

They are aboriginal sentiments, poignant almost as perfumes, legends, laughers of bygone times, simple music. And they are more. They represent the preponderating excellence of the universal attitude as opposed to a petty modern consideration of coincidence, of the exceptional instance, of things that are, however temporarily effective, of no abiding significance. They are a kind of art that metamorphoses the passing moment into the semblance of a thing that will always be, a thing not merely and casually curi-

ous, but remotely and permanently strange. In the best work of art such as this, interpretation achieves the significance of a kind of indefinable symbolism without, however, a loss of inherent identities, becoming, so to speak, characteristically cosmic rather than characteristically local, and half persuading us to believe it a hint dropped us from eternity. Beauty of this character is more than a mere sensuous gratification; it seems to hold for us a kind of happy promise of some benign Beyond.

SNAP SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

BARRIE

Puck and Niobe
 Fathered and mothered him
 In some Gaelic moorland manger.
 Ariel sistered him
 To a delicacy of wit
 That descends like a butterfly.
 Cousin to Merlin, he knows
 The secrets of cloud and rain,
 Of rainbows and crocks of gold,
 Of children and of birds;
 And, knowing these,
 What secret is there left?

GORKY

You drive your pen
 As if it were a *troika*,
 Its three horses,
 Czar, bureaucrat and priest;
 Your words crack like whips
 As you gallop along
 Tearing off ukases,
 Ditching uniforms,
 Ripping out icons,
 While shouting to the moujiks
 To stop skulking in the willows.

MAETERLINCK

It is thrilling but terrible
To wander through the vaults,
The echo-haunted crypts
Of your Fomorian imagination.

It is maddening, crushing,
To see the blind grope hopelessly,
To hear the dumb choking for speech
And to be utterly helpless.

Drops oozing from the corbels
Eat slowly into our temples
Like water dripping on stone.

We know the joy of children
Released from a closet,
When carried to heaven by your bees.

D'ANNUNZIO

You have come centuries too late!

You should have reigned as Prince
In Antioch of the Garden of Daphne
Or as Duke of Byzantine Athens
Or have lorded it in Sicily,
That blue-domed glittering mosaic
Of all the ancient worlds;
With some daggered Cellini
To fix your esurient reveries
In gold, ivory and precious stones.

Years after, Webster of St. Andrews
Would have devised a play about you
"Gabriele, or the Scarlet Angel."

SCHNITZLER

As cleverly as a surgeon's scalpel
You lay bare their hearts,
Or what we call our hearts
When suffering from the same ailment.
The difference is
You chuckle all the time.
It may be a joke,
But it's a cruel joke
Which the victims can no more prevent
Than the sun his spots
Or the moon her allurements and servitude.

ARTZIBASHEF

WIND across the steppes,
Each gust demolishing some part
Of the House of Convention
And loosening some other
Until the whole of it is in ruins
And its inmates are driven
Out into the open
To make friends at last
With the rain and sun and air,
Their natural brothers,
And their father,
The soil.

SUDERMANN

A DARK grey skiff
Drifting down a roiled river
Under low damp bridges;
With leaves falling,
Scattered here and there
By moaning autumn winds,
Tossed before the skiff
To be muddied and sunk.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE POET, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

BY STANLEY M. WARD

AS FROM some newly opened chest or drawer, where it has lain concealed and forgotten, lo, these many years, there comes the delicious odour of sweet lavender or dainty mignonette, permeating the air and diffusing its fragrance all around, so, through the vista of over three-quarters of a century, there comes this story of a romance in the life of the poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Everybody knows that Mr. Halleck lived and died a bachelor. Whether the successful efforts of Miss Flanner, whom he never knew by any other name than "Ellen Campbell," to evade him and to hide her personality, had aught to do with his failure to become a benedict, I cannot say, though I suspect they had. Of this episode in his career the poet once said: "In a life filled with not an inconsiderable number of pleasurable experiences, I look back on my correspondence with the lady I knew as Miss Campbell, as the most pleasant, regretting only, that I failed to ever become acquainted with her and that this might not have resulted in a ripe fruition."

There was gathered at the house of one of their number in Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the evening of January 1, 1840, a gay company of youths. As the festivities lulled someone proposed that each lady present take advantage of her prerogative and send a letter to the literary man whose writings she most admired, telling him of the gathering, informing him that it was

Leap Year and requesting the honour of a reply.

No one appears to have considered this suggestion seriously except one person, a fair young Quakeress, Miss Abbie Flanner. Soon after the idea was broached she slipped unobserved from the company and was speeding her way along the snow-white path to her parent's house, not far distant. She had long admired the writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose *Marco Bozzaris* was a favourite school recitation of our fathers. She determined to compose a poem and send it to him with a short note. Sitting down to work Miss Flanner had completed the following about the time the grey dawn of a winter's morning broke:

THE MERRY MOCK BIRD'S SONG

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

O'er fields of snow, the moonlight falls
And softly on the snow white walls
Of Albi's cottage shine,
And there, beneath the breath of June
The honeysuckle's gay festoon
And multiflora shine.

And form a sweet, embowered shade,
Pride of the humble cottage maid,
Who now, transformed and bold,
Beneath the shadow of a name
Those equal rights presumes to claim,
Rights urged by young and old.

And who is she, to fame unknown
Who dares her challenge thus throw down
Lo at the feet of one
Who holds a proud, conspicuous stand
Among the magnates of the land
The Muse's favourite son.