herd might dine,
 Furnished—mast, acorns, their familiar meat,
 Surely as earth-grovelling swine are wont to eat.

When sought Eurylochus the swift black ship,
 The bitter fortune of his friends to tell ;
 Nor, when he came there could he stir a lip,
 Nor the thing show that in his soul did swell.
 Tongueless he stood, heart wounded, weak to quell
 The agony within ; a dark dumb rain
 Of weeping ever from his eyelids fell ;
 Much did we wonder and enquire his pain,
 Till words at last he found his anguish to make plain.

(Eurylochus tells of the disappearance of his comrades in Circe's palace. Ulysses draws sword and bids him go before. Eurylochus declines. Ulysses says :)
 But I : Eurylochus abide thou here
 Fast by the hollow ship and drink and eat ;
 But I will hence. Necessity severe
 Constrains me." Thus I, passing, turned my feet
 On through the glens for the divine retreat
 Of Circe ; and a youth in form and mould
 Fair as when tender manhood seems most sweet,
 Beautiful Hermes, with the wand of gold
 Met me alone, and there my hand in his did fold.

" Whither," he said, " Wouldst thou thy steps incline
 Ah ! hapless, all unweeting of thy way ?
 Thy friends lie huddling in their styes like swine ;
 And these wouldst thou deliver ? I tell thee nay—
 Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.
 Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,
 For I will save thee from thy ills this day,
 Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,
 Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.

Drink will she mix, and in thy food will charm
 Drugs, but in vain, because I give thee now
 This antidote beyond her power of harm.
 When she shall smite thee with her wand, do thou
 Draw thy sharp sword and fierce design avow
 To slay her. She will bid thee to her bed,
 Fearing thy lifted arm and threatening brow.
 Nor thou refuse, that so her heart be led
 To loose thy luckless friends and on thee kindness shed,
 " But, by the grand oath of immortals blest,
 Fast bind her, ere thou yield, that she no wrong
 Scheme for thy ruin in her secret breast,
 Lest naked and unmanned thou linger long
 Pent in vile durance with her swinish throng :
 Therewith the root he tore up from the ground,

Black, with a milk-white flower in heavenly tongue
 Called Moly and its nature did expound—
 Hard to be dug by men ; in Gods all power is found.

(Ulysses goes to Circe's palace and is admitted).

So to a silver-studded carven chair
 My steps she led and made me rest thereon :
 Under my feet there lay a footstool fair ;
 And in a goblet of pure gold anon
 Mixing a philter, like that former one,
 She the pernicious poison did instil,
 Then gave me, and I drank, but change came none
 Last with her mystic wand intending ill
 She smote me and thus spake her dream charm to
 fulfil :

“ Now to the sty and with thy comrades sleep ! ”
 But my sharp steel unsheathing from my thigh
 On the Enchantress, as in rage, I leap,
 Armed, with the flash of murder in mine eye.
 She screaming, clasped my knees, in dread to die—
 “ What man art thou ? ” She cried : “ where is thy
 place,
 Thy parents, who these philters canst defy ?
 Never before did lips of mortal race
 Drink of this cup, and still retain their former grace.”

“ Thy breast alone a charmless heart doth hold,
 Art thou Odysseus many-wiled, whom he,
 The golden-wanded Hermes, oft foretold,
 That from far Troia wandering o'er the sea
 He to this coast should sail, and visit me ?
 But come, return thy sword into his sheath
 And afterwards ascend my couch that we
 Mingled together, this my roof beneath,
 Of loves may take our fill, and mutual trust inbreathe.”

I answering spake, " O Circe sue me not
 For friendship, who has changed to swine my crew,
 And with false love would make their doom forgot,
 That naked and unmanned I here may rue
 Thy sorceries dark. This thing I will not do,
 Save that the grand oath of the Gods thou swear,
 That in thy heart thou means't not evil new."
 Therewith I ended and the Goddess sware,
 And after I went up her couch of love to share.

(The handmaids of Circe prepare a banquet and
 baths. Ulysses sits, loath to eat. Circe enquires)
 " Why then Odysseus like one dumb dost sit
 Eating thy heart, not tasting drink or food ?
 Art thou foreboding new enchantments yet ?
 Come, let vile fear be banished from thy blood,
 Since I have sworn to thee an oath for good "
 Whereto I answered " Who could bear to feast,
 O Circe, were but justice understood,
 Till the sore durance of his friends had ceased ?
 Nay, let these eyes first see my true ones all released."

(The comrades restored to human form come and
 greet Ulysses rapturously. Circe bids Ulysses go to
 the shore, draw up his ship and return with the rest
 of his comrades)
 So spake she and my manly heart obeyed,
 And to the ship descending, and the shore.
 I found my friends with miseries o'er weighed.

(Ulysses returns with his friends except Eurylochus
 —and for a whole year they lived feasting in the halls
 of Circe—till his comrades, surfeited with pleasure
 begged him to leave for home—Ulysses put this to
 Circe and asked for release).
 I ended and the Goddess made reply :
 " Zeus—born Odysseus dwell not here with me
 Unwilling : yet remaineth that ye try
 Other adventure, the dark realms to see
 Of Hades and revered Persephone.

There from Tiresias the truths to know,
 Blind seer, but whole in spirit, on whom she,
 Queen of the dead, great wisdom doth bestow
 Even there, but all the rest flit shadows to and fro.
 (Under Circe's instructions Ulysses then visits the
 underworld).

WISDOM.

(*Poems and Translations*—1875).

Who loveth wisdom loveth life ;
 Who finds her finds a hidden pearl,
 Far from the roll of vulgar strife,
 The tumult and the whirl,
 A cloudy pillar is her throne.
 Mingling with all things, yet alone,
 Queenlike she watches from the towers of Time,
 Clothed in an immortality sublime.

Her Empire is above, below ;
 Her eyelids slumber not nor sleep ;
 Through life's wide systems, breathe and grow
 Her musings high and deep,
 And ever deeper ever higher,
 Her words are like a lamp of fire,
 Sowing with light dim worlds that none hath sown,
 Searching the silence of the dark unknown.

Her spirit is not bent to Earth ;
 Not hers to dream the hours away ;
 Seeing the secret of her birth,
 She learneth how to pray ;
 Her mind is in an even health
 Constant in sorrow, meek in wealth ;
 Her lips are never raised against the truth,
 She holds in reverence both age and youth.

She does not lend herself to wrong,
 Though slow to blame and mild of mood,
 Sharp are the arrows of her tongue
 When crime must be withstood.
 Yet pride and wrath are not for her ;
 Ruling by mercy not by fear ;
 Supreme yet judging not anothers sin,
 She slayeth not the sinner but would win.

Form of sound words she loveth well,
 Words that the listening spirit reach
 Conversing now in parable
 And now in children's speech,
 She works regardful of the end
 She cleaveth to a faithful Friend,
 In whom she moveth to Eternal rest
 In whose great name she blesseth, and is blest.

HOPE.

Never say that good is waning
 Virtue falling from the van ;
 Nor in saddened strains complaining,
 Black the thanklessness of man.

If some profitless self seeker
 Win much praise and public gold,
 Not for this my work be weaker,
 Not for this thy courage cold.

Whoso in life's task hath taken
 Glory for a worthy goal,
 Hath for a light dream forsaken
 True magnificence of soul.

Think it then nor shame nor pity
 That no crowds applaud thy name :
 Strive on—save the leaguered city,
 Though another reap the fame.

If thy prowess hath not found thee
 Meed of honour in the State,
 Think of many a martyr round thee
 Daily doing something great.

So thy people reap the harvest,
 Little recks who cast the seed ;
 Guerdon, high as thou deservest
 Dwells in thy own holy deed.

THE SEARCH.

Tracking each inlet
 Painfully well,
 Lonely she wanders
 Down in the dell :
 There while the night-winds bleak
 Whiten her wasted cheek,
 Something she seems to seek,
 In the pale starlight
 Down in the dell.

And here is one who
 Knows very well,
 Why she walks nightly
 Down in the dell :
 Knows where the maid, unseen,
 Weeps like a Magadlene,
 And what the searchings mean
 In the pale starlight
 Down in the dell.

Covered up somewhere
He knoweth well
Lies a rich treasure
Down in the dell :
She to and fro doth flit
Thinking to find it yet
Where he hath hidden it
Under the alders
Down in the dell.

Cold is the starlight,
He knoweth well,
Chill sweep the night winds
Down in the dell—
Ten times more chill and cold
That which her arms would fold
Rests underneath the mould
By the dank alders
Down in the dell.

Seemeth too surely
Something not well,
Where blow the night winds
Down in the dell :
He, who in cradle deep,
Laid there a babe to sleep
Never once paused to weep,
Where the leaves whisper
Down in the dell.

Hollow-eyed dreamer
God guard thee well,
From the dread secret
Down in the dell !
Better in wildered brain
Feed a false hope in vain
Than by its father slain
Find thy lost darling
Down in the dell.

DE PROFUNDIS.

As when a bark, bereft of oars and helm
 Slopes on a savage realm,
 And the lone sailor all against him finds
 Sky, shore, and waves, and winds
 So drift I helpless, and bear far and wide
 God's anger at my side.

The magnet star that should have won my will,
 Shone through me, sweet and still,
 When the world-billows in their golden play,
 Lured me with smiles away—
 Thus went I forth and wasted life and name
 Labouring with shame.

Often the barren rocks with lifted voice
 Cried sorrow on my choice ;
 Often the faithless sands about my feet
 Told me my self-deceit ;
 The winds sang warnings, and each hollow shell
 Breathed in my ears a knell.

* * * * *

How merciless in front, how black with gloom
 Frowns the sought goal of doom !
 And if I look behind me, rolling dire
 Curl the long waves in fire.
 O Thou far listening, if thou hear my cry
 Come quickly, for I die.

THE DAY OF DEATH.

(Translated from Peter Damian, died A.D. 1072).

Heavily with dread thou loomest, last day of my
 earthly life ;
 Heart and melting veins within me shudder at the
 mortal strife

When I would inform my spirit, with what horrors
thou art rife.

* * * * *

Things he wrought and thought and uttered in the
years he lived below

Rob him of his rest, dread visions round his couch of
anguish grow,

Come up from the Past and daunt him, hunt his
glances to and fro.

Then the thought of ended action doth his lonely
spirit sting ;

When his conscience racks him ever with untimely
visiting :

But his terrible repentance cometh now a fruitless
thing.

* * * * *

Christ, invincible I pray thee help me, Lord respect
my moan ;

When the last dark hour is on me and I journey hence
alone,

Suffer not the powers of evil then to claim me for their
own.

* * * * *

L'ENVOI.

In sorrow old, but young in years,
I would not vex life's happier round,
I envy none, I ask no tears,
But till my own appointed ground.

Yet if I seem to speak of grief,
'Tis scarce worth wonder—I have known
Large losses dealt in moments brief
Wide harvests ere their autumn strown.

Shall I for this indulge complaint !
Turn traitor, and cry shame on life !
No ! be my prayer, however faint
" Lord help me to strive out my strife."

Though of past years I am bereft,
Heavy with sins not hard to scan :
Yet, for the remnant that is left
I'll bear me as becomes a man.

And if to see another's loss
Can make one soul aware of gain,
Come hither and behold my cross,
Thou who canst feel a brother's pain.

Life truly is a gorgeous dream
But, when the heart can understand,
Not quite so darksome as they seem
The death-clouds loom on yonder strand.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

Charles was the eldest of a family of eight born to Benjamin Arnell and his wife, and first saw the light on 3rd August, 1850, at Carisbrooke, under the shadow of the ancient Castle on the south, and of the old Norman Church on the north side of the home. At the age of six years his parents took him and his brother William to a famous phrenologist, Professor Jas. Quilter Rumball, who was lecturing and practising in the Island for a short time, and this expert scientist stated, amongst other things in his report, that Charles "had not the poetical temperament, but he had the talent, as indeed he has many talents." Indeed at a very early age the boy showed a strong love of poetry, and even attempted a little versification.

For preparatory education he was placed at the Isle of Wight Diocesan School at Newport, and, at the age of 15, was sent to an admirable private school at Clewer House, Windsor, where he made good progress. Amongst other notable men who passed through this school was Professor E. A. Schäfer, who was a fellow class-boy with Arnell.

The boy's parents felt some difficulty in determining a career for him. He had a strong taste for mechanical engineering, and had studied mechanics with creditable results, but unfortunately, perhaps, he was not to follow his natural bent. Eventually, after five years spent in the service of one of the great Joint Stock Banks, at the age of 22, in partnership with his younger brother, he took over the flour mills at Newport from their father, where he remained until the year 1886. In the year 1880 he married, in the Isle of Man, Eliza



Facing p. 191.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

Julia, only daughter of the late Henry Carstairs, of Madras, and settled at Carisbrooke.

There were four sons and four daughters of the marriage.

In 1905 he retired to East Sheen, and thenceforward found leisure to give larger indulgence to his literary tastes, and in particular to the study and practise of poetry, contributing to various periodicals and papers, and in 1914 published a book of miscellaneous verse entitled *Random Rhymes of a Vectensian*, and in 1918 another under the title of *Love in a Mist*. In the same year he started, as proprietor and editor, the now well known magazine *Poetry*.

All Arnell's work betrays a rare and delicate fancy, in which thought and form are happily married. It is surprising to find such a serene outlook and such easy access to the way of dreams in one who must necessarily have occupied most of his time in the activities of business. But the gift of wonder must have kept his heart young. The flame of idealism and the ardencies of pure passion must have been constantly renewed upon his secret altar. The "magic casement" has been open, and he has retired thereto in leisure hours to catch the glammers of romance and beauty to transfer to his metrical numbers.

Perhaps the most characteristic and successful form of his work is that of the rhymed triplets. This is a fine medium for the tender reflections that move from rounded thought to thought, and which are only to be used under the spell of inspired moments. Here we fancy Arnell is most himself, although he can turn from the contemplation of beauty and the enjoyment of the imaginative flight to strike the stirring note of contemporary happening and appeal.

FRANK NOBLE WOOD.

TRIOLET.

A whispered word I could not hear !
 My heart played high, and ventured all :
 The chance was set beyond recall ;
 But that faint word I could not hear—
 That most desired antiphonal—
 Or was it uttered not at all,
 That whispered word I could not hear ?
 My heart played high, and ventured all.

TO ALL POETS.

Keep thy pearls for Beauty's wear,
 Let them glisten in her hair ;
 Not for snout of swine are such,
 Blurred by beasts' unholy touch.

Keep thy Muse for ear of Night,
 Rapt listening of seraph bright ;
 To the dull senses of the brute
 Ever must thy lyre be mute.

All the cunning of thy art
 Keep thou holy and apart :
 Not for unregenerate eyes
 Burn thy sacred sacrifice.

Strings that vibrate with the breeze
 Bring to birth sweet melodies ;
 Stones lie hard, and cold, and dumb,
 Should Orpheus call, they cannot come.

Gathering all colours from the sun,
 Arrayed most radiantly each one,
 Fair flowers bloom, and fragrance spread,
 Whilst clay to brightest ray is dead.

Birds that wing wide ways of air
View earth and sea and hemisphere—
A vision glorious, all denied
To things that creep, and crawl, and hide.

There are who mock tune, cadence, form,
Barter rich fruit for loathly worm :
Thy spirit vex not such to win ;
Leave them dull earth to burrow in.

* * * * *
Keep thy pearls for Beauty's wear,
Let them glister in her hair ;
Keep thy muse for ear of Night,
And souls who struggle to the light.

REMEMBRANCE.

(From the French of Gabrielle Volland).

When the night has overtaken me, final, dark,
I shall leave on earth an inglorious memory ;
And some will say :—" This man was proud, morose ;"
But thou who comest to me on that morn, my last,
E'er I be borne to oblivion and the tomb,
I see thee stand, sad, trembling, at the door,
Weeping, perhaps and well remembering
How passionate was the clinging of my embrace ;
Musing of my eyes, blue as the skies of France,
Though dimmed with sorrow and long pain,
And paled, perhaps, their blue, and dulled their gleam,
Then thou wilt remember, but too late !

I see thee come that day, laden with flowers,
To print a farewell kiss on my closed eyes,
Reverently pressing the bloom of thy dear lips ;
But then my heart no longer feels its grief ;
The sun that through the open window shines
My still hand warms not with its ray ;
What voice can now disturb my dreamless sleep—
Dead to thy beauty now as to the sun's ?

THE MAD WOMAN.

(*From the French*).

A woman—insane—with long tresses fair,
That silver with shine of the moon :
The idiot girl, with long flaxen hair
That, falling, would reach to her feet, and to spare,
Recks not of her sorrow, nor late, nor soon.

She with the emerald eyes, in their sheen
One can fathom her strange soul's deep ;
She with the large eyes bright and green,
In these may her wayward dreams be seen ;
Clasped hands, like Angel's, still as sleep.

And, in the sweep of her sable robe,
Slender and pale, yet lovely,
Seating herself at the open door,
Whilst evening sky makes soft glamour
With flowers strange garlands are wove by.

And yet, yet is she far happier than we,
Breathing the brief moment's glory,
And bending low her grave, sweet brow,
With folded hands, her knee below,
She reads an invisible page of story.

LOVE IN A MIST.

Love ! I have found thee ! I hold thee fast !
“Nay ! but a shadow ; by shadows cast.”

Say not so, say not so ! Thou'rt my very own !
“Nay ! I am nothing, and thou art alone !”

Not so, for thy lamp burneth brightly and warm,
For me thou art heartsease, and haven from storm :

“ Nay, it shall falter, and flicker and die !
E'en as a star falls—dream not I am I ! ”

Love ! dost but try me ? I will not deny thee !
Have I not found thee, searching from far ?
Floods may not drown thee, hor Heaven disown thee,
Light of the ages, unquenchable star !

LOST PICOTEE.

(Sighed by a Wounded Soldier in Hospital).

In a dream—alas for me !
I heard the voice of Picotee
Singing, singing cheerily.

In a dream—ah, pity me !
I clasped the hand of Picotee,
The little hand of Picotee.

Dreaming only—woe is me !
I saw the face of Picotee
Smiling lovingly on me.

Waking then, “ Would God,” I said,
“ Picotee, thou wert not dead,
Wert not wholly banished ! ”

Picotee, when thou wert here,
Dear, and ever growing dear,
Love outshone all shade of fear.

In that mirror—Memory,
Dim and dimmer it may be,
Grows thy image, Picotee.

Yet at times, I see it clear—
 Little face I held so dear—
 Like a shadow flitting near.

Sometimes, if your name I sigh,
 Floats an echo from the sky,
 Murmuring a low reply.

In some distant star, may be,
 Shines the home that shelters thee ;
 Thitherward I, too, would flee.

Past man's weak imagining
 Such a happy flight to wing :
 Picotee ! thy welcoming !

TIME, THE HEALER.

When, when the dark-winged Angel of Death has tired,
 Sick with the shambles, the blood, and the madness
 of war—
 The shattered Earth in a swoon, and the last shot
 fired—
 Taking his arrowy flight past planet and star ;
 Then, who then shall medicine the world, and clothe
 again
 Its nakedness, and soothe the memory of its pain ?

When the destroyer is stayed, and chained and bound ;
 And the sun, and the wind, and the rain shall tend
 The blackened waste and the tortured woods, in the
 end ;
 The bud shall spring, the leaf, and blade from the
 patient ground ;
 Then, then O desolate one ! who shall heal thy wound ?

THE WANDERER.

I walked in the dim, mysterious wood,
 With scent of tree and flower,
 And I saw in the topmost pines as I stood,
 At the pause of the midnight hour,
 The shine of a staring errant star,
 Like a spent meteor from afar.

And I called to the Spirit of the night
 Thro' the pine trees' darkling throng,
 "Oh, what is that star so silvery bright?"
 And it answered—"the heart of a song—
 A wild, lost song of forgotten love
 That roves like a lone forsaken dove."

And I said—"is there none to heed its plaint
 And whisper a word of cheer,
 Or breathe it a melody, ever so faint,
 Of memories deep and dear?"
 And the Spirit of the night replied,
 "It is *thine*, and has sought thee far and wide."

ESCHEATED.

It was Dawn!
 But the sun's excellence
 Brought her no recompense;
 Nor could its gold be
 A sure nepenthe
 For her—stricken fawn!

Hopelessly, wearily,
 With sad eyes strained,
 And heart deadly pained,

She looked, for a space,
 In the morning's face
 For sign of what next should be.

To her breast
 She—wild, distraught,
 With white arms caught
 Her startled babe,
 Like an astrolabe,
 Her eyes unrest
 In searching quest.

He had gone !
 His footprints ? Yes !
 His bourne ? A guess !
 She would mourn,
 Escheated, forlorn !
 Only her babe to cheer her loneliness.

OUR FALLEN.

O Sorrow's self ! The waste of it !
 The waste of it !
 Brave, sturdy souls—so soon to flit ;
 But yesterday, but yesterday,
 They sang their battle-song,
 Marching to doom as if to play,
 As gay as brave, as brave as gay—
 But now their sleep is long.

Could these speak now, what would they say ?
 What would they say ?
 What tale tell of the monstrous fray ?
 What cheer for us who stay ?
 For us who mourn our bonny men,
 Who dared and strove for us, and then
 Fell, and death-stricken lay ?

Songs no singer since essayed,
 Music harpers might have made,
 Hymn for heavenly accolade :

Songs and sighs and whisperings,
 Thoughts of disembodied things,
 Flown from Earth's beleaguering.

Child of Fortune, born of Hope,
 Shorn of earthy envelope,
 Who shall read her horoscope ?

Wand of wizard, scroll of sage,
 Incantation dark of mage
 Cannot spoil her heritage.

Spreads she wings of gossamer,
 Fancy—Love's interpreter—
 Loveliness create of her.

As a cloud should veil the sun,
 As the hour-glass sands outrun,
 Fancy fadeth, and is gone.

THE SEA.

(*From the French of Theodore Botrel.*)

THE LAMENT OF THE FISHER'S WIFE.

To cheer the night that shadowed me,
 I had brave little flowers three,
 Dearer than all the world to me.

Kind and good to their mother they,
 But the treacherous, sullen sea one **day**
 At one stroke swept all three away.

It stole my flowers in cruel wise
 Who came to me to close their eyes ;
 I smoothed their hair ; and yet—ah me !
 Despite myself, I love the sea.

TO A LINNET.

O Linnet ! what is song to thee,
 And what the meaning of thy muse ?
 Outpours thy lightsome melody !
 What is its legend that we lose ?

For thou art happy ! else thy song
 Would die and perish in thy throat ;
 Now joy is ever on thy tongue,
 And ecstasy in every note !

Not like to us, whose sweetest songs,
 Are touched by sadness or by sighs ;
 And to our joyliest day belongs
 A care of coming by-and-byes.

THE QUEST.

Futile is all scrutiny,
 I cannot read thine eyes,
 So clear and calm and mute are they ;
 Unutterably wise !

So far, so deep, those gleams that sleep—
 Veiled lightings of thy soul—
 Secure those hidden counsels keep
 From him who craves the whole.

What charm, what prayer, penance or pain
 That still restraint may move ?
 Or prisoned passion's freedom gain
 To meet requited love ?

IMAGES.

Where spreads the river, fair and wide,
 Sun, sky and cloud painted upon
 The moving bosom of its tide,
 The afternoon dreams on and on.

Touched by a wanton wind's caress
 The waters shiver tiny waves,
 Like busy thoughts that throng and press
 And roll the stream of memories.

And would I stay and hold one there,
 A fabric frail of woof and weft,
 I find it torn and fretted bare,
 Just a pale ghost of old-time left.

But when, in pageantry of gold,
 The sun hides in a cloud of fire,
 I read therein those treasures old,
 And the grand sum of life's desire.

SPELLS.

Where the still river swelleth high,
 I see my face, I see the sky,
 Reflected where its wave flows by.

I see, beneath, the tangled weed
 Sway, with the water's onward speed—
 Held like a captive still unfreed ;

And minnows darting near its marge,
 Red-breasted minnows, small and large ;
 While yonder glides a trailing barge.

So do these all make muse for me,
And steep my mind in reverie,
More than the strong spell of the sea.

As when a flute's tones lull to sleep
And make soft dreamy langours creep,
More than could diapasons deep.

Or as a low, persuasive voice
May mould obedience to its choice,
More than words spoke with urgent noise.

A curlew calleth from the field,
And from a belfry, half concealed,
The Angelus' clear note hath pealed.

A shadow sweeps the river's breast,
Clouds dark the windows of the West,
And veil the low sun, crimson-drest.

It dulls the glamour of romaunt,
And doth the spirit's musing daunt,
As turns the poet from his haunt.

THE RE-BUILDERS.

When the shock of battles is stilled, and the terrible
tale of blood
Be stanch'd, and the waters of death recoil—a full-
spent flood ;
When the infamous hell-born wolves of the sea lie
strewn,
Broken and drowned in the deep, hidden from sun and
moon ;
When the wasted lands cry once again for spade and
for share,
And the thirsty wells of merchandise for fuller meed and
repair ;

When the restless waves shall woo the manifold ships
of peace,
And the factories' hum shall rise, and the forging of
weapons cease ;
When the armèd hosts shall return, every man to his
home,
Then will we draw new breath, and the golden dawn
shall come.

For the Lord of Hosts shall call—" Come again ye
children of men ! "

Finding the end of our chastisement, see we take
thought again,
Knowing the bitter past be sealed, for that we cannot
undo,
Let us build afresh thereon, labour and build anew.
Laying foundations wide and deep, then stone upon
stone
Well and truly set, in the light of a clearer sun ;
Nation clasp hand of Nation, kings and peoples as one.
In new-found grace and love, in the era of peace begun.
Then shall our temples resound with praise of the Lord
Who had spared,
And incense of prayer arise for the dead who greatly
dared.

THE PASSING OF KITCHENER.

He has gone ! The strong one ! the brave ! the
master of war !
Not in the thunder and smoke of the battle, but far
In the dark of the deep of the northernmost sea,
Struck by the arrow of Fate, lieth that which was he !

Mourn for him daughters of Albion, sons of the seas !
Mourn him, O King ! the valiant one scorner of ease
Incarnate resolve, the discernor, skilled marshal of
men
Mourn him, our hero, the silent one, gone from our ken.

Guard we the weapon he forged for us, burnished and
 bright,
 Peradventure his spirit may lead, so we cleave to the
 Right
 Striving as he did, for England, and Empire, and
 Throne,
 In the sight of the Lord, the strong one ! untiring,
 alone !

Peradventure his spirit may hearken our dirge and our
 praise,
 To be writ that our children may read to the end of the
 days,
 How that he laboured and wrought under shadow and
 sun—
 Shall not God with our people acclaim :—“ Faithful
 servant, Well Done ! ”

AFTERWARDS.

Shall not Honour and Love be ours, tho' these days of
 wrath
 Stir us to rage that naught can assuage save a tempest
 of fire,
 Since we must prove our right by the steadfast might
 of the sword,
 Upholding the code of chivalry and the law of the Lord,
 'Till the insolent foe be stricken to dust, and flung
 from our path ?

Answer we, yea ! tho' in blood we must pay, it shall be,
 After long strife and battle and havoc, and death,
 Freedom shall smile on the world once more, on land
 and on sea,
 Reason and Right shall rule, and captive Charity free,
 Be throned again in the hearts of men, and be as their
 breath.

Surely shall Honour and Love be ours, upholden in
 Truth ;
 Out of the stricken fields shall rise, under later skies,
 a harvest fair,
 And they who bitterly " sowed in tears " and in blood,
 and ruth,
 Shall " reap in joy " of golden sheaves, and ripened
 fruit :
 And the Mother of Nations shall reign in peace, with
 the sons she bare.

LATE-COMING.

(*Italia.*)

She waited, hearkened, pondered, strove :
 Nor sophistry her mind could move :
 And clearly chose the prudent part,
 By the warm wisdom of her heart :

Holding an equal balance 'twixt
 Contending counsels, firmly fixed ;
 Till the last urgent word, being spoke,
 Failed—and last cords of concord broke.

As the swollen torrent overflows,
 Gorged by the flood of melting snows,
 So the pent passion of her soul
 Rose, broke—and left her spirit whole.

(Reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette.*)

THE LOST ARGOSIES.

What stately ships were they, those golden galleons,
 Launched bravely on the early tide of life,
 Captained by glowing youth—bold sons,
 Fair daughters—stept from our daily strife—
 Their compass high desire, their goal the spheres :
 No doubts were theirs, no sighs, nor any fears.

Straightway they stretched wide-wingéd sails, and sped
 Far from home's harbour to the open seas ;
 By day, the blue-arched heaven overhead,
 By night the moon, the stars, the wistful Pleiades,
 Ah ! dreams of youth ! what hopeful mariners they !
 Glorious the prize that shone in unfolding dawn of day !

Are they for ever lost, those golden argosies,
 Splendid with youth's undoubting dreams ;
 Sped by fair winds of hope o'er halcyon seas
 Emerald and silver, lit by wondrous gleams
 From orient skies and morn's unfading fire,
 And freighted with all rich things of youth's desire ?

Theirs was the treasure that the thoughts of youth
 Held in all surety as their promised prize,
 When fond illusion sang to them as truth,
 And joyous visions harboured in their eyes ;
 As those fair ships of fate sailed in their sight
 In radiant days when came no thought of night.

Are they for ever lost, those golden argosies,
 Laden with goodly merchandise so coveted,
 Which, buffeted by storms 'neath darkened skies
 Fell into silence as their music died ?
 Or, in some fair and far-off sky of May,
 Long-watching, shall we lift our eyes, and lo ! 'tis they ?

THE IMAGISTE.

He draws a picture with a blackened stick
 Upon a whitened wall ;
 His is the new-old art—a simple trick
 Primæval as the Fall.

See, ye who rhyme, and scan, and neatly phrase
 To clothe your muse discreetly,
 The Imagiste, his drab divinity arrays,
 As nature-born—disrobed completely.

DE PROFUNDIS.

I cry, is it I, O, all'searching Lord Thou dost call,
 I, who am dust, who am lost, saving that Thou cans't
 save all,
 Knowing Thee near, I am holden by fear at Thy feet,
 all enwounded in sin ;
 I beseech Thee, O, break, for Thy mercy's sake, the
 treacherous toils I am in !
 Out of the deep, out of Death's sleep, save by the arm
 of Thy might,
 From the brink, ere, I sink, eternally shut from Thy
 sight !
 I pray Thee forgive, and grant me to live, purgéd of
 trespass and stain ;
 Behold cast aside the rags of my pride—new-robe me
 by price of Thy pain !
 Healed by Thy power in the imminent hour, giving
 praise to Thee, crowned by Thy grace
 Hearing Thy voice, I shall rise and rejoice, to abide in
 the light of Thy face.

A "SUN-SWEEP."

(*An experiment in double-ended rhymes.*)

Fleet are the shadows unloosed by the merry morn's
 waking ;
 Greet we the trumpets of dawn, night's kingdom un-
 making ;
 Seas whose black waves now take fresh hues of colour
 and splendour,
 These their white crests toss, and tumble in rainbow-
 tints tender,
 Mountains their summits rear, towering gold-tipped
 and shining ;
 Fountains, that rise and fall, cast their bright gems,
 all entwining
 Glory of prism and glitter of sunshafts and flashes.
 Hoary the story of primal design and ancient world-
 ashes
 Bound in imprisoning cliffs, where the wind-driven
 billows are striking
 Sound as of thunders rebounds from the rock-fencéd
 shores of the Viking.
 On sweeps the sun, the life-giver, passing high noon
 and meridian,
 Monarch of sky and sea, light's centre, and fountain
 quotidian :
 Arc geometric the path that he keeps, never failing :
 Hark ! 'tis the evening bell, and, lo ! his pale consort,
 unveiling.
 Sinks he in glories of purple and gold, and departing
 Links he the sheen of moon-rays with his lightnings
 out-darting.
 So again descends Night, slow-flying on ebony wings,
 Lo ! lit by the lamps of the stars, it enfoldeth all
 things.

DEFEAT.

The harvest of our hopes laid waste ;
 The wreck of fond, long-wrought design ;
 The ripened fruit we longed to taste
 Turned bitter, plucked from off the vine :
 Or some soft dream of happy May,
 Wafting to far Elysian fields,
 Broke by wild tempest ere 'twas day,
 'Tis then the fainting spirit yields.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

'Tis All Souls' Day ;
 Veiled is the sun ;
 A stillness holds the air
 And shroud-like mist the ground,
 Whilst mourners, one by one
 Betake them softly, where,
 Remembering, each will lay
 Upon the grassy mound
 The tribute each doth bear,
 Where, buried deep,
 The belovèd sleep.

Gentle flowers they bring,
 And sorrowing
 For the stilled voice ;
 Yet they rejoice,
 For Love dieth not
 Being Heaven begot :
 And from the chilly sod
 A prayer ascends to God.

TO MY SPANIEL.

Creature of a kindred race,
 Gazing, find I in thy face
 Somewhat of immortal grace ?

There was once a seer who said :
 " Man's soul ascends when he is dead,
 But soul of brute is buried ! "

Yet there burns, deep in thine eyes,
 Love's dear light that never dies
 And gleams of faithful memories.

For hast not *thou* a living soul—
 Whose heart is sinless, clean, and whole—
 To reach thro' death, a higher goal ?

Perhaps in some diviner shape,
 Nobler than flower, or bird, or ape—
 As rich wine mellows from the grape ?

And, moving in another sphere,
 May we not find thee, kind and dear—
 Again thy joyous welcome hear ?

By the same Maker's hand as we
 Shaped, in such near affinity,
 Thou, too, may'st reach Eternity.

THE COLONEL.

Slowly he paced the garden where lilacs grew,
 Whilst April smiled and sang and dried her tears ;
 And his memory a faded picture drew
 Of an April lost in the unremembered years.

Lonely, he heard in fancy a voice that called him by
name;

That rare, sweet voice of one he once had known;
Ah! how he would spring to that call now, if it came,
To look in the eyes of her he had wished for his own.

And a further dream came to him in that quiet
retreat—

As an old lament that deep in the bosom stirs—
A dream of play and kisses, and noise of little feet,
The voices of children that should have been his,
and hers.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

We chatter, songless, in the void
Of broken hopes wherewith we toyed,
And all our creeds are clean destroyed.

Our ancient fetters we had cast,
Forgot, with penance and with fast,
Doubting the voices of the past.

Too strait, too narrow, gate and way
Seers bade us tread—we looked, but, nay,
Sought newer wisdom of to-day.

Hushed all sweet music, mute the lyre,
Frozen the fountains of desire,
And beauty's bower a funeral pyre.

The dreams we dreamed are faded, lost,
And fancies that we cherished most—
Sands, wind-swept on a desert coast.

Fond memories of a joyous day
Flit ghostlike, wan, and fade away;
Mournful and silent we as they.

Dark ends each day as dark begun,
 As stricken birds droop, one by one,
 And closed the gateways of the sun.

The wasted fields, the weeping rose
 Cry to the wistful moon, whose snows
 Crown the dark avenues of woes.

Lamed, stunned, and inarticulate
 We ponder of a blindfold Fate
 And baffled Reason's lost estate.

What incantation, penance, prayer
 May move some Saint swift to repair
 Bruised faith, and heal the Soul's despair ?

* * *

Then, straining sad eyes to the wild,
 Lo ! a sweet face ! a little child !
 Who, looking Heavenward, had smiled !

SHE.

When the first cuckoo calls across the wood
 And sunbeams dance and quiver o'er the lea,
 I loiter in green places where we stood,
 Content, as young love found us—thee and me.

When sweet bells from the distant turret chime
 Some peaceful, sunlit Sabbath morn,
 I muse upon that golden, swift-pass'd time,
 And feel thee near, and am not all forlorn.

When roses fade, and the late robin sings,
 And russet woods slumber in bronze and gold,
 Grey hairs, and many changing things
 Tell me that time grows old.

In winter, sitting late, pensive, alone,
 The lamp burns low and the red fire dies ;
 Then I think of thee and the light that shone
 In thy ne'er forgotten eyes.

CHRISTMAS, 1918.

At the loud trumpet of the Lord, the birth of a new day
 Breaks with the glory of a sun that rolls War's clouds
 away,
 And rains upon the wakening world the joy of holy-day.

We hail thee, Christmas, thy glad self as thou wert
 wont to be,
 And rise to herald thy approach with peals of Jubilee,
 For Peace now sings o'er all the lands, and breathes
 o'er all the sea.

We knew thee, hale and ruddy, in our childhood's day,
 Dreamed of thee, welcomed thee with mirth and song
 and play.
 Bringer of gifts and goodly cheer, carol and roundelay.

Shall we heap the happy hearth for thee and pile the
 festive board,
 And shall the children early wake to spoil thee of thy
 hoard,
 Ere we declare with psalm and prayer the advent of the
 Lord ?

Singer of Peace, and men's goodwill, to this our erring
 Earth,
 We welcome thee, and raise to Heaven praise for the
 Christ-babe's birth,
 O, bring this time a Season glad, and e'en a chastened
 mirth.

Though still, through bloody strife, we mourn our
bravest and our best,
Remembering them, we keep good heart, and joy at
thy behest ;
Who knows but now there may abide with us their
spirits blest ?

Our countless ships, our gallant men hold oceans
wide in fee,
Nightly the staring searchlights shine, 'quiring across
the sea ;
Finding no foe to dare their might, find yet, O Christ-
mas, Thee !

Long lines of thunder, hail and flame that spanned a
Continent,
Their war-worn hosts and myriad dead with rage and
battle spent,
In joyful pause, at thy approach, shall greet thee with
content.

Britannia, dry-eyed, mourning her brave, stands
steadfast on her tower,
Gazing across the seas when yon the distant war-clouds
lower,
And she signals to her sons afar the tidings of the hour ;

While they from every zone and clime hail her their
Mother dear,
Holding in strength her liberties, and her charter clean
and clear,
And bid her Happy Christmas, and Peace with the
New Year.

O Christmas ! Come and be to us a harbinger of
Peace,
Now when the War is ended, and the blasts of battle
cease,
Behold the tyrant put to flight, and captives' glad
release.

So may we build on those our griefs, a temple to the
 Lord,
 Of liberty and noble works, all nations in accord,
 And turn to plough and pruning-hook the shackles and
 the sword.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.

January ! Grace to thee !
 Enter, long-expected guest !
 The babe-year clinging to thy breast—
 Folded scroll of destiny !
 That the waiting world may see,
 Lift thy wintry veil of snows ;
 Softly doth the babe repose !
 Named " New Year "—that is to be.
 In its breast are mysteries
 As in a sealéd book :
 Pregnant portents dim are these
 Whereon no eye may look :
 Weal and woe together lie,
 Waiting fiat from on high.

FEBRUARY.

See, from chill and changeful skies,
 Brightening, or dark by turn,
 Fickle February flies,
 Beckons field, and wood, and burn :—
 " Awake, awake ! though Winter frown—
 Stubborn, lest he loose his hold—
 Breathe, O, south-wind, sun, look down,
 Unbind the deathly coil of cold.

Yellow crocus, flaunt thy flame ;
 Snowdrop, show thy vestal white ;
 Rise, Cynthia, of Ionic fame !
 Stay thee, venturous aconite !
 Tender bud and burgeoning,
 Brave the corridors of Spring ! ”

MARCH.

Now, windy March doth roam the skies,
 And o'er the fields a-singing goes ;
 Away he chases Winter's woes,
 And drowns his plaint in melodies
 Of Spring's awakening ; he flies
 A-down the valleys, thro' the woods,
 And round the hilly solitudes
 Where mocking echo, fleeing, dies.
 From brake and hedgerow, bush and tree,
 The blackbird and the thristle sing
 To merry March their jubilee—
 A glad, harmonious welcoming ;
 And yellow daffodils are set
 With primrose and with violet.

Eager March comes leaping, leaping,
 Over the hills, the brakes, the streams :
 Across the meads and fields—unsleeping,
 Night and day, nor dreams he dreams.
 Where the rain-pools lay in the fallows
 He breathes a keen dry breath, and lo !
 Dust in the winds and drouth in the hollows,
 And bright the banks where primroses grow.
 Who shall entrap this roysterer wild,
 And spoil him of youth and lusty will,
 And lead him in daisy-chains—a child—
 That all the Earth be hushed and still ?
 Nay ! masterful March must hold his sway,
 To purge old Winter's rheums away !

APRIL.

Come not in a wintry guise,
 April, sweet and tender,
 But with sun and bluest skies,
 Cradling summer's splendour.
 When thou weapest, may it be
 But thy passion's joying ;
 Kisses fresh for flower and tree—
 Nought of Care's annoying.
 Singing thrush thy herald be,
 Then the cuckoo's calling ;
 Winter's traces banished be,
 Cruel frost forestalling.
 Love shall laugh with waking Earth ;
 All forgot be Winter's dearth.

MAY, 1921.

Wrought by the magic art of Spring
 In freshest green the landscapes glow ;
 Fruit of her secret travailing,
 Ere dawneth Summer's gaudier show.
 Now with a bolder sun alight,
 Glad May her pageant earthward wings ;
 In blossoming and splendour dight,
 Whose joy the tireless cuckoo sings.
*Yet dress not we the Maypole gay,
 To dance her welcome, and with song
 Join the birds' chorused roundelay,
 Meet for the month such charms belong.
 Alas ! mean hearts these pleasures miss,
 And envious strife, sweet May, thy kiss.*

JUNE.

May has gone ! too quickly flown !
Fair laburnum, lilac, thorn,
Of the garments she had worn,
Linger, faded—erst her own ;
And the Cuckoo's changing tone
Tells how Time is speeding on ;
Welcome June ! since May has gone,
Wreathed in roses newly blown,
Wealth of flowers and summer skies
Make for her a fair domain,
Ere she spreads her wings and flies,
Knowing naught of strife or pain,
Nor death, nor all the ills that be
Wrought by man's inhumanity.

JULY, 1918.

Time, who stayeth not his tides,
Draws the sequence of the days,
Tarries never nor delays :
Glorious the glad sun rides
With his long midsummer strides.
May and June have run their span
To gild a new meridian,
Leaving treasure that abides
To dower warm, rich and ripe July,
Lit by a pale voluptuous moon
Billowy corn fields sleeping lie ;
Orchards nurse their promised boon
'Neath a bright, benignant sky :
Yet beyond our narrow seas
Are they who lose the joy of these.

AUGUST.

August comes with golden train,
 Comely, gracious, kind, serene
 Smiles the sun with softened sheen.
 Reapers pile the slow-wheeled wain,
 Freighted with the amber grain.
 Ripe and ruddy now is seen
 Mellow store of orchards green :
 Glows the purple grape again.
 Nature all is rich and fair
 In fullness of the fruitful year ;
 Summer song fills all the air
 Days are gracious, nights are clear ;
 And gentle breezes from the seas
 Breathe their benedicites.

SEPTEMBER.

September a-dream in myrtle and mauve,
 Orange and crimson, purple and white,
 Ripe richness and splendour, yea, passionless love—
 For the bridal of Summer was lost in the night—
 O, spread gentle wings in the mist of the dawn
 As the ruddy-orbed moon fades fast and grows pale.
 And languorous roses droop faint on the lawn
 Weeping sad petals for days that must fail.
 Far shine the crimsoning fires of the East
 As Morning arises in glory of gold,
 Orchards aglow, red and ripe for the feast ;
 Pensive the robin pipes : “ Summer grows old.”
 For the long pageant tires, ebbs slowly, and wanes,
 As the footstep of Autumn is heard in the lanes.

OCTOBER.

Leaves a-floating down the stream,
Russet-worn, who once were green,
All fresh and fair in Summer's sheen ;
Who in the pageant of a dream
Sang and fluttered on the bough—
Farewell weary travellers now !

Fancies flitting thro' the brain,
Shadows fleet of varied hue,
Olden figures shaped again,
And images all strange and new !

O, leaves that danced at dawn of May,
And hushed to hear the cuckoo's call,
Farewell to thee, and joys we miss,
And friendships sealed with April's kiss,
Fond Memory enfolds ye all.

NOVEMBER.

November, tragic month and strange !
What bard hath ever sung of thee ?
Moody and silent, thou doth range
O'er barren field and leafless tree :
Mournful thy garb and dark thy sky
Save in rare days of thy short reign,
When from that sphere where summers hie
A stealthy sunlight shines again.
Each lingering leaf, each dying flower
And songless bird await thy call,
Where twisted brambles make thy bower
From misty morn till twilight fall :
Then, nightly, housed with lamp and fire
Poets weave songs dead Summer's dreams inspire.

DECEMBER, 1918.

December ! Nature's Sexton ! thou
Gatherest all that Time laid low,
Windest them in shroud of snow,
Where had wrought the busy plough
Or fell the wastrels from the bough.
Myriads sleep beneath the mould,
Through long Winter, dark and cold,
That Spring shall with new life endow.
But, O, the millions of our race
Lie buried deep and slumber on ;
Not these shall look upon the face
Of next glad May's empyrean ;
For they must 'bide that far-off day
When God shall wipe all tears away.

HELEN BLANCHE BASKETT.

Miss Baskett was born at Brading, Isle of Wight, and is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Baskett, a selection from whose poems appear in this collection. This lady removed from the Isle of Wight some years ago and took up her residence in the neighbourhood of London.

She inherited in no small degree her father's poetical taste, with which she was ever in intimate sympathy, and his attachment to the beautiful Island, and has carefully preserved and cherished his writings.

Between father and daughter there was a deep and undying affection, as some of the former's poems amply prove.

Miss Baskett's verses not only shew the same innate love of the beautiful in nature, but much depth of feeling and sincerity. Versification, however, has with her been only an occasional pastime during leisure hours.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

THE OCEAN.

I love the ocean when beneath the summer sky
Of azure blue its quiet waters lie
Hushed to repose while on the pebbled shore
With music soft the waves roll o'er and o'er,
And when the Queen of Night resumes her gentle sway,
Biding in light above the watery way,
I love to watch her shadows dance and glide

In silver brightness o'er the flowing tide ;
 Whilst round her all the stars a vigil keep,
 Each one reflected in the quiet deep.

I love to view the sea when through the vault of
 heaven
 The lightnings flash, and thunder clouds are riven ;
 When mounting high as if to lash the skies
 Crested with foam the furious waves arise ;
 Its surging billows mocking all control
 Enchant my senses as they onward roll
 Far more than organ's peal or harp's celestial sound,
 Or works of art or temple of renown.
 In all thy varied forms thou ever changing sea
 Thou art a source of gladness and of rest to me.

THE SEA SHELL.

Beautiful shell upon the shore reposing,
 Curious in form and exquisite in hue ;
 In form and tint disclosing,
 Some beauty ever new.

Vacant and void, thy tenant gone forever,
 Idly thou driftest o'er the furrowed shore ;
 Thy native region never,
 Reviewing as before.

Whatever life haunts the unfathomed ocean,
 Have been thy playmates, and thou hast beheld.
 Its most convulsive motion,
 Its calms when storms are quelled.

Still to the ear serenely dost thou utter,
 The music of the ocean loud or low,
 When storms their threatenings mutter,
 Or tempests cease to blow.

Who shall translate thy music and discover,
The meaning of its modulated swell ;
The words it seems to cover,
In language render well.

What is it but the voice of nature ever,
Breathing around us here and everywhere,
Utterly silent never,
To the attentive ear.

Rest as thou art to others in succession,
Thou mayst instruction or delight impart ;
Ne'er failing in impression.
On the receptive heart.

SIR FREDERICK BLACK, K.C.B.

Ask Sir Frederick Black for the story of his life and he will probably answer, "There is none to tell."

Official publications give a bald outline of his public services as a Civil Servant, principally under the Admiralty, and of the honours, British and foreign, conferred upon him for his work, especially during the war. For the rest we must read between the lines, for the Civil Service, like the Navy, is a silent Institution. The main events of his life are: Born at Newport 25th April, 1863, educated at the Newport Grammar School under the Rev. E. W. Watts, M.A., entered the Civil Service by competitive examination 5th November, 1880, and resigned 15th June, 1919, to enter a business career in London, in which he is still engaged.

Since I first knew him and his esteemed father, when we were next-door neighbours on the banks of the Lukely more than forty years ago, he has sailed over many seas, and sojourned in or traversed many lands, Malta, Egypt, Ceylon, India, China, Canada, America, and many parts of Europe. Duty, principally for the Navy, has called him to most of these places, and he has been many times somewhere on the fringe of stirring events, from Cairo to Ceylon, and from Peking to the banks of the Somme. His work for the Navy, to which he gave the best that was in him for many years, has always lain very near to his heart. To be told by some naval friend that his heart was with the sailor, or that he saw things almost with the eye of a seaman would give him special gratification.

He has been something of an athlete in his time, holds what is probably a world's record for long dis-



Facing p. 230.

SIR FREDERICK BLACK, K.C.B.

tance rowing (70 miles round the Isle of Wight in one night in July, 1880), was a good cross country runner in his youth, as well as football player, swimmer, and boat sailer, and has had interesting experiences after game in tropical forests. He is a graduate in Arts of London University (honours in English Language and Literature), and has found time in a busy life for much reading of English and Classical Literature. He has not only taken a keen interest in the education of working men and women, but has put in much hard work for that cause. He has filled the office of President of the Vectensians (Isle of Wight folk) in London, and of the "Institution of Petroleum Technologists."

His writings have been largely of a fugitive character for recreation, or occasionally for some special purpose. His special leanings are towards history and poetry, though some of his recent writings and addresses have been on quasi-technical subjects. Frederick Black keeps a warm corner in his heart for his native place, and a grateful recollection of what he owes to home training, and to the influence of men such as his old friend, the Rev. E. W. Watts, the Rev. E. B. James, former Vicar of Carisbrooke, and many others.

In the communications verbal and written which I have had from him in connection with this anthology he has been insistent upon the consideration which is alluded to in my Preface and in his Foreword, viz., the influence of environment upon the poet's mind. On this point and with reference to Keats, Swinburne, and Tennyson the following passage from his recently published *Prologue to a History of the Isle of Wight* may be cited:—

"These three poets stand respectively for beauty exemplified in the Isle of Wight in its scenery, and for liberty and duty, which are writ large on every page of our history for at least two thousand years. Happily the pen has been at work in the quiet of the home, even when the sword has been active elsewhere. The lustre of names great in literature and of others of

local fame is thus shed upon our Isle, and in their verse the distilled essence of its loveliness goes forth to the world."

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT OUR HOME SO FAIR.

The Isle of Wight our home so fair,
 What place on earth is like it ?
 Wherever beauty dwells 'tis there,
 The Sun of Heaven doth strike it.
 The downs that lift their grassy slopes,
 The vales, the woods, the meadows,
 Speak to our hearts of joys and hopes,
 Dispelling gloom and shadows.

Our olden home, our beacon bright,
 Through Life's oft changing weather,
 'Tis love of thee, fair Isle of Wight,
 That links us all together.

The seas that wash her pebbled shore
 In sunny dance are gleaming,
 While murmuring breezes wafted o'er
 Make music to day dreaming.
 Her sons and daughters, brave and fair,
 Go search through every county,
 Tell if you can who may compare
 With heirs of Nature's bounty.
 Our olden home, our beacon bright,
 Through Life's oft changing weather,
 'Tis love of thee, fair Isle of Wight,
 That links us all together.

(Specially written for and sung at the Re-Union Victory Dinner of the London Vectensian (I. of W.) Society, Empire Day, 1919, of which Society the writer was then President).

FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO AMERICA.

(1917 looking back to 1864).

Yes ! Thou hast known the agony
The bloodshed and the strife
That win the prize of Liberty,
The Crown of noble life.
Yes ! thou hast had the eye to see
And the deep insight of soul
That knows the things of verity
And views them sane and whole.
Thy land has reeled beneath the tread
Of armed hosts of men,
But when the clouds of murky red
Had lifted once again
A horrid shape had vanished—
The slavery of men.
The trumpet calls aloud to thee ;
Thy flag once more unfurled
Shall wave o'er deeds of chivalry,
To make a purer world.

(Composed August 5th, 1917, on board the Red Star Liner "Lapland," en route to New York, and read at a joint British and American dinner on board at which the writer presided).

MUSIC IN WAR-TIME.

They say no nightingale e'er sings
In leafy woods of Wales,
Since westward of bright Severn springs
The human song ne'er fails.

For so fair Nature's gifts are shared
 And given where needed most ;
 The nightingale's brown throat is bared
 When song of man is lost.

A plaintive mournful song she sings,
 As evermore in pain,
 For Itylus, the heir of kings,
 The mother mourns the slain.

But Cymric throat aye tunes its song
 In good times and in ill,
 Through hours of toil till shadows long
 Slope down athwart the hill.

'Tis heard in pleasant leisure hour
 When joy sends forth its thrill,
 It sounds when clouds of darkness lower
 And grief must have her fill.

It calls her sons to battle dread,
 The brave from all around
 Its strains float o'er the fallen dead
 When the Last Post doth sound.

Why only when the heart is light
 Should melody arise ?
 When mists and gloom shall dim the sight
 The heart for music cries.

The lyric passion stirs the breast
 Whatever chance betide,
 In song the soul of man finds rest
 And cares for naught beside.

(These lines were suggested by a famous speech of Mr. Lloyd George's during the war, to the Welsh Eisteddfod).

" BONNY DOON " REVISED.

(With apologies to Robert Burns).

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
When lads that went forth fra yon toun
Come to their feyther's hame nae mair ?

The cruel Hun, wi' shatt'ring gun,
Poured o'er yon ranks their fiery hail,
But Hell's hot furies all let run
Could nae mak' lads o' Scotland quail.

They're Scottish bred in blood and bone,
They've heard the pibroch's wildest skirl,
Erect like Ailsa's crag alone
Mid battle's crash and shrieking whirl.

Fra heather'd braes and mony a hill
Douce thoughts o' hame a far cry came
To lads whose hearts now cold and still
Gave every beat for Scotia's fame.

Sad mithers weep and lassies greet
For lov'd ones lying in far land ;
Whilst murmuring Doon makes mourning meet,
And sounds their funeral dirge sae grand.

Stands Scotia where she stood lang syne ?
Ae Scottish hearts and minds agree ;
Nae room be there for dout or tyne
Whilst lads sae braw as yon may dee.

(Written by F. W. Black whilst Acting Chairman of the British War Mission, U.S.A., and recited by him on the occasion of the Robert Burns' Annual Dinner, New York, January 25th, 1918).

VERDUN. (MARCH, 1916).

Fair Verdun, thy green heights
 Lie deep neath the snow,
 Whilst past them, broad Meuse
 Moves on in her flow.
 Blood stains the white regions
 From wounds of the fray,
 Where legions meet legions
 In War's stern array.
 "Crash through" shrieks the German
 Mid horrors of hell.
 "No Pass" cries the Frenchman
 Shell answering shell.
 And Heaven hides her face
 Behind the smoke pall ;
 For her pitying grace
 Cry the thousands who fall.
 O God can cruel war
 Be part of thy plan ?
 Thy creatures should mar
 Thy own image in man ?
 Shall the brave die in vain,
 Or a new world arise,
 To repay and regain
 This vast sacrifice ?

CHANSON.

Champs Elysées
 Champs Elysées
 Je me prom'nais
 Dans les Champs Elysées.
 Ecoutez-moi
 Je vous dirai
 Ce qu'il y a fait
 Dans les Champs Elysées.

Deuxieme vers
 De ma poesie,
 Belle demoiselle
 Grande fantaisie !
 Ou est mon coeur ?
 Je ne sais pas
 Ni ma pauvre tête
 Quand je me rencontre papa.

Champs Elysées
 Pourquoi etes-vous gais ?
 Dans vos allées
 Deux Coeurs dechirés
 Mamselle m'aimait
 Néanmoins elle allait,
 Moi—je restais
 Dans les Champs Elysées.

(Composed on a walk in the Champs Elysées on a
 beautiful Sunday morning, September 7th, 1919).

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

The brighter age, the ampler air
 By poet sung, by sage foretold
 May be for us but vision fair
 To gild our sky with beams of gold.

The coming brotherhood of man
 The world's eternal reign of peace
 May lie beyond our own brief span,
 For us the old world strife ne'er cease.

But this we know, the heart's warm glow
 The kindly thought of friend for friend
 May make some footing sure though slow
 Along the path to happier end.

Christmas, 1919.

THE SOUTHERN FARMER.

I 'lows* hets gwine to hrain, missus
 'Vore long, one of these days,
 But not avore we kearts our carn
 Or doos our best, leastways.

Last year you minds the time we had
 Pa'son zimd lost in's books,
 But all hes crops wuz kearted in
 'Vore ourn wuz oop in shooks.

Hes glebe land's 'bout the very best
 There be hround these ere parts,
 And zight o' pa'son's vull hripe crop
 Doos good to fearmer's hearts.

But zoon's hes own crop's safe in barn
 Hes mem'ry took 'un bad,
 He oops and hrades the prayer for hrain,
 And hrain coom down like mad.

Pa'son he praches in the Church
 "Don't 'ee go watch the sky
 You pray and trust the Lord," ses he,
 And carn 'll coom hoam dry."

We're wullen zure to zaay our prayers,
 If hes doant intervere,
 That's what we says to Lord Bishup
 When s' coom visitin' here.

Bishup he laffed a goodish bit—
 A' putten off hes sleeves—
 "Your pa'son's hright enough—but you
 Med hurry with your sheaves."

Wold bird baint nabbed a zecnd time,
 I 'lows hets gwine to hrain
 I manes to get my earn hoam dry
 'Vore pa'son prays again.

*I 'lows-- I allow or reckon.

The story above told is a very old Isle of Wight tradition, usually attaching itself to Brighstone, but, as the date, happily perhaps, is uncertain, neither parson nor Bishop can now be identified.

THE DUNKEY'S EGG.

Coom hround my mates and masters,
 Bring 'long your mugs o' ale,
 I'll tell ee 'bout Newpert market,
 Hreckuns you'll like me tale.

Six months ago last Michaelmas
 I goes to Hiring Vair,
 To do a bit o' coortin'
 With a gal I knows in there.

I takes her in a nice young goose
 And a gallon of blackberries,
 A bunch of Michaelmas daisies,
 Zum butter and zum cheese.

She's barmaid at the " Bell Inn "
 Just in the market place,
 " A chicky¹ wench " zum med call her
 But that's a matter o' taste.

She warn't particler vriendly
 Turned up her nose at goose,
 Zed I wuz a bird of that veather,
 Vair let her tongue hrun loose.

(1) *chicky*—cheeky or saucy.

I zets me down to ate Nammet²
 Then arders hrid stuff³ too :
 Vur me courage was oozing out mates,
 In luv that'll never do.

The bar was gettin' crowded zoon,
 Zo after zun's gone down,
 I goes to do me arrants⁴ hround
 The strates o' Newpert town.

In one of they grocer's shops, mates,
 I zeas, all in a hring,
 A zight o' gurt hrid balls, as like
 Zwade turmut⁵s as anything.

"What d'ee call them gurt hround hrid things?"
 Zes I to young shop chap ;
 "They be dunkeys' eggs, my master,"
 And he 'ayves⁶ me one hright slap.

Zo a' scratches me head a good bit
 And doos zum thinkin' hard,
 "A' wants a little moke young feller
 Vur work in our farm yard."

"But how do ee hatch they eggs like
 "What bird can zet on they?"
 "You hroll 'n along into vuz⁶ bush,
 "Easy as makin' hay."

- (2) *nammet*—midday meal of bread and cheese as taken in the hay or corn field, variously interpreted as "no meat meal," or the "namt," i.e. hastily snatched meal, from A.S. *niman*—to take.
- (3) *hrid* (i.e. *red*) *stuff*—brandy. The initial letter "r" is always strongly aspirated in the old time Isle of Wight village speech, as in the ancient Saxon.
- (4) *arrants*—errands.
- (5) *'ayves*—heaves or throws.
- (6) *vuz*—furze or gorse.

Zo next marn a top o' vuz down
 I tries to hatch out moke,
 Though a'd half a hazy notion,
 Med only be a joke.

Wold hrid ball zoon goes out o' zight
 In clump o' vuz half way,
 And out of vuz a young brown thing
 I zee vast hrun away.

“Whoa ! whoa ! there whoa !” I shouts, “ I be
 “ Your feyther, little Neddy,
 “ Whoa ! steady now and zoftish, whoa !
 “ Feyther be here all hready.”

Why then o' course it bain't a moke
 But a young vriskey hare ;
 And that hrid ball be made o' cheese ;
 That chap he got me vair !

Still every week I takes the pigs
 For zale in market place,
 And sticks to me bit o' coortin'
 Gets lots o' zlaps in face.

Od zooks, she called me cabbage head ;
 And Bill o' the Rose and Crown
 Zims long way smartest chap about
 Leastways in Newpert town.

One time she zim'd more vriendly like
 Zed she wuz gettin' thin,
 Vresh country air might suit her—
 Ah ! drat my scrubby chin.

Then it coom'd into my brain like
 Ef a' med bolder be,
 P'raps that smart chap young potman Bill
 Plays zecond viddle to me.

And to-morrow mates and masters
You'll see me vine and gay,
Wi' vuz bloom in me Zunday coat
Vur't be our weddin' day.

The story of the "Dunkey's Egg" has been told at Harvest Home feasts and farmers' rent audit dinners in the Isle of Wight for many years past. The present writer has added the embellishment of the courtship of the "chicky wench" and the rivalry of "potman Bill." The country folks' pronounciation of the name of Newport, the county market town, is difficult to reproduce in print.



Facing p. 243.

ROBEY FRANK ELDRIDGE.

ROBEY FRANK ELDRIDGE.

The subject of this appreciation bears a name which has for at least two generations been a household word in the Isle of Wight.

It is the writer's privilege to have had his intimate acquaintance, and that of many members of his family throughout his life, and to know their sterling worth. The following account is extracted from *The Author's Who's Who* :—

ELDRIDGE, ROBEY FRANK, Solicitor and Author. Born, Newport, I. of W., 14th December, 1843. Son of James Eldridge and Maria, Daughter of Francis Pittis, of Newport.

Education, private.

Appointments, Registrar of the Archdeaconry of the Isle of Wight, appointed 1898. Admitted Solicitor, 1865. Senior partner in the firm of Eldridge and Sons, of Newport, Ryde, and Cowes. J.P. for Newport Borough. Mayor of the Borough of Newport, 1884-5. Alderman, 1886-1893.

Member of the County Council of the Isle of Wight, 1886-98.

Alderman of that Council, 1898-1904. Vice-Chairman, 1898-1903. Chairman of the Technical Education Committee of the Isle of Wight, 1898-1903. Member of the Incorporated Society of Authors.

Married, 1873, Harriett, daughter of the late Revd. Robey Eldridge, Rector of Desford, Leicestershire, and has issue one son and two daughters.

Publications: *The Kestyns of Cather Castle* (Digby Long and Co. 6s.), 1897. *The Scheming of Agatha Kenrick* (6s.), 1899. *Jerry*. (S.P.C.K.) 1898. Short Stories in periodicals, &c., published by the R.T.S. Articles and Poetry in various periodical publications.

Residence: Daylesford, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Club: Isle of Wight County.

Notes: As Mayor of Newport attended at Osborne on the occasion of the presentation of an Edition of the Works of Shakespeare to the Princess Beatrice on her marriage with Prince Henry of Battenberg, 1884, and was afterwards present, by invitation, at the Wedding at Whippingham Church, as Mayor. His father also attended at Osborne, as Mayor, to present an Address from the Corporation to the Queen and Prince Consort. Whilst Vice-Chairman of the Isle of Wight County Council, Mr. Robey F. Eldridge proposed resolution for the erection of the Technical Institute and the Seely Free Public Library at Newport, of the latter of which the late Sir Charles Seely, Bart, was the donor.

Mr. Eldridge, as well as his father, was born in the Isle of Wight. Both of his uncles had an inclination for writing poetry—one, the Revd. Robey Eldridge, is understood to have competed, whilst at Wadham College, Oxford, for the Newdegate Prize, and is said to have written, not the winning, but the second-best, poem. On his mother's side her family, the Pittis family, an old Isle of Wight one, had in the 17th century a poet, William Pittis, son of Dr. Thomas Pittis, of St. Botolph's, London.

From the poem referred to above the following lines are quoted :—

*Prize Poem by the Rev. Robey Eldridge, Rector of
Desford, Leicestershire.*

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

*When to the South, Atlantic billows roar,
Lashing with briny wave oh! indignant shore,
And Afric's genius low'ring o'er the main
Claims the last conpines of this watery reign,
In lonely grandeur from the subject deep
Rises sublime Helena's rocky steep.*

* * * * *

*Mute is that voice that waked the battle's roar,
Ah! mute in death ne'er ne'er to waken more ;
And cold the heart which beat for France alone,
Yea, cold and silent as this breathless stone ;
And, can it be that adamantive frame,
No toils subdued, and perils could not tame
Which fearless traversed cold Lithonia's wild
Where nature never bloomed, the Sun ne'er smiled ;
Sinks it at last to mingle with the dead
The worm its portion and the grave its bed!*

(The following is truly prophetic in view of the great world war which was to follow over a century later) :—

*Come here, ye mighty ; view this humble stone—
His fate is yours, for it may be your own ;
And as ye bend above his lonely tomb
Restrain ambition, and avoid his doom !*

Mr. Eldridge possesses a poetic gift and facility of expression of no mean order. In his poems is found a delicate human touch and depth of feeling. Many of them have attracted high commendations from large

circles of readers, notably amongst these are *A Newport Maiden's Gift to King Charles I.* and *The Little House*, both poetic and appealing.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

TO THE QUEEN.

A WELCOME.

Oh, much loved Queen, who in thy girlish bloom
 First held the sceptre of this wid'ning realm,
 God-given Ruler of the land we love !
 How shall we greet thee in these latter days,
 When the rich harvest of thy years of toil
 For all thy people stands like ripening grain,
 In part now ready for the reaper's hand,
 Whilst much, beyond the telling, lies afar,
 In the dim vista of all future time—
 The vast ingatherings of coming years ?

There have been Queens of old—Queens, aye, and
 Kings—
 Rulers of England who have sought to guide
 The ship of state, in times of storm and stress,
 Towards the fair haven of perennial peace—
 That *El Dorado* we may never reach.
 Yet none have reigned as thou. Kindly as wise,
 And good as noble, thou dost bear the palm.

And we have greeted thee ; for thou hast passed,
 With gracious mien and gentle dignity,
 In thy great capital, through thronging crowds
 Of loud-acclaiming subjects—passed secure
 In the heart-homage of thy people's love.
 With voices lifted, and with grateful hearts,
 We greeted thee. There was no jarring note
 To mar the music of our ringing cheers.

Queen of our hearts, and of the hearts of those
 Who, in the Greater Britain over-seas,
 Own thy imperial sway, thy people's love
 Is thy sure guerdon. In each faithful heart
 Thy throne is set, than pearls more precious,
 Than adamant more strong.

And coming now,
 After the pomp of larger pageantries,
 To this our Garden Isle, we of the Wight
 Greet thee as Mistress of that fair domain
 Set on the margin of the placid sea
 Where now, of late, in sight of Osborne's towers,
 Were anchored those great monarchs of the main—
 The Navy that is Britain's strength and pride.

How looked it then at eve? A fairy fleet,
 Mirrored in light upon a summer sea.
 The dusk of twilight hid the giant forms
 Of those leviathans, that in the day
 Loomed huge and terrible. The great ships seemed
 Bewitched, like monsters garlanded by elves,
 Shorn, for a time, of all their fearsomeness.
 And so, indeed, they were. Their booming guns
 Thundered their greeting o'er the echoing wave
 To England's Prince, but had no warlike voice;
 For not to breathe defiance had they come
 Or offer combat; but to show to all
 That brave preparedness to face a foe
 That makes for peace.

To this thy Island home
 We welcome thee, Lady of kindest heart,
 As well as greatest Queen our land has known.
 We are but simple folk, who love thee well;
 And *him* we loved—the Prince whom thou didst love,
 Whose mem'ry still is green, "Albert the Good;"
 Our Captain too, whose chosen place of rest
 Was the warm earth of this sweet southern isle,

Nigh to the hearts that loved him. They are gone.
 Ah! there is much in these long sixty years
 That thrills thy heart and ours with pain. Yet still
 Heart-sorrow is all lost in joy, as now,
 With all who live 'neath thy benignant sway—
 No slavish vassals, but a people free ;
 Free, and yet bound by silken cords of love—
 We greet most loyally our Empress-Queen.

OUR UNBURIED HEROES.

Gen. Gordon—F.M. Earl Kitchener of Kartoum, K.G.

He sought for Gordon ; but he found him not.
 Ah! "Somewhere dead far in the waste Sudan"
 Was he whose loss Britain hath ne'er forgot—
 True type of high nobility in man.
 We know not if his mortal form doth rest
 By sacred stream, or 'neath the desert sand ;
 He was of Britain's bravest and her best,
 And freely gave his life for his loved land.

And now, amid the clangorous din of strife,
 We seek for him who sought ; for he is gone—
 Gone in the very fulness of a life
 That also with surpassing grandeur shone.
 Near lonely Islands in the Northern Sea
 The swirling waters sucked him swiftly down ;
 But for heroic souls no death can be,
 He lives for ever, haloed with renown.

And so he passed, a strong man and a great,
 As did those other heroes of the wave
 Who with him sailed, and others, too, of late,
 Who, e'en though victors, found an ocean grave.

Then the enshrouding waters of the main
In one vast sepulchre entomb them all ;
So, 'neath the surface of the watery plain,
Our hero waits the final trumpet call.

His deathless spirit still to us is nigh,
Nerving us all to do our part as men ;
When'er he spoke to us our hearts rose high,
And his great soul inspires us now, as then.
Barbarous hordes fair lands of earth deface,
Soon would they 'whelm the whole wide world in
blood :
We shall not stay our hands till, by God's grace,
We've stemmed the torrent of this Teuton flood.

THE LADIES OF THE LAMP.

Ye are they who brave all danger
To nurse our men in camp—
Dames in Chivalry's new Order,
"The Ladies of the Lamp."

Beloved by all was she who first
That honoured title bore ;
As Mercy's fearless Pioneer
Remembered evermore.

Knights of the Cross your fathers were,
In armour bright arrayed,
With Christ's own symbol reverently
Upon their breasts displayed.

And you, too, wear that symbol,
The Red Cross is the sign
That you follow in His footsteps
Who healed by power divine.

You come from East, West, North, and South,
Homeborn, and from afar
Where the outposts of our Empire
In many regions are.

Angelic ministrants you are !
God's handmaids ! formed to be
" To other souls the cup of strength
In their great agony."

So, like the stars that glow above,
Your lamps serenely shine,
Diffusing round each sufferer's couch
A radiance divine.

May gracious gifts from highest heaven
About your pathway fall,
And God's own benediction rest
In love upon you all.

THE SACREDNESS OF TOIL.

" God made the country, and man made the town."
Are all our noble cities Babels then,
Whose builders judgments from on high call down ?
Nay : God holds dear these teeming hives of men.

And ye who in our busy towns abide,
Earning, with sweat of brow, your daily bread,
Oh, ne'er forget labour was sanctified
When the boy Jesus toiled in Joseph's shed.

HYMN.

For use at Christmas in time of War.

Saviour Divine, Who, for a world's salvation,
As on this day, at Bethlehem, wast born,
We ask Thy blessing for our much-tried nation,
Kneeling before Thee on Thy natal morn.

And on this Day of Days, in faith adoring,
We lift our hearts on high, to Heaven and Thee,
With humble trust our troubled souls outpouring
In prayers that Thou, from Evil, Earth wilt free.

An Angel from the heights of Heaven descended—
Herald celestial to announce Thy birth,
And, by a host of radiant forms attended,
Brought the glad message of good will to Earth.

Lord, we are weak, yet Thou wilt never doubt us ;
Increase our faith, make what we see not, plain ;
E'en now Thine Angel-guards are round about us
And our brave sons on land and on the main.

Of old Thy servants were by Thee protected,
In Thy loved Name they ever put their trust ;
None who e'er sought Thee were by Thee rejected,
E'en though, like us, frail children of the dust.

To Thee we come for help and consolation,
For Right and Freedom is our flag unfurled ;
In mercy hear our fervent supplication,
Safeguard us, and our Realm throughout the world.

O King of Glory ! we praise Thee evermore.
Soon shall we see Thee with unclouded eyes :
No earthly tumults may reach that further shore
Where naught can mar the heavenly harmonies.

Though there, in Highest Heaven, O Christ! Thou
 reignest,
 Yet to Thy people art Thou ever nigh ;
 Our only hope and refuge Thou remainest,
 Who, to redeem us, on the Cross didst die.

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

I gaze, across the vale, upon the hill,
 And though no dazzling beauties meet the eye,
 All is so sweetly peaceful, calm, and still
 That, with a heart attuned to joy, I cry :

This is the home for me ! Here I can rest,
 Leaving the troublous torment of the town,
 I find the Earth in her green mantle drest,
 And wearing ever her most graceful crown.

Ah ! She but heralds one whom here I meet,
 Who watches for me and throws wide the gate,
 And, with a smile and kiss, her love doth greet—
 No far-off angel, but my own sweet mate.

'Tis but a month, as yet, since we were wed :
 Some days we tarried by the western wave ;
 Then, with delight, to this fair region sped,
 Where our own home its gladsome welcome gave.

O little house that is to us so dear,
 Serenely set where no rough winds annoy,
 May God's own benison rest on us here,
 May He watch over us, and give us joy !

IN MEMORIAM.

FREDERIC STRATTON,

Who passed to his rest on December 5th, 1916.

A LIFE-LONG FRIEND'S TRIBUTE.

He was my friend when we were young,
How well the world went then,
It smiled, and hid its frowns from us
Till we were older men ;
But ever tranquil was his life
In this historic town,
Which hath its mellowed memories
From ages past brought down.

And he would read God's holy Word,
Upon the Sabbath Day.
In God's Own House, where he and his
Were wont to praise and pray ;
And in the Council of the Church
He spoke with force and weight,
His words were full of common sense,
Calm and dispassionate.

He loved to climb the Alpine heights,
And there afar to roam ;
But yet e'en more to him were dear
The downs and dales of home ;
And everywhere he plucked the flowers,
He knew them all by name,
From hill and hedgerow, mead and moor,
The blooms he sought for came.

And, in profusion, all around,
Hung scenes his brush had limned,—
The snow-clad peaks ; the leafy woods ;
The cloudlet, silver-rimmed :

And as we gaze upon them now,
We think of him we've lost,
And to the hills we lift our hearts,
When tried and tempest-tossed.

For he was ever strong and brave,
And left a stainless name,
A nobler heritage, methinks,
Than riches, rank, or fame :
So will we stand, as long he stood,
For all that's true and right—
Ah ! We shall meet again my friend,
In realms of fadeless light.



Facing p. 255.

ENA FITZGERALD.

ENA FITZGERALD.

Miss Ena Fitzgerald was born on October 5th, 1889, near Cowes, Isle of Wight, and is the only child of the late Rev. George Fitzgerald-Galaher, M.A., Litterateur (formerly of Dublin), by his second marriage. She was educated in the Isle of Wight, and has, under the name of Ena Fitzgerald, published, up to the present, two novels. The first—*Patcola: An Indian Romance*, was written at the age of 17. This was followed by *The Witch Queen of Khem: the Tale of a Wrong made Right*. Both books have been most cordially received by very eminent critics in Britain, India, Egypt, Australia, and South Africa. Has written several magazine articles, and lives at Wroxall, Isle of Wight.

RUSSELL MARKLAND.

QUESTIONS.

How is the sky, my friend ?
Is it turquoise blue ?
I sit alone in shadows,—and you—
You, I hoped would be smiling,
Ready to give me word
That a sunbeam breaks the dimness—
That dawn brings the song of a bird.
You who dwell in the sunshine,
Why is your smile so grey ?
Were you obliged to copy

The snivellers met on the way ?
 I who have sat in the shadows,
 Have sat with Silence, too ;
 And Silence it was who told me
 How Life pays its debts that are due ;—
 Sunshine to those whose laughter
 Cheers the Hall of Pain ;
 And the very reverse to the “ martyr ”
 Expecting nothing but rain !

Must I who have sat in the shadow,
 Sat in it, Oh, so long !
 Must I lead an heir of the sunshine
 Towards the gates of Song ?

(From “ *Pearls of Poesy*,” edited by C. F. Forshaw,
 1911).

MARCHING SONG.

(*Musical rights reserved*).

Far amid the mighty Northland
 Where the seal and beaver dwell,
 Close against the mystic Arctic
 Blinding storm and silence tell
 Of a proud Canadian nation—
 Britain’s shining Northern star—
 Gleaming in her crystal setting
 White gem of the years that are !

Chorus :—

Do you hear the tramp of nations
 As they journey to the Dawn ?
 Do you hear the freedom rally
 And the swinging song of morn ?
 Britain’s children lead the Vanguard

(Plotting foeman !—mark it well !)
 British hands unite in labour,
 British voices rise and swell !

Down amid the Southern ocean
 Lies the vast Australian strand ;
 Cities, desert, life and silence
 Mingle in a virgin land.
 Joyous Britains toast the Union
 —(Zealand's name is not forgot)—
 British hands are clasped in challenge
 (Tremble ye who break the knot !)

Chorus :—

Do you hear, etc.

Eastern tribes and heats acclaim thee
 Mother Britain of us all !
 Dusky India—nameless treasure—
 Rallied to the freedom call.
 Little isles and unknown spaces,
 Little men of giant heart,
 Do proclaim thy vict'ry banner,
 Sound thy name from mart to mart.

Chorus :—

Do you hear, etc.

In the West thy Secret dwelleth
 —In the West—Thyself art there !
 Little isle, and sister islands,
 Little spot so passing fair,
 Cities teeming, and thy captains
 Riding in to every port.
 Tremble those who wish thee evil !
 Heaven bring their plan to nought.

Chorus :—

Do you hear, etc.

THE EXILE—SERBIA'S SORROW.

(In native strain).

Dear Serbia hail !—a greeting little land !—
Hail mighty Winds that bear thy Voice to God—and
Man !

A Little People's Voice that did not dare
To match the Thunder-Tongue of greater states !
A Serbian exile I, a surf-tossed stone
Dashed by the waves of War 'gainst Destiny !
And in the Day I watch the blackened sky—
And in the Night some half veiled vision see—
A Vision of thy Cornland
Where thy poppies once were red !
And I see the misty column
Of the Death-Smoke overhead !
I hear the tramp of many feet—
The Death March of the Dead !

Once !—it was very long ago !—
The Sons of Serbia dreamed for her a dream !
They sang of it within their simple homes—
They sowed it with the sowing of the corn ;—
They sang of it in death—which yet is Life !—
The Life-Fount sentinelled by Destiny !
Look up, dear Land, nor fear the darkened Sky !—
Look up, and in the Night a Vision see !—
A Vision of thy Cornland
And thy poppies burning red !—
Of a Little People toiling
And the Life-Star overhead !—
And the dream—the DREAM
Of Greater Serbia
New hallowed from the dead !



Facing p. 259.

WILLIAM ROBERT HALL.

WILLIAM ROBERT HALL.

William Robert Hall was born on January 18th, 1866, at Lewannick, North Cornwall. His father was the village schoolmaster, and himself wrote poetry, besides being an ardent lover of literature. His boyhood was passed in London, and he went to school at Brixton and Westminster.

He was in business in the Isle of Wight from 1884 to 1891, residing first at West Cowes, and afterwards at Freshwater, where he frequently saw Lord Tennyson in his old age.

A few of his poems were printed in Isle of Wight papers, and also in various other periodicals. His first volume, *Glimpses of the Unseen*, was published by Elkin Matthews in 1913, the second, *Towards Freedom*, was published by the Universal Publishing Company in 1917, and the third, *The Heart of a Mystic*, published by Elkin Matthews, came out in the autumn of 1919.

He is a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, and a member of the Order of Ancient Wisdom, and his favourite study is Mysticism.

He writes :—“ At present I am stranded on this rocky Isle of Portland, far from the main currents of life, but surrounded by much beauty of sea and sky, ‘ sounds of many waters ’ and ‘ seas of glass mingled with fire. ’ I wish it were the Isle of Wight instead of this of Portland ! ”

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

AN APPRECIATION.

Mr. W. Robert Hall is a mystical poet of fine quality. He is of the true breed of Crashaw and Vaughan. He has not indeed the curious passion with which Crashaw often startles us, nor do his poems possess the philosophical flavour of Vaughan. But for all that, he is closely allied to them in temperament and art, and we suggest, without much misgiving, that if Mr. Hall had lived in the 17th instead of in the 20th century, he would have been given a high place in Anthologies among the mystical singers.

There is an inevitable narrowness in these mystical poets, in their turning away from the common warm humanities of life to a subtler, more sublimated delight, that repels many. To those who cannot understand their attitude, explanation is idle. But the psychologist knows that the mystical impulse (in some form or another) is a deep and enduring thing, and is to be found in poets and thinkers of extraordinarily diverse creeds and schools. In Plato and Euripides, in Hindu and Christian Saints, in Agnostics like Richard Jefferies and Maeterlinck—in all these, widely separated as they are in creed and type, may be found the essential quality of mysticism.

To give adequate poetic expression to a quality so subtle and elusive is no mean achievement. Failure means banality and obscurity. But Mr. Hall's poems are neither obscure nor banal. He has resisted the temptation to lose his thought in a blaze of imagery; he knows the value of a wise artistic restraint, and so his rapture is never formless or unintelligible. However intensely his flame may burn it keeps ever its own individual shape in the serene atmosphere of his thought.

Mr. Hall's poetry has its very obvious limitations, but within those limits its charm and beauty are undeniable.

EDWIN FAULKNER.

THE TALISMAN.

The poet hath a ruby key
 Whose magic power is such,
 The secrets dark of land and sea
 Fly open at his touch.

By this sure key he gains the sky,
 And reads the silent spheres,
 While naked to his vision lie
 The springs of smiles and tears.

THE INNER SHRINE.

Shut off from so much beauty by these mists
 That outward living damp,
 Yet at our very centre there persists
 The burning of Love's Lamp !

To worldly vision ever unrevealed,
 It burns and shines within,
 Our nobler Life with Christ, in God, concealed
 Beyond the power of sin.

All winds are lulled before that Shrine they reach,
 Night cannot pass the door,
 While from the pure, unflickering Flame Love's speech
 And speechless music pour.

We speak with Love, and Love with us ;
 Love shines, a very Sun,
 And we, like Moons, shine back on Him, and thus
 Are Man and God proved One.

DISSOLVED PEARLS.

Than Egypt's dusky Queen more lavish far,
 Imperial Night dissolves her fairest star
 In the red wine of Dawn, for me to drink
 From heaven's crystal cup, on whose blue brink
 Is froth of gold :
 And yet so thirsty I, I think
 My soul could drain more Life and Love than earth
 or heaven can hold !

The moon-lit olive garden, and the mound
 Shaped like a skull, gloom-curtained and cross-crowned,
 Yield richer Wine than Morning's radiant cup,
 A Wine in which a Pearl is swallowed up,
 Divinely priced.
 Gladly my thirsty soul will sup,
 Eternally content with all the Life and Love of Christ.

NIGHT.

On all a peace past understanding rests ;
 The leaf-buds dream upon the boughs above,
 And no wind rocks the downy cradle-nests,
 While o'er the breathing world broods Mother-Love.

Within my soul-nest folded wishes sleep,
 And weary, callow hopes lie slumbering there
 Beneath the wings of Love, where they did creep
 At set of Sun : may all their dreams be fair !

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

I am older than the Earth,
 Younger than this morning's dew,
 Slave to neither death nor birth,
 From the Heart of God I flew.

To the Heart of God I fly,
 Knowing neither birth nor death,
 One and myriads am I!—
 Thus the human spirit saith.

SUNRISE.

Why in your own dark shadow go,
 Face to the night?
 Turn from the shade, and you shall glow
 With morning light!

Raise but your eyes, you shall behold
 The clouds divide,
 Their Earthward edges fring'd with gold
 From the Heaven-side!

Still shines the Sun! Lift up your heart!
 Disdain the gloom!
 In the unfolding, take your part,
 Of God's Dawn-bloom!

Wake, you child-god! Be what you are,
 The radiant You!
 No more a cloud, be a Day-star,
 Yea, a Sun, too!

THE DOOR.

A door was opened and I saw—
 So near, I felt its cooling wind—
 The world where Love's the only law,
 A law against which none has sinned.

I saw its men and women, fair
 As happy children or as flowers :
 I saw their thoughts shine in the air
 And build them homes of radiant bowers.

I saw their love in their own form
 Shining with rosy beauty.—But
 From outer dark came a wild storm :
 The door, with noisy fury, shut.

MY TWO HOMES.

My body is no prison cell,
 For I am free to soar or sink
 In heights and depths of thoughts I think,
 Or dreams I dream of heaven or hell.

The door is ever on the latch,
 And when I will I slip away :
 There is no guard to make me stay,
 No hound the fleeing soul to catch.

Then why not ever soar and roam ?
 Ah ! such a babe I am as yet,
 My glorious powers I forget,
 And childish terrors drive me home.

I snuggle down in the old nest,
 And revel in the commonplace,
 The vertigo of boundless space
 Passing in trivial toils and rest.

Maybe when I am wise and pure,
 I shall not linger 'neath the sky,
 But make my Home in God, and fly
 Into His Love Flame, and endure.

AT THE HEART OF THINGS.

Asleep, or nigh awake
 Within the heart of things
 (So my own heart sings)
 Dwells love enough to make
 The beauty of a thousand Springs.

Gross clay or crumbled stone
 Shall bloom a cowslip cluster,
 Or float, a snowy muster
 Of gulls, for there Love's Throne
 Is set with ever-burning lustre.

Asleep? O heart, how blind,
 How deaf! Place thy dull ear
 Close to the ground, and hear
 Love busy! Look, and find
 Love's beauty pierce thee like a spear!

Nearer the heart of things
 Seek still for Love; and under
 The outside storm and thunder
 Hear the calm Voice that sings,
 Telling abroad the inward wonder!

WILD ROSE.

Wild Rose, thou art
 Pink petals five
 And a deep, golden heart
 Of brooding silence, holy and alive—

A fragrant word,
 A love-breath sweet
 Forth from the inmost Third
 Heaven where the Living Mother hath her seat !

As fair a bloom,
 As pure a shrine,
 Sweet with as rich perfume,
 O little child, that wild-rose heart of thine !

A WILD FLOWER AND I.

But one of all thy friends am I,
 I dare not think thou carest much
 For one so strange ; a butterfly,
 A bee, a wandering wind, may touch
 Thy fragrant lips and share the bliss
 My too self-conscious feelings miss.

Too clever in my own conceits,
 I all but lose the wondrous things
 That thou would'st share with me, the sweets
 Thou giv'st thy friends who come on wings,
 Spurning the ground whereon I creep
 With soul and body half asleep.

Revealed to butterflies and bees
 And all Love's simple babes, but hid
 From such as me thy mysteries,
 Unless the god within me rid
 Himself of all the veils of sense
 And flash forth from the Light intense.

Then flowers, stars and souls shall be
 All one white splendour to my eye,
 And tones of love-fused harmony
 Unto my ear, while they and I
 Shall pass, with sin and fear and pain,
 And naught but the One God remain.

DREAM PALACES.

The things I dream are fairer far
 Than those I see awake ;
 Therefore they shall be—therefore *are*
 More real than Sun or Moon or Star,
 For I love's Beauty take
 And, out of that rich quarry, build
 My shining palaces ;
 While glory from His glance is spilled
 More than enough my towers to gild
 And prove their splendour His.

THE NEAR WAY.

Which way, Soul, goest thou ?
 By daisy or by star,
 Moon-silvered mountain-brow ?—
 The paths so many are !
 But leave them now untrod and find
 A nearer way within the mind.

Turn inward ! Ah, at first
How dark ! What loneliness !
But soon a light will burst
And flood the dim recess :
Fair shines the Land before thy face,
For thou art in thy native place.

MISS INNELL JOLLIFFE.

Amongst our Island poetesses, one of the younger of them, Miss Innell Jolliffe (of Ventnor) is distinguished by the fact that she remains a resident in her birth-place, Bonchurch, a place so beautiful that Nature may have designed it for the nurture and the spirit of the muse—a fit home for poets.

Miss Jolliffe's mother was Scotch, and to her she attributes her natural love of nature in all her moods.

Undoubtedly she possesses the true spirit and impulse of poetry, that gift which is inborn, which may be cultivated, but not acquired as, on the contrary, must be the art of composition and technique.

It is, perhaps, reasonable to regard a fair measure of ease and leisure as a necessity for the aspiring poet.

Be this as it may, such conditions have not fallen to the strenuous lot of Miss Jolliffe, but she has achieved in spite of it.

Her form is, one may judge, the simple lyric, and in this she succeeds by love of the beautiful, her tenderness, and her grace of expression.

By permission the writer gives the following interesting autobiography from the *Family Friend*.

“Miss Innell Jolliffe, though still young as years count, has already achieved a very unique position in her special branch of work.

She is not only the proprietor of the *Isle of Wight Advertiser*, but also its editor, and it is under her supervision at her own printing office that the type is set up and the weekly newspaper evolved. In fact, owing to many of her staff being absent on active service, she has learnt her cases, and now assists in the

setting up of the type herself. When she brought out her book of poems, *A May Day Revel*, she helped in the printing, and stitched up all the copies herself, and can manage what is technically called a 'flat bed double demy printing machine' herself.

She also works a platen machine, by which she printed 5000 postcards for the Belgian Fund, and can easily print 1000 cards an hour.

Miss Jolliffe arrives at her office at a quarter to eight every morning, and it is late in the evening before she leaves her day's work, and then she frequently has to attend meetings and social functions of various kinds, for she is her own reporter.

Miss Jolliffe's literary aspirations are by no means confined to her press activities, for she has written articles for magazines, published two volumes of verse, and edited *The Island Sunbeam*, a temperance paper for young people, for two years. Sometimes she writes under the form of an allegory, and her spirited patriotic poems will be published shortly in book form dedicated by his gracious permission to the heroic King of the Belgians. Herself a great reader, she considers Keats to have produced some of the finest verse in the English language."

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

A LAMENT.

(Written to an East Wind in April).

Oh fierce East wind, thou art unkind,
Scourging the budding trees,
But yesterday, they were so gay,
Now gone their tender leaves.

The waking Earth, with joy and mirth
Greeted this month of Spring ;
But now forlorn, doth Nature mourn,
For bitter is thy sting.

Mangled and dead, their beauty fled,
The fragrant bluebells lay,
The daffodils upon the hills
No longer dance and play.

What carest thou, though break the bough,
Which held a cosy nest,
Where with such pride the little bride
Had hoped her brood to rest.

Oh wicked wind, where thou cans't find
The new-born leaf and flower,
Thou with delight their charm doth smite,
Revelling in thy power.

LEONARD JORDAN.

—was born at Carisbrooke, I.W., in June, 1871, being the elder son of the late Samuel Jordan, Esq., J.P., formerly of The Cedars, Carisbrooke, for many years a highly-respected town councillor and magistrate of the Borough of Newport, I.W. Mr. Leonard Jordan, following his father's footsteps, became in due time a member of the Newport Town Council, and a borough magistrate, and for nine years has represented the N.W. division of the borough upon the Isle of Wight County Council. He was unanimously elected the first chairman of the I.W. Health Insurance Committee. Since 1912 he has been one of the Island representatives upon the Council of the University College of Southampton.

His inherited taste for literature was marked and varied, and whilst at Taunton School during the headmastership of the Rev. F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc., he was a regular contributor to the pages of the school magazine, and assisted with the libretti of the school plays. During a four years' residence in the metropolis (1888-1891) he came under the influence of many of the younger authors at that time associated with the Fabian Society, and was a frequent visitor at the Sunday evening gatherings at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, the residence of William Morris. Returning to Carisbrooke, his literary instincts were fostered by the late Professor Henry Morley, LL.D., then residing at Palissy, Carisbrooke, at whose house a reading-circle met every Friday evening.

He has exhibited a strong poetic vein, whilst the few occasional verses which he has written in



Facing p. 272.

LEONARD JORDAN.

times of leisure are characterised by a great deal of taste, feeling, and charm, and an undeniable mastery of technique. The selections which follow sufficiently show this, and, in the writer's opinion, indicate greater possibilities had greater leisure allowed our poet the opportunity to continue his pursuit of the muse. But, as an active partner of an important mercantile firm, and in the public affairs of his native Island, his faculties and energies are fully absorbed, and must leave but little time for exploring the Mount of Parnassus, doubtless to his regret.

For 30 years past his vacations have been spent in walking tours, extending over the whole of the British Isles, with occasional tramps in France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany, and five climbing holidays in Switzerland. Of recent years the pen-name of Franklin Thorpe, a combination of two family names, has been substituted for the original pseudonym of Laurance Joyce.

C. J. ARNELL.

A CENTENARY SONNET.
TO THE MEMORY OF GARIBALDI.

Isle of Wight Pageant month, 1907.

Daughters and sons of Vectis, ye who claim
 In glorious pageantry shortly to unroll
 To wondering eyes her long historic scroll ;
 Vespasian, Wilfred, Odo, and the Dame
 De Fortibus, founder of Newport's fame,
 Fair Cecily, and that pathetic soul
 King Charles the Martyr—without hyperbole
 To re-create, as once before they came.

Not in your episodes would I intrude
 One noble figure, once our honoured guest,
 Champion of Freedom, bravest, tenderest
 Welder of Italy ! Yet this my mood :
 That you should inculcate his modesty,
 High aim, devotion, and sincerity.

THE GUILDHALL PORTRAITS,
 NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Pittis and Mew and Pinnock—worthiest Mayors
 Of nineteenth-century Newport, from the wall
 On which your portraits hang in Council-Hall
 Wherein men meet to guide the town's affairs—
 No longer burdened with the pressing cares
 Of office, still your presence may recall
 Memories of pristine greatness which shall fall
 As inspirations to your civic heirs.

Studying first and last the common weal,
 Not personal prestige, no, nor party gain ;
 Differing much and oft, yet all could feel
 The utmost confidence each would disdain
 Ignoble aims, unworthy ends.— Appeal
 Thus for all time, and never quite in vain !
 (1911).

COLINETTE.

(*From the French*).

Colinette was her sweet name,
 In a village did she dwell
 Whither long since it befell

At the harvest-time I came :
 She was but a wee maid yet,
 I from schoolboy tasks had fled,—
 Ere the spring came she was dead,
 Poor Colinette !

When we frolicked hand in hand
 In the meadows, on the heath,
 How soon she was out of breath !
 How her rosy cheeks I fanned !
 Lark and thrush together met
 To sing our love those glad days ;
 The birds were singing always :
 Poor Colinette !

One day, at this very spot,
 Came the time to say farewell :
 There was silence for a spell,
 I loved her. but knew it not !
 Though my eyes with tears were wet
 I took her hand and said “ Dear !
 Good-bye only till next year ! ”—
 Poor Colinette !

Such a tale is very brief,
 Very ordinary too :
 Yet there is not one of you
 Who will not share my heart's grief.
 As a poet have I let
 Twenty coquettes call me dunce—
 I have only loved but once
 Poor Colinette !
 (1909).

A SOUTH-COUNTRY RONDEL.

At every season perfect days
 Call the wayfarer to the downs ;
 Turning his back upon the towns
 To tread the silent upland ways
 Decked in spring verdure, summer haze,
 Autumnal russets, winter browns ;
 At every season perfect days
 Call the wayfarer to the downs.

When sun, sky, breeze and blood announce
 Recurrent festivals of praise,
 Loiter not, quit the puppet-plays,
 Discard the ropes, and doff the gowns ;
 The pomps and vanities renounce ;
 At every season perfect days
 Call the wayfarer to the downs.

(1906).

RONDEL.

“ *The Firmament sheweth His handiwork !* ”

“ And God called the firmament Heaven. . . .
 He made the stars also, and set them in the firmament
 of the heaven to give light upon the earth and to rule
 over the day and over the night, and to divide the light
 from the darkness : and God saw that it was good.”

Calm as at Nature's dawn it lies,
 This wondrous canopy of night
 Jewelled with myriad points of light
 As constellations set and rise ;
 Circling through space now daylight dies

And twilight hues enshroud each height,
 Calm as at Nature's dawn it lies,
 This wondrous canopy of night.
 Serene, unchanging, in its guise
 Heedless of Time's unceasing flight——
 These Alps shall vanish out of sight,
 While æons hence to other eyes
 Calm as at Nature's dawn it lies,
 This wondrous canopy of night.

(Bel Alp, 1906).

AD FINEM VITÆ.

When we are old, my love, should Fate, still kind
 As in Life's springtime, lead our steps this way,
 When clumps of flowering autumn daisies sway
 And rustle in a silken south-west wind
 Which wafts the blackbird's notes where reapers bind
 A golden harvest into sheaves :—I pray,
 Should radiant sunset end a perfect day,
 God grant we may be neither deaf nor blind
 When we are old.

To-day we spend new-minted coin, yet hoard
 To-morrow's memories : our songs unsung,
 Sonnets unwritten, pictures never limned,
 With Love's glad dreams and Youth's bright hopes are
 stored
 Against our future, and should eyes be dimmed,
 Ears dull of hearing, hearts shall still be young
 When we are old.
 (1911).

EVEN SONG : A VESPER SONNET.

Christ ! Win + My heart + Apart + From sin
 Wherein + Each deep + Each steep + Begin :
 And keep + Me Thine + Benign :
 Let sleep + Divine + Be mine.

(1912).

WARFARE ACCOMPLISHED !

Here Rest in Peace ! After the toil and strife
 Conterminous with breath,
 Warfare accomplished, friend, though sweet was Life,
 Still sweeter Death !

FELO DE SE.

One spray of rosemary
 Fain would I place beneath thy coffin lid,
 Where God alone can see ;
 One spray of rosemary
 Garnered with tears for thee
 And from the vision of the curious hid ;
 One spray of rosemary
 Fain would I place beneath thy coffin lid.

One requiem by thy bier
 Fain would I whisper as a last farewell :
 May God in mercy hear
 One requiem by thy bier
 Echoed, in hope, in fear,
 By hovering angels, by the hordes of hell :
 One requiem by thy bier
 Fain would I whisper as a last farewell.

NOCTURNE.

(From the German).

In visions of the night I saw a dreary
 And vast plateau which winter's frozen breath
 Had wrapped in snow-shrouds o'er myself, who,
 weary,
 Lost, lone, and spent, slumbered,—
 And this was death !

Then, to the dark blue vault above me, glancing,
 Twin-stars were radiant in the heavens rife
 With starry eyes, and tender love was dancing
 In your sweet eyes : I woke,
 For this was life !

(1910).

RONDEAUX OF MY LADY.

At dawn of day my lady sweet
 Shall hear heaven's lark the morning greet,
 Already journeying through the skies
 Before she opes her wondering eyes,
 Shall know her answering heart to beat.

Not only Nature shall repeat
 The minstrel's song, so full and meet
 A pæan as dread darkness flies
 At dawn of day.

Too soon the burden and the heat
 Of morning shall obsess the street ;
 My lady from her chamber hies
 To meadows where she may surmise
 I linger, listening for her feet
 At dawn of day.

At dusk of day my lady fair
 Shall greet the stars that here and there
 Begin to twinkle and to peep,
 And lightly o'er the stile she'll leap,
 Wondering if they her secret share.

Now who am I that I should dare
 To wait and watch and wander where
 Footsteps disturb earth's beauty-sleep
 At dusk of day ?

Begone each worry and each care !
 She comes, my own, with queenly air,
 Pure, radiant eyes, soft arms that creep
 And cling, dear lips,—O ! love ! God keep
 You ever thus, beyond compare
 At dusk of day !
(1912).

REVEILLÉ.

Awake ! Arise !
 The darkness flies,
 Now roseate are the eastern skies ;
 While yonder bay
 Discards its grey
 And sombre garb to greet the day :
 Arise, and view
 The changing hue,
 This hour the world is born anew.

Awake ! Arise !
 Refreshed and wise,
 Through what a land thy pathway lies,
 Where many a beam
 Of light doth gleam
 Till dewdrops like pearl clusters seem :
 Arise, before
 The gossamer floor
 Vanishes with its fairy-lore.

Awake ! my dear,
 Arise ! and hear
 The songsters' music full and clear ;
 Awake ! at dawn
 To us is borne
 The subtle perfume of the morn :
 Awake ! and press
 (I see you guess !)
 Thy lips to mine in fond caress.

(1893).

SONG.

TO LISETTE, A BOHÉMIENNE.

When underneath the stars you lie
 And watch the constellations creep
 In ordered file across the sky,
 May I enjoy my beauty sleep !

When nightingales are uttering clear
 Passionate notes, if sleep should slake
 Your quenchless eyes, in joy and fear
 May I in such a moment wake !

When visions of the night reveal
 The love your waking hours ne'er knew,
 That sleep our covenant shall seal,
 Then may I dream, and dream of you !

LACRIMÆ AC RISUS.

“ Doctors and parsons are doing a lot of harm by increasing the fear of death. No one should consider death, or think of it as worse than going from one room to another. I hope I shall die with a good laugh.”—GEORGE MEREDITH.

With doleful looks, such tearful eyes,
 And sobs, our little children weep ;
 Their merriment and laughter dies
 When bedtime calls to rest and sleep :
 Tired children of a larger growth
 Are filled with gratitude for both.

And yet we hesitate to leave
 Our worn-out playthings, or we dread
 The dark,—the passage,—and we grieve
 For others, earlier called to bed,
 Who pass through portals still untrod
 To look upon the face of God.

Clothed, fed, and cared for through the day,
 Watched over now the night appears,
 Lord, keep our spirits good and gay,
 With laughter chase away our fears,
 With laughter fill our fleeting breath :
 So grant us all a merry death !

(1909).

IN MY GARDEN OF GIRLS.

Here's a verse for your own,
 Little bud in my garden !
 Though but trivial in tone
 Here's a verse for your own
 Ere your petals are blown,
 When the liberty pardon !
 Here's a verse for your own,
 Little bud in my garden !

May you have equal measure
 Of sunshine and shower !
 Yes ! of tears and of pleasure

May you have equal measure,
 So that some one may treasure
 Some day such a flower,
 May you have equal measure
 Of sunshine and shower !

(1909).

BALLADE OF BEATITUDE.

From Culver Cliffs to Alum Bay !
 Fair Vectis ! Though the world is wide,
 And I a wanderer day by day
 With primal instincts undenied ;
 One glorious memory shall abide,
 Full twenty miles of bracing air,
 While step by step my glad heart cried :
 " I had not thought the earth so fair ! "

From down to down my footsteps stray ;
 In emerald bowers the hamlets hide,
 The while the scarlet redwings play
 And battle-craft and liners glide
 In shimmering seas on either side :
 But casual shepherds only share
 My festival : in song I stride,
 " I had not thought the earth so fair ! "

O sing with me the upland way
 For summer tramp, for winter ride,
 Now pack on back, then harkaway
 With hounds for mates, and fox for guide ;
 Let all who will such joys deride,
 Enough if only I be there,
 An Island man, to say with pride :—
 " I had not thought the earth so fair ! "

ENVOI.

Prince of those shores unwashed by tide,
 Of charms of seascape unaware !
 In Paradise dissatisfied,——
 I had not thought the earth so fair !
(1907).

THE DEDICATED LIFE.

Not in some world apart, but here and now
 In humble duties we may realise
 The higher self, the nobler self, and rise
 Godward : in storm and stress we must allow
 The daily common task, the simple vow
 Once entered on, to be accomplished. Skies
 Are distant, 'tis in them our haven lies ;
 The troubled sea of life is 'neath our prow.

For we are of and for the earth ; our day
 Is filled with golden opportunities
 Of service ; it is given to us to seize
 Each speedily, lest it has passed away ;
 Else haply, in neglect of one of these
 Our brethren, we ourselves are castaway.
(1907).



Facing p. 255.

MRS. DISNEY LEITH.

MRS. DISNEY LEITH.

Mrs. Disney Leith is the only child of Sir Henry Gordon, late of Knockespoek, Aberdeenshire, and of Northcourt, in the Isle of Wight, and his wife, Lady Mary Agnes Blanche, youngest daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. She is thus, on the mother's side, descended from one of the earliest territorial Anglo-Saxon families, an ancestor of her mother, Bertram Ashburnham, having fallen at the Battle of Hastings, fighting for King Harold. A later ancestor, John Ashburnham, was the valued friend and attendant of King Charles the Martyr, whose watch and shirt are still in the possession of the present head of the family of Ashburnham. Mrs. Leith is also, it may be added, first cousin to the poet Swinburne, who dedicated to her his latest published tragedy of *Rosamund*. Her paternal grandfather, Sir J. Willoughby Gordon, was a distinguished Peninsular General on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, by whom he was greatly esteemed. He was subsequently appointed Quartermaster-General to the Forces, which office he retained till his death in 1851. Her father, Sir Henry Gordon, was a scholar of no mean repute, a graduate of Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he achieved a brilliant success as Senior Wrangler in the early part of last century—"Gordon's year" being for long afterwards a memorable date in the annals of Peterhouse. As landlord and magistrate, he was a most wise and indefatigable worker for the benefit of those around him, while the interior restoration of the fine old Church of Shorwell, Isle of Wight, is a standing memorial of his architectural knowledge and

his love for all that concerned the sacred edifice. His sudden removal in the prime of life, caused a void which has never been filled.

In 1865 Miss Gordon was married to General (then Colonel) Disney Leith, C.B., second son of the well-known Peninsular hero, Sir Alexandra Leith, of Glenkindie, and himself the leader of the "forlorn hope" at Mooltan, where he lost his left arm and received a bullet in the shoulder. After a long period of Indian service, General Leith settled in his native county on his marriage.

He was ever warmly interested in the Scottish Episcopal Church, of whose council he was for many years Lay Representative, first for Deeside charges and latterly for St. Mary's Inverurie up to the time he died in 1892.

Their eldest son succeeded two years ago to the old family Barony of Burgh, long in abeyance.

Whilst thus honourably descended and connected, Mrs. Leith—by the cultivation of her natural tastes and the exercise of her intellectual abilities—has attained a personal distinction of her own. She has eighteen times crossed and re-crossed the Northern Seas in voyages to Iceland. From early years she has been deeply attracted by the history and literature of this country, teaching herself its language and grammar in order to study its lore in the original. It was not, however, until 1894, that she was able to carry out a long-cherished wish to visit its shores, since which year she has returned almost annually.

In 1901, accompanied by one lady friend and her native conductor, she rode across the Island from north to south, a distance of 300 miles. On that occasion she visited many of the most interesting scenes and "sagasteads," and has since become acquainted with some of the most distinguished men of the country, as well as with their works. She has published a translation of the principal sagas of the Bishops of Iceland and also of various specimens of

its modern poetry, and has in return received the rather uncommon compliment of having in several cases her own verses rendered into Icelandic by native "skalds"—one or two poems by Dr. Eirikur Magnuson, the late accomplished scholar and assistant librarian of Cambridge.

Some tales of Mrs. Disney Leith's, *i.e.*, *Rufus*, *Norah's Friends*, *Undercliff*, &c., have their scenes laid in the Isle of Wight. Some of the descriptions are so racy and realistic that the reader can almost imagine himself on the "Downs" and beside the chalk cliffs of "the Garden of England." "Three Visits to Iceland" appeared a few years back.

Two books of poetry, *A Martyr Bishop and other Poems* and *Verses and Translations*, bear eloquent testimony to Mrs. Leith's gifts in that art.

A very notable work from her pen is *The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Extracts from His Private Letters*—Chatto and Windus.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

From Original Verses and Translations, 1895.

BROWN WINGS AND WHITE.

Brown wings and brown wings
 Golden in the sun,
 Who may count your number
 Passing one by one?
 Who may track your pathways
 O'er the trackless foam?
 But brown wings and brown wings
 Heaven send you safely home.

White wings and white wings
 Flitting o'er the blue,
 Butterflies of ocean,
 Who takes count of you ?
 Bathing in the sunlight,
 With winds and waves ye play—
 But white wings and white wings
 Ye bore my heart away.

Songs from the Sagas.

QUEEN GUNNHILDA.

Whither so late
 O'er the hill-side ?
 With what precious freight
 O Chiefs, do ye ride ?
 Costly and rare
 Is the freight we bear ;
 We bring home Gunnhilda
 The Dane King's bride.

Dark is the night
 Dreary and chill,
 In heaven no light
 No tracks on the hill :
 Fast through the dark lift
 The fleeting clouds drift—
 Moaneth the night wind
 Mournfully shrill.

Draw rein 'tis the brink
 Of a pathless morass,
 The horses' feet sink
 In the long dank grass,
 Here Queen thy domain
 Here in peace shalt thou reign--
 Fear not ! the dark moor
 Thou never shall pass.

O hapless bride
 Doom is thy dower
 Past is thy pride
 Past is thy pow'r !
 Thy false escort gone
 Thou weepst alone !
 Dark is thy realm O Queen—
 Bleak, bride, thy bower.

In silence afar
 Their faint footsteps die ;
 There beameth no star
 In all the dark sky ;
 Only the wild-fire bright
 Flickering with fitful light ;
 Only the wailing wind
 Answers thy cry.

VALKYRIA'S SONG.

All up the rainbow arch,
 Slowly ascending,
 Warriors in solemn march
 Their steps are blending.
 Far in the stream of light
 Spearheads are gleaming
 And on their helmets bright
 Sun rays are beaming.
 Stalwart and strifeful
 Hand joining hand—
 Yet they step wearily
 Whence comes this band ?

These to Valhalla's hall
 Hitherward wending,
 These for their chief did fall
 Bravely defending,

Sharp hath the strife been
 The day's march dreary !
 Haste ye to enter in
 War worn and weary !
 Rest mid the shining throng,
 All strife is o'er ;
 While your bright deeds in song
 Sound evermore !

STEINGRIMR THORSTEINSSON'S

"SWAN-WINGÈD SOUL."

Swan-wingèd soul
 Wafted to heaven from temporal strife
 Sun-pure with angels in luminous life,
 Say where thou shinest departed sweet soul
 Could I but see !
 Though silent the night with its thousand-fold fires
 Thou ledest my sight to the heavenly quires !
 Where may I seek thee blessed and holy,
 Where are the wings that may bear me the lowly
 To thee.

From Northern Lights and other Verses, 1920.

SEA SONG,

ON THE VOYAGE TO ICELAND.

(*Evening : Storm.*)

White horse crests where awhile may rest her
 Wind-tost wing of the wild seamew,
 Stung by lash of the stern nor'wester,
 Curve and curdle and ramp anew.
 O the waves and the white foam ridges !

Rainbow arcs on the sun-smit sea,
 And the lurch and the roll of the ship that bridges
 The gulf 'twixt the land of my love and me !

Brave white wings, how ye pass and beat us,
 Brothers and sisters of swifter flight !
 Iceland's heralds that cheer and greet us,
 Guiding on to the wished-for sight.
 O the lift and the long heel-over,
 Streaming decks, and the leaping foam !
 The straining pulse of the strong sea-rover
 That bears us on towards the Northmen's home.

Hail, dear Land that the night-cloud lies on,
 Veiled and dim to our longing gaze !
 Hail, green Isles on the far horizon,
 Looming faint in the twilight haze.
 O the scoop and the upward heaving !
 Dash and hiss of the smitten spray,
 And the downward plunge of the black bows, cleaving
 Through seething waters a wondrous way.

(Morning : Calm.)

Low soft airs on the warm grey water,
 Light soft clouds in the lift above,
 Esja's smile where the sun has caught her
 Tintings fair as the breast of dove.
 O the calm of the restful gliding,
 After strife, to the weary soul !
 Only the throb of the ship's heart, sliding
 Stilly on to the long-sought goal.

Akrafell and Skarthsheithi bending
 Round the bay with a sheltering arm,
 Great Snaefell as a guardian, lending
 Bulwark strong 'gainst the Tempest's harm.
 O the tern and the seamew calling !
 Sense and breath of the warm brown land ;
 he rattle and clang of the anchor falling—
 TThe strong warm grip of a friend's warm hand !

SKÄLHOLT.

Tread softly ! for the mounded turf is holy ;
 Breathe softly ! for the air is hallowed ;
 For field and flood and mountain-land and lowly
 Are thick with memories of the sainted dead.

Far to the North the August sun is hiding
 Behind the rampart hills his parting rays,
 As South and East a crimson is sliding
 And dwindling to a purple-rosy haze.

And Hekla's skirts have caught the golden splendour,
 And Warderfell gives back a blood-red light,
 As far away with hue serene and tender
 Creep on the foremost shadows of the night.

O changeless hills, that saw the ancient glory,
 O changeless sun that lightened Thorlak's day,
 Dear witnesses of Iceland's fairest story,
 Mourn ye with us the glory past away ?

Where are the ancient fervour and devotion
 Of hearts that hallowed ground their feet have trod ?
 Where are the hands that bore o'er land and ocean
 Their freewill offerings to the House of God ?

Where are the voices raised in song and psalter,
 Incense and robes and long procession grand,
 Or he who lay whole nights before the altar
 In fervent supplication for his land ?

O come, blest Spirit, Fount of Love unfailing,
 Revive Thy work, restore, repair, forgive ;
 O wind of Heaven, come in thy might prevailing
 And breathe upon these bones, that they may live !

NOTE.—Skälholt was the first Bishop's See in Iceland,
 and also the scene of martyrdom of the last Catholic
 bishop, in the sixteenth century.

WASHED ASHORE.

Come home at last !
 Home at last to the sheltered bay
 Where they waited him many a weary day,
 But not as erst from his fruitful toil
 With his teeming baskets of ocean spoil—
 A battered flotsam of billows wild,
 Is it thus that the father greets his child,
 Come home at last !

Come home at last !
 Over the grass to the garden gate,
 But on ! so slow with the dank dead weight !
 By the garden path to his cottage door,
 Whose steps shall cross it in life no more,
 'To the lonely hearth and the empty chair
 And the waiting wife in her dumb despair—
 Come home at last !

Gone home at last !
 By the winding lane to the churchyard track—
 (The way that never a one comes back)
 To the grassy grave in the churchyard still
 In the arm of the great encircling hill :
 Given back to earth by the waves that drowned him,
 But ever the sea's great voice around him,
 Gone home at last !

Gone home at last !
 Snatched, in a moment, from toil to rest,
 (The very moment that God saw best) ;
 Leave him under the tear-wet flowers
 To the loving wisdom that passes ours.
 A cry for mercy—a prayer for light,
 And then for a little while, good-night !
 Gone home at last !

A BOXER'S DEATH.

Counted out—ay, counted out !
 Dying where he lay ;
 Closed the round and lost the bet
 Stricken faces say.
 Lift him from the ghastly spot,
 Bear your dead away.

Ye who lead the righteous life
 Look askance, and say
 Here were all God's goodliest gifts
 Blighted in a day,
 Love and hope and manhood's might
 Madly thrown away.

Ye who lead the selfish life—
 Steeped in pleasure—say,
 Were it better gifts should rust
 To a slow decay ?
 Men have died through vice or crime—
 This man died in play.

Judges of your fellow-men,
 Wise or witless, say
 Counts it all as utter loss,
 Training day by day ?
 Hardihood, self-conquest, pluck
 Wasted thrown away ?

Counted out ? Ay, every man
 Dies but once we say ;
 Dies through hazard, sickness, age—
 This man died in play.
 Leave him to All-knowing Love,
 Fold the hands and pray.

ELIZABETH C. LEITH.

Miss Leith is the daughter of the late General Disney Leith, C.B., and Mrs. Leith, of Aberdeenshire, and The Orchard, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, and was born at Glassel House, Aberdeenshire (Deeside).

She possesses much of the true spirit of poetry, and a considerable mastery of the art of versification, having contributed much lyrical work to *Poetry*, *The Scottish Chronicle*, and other periodicals.

Also published a volume of poems in 1920, entitled *Verses* (Wyllie, Aberdeen).

Miss Leith resides during several months of the year at her south-country home, the famous "Orchard," near Bonchurch, and is greatly esteemed in the Island.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

OBLIVION.

I think, if it were possible to choose,
As in the fairy tales of long ago
A happy wish, 'twere best to ask one gift,
Blessed forgetfulness ; the power to lose
The memory of once glad days. That so
Sense of oblivion may heal the rift.

Then should calm eyes behold the scenes of Spring
Tearless, and answer back with happy smile
The radiant blueness, as the flowers that gaze
In simple new found rapture, wondering,
And aching hearts, feeling Time's balm awhile,
Would cease to crave the unremembered days.

GULLS INLAND.

White strangers from the ocean's breast,
 Straying across the fertile lands
 Of fresh turned soil. Your plaintive cry
 Brings strangely back to memory
 Stretches of cliff and golden sands,
 And wind-blown spray off white waves' crest.

I seem to hear the full deep tide,
 The ceaseless life of ebb and flow,
 And in the rhythmic beat of wings
 I hear the song glad ocean sings,
 And feel a breath of salt breeze blow
 From joyous gleaming forms flung wide.

A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY.

Bear away a vision of blue waters and green fields,
 Blossom of the golden gorse, aflame upon the down,
 Feel awhile on brow and cheek the tang wild ocean
 yields,
 Frame fair scenes of Nature to refresh you in the town.

Let the grand sea-anthem, and the chant of birds that
 sing,
 With all sights and scents that rise unconscious to the
 brain,
 Tarry in remembrance, as an echo lingering,
 Sound above the city's roar the happy Spring's refrain.

Grasp the sense of gladness and the joyous liberty
 Growing at the heart of things in God's great world of
 love ;
 Image but a hand's breadth of the blue infinity,
 Find where'er your life work leads, a glimpse of heaven
 above.

AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

There, midst the roar of traffic, the hurrying ceaseless
 tread,
 Turmoil of busy clamour strange blent with the chimes
 o'er head,
 Little grey city-dwellers that circle and flit, find home ;
 Joyously come and go 'neath the shade of the friendly
 dome.

There, in the peace and stillness is rest from the noisy
 street ;
 Enter, all weary strangers, and kneel at the Saviour's
 feet.
 Light of the world ! we need Thee, O pass not the
 closed door,
 Shine through our dull hearts' shutters, and dwell in us
 evermore.

MOTHER LOVE.

I think true mother-love must be like God's.
 A gift most wonderful, sublime,
 Straight from the heart of God it springs :
 Transcendent over earthly things
 That wondrous tie that lasts through Time ;
 Abiding stay that comforteth,
 A strength that triumphs over death.
 I think true mother-love must be like God's.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

We bid farewell to the old year dying,
 Shadow of things that have passed, that were ;
 Laughter and sadness, delight and sighing—
 Transient, short-lived, unsatisfying—
 Success and failure, we leave them there.

Thus ends the year, and we grieve its going,
So much resolved, yet so little done !
But a young dawn waits us fresh and glowing
With promise of spring's rich life bestowing,
And God's own strength for the year begun.

Let us be brave and go forth unfearing,
Hope in our hearts, as a lode-star bright ;
Faith at the helm with a firm hand steering
Over life's waves, to the long home nearing,
Trusting the Love that makes all things right.
New Year, 1920.

MARY MAUDE.

To Miss Mary Maude, daughter of Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, has unquestionably descended much of her mother's poetical gift. Though no collection of her poems has yet been published, several of them have appeared in leaflet form, and one at least has been set to music by herself.

She was born in the Isle of Wight, in a part of the ancient Borough of Newport—Castlehold, to which considerable historic interest attaches, since, as its name implies, it was reserved by Lady Isabella de Fortibus, Lady of the Wight in very early times, when granting a Charter to Newport, then called Medine, as appertaining to her Castle of Carisbrooke.

It has been Miss Maude's happy lot to spend the greater part of her life in what may well be thought ideal environments for a writer of poetry. She was but a child when her father was appointed to the living of Chirk, where the Vicarage overlooks the lovely Vale of the Ceiriog, the rippling river which here divides Wales from England. In close proximity are the beautifully wooded grounds of Brynkinalt, and the grand old pile of Chirk Castle.

No less charming and beautifully-situated is Miss Maude's present residence, Pen Dyffryn, Overton-on-Dee, to which, after her father's death, she and her mother removed. Reaching the house from the village, and passing round it, you suddenly realise that you are on a level with three-tops, over which you look, from an almost precipitous elevation, on the fertile fields and green meadows of the valley of the

Dee. Of that river Miss Maude has written some picturesque lines, commencing :

“ *Past Ferry, and Weir, and Bridge, and forth to the Sea,
Floweth the full-brimmed river—the beautiful Dee.*”

Miss Maude wrote, in the opening year of this century, a poem, *To our Soldiers*, which was addressed to the British troops in South Africa. In it she asks :

“ *What is our Britain’s quest ?
Hath lust of conquest fired her veins,
That land to grasp and hold,
Where cattle roam vast silent plains,
And miners delve for gold ?*”

—And gives the answer, so true not only of that war but of the wider conflict which has since raged :

“ *Oh not for greed of land or gold,
But for the truth and right,
Doth Britain’s lion-flag unfold,
Do Britain’s soldiers fight.*”

This poem holds a reminiscence of our great Commander, Lord Roberts, who has since passed from us in the very forefront of the battle-line in France. How well she realises the feelings of the soldiers whose idol he was—soldiers fighting on

“ *The veldt—sown thick with other seed
Than wakes to summer’s glow,*”

when she asks them :

“ *What cheers you thro’ the stern fought strife ?
What shall your guerdon be ?*”

and gives as their answer :

“ *We hold it joy to take our part
With him, whose well-loved name,
Speaks ever to the soldier’s heart
Of honour, truth, and fame.
Our dearest hope, to follow nigh
His track of bright renown ;
What time he bids our colours fly
O’er captured fort and town.*”

Miss Maude’s poem *In time of War*, written first at the time of the Boer War, with a slight adaptation, reprinted with a new poem, *For the King’s Forces*, in the early part of the World War which burst upon us in 1914, has been used in many churches at Intercessory Services. She has also written letters and papers designed to help and cheer soldiers in hospital and prisoners of war. It is but natural that she should take an absorbing interest in our troops, for no less than five of her nephews have been serving, in one capacity or another, at the Front. They have played their part with great distinction, and some of them have made the supreme sacrifice by giving their lives for their Country.

ROBEY F. ELDRIDGE.

FOR THE KING’S FORCES.

“ *Help us, O Lord our God ; for we rest on Thee.*”

A just and righteous cause,
A stern and bitter strife,
For Britain’s faith and laws,
For Britain’s very life.
Father, our fervent prayer we bring,
God guard our land ! God save our King !

On the wild Northern main
 Their watch our sailors keep,
 In peril and in pain,
 That we secure may sleep.
 Keep Thou the watch, keep Thou the ward,
 To guard the men our homes who guard.

Forward the soldiers go,
 Nor flinch from dangers dire,
 Face set against the foe
 To meet his hail of fire.
 O God of hosts, all power is Thine,
 Stand by them in the battle line.

And some bold hearts have wrought
 With courage fixed and high,
 Counting their life as nought
 Far in the boundless sky.
 They cannot soar beyond Thy sight ;
 Protect and guide each daring flight.

Lord of the peopled land,
 King of the fields of air,
 The sea lies in Thy Hand,
 Thou rulest everywhere.
 O God of earth and air and sea,
 Keep all Thy children close to Thee.

CROWNED.

JUNE 28TH, 1838.

JANUARY 22ND, 1901.

God save the Queen ! Long live the Queen !
 Down the long aisles that thunder rolled,
 When on thy maiden brow serene
 Shone Britain's crown of gold.

Life's festal cup brimmed high with wine,
 Earth's tenderest joys thy spirit proved,
 Crowned womanhood's best bliss was thine.
 Mother and wife beloved.

Ah ! but there fell the woe—the loss !
 Joy's chalice dashed in fragments down !
 Sorrow's stern voice—" Come—take my cross,
 And wear my thorny crown."

Oh ! well that the sweet Royal heart
 Was sealed for God in happier day ;
 Now—set on Grief's dark throne apart,
 He still was Strength and Stay.

And years brought balm with gentlest ruth,
 While round the silvering brows they set
 Of wisdom, righteousness, and truth,
 A saintly coronet.

God Save the Queen of Sixty years !
 The wide world swelled that high acclaim ;
 Crowned Queen among her Regal peers
 In honour, love, and fame.

A frail and aged Majesty,
 Expectant—waiting for her sign—
Hush ! From the sunset, o'er the sea,
 The " one clear call " Divine.

Go forth in peace, O Christian Soul !
 Thy warfare ended, stilled the strife,
 Thy hastening feet have touched their goal,
 Receive the Crown of Life.

Go, pilgrim Queen ! thy task is done,
 Thy generation served and blest ;
 The race well run, the fight well won,
 Go Home to take thy rest.

Go—crowned by Britain's reverent love,
Mourned by thine Empire's streaming tears,
To reap in fields of light above,
The harvest of thy years.

Go—to re-knit earth's severed ties—
Cherished! Revered! yet—fare-thee-well.
Go—in the peace of Paradise
With thy beloved to dwell.

Till the last Clarion, thrilling sweet,
Shall rouse thee from that blissful dream,
To cast thy crowns before the Feet
Of Him—the King Supreme.



Facing p 305.

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL.

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL.

One of England's most gifted poetesses, who combines with the sweet and delicate charm of her inspiration a notable command of language and phrase and a perfect technique. Her Sonnets, in particular, are of the very highest order.

Mrs. Alice Meynell is the younger of two daughters of Mr. C. J. Thompson, a man of rare accomplishment and scholarship, who was an intimate friend of Charles Dickens. Her elder sister is the distinguished painter of *The Roll Call* and other vivid pictures of military life. Both sisters enjoyed a special education with the advantage of long residence in Italy and other classic lands.

The subject of this sketch developed her poetical talent at an early age, and in the year 1875 published her first volume of poems, illustrated by her sister's drawing, and entitled *Preludes*. It bears the stamp of a rare faculty, and was praised highly by John Ruskin, Dante, Rossetti, and Robert Browning.

Miss Alice Thompson, as she then was, married in the year 1877 Mr. Wilfred Meynell, editor and author. The union proved an ideal one, and by their unstinted kindness they gained the devoted affection of people of all sorts and conditions. A notable instance was their rescue, with the help of Mr. Alfred Meynell, of the luckless poet Francis Thompson, who frequently referred to Mrs. Meynell as his guardian angel, who wrote of her :

*“ How should I gage what beauty if her dole,
Who cannot see her countenance for her soul,
As birds see not the casement for the sky.”*

Mrs. Alice Meynell, who is a Catholic, is not only a poet, but a mystic. Her spirit is finely attuned to spiritual realities. She possesses an intuitive perception of the immanence of the divine in the human, of the eternal in the temporal. She has drunk of the same well as Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan "the Silurist." Her message is frequently a message from the innermost. She has thoughts which "transcend our wonted themes and into glory peep." She is a pathfinder in the country of the soul.

For this reason, on the ground that like can only be known by its like, her deeper measures are comprehended only by initiates. The frivolous and the sensual find much in her work which is not suited to their mind and mood. "They have nothing to draw with and the well is deep."

As regards this lady's connection with the Isle of Wight and her place in this Anthology, she spent a considerable time of her childhood and youth at Bonchurch and at Ventnor, at that time her home.

It is said of Mrs. Meynell that, of all poets, she loved best those of the later seventeenth century,—Henry Vaughan, Crashaw, and the lyrics of Milton. Also, as a child, Tennyson was her idol, then Shelley, and always Wordsworth. One of the most beautiful and admired of her lyrics is *A Shepherdess of Sheep*, a great poem.

She resides now chiefly at her home near Pulborough, Sussex.

Among her published works are:—

- Preludes*, a volume of poems written in girlhood ;
- Poems*, the same republished with some changes and additions, 1893 ;
- The Rhythm of Life*, 1893 ;
- The Colour of Life*, 1896 ;
- The Children*, 1896 ;
- The Spirit of Place*, 1898 ;
- John Ruskin*, 1900 ;

Later Poems, 1901 ;
Ceres' Runaway, 1910 ;
Collected Poems, 1913 ;
Selected Essays, 1914 ;
A Father of Women, 1917 ;
Hearts of Controversy, 1918.

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

“ I AM THE WAY.”

Thou art the Way.
 Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
 I cannot say
 If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see—
 I, child of process—if there lies
 An end for me,
 Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
 The road that winds, my feet that err.
 Access, approach
 Art Thou, Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

AT NIGHT.

To W.M.

Home, home from the horizon far and clear,
 Hither the soft wings sweep ;
 Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
 The dovecote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light
 Of all these homing birds ?
 Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight ?
 Your words to me, your words !

CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE.

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide :
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret—cherished, perilous ;
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears as chief treasure one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May his devices with the heavens be guessed ;
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way,
Or His bestowals there, be manifest.

But in the eternities
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

RENOUNCEMENT.

I must not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
 The love of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
 And in the dearest passage of a song.
 Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng,
 This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet
 bright ;
 But it must never, never come in sight ;
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
 But when sleep comes to close each different day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
 —Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

THE LADY OF THE LAMBS.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.
 Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;
 She guards them from the steep,
 She feeds them on the fragrant height,
 And folds them in for sleep.
 She roams maternal hills and bright,
 Dark valleys, safe and deep.
 Her dreams are innocent at night,
 The chastest stars may peep.
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.
 She holds her little thoughts in sight
 Though gay they run and leap.
 She is so circumspect and right,
 She has her soul to keep.
 She walks—the lady of my delight—
 A shepherdess of sheep.

PERCY G. SCOTT-JACKSON.

It is among the curious facts of life that genius, like a precious metal, is so often found in unexpected and unlikely places. Seeking for the *divine afflatus* one might consort with some fine classic scholar who had breathed the atmosphere of the grand Olympians all his days, and yet gathered not a chord nor even a note of their music. Or with the professor of literature—of poetry, perhaps, familiar with every ancient pedantry of foot-ruled rhythm and cast iron form, yet find him void of imagination, the sense of melody and measure, or a single original thought or expression.

Contrariwise, we find a Burns at the plough-tail and a Bunyan mending pots and pans.

To neither of these types does the subject of these lines belong. He had neither the high educational culture of the one, nor the out-of-the-world ignorance of the other.

Mr. Jackson was born at Ryde, Isle of Wight, 21st May, 1892, and was educated at the Church School of St. John's in that town, where, he says, he earned no great credit as a scholar.

But in his soul was already kindling the divine flame. At the age of 10 he wrote verses, as such a boy might do. The flame grew as the boy grew to manhood. As a ship's engineer the very rhythm of the engines probably woke the strings of his lyre, even as harmonics respond to a touch of a key of a piano.

The number of poets represented in this volume had reached the respectable total of 46, when the compiler's attention was arrested by a fine sonnet—



Facing p. 318

PERCY G. SCOTT-JACKSON.

slightly marred by a single error in technique—which appeared in the *Isle of Wight County Press* over the signature of this poet. We may say poet, for poet he certainly is. His range of thought is wide and deep, his sense of imagery vivid, and his ear so correct that in prosody his very instinct supplies to a large extent what is generally acquired only by long and patient study.

He is a young man, and, given favourable conditions, may, in course of years, with wider reading, careful practice, and wise restraint, yet greatly excel in the art he loves, and perhaps astonish the world—who knows?

CHARLES J. ARNELL.

AUTUMN.

Hark now, what fretful musics' sing,
 In wild refrain across the hill,
 Where all the elements upspring,
 With flaming swords, to work their will.

A wind is wailing on the wold,
 She calls her laggard complement
 To wreck the earth's adorning gold,
 The trees in fitful starts are bent.

Hark, how the young gale breaks from birth
 With stressful labouring, and then
 Roars a wild challenge at the earth,
 And drowns the woodlands' soft "Amen."

And rocks the forest, wrapt in smoke,
 A driving, whirling wrack of leaves,
 That scatter, where the blast has broke,
 Blindly, and madly, through the trees.

God ! how these sturdy giants groan !
 And crack their aged joints again ;
 Was ever heard so great a moan,
 Or such a wild lament of pain ?

Against the wind the birch is white,
 And flings her dolorous note afield
 Stript naked—what a dreary sight !
 She bows her head, but does not yield.

And every oak, and elm, and larch,
 With shattered crown and sceptre gives
 Before the wild triumphant march,
 And not a sorry leaflet lives.

Yet as this flailéd wreckage speaks,
 In fear, the substance of its pain
 The blast with weight of raging breaks,
 And wanders weary o'er the plain.

So soon, and all is swept away,
 The wrathful contest spent and done,
 And these bare woodlands in dismay
 Weep their soft lyrics all alone.

But this is truth, I hold it more,
 That beauty was not born to pass—
 Part of our lives, and of the core
 Of life compelling leaf and grass.

The wind is lost beyond the hill,
 And hush'd the last distressful cry :
 The silver birch is silver still,
 And leans her mast against the sky.

Who does not mark the sweet despair,
 The pathos of earth's naked breast,
 The gaunt arms feeling at the air,
 Nor love this barren beauty best.

I hear a voice that murmurs,—“ Lo !
 Thus in my winter would I stand,
 With all my glory dim and low,
 Midst these stark monarchs of the land.”

“ So that my soul be like to these,
 In naked beauty and unstained ;
 When all life's elements have peace,
 And all my cup of woe is drain'd.”

THE WANDERER'S HYMN.

Dear native land, to thee I turn,
 Across this restless waste of sea,
 And feel that birthright in me burn,
 Which keeps my manhood strong and free.
 Oh ! sole companion day and night,
 Thou lovely “ Garden of the Wight.”

When morn unveiled her rosy face,
 Flush'd from the clasp of virgin sleep,
 And lays her bright and warm embrace
 O'er the vast bosom of the deep,
 Lo ! one pale star burns out her light
 Above my distant Island, “ Wight !”

When day has broke her chains, and slip't,
 With silent stealthy tread away,
 And “ Sol ” with bloody flourish dip't,
 Into the softly sighing spray,
 In evening's solemn sanctity,
 Dear Isle I most remember thee.

And thus where'er my trail is set,
 Or where my vagrant footsteps roam,
 God grant I never thee forget,
 Thou fair-set jewel of my home :
 Enduring ever day and night,
 My love for thee, dear " Isle of Wight."

There where wild " Carilis " white plumed sweep,
 Roars her loud challenge to the skies,
 Or calls to where that other deep
 In soft Pacific slumber lies,
 Still can I feel thy sweet control,
 Thou lode-star of my heart and soul.

And " Chili," where she rears her crest.
 Above the belted splash of spray,
 Moves strange emotions through my breast,
 That come and go, and pass away ;
 For love of country stronger still,
 Makes a sweet claim upon my will.

Fair " Panama " awhile had chain'd
 With tropic lure, my fickle heart
 Until her sordid heat had strain'd
 And broke the spell such lures impart :
 Then, then, I turn, dear " Wight " to thee,
 For 'twas thy arms that cradled me !

The filial bond is ever green,
 As are thy verdant hillsides wrought,
 And strives when distance creeps between,
 To bridge the gulf with tender thought
 That speeds me on for many a mile,
 In spirit, to my native Isle.

Oh, might I touch some higher chord
 Wherewith thy worthy praise be crowned,
 Or sweep this harp into a word
 Divine, symphonic, and profound ;
 Yet failing of a loftier part,
 Still Vectis holds my constant heart.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Last night, upon the pine-clad hill,
I saw the moon, a saffron globe,
A moment sit, and very still,
Half-muffled in her cloudy robe.

She was a maiden, coy and shy,
And of her beauty half afraid,
As when some rude intruding eye
Discovers where her charms are laid.

I saw her brush a wealth of hair
A diaphanous haze of light,
A silken cloud that rippled fair
Into the solemn depths of night.

And there a drowsy little lake,
Her mirrored glory held, and wept
That beauty should to beauty break
So rapturously while she slept.

Her toilet done, she rose at last,
With mild eye beaming clear and wide,
And lo ! a wicked little blast
Blew her soft draperies aside :

And naked in the naked night,
Unrobéd loveliness she sprang,
Effulging foamy drifts of light,
To where the heav'nly zephyrs sang.

This was her own sweet realm, her zone,
Where, queen of night, she held her reign,
Silent, majestic, and alone,
She furrowed o'er the cloudless plain.

And left a snowy froth of wake,
 Where'er her fleecy folds unfurl'd ;
 And radiant waves, that surg'd to break
 Against the pillars of the world.

And on the earth's uplifted face
 She dropped one long impassion'd kiss ;
 The poppies woke in her embrace,
 Nor would the fragrant measure miss.

The stars, all sick, submissive fell,
 Where'er her light feet trampled them ;
 And the wide ocean, 'neath her spell
 Lapped at her flying garment hem.

And thus she linger'd all night long
 In all her virgin loveliness ;
 She drew a hush'd and dreamy song
 From the soft-stirring wilderness.

Till dawn, with cold presumptuous eye,
 Peered at her from the misty lea,
 And haggard in a haggard sky,
 She slip't into the distant sea.

ON WINGS OF SONG.

On wings of song I lift and soar
 With those white flocks that breast the skies,
 Till fades my solitary shore
 In misty splendour from my eyes.

Through droning worlds in solemn flight,
 When vision'd beauty, walking free,
 Unrobes herself within my sight,
 A chaste and perfect majesty.

On wings of song, oh, raptur'd flow
 And "Pity" rising from her shrine
 Peers in my trouble'd soul, and lo!
 The gifts that make her fair are mine.

With lofty "Hope" I dip and light
 Upon the star-flung crag, and view
 The curtain slipping from the night
 Where gleams the hour's presage anew.

In the white dawn with "Faith" I tread
 Where systems hush their fret and cease,
 Blind with her glory, and am led
 Through lanes of calm transcendent peace.

On wings of song, pulsating free,
 And "Love" has kiss't me on the brow,
 Oh sweet compassion'd ecstasy,
 What knowledge thrills my bosom now!

Yea, "Love" has kissed my burning brow,
 Her seal of my immortal birth,
 On wings of song, oh, raptured, flow
 I cleave my passage back to earth.

HYMN TO THE SOUL.

Speak, that I may hear thy voice
 When my heart is sad and low,
 So that at least I may rejoice
 With a knowledge that shall grow.

Are we mortals, thou and I,
 Drawn from some ignoble strain,
 Driving ever at the sky,
 Beaten back to earth again.

Or of some celestial birth,
Part of a diviner plan,
And the climax of the earth,
Centred, who shall say, in man.

Centred in a thing whose glow
Troubles for aye creation's page ;
Charged with all the weight and woe
Of a godlike heritage.

Godlike, yet I know not how,
Such knowledge so amazes me ;
Only this I feel that thou
Camest from eternity.

Part of some dynamic force,
All compelling and profound ;
Rolls a world upon its course,
Draws the petal from the ground.

Counterpoising life, and all
With mysterious sense impart ;
Sets the tiny sparrow's fall
Breaks a world, or breaks a heart.

Yet the whole, concentrated thus,
In the majesty of love,
Binding God, and binding us,
Till at last the truth shall prove.

And this troubled thing be whole,
Consubstantial and divine ;
And I know thee as the soul,
By eternal impulse mine.

Until then remote alone,
Brood thou on in stilly fret,
While the bow that spans thy zone,
Rich with promise burneth yet.

ELLEN MARY SEWELL AND ELIZABETH MISSING SEWELL.

The Rev. William Sewell, a member of an old Cumberland family, was curate of Godshill 1755 to 1763. His son Thomas was a solicitor at Newport in partnership with his uncle William Clarke. Thomas Sewell married a Miss Edwards, daughter of the Rev. John Edwards, curate of Newport, and had twelve children. The eldest son, Richard Clarke Sewell, after a distinguished career at Oxford, was called to the Bar and settled in Australia; he was the author of many legal works. The second son, the Rev. W. Sewell, born in 1804, founded St. Peter's College, Radley, and was a prolific writer. His works include a volume of sacred verse, 1835, and a translation of the *Odyssey*. Henry, the fourth son, became Prime Minister of New Zealand. James Edwards Sewell, the sixth son, born 25th December, 1810, was educated under Miss Belinda Crooke (as also were other members of the family), next at the Newport Grammar School, and afterwards at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. At New College he spent 72 years of his life, over 40 as Warden, and died there in 1903 at the age of 93. His epitaph records that he was a faithful servant of Christ "non piger Domino serviens."

Ellen Mary Sewell edited a book of Sailors' Hymns, the verses being by the Rev. Arthur Sewell. The hymn *O Saviour when Thy loving hand* (No. 596) in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, seems to be her composition, although sometimes ascribed to her sister and she is possibly the author of the verses, edited by

Elizabeth Missing Sewell in 1870, under the title *Verses of bygone years*. That collection contains several poems relating to the Isle of Wight, Bonchurch, St. Helens, Yaverland, etc., and some sacred verse. The verses *At the Cross* breathe a spirit of pure devotion. The Sewells, whilst at Newport, occupied the house in the High Street which is described in Maxwell Gray's *Reproach of Annesley* as the *Red House*. Miss Elizabeth Sewell founded St. Boniface's School for girls at Ventnor, whither the family removed in 1842 on the death of Thomas Sewell, which occurred at Oxford. She wrote many educational works which were well known in their day, particularly her historical catechisms. She collaborated with Miss Charlotte M. Yonge in an historical work, and had much affinity with that lady (a native of Hampshire) in the interest which both took in education and history. Miss Elizabeth Sewell also wrote a book for girls, *Amy Herbert* which was well known in its day.

F. W. BLACK.

O SAVIOUR WHEN THY LOVING HAND.

O Saviour when Thy loving Hand
 Has brought us o'er the sea,
 Through perils many, safe to land—
 The land we long'd to see ;

Oh, help us, for Thy help we need
 Each moment more and more,
 In perils that we scarcely heed,
 More deadly, on the shore.

Lord, save us ! and the Christian name,
 Oh, help us pure to keep,
 On sea or land, alike the same,
 Till we in death shall sleep.

Then through Thy merits, wash'd and clean
From sin's polluting stain,
In raiment white may we be seen
With all Thy Saints to reign.

AT THE CROSS.

Oh, at the foot of it
Let me lie down
Clasp it and cling to it
More than a Crown.

Wrapt in my penitence,
Muffled with shame,
Sheltered from honour,
Rescued from fame.

O! all my agony,
Let but one eye,
Only one, merciful
Saviour descry.

Only one hand on
The stricken to strike,
He who was tempted
And stricken alike.

There with its sorceries
Sin cannot come,
There with its features
Falsehood is dumb.

There grief is sanctity,
Pain cannot wring,
Sin hath no pleasure,
Death hath no sting.

Sceptres and empires,
Worlds are but dross ;
Lord when I lay me down
Clasping Thy Cross.



Facing p. 323.

PERCY GODDARD STONE.

PERCY GODDARD STONE.

Mr. Stone, by profession an architect, has resided for many years at his charming home at Merstone, Isle of Wight. Of a well-known Oxfordshire family, he was born in London in 1856.

His father was Mr. Coutts Stone, a god-son of the great banker. Mr. Stone has been associated with the Isle of Wight since 1870, and has resided there for 20 years. He has devoted much of his leisure to literature and besides many pamphlets, published *Architectural Antiquities of the Isle of Wight*, and *Legends and Lays of the Isle of Wight*. The latter is very charming and interesting work, and the former exhibits the result of careful research and the true art of the craftsman.

Mr. Stone's poetical talent is undoubted, exhibiting a happy fancy and well chosen diction. The writer has the advantage of his personal friendship, and he is held in high regard and esteem in the Island and elsewhere.

CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

PROLOGUE.

(THE ISLE OF WIGHT PAGEANT, 1907).

ODE TO VECTIS.

Enter Sea-Maidens singing

Hail! thou pearl of Ocean's daughters,
Throned amid the circling waters,
Dight with glory
Glow's thy story,

Breathing hopes that never fail
 Garlanded with fruit and flower,
 Symbol sweet of England's power,
 Here we praise thee
 As we raise thee
 Queen of Pageant. Vectis, hail !

During the singing, Vectis has entered, drawn in a shell.

Vectis. Back in bygone years, when first the prows
 Of Roman galleys ploughed the channel sea,
 And the white cliffs of Culver sprang to view
 All sun-wrapt. Lo ! A fairy isle, they cried,
 And named me Vectis—foam-sprung from the sea.
 For twice two hundred years they made this isle
 Their place of sojourn ; then the fateful cry
 Of Rome beleaguered called them south again.
 Whereat the pagan Jute and Saxon reft
 My breast with fire and sword, till from the main
 The good St. Wilfred brought the holy cross
 And laver—when the land had peace. 'Twas hence
 Base Odo, by the justice of his King,
 Was captive sent to chafe within the walls
 Of Norman Rouen. Here in turn have reigned
 The Redvers mighty barons : Montagu
 And Wideville's gallant knights ; what time my sons
 I freely gave in justice' cause to fall
 Before St. Albin's walls—Ah ! fatal day
 For Wight. 'Twas here, 'mid shelter of our downs,
 The Royal Cicely, York's fair daughter, sought
 For peace ; and found it evermore—the long
 Last rest within the walls of stately Quarr.
 Off these, our shores, the might of Spain was broke,
 When Britain's manhood held the narrow seas
 Secure. Within these grey and frowning walls
 The martyr'd Stuart pined ; a Stuart fair
 Her young life rendered unto higher care.

(Enter Spirit of the Past, cloaked and hooded).

What history lies within these crumbling stones—
 Dumb witnesses of might and stress and peace—

Could they but speak. But who approaches here
 In cloak mysterious, and with solemn mien
 Advances ? Speak !

Spirit of the Past : The Spirit of the Past
 Men call me, and some flout me dry-as-dust.
 'Tis but a mask ; no dullard I, behold !

(*Throws off cloak and discloses bright-hued dress*)

I can the glories of the past unfold.

Vectis : Right welcome sprite, in these degenerate
 days
 Of restless self-advertisement. If canst
 Stir up this cynic blood of ours and rouse
 The ancient spirit of our ancestors
 That made this England mighty, high enthroned
 Among the Nations. Welcome thrice.

Spirit of the Past : I can !

Vectis : Come, wondrous sprite, and o'er us cast thy
 spell
 Mysterious. Set back the hands of time.
 Unfold the past and let the years revolve,
 Bringing the history of this favoured isle
 Before our vision, eager to behold
 The glories of a bygone glorious past.

Spirit of the Past (waving hands) : Back ! gates of
 time, and from thy portals wide
 Let issue pageantry of England's power :
 Roman and Saxon, Norman and Plantagenet,
 Tudor and Stuart, and those Georgian years—
 The final birth-throe of Great Britain's might
 That gave us freedom and predominance.

Vectis : Sound ! clarion, sound ! And seasons moving
 back
 On England's glorious past disclose the part
 Our Isle has taken in our Island's might—
 Our sea-girt home beloved—our Isle of Wight.

SPRING.

I'm neyther zick, nor hrich nor poor
 A jolly keerter's mate I be—
 I whistle ez I pass t' door
 Wheer waits my maade expectantly,
 An' kreck my whip hright lustily,
 Whiles heyam's† bells hring wi' zilver cheerily—
 'Coom oop, my harses. Ztep along !'

Oi, Zpring be here ; theer's zigns vor sure,—
 Green buds pe'p owt in hedge an' dree
 An' dro t' meadow, ez uv yore,
 T' ztreamlet hripples merrily ;
 Whiles high above, a zpeck to zee,
 A titty lark breks inter zong :
 Would I could zing zo zweet ez he—
 'Coom oop, my harses. Ztep along.'

Grass zsprings agen in mesh an' moor
 An' zunlight's over land an' zea,
 Whiles on t' ledges 'long t' zhore
 The nesten' doves coo lovingly.
 Vor Zpring hev come to gladden we,
 An' zummer zoon will volley‡ on
 Wi' vlowers bright in lynch* an' lea—
 'Coom oop, my harses. Ztep along.'

* * * * *

Zpring ! Oi, thet's t' time vor me ;
 When Nature's hright an' nuthen's hwrong ;
 When t' very air zims villed wi' glee—
 'Coom up, my harses. Ztep along.'

† Hames, the pieces of wood on the horse-collar to take the traces.

‡ Follow.

* A strip of copse, generally on a hillside.

CUPID AND EUPHROSYNE.

Cupid and Euphrosyne
 Played at Love—for kisses :
 At the game adept is he,
 Not a buss he misses.

Trifling thus, the hours passed,
 Ne'er before I query
 Had he played so long—at last
 The little god grew weary.

Then, ere he was well aware,
 Fickle Fortune tricked him—
 Meshed within her beauty's snare
 Cupid fell a victim.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“ *Gloria tibi Domine in excelsis* ” carol we :

For this Christmas day was born,
 In a stable lowly,
 A Saviour-King to us forlorn,
 Jesu, name most holy.
 Let the joyful music flow,
 Flouting melancholy.
 Holly red and mistletoe,
 Mistletoe and holly.

Heralding the wondrous Birth
Hark ! the angels singing,
“ Goodwill to men and Peace on earth ”
Christmas bells are ringing.
Forward pipe and tabor go
Voicing harmless folly,
Holly red and mistletoe,
Mistletoe and holly.

Bring the yule log garlanded,
Evergreen and berry,
Draw it homeward, music led,
Men and maidens merry.
Foot it gaily thro' the snow
Hobbinol and Dolly.
Holly red and mistletoe,
Mistletoe and holly.

Balance it across the dogs,
Draw the settle nigher,
Kindle faggots, pile the logs,
Gather round the fire ;
Snug within its welcome glow
Let's be warm and jolly.
Holly red and mistletoe,
Mistletoe and holly.
Crown the board with holly.



Facing p. 329.

LORD HALLAM TENNYSON.

HALLAM LORD TENNYSON.

Hallam Lord Tennyson, the elder son of the late Poet Laureate, and the second holder of the Title, was born whilst his parents were residing at Chapel House, Twickenham, as we learn from a letter from his father, written on the day of his birth, August 11th, 1852, to Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. This letter is given, in full, in that deeply-interesting book *Tennyson, A Memoir*, by Hallam Lord Tennyson, which records that the great poetess's answer (also given) was the first congratulatory letter received. That answer contained a postscript by her equally gifted husband, Robert Browning, adding warm words of sympathetic congratulation, and concluded thus: "God Bless, dear Tennyson, you and all yours." We are told, in the same book that Charles Dickens was invited to the christening, but wrote regretting his inability to attend.

The distinguished son of a father who occupied a pre-eminent position in the world of letters, the present Lord Tennyson has, in his memoir of that father, given us volumes of great charm and of enduring interest.

As a Proconsul of the Empire, the Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia, where he was very cordially welcomed as the son of one who was regarded as the pioneer of British Imperialism, he won golden opinions from all. He received the distinction of becoming a G.C.M.G., and is a member of the Privy Council.

In the Isle of Wight, with which the names of many prominent men have been associated as Captains and

Governors, in the past, he holds, by appointment from H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, the Governor of the Island, the post of Deputy Governor. He is on the Commission of the Peace for the County, and is a Deputy Lieutenant. He is an Alderman of the Isle of Wight County Council.

ROBEY F. ELDRIDGE.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

Far off to sunnier shores he bade us go,
 And find him in his labyrinthine maze
 Of orange, olive, myrtle,—charméd ways
 Where the gray violet and red wind-flower blow,
 And lawn and slope are purple with the glow
 Of kindlier climes. There Love shall orb our days
 Or like the wave that fills those balmy bays,
 Pulse through our life and with an ebbless flow ;
 So now, my dove, but for a breathing while
 Fly, let us fly this dearth of song and flower,
 And, as we fare together forth alone
 From out our winter-wasted Northern isle,
 Dream of his rich Mediterranean bower,
 Then mix our orange-blossom with his own.

THE DAWN.

Mighty the voices of earth which are dull'd by the
 voices that say :
 " All of us drift into darkness, wherein we shall all
 pass away ! "
 Better to pass then at once than seeing the darkness
 to stay,
 But for a mightier Voice which was born of the Dawn of
 the Day.

EPITAPH ON ALFRED LORD TENNYSON
IN FRESHWATER CHURCH.

Speak, living Voice ! With thee Death is not Death ;
Thy life outlives the life of dust and breath.

MARY GLEED TUTTIETT ("MAXWELL GRAY.")

Mary Glead Tuttiett ("Maxwell Gray") was born at Newport, Isle of Wight. Her father, Dr. Frank Bamfylde Tuttiett, was a medical practitioner there for very many years, and held in high esteem. Her mother belonged to the Glead family, resident at the Priory at Carisbrooke.

Dr. Tuttiett had very literary tastes. His brother, the Rev. Laurence Tuttiett, Prebend of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, was the author of those beautiful hymns, *Father, let me dedicate all this year to Thee* and *O quickly come, dread Judge of all* in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Between Dr. Tuttiett and his daughter a strong bond of sympathetic affection existed. He used to speak with natural and justifiable pride of the wonderful literary success she had achieved, which had made her name as an authoress known the world over.

He died in the year 1895, and soon afterwards Miss Tuttiett and her mother left the Isle of Wight for Richmond, where she has since resided, and where her mother died in 1905.

Dr. and Mrs. Tuttiett are laid to rest in the picturesque Cemetery of Carisbrooke, approached from Newport by one of the most attractive walks in the neighbourhood, and from which, across a narrow valley, is seen the Castle where King Charles I. was



Facing p. 332.

MARY GLEED TUTTIERT
(Maxwell Gray).

a prisoner. The following is their touching epitaph, written by their daughter :—

*His was the art of healing and of health,
Hers the sweet care and comforting of home,
Many their sorrows were, and small their wealth.
Here, in God's hand, beneath this heavenly dome,
By pleasant fields they knew when life was best,
In hope they rest.*

There is comparatively little personal element in Maxwell Gray's poetry, indeed she says in the preface to one of her volumes that "the lyrical ego is not always or often the 'personal'"; but it is interesting to note that her well-known fondness for cats has given us two poems of a purely personal nature, relating to her domestic pets, one *Lost Tiny*, the other *To Prince, from Scotland*. It does not seem possible, from the description of Prince in the poem, that he was Maxwell Gray's own long-lived and intelligent cat who was the prototype of the "magnificent black cat, with white breast and paws," Mark Antony, immortalised in *The Silence of Dean Maitland*.

It is, of course, by her prose works, and more especially as the author of that novel of its year, as it was described in the *Times*, *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, that "Maxwell Gray" is chiefly known. Many other novels have proceeded from her pen, amongst which may be mentioned *The Reproach of Annesley*, *In the Heart of the Storm*, *The Last Sentence*, *The House of Hidden Treasure*, *The Great Refusal*, and *The World-Mender*.

But here it is of "Maxwell Gray's" poetry that we have to speak. Four volumes of her poems have been published: *The Westminster Chimes and other Poems*, *Lays of the Dragon Slayer*, *The Forest Chapel, and other Poems*, and *England's Son, and other Poems*. In the poem *Westminster Chimes* the idea is that the Chimes from the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parlia-

ment find voice, and the Chimes of the Bells in the Great Abbey respond,

“ . . . ere the Palace has ceased to chime,
To fancy, the Abbey gives echoing rhyme.”
* * * * *

For “ London lacks not poetry ;
She hath her voices, whose deep tones
Are human laughter and human moans,
And all her beauty, all her glory,
Spring from or blend with man’s strange story.”

The effect of the whole poem is both striking and pleasing, and the contrast between the sentiments expressed by the bells, secular and sacred, is well maintained.

In this volume is one of the few local poems, some pretty verses on the presentation of a Rose to King Charles I. by Frances Trattle, a Newport maiden, in the Square of the Old Borough, near the Church, and within a few steps of the house in which Miss Tuttiett was born and lived so long.

Here, too, is a poem *Roncesvaux, The Death of Roland*, containing XXXI. stanzas, headed by the quotation from Sir Walter Scott’s *Marmion*, “ Oh, for one blast of that dread horn ! ” In this poem “ Maxwell Gray ” displays marked facility in the treatment of a romantic subject.

Other poems in this volume include a fine sonnet on Keats, a poem *The Grave of Keats*, and a poem in blank verse, *The Loss of Egil’s Son*, effectively introducing a Scandinavian theme.

In connection with Keats, who at one time lodged at Carisbrooke, the interesting fact may be mentioned that his friend, John Hamilton Reynolds, who was a friend and patient of Dr. Tuttiett’s, is buried in the old Newport Burial-ground in Church Litten, within a few minutes’ walk of Miss Tuttiett’s early home, the inscription on the gravestone, besides his name

and the date of his death, being simply : " The friend of Keats."

" Maxwell Gray's " *Lays of the Dragon Slayer* deal with the half-legendary characters of early European history. The Lays are all on the episodes of that great Epic which has been called a Northern Iliad. They are six in number, they contain more than three hundred stanzas, and form in fact one long poem recounting various incidents in a connected story.

The following stanzas in the earlier part of the poem describe Siegfried the Dragon Slayer, its hero :—

*He stood against the newly-risen sun,
 Before his father's gates ; a golden haze,
 Like to a regal vesture, featly spun
 And richly brodered in a wandering maze
 Of leaf and flower, of bright and broken rays,
 Swept round his lofty form's heroic mould ;
 Godlike he stood, his armour made a blaze
 Red-glowing in the sun's fresh-burnished gold,
 His shield, and spear, and sword, rich-jewelled, glittered
 cold ;
 Upon his lips young manhood's early bloom
 Lay lightly, his blue eyes were dewy clear ;
 The crest that clasped his helmet's floating plume
 A flying dragon seemed, and all his gear
 Was bossed or graven with this shape of fear,
 So that all men, beholding, Siegfried knew,
 Siegfried, the child of Sigmund, who with spear,
 And sword, undreading, the fierce dragon slew,
 And from the secret caves the guarded treasure drew.*

This poem is a *tour de force* which only one exceptionally gifted could have been capable of writing. As we learn from the Preface, it was written about forty years ago. A special feature in regard to each Lay is the short poem or " Prelude " by which it is prefaced.

" Maxwell Gray," in the Preface, speaks of the " subtle

magic of poetry" which distinguishes it from mere verse, and it is by the exercise of that "subtle magic" in these Lays that she conducts us into that enchanted region of the legendary past which she describes in one of her preludes, as—

“ The land, so strange, so dim, so far,
 Not found on any chart by mortal limned,
 Not shone upon by sun or dewy star,
 But lit with lustre night hath never dimmed.

* * * * *

There rivers murmur low through blossomed meads,
 And whoso sips their wave is lost to pain ;
 Weird tales are whispered by the bending reeds,
 That whoso hears is bound in magic's chain.”

This Prelude closes with a striking and urgent appeal :

“Set sail and grasp the tiller firm, and far,
 Through tideless, stormless seas, that marvellous land,
 Unhelped by compass, chart or pilot star,
 Seek, till the swift keel smite the waveless strand.”

On a still higher plane, "Maxwell Gray" has exercised her power to reproduce the mysterious and entrancing glamour of the past in *The Hallowing of Westminster*, a poem which tells of the hallowing, "twelve centuries ago and more," of the Great Abbey on the banks of the Thames, of whose chiming bells she had already written—that Abbey where, as Macaulay has said, "the enmities of twenty generations lie buried," and of which he speaks as having, "during many ages, afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall."

This poem appears in the collection entitled *The Forest Chapel, and other Poems*, which also contains three poems, *Robert Browning's Death*, *To Alfred Tennyson on His Eightieth Birthday*, and *On Crossing*

the *Bar*, in which "Maxwell Gray" reaches a very high level of poetic fervour and brilliancy.

Of Robert Browning, that

" . . . Lord of lofty song,
Spirit beautiful and strong,"

and of Tennyson she speaks in the following passage taken from the poem on *Robert Browning's Death* :

" There were two living kings of song,
Titans in a pigmy throng ;
One is taken, one is left ;
We who mourn of one bereft,
His brother would keep and honour long."

This volume, published in 1899, contains a poem dedicating it to Queen Victoria, which is well worthy of its subject.

"Maxwell Gray" has written various poems breathing the loftiest spirit of patriotism. Amongst these are *England's Son* and *The Motherland's Need*, written during the Boer War, and a poem *The Best Land*, forming one of the Preludes to her "Lays," in which she pictures the Colonist, after long years of absence, returning to his native village in the Homeland, England, deeming himself

" deeply blest
To press once more her velvet, verdant sod,
To lay his head upon her mighty breast,
What time his spirit wings its way to God."

Another poem, *The Stamboul Massacres*, 1896, might well have been penned in allusion to the recent fearful atrocities in Armenia. It closes with a rousing call to the Nations who now, at all events, have awakened to the necessity for action :

Rise, ye giant peoples, rise,
Shake the langour from your limbs,
Dash the darkness from your eyes !
Turkey's cup with guilt o'erbrims.

In *England*, written cir. 1897-1898, "Maxwell Gray" has given us a fine poem, some of the verses in which seem almost to have been written with a prevision of the future, and of the strenuous, but, for Britain, most glorious days in which we are now living, so appropriate are they to present circumstances.

ROBEY F. ELDRIDGE.

ENGLAND.

From "The Forest Chapel, and other Poems."

England, dear England, the first-born of Freedom,
 Mother of heroes, of hearts true and brave,
 Hail to thee, Motherland, ocean's own darling,
 Throned by his thunder and walled by his wave !

Fair, fair thy face is, O many-homed England,
 Green-gleaming England, with grey city crowned,
 Robed in rich cornland, with silver flood cinctured,
 Misty with sea-breath, with dim wood enwound.

Ireland thy blood quickens, heart in heart beating,
 Strong-hearted Scotland is bone of thy bone ;
 Three-crossed thy standard is, three-leaved thy sham-
 rock,
 Three as one fight for thy flag and thy throne.

Wide wave thy crosses, thy leopards, thy lion,
 Far floats thy harp with the leopards enscrolled,
 Where the seal basks and the bear treads the ice-ridge,
 Where the wide Austral planes feed fleece of gold ;

Where, in the dusk of their marble-domed temples,
 Dark peoples brood upon age-moulded creeds ;
 Far on the lone veldt, the death-breathing forest,
 Where the Nile murmurs to desert-borne steeds.

Mother of nations, of young giant peoples,
 Fed at thy fertile breast, taught at thy knee,
 Rich with the past and endowed with the future,
 Strong with the storm and the scent of thy sea ;

Lo ! the isles wait on thee, pouring their treasure,
 Scented wood, spice and white pearl, at thy feet ;
 Princes and peoples from far bring thee tribute,
 Wrought gold and silken brede, beasts fair and fleet.

Shall we not serve for thee, England, our England,
 Daughters with sons bravely bearing their parts ?
 Dark, dark are homes where the war-trump is sounding ;
 Men give but body's blood, women give hearts.

Shall we not die for thee England, our England,
 Die for thy flag with our brothers' blood red ?
 Shall we not give thee our best and our dearest,
 Cold though the hearth be, the maiden unwed ?

Yes ; thou art worthy, inviolate England,
 Slave-freeing England, whose fleets gird the earth ;
 Blessed and holy art thou among nations,
 Blessed and glorious land of our birth !

England, thy glory, thy story, remember,
 Draw not thy sword but for God and thy right ;
 Sheathe it not, once drawn, till right be achieved ;
 Hold it then, ready and steady and bright !

'Thine is the dower of self-rule and sweet order,
 Yield not to many-tongued faction thy right ;
 Sworded and sceptred, oh, jealously guard it,
 Heed not the siren, the hydra-head smite !

Blest be who blesseth thee, cursed whoso curseth,
 Woe to thy spoiler, thy slanderer, woe !
 Lo ! we will toil for thee, pray and endure for thee,
 Tyranny crush in thee, wrong overthrow.

Peace be within thee, imperial England,
 Wide be thy borders and honoured thy sons,
 Far sail thy argosies, far sweep thy navies,
 All waters thrill to the boom of thy guns !

Charity quicken thee, chastity steel thee,
 Faith be thy breastplate and valour thy zone ;
 Blest be who blesseth thee, cursed whoso curseth,
 Peace in thy dwellings be, peace gird thy throne !
 Cir. 1897-1898.

STANZAS FROM " THE LAYS OF THE DRAGON
 SLAYER."

Then to the minster, over dewy grass,
 Beneath boughs fragrant with the breath of spring,
 All fared, in order due, to hear the mass.
 Oh, holy place ! where peasant, peer, and king,
 Maid, wife, and child bow equal ; where, on wing
 Of heaven-storming prayer, together rise
 So many hearts— the strong, the suffering,
 Dizzy with joy or over-bowed by woes,
 With souls that safe in bliss of Paradise repose !

There Siegfried prayed for Chriemhild, she for him,
 Their souls upborne upon the surge of song,
 That flooded nave and aisle and chapel dim
 With thankful praise the echoing vaults prolong
 To Him who wrought deliverance from wrong ;
 Loud prayed the priest ; fair children, snowy-stoled,
 With looks celestial, for the kneeling throng
 Swung jewelled censers chained with beamy gold,
 Whence clouds of heavenly balm around the altar
 rolled.

O Thou, who broodest on the chaos dread
 Of cosmic life ; Who through their tangled maze
 The homeless stars hast steered, and safely led
 This air-poised bark through world-storms and the
 blaze
 Of dying planets ; sleep her soft wing lays
 Not on Thee, O Unwearièd, nor may dream
 Thee touch ; all things show clear beneath the rays
 Of Thy dread glance ; Eternal, Thee we deem
 Of life, fate, power, and love the source and end
 supreme ;

And Thou our rough-hewn, rudely-fashioned ends
 Dost exquisitely shape with perfect skill,
 Thou the fierce passion that so lavish spends
 Its strength, all gently swayst beneath Thy will ;
 Even evil things and vile at last fulfil
 Unwitting Thy behest, and Thou dost wring
 From darkness light, and ordered calm distil
 From th' everlasting storm, and quiet bring
 From fury, Thou above all tumult reignest king !

Siegfried.
 gazed with dim, fixed glance, as one by power
 Of glamour held. The sun was two hours gone,
 Dead from the west fell day's last paling flower,
 Earth gloomed, woods drowsed, Heav'n's purple
 plains were strown
 With dewy stars, a young moon paced alone,
 With virginal calm glance, the orient height,
 The hushed flood murmured low, a misty zone
 Lay curling round the mountain, ghostly white,
 When Siegfried saw an army moving through the night.

They moved with noiseless footfall down the glen,
 The still air fluttered not their banners bright ;
 Prince Siegfried marvelled, were they living men,
 Or phantoms woven of the moonbeams white ?
 Up rose the dwarfs, all trembling at the sight,

Crying, "Niblung and Schilbung's hosts behold!"

Then in the night's shadows raged a deadly fight,
 And when the fresh dawn kissed the mountain cold
 She touched a crownless king and conquered host with
 gold.

Joy is a blossom from immortal bowers,
 It cannot die, though oft it seem to fade,
 Though oft the glory of its Eden flowers,
 Pass from us, ere they long enough have stayed
 To glass their beauty in the eyes' still shade;
 Once tasted, bliss is ours for evermore;
 In lonely nights, when earth to sleep is laid,
 And pain hath clutched the sleeper's temples hoar,
 Past joys with amaranth crowned steal through
 thought's fast-sealed door.

All peaceful sped the slumber-breathing night,
 While squadroned stars wheeled by with noiseless
 tread,
 And soon the pale east glimmered coldly white,
 Then flushed in awful glory rosy red;
 Up leapt the sun, his new-dipped splendours shed
 On river, crag, and hill, and forest wide,
 The fresh earth flung the shadows from her head,
 Her dewy face in fitful crimson dyed,
 And all things deeply drank of life's returning tide.

ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE.

From "The Forest Chapel, and other Poems."

Our England is a noble land,
 The home of strong, still men;
 Scotland for gallant souls is planned
 In mountain, moor, and glen;
 Sweet Ireland's sons in the vanward stand
 With sword and word and pen.

The thorn-set rose for England blows,
 She is fair, but guards her right ;
 The thistle its spears for Scotland rears,
 Like Scots provoked to fight ;
 For Ireland meet is the Shamrock sweet,
 Where the three in one unite.

Whom God hath joined let no man part,
 No treason put asunder,
 Nor lion nor harp from the leopards start
 For pride or wrath or plunder ;
 For the three made one, in hand and heart,
 May laugh at the world's war-thunder.

KEATS.

From "Westminster Chimes, and other Poems."

"Here lies one whose fame was writ in water."
 Not water, beautiful, immortal boy,
 Thy fame was writ in, but undying light ;
 Keenly it sparkles thro' the gathering night
 Of this unsongful age, a quickening joy
 To us of after-time ; as Greece and Troy,
 Florence and Rome, are golden sounds that smite
 With hints of visioned beauty, splendour, might
 Thy name rings finest gold with no alloy :
 Age knew thee not, nor hast thou felt the wrong
 Of heavy years that drain youth's living dews ;
 No shadows from life's darker ways confuse
 The May-tide beauties of thy splendid song ;
 Thy pen was dipped in morning's glorious hues,
 Its vivid strokes to things eterne belong.

SONG OF SIR GALAHAD.

From " England's Son, and other Poems "

Glad sang Sir Galahad,
Riding on alone,
Carolled more joyously,
Than lark upflown.

Fair, sweet Sir Galahad,
Ridest thou alone ?
Thou whose hand untried drew
The sword from the stone.

Sword of thy gallant sire,
Great Lancelot ;
All his worth sharest thou,
But his sin not.

Joyous and beautiful,
Young and gentle knight,
Only to gaze on thee
Gives pure delight.

Where fall thy charger's feet
Flowers fresh upspring,
All round thee gentle airs
Sweet odours bring.

All in the lists before
Galahad must fall ;
All great and proven knights,
Dreadless and tall.

Armoured in chastity,
Breathing sinless breath,
Stronger than sin art thou,
Stronger than death.

Ride on, Sir Galahad,
Stedfast and strong ;
All round thee lovingly,
Great angels throng.

A VALEDICTION.

From "The Forest Chapel, and other Poems."

God shall make his angels
Guardians over thee,
Nothing vile or harmful
In thy path shall be ;

Though thy foot may wander
All the wide world o'er,
They shall hover round thee,
They shall go before.

In the storm of battle,
Face to face with death,
In the flame and thunder
Of the cannon's breath.

Friend and foe around thee,
Fall'n like winter snows ;
Swords of fire celestial
Round thy body close.

Though the waves of sorrow
Surge above thy head,
By those holy guardians
Shall thy steps be led ;

Though thine eyes may darken
In the mists of pain,
By thy couch of anguish
Waits a shining train.

Hands unseen and gentle
 Calm thy fevered brow ;
 Guard thy soul, when tremblings
 Heart and body bow.

He shall give his angels
 Charge of all thy ways ;
 They shall still protect thee,
 Guard thee all thy days.

TO "PRINCE," FROM SCOTLAND.

From " England's Son, and other Poems."

Two bright eyes are looking for me,
 Grave green eyes in a little grey face,
 And " Where, oh where, can mistress be ? "
 A little cat's heart is sighing apace ;
 " I look in vain in each pleasant place,
 In our summer haunt by the apple-tree,
 On the cool soft turf where we wrestle and race ;
 Shall I curl no more with a haughty grace
 On the knees of friends while they take their tea,
 And lap the milk that they pour for me ! "

Dear bright eyes, that are looking for me,
 Sweet green eyes in a little gray face,
 Bounded and brief is the world you see,
 Dumb is the heart that is beating apace,
 Beating so quick in its love and glee,
 Dumb is the soul in the little gray face,
 Mute in its eloquent mystery,
 Tender and true in its limited space,
 But troubled by man's complexity.

Kind green eyes, that are looking for me,
 Sweet in their wondering, sad reproach,

Would that some subtle telegraphy,
 Could tell of your housemates' near approach !
 Yet dreaming so long, perchance you see
 Things that on higher worlds encroach,
 Baffled and puzzled though you be
 By your lost friends' fancied treachery,
 Swelling your breast with a mute reproach,
 In your long and silent reverie.

Dear bright eyes, that are waiting for me,
 Sweet green eyes in the little gray face,
 Soon shall you sparkle with joy to see
 Your friends again in the old home place,
 You shall purr and coil with pretty glee
 Your lithe light form in its silken grace
 In the arms you love so loyally ;
 And never more in your little life-space,
 Never again, shall these partings be.

CHILDE ARTHUR AND LADY ALYS.

From "Westminster Chimes, and other Poems."

- " Now, Lady Alys, fare thee well,
 Good angels lend thee grace ;
 Of dame I know or damosel,
 Thou hast the fairest face ! "
- " Ah ! dearest knight, I love but thee
 Since eyes on thee I laid ;
 And if thou may not marry me,
 Then I must die a maid."
- " Sweet maid, I may not marry thee,
 Sith I have won another ;
 But thou my sister dear may be,
 And I thy loving brother."

“ Dear knight, thou may’st not marry me
 An thou have won another ;
 But I thy sister cannot be,
 Nor thou my loving brother.”

“ In jousts the plumed knights thunder by,
 For thee their spear-blades shine ;
 The noblest of them all would die
 To win one smile of thine.”

“ No other knight but thee I crave,
 Thou brave and beauteous Childe ;
 So now a convent or a grave
 Must shield me from the wild.”

Childe Arthur on his war-steed leapt,
 He rode far, far away ;
 Maid Alys to her bower stept,
 And mused the livelong day.

“ This earth were fair beyond compare,”
 She sighed, “ Had I but grace
 To breathe with him the selfsame air,
 To gaze upon his face ! ”

Childe Arthur with his bride is wed
 A year and eke a day ;
 His heir has cheeks like roses red,
 And eyes like skies in May.

There stand within his father’s hall
 A woman russet-stoled,
 But fair as a lily, white and tall,
 With heart of virgin gold.

“ Fair Childe, of thee I crave a boon,
 To tend thy children fair ;
 An be it late, an be it soon,
 I’ll give them gentlest care.”

“ Alas, no waiting-maid art thou,
 But lady bright and fair ;
 In hall before thee I should bow,
 Nor take thy tendance rare.”

“ Life holds no dearer, sweeter boon,
 Than serving thee and thine ;
 An be it late, an be it soon,
 No other thought is mine.”

“ Ah ! lady fair, what guerdon rare
 May quit such service sweet ? ”

“ No guerdon rare may quit my care,
 No meed for love were meet.

“ But give me at the morn ‘ Good morrow,’
 ‘ Good-night ’ at evensong ;
 The morning prime will soothe my sorrow,
 The evening heal my wrong.”

He gave her at the morn “ Good-morrow,”
 “ Good-night ” at evensong ;
 The prime of morning healed her sorrow,
 The evening healed her wrong.

“ This earth is fair beyond compare,”
 She sighed “ Since I have grace
 To breathe with him the selfsame air,
 To gaze upon his face ! ”

Sir Arthur to the battle rode,
 Bid wife and child farewell ;
 His lady in her bower abode
 From prime till vesper-bell.

His children laughed in bower and hall,
 With Lady Alys played ;
 With one she’s tossing at the ball,
 One on her breast is laid.

Sir Arthur home from fight they bore,
His brave heart still as stone ;
His lady came with weeping sore,
His babes with frightened moan.

A down the hall with even pace
They saw Maid Alys glide ;
She gazed but once on the death-cold face,
Then fell the bier beside.

Soft, soft her slumber is and deep,
Her face all pure of care ;
Till crack of doom the twain will sleep,
Arthur and Alys fair.

ADDENDUM TO PREFATORY
INTRODUCTION TO
PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, M.A.

Under the heading of *Books of the Day* in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 17th March, 1922, appeared an illuminating article by that eminent critic and litterateur, Mr. W. L. Courtney, on the subject of *Homer's Odyssey*, in the course of which the following passage occurs :—

“For us the translation of the *Odyssey* by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang holds a permanent place in our regard, as also does the poetic rendering of Worsley. But a world's book like the *Odyssey* cannot be exhausted by any amount of versions. It has, as Mr. Palmer reminds us, as many aspects as it has translators. Hobbes thought it contained a series of lessons in morals. Butcher and Lang looked upon it as an archaic historical document. To us, who have grown up on this ancient classic, it is the world's great fairy tale, with all the freshness of spring, a story of the days when the world was young, the magical charm of which can never grow old.”

The above high compliment to Worsley is of peculiar interest to Vectensians.—*Ed.*

Erratum.—For *Carilis'*, page 314, line 7, read *Caribs'*.

"Love in a Mist, and Kindred Verse."

By CHARLES JOHN ARNELL.

Author of "Random Rhymes of a Vectensian."

(The County Press, Newport. 2/6 net.)

Lytham Standard :—" In felicity of thought and facility of expression, not in odd lines, but in the accumulated effect, does the author reveal his heritage as a genuine poet. "Spells" is an example of this. As examples of the poet's powers in other fields of verse we would mention "The Iconoclasts" and the strong and thoughtful lines "Late Coming—Italia."

The Times :—" The Vectensian is a ready and versatile versifier."

County Press :—" Many of these are beautiful and striking poems, and some express a fine note on aspects of the war."

Richmond and Twickenham Times :—" Love in a Mist " is the title of a little volume of verse by the author of "Random Rhymes of a Vectensian," published by the County Press, Newport, Isle of Wight. The author displays ability to range over a wide field, and moves easily in varied rhythms. He shows capacity to feel and to make his readers feel also in "Escheated," the story of a forsaken mother, and in "The Lost Picotee." He heartens in "Our Fallen," which might have been written on the text "Who dies if England lives?" A playful fancy is exhibited in "The Siege," but a deeper note is struck with sincerity in the renderings from the French of "The Sea" (T. Botrel) and "The Angelus" (Emile Cammaerts). His handling of the larger themes of Italy's entry into the war and "Re-builders" is notable by reason of the fitting yet restrained expression of high thought. The seeming simplicity of "Images" is one of its charms. Everything in the book is not alike convincing, but it contains much to enhance the author's reputation.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"Random Rhymes of a Vectensian."

THE COUNTY PRESS, NEWPORT, I.W.

3/- net.

Lytham Standard :—" Some of these poems prove that the author can attain to something higher than 'Random Rhymes.' He is at his best in such poems as 'A Monotone,' 'The Quest,' and, above all, in the beautiful lines 'The Child-Maiden,' when he seems to have seized and held his thought and conveys the feeling to us. All together, these poems are worthy of attention, and are of more than transitory merit."

Review of Reviews :—" . . . 'Dreamland' is very beautiful."—The late W. T. STEAD.

County Press :—" . . . His faculty of felicitous expression keeps company with a vivid imagination."

The Advertiser :—" . . . A delightful little book, full of beautiful songs. . . . 'The Songs of the Wight' sing of the many charms of the Vectis Isle. One, 'The Golden Day,' is particularly beautiful. As here, the poet paints the month of May as only a poet can."

"An English Lute."

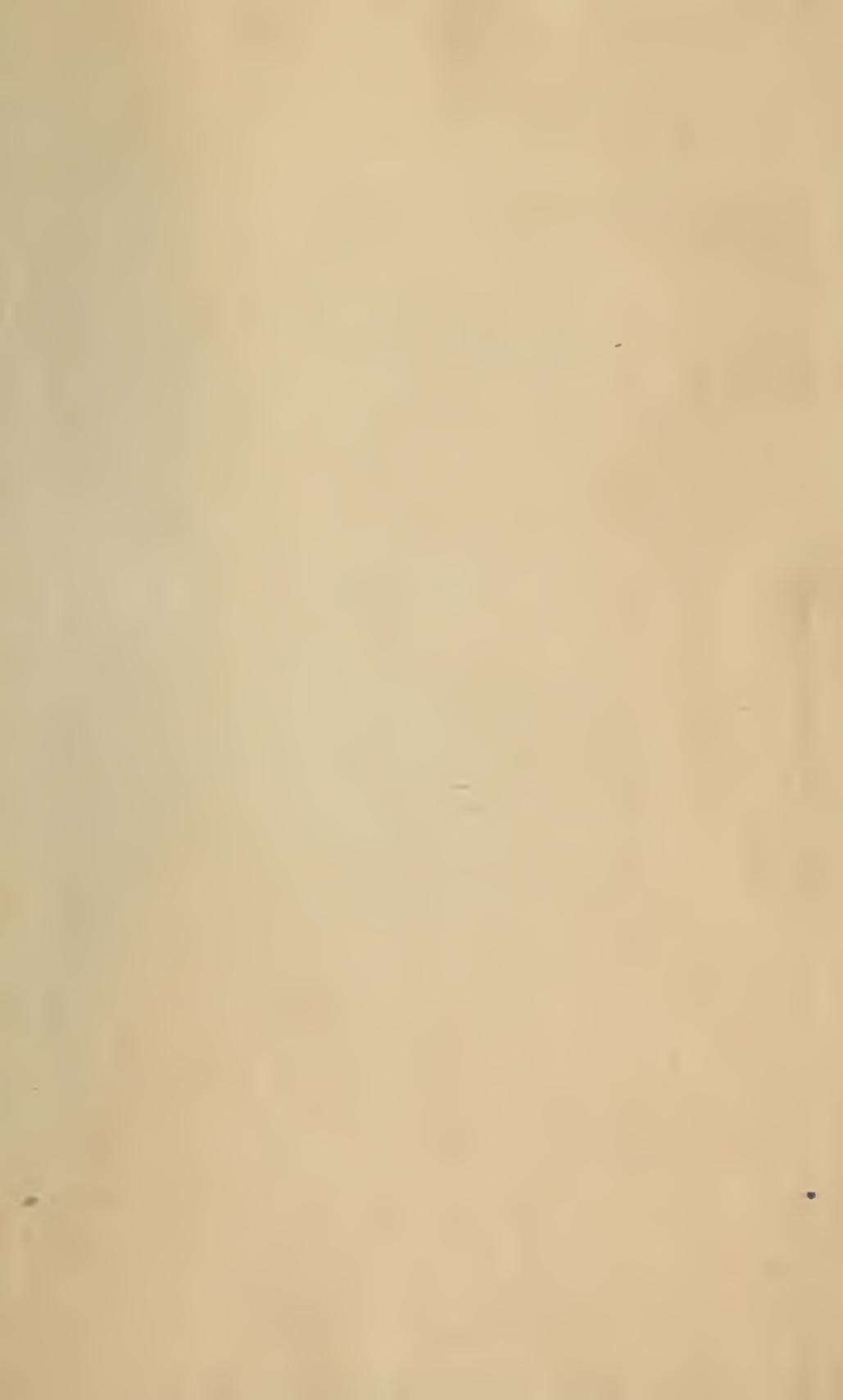
A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF CONTEMPORARY VERSE.

Just published. C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London.

A collection of poems selected from the best production of forty-seven poets of distinction, many of them of remarkable charm and appeal.

Edited by Charles J. Arnell, in collaboration with a well-known poet and reviewer.

Handsomely bound and produced. 6/6 net from the publisher, or from Sydney Lee, Ltd., Exeter.





PR
8469
W56A7

Arnell, Charles John
Poets of the Wight

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 16 04 12 01 019 8