

Hayward were on terms of curious intimacy. No two men were more dissimilar; but they had one bond of union — they were both Peelites. The way to rouse Hayward's indignation was to suggest that he was a Whig. 'I was never a Whig,' he used to cry. 'Like Gladstone, I was a Peelite.' So Mr. Gladstone read attentively Hayward's essay in dramatic criticism, and this induced a correspondence which led to some agreeable incidents. Hayward sat beneath the shadow of Byron's bust and read to me Mr. Gladstone's letters — a singular, shriveled little figure he was, with his crinkled white hair and pronounced features. In one of the earliest letters Mr. Gladstone *lui tint à peu près ce langage*: 'What you tell me about this admirable lady interests me much. Is she married, and is her husband an agreeable man? I

should like to make her acquaintance.' In a later letter Mr. Gladstone describes how he is fitting himself for the privilege of knowing Miss Hardcastle. With sedulous earnestness he gets a copy of *She Stoops to Conquer* and studies the text with the minuteness of a philologist. He finds to his surprise that Goldsmith uses the term 'cantankerousness.' He looks it up in a dictionary, which gives as the only authority for the use of the word the *Times* newspaper. 'This I consider,' wrote Mr. Gladstone, 'a detestable authority.'

Abraham Hayward lived only a few months after this episode; but Mr. Gladstone survived long enough to be twice again Prime Minister. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Langtry may be able to publish some details of his unofficial life which are not contained in his official biography.

THE ANNIVERSARY

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE clicking of the latch,
Then the scratch
Of a match
In the darkness and a sudden burst of flame —
And I saw you standing there
All astare
In the flare;
And I stepped to meet you, crying on your name.

But the match went out, alack!
And the black
Night came back
To my heart as I recalled with sudden fear
How upon your dying bed
You had said
That the dead
Return to haunt the faithless once a year.

NIETZSCHE'S EVENSONG¹

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

[THIS remarkable essay, on the puzzling theme of a great mind's tragedy, has aroused wide interest in German-reading Europe.]

A great man is beaten back, driven back, tortured back into solitude.

'O SOLITUDE, solitude, my home!' This melancholy refrain breaks the silence of a glacier world. Zarathustra composes his evensong, his song before his last night, his song before his eternal home-going. For had not loneliness always been this wanderer's only home, his cold hearth, his stone roof? He had visited unnumbered cities; he had made interminable journeys of the spirit; he had often sought to escape from his haunting loneliness to other lands, but he always returned, worn, footworn, and disillusioned, to 'solitude, my home.'

But as this loneliness had wandered with him, the wanderer, she had changed her aspect, and now he shrank back terrified from her forbidding countenance. For she had become startlingly like himself during their long companionship; hard, cruel, violent, she had learned to pain and to terrify. And though he still tenderly called her solitude, his old beloved, familiar solitude, that had long since ceased to be her true name; she was now isolation — that last, that seven-fold loneliness that is not merely solitude, but solitude plus desertion. For the world around Nietzsche at last became frightfully empty, terrify-

ingly silent. No hermit, no desert anchorite, no pillar saint, was left so utterly alone; for they, fanatics of their faith, still had their God, whose shadow dwelt within their cell or fell athwart their column. But he, 'the murderer of God,' no longer had either God or man. The more he won himself, the more he lost the world; the farther he wandered, the wider the desert grew. Ordinarily a writer's books slowly and silently create a human-magnetic field around him, even in case of the most solitary; by some obscure attraction they draw an ever-growing invisible company to his presence. But Nietzsche's works had a repelling effect. They drove kindly influences from him and increasingly isolated him from his contemporaries. Each new book cost him a friend; each work severed a human tie. Little by little the last thin efflorescence of public interest in his writings faded. First he lost the philologists, then Wagner and his spiritual circle, and last of all his own young disciples. No publisher could be found in Germany who would print his books. The fruit of twenty years' labor, four and sixty hundredweight of unbound volumes, lay stored in his cellar. He must draw on his own frugal savings to get his writings into type.

But it was not alone that no one bought them. Even when he gave them away, Nietzsche, the Nietzsche of the last lucid years, no longer found a reader. When the fourth part of *Zarathustra* was finished, he printed at his own expense only forty copies, and then found but seven men among

¹ From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), February 21