

which would spoil the taste of all these little wines. Gay is in a similar position. The man who wrote 'Black-Ey'd Susan' does not belong to this company. One other I am inclined to except. For the personal love I bear him I leave out William Sommersville, with the creditable bays of 'The Chase' on his brow, and give him an evening to himself. I count him definitely a 'minor' poet, not to be opened to-night.

But if we put away ambition and return to the Little Poets, we may yet discover a few real treasures to take to bed with us. Here are two which should reward us for our search. The first is from Edward Lovibond's 'Tears of Old May-Day.' Has it not something of the delicately artificial charm of a goddess in a sylvan scene by Boucher?

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May:
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
That spring spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were
bright,

And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light
The colors shiften of her rainbow vest.

This is charming, but for the last there is perhaps better a 'Fragment' from Thomas Penrose.

Scannel pipe, of scanty tone,
Yield the prize, and yield it due —
Pan, if here, must surely own
From thee no heavenly rapture grew —
Thine's the frolic to advance
Rustic joy and rustic dance.
Merry glee, in many a round
Tripping o'er the daisied ground,
Prais'd thy note, while rival feet
Strove thy movements fast to meet.

No good trying to renew the charm
next morning, when the Little Poets
stand on their shelves looking very dull
indeed, as, to tell truth, for the most
part they are!

OUT OF THE WOOD

BY PADRAIC COLUM

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE crows still fly to that wood, and out of the wood she comes,
Carrying her load of sticks, a little less now than before,
Her strength being less; she bends as the hoar rush bends in the wind:
She will sit by the fire, in the smoke, her thoughts on the root and the living
branch no more.

The crows still fly to that wood, the wood that is sparse and gapped;
The last one left of the herd makes way by the lane to the stall,
Lowing distress as she goes; the great trees are all down:
No fiddle sounds in the hut to-night, and a candle only gives light to the hall.

The trees are sparse and gapped, yet a sapling spreads on the joints
Of the wall till the Castle stone falls down into the moat;
The last who minds that our race once stood as a spreading tree,
She goes, and the thorns are bare where the blackbird, his full songs done, strikes
the one metal note.

VIENNA'S BLACK DAY

BY KARL MARILAUN

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, December 7
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

A TUMULTUOUS mob of maddened human beings is beleaguering one of the great Ringstrasse hotels. The gathering shadows of the dark mid-afternoon of a short, foggy, winter day, magnify in their obscure uncertainty the mob's dimensions. The police are struggling vainly with the frantic throng. Ragged young roughs armed with the tools of plundering—crow-bars, jimnies, and hammers—clamber on the shoulders of their comrades to force an entrance through the broken windows in the main story of the building. Our ears are dinned; there is a pandemonium of curses, catcalls, and piercing whistles from the crowd, punctuated by the siren horn of ambulances which have been seized by the maddened mob. Everything looks distorted and unreal in the descending mist. The boiling mass of humanity which fills the street, and the tree trunks standing bare, gaunt, and frosty in the gloom, are in striking contrast with an orderly, silent, melancholy queue of people waiting in front of a little booth to get their street-car transfers.

The sound of shattered windows reaches us. Trunks and chairs are being thrown out from above, and are received with shrill cheers and ear-piercing whistles by the half-grown roughs below. The motorman of the electric car, whose trip will take him from the Opera Ring far out into the snowy, peaceful, unsuspecting suburbs, clears the swaying mob of plunderers from the track with a couple of

strokes upon his foot gong. Slowly the car pulls out of the surging mass of men. A hollow-cheeked woman with a torn cloak and evil, greedy eyes, swings on to the moving car. She has just forced her way through the throng with fists and elbows to get a place upon the running-board. The conductor grabs her arm and pulls her aboard. Wildly excited she jerks away, shrieking shrilly, 'Don't bother about me,' and, plunging into the car, takes a vacant seat and stares defiantly at her neighbors. These are clerks and salesmen, honest-looking men, people of lower-middle class who are going to their homes in the outskirts of the city. They discuss the news in the evening paper, and complacently entertain themselves conjecturing the number of profiteers who will be hanging from the limbs of the Ringstrasse shade trees by morning.

'None at all!' interrupts the excited and disheveled newcomer loudly, her eyes surveying with a gleam of hate the rather threadbare velvet collar of the 'lady' sitting opposite her. However, the latter is not a lady in the sense imputed; but, to judge from the bundle of copy books which she is scanning, with glasses on her nose, only a retiring little public school-teacher. 'No one will be hanged,' rasps the woman. 'They'll make a noisy row, the puppies, the loafers, the scamps, but that's all they're good for! They'll get it, all right, when the police get back!'

She shakes the snow from her ragged