NEW WAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY

JAMES H. COUSINS

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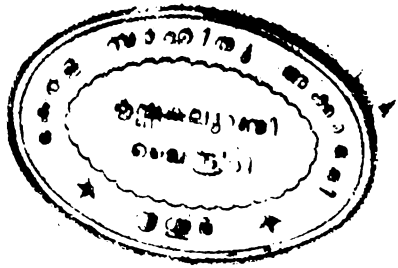

NEW WAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE KINGDOM OF YOUTH

ESSAYS
TOWARDS
NATIONAL
EDUCATION

BY

JAMES H. COUSINS

Being a series of articles and addresses bringing out, in vigorous English, and with the conviction of experience, the author's ideas on the main principles of education. The book forms a general introduction to a detailed study of the whole problem of national education which is in preparation.

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TO

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I thought for golden poesy
In dedicated prose to pay,
Veiling impossibility
In that old kindly, courteous way.

But all your flowing tide of fame
Went singing round my echoing shore
When on my page I put your name—
And made my debt but tenfold more!

Yea, and the world that holds your praise
Moves thus between two powers at feud:
Speech that undoes what it essays,
And silence like ingratitude.

Yet, since a sacramental hand
May sanctify the humblest weed,
I lift our love's transforming wand
And give intention for the deed;

With one deep wish that, till the set
Of sun across your song's wide sea,
Our backs may bend with growing debt
For your pure golden poesy.

J. H. C.

CONTENTS

Several of these essays have appeared in "The Modern Review," "New India," and "The Herald of the Star," to the Editors of which the author gives thanks for permission to reprint them.

PREFACE

THIS book has not been written on purpose. Its chapters are separated by years, and in some cases by seven thousand miles. This will account for, though it will not excuse, any instability that may be felt in style.

The essays have been drawn together by the necessity for some temporary indication however inadequate, of the direction of English literature at the present time and in the immediate past. This necessity has arisen out of a special movement to make education in India both national and rational by putting it in contact with the vital spirit of literature, instead of starving it on half a dozen stale fragments of the past that have no interest for Indian youth, and make the cultivation of good English speech impossible.

All the same, though the essays can claim no unity in original intention, I have had an uncomfortable feeling, while shaping them for the press, of being pulled slowly and irresistibly into the narrow prison-cell of a category, and held in a vice while being branded Idealist.

I do not feel happy in presence of the word, because it has always appeared to me to connote in the history of English literature a remoteness from life; a derivativeness like the shepherd and swain convention from Spencer downwards; a tendency to fall into dogma, which is not objectionable because it is dogma, but because it is based on an incomplete view of humanity and the universe.

At the same time I should not care to find myself forced into the other category and be labelled Realist. I admire the protestant spirit, and the claim that art should serve life, and not life art; but I object to realism for exactly the same reason (which is probably not a reason but a temperament) as I object to so-called idealism. Realism in art that does not take into account all the facts; that leaves out psychic experience and metaphysical thought, which are as real a part of human activity as the emotions and emotionalised thought generated by industrial and commercial conflict, is to me meaningless.

I think the tendency in the following pages which may be regarded as idealistic is a sign of a search for a deeper unity in literature that may embrace both idealism and realism.

Certain it is that the larger knowledge and experience that have been important characteristics of life West and East during the past thirty years (knowledge of an order of things more sensible than that conceived by the simple faith and blank ignorance of Western religious convention; experience of faculties and entities beyond reach of the five senses, whose vivid actuality is beyond the ken of a type of thought that quaintly calls itself rationalistic and ignores the most important premises in human reasoning) are bound to affect profoundly the literature and criticism of the future.

Such knowledge and experience have been granted to me in some measure, and have obviously influenced the judgment of these essays. Inadequate though they be as guides along the road of literary evolution, they may at least act as finger posts, showing a general direction without stating the mileage.

J.H.C.

VICE-PRINCIPAL'S QUARTERS,
THE COLLEGE,
MADANAPALLE,
SOUTH INDIA,
1st November, 1917.

PART I
CONTEMPORANEOUS.

NEW WAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THERE is a general assumption in literary circles in England that the war marks an era in English poetry. It is not quite clear whether it is intended to be conveyed that a new era is to come after the war. The mark that is referred to seems to be of the nature of a full-stop. Much that passed for poetry before the war is not now to be heard or seen. The futurist movement in poetry, for example, became a thing of the past long before Italy, the home of Signor Marinetti, its originator, took sides with the Allies.

But terminations may be epoch-markers and by no means epoch-makers. We need a hatful of beginnings before we can conjure or prophesy; and the unmistakable beginnings are not yet. Between the era in literature

that ended in August, 1914, and the era that may begin on a date not yet fixed, there is the war, and it has produced no poetry. The best poets have avoided the subject: some of them have definitely stated their determination to have nothing to do with the horrible affair because of its inartistic character. The minor poets have not, through its inspiration, become major. It has brought out no new poets of mark, and the poets who were making themselves heard just before the crash, had already found themselves and their time: that is to say, they had got as far in the development of their individual style and genius as could be expected, and they had fastened on to the new phase of British thought, the social consciousness that has been disturbing the art-for-arts'-sake theorists for the past twenty years. True, Rupert Brooke achieved fame by his death in the Aegean backed up by a small volume entitled "1914;" but any epoch-making prophetic impulse that the volume might stir in us is discounted by the volume of Henry Bryan Binns entitled "April Nineteen-fifteen," which, save for half-a-dozen lines, might have been written in a country and age that had never invented human

slaughter as the last resort of Christian argument.

Yet it is quite true that the war marks, if it does not create, a passing over from one phase of poetical activity to another. Apart from the universally recognised Irish Literary Revival, that produced—or, some say, was produced by—two poets of the front rank, lovers of poetry have been aware for some time past of a new spirit and method animating the poets of England. The popular success of John Masefield, an occasional play by Lascelles Abercrombie, the winning of the Royal Literary Society's prize by Ralph Hodgson, have been special points in a general tendency. Those who did not come across small volumes by individual poets, were helped to an understanding of the new movement through the publication of two volumes entitled "Georgian Poetry," one containing representative poems during the years 1911 and 1912 by poets who were beginning to define themselves as a younger school; another for 1913 to 1915. These were brought out by the Poetry Bookshop, London, mainly, I think, through the enterprise of one of the poets, Harold Monro, who founded and edited "The Poetry Review"

as an organ for the new singers, and made it the journal of the Poetry Society until a split sent Mr. Monro elsewhere, and the magazine passed under the editorship of the late Stephen Phillips and subsided into literary orthodoxy. It was quite an adventure to walk around the little bookshop in a quiet by-street off one of London's roaring highways, and note on its shelves the vitality and extensiveness of the new works, mainly in little books produced in the artistic fashion that makes reading a delight to the hand and the eye as well as the mind.

It was apparent that something in the nature of a school of modern English poetry was in process of development. A definite consciousness of purpose showed itself through the personal divergencies of the writers, and many eyes have watched them hopefully for an indication of the new ways that the rhythmic feet of the Muse would pursue through the "hilly lands and hollow lands" of the imaginations of singers who have inherited all the skill and thought of the masters of the past, yet are under the responsibility of their own genius to express their own time in their own way. It is too

early yet to prophesy of the fulness of the new movement with any degree of assurance; but those to whom anticipation is a pleasure, as well as those who are content to enjoy poetry for its own sake, apart from its implications, will find material to hand in Miss Mary C. Sturgeon's "Studies in Contemporary Poets"—Harrap—which not only makes a sympathetic survey of the whole field of the poets' work, but provides copious illustrations that make the book an exegetical anthology.

Like other observers, Miss Sturgeon notes that the life of contemporary England is "evoking its own music." Some aspect of the complex life of to-day in England is reflected through the work of each of the new poets: "its awakened social consciousness, or its frank joy in the world of sense; in mysticism, or its repudiation of dogma in art as in religion." In their repudiation of dogma we have the symptom of youthfulness. We are all anti-dogmatic in youth, and are not above expressing our anti-dogmatism in the most dogmatic terms. The fact is, of course, that an art without dogma would be as inartistic as a religion without dogma would be unreligious, or as any other creative influence would be

impossible without its characteristic boundaries. What matters most, however, is not the merits or demerits of rival literary dogmas, but the free play of the mind which they express; and in the case of the new poets that play is seen not merely in the reflection of the disturbances of their time in thought and conduct, which fulfils the function of environment, but also in the matter of technique, which shows the effort of artistic adjustment between subject and method. "The technique of modern poetry," says Miss Sturgeon, "would seem to be movement towards a more exact rendering of the music and meaning of our language. That is to say, there is in prosody itself an impulse towards truth of expression, which may be found to correspond to the heightened sense of external fact in contemporary poetic genius, as well as to its closer hold upon reality. Thence comes the realism of much good poetry now being written: triune, as all genuine realism must be, since it proceeds out of a spiritual conviction, a mental process, and actual craftsmanship."

The chief characteristic of the new technique is irregularity of rhythm, and a loose

adherence to rhyme. Those who forget Whitman, may regard this as an advance: others who think back to the days before the Muse of Ireland had taught rhyme to Europe, will be forgiven if they wonder if the modern atavism in technique—the alleged bid for freedom—is not at worst a symptom of emotional haste and intellectual laziness, or at best a renunciation of art's duty to be artistic. Miss Sturgeon's reply to the "wonder" is that the new technique is a reflection of its day, which does not move in regular rhymes or rhythms: "It has taken hold upon the world real and entire;" it "has come so close to life as to claim its very identity." "Moreover," she adds, "the life upon which it seizes in this way is wider, more complex, more meaningful than ever before." Wider and more complex certainly; but it is not quite clear that extension and complication of detail are added virtues from the point of view of pure poetry, whose concern should be the seizing of essentials and fundamentals if it is to possess the vital interpretative and illuminative power of real poetry, and not the mere surface reproduction of verbal photography: and as to meaningful; that surely exists more in the

interpreter than in the branchings and transient leaves of the tree of life that lead away from the root—away from the synthesis that is the business of poetry.

The poets themselves will be mercifully preserved from any bother over these uncertainties in the assumptions of their sponsor. They will write just as they are able to write. But the criticism that follows in the wake of creation has a duty to itself, and that is, to take the sanest possible view based on the fullest grasp of facts and principles. I fear that in this respect the critic referred to has let the discovery of a new thing run into rhetoric. The new school strikes a responsive cord in herself, and satisfies some desire. That is good, and to that extent the new poetry justifies itself; but it is hardly wise to forget all the literary past of their country, and speak of these young men as having "left the twilight of reality and stepped into clear day," with the suggestion that the fuss and gyration of the present time is reality, contrasted with the inferred unreality and darkness of the singers of the past. Miss Sturgeon's idea of reality seems to be that of the superficialists who scorn the metaphysicians. What is of impor-

tance in her exposition of the modern poets, (and I am referring entirely to the English poets), what gives us a clue to the essential character of their work, is not any question of artistic or philosophical theory, but the plain fact stated by Miss Sturgeon that there is in these poets an identification of their method and thought with the peculiar life of their time; which is the same thing as saying that they are dated, and therefore not for all time but for a passing age; in short, that they are minor poets.

Minor is, in truth, the impression that one gets from the works of these poets. They have terseness of phrase, vividness of sight; but one misses the undertones and overtones and the invisible rays that play about the works of the masters, that lift utterance beyond echo of the sounds of life into clarion prophecy of "Life more abundant," and raise sight from the thing seen, to the level of vision. The minor poet reproduces his on her time; the major poet reveals through himself and his time the true spiritual nature and destiny of the universe. And that is just what these poets have not yet ventured to do. They have not yet come from under the weight of post-

Darwinian scepticism, which though it be forged with the sledge hammer of Mr. Blatchford into a piece of cast-iron "truth," is as incapable of inspiring or nourishing poetry as the back streets of an English industrial town. They are disturbed, are these poets, by the possession of a social consciousness—and in this respect they are not very different from the poets of the past to whom the problem of humanity made appeal: they are in contact with the humanitarian movements of their time: they fulfil the desirable function of "doubting Thomas" in respect of religious assertion; but, in respect of the two major "discoveries" of their age and place—the fact of the survival of death by the human consciousness, and the inference of the fundamental unity of all mental life in a super-mental consciousness, as of all physical life in a super-physical substance—they are practically silent: that is to say, they have not been touched by the two most revolutionary inspirational forces that the morning of the twentieth century has brought within the sphere of certainty. This omission makes all talk of their dealing with reality very unconvincing.

In two only of the modern English poets, according to Miss Sturgeon, in Lascelles Abercrombie and Rose Macaulay—and, I would add, in Rupert Brooke—do we find any explicit declaration of "that true world within the world we see." Mr. Abercrombie gives utterance to the idea (as old as Indian thought) that the self of the individual is God: he does not reduce Divinity to the measure of dust: he finds escape into Divinity. Thus he sings in "The Trance:"

I was exalted above surety
And out of time did fall,
As from a slander that did long distress,
A sudden justice vindicated me
From the customary wrong of Great and Small.
I stood outside the burning ruins of place,
Outside that corner, consciousness,
Then was I not in the midst of thee Lord God?

In the works of Miss Macaulay, the world of material things, to adopt Miss Sturgeon's excellent summary, "is vividly apprehended; but it is seen to be rounded by another realm which is not less real."

In the poetry of Walter de le Mare something of the supernatural appears. Miss Sturgeon regards the supernatural as a constant

component of the romantic temperament, and speaks of the "fearful joy which this type of mind experiences in contact with the strange and wierd." The words "strange and wierd" indicate quite plainly that the supernatural which is referred to is the conventional business of ghosts and happenings that are strange and wierd because they are not at all native to the romantic temperament, but unfamiliar. To those who have any real knowledge of these things, they cease to be strange and wierd: they become normal as regards fact; but their absorption as part of the equipment of memory and experience will create an entirely different attitude to life and death and to their interpretation. In the poetry, for example, of W. B. Yeats, there is a simple acceptance of "supernatural" phenomena as an orderly fact in nature which is also a fact of experience to himself. This renders transparent to him the surface of life, which is opaque to those to whom the background of psychic reality is unknown, or merely speculative, or "strange and wierd." On this account, Miss Sturgeon, like many others, mistakes Mr. Yeats' poetry for romance, instead of realising it to be the fullest expression of

the *whole reality* of human life, physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual, in true perspective, here and behind the veil; in short, the most real realism in modern literature in the English language.

I emphasise this matter of classification with some assurance because, in a very sympathetic reference to a portion of my own poetical work, in her chapter on "An Irish Group," Miss Sturgeon applies the term "romantic" to my poem "Etain the Beloved," and seems to relegate that poem to some remote "mythological association" in contrast with a "sharply symptomatic change" which appears in my 1915 volume "Straight and Crooked," "subjects of more social and immediate interest" appearing to engage attention. The truth is, I was not a whit more interested, in a literary way, or more engaged in active participation, in "social and immediate" matters when I was writing certain poems in "Straight and Crooked" than when I was writing "Etain the Beloved." Quite the reverse. What happened was that my destiny took me from my own land into a greater superficial, but not more acute, relationship with certain problems of the

day during a mercifully short residence in industrial England, and provided me with a few new figures of speech. That was all. If my next volume should contain a poem on social reform, it is possible that some critic will refer to a growing interest in topics of the day rather than vague subjects of the past; and I may get annoyed, and use unliterary language in the privacy of my own thought, when I remember that the very core and marrow of social reform, including the great fight for the freedom of womanhood in which I was vigorously engaged when I was writing "Etain the Beloved," are both implicitly and explicitly contained in that poem.

Where criticism goes wrong in classification is in taking surface qualities and expressions for essentials; and not weighing fully the attitude and level of vision attained by the poet. Not everyone who *saith* "Lord! Lord!" is fit for the kingdom of heaven. Not everyone who shouts the word *power* is powerful. I have seen Mr. Henry Ainley, one of the finest London actors, reduce a freshly starched collar to a pulpy ruffle clinging with perspiration around his neck in reciting Masefield's "Philip the King:" it seemed the necessary condition

for manifesting the emotional strength and energy of the play; yet there are little poems of eight lines by A. E. that have enough spiritual dynamic in them to blow all the muscle and bulk of Masefield's drama to atoms.

The protean creative energy is forever advancing the borders of "reality." The great poets anticipate the advance. The reflection of the great poet is of fire to fire which flames into prophecy: the reflection of the minor poet is of water to water that does no more than reproduce itself. When in some future volume from one or other of the new writers of the West we catch the large accent, the forward vision of the self-realised and ecstatic soul, we shall know that the new ways in English literature are breaking through the obstructions of ignorance, and all that hangs thereon, into the broad highway of literary evolution.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TAGORE IN EUROPE

IN the Month of August 1912, I indulged in my first "continental" holiday. A long and stiff session in school-teaching terminating in annual examinations had been followed by an unexpected appointment to a summer course. The appointment carried with it remuneration which, being equally unexpected, could only fitly find an unexpected outlet. Nothing short of Paris could meet the requirements of the occasion.

But Paris has a trick of "extras." The closest calculation of conducted tours, all-found, could not provide an arithmetical mesh sufficiently fine to meet all possibilities of little fish escaping into the deep waters of explorations which, even in the virtuous light of day, transformed themselves into francs and centimes. It therefore became necessary to find a less leaky habitat for the tail-end of the

month, and fate, and the worst railway system I had till then known, landed me in the historical and quaint city of William the Conqueror, Bayeaux in Normandy. In its neighbourhood I found the little town of Balleroy, with its exquisite church designed by the architect of the Louvre, and a comfortable hotel managed by a stout widow with the largest smile and the smallest quantity of English possible, that is, none.

That year made a record in rainfall in Western Europe. Fortunate individuals who wandered as far eastward as Copenhagen smiled pitifully on those of us who dwelt under the Atlantic cloud: but there were compensations. Mine announced itself in a note from a friend who happened to be staying at her seaside house on the coast of Normandy, to the effect that as we were all evidently destined to be drowned, we might as well perish together. The note added: "Mr. Yeats is here." I thanked God for the deluge that floated us (there were two of *us*, of course) into the more immediate precinct of one of the world's master singers than was possible on lecture platforms or in the crush-room of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

Our luck turned out to be greater than our dreams of it. Instead of one poet, we had two: one in the flesh, the tall, dark, ever-distinguished leader of the Irish literary and dramatic movement; one in the spirit, almost, as it were, in a pre-natal state awaiting birth in the English language, but living royally, vitally, in the splendid imagination and enkindled joy of another: one was Yeats, the other Tagore. I have often wondered if the immortal singer of the songs of the spirit in the East has come near a realisation of the place that his songs occupied in the mind of the immortal singer of the songs of the spirit in the West before fame had ratified them. When I had the privilege, four years later of coming face to face with Rabindranath in his Calcutta home, I had a mind to clear up my wonder, but it was as difficult to break through his interest in the work of Yeats and his fellow-singers, and to get him to talk of his own work, as it had been in Normandy to get Yeats to talk of anything but Tagore. After all, I suppose, it does not matter much to the individuals whether or not they realise in what relationship they stand to one another. They cannot add an inch to their stature, for each

is supreme in his place: nevertheless, to others not at their height, there must be something stirring in the spectacle of a poet of transcendent genius standing on the house-top of enthusiasm, proclaiming, on the slightest provocation, the splendours of the genius of a brother-poet.

At that time, Rabindranath was a name unknown in English letters, but a few at the heart of things literary were in the secret of a coming revelation. Yeats carried with him in Normandy a manuscript book containing the poems of Tagore which he was then prefacing for the India Society's edition of "Gitanjali." He read—or, rather, chanted as only he can—every one of the poems, adding to their inherent quality a glory of music and interpretation. Time has blurred the ear's memory of those after-dinner recitals, but it has not falsified the first conviction that those little mouthfuls of lyrical prose were among the abiding things of the Soul, and that they would work a beneficent revolution in English literature, since they entered it at its highest—in the purest of musical speech, full of the authenticity of creation, rather than the adumbrations of translation, and glowing with a

spirit that was new to the West, yet essentially in affinity with the spirit of the seers of all time, who are also the utterers.

My first impression of Tagore's poetry, made through ear-gate, was that it was of the nature of direct statement of subjective experience akin to that of Maeterlinck and Emerson, but differing from Maeterlinck in its wonderful clarity, and from Emerson in its equally wonderful simplicity. It seemed to move at an altitude far above all derivation, and with a sense of finding in the history of religion, philosophy and literature a gratifying, but hardly essential, corroboration; not a source or a justification. This was not, of course, felt as a pose or a conscious quality, but rather as the concomitant of spiritual authenticity that is at home in all lands and new in all ages.

I did not see "Gitanjali" in print until Macmillan's edition came out. Then it came upon me in a crowded tramcar in one of the dirtiest and most odoriferous districts of Liverpool. I had put the book in my pocket to while away a forty-five minutes' tram journey by mean streets among a crowd consisting of tired women and squirming babies, interspersed

with the silk hat of suburban respectability going to evening church, and the sharp odour of alcohol from labour off duty and having "a good time." I had to hang on to a strap by one hand—my seat having gone to a lady—but I had taken the precaution to cut my "Gitanjali," and so it was not difficult to hold it, and turn the pages when required.

I learned then the meaning of a "joyride," and I fancy my fellow-passengers felt something of its radiation, for I *had* to pass the book to my companion to share the glow of re-discovery which showed itself in brightened eyes and heightened colour as France and a chanting poet's voice built themselves in the midst of the drabness and stench of our physical environment, and the eye gave confirmation to the ear in hailing the wonderful new thing in poetry,—a voice that had no need to speak of truth, or of beauty, since it was itself beauty and truth.

One might, I suppose, rest satisfied with the exalted pleasure of such experiences, but after all, they are somewhat of the nature of refined sensuality unless they touch some deeper level of one's being than the exclusively aesthetic in thought or feeling. Their influence must be

ephemeral unless one's own consciousness supplies the medium of fixation, and this can only be done by thinking around the aesthetic impacts, finding their inter-relationships, and their relationships with the great facts and intuitions of life. Very possibly Tagore would resist any attempt to systematise him, and quite rightly, for he is not a system but a life. At the same time, since he is a life, an organism of spirit, he must preserve a symmetry and coherence in his parts. Every line, every thought in his writings, hangs upon every other, and it is in the discovery of the "hang of them" that those outside himself can put their image of him in their shrine, the *Bhoga murti* to which they can present the offerings of thought that would wither under the eye of the very-God. The mind is, as a scripture says, the slayer of the real, but it is also the path to the real for those on the hither side of inspiration. In creation, the artist may, nay must, overleap the mind; in understanding, *we* cannot.

That is my excuse, if not my justification, for having found in "Gitanjali" a series of poems which, organically, though not chronologically, present a coherent view of the life

of humanity and its relationship with the universe, and which may, I think, be regarded as Tagore's message to the world. In reading any new poet, I instinctively search for his *greatest* " word," that is, a declaration that has springing out of it the greatest range of branches and twigs of vision and thought. That attained, the rest of the poet's utterances put on an illuminating perspective.

Tagore's greatest thought is, I believe, his enunciation of the fundamental perfection within all things.

> Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—" Vain is this seeking ! Unbroken perfection is over all !"

One life works through all degrees of life.

> The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

Thus the visible creation is not merely symbolised as, but actually is, the Body of God. The poet, therefore, always sees the Divine working through the human.

> When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on cloud, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints.

He sets up a personal relationship between himself and the Divine.

> Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me. The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.

He conducts his life through reliance on the Great Life of which his own is a part.

> My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

That Great Life is within conscious reach of every one; the fulfilment of its law is love:

> They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast; but I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

In this love there is no impoverishment:

> Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.
>
> No, I will never shut the doors of my senses.

> The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.
> Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.

Rather does such a love lead to purification of its members for sheer joy of making them fitter instruments to express the Great Life:

> Life of life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.
>
> And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

What distinguishes Tagore's expression of his vision from the expression of western poets is that his religion and philosophy are not departments of his work, but its "fundamental ether," its vital substance. His religion is without theology, though not without personality: his philosophy is without argument, though not without rationale. The outstanding quality that shows in every line of his poetry is *life*, but not the little span of sensation and lower thought that is the western connotation of the word amongst

minor poets and minor critics. His affinities in English literature are Herbert, and Vaughan, and Crashaw, and among living poets the seer-singer of the Irish renaissance, A E, and the highland and mystic singer, James L. MacBeth Bain; but while these are Tagore's spiritual kindred, he has as comrades the whole hierarchy of song; and one of the most fascinating speculations as to the future is the influence that Tagore will exert on English literature. He comes to it, not simply as a translation, but as a powerful original; post-Whitman in technique, that is, uniting the freedom of *vers libre* to literary architectonics. He has bettered the mechanics of the younger English poets, but he has done more: he has let loose a spirit of eclecticism in thought and phrase that will put an end to the fallacy of equating vulgarity with literary democracy, and that will materially help towards the accomplishment of the much-needed poetical Restoration.

THE PHILOSOPHER AS POET:

AUROBINDO GHOSE

THE poetry of Aurobindo Ghose is a meeting-place of Asiatic universalism and European classicalism. It is inspired by the philosophy of the Vedas: it is shaped and atmosphered like Greece, or the Greece that is dimly incarnate in English poetry. That is probably why—in view of the co-ordination that philosophy sets between outer and inner —Mr. Ghose, an Indian, writes in unimpeachable English, and is compelled by extraneous circumstances to write and publish his poems in French India. The French connection is not quite clear. It may be the nearest territorial approximation to Greece: from the literary point of view, Ghose and French modern lyrical fervour are not synonymous, though something of the large quietness of Hugo might be attributed to him.

What strikes one most in the poems of Mr. Ghose is the difference between his focal

point of poetical vision and that of all but a very small minority of writers of verse in English. Nothing is celebrated by him in song for its own sake. The poet's eyes perpetually go behind the thing visible to the thing essential, so that symbol and significance are always in a state of interfusion, and only on the rarest occasion, as in "Evening," does the significance precipitate itself as an obvious tag.

> A golden evening, when the thoughtful sun
> Rejects its usual pomp in going; trees
> That bend down to their green companion
> And fruitful mother, vaguely whispering—these
> And a wide silent sea.
> Such hour is nearest god,—
> Like rich old age when the long ways have all been trod.

For a companion to Mr. Ghose's double-sightedness, the glimpsing simultaneously of norm and form, we have to pass beyond the confines of Europe, and listen to the spiritual songs of A. E. The Irish poet has not the patience and expansiveness of his Aryan brother, but in heart and vision they are kindred. Mr. Ghose sings thus:

All music is only the sound of His laughter,
All beauty the smile of His passionate bliss;
Our lives are His heart-beats, our rapture the bridal
Of Radha and Krishna, our love is their kiss.

A. E sings:

We liken love to this and that, our thought
The echo of some deeper being seems.
We kiss because God once for beauty sought
Within a world of dreams.

Normally there is a high thinking quality in Mr. Ghose's poetry; we feel that it is the work of a man who will find salvation, not through song like a poet-philosopher, but through realisation that may or may not use verse as a means of expression. Mr. Ghose is apparently philosopher first; but his poetry is saved from being mere philosophical argumentation in verse by his good taste in image and phrase. When he escapes into pure sight and speech, he gives us a wholly delightful thing like "Revelation," which stands self-existent in its own authenticity and beauty.

Someone leaping from the rocks
Past me ran with wind-blown locks
Like a startled bright surmise
Visible to mortal eyes,—

Just a cheek of frightened rose
That with sudden beauty glows,
Just a footstep like the wind
And a hurried glance behind,
And then nothing,—as a thought
Escapes the mind ere it is caught.
Someone of the heavenly rout
From behind the veil ran out.

I would venture to suggest that in letting slip such beings from the unsullied Eden of his genius, Mr. Ghose gives something that will spoil our taste for more concrete and less living work. He cannot escape dignity and wisdom (though once he stumbles on tautology when he writes the line

Expunged, annihilated, blotted out) ;

but we could sometimes spare the dignity and wisdom when they come as an anti-climax, poor minted coin of the brain, like the long whipping of the European dead horse of materialism that somehow or other manages to come after the veritable alchemy of the imagination of the first four stanzas of "In the Moonlight."

If now must pause the bullock's jingling tune,
Here let it be beneath the dreaming trees
Supine and huge that hang upon the breeze,
Here in the wide eye of the silent moon.

How living a stillness reigns! The night's
hushed rule
All things obey but three, the slow wind's sigh
Among the leaves, the cricket's ceaseless cry,
The frog's harsh discord in the ringing pool.

Yet they but seem the silence to increase
And dreadful wideness of the inhuman night.
The whole hushed world immeasurable might
Be watching round this single point of peace.

So boundless is the darkness, and so rife
With thoughts of infinite reach, that it creates
A dangerous sense of space, and abrogates
The wholesome littleness of human life.

That, despite a couple of well-worn rhymes, is superlative. We look towards its author for more and more of its kin.

POET AND OCCULTIST:

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE existence in Ireland, for some time past, of a marked outburst of creative literary activity in the English tongue has become a matter of common knowledge and common joy amongst those who follow the movements of the Spirit towards the regeneration of humanity through the sensitive instruments of the arts. At the head of the modern Irish literary revival, by universal consent, stands the poet, William Butler Yeats.

To understand his position in the long and brilliant hierarchy of bards of the Western Celts, it is necessary to remember that while to Yeats was given the office of restoring to Irish poetry the joy of the artist and craftsman, which was characteristic of the work of the bardic order many centuries before, the actual headwaters of the subsequent stream of modern Irish poetry were somewhat further

back. Mr. Yeats has himself indicated them in his lines "To Ireland in the Coming Times."

Know that I would accounted be
True brother of that company
Who sang, to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
Ballad and story, rann and song.

. . . . . .

Nor may I less be counted one
With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,
Because, to him who ponders well,
My rhymes more than their rhymings tell
Of the dim wisdoms old and deep
That God gives unto man in sleep.

The three poets with whom Yeats in these lines claims kinship in race and office, but with a difference of spirit, and an experience of the occult side of things that sets him in the company of the Druids, were born within a few years of one another. They sang for a while in chorus: but while Davis died in 1845 and Mangan in 1849 (the first as founder of a school of national poets who sang of the political freedom of Ireland, the second a solitary figure without a mate, and both in the heyday of life), Ferguson lived and wrote for almost half a century longer. He saw the passing of the political ballad, and hailed the coming of the

new school of artists in poetry. His own work, with its curious blend of archæology and song fused by love of his country, became an important factor in the early inspiration of Yeats; but the main operation of what the Gita calls the "qualities of nature," in calling out the genius of Yeats, came through the historical circumstances that drove Davis to revolt in political ballads, though the circumstances, carried forward forty years, drove Yeats to revolt also against the political ballad itself.

For seven centuries the genius of the Irish race, under the domination of an alien polity with which it had no spiritual affinity, had maintained a struggle for freedom in the things of the outer life, and flamed at last, in the movement led by Davis, into an emotion whose natural voice was the impassioned lyric. The death of Davis marked roughly the beginning of the era of parliamentary tactics which is not yet ended; the stirring adventure of frank revolt gave place to the furtive astuteness of the politician; and the poets took the turning at the crossroads towards re-creating the veritable Ireland, while the politicians wandered into the slums of

party intrigue. It was during this era that Sir Samuel Ferguson pursued his studies in Irish archæology, and pointed the way for the re-creation of the ancient Irish world in poetry.

Then the herald of conflict appeared once more, not with the thunderings of social upheaval, not with the lightnings of inexpressible emotion, but with the calm and assurance of a self-realized spirit whose finger is on the secret of the power that makes and unmakes universes. Claiming for himself the fullest freedom of spirit, Yeats once again voiced the genius of revolt, this time with a deeper, subtler power. He spoke for the soul of man, and so for Ireland and for the world. He pondered, and laid aside, the popular form of poetry of half a century before; but the method which he ultimately perfected was the sublimation of the technique of the bardic schools of Ireland before the Norman conquest, with its eye for the significance of details in nature (a millenium before Wordsworth brought Nature into English poetry) and its ear for a music within the music; and the thought-stuff which he mixed into the incomparable lyrics of his early period was his ancestral heritage from his Druidical fore-

fathers, with their insight into the laws of the inner life, and their recognition of the fundamental unity of Nature, Humanity and Divinity.

His poem from which I have already quoted his literary ancestry discloses him as occultist in his knowledge of the finer forces and entities of nature, and as mystic in his interpretation of himself and the universe:

For the elemental beings go
About my table to and fro.
In flood and fire, and clay and wind,
They huddle from man's pondering mind;
But he who treads in austere ways
May surely meet their ancient gaze.
.....From our birthday until we die
Is but the winking of an eye;
And we, our singing and our love,
The mariners of night above,
And all the wizard things that go
About my table to and fro,
Are passing on to where may be,
In Truth's consuming ecstasy,
No room for love and dream at all,
For God goes by with while foot-fall.

"The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland" is a beautiful rendering of the first stages

of life after death. "The Old Age of Queen Maeve" tells of a Great One speaking through a king in trance.

It is this widening of knowledge and deepening of thought that sent Yeats far beyond the Davis era of Irish poetry. His acquaintance with the founder of the Theosophical movement could not but make a profound impression on one whose natural bent towards the occult was reinforced by the knowledge and tradition of his race. It was quite natural for him to turn up at the foundation meeting of the Dublin Section of the Society for Psychical Research; and in subsequent private investigations, in which I had the privilege of accompanying him, I have observed his immense knowledge of the whole range of theoretical and practical occultism. The fairies to Yeats are no figures of speech, useful to give a verse an Irish flavour, like the harp and shamrock; they are realities, that is, living things of his imagination (whether objective actualities or not makes no matter,) not cold abstractions or conventions. They

> .....the embattled, flaming multitude,
> That rise, wing above wing, flame above flame,
> And like a storm cry the Ineffable name,

stratify his world beneath and above the earth's crust and its ponderable inhabitants; and they, and all they stand for, give a richness and complexity to the background of his thought that demands for its expression something more than a formula or a statement of fact, something organic and vital, something that is one with the universal Creative Energy. It was this necessity that drove the first poets of the dawn into myth, and drove Yeats into "The Wanderings of Usheen," with which he commenced his career in 1889. "Myth," he once said to me, "is vision in action;" and the supreme end of the poet with vision in either the creation of myth that embodies his idea of the Divine Idea, or the reverent and joyful interpretation of God's Myth, the Universe.

To this august office Yeats has dedicated his life. Like his frugal and intensive contemporary in song, A. E., he tunes his reed to beauty, and not so much to the celebration of beautiful things as to the disclosure of the ideal Beauty from which—as the Platonists and Emerson also declared—beautiful things take their quality. But while "the Beauty of

all beauty" is to A. E. self-existent and now, it is to Yeats a process. He sees

> In all poor foolish things that live a day,
> Eternal Beauty wandering on her way,

and he endeavours to make his poetry a way for her feet. So A. E. says his say in great little poems that come as near being poetry without language as Scriabine's Prelude in G is near being music without sound; but Yeats is never satisfied, and is always willing to make alterations that may improve his poems. In his plays, this habit of alteration has made many layers of memory in the minds of the actors. I remember glorying in certain lines at the very earliest rehearsals of "The Shadowy Waters," in which I had a small part; but the printed version is to me much the poorer because those lines do not appear.

The whole purpose and method of Yeats are expressed in these two verses:—

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn and old.
>
> The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart.
>
> The heavy steps of the ploughman splashing the wintry mould,
>
> Are wronging your image, that blossoms, a rose in the deeps of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told.

I hunger to build them anew, and sit on a green knoll apart,

With the earth and the sky and the water remade, like a casket of gold

For my dream of your image, that blossoms, a rose in the deeps of my heart.

That is the cry of the artist who is something more than artist only; it is one in spirit with the immortal "shattering" stanza of Omar. It shows the artist, also, deeply concerned with his work; he knows that he can only apprehend and impart the elusive Beauty by means of his own dream. The birds in the old Irish myth, that hovered about Angus the Young, were white, but they took the colour of whatsoever they lighted upon; and Yeats has spiritual wisdom to know that the white light of ultimate truth must suffer the stain of his own genius, and in his effort to make that stain as fine as the exigencies of his art will permit, he has risen above the limitations of personality, and become in literature the type and supreme expression of his race.

In the qualities by virtue of which he has taken his place in the front rank of singers in

the English tongue—an exquisitely delicate music, intense imaginative conviction, intimacy with natural and supernatural manifestations—Yeats is typically Irish. In the elements of intellectual virility, and of composition on the grand scale,—lacking which, he just falls short of absolute greatness, according to Western standards,—he is also typically Irish; for we look in vain through the literature of Ireland, Gaelic or Anglo-Irish, for any outstanding expression of that concrete mind whose power of objectivity, whose architectural grasp and appalling patience peopled the mediæval mind with devils from the Hell of Dante, and strewed Europe with magnificent cathedrals to the man-made and man-like Divinity of a lost revelation.

The genius of Ireland and of Yeats is vagrant and lyrical. In time it may acquire stability, and its earthly twin, solidity and extensiveness; though we may hold the faith that such gain might be at the expense of a quality of much higher spiritual value than mere bulk. To evolve an eternity of noble lines may be a mighty achievement of the mind; to put eternity into a single line, as Yeats has done, is the miracle of the spirit.

THE POET OF THE SPIRIT: A. E.

IN the previous chapter I referred to Mr. Yeats' "frugal and intensive contemporary in song, A. E." But A. E., being, like Yeats, a typical Celt, though in quite a different way, is not only frugal and intensive, but also prodigal and extensive. His work, as Yeats has said, is the nearest approach in literature to disembodied verse. Not many of his poems run on to a second page. He is a niggard in language (in poetry only, for in conversation he is a geyser, a foaming torrent, and a calm estuary laden with shipping for and from the ends of the earth). Yet the content of his poetry is among the most precious possessions of the soul. Lesser poets will scatter largesse of copper, with an occasional bit of silver as a special gift; but A. E. quietly outspends the lot with a little piece of pure gold. Out of a profound personal emotion or realisation he

throws into a line or a stanza some deep generalisation, some quivering flame of truth that evokes illumination in the darkest recesses of the reader's mind. In this respect he is a Seer in the truest sense of the term: that is, in the power to make others see. He is a Prophet, too, not only in definite utterance as to the future, but supremely in his gift of pressing into speech the fundamentals of life, whose roots are in the spirit, and whose leaves and flowers are in time and space; in which fundamentals we have the potentiality of history, if only we possess "that dangerous and superior faculty" attributed by Taine to Balzac, by which we may "discover in an isolated fact all its possibilities."

"A. E." is the pen-name, or, rather, the occult symbol indicating the immortal spirit who, in this life, as George W. Russell, a native of an ill-favoured manufacturing town in Ulster, edits the organ of agricultural co-operation in Ireland; paints pictures of the worlds visible and invisible; and distils into immortal lyrics the Wisdom and Beauty of the Infinite. His first slender volume, which came out quietly in Dublin twenty years ago, soon found hearers who recognised in the "still,

small voice" of the unknown poet something more potent and lasting than the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of the poetry of the time. "Homeward, Songs by the Way" was followed by "The Earth Breath" and "The Divine Vision;" and in 1913 the whole poetical work of A. E. was brought out by Macmillan in one volume.

Like his illustrious contemporary, Yeats, A. E. was drawn into the dramatic side of the Irish renaissance some fifteen years ago, but "Deirdre"—one of the first plays of the movement to be presented by native actors, of whom the writer was one—remains A. E.'s sole contribution. Its delicate beauty and its spiritual significance were too tenuous for the ordinary stage; and as A. E. had no mind save for the expression of moods and experiences of the inner life, he stood apart from the hurly-burly of the theatre. Yeats, on the other hand, with perhaps a great renunciation, gave himself for almost twenty precious years to the building of a National Theatre. The disparity between his natural genius and the needs of the stage provoked in Yeats—unlike A. E.—a determined effort to achieve something like physical strength. The result was, however, not a

general infusion of power through his later dramatic work, but the appearance of unassimilated lumps of strength which collide ungraciously with the evocations of his truer moments.

The fact is that the genius of these essentially lyrical poets is out of place on the stage. Lyrical drama or dramatic lyric, as forms of expression, are amongst the mongrels of the Arts. They have their place, but it is not in the company of the distinctive species of either the pure lyric or pure drama. To the drama belongs the office of presenting a transcript of the limitations and passions of humanity. By its nature it is predominantly analytical and derivative. It holds "as 'twere a mirror up to nature;" but it is only a mirror, in which we view "as in a glass darkly" the shadows and superficies of things. But poetry, and supremely lyrical poetry, springs with a challenge and revelation from the inner planes of being: it utters reality, and the unworthy things of life quail at its glance: it holds, not a mirror up to nature, but nature up to a mirror. To both drama and poetry belongs the seeing eye, inasmuch as both deal with life itself, and not merely with the spectacle of life in the

descriptive sense; but the dramatic eye is that of the observer, the poetic eye that of the seer. So, too, in their common power to move, we are conscious of the fingers of the dramatist among our nerves, but of the cry of the poet at an inner ear. If the poet wishes to catch the ear of the time, let him turn dramatist; if the dramatist has a wish to linger in the ear of all time, let him turn poet. Shakespeare the dramatist may preserve a dusty and reverent immortality in the libraries; but Shakespeare the *poet* has not had to die in order to become immortal: he lives in line and speech that are as buoys to the monstrous net of his life's work, which otherwise might sink in the ocean of forgetfulness.

It is impossible to dogmatise as to the rightness or wrongness of the path taken by the artist. His nearness to the creative sources of things gives us an assurance of spiritual necessity, howsoever his diversions may wander from the way in which we would have him travel. We may philosophically cover up a secret sense of disappointment that Yeats the poet was for a period smothered by Yeats the dramatist; but our sense of the rightness of things may have free rein in

gratification that A. E. remains A. E., the most purely spiritual poet in the English language until the advent of Tagore, by which I mean that his work is almost solely concerned with the life of the spirit both in the body and out of the body. Its technique is refined to such a simplicity of word and phrase, and suffused with such a luminosity from somewhere behind the region of thought, that we feel as if we might draw the film of speech aside, and gaze on naked Truth. Lacking this power, we are thrown back on the process of following out the intellectual forms in which his vision has clothed itself, and which is unified in a philosophy of life.

The philosophy of A. E.—I pause to make due recognition of the fact that in Ireland, as elsewhere, it is held by some that a poet is no poet if he has so dull a thing as a philosophy about him. I can well imagine A. E. as artist protesting against A. E. as philosopher. I heard him once at his fireside denounce the holding of preconceived notions on the subject of the arts. A lady artist broke in, saying: "What a lot of nonsense you sometimes talk, George. You prove to us how wrong it is to have artistic theories; and you do so by a

whole series of theories of your own!" The humourist smiled through the kind eyes of the poet, and the subject was changed.

The keynote of A. E.'s philosophy, as of that of Tagore and Emerson, is unity. With Emerson he has a deep sympathy with eastern thought, but with the difference that A. E. possesses a direct, rather than a reasoned or derivative, knowledge of the hidden side of things. He is not an occultist like Yeats, but a natural-born seer, a pure clairvoyant. He sees the universe, like Tagore, as not merely the creation of God, but the very being of God, and to him the earth's meanest sod

> Is thrilled with fires of hidden day,
> And haunted by all mystery.

Between the source of things and the things themselves there is a great gulf; but it is not fixed. By the process mystically called the Fall in Christian theology, supreme Deity chose to pass from abstract freedom into limitation and relativity. By the process mystically called Redemption, man is working his way back to recognition of and union with his true source.

This is A.E.'s whole evangel. Janus-like, it "looks before and after;" now contemplating

the urge outwards of the human spirit, and marking

> .....how desire, which cast them in the deep,
> Called God too from his sleep;

now meditating on the backward, which is the true forward, trend of mankind

> In age-long wandering to the Truth
> Through many a cycle's ebb and flow.

In these processes, and between their extremes, lies all the art of AE; and since he is mainly preoccupied with the "homeward" process, his art is not that of the artist pure and simple, with its mental arrogance and cruelty, but of the seer and the sayer who uses the things of art for the purpose of the spirit. He is, in the noblest sense of the term, a man with a message. He knows himself as "the sole poet of my generation who has never written a single poem which did not try to express a spiritual mood." Yet his message is primarily to himself, and only concerned with others for the simple philosophical reason that the others and himself are one. In the innermost of his being he knows himself as one with all souls; and, addressing his inner self, he sets out in a line the ulterior motive of

his art, and its differentiation from the art of the poet who is exclusively a poet:

.....some there be
Seek thee only for a song ;
I, to lose myself in thee.

This absorption of the lower into the higher is, in art, the parallel of the inevitable process whereby (to use the technical phraseology of philosophy) the microcosm seeks, or is driven, to merge itself into God the Macrocosm. To the eye and ear of the mystic, and so to AE, the universe is one vast invitation from the Eternal Spirit to the spirit in the bonds of manifestation. Thus he sings:

Out of the vast the voice of one replies
Whose words are clouds and stars, and night and day,
When for the light the anguished spirit cries
Deep in its house of clay.

In the conception of the unity of all things in the Divine, which comes by unbroken inheritance from the ancient makers of the Celtic myth-stories to this supreme Celt (albeit he himself repudiates the boundaries of race and country), we have perhaps the master-key

to the trait in Irish character which the uninformed call fatalistic, but which the informed know to be an intuitive apprehension of the One Will in the cosmos working out its own beneficent end, which end is also the end of each personal will, whether it be acquiescent or perverse. Of that Will, AE sings:

> Like winds or waters were her ways:
> They heed not immemorial cries;
> They move to their high destinies
> Beyond the little voice that prays.

But it is necessary to round off his thought with the remembrance of other lines that fill the cold gap between the "little voice" and the "winds or waters." There is no absolute aloofness between whole and part. They are one; but the terminology of relativity needs must be used: its correction and completion are found in diverse presentations. Elsewhere AE sees in things commonly regarded as offences, "errant rays . . . . at their roots divine." The Fall of Man is to him no cataclysm of sin, but a renunciation in ages back:

> Some bright one of old time laid his sceptre down,
> So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter truth.

He himself has an ear for "the little voice:" the love of one became the doorway to love of the many:

> We bade adieu to love the old;
> We heard another lover then,
> Whose forms are myriad and untold,
> Sigh to us from the hearts of men;

and AE, in complete identity with the "still sad music of humanity" that another compassionate poet heard, utters the admonition that displaces the compulsions of human laws and creeds and moral codes, since it sets the admonished with his face to the spiritual sun:

> We are, in our distant hope,
> One with all the great and wise;
> Comrade, do not turn or grope
> For some lesser light that dies.

To AE the fundamental Beauty, which is the first garment of the Divine Unity, is not—as Yeats figures it—a wanderer, but self-existent now. All things disclose it according to the measure of their possibility. Even the beloved of the human heart may not claim to be beautiful in her own right, but as an intermediary. "Let me," he says, "first kneel to the essential Beauty of which you are an ex-

pression, before I bow the knee to you in person; then,

I shall not on thy beauty rest,
But Beauty's ray in you."

He comes, therefore, the nearest of any poet in the English language to fulfilling Meredith's ideal of

The song seraphically free
From taint of personality,

not in the sense of hiding the personality behind objective subject-matter (a necessity to the dramatist, an impossibility to the lyrical poet), but by disclosing the fundamental impersonality that unifies the apparently divergent, and by seeking to merge the outer self with the Inner Self and the laws of its life.

It is this characteristic in the work of AE that has placed it, according to some critics, outside the traditional development of Irish literature, and also outside the pale of Christian literature. The fact, however, is that the distinctively Eastern attitude of AE's poetry is the Western axis of the great Aryan pole, and is no less distinctively Celtic than the spiritual monism of the old myth-makers of Ireland, or the philosophical unitarianism of

the Irish religious, John the Scot, at the court of the Gaulish King in the ninth century; and the non-Christian element is but an expression of "the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." In short, the poetry of AE being esoteric, touches all places and times, and moves likewise above time and place; and nowhere is this quality better shown than in such a poem as his "Ares," which appeared in *The Times* of April 5th, 1915, and in which the spirit of the Celt, the Greek, and the Vedantist unite to make one of the few war-poems worthy of the great name of Poetry.

It was only natural that a man with such a message, and with a benign accessibility, should soon find himself surrounded by some of the new order of enquiring souls that have come into Ireland. His home became a centre in the great awakening, and many and varied were the personalities that from time to time came into the Free Aristocracy of Intellect that organised itself under his genius; a peer of the realm with a penchant for dreaming in prose; an enthusiastic woman leader in extreme politics; a poor clerk interested in the stage; a lady who smoked cigarettes and talked

Fabian; a lean and silent youth who became a poet; and others equally individual.

I think it was the great simplicity of AE that drew so many diverse characters to him. I do not speak paradoxically, save in so far as truth is a paradox. I have met no man West or East who can talk with so much knowledge on such a variety of vital subjects as AE. His reading is monumental, and ranges from the most Eastern Scriptures to the most modern Western treatises on Butter-making and Egg-producing; and his memory is amazing. But his genius has sifted the details gathered by the active mind, seized essentials, and co-ordinated all to one simple consciousness of Divinity in every atom of the universe. However he may wander along different paths of thought, illuminating them in a manner peculiarly his own, he never loses himself, never gives the impression that he, the central self, is under the tyranny of his own thoughts. Life and consciousness are to AE much more than their images in creeds and systems; and for this reason, being bound only to his own spiritual experience, and to the convictions of unfettered thought and intuition, and having no vested interests, intellectual or

religious, he is ever ready to meet the questions of the simplest enquirer, and to give forth without stint to all.

In personality AE must be I imagine something like what Tennyson was, large, shaggy, strong, yet exceedingly fine in texture, and as gentle as his little hands. But there is a fire, a versatility, and a brilliant though kindly humour in AE that were foreign to the English poet. In spiritual vision—which he translates into exquisite pictures to cover his hospitable walls—he is true brother of Swedenborg and all the seers, and especially of the seer-poet-painter, William Blake. And, withal, he is a man of affairs. It was to him that Sir Horace Plunkett pointed when he said that the most practical man in the Irish Agricultural movement was a poet. In several years' wanderings through every town in Ireland, he talked economics to thousands of farmers, and inspired the organisation of creameries, poultry-runs and banks. Then a change in his society set him permanently in the editorial chair of "The Irish Homestead," which to-day stands at the head of all agricultural papers, and is read by hundreds of people who would not know to what groups

of the animal kingdom an Orpington or a Hereford belong, but who rejoice in philosophy, imagination, and wit in the service of toiling humanity.

The production of AE's beautiful play (in prose that is so lyrical that listeners think it is in lines), "Deirdre," was one of the earliest and most significant events in the movement that blossomed into the Abbey Theatre. It was rendered doubly so by having Yeats' ever-memorable "Kathleen ni Houlihan" produced along with it.

The Hermetic Society, with AE as its head, arose out of the crushing necessity to find more space for the increasing numbers who found their way to AE's home. It began to be a nuisance to have to sit on the edge of a table in close association with wet paintings and twisted tubes, or to crouch on the floor and get neck-ache looking up at the benevolent giant who hated "speaking" but smoked a plain wooden pipe and talked—talked—talked, sometimes of the fairies he had seen; then of the theory and practice of art; at other times of the modernity of the hoary Laotze whose complete writings he appeared to have committed to memory; occasionally, with

acute knowledge, of physical and psychical science · always with a fascination, a generosity, an impersonality, that sent us home in the small hours of the morning hungering for more of it and oftener.

The Society rented a small room in the city, furnished it with a few chairs, a small table, an oil lamp, and a couple of AE's visionary paintings; and it is still meeting, though now in finer rooms; and AE still talks to an "audience fit though few."

PART II
RECENT

A POET'S PASSING

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ONLY a couple of months had passed since Mr. John Lane, the well-known London publisher, brought out a new book, *Panama, and other Poems*, by Mr. Stephen Phillips, when the news came to India by cable that Stephen Phillips was dead.

Emerson in one of his essays tells us of the thrill of enlargement of life that he felt when at school it was announced that some one had written a poem. The birth of a new work of the spiritual imagination was to him a sign of the liberation of a great purifying force in the world. There is something not less arresting surely, in the bare fact that a poet has died. While he lived—and especially in the case of Stephen Phillips who was in the very hey-day of life as years go—there was always the chance that a new miracle of creative beauty

would be sprung upon us. Now, the last stroke has been given by the Hidden Sculptor to the marble of life's accomplishment, and the work stands in all the solemn hush of the ancient phrase, "It is finished."

That is to say, finished so far as the bodily vehicle of the poetry is concerned. To write *finis* to the life of a poet, or to the book of his writings, in the full sense of the word, is to say that he never lived. The end, with the poet, is in truth, but the beginning. Then the complete entity of his poetry starts out —to use in another sense one of Mr. Phillip's splendid lines—as a

Lonely antagonist of destiny,

to stand the trial of passing time, new manners of life, changing habits of speech, fresh passions and ideals, and to show whether beneath the trappings, there is something of the Divine spark which alone can make poetry, or anything else, immortal; or whether the memory of the poet will be covered by what Mr. Phillips has exquisitely called

The listless ripple of Oblivion.

The references to which I have recourse do not give the birth-date of Stephen Phillips; but reckoning from certain personal data, and

my memory of his playing the Ghost in *Hamlet*, in the touring company of his cousin, F. R. Benson, the famous Shakesperian actor, a little over twenty years ago, Mr. Phillips can hardly have been over fifty years of age. Such an age is, in the ordinary course of things, quite young; and much might still have come from the same source of inspiration as *Marpessa*. And yet, in thinking back over the quarter of a century during which I have followed his career, I can recall a growing sense of disappointment and anti-climax in the poetry that followed the first two splendours of *Marpessa* and *Christ in Hades*; and in his last volume, *Panama*, we get a feeling of mental fatigue, and are dimly conscious of the poet fumbling in obscurity to find his inner light, and only managing to repeat as mannerisms what were once adornments and discoveries.

It was, I think, the diversion of Phillips into poetical drama that prevented a continuance of what is now obviously his true work, intense narrative poetry. His experience as an actor had taught him the technique of the English stage, and an ambition to continue the Shakespeare tradition found, from the point of view of his poetry, an unfortunately ready means to

its fulfilment. His dramas, *Herod*, *Ulysses*, and others, were theatre successes, but they meant the thinning out and objectivising of the poet's genius, and he did not live long enough beyond the subsequent gradual failure of his dramatic power, and the falling away of his public, to get back to the exquisite concept and craftsmanship of his masterpieces.

It is on the two poems which I have mentioned that the fame of Stephen Phillips will ultimately rest. His plays are, of course, far above the average in dignity; and here and there, as in *Herod* and *Ulysses*, there are pieces of as fine writing as Mr. Phillips ever did. Amongst them, however, the nearest approach to the full achievement of good drama which is also pure literature, is probably *Paolo and Francesca*.

I can well remember the burst of enthusiasm that hailed the appearance of *Marpessa* in 1890. At once the great accent of poetry was caught, but on lips that gave it an individual quality. The burden of the poem is the choice of Marpessa between the god Apollo and a mortal youth, Idas, as to which will be her husband. The life of Marpessa, as Apollo sees it,

Has been
The history of a flower in the air,
Liable but to breezes and to time,
As rich and purposeless as is the rose :
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.

To her Apollo comes, and shows to her the transciency of life, and of human love, and her own ageing and death. Against this he contrasts what her life with him would be when he had kissed

Warm immortality into her lips,

and some deep insight tells him that, while the splendour of his life as the Sun-god may not win her, she may be found amenable on the side of her womanhood. Hence he discloses to her

More tender tasks, to steal upon the sea,
A long expected bliss to tossing men.
...Thou shalt persuade the harvest, and bring on
The deeper green ; or silently attend
The fiery funeral of foliage old,.....
Or lure into the air a face long sick.....
With slow sweet surgery restore the brain.

Then Idas speaks, and it is characteristic of the humanity of the poet that he puts his best into the mouth of the mortal.

I love thee, then,
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life.....
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods,
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of births for back, of lives in many stars.

I have put down, from memory retained from the first appearance of the book, the foregoing passage, perhaps the most frequently quoted in Mr. Phillips' writings, because it is an epitome of the qualities of his work, as valued in the West—the feeling for nature as decoration and as emotion, the suggestion of a spiritual life behind phenomena; I have put it

down also because of the example that it gives of the literary imagination of the West breaking, by stress of emotion, through the limitation of the single life, and finding rumours and hints of other lives—a matter which will appeal with force to those Indian lovers of literature, who are seeking for the fundamental spiritual unity through which the arts of East and West will find the way into each other's sympathy and understanding.

Marpessa weighs the diverse lives offered to her. The hollow splendours of the Sun-god she finds wanting. Then she adds:

> But if I live with Idas, then we two
> On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
> In odours of the open field, and live
> In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
> The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
> And he shall give me passionate children, not
> Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
> But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.

To the first ecstasies of love there will succeed:

> Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
> Durable from the daily dust of life.
> .....Last, we shall descend
> Into the natural ground—not without fears;.....

Still like old friends, glad to have met, and
leave
Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.
...When she had spoken, Idas with one cry
Held her, and there was silence; while the god
In anger disappeared. Then slowly they,
He looking downward, and she gazing up,
Into the evening green wandered away."

It was in 1896 that *Christ in Hades* was published. To the humanity of *Marpessa* it added a deeper note, and a firmer and stronger touch. In it appeared again the special suggestive handling of nature which Mr. Phillips made his own. I can best show this in a couple of examples: this from *Marpessa*:

'Twas the moment deep
When we are conscious of the secret dawn
Amidst the darkness that we feel is green.

Or this from *Christ in Hades*:

A wonderful stillness stopped her; like to trees
Motionless in an ecstasy of rain.

The new poem takes up the line in the Christian Creed, "He descended into Hell," and tells of the passing of Christ after his crucifixion through the place of departed spirits. He is first spoken to by the Queen of the Dead, who asks Him:

Hast thou not brought
Even a blossom with the noise of rain
And scent of earth about it, that we all
Might gather round and whisper over it?

But He passes through Hades in silence. Around Him the dead gather for some sign of the past life, or some hope for the future.

Upon his hands in uncouth gratitude
Great prisoners muttering fawned: behind them stood
Dreadful suspended business, and vast life
Pausing.

Phrases like "dreadful suspended business," with the world of suggestion in each separate word, mark the highest attainment of poetry in their appeal to the mind and the emotions, and in their music, that expresses in full vowels a subtle sound of resonant caverns underground, and yet is beautiful.

With splendid art the poet suggests the suspense of the dead as they waited for a word from the passing Christ: but no word came.

At last,
Waiting the signal that he could not give,
Wanting the one word that he might not speak,
Seeing he stirred not once, they wandered off,
And gathering into groups, yet spoke of him.

Then to despair slowly dispersed, as men
Return with morning to the accustomed task.
...The vault closed back, woe upon woe, the wheel
Revolved, the stone rebounded, for that time
Hades her interrupted life resumed.

In intellectual and spiritual content the work of Stephen Phillips falls far below that of many of the great English poets ; but a place is sure for him in the august assemblage of the immortals because he gave to English poetry a fresh beauty and music both in his masterpieces and in the lyrics that came from his pen.

A PROPHET OF DEMOCRACY:

EDWARD CARPENTER

THERE is something specially precious in the memory of a phrase that one finds after many days in all the majesty of print and covers. The printed word seems to give some subtle ratification to the remembered speech; at the same time the infusion of life by contact with the source, or by some link other than cold print, imparts a strange vitality to the utterance. I cannot imagine what the poetry of Tagore would be to me if I could read the printed page without the memory of the ceremonial voice and illuminating hand of Mr. Yeats as he chanted "Gitanjali" to me in the small hours of the morning in a home of the spirit and the arts in France before Tagore had become famous in western literature: compelling, no doubt, full of beauty and vision and perfect utterance—but different. The same shock of happy surprise came to me in familiar phrases in Edward Carpenter's

book, "The Healing of Nations," when it reached me in India, and carried me back to a garden in the Derbyshire dales in which I heard living words, straight from one of the world's master minds, words that are now set out in print to share the immortality of Ruskin for style, Carlyle for thought, and Carpenter himself for dreams that the future will translate into actuality.

When I first met Edward Carpenter, in his country home a few miles west of the great, ugly, but pleasantly environed city of Sheffield, the European war was a twelve month in the future. When I met him again, it was in full blast: yet it did not seem to make much difference. When one has spent the conscious part of a lifetime of seventy years in battling by tongue and pen against "Man's inhumanity to man"—and woman—a change of locality and objective in struggle does not count for much. Number and bulk, and the realization that comes from nearness in time and place, are effective to the rudimentary mind; but to the seer, who has power to call the distant near, and see the present as though it were the past, only principles matter. So it came about that while the war touched

the heart of the poet of democracy, it did not turn his head. Like his illustrious and equally venerable French contemporary, Anatole France, he sought for ways to be of service to wounded soldiers; but on the subject of warfare itself he was too well fixed in the truth that behind the phenomenon stands the vicious system that he has pilloried in his book, "Civilisation, its Cause and Cure," to become a mere echo of transitory passions, of new love for the old enemy France, or new hatred for the old ally Germany. His book, to which I have referred, is marked by the classic repose and detachment from partial allegiances, through which alone the conditions of the peace past understanding may be glimpsed.

But my mind goes back with greatest clarity to my first tramp across the hills to Holmesfield and down into the valley where the hamlet of Milthorpe lies in which the author of "Towards Democracy" built his plain but commodious home thirty years ago, and in which that literary embodiment of the thoughts and feelings of an intrinsically simple and therefore honest life grew up, less as a book by Edward Carpenter than as a spiritual comrade

who gathered up the essence of the poet's life, and left the accidents to perish with each day.

What struck me most vividly about him as he welcomed me on the doorstep among the lights and shades of trees and creeping plants, was a curious blend of youth and age. His hand had the tremble of many winters, but his eye had the steady clearness of eternal spring. I had figured him mentally from his writings, as four-square in general, and smooth of grain—that was the prose view—but cut irregularly with notches along the edges like a human ogham-stone—that was the view derived from the Whitmanic method of his poetry. I found him, instead, rather nearer the mathematical definition of a line: length without breadth; but the definition ends with the tall and slender physical frame: it has no equation with the spacious mind. His litheness and straightness were astonishing in one to whom the whole intellectual world of the West was about to do honour on his reaching the end of his seventieth year. When he sat down beside me on the sofa in his writing-room, to discuss the Irish literary movement, he tucked his legs up under him like an Indian. Later in the evening, in a neighbouring barn

where a club of country boys and girls met under Carpenter's presidency for social intercourse, and sometimes the performance of a play, the aged poet with the head and beard of Meredith led off a dance with a suffragette who had twice been in prison.

It is likely that Carpenter's flexibility of body, and some measure of his flexibility of mind as shown in his new book, arise from his simple and natural life. He refuses to be branded a "vegetarian on principle," since many of the things that people regard as principles are only infirm props of self-righteousness. He is a vegetarian because he—the whole man physical and psychical—prefers the colours, odours and atmosphere of nuts, fruits, cereals and vegetables to decaying flesh. He will set no rules and regulations round himself or anyone else. Conduct, to earn his admiration, must be the natural expression of the inner life. For this reason he himself had resigned collegiate honours and a career in the church, and taken to market-gardening as a means to diminishing the enforced economic dependence of people on one another.

This is one of the keys to his life. It

explains his socialism and his feminism, and lifts his work above the narrow, and at present necessary, sectarianism of any aggressive reform. He would set every soul free to achieve its own destiny, with just enough sympathetic guidance to keep it from injury to or by itself or others. It is in full freedom that he sees the condition of human progress and the possibility of attainment of a social poise that is not only stable but fluidic and adaptable. He regards the notion that force is the final assurance of social order, as a crass stupidity fostered by a dominant parasitic class. To Carpenter, force is not a safeguard, but a menace; and he would not merely suppress its immediate expression, but would annihilate its instruments of armed organisations, and extirpate its roots in a slave class or sex which is driven by a class or sex that is itself enslaved by the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life. Yet, deeper than this his vision goes, as we shall see.

In Edward Carpenter the claims of modern feminism in its more spiritual connotation found a natural sympathiser. He is one of those in whom the sexes seem to meet as equals. He was denied the marriage associa-

tion which, in the majority of human beings, accentuates the sex differences between men and women. In common phraseology, the female celibate is apt to develop masculinity, and the male celibate to become old-maidish. The observation touches a truth of human psychology. The exigencies of life call for a co-operation of faculties that are normally the separate possession of either sex—predominantly, but not exclusively. Where such co-operation is not available exteriorly, some effort towards interior development of its missing constituent will be made. Carpenter has all the feeling of womanhood, even of motherhood; and if it is old-maidish to rise at 7.30 and brush out his room and clean the doorstep, he is an old maid, and the world would be the better for more of her. The supreme purpose of his work is the mother-aim of moulding life beneficently, and not life in its forms only, be they ever so admirable, but in its spiritual essence.

Literature and the arts are the hand-maids of the soul, and being so, cannot be too worthy; but they are not the soul itself. The Kingdom of Heaven within must first be sought, and all things else will fall into their natural place.

That was why, as we climbed the steep road back from Milthorpe to Holmesfield, when the tall, limber, handsome old gentleman in knickerbockers, with the slight professorial air, carried my bag, there was nothing of pose or condescension in the act, but just the natural sharing of burdens between an elder brother and a younger.

Edward Carpenter is perhaps most widely known through his writings on sociological subjects and through certain frank and illuminating books on human relationship. His "Adam's Peak to Elephanta" is treasure-trove to those who love the philosophy of India, and would fain see something of her life through sympathetic eyes. But it is in his monumental poem, "Towards Democracy," that the quintessence of the poet's revelation is contained.

Here Edward Carpenter will be found as radically different from other exponents of the doctrine of human freedom, which is the aim of his life work; different from passionate claimants for a burning necessity, like Shelley, or patient, almost cold-blooded, trackers of the footsteps of Freedom along the chill hilltops of logic, like John Stuart Mill; different even

from Whitman with whom he shares much in common. He is not a man in search of freedom: he is a man who has *found* freedom, or, to be accurate, the maximum of freedom that can be conceived as possible in a relative world of interdependent beings.

In his young manhood he felt the pinch of enforced obligation on the material and intellectual degrees of a sensitive and unusually honest nature. He made a bid for freedom by renouncing a career in one of the freest of the churches, and by taking up market gardening as a contribution to the productivity that he saw to be essential to truly prosperous national life. The rest of his life has been a consolidation of his position in front of the Capitalist Spirit which he regards as the arch-enemy to human Freedom.

It is this latter conviction that has led to a somewhat narrow interpretation of his great life-work, *Towards Democracy*, on the part of those who have never undertaken the spiritual discipline of reading it. Their idea of democracy is restricted to economics, whereas Carpenter's Democracy is a spiritual comradeship that includes economics, as it also includes the arts. Moreover, there is a notion that an

interest in economics connotes a somewhat arid and sharp propagandism; whereas to Carpenter, there is only one form of propaganda, that is, life—but it may include, as a legitimate function, not as an obsession, some indulgence in missionary enthusiasm. That is the note of his life and work; and it adds immensely to their value to know that his utterances on the subject of Freedom are not echoes from other minds, or questionable conclusions from partial premises, but the free expression of his own soul.

The veil between the man and his work is of the thinnest material. This is set out in his reply to an address on his seventieth birthday on the 1st of September, 1914, a copy of which I have the honour to possess as one of the signatories to the address. He says:

> I have sometimes been accused of taking to a rather plain and Bohemian kind of life, of associating with manual workers, of speaking at street-corners, of growing fruit, making sandals, writing verses, or what not, at great cost to my own comfort and with some ulterior or artificial purpose—as of reforming the world. But I can safely say that in any such case I have done the thing primarily and simply because of the joy I had in doing it, and

> to please myself. If the world or any part of it should in consequence insist on being reformed, that is not my fault. And this perhaps after all is a good general rule: namely that people should endeavour (more than they do) to express or liberate their *own* real or deep-rooted needs and feelings. Then in doing so they will probably liberate and aid the expression of the lives of thousands of others. . .

I do not think that Carpenter with his scrupulous sense of word-values, used the word "endeavour" in the foregoing in a haphazard way. I am quite sure, from what I know of the man, that in it he implied a recognition of the fact that the endeavour was about as far as the bulk of the British people could get. Hence there is no dogma about his utterance. He is quite clear that his way is the right way; but he recognises that his entry to it was aided by circumstances that others could not command, and he has given of his substance, his energy, his thought, to modify the social structure in such wise that all men and women will find freedom from the tyranny of artificial inessentials that form the bulk of the monstrous caricature of life in Europe.

Early in his life—at sixteen he tells us—he

suddenly became aware of the futility of most of what was called "life." He also saw that that futility was achieved at the expense of the whole community, to the deprivation of

> the free sufficing life—sweet comradeship, few needs and common pleasures—the needless endless burdens all cast aside. . . . the simple need and hunger of the human heart.

He sought and found that free comradeship, and out of it gave his great songs of a soul's discovery, with their swift glances into the heart of the mystery of things that are so melted into the imagery of the poet and the long vistas of the prophet that one looks in vain for phrases that may be taken from their vital association without destruction.

Short quotation from "Towards Democracy" is difficult, and long quotation is impossible. Readers are recommended to study the following poems in the order named: "After Civilization," "The Word Democracy," "In a Manufacturing Town," "The Curse of Property," "The Meaning of it All," "These Populations," "Underneath and After all," "I Behold well-pleased," "The Elder Soldier." These are key-poems, and their sequence

follows the line of presentation of Carpenter's thought as laid down in this chapter.

Out of the wealth of idea, reference, pictures of nature, unflinching details of life, one central theme emerges, the theme of Liberty: not a little transient expansion of permission to sate the senses on things forbidden, or gaze timidly on Kings and Queens; but the stripping away ruthlessly of all fripperies that smother the free play of soul or body, and hide the vision of the Eternal that follows full self-realisation. Edward Carpenter is no mere ethical thinker: he is a spiritual seer. He is not a mere improver of human conditions: he is a preparer of the Way of the Lord, and that way is Freedom:

> There—in the region of equality, in the world of Freedom no longer limited, standing on a lofty peak in heaven above the clouds,
>
> From below hidden. Yet to all who pass into that region most clearly visible—
>
> He the Eternal appeared.

And how shall we find the way? The answer is the world-old one, so familiar to those who have touched the Wisdom of the East:

> As when one shuts a door after long confinement

in the house—so out of your own plans and purposes escaping,

Out of the mirror-lined chambers of self (grand though they be, but O how dreary!) in which you have hitherto spent your life—. . .

To pass in and out forever, having abandoned your own objects, looking calmly upon them, as though they did not exist.

Elsewhere he sings of the Curse of Property that shuts people out from what they possess; and again he sings of Love as the only true Property-holder:

Seek not the end of Love in this act or that act —lest indeed it become the end. But seek this act and that act and thousands of acts whose end is love—

So shalt thou at last create that which thou now desirest;

And then when these are all past and gone there shall remain to thee a great and immortal possession, which no man can take away.

It is his life-ideal of Freedom that is the shaping influence in Edward Carpenter's book with the felicitous title *The Healing of Nations* already referred to. With characteristic patience and fairness he sifts down through the immediate causes of the conflict in Europe,

and through the more remote influences behind the causes. Commercial greed he sees as the tap-root:

> And this, equally evidently, springs out of the innumerable greed of *individuals* . . . the desire of private persons to get rich quick at all costs, to make their gains out of others' losses . . . And these unworthy motives and inhuman characteristics again spring obviously out of the mean and materialistic ideals of life which still have sway among us. . . .

What a different tale of the earth would have to be told if, instead of the tyranny of selfishness, that is the foe to personal and corporate freedom, everyone of us thought and lived in the spirit of this Grand Old Man, who replied in the following terms to those who did him honour on his seventieth birthday:

> . . . The lives of all of us are so built and founded one on the work of another that it is impossible to assign any credit to one whose name happens to be known, which is not equally due to the thousands or millions of nameless and unknown ones who really have contributed to his work.

That is the note of the great soul free from the tyranny of the personality. It is echoed and re-echoed throughout his latest book, "My Days and Dreams—Autobiographical

Notes." In this, probably his last volume of any special size, there is no suspicion that Carpenter's recording of his life is due to any sense of having carried to a successful stage the process sung of by Longfellow of making our lives sublime. It is, indeed, his doctrine that any attempt to manufacture sublimity would most likely only achieve ridiculousness, certainly self-righteousness. Hence his record is not that of deliberate effort towards personal sublimation, but simply of a life *lived*.

The sense of *average* in the work of Carpenter, the absence on the one hand of vulgarity and on the other of ecstasy, is seen in his life's record to be the natural expression of his temperament; and it reduces the incidents of a long career from the level of drama to that of narrative. The glimpse, for example of the psychic realm which Mr. Carpenter has enjoyed, would have given a more exaggerated nature material for much writing. His decision to renounce his academical career, which promised him position and wealth, but at the expense of sincerity and honesty in thought, came to him in a Paris train as a direct voice from the inner worlds. When at last he settled down to

the "simplification of life" in a country village, and had exchanged the company of Augustine Birrell, Fawcett, George Darwin, and other co-Fellows of Cambridge, for the hearty good-fellowship of artizans and farmers, he was haunted by an image, "a vision within me, of something like the bulb and bud, with long green blades, of a huge hyacinth just appearing above the ground. I knew that it represented vigour and abounding life. But now I seem to see that, in the strange emblematic way in which the Soul sometimes speaks, this image may have been a sign of the fact that my life had really at least taken root."

These "supernormal" experiences, the hearing of voices and the seeing of visions, take their place quite naturally in the orderly evolution of Mr. Carpenter's genius, with little or no emphasis, but with the impartation of some slight and continuing tint to the atmosphere of his life. In others they would have given a start to self-development along special lines: in Mr. Carpenter's case they beckoned him towards a truth that he has not yet reached in its fulness, taking him to India *en route*.

India, indeed, has had a quite large share in the life of Edward Carpenter. Close readers of his personal revelation in "Towards Democracy" have noticed its points of mental affinity with the "Bhagavat Gita." Now we learn from the autobiographical notes that the 'Gita' was one of two events that united to bring into being one of the greatest modern influences in English literature: the other event was the death of his mother. Of the latter he says:—

> .....We were bound by a strong invisible tie. For months, even years, after her death, I seemed to feel her, even see her, close to me—always figuring as a semi-luminous presence, very real, but faint in outline, larger than mortal.....Her death at this moment exercised perhaps a great etherealising influence on my mind, exhaling the great mass of feelings, intuitions, conceptions, and views of life and the world which had formed within me, into another sphere.

Then came his illumination:

> The 'Bhagavat Gita' about the same time falling into my hands gave me a keynote. And all at once I found myself in touch with a mood of exaltation and inspiration—a kind of super-consciousness—which passed all that I had experienced

before, and which immediately harmonised all those other feelings, giving to them their place, their meaning, and their outlet in expression. And so it was that 'Towards Democracy' came to birth.

He had received the "Gita" from his "almost life-long friend Arunachalam," whom he first came in contact with when the latter was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and who became finally a member of the Ceylon Legislative Council. In 1890, on the invitation of Mr. Arunachalam, Mr. Carpenter paid the visit to Ceylon and India which he has recorded in his fascinating book "Adam's Peak to Elephanta." "This visit to the East in some sense completed the circle of my experiences," he says. It brought him into living contact with Eastern thought and experience through a Gnana Yogi, and, as he puts it, "concatenated" his work—and to some extent, the work of that extreme Westerner, Walt Whitman—with the Eastern tradition.

Thus Edward Carpenter in his life, as in his deepest expression of it in "Towards Democracy," comes before us not as the critic of contemporary error and abuse or as the polite essayist on music and art, but as the prophet of democracy.

But why *prophet?* Is not this the age of representative institutions, at least in "civilised" countries, and notwithstanding their temporary suspension in war time? The question touches the very pith and marrow of Carpenter's message. His democracy can be no little economic formula, no method of "one man one vote," or "pool and divide," for his vision is *towards*, and that means infinity: the foot of the imagination is set lightly on the present, but is springing always towards the future. To such a mind there can be no halting-places in systems or creeds. Humanly speaking his thought is without objective; for with every phase of advance there is, in his conception, a spiritualizing of form into higher and purer degrees; the human consciousness is exalted until "the voice of the people is the voice of God," not in the lower democratic sense of binding Divinity to the human limitation, but in the sense of the Higher Democracy of Carpenter which is inspired by the vision of a humanity so purged of self by love that in its units and groups it expresses the abstract beauty and truth, justice and freedom of the spiritual whole.

Such vision could never be the vaporous

imagining of a mind out of touch with life. Carpenter has lived, laboured, and travelled. He has touched "reality," but he has had the good fortune to possess a centre of calm in which to perform the balancing and distilling process that distinguishes the judgment of the thoughtful from the shifty findings of those who are mainly under the domination of the automatic mind. The artist, to get a true perspective, must step back out of the range of the detail of his picture; the thinker must get beyond reach of the things that provoke his thoughts if he would comprehend their full significance. This is the process through which Carpenter's genius has expressed itself. It oscillates between detail and generalization. It dips down into the evidence of the senses: it withdraws and transmutes the sense of the evidence into vision.

His vision is, therefore, related to life. It is, in the best meaning of the term, modern, for it sees with the evolutionary eye the stupendous process of development along the surface of life; and it sees also with the inner eye the accumulation of faculty and consciousness that lifts thought from degree to degree towards a divine culmination. Carpenter's

vision is not over the head of to-day, but through it. His revolt is only against civilization in so far as its elements of selfishness and ugliness are barriers to the expression of the ideal harmony which is somewhere concealed in the totality of things, and involved protentially in every atom of diversity.

In short, the democracy of Edward Carpenter is no other than the spiritual goal of every mystic from Siddhartha and his precursors to James Macbeth Bain and his contemporaries, not excluding Mirabai and Teresa, Catherine and their sisters; union of outer and inner: but the mysticism of Carpenter is of a more integral and less remote order, and the more dangerous to things as they are because its altar light is no shaded glimmer, but a naked flame among the wood, hay, stubble of the world.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GEORGE MEREDITH'S POETRY

GEORGE MEREDITH is one of the very few great writers in English who have attained the distinction of obscuring themselves. He is essentially and supremely a poet, yet his poetry, great in bulk and substance, has been held from wide recognition by the brilliance and mass of his contribution to fiction. He himself declared that he wrote novels so as to be able to afford to write poetry; in other words, he regarded story-writing as his profession, and poetry as his natural vocation. It happened, however, that he belonged to, indeed was hailed by another great writer in both poetry and prose, "Fiona Macleod," as, the Chief of, the Celtic race; and so fully did he share in the racial trait of enthusiasm and absorption, that only an eye as acute as his own could tell the difference between his "pot-boilers" and works of compelling and spontaneous genius.

The fact is, there is no difference. Meredith being a Celt could not help being fully himself in all he wrote. What distinguishes his poetry from his prose is inherent in the art of poetry, that provides him with a vehicle capable of expressing his deeper personal vision and emotion more adequately than prose; more adequately, that is, in the sense of concentrated suggestiveness that touches the deeper and the higher regions of the mind as well as the work-a-day level. What I mean may be seen—to take a single typical example—in his use of such a word as "seraphically." We can imagine a western novelist writing of a woman singing "seraphically," and we feel that the word has been dragged down from its first estate around the Throne of God to the degradation of serving the purposes of erotic fancy. Now see Meredith's use of it in a passage in "The Lark Ascending:"

Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink.
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note

Of truthful in a tuneful throat;
The song seraphically free
From taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns,
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Here the word "seraphically" is lifted in the soaring imagination of the poet towards its original place as indicating the glorious Beings who embody the Powers of the Universe, and stand as great Impersonalities, not because they are devoid of personality, but because they include all personal phases, and are not bound to some freak of brain such as is called personality in the world of Shadows. It is not the lark that sings seraphically, for his

. . . silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,

is too thin and small to permit the artist to liken it to the vast note of the sphere-Devas; but its magic, working on the Divine thing in the soul of the poet, stirs him to a prophecy of an era in European poetry that is as yet only putting forth faint rays of dawn in such

spiritual song as that of AE, and this future song comes from so interior a degree of human nature that it outsoars the differences of the personal degree, and becomes the one Voice of the unified Spirit in Humanity, seraphic in dignity and beauty.

The same passage indicates also the general attitude of Meredith to life and the universe. His imagination goes beyond the clouds, but he keeps himself firmly anchored to the earth : his feet are set in the clay, but they are not feet of clay. He holds to the essential Divinity of Humanity, but he recognises the worth of all the powers and functions of human nature.

Our passion is too full in flood,

he sings, for he knows that the lure of sense is away from the Spirit; but he is no apostle of emasculation : against excess of passionateness he sees the contrasted evil of excess of passionlessness :

Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,

it is decrepit, frigid, a monstrous code of "donts," irreconcilable with the Joy of Life. We need the lark's unification of joy which is the flowering of perfect wisdom, and beauty which is its inevitable expression. From our

home on the ground we shall rise on a song to our home in the sky, but while life remains, the song's last note will be at the door of the nest.

The same idea is differently expressed in Meredith's "Hymn to Colour," a majestic eulogium of the arts as a regenerative power:

> Look now where Colour, the soul's bridegroom makes
> The house of heaven splendid for the bride. . . .
> He gives her homeliness in desert air,
> And sovereignty in spaciousness; he leads
> Thro' widening chambers of surprise to where
> Throbs rapture near an end that aye recedes,
> Because his touch is infinite, and lends
> A yonder to all ends.

He traces, with great love as of a painter, the miracle of colour in sky and grass, in dewdrop and wing, and to his seeing eye it becomes something more than a matter of pigment: it becomes a finger of God beckoning Humanity onwards, yet not sloughing its past but spiritualising it.

> They do not look through love to look on thee,
> Grave heavenliness! nor know they joy of sight
> Who deem the wave of rapt desire must be
> Its wrecking and last issue of delight.

Dead seasons quicken in one petal spot
Of colour unforgot.
...This way have men come out of brutishness
To spell the letters of the sky and read
A reflex upon earth else meaningless.
With thee, O fount of the Untimed ! to lead,
Drink they of thee, thee eyeing, they unaged,
Shall on through brave wars waged.
...More gardens will they win than any lost ;
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the Gods will they attain.
They shall uplift their earth to meet her Lord,
Themselves the attuning chord !

This idea of balance is, I believe, the key-note to Meredith's life and work. He has a constant eye for unity in contrast, as in his delightful sketch of " Marian " ending:

She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden :
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden...

or in the simple natural detail of light and shade ;

The blackest shadow, nurse of dew,
Has orange skeins across...

He also sees *through* as well as across. A little poem, "Outer and Inner," is almost an epitome of these characteristics, and at the same time shows the poet's splendid mastery of details in observation, and his great power in setting them to exquisite music, and lifting the whole to the level of spiritual vision.

From twig to twig the spider weaves
At noon his webbing fine.
So near to mute the zephyrs flute
That only leaflets dance.
The sun draws out of hazel leaves
A smell of woodland wine.
I wake a swarm to sudden storm
At any step's advance.
...But now so low the stillness hums,
My springs of seeing swerve,
For half a wink to thrill and think
The woods with nymphs alive.
...I neighbour the invisible
So close that my consent
Is only asked for spirits masked
To leap from trees and flowers.
And this because with them I dwell
In thought, while calmly bent
To read the lines dear Earth designs
Shall speak her life on ours.

...Accept, she says; it is not hard
In woods; but she in towns
Repeats, accept; and have we wept,
And have we quailed with fears,
Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
We have whom knowledge crowns;
Who see in mould the rose unfold,
The soul through blood and tears.

An examination of these lines will show an extraordinary verbal economy. There is not a shadow of redundance; every word is inevitable and enough. Take the penultimate verse above: it is in the most direct grammatical form, with only two possible, but unnecessary, changes to make it the simplest prose—the word *only* in the third line transferred to the second line between *that* and *my*, and the fifth line made to read, "I dwell with them:" and yet it is a very gem of melodious speech and thought, compounded of a magical interplay of fancy, philosophy, and a scrupulously chaste selection of words.

It is in this respect that Meredith's work makes a most salutary medicine to young aspirants towards poetical honours who are afflicted with noises in their ears contracted from too much Swinburne, or have acquired a

halt and a stride through infection from the Tennysonian posturing which only its originator could carry off successfully. There is no encouragement in Meredith for the notion that would regard a raucous string of words as poetry because it talked of "meadows green" or "waters blue," and would pass with lifted chin "green meadows" and "blue waters" as mere prose. The result of this economy—which in the best sense is pure wealth—is a fine clarity, (despite the inability to understand certain quite clear phrases of Meredith's that Mr. Bailey, the "Times" literary critic, confesses in his volume, "Poets and Poetry,") a close texture, an athletic fitness, an absence of sentimental softness, a presence of emotional tenseness, a vigour, and a bracing quality that sum up the essential features of the best modern English poetry.

IN DEFENCE OF A LAUREATE:

ALFRED AUSTIN

WHEN Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in 1892, laid down the laurel which he had, as he himself sang, received from Wordsworth

> greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base,

and when that laurel, greener still from the brows of him who uttered nothing unlovely passed after four years of hesitation to another Alfred, Alfred Austin, there was much scornful wagging of heads and raising of horrified hands among the critics and the partisans of other candidates for the Laureateship. Smiles were freely exchanged, and much wit was expended in permutations and combinations of the Alfreds of England, beginning with "The Great," and invariably ending with the last and—as it was inferred—least, the new Laureate. Slowly but surely a conventional atmosphere of implied mediocrity was

thus wrapped about the name; and one seldom heard or saw it mentioned except when a new book of the Laureate's caused a momentary flutter.

But outside the circle of the critics and partisans, there have always been not a few lovers of the true and pure and beautiful in verse, who recognised these qualities in the work of Mr. Austin, and, deeming them more akin to the things that make for life and longevity in verse than turgid rhythms or splendid superficialities, gave his poetry a place of honour on their bookshelves and in their memories.

What quarrel the critics had with the new Laureate has never been, so far as I know, clearly stated. Certain it is that no one with a reputation for literary acumen to lose, would be daring enough to deny Mr. Austin an honourable if not a lofty place in the ranks of the English Bards.

It may be, however, that the great shades of Wordsworth and Tennyson have dwarfed their successor, the difference between them being intensified and exaggerated by partisanship. And yet, admitting such difference in the quality of the work of each, it scarcely seems

fair to bring Mr. Austin, the Laureate, to the measure of a great interlude which was most decidedly exceptional in the history of that particular office. It is hardly necessary to mention that the reader of certain portions of the works of Wordsworth would go nearer deciding that he was an enemy of England than that he died with its Laurel on his brow, while Tennyson went to Celtic Mythology for the substance of his life-work, and consistently fell below his average in his official verses.

If we consider for a moment the qualities which, apart from either the broad or academic canons of literary criticism, should naturally characterise the bulk of the work of an English Laureate, it is possible that, after all, we may come to the conclusion that the worst choice was *not* made when Mr. Austin was appointed to that office. No one will deny that the first qualification is that the works of an English Laureate be *English.* In this qualification students of poetry will certainly admit that Mr. Austin's writings in verse may stand beside those of his contemporaries, or even his two predecessors, not only in the unconscious revelation of the poet which stamps his nationality on every link of his chain of song,

but also in the conscious celebration of those things which are the true expression and the last stronghold of a nation—her intimate home-life, her fields, her skies, her gardens, her eternal quiet things, her changes of colour and vesture as season follows season. One could cull from Mr. Austin's poems numerous nosegays of song in which love of country and love of nature are inextricably interwoven, for he is, indeed, to both, as he claims he is to Nature

> .....a student and interpreter,
> Loving to read what lessons lurk
> In her unlettered handiwork,
> To find the helpful meanings writ
> In waves that break, in clouds that flit.
> Infer from her uncertain text
> A helpful creed for souls perplexed,
> To them her busy calm impart
> And harmonise the human heart.

In his "Defence of English Spring" he takes a grumbler through copse and woodland, along hedgerow and over field, darting hither and thither to point out the beauties of lavender and celandine, marsh-marigold, primrose, buttercup, and the other simple glories that make the splendour of an English Spring. And

are not the birds of the air part and parcel of the same? Have they not nestled on their mother's bosom? and do they not sing, as does their poet, "for sheer joy of singing?"

Hear you the lark advancing now
Through seas of air with rippling prow.

Is not that "rippling prow" a dainty touch exhibiting true vision into the fundamental unity that lies behind all things and finds expression in the "likes" and the paradoxes of the poets? But the lark is not unaccompanied, for

The willow-warbler mounts, then drops,
And in his silvery solo stops
Just as it bubbles to the brim
To hear if any answer him.

Every Western nature-lover knows that song, and if you say the words "silvery solo" over and over, are they not an incantation to call up the Spring in the heart of Winter?

The poet will not allow the grumbler to take refuge from a sudden shower of slashing hail. "For these," he says loftily, as the other turns up his collar, "one neither flies nor stirs;"

They are but April skirmishers
Thrown out to cover the advance
Of gleaming spear and glittering lance

With which the sunshine scours amain
Heav'n, earth, and air, and routs the rain.

So Poet and Critic go through the pageant of Spring, pausing now and then—one suspects at the instigation of the poet—to cross philosophic swords, and it must be confessed that the poet, on his own showing, comes off best. This is how he lectures his victim in a fragrant corner among violets and primroses.

Why from the plain truth should I shrink?
In woods men feel, in towns they think.
Yet which is best? *Thought*, stumbling, plods
Past fallen temples, vanished gods,
Altars unincensed, fanes undecked,
Eternal systems flown or wrecked.
Through trackless centuries that grant
To the poor trudge refreshment scant,
Age after age pants on, to find
A melting mirage of the mind.
But *feeling* never wanders far,
Content to fare with things that are;
From Nature's simples to distil
Homely receipt for homely ill.

But it must not be thought that the Poet is merely prejudiced through ignorance of the beauties of other lands. On the contrary, we have his assurance that

Oft has he seen the almonds bloom
Round Dante's cradle, Petrarch's tomb,
Oft watched Rome's dead campagna break
To Asphodels for April's sake.

But none of these, or many scenes that he has visited and enshrined in his verses, can match for him the rapture of his own Spring.

With us it loiters more than where
It comes, it goes, half unaware;
Makes Winter short, makes Summer long,
In Autumn half renews its song,
Nor even then doth hence depart,
But hybernates within my heart.

So much for Mr. Austin in the role of Defender of the Faith in the English Spring. He is equally at home, equally intimate, equally sweet and pure in Summer, "when nights are only dreamier days," in russet Autumn, or hoary Winter.

A further qualification of the work of an English Laureate should undoubtedly be *patriotism*, a love of Motherland profound and unchangeable, that rejoices when honour is heaped upon her, and in her days of degradation looks upon her with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger." Whatever may be one's personal opinion on matters of national

polity, no one can fail to acknowledge the spirit of patriotism in the sonnet addressed to England in 1878 at the termination of a period of anxiety happily relieved:

> Men deemed thee fallen, did they? fallen like Rome,
> Coiled into self to foil a Vandal throng:
> Not wholly shorn of strength, but vainly strong;
> Weaned from thy fame by a too happy home,
> Scanning the ridges of thy teeming loam,
> Counting thy flocks, humming thy harvert song,
> Callous, because thyself secure, 'gainst wrong,
> Behind the impassable fences of the foam.
> The dupes! Thou dost but stand erect, and lo!
> The nations cluster round; and while the horde
> Of wolfish backs slouch homeward to their snow,
> Thou, 'mid thy sheaves in peaceful seasons stored,
> Towerest supreme, victor without a blow,
> Smilingly leaning on thy undrawn sword!

The "wolfish backs" are now, of course, called by more complimentary names!

The ultimate place which Alfred Austin will occupy among the poets will depend on other qualities than these, into the consi-

deration off which I do not propose to enter here. I am content to act as introducer of those ignorant of his works to a field of refined pleasure, occasional exaltation, simple chaste melody, clear if prescribed vision. While I demur to Mr. Austin's being ranked amongst the least of the lesser poets, I am far from claiming for him a place amongst the greatest of the great. But I do claim that in every poem which he has written, something of the insight, the sensitiveness, the impalpable essence of Beauty and Truth, are enshrined. Into many of the deeper problems of life Mr. Austin has penetrated, but he has done so not with the intellect, but with the intuition of the Poet. He has "mounted with the lark," and "left the bird of wisdom blinking," as he advises another to do. His intimacy with Nature kept him free from the morbid introspection of his age, and endowed him with a freshness that defies time. He is of those whom the gods love, not perhaps with the burning passionateness wherewith they loved Shelley, but with a tender solicitude; and in the white winter of age he died young. Such is the oracle, and such his own interpretation;

The favoured of the gods die young, for they,
They grow not old with grief and deadening time,
But will keep April moisture in their heart,
May's music in their ears. Their voice revives,
Revives, rejuvenates the wintry world,
Flushes the veins of gnarled and knotted age,
And crowns the majesty of life with leaves
As green as are the saplings.

So it is with Mr. Austin; and his works will, I aver, take their place with that goodly company who sang to sweeten the heart of the world rather than to rouse it to action. They are of the garden, not of the place of assembly, and as such are less solicitous of recognition. To Mr. Austin

The sweetest minister of fame
Is she who broods upon one's name,
But calls it not aloud.

And if I have sinned in thus disobeying the Poet's injunction, may I be forgiven.

THE REALIST ON THE STAGE:

JOHN M. SYNGE

THE future of Drama in the West is still obscure; but, whatever it may be, it can never escape the impress of the creative movement in Ireland during the last fifteen years, which culminated in, and unfortunately seems to have ended with, the building of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Yeats, its prime mover, drew all of us younger writers about him with the enthusiasm of a great National ideal. Synge appeared when our eyes were full of dreams, and gave the touch of realism that proved a stone of stumbling to some and a chain of imitation to others. His career as a dramatist extended over only five years, (he died three or four years ago at thirty-eight) and was punctuated with riots inside the theatre and protests outside it, as each new play caused the stones of Dublin to rise and mutiny against a new Antony who came neither to praise nor to bury the Cæsar of Irish life, but to hold it up naked to the world.

His plays were translated into several languages, and performed from San Francisco to Vienna, and perhaps farther East. They are regarded as masterpieces of stage-craft and literature, and as being among the most potent influences in the future evolution of the drama.

What was Mr. Synge's attitude to the drama, his idea of its purpose and method? *The non-didactic presentation of reality*, we gather from his scanty excursions into general prose. That is, the representation of actual persons, passing through a series of events that had actually happened, speaking an actual language, and for no other purpose than the representation itself.

The question of an artist's attitude to his art is of small concern to the general public. It is the work itself that matters, and it will be the work itself that will justify or condemn itself to the future. In Ireland, however, at the period to which we are referring, we were forced by circumstances to become familiar with the terminology of the dramatist, and few of us had not at sometime or other discoursed profoundly on that blessed word "construction." We had deliberately taken upon us the work of creating a national

dramatic expression. The literary evolution of the nation had been cut across by foreign invasion. Continuity of development in language and form was broken; but the deep spiritual necessity asserted itself, through the medium of an alien tongue, and in the midst of thoughts and emotions of another time; and on we went toward the bringing forth of an art-body that should manifest something of the Soul of Ireland. We were in the infancy of the drama in Ireland, and because of his association with us, Mr. Synge has been numbered among the infants. That, however, is a mistake. With conscious purpose, Mr. Synge set himself to write *without* purpose, lest his work should be regarded as belonging to the infantile stage of evolution. "The infancy and decay of the drama," he tells us, "tend to be didactic:" "the drama, like the symphony, does not teach or prove anything." Apart from the historical and psychological fallacy of these two statements, we are left with the implication that it is an offence against manhood for the drama to become tutorial. So be it. But we were in the infancy of Irish drama and some of us claimed the right to be didactic, for the purposes of the time, and

Mr. Synge's work, on his own showing, stands as an anachronism.

I am not at the moment arguing for or against this non-didactic theory. I do not suggest that we should ignore the fact that the drama, as drama, has gone through many phases since the days of the Bacchic festival. But it is one thing to concern oneself with drama in general in Ireland; it is quite another thing to be involved in the making of an Irish drama.

Having renounced the didacticism of infancy, Mr. Synge, with curious inconsistency, turned to the peasant, who is mainly an adult infant, for the language of drama. The peasant, Mr. Synge tells us (with a quaint reminiscence of Wordsworth's preface), enjoys "the spring-time of local life, and his vocabulary is rich and copious." Here we come upon the outstanding feature of Mr. Synge's art, the deliberate adoption of a fashion of speech. Now this method is, in my opinion, calculated to obscure the supreme purpose of the drama, whether it be didactic or not, namely, the revelation of the spiritual essence that is behind and prompting and maintaining the drama. Had we not been told by Mr. Synge

that he had got more aid than learning could have given him, from a chink in the floor of an old Wicklow house, that let him hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen, we might have built up in our thoughts a satisfying, if untrue, conception of the dramatist and his work. But the knowledge that between us and the self-revelation which is the only thing that matters in art, there is interposed a dialect that is objective to the artist, and not the spontaneous expression of his passion in composition, mars our thought: we are not certain where the eavesdropper ends and the creator begins.

In making this criticism, I am not overlooking the obvious fact that the projection of the dramatist into his characters may necessitate the use of a dialect, or even a language not his own: that Shakespeare as Hamlet may speak with an accent very different from Shakespeare as Falstaff. But Mr. Synge is not Shakespeare. The opulent and didactic, yes! didactic mind of Shakespeare flung itself into an amazing diversity of characterisation: his art was essentially dramatic, and only secondarily lyrical, though it may be that its poetry and not its drama, will prove to

be the thing of life in it. The mind of Synge gathered to itself a mass of colloquialisms in phrase and action, and out of these built up a set of personalities that are shadows of one another: his art was essentially lyrical, and only secondarily dramatic in the classical sense of vivid contrast and conflict.

It is this essentially lyrical character of the art of Synge that compels us to apply to it a valuation different from that of the essential dramatist. In the Shakespearean diversity of characterisation the master-mind recedes; in the completeness of the sundry personifications, the one sustaining personality becomes a vast impersonal power.

In the unity of mood and language of the Synge plays, the hand of the craftsman is ever visible; the chisel and mallet are set in the front of the image to remind us that we are beholding a "work of art," and to bar the way of the inquisitive who would pass through the symbol to the infinite region of pure idea. It is this transcription method that mars, as I have said, our valuation of Mr. Synge's work, and obscures his revelation: it may be no more expressive of the true and complete Synge than "The Ballad of Dead Man's Bay"

of Swinburne, or "The Northern Farmer" of Tennyson, both built out of dialect.

In addition to this consideration, I would point out a danger that dogs the steps of the copyist in drama, the danger of being untrue to his own method. It may be an absolute fact that Mr. Synge heard every word of his plays from the lips of actual people: it may be equally true that the central and accessory incidents of his plays have actually taken place; but the perfect realisation of "reality" on the stage, the perfect union of phraseology and incident, would require more intimacy than even an extended residence on the Aran Islands: it would mean the actual attendance of the copyist at the original enactment of the scene depicted in the play. To illustrate: No doubt a peasant, in recounting some deed, has said: "With the help of God I did surely." No doubt a peasant, in speaking of someone dead, has prayed "That the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul." But we are offered something more than enough when the two phrases are united in the mouth of one person who, in reply to the question whether he had killed his father, says, "With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy

Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul."

It is just somewhere round here that we may encounter the secret of the enthusiastic denunciation on the one hand, and adulation on the other—and sometimes both in the one person —that Mr. Synge's work has evoked. In that work we have an extraordinary virile, sensitive, illuminating phraseology, largely a transliteration of the old speech of Ireland that enriches our elder literature. The intimacy with nature that abounds in "The Combat at the Ford" abounds also in "The Shadow of the Glen." Single phrases will exalt like an eastern mantram, or a druidical invocation, or a New Testament beatitude; but when we have to deal with such phrases in the order and circumstance imposed upon them by Mr. Synge, we are brought from the hill-top of spiritual vision down to the valley of the shadow of human limitation. With Mr. Synge, we may revel in a speech that is as "fully flavoured as a nut or an apple," and there are many such in his plays; but when we meet a phrase that tells with enthusiasm of the spectacle of a number of men in the bestial stage of drunkenness "retching over the holy stones" at the

end of a funeral, we begin to think that the taste of the realist has gone a step further than that of the normal and real, and has reached the stage when putrefaction is the height of taste, as it is with lovers of game and high cheese.

The whole head and front of Mr. Synge's offending is the renunciation of the solemn duty of the artist to be selective and interpretative. It is obviously impossible to put actuality on the stage. The events that matter in life are separated by innumerable happenings that are trivial by comparison. It is the work of the artist to pick out the essentials and so to order them that they will evoke in us the response of the great realities. So too with language. There must be aim, balance, choice of essentials, reduction or rejection of inessentials. To cram into an hour's stage traffic even the finest results of two months' note-taking is both bad art and bad observation.

It would be, of course, absurd to object to the use of the language of actuality *per se*, even when vulgar and obscene, though personally I do not consider the word damn to be absolutely essential to the representation of a

person in a passion. What I do feel as a legitimate and important objection to the work of Mr. Synge, and of other writers in the movement, is undue preoccupation with the verbal expression. It is comprehensible that a lover of literature, with no stake in the country, and no vital concern for the movement with which Mr. Synge has been associated, should find joy in Mr. Synge's work as literature merely. But there is something more to be reckoned with. We have to ask how his work bears on the creation of a drama that will be an interpretation of Ireland, not an indiscriminate presentation of accidents mixed with essentials; and we have to judge it in the light of its influence in building up a nobler Ireland. Mr. Synge has said that art is a collaboration. In that phrase he has recognised the existence of the other party to art, and torn down the empty legend of Art for Art's sake. "On the stage one must have reality and one must have joy," he says. But what is reality? Not the thing said, for it passes into silence: not the thing done, for it ceases to be in being done. No, the reality lies in the apprehension of a something stable behind the instability of word and deed, some-

thing that is a reflection of the fundamental passion of humanity for something beyond itself, something that is a dim shadowing of the Divine urge which is prompting all creation to unfold itself and to rise out of its limitations towards its God-like possibilities.Let the drama be an end in itself, and it shall assuredly end with itself. Let it thrill with the purpose of helping on the work of national and international progress, and it shall take its place on the steps of the Throne and bring with it the true Reality of the spirit, and joy not merely in the music made by the keys that hang from Art's girdle, but in the splendid thunders of opening doors.

THE POET AS PHILOSOPHER:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE name of Emerson has become a synonym for essays. Speak his name in the presence of a dozen persons of average taste in literature, and in the minds of eleven of them will open a volume of prose beginning with the statement, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same;" and ending with the experience, "How sincere and confidential we can be, saying all that lies in the mind, and yet go away feeling that all is left unsaid, from the incapacity of the parties to know each other, although they use the same words."

The twelfth person will perhaps think of a book that makes an excellent piece of furniture, and gives the house, if not the thought and conversation of its inhabitants, a literary touch; and both the eleven and the twelfth will consign the author to the company of the

philosophers—though he himself calls them "devil-spiders," "lined with eyes within."

It is curious how this erroneous and quite superfluous dignity of philosophy has been pressed upon Emerson in spite of himself, and in spite of the obvious philosophical inconsistency and mutual destructiveness of the sentences quoted above. It is not, of course, beyond a philosopher to fall into contradiction; but the fall would be sideways, not headlong, and through oblique and hidden crevasses. No self-respecting philosopher would push out, as Emerson has done, an Alpha that cried aloud against his Omega.

The genius of orthodox philosophy is consistency, not necessarily perfectly achieved, but at least solemnly attempted. To Emerson consistency was the nightmare of small minds. The famous dictum is too well known to call for accurate quotation: it gives with one hand a nasty squelch to the consistent "devil-spiders," and with the other holds out much consolation to the little minds that know no difference between involuntary inconsistency and the splendid paradox of those who think outwards from a deeper centre than a system of formulæ.

Emerson had every respect for philosophy. His utterance against mechanical consistency was no mere glorification of his own non-mechanical inconsistency, or the elevation of a necessity of his temperament to a place among the major virtues; it was the enunciation of his own glimpse into the operation of tides and rhythms in all nature, and the perpetual oscillation of the evolving soul of humanity among the gathered spoils of its experience in life. It marks him out, not as a philosopher expressing himself within and in terms of a system, but as a poet using philosophy. He added much to the philosophy of history in the first essay of his book: he added nothing to the history of philosophy, even though the last essay in his book concerns itself with philosophical terminology.

Emerson is not a poetical philosopher: he is a philosophical poet. He belongs to the small band of singers to whom the revelation of spiritual truth is a normal function, and is not reserved for the ecstatic moment or the purple patch. He is a protest against the dilletante superstition that would have the poet to be a genial shuttlecock of emotion.

Like his great compeer, George Meredith, Emerson has been overshadowed by himself; yet, like Meredith, he never lowered his value of poetry, but set it first in his desire. That this conviction of his own true office in the hierarchy of revealers is well based is shown in the very character of his prose. His essays do not reason like philosophy: they *state* like poetry. They move like poetry. They rise and fall, expand and contract with the pulse of poetry. Indeed, there appears to have taken place in them the process of robbing Peter the poet, to pay Paul the prosewriter, for while Emerson's prose is exceedingly poetical, his poetry is very prosy. It is, moreover, often technically defective, as when he rhymes *saw* with *door* even in the very act of declaring the unity of Nature's rhythm and periodicity with the "musical order and pairing rhymes" of the poet!

Unity is his master-thought, even though its statement be far from masterly in the artistic sense. Nature to Emerson is God's poem: poetry is man's pathway to union with Divinity. His eye sees

> Through man and woman, sea and star,
> The dance of Nature forward and far.

His ear hears the invisible-inaudible music,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings.

Emerson's attitude towards poetry is quite definite. The focal point of his inspiration is not in the physical plane, like the modern Continental schools before the war; nor in the emotional plane, like the bulk of present-day English poetry. It is in the higher mental plane, sufficiently far back to preserve it from intellectual crystallisation, and yet to infuse it with the authenticity of his own spiritual intuition. Thought, therefore, is to Emerson the supreme power in life. The mountain, Monadnoc, recognises it:

For it is on Zodiacs writ,
Adamant is soft to wit;
And when the greater comes again
With my secret in his brain,
I shall pass. . . .

But this *thought* is not the Cartesian process. The European philosopher declared: *I think, therefore I am.* The American poet sets the phrase on its head. The Divine Consciousness,

of which the human is a phase, is the only thing in the universe: thought is one of its functions: the thinkings of humanity are not creations of the transient personality, but terminal expressions from within outwards; and their significance is no matter for boasting on the part of the "creator" in sound or form. I am, therefore I think. Nature, in the Vedantic sense,—the essential thing in the individual which is at one with universal law—is the inspirer and utterer:

> "In their vaunted works of art
> The master-stroke is still her part."

Here is no lauding of Art for Art's sake! It might have been better for the acceptance of Emerson's poetry if he had suffered some of the narrowness of enthusiasm, if he had worried himself more, and his readers less, over verbal *gaucherie* that a modern schoolboy could correct. Yet, when the shock on ears attuned to the music of Shelley or Tennyson has been passed, familiarity with Emerson's matter breeds contempt for mere critical nicety: a new mental centre of interest is created; even the devotee of Swinburne for the manner of his saying may become also a devotee of Emerson for the thing said; a subtle doubt will

quaver in the voice that once with certainty quoted "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," for it will have become apparent that, while much that is beautiful in literature is by no means true, much of the truth that is in Emerson's poetry is by no means beautiful in expression. By and by, if a choice were necessary, it is probable that allegiance would be given to Emerson's own declaration,

Sweet is art, but sweeter, truth.

The creation of poetry is a matter of moods; so also is its appreciation. The lover of one poet only is no true lover of poetry. Constancy here is the sign of unfaithfulness. The true lover will seek Keats to-day for gentleness, and Whitman to-morrow for strength; and when the emotional qualities of the mind have been satisfied, and the soul claims its place in the evolving life, there will come a mood, deeper than strength or gentleness, in which the cry will be heard:

Give me truths,
For I am weary of the surfaces,

and the hand will find the book of him who uttered the cry, the book of Emerson's poetry, and in it find truths and satisfaction.

We have already observed that Unity is

the master-thought of Emerson. He sees the one-ness of Nature:

Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One Deity stirred;

but the inclusion of sound and silence in the first line links Nature with humanity, in whose consciousness the significance of both exists. All response and interaction mean affinity. We act under temporal and spatial illusion; but the very action is breaking down the illusion; and the personal experiences of

.....Vision where all forms
In one only form dissolve,

that are now the possession of a few, are indicators of the race's normal future.

Substances at base divided,
In their summits are united;
There the holy essence rolls,
One through separated souls.

From such principles as these follows naturally the doctrine of the unity of truth and inspiration, which finds voice in Emerson's poetry. True, an attempt to discover order in the articulate thinkings of the apologist for

inconsistency may meet with reprimand; but we must not confuse two quite different qualities.

To be inconsistent we need not necessarily be incoherent: logic along a given line does not necessarily imply uniformity on all levels. Emerson's declaration to the effect that he did not know what argument meant in the statement of truth, is not an official renunciation of reason, though it may well appear so to those who regard logical argument as the highest function of the human consciousness. It was simply a declaration to the effect that his utterance sprang from realisation, not from thought; from conception in the deeper life, not from "hences" and "therefores" that crawl along the surface of the mind.

The serpent of ratiocination is the most logical of beasts: every inch "follows" from fang to tail. But the poetry of Emerson stands up with the looseness and inconsistency of a God-like human being, foot and hand in diverse modes, but all cohered in a cerebral function that eludes analysis. From a single premise of Emerson we might argue ourselves into Bedlam; but a tight grip on his central conception of Unity enables us to drop from

plane to plane of his thought with sanity. He saw one Life in all lives, and in all their operations. Behind the phenomena of Nature he saw the abstract totality as Plato saw it; behind the phenomena of consciousness in its diversity of expression in individuals and in systems, he saw one abstract certitude. Hellenism was not all error: Christianity was not all truth; nor *vice versa*, whichever way the logical devotees of either may argue. Both were rooted in Unity.

Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below.

Between the essential unity and its multifarious and diverse expression Emerson observed a connection of processes which in science are called the laws of periodicity and rhythm, and in certain philosophies are called the dualities or pairs of opposites.

Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies,

And under pain, pleasure—
Under pleasure, pain lies.

This is a universal experience: it is seen in history, and in nature as expressed in "Monadnoc" and "Sea-shore:" it is felt in the daily life; and the keenest and sincerest questioning is only satisfied by the assumption that the little wave on the surface of being that we call our life has a vital connection with the Great Life, and that the origin and fulfilment of a momentary impulse are deeper than memory or anticipation. If Emerson did not say the word "reincarnation," it was probably due to the same reticence of the artist as drove Shelley to putting his ideas on the same matter into the mouth of Ariel in "Ariel to Miranda." Emerson's poem "Brahma" assures us of his familiarity with eastern teachings, and something oriental speaks through the opening lines of his ode to Beauty:

Who gave thee, O Beauty,
The keys of this breast,—
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest?
Say, when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old?

Or what was the service
For which I was sold?

Elsewhere he says:

As garment draws the garment's hem,
Men their fortunes bring with them.
By right or wrong,
Lands and goods go to the strong.
Property will brutely draw
Still to the proprietor:

which is excellent philosophy, but execrable rhyme.

In "Mayday" Emerson discloses his vision of evolution, with involution as its background, and limitation as its spur. He sees progress as a movement from gross to fine, from objective to subjective. He accepts Destiny, and makes no attempt to wriggle out of it as a concession to human egotism. The qualities of nature are the only real operators: human action is a reaction to them; but (and here is the quality that takes all sides in the hoary controversy of fate and free-will) the determining factor is within: the responsibility for the deed rests with the spiritual nature, and its source recedes with each step we take towards it until the long chain of cause and effect is lost in the Absolute.

The teaching of renunciation as the law of spiritual progress; of concentration as a means to vision; and the declaration of the ancient doctrine of the genius or daemon overshadowing the personality, are details of Emerson's poetry that should tempt to further search those students whose eyes are open for signs of the Divine Wisdom coming more fully into English literature.

NOTES

NOTES

CHAPTER I

"Studies in Contemporary Poets," by Mary C. Sturgeon, London, G. G. Harrap & Co., deals with a dozen of the young English Poets, also with an Irish group, and Sarojini Naidu. The following is a list of the English authors whose works are discussed: Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke, William H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, Wilfrid W. Gibson, Ralph Hodgson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Rose Macaulay, John Masefield, Harold Monro, "John Presland," Margaret L. Woods. The Irish Poets are James Stephens, Susan Mitchell, James H. Cousins, Eva Gore Booth, Alice Milligan, Joseph Campbell, Padric Colum, Ella Young, Seumas O'Sullivan. "Georgian Poetry 1911-1912," and "Georgian Poetry 1913-1915" are published by The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W. C. Individual volumes of the poets may be obtained from the same address. The works of the Irish Poets are published by Maunsel & Co., Ltd., Dublin.

CHAPTER III

Mr. Aurobindo Ghose's works are published by the Modern Press, Pondicherry.

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Yeats was born in a suburb of Dublin in 1865. While at school he began to write verses and to study eastern philosophy. He became an art student, but ultimately went fully into literature. He went to London, and took part in the revival of Irish literature. His first book, a dramatic poem, "Mosada," came out in 1886. "The Wanderings of Usheen" appeared in 1889 and Yeats was at once accepted as a poet to be reckoned with. Several lyrics of his early years show the spell of India upon him. Later he divided his time between Dublin and London, and carried through three experimental seasons of the Irish Literary Theatre, which developed into a national dramatic movement of world-wide importance. Mr. Yeats' poems and plays are published in sumptuous volumes by A. H. Bullen, Stratford-on-Avon. Messrs. Maunsel & Co., publish his prose, which shows the same distinction as his poetry. Mr. Yeats is still capable of experiments. A recent number of the monthly London journal, "To-day," contained a little gem called

"The Hawk's Well," a one-act play fashioned in the Japanese way.

CHAPTER V

A.E.(George W. Russell) was born in Lurgan, an ugly manufacturing Ulster town, in 1867. He met Yeats in the Arts School in Dublin, and began a friendship that remains unbroken. A.E. went into commerce. Later he joined the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and now edits "The Irish Homestead," the organ of agricultural co-cperation. He became, with Yeats an early member of the Theosophical Society, and his lyrics and essays were printed in the journal of the Dublin lodge. His poems have been collected by Messrs. Macmillan and his prose writings by Maunsel. His only contribution to the Irish dramatic movement, "Deirdre," is in the volume of essays.

Short, but exceedingly interesting and well written biographies of Yeats and A.E.have been published by Messrs. Maunsel. The biographers J. M. Hone and Darrell Figgis are themselves prominent members of a succeeding generation, Mr. Hone as a critic, Mr. Figgis as a dramatist and poet.

CHAPTER VI

Stephen Phillips was born in 1868.

"Marpessa" appeared in 1890. His finest poetical dramas are "Paolo and Francesca" (1899), "Herod" (1900), "Ulysses" (1902). He died a couple of years ago.

CHAPTER VII

Edward Carpenter was born in Brighton, England, of Celtic ancestry in 1844. From 1864 to 1874 he was at Cambridge, where he took a Fellowship. For seven years afterwards he was a university extension lecturer. At College he won prizes for essays and wrote much verse in an irregular way, He became an ordained curate under Rev. F. D. Maurice. In 1871 he resigned all his college work, which brought him six hundred pounds a year, because of his inability to accept the religious boundaries of the time. He went into market gardening and sandal making for a living. In 1881 he began "Towards Democracy," and its first edition was published. in 1883. He was then living in the country home that he has occupied ever since. In 1884 he visited Walt Whitman. In 1890 he visited Ceylon and India. All the while he was producing books that are now among the classics—"Love's Coming of Age," "Angels' Wings," "The Art of Creation," and others.

In September 1914 the whole literary world of Britain paid its respect to him on his completing his seventieth year. Since then he has published "The Healing of Nations" and "Never Again" and is probably still writing.

CHAPTER VIII

George Meredith was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1828. He first entered the law, but forsook it for journalism. In 1851 he published his first book of poems. His first novel, "The Shaving of Shagpat," appeared in 1856. Then followed a long series of now famous books including "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Rhoda Fleming," "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Career," "The Egoist." About 1880, when he was 52, he achieved his first popular success with "Diana of the Crossways." His volumes of poems include "The Joy of Earth (1883), "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life" (1887), "A Reading of Earth" (1888). A handy selection of his poems, made by himself, has been published by Constable & Co. He died in 1909.

CHAPTER IX

Alfred Austin was born in 1835. He was a journalist all his life, and was made Poet

Laureate in 1896. He died a few years ago, and was succeeded in the Laureateship by Robert Bridges.

CHAPTER X

The plays of John M. Synge are published by Messrs. Maunsel. They include "In the Shadow of the Glen," "Riders to the Sea," "The Playboy of the Western World," "The Well of the Saints," "Deirdre" (produced after his death), and "The Tinkers' Wedding" which, I think, no one has yet dared to perform in Ireland.

CHAPTER XI

Emerson was born at Boston, U.S.A., in 1803, and died in 1882.

BOOKS OF POETRY

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

BEN MADIGHAN AND OTHER POEMS (1894)

SUNG BY SIX: COLLABORATED (1896)

THE LEGEND OF THE BLEMISHED KING AND OTHER POEMS (1897)

THE VOICE OF ONE (1900)

The above books are out of print

THE QUEST (1906)

"Rarely is it the fortune of the reviewer to meet with verse of such distinction."—*New Ireland Review.*

THE AWAKENING (1907)

THE BELL BRANCH (1910)

"Artistically Mr. Cousins can only be put below the two leaders of his movement; he has the calm intensity, the subtle strangeness of simplicity, which seems to be as easy as breathing to an Irish poet."—*The Nation*, London.

ETAIN THE BELOVED (1912)

"It is a poem worthy of the name, passionate musical and wise. It is the work of a man who thinks, and who sets others thinking."—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

The above are published by Maunsel & Co., Ltd., Dublin

STRAIGHT AND CROOKED (1915)

"Rare and distinguished work which will be treasured by all who love beauty.....an entirely original power of expression both in language and rhythm."—*The Observer*, London.

Published by Grant Richards, Ltd., London.

REVIEWS OF Mr. COUSINS' POETRY

ETAIN THE BELOVED.

"One might compare it with 'Tiresias,' the poem in which Swinburne transfigured the dream of Italian liberty. It is poetry of a high quality."—*The Star*, (James Douglas).

"Though not essentially a nature poet, he seems more truly to have got at the heart of things in the life of woodland and stream than any of his Irish contemporaries. . . . The piece leaves an impression of intense pleasure."—*Weekly Irish Times.*

THE QUEST.

"An imagination filled with haunting and refreshing images."—*Black and White, London.*

"Wealth of imagery and loftiness of diction give it no small claim to rank beside many of the finest conceptions of poetic genius."—*The Peasant, Dublin.*

THE BELL-BRANCH.

"Marked by a polished simplicity."—*Times.*

"Mr. Cousins . . . has gradually perfected a method of self-expression, and his verse, exquisitely fashioned, delights with its individual note."—*Northern Whig, Belfast.*

THE AWAKENING.

"One of the most beautiful little books I have ever seen—Mr. Cousins has attained a unique mastery over the sonnet."—*Irish News.*