# Florence Nightingale

MISS Florence Nightingale, O.M., the distinguished pioneer of modern nursing, yesterday received the honorary freedom of the city of London. In her unavoidable absence, due to age and infirmity, the freedom was presented to her relative, Mr. L. Shore Nightingale, who attended on her behalf, says the London Times of a recent date. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall, and there was a large attendance. Invitations had been issued to the leading medical and hospital authorities, as well as to other representative persons, and many of these were present. Among the spectators were Lady Balfour of Burleigh, the Lady Mayoress, Sir Dyke Duckworth, Mr. F. W. Verney, M.P., Mrs. L. Shore Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bonham Carter, Major Bonham Carter, Mr. W. Bonham Carter, Lady Nicholson, Lady Galton, the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle, Major Hills, Dr. Moore, the Hon. F. Strutt, Mr. A. W. Cochrane, Captain Heath, Mr. Guy Lushington, Miss M. Thorne, M.D., a number of former pupils of the Nightingale School at St. Thomas' Hospital, representatives of the Red Cross Society, of St. Thomas' Hospital, and of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Hospital for Nurses; the matrons and representatives of various metropolitan and other hospitals; 50 girls from the City of London School for Girls; Miss C. H. Keer, R.R.C., matron-in-chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service; Miss Beecher, R.R.C., principal matron, War Office; and Miss Sidney Browne, R.R.C., formerly matron-in-chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service. The Hon. Sidney Holland was unavoidably absent.

The presentation of the honorary freedom of the city to a woman is an extremely rare occurrence, and it is understood that the only precedent for its conferment is that afforded by the presentation made to the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Other ladies, however, have sometimes been admitted to the freedom, as distinguished to the honorary freedom, of the City. Thus the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, who on October 14, 1896, was given the freedom of the Gardeners' Company, together with a silver casket, as a mark of appreciation of her book on the history of gardening in England, was able, being at that time unmarried, to claim her freedom of the City, and was duly admitted through the Court of Aldermen, and received her freedom at the Guildhall on December 18, 1896.

Yesterday's ceremony took place shortly after noon, when the Lord Mayor entered the Council Chamber in State, accompanied by the Sheriffs and attended by the Sword and Mace Bearers. There was a large attendance of Aldermen and Common Councilmen wearing their civic robes.

The Town Clerk read the Order of the Court of Common Council offering the freedom of the City to Miss Nightingale, and

The City Chamberlain, (Sir Joseph Dimsdale) then addressed Mr. Shore Nightingale, asking his acceptance, as representing Miss Nightingale, of the casket containing the resolution. He said that it had often fallen to the lot of the Corporation of London to give expression to the views of the nation upon Imperial matters, and to be the medium of conveying the feelings of the people towards those who had devoted their lives for the greatness of the State and the happiness and well-being of mankind. Probably on no previous occasion had the Corporation more accurately gauged the desire of the Empire than when the Council unanimously passed a resolution expressive of appreciation of the great efforts of Miss Nightingale for the improvement of hospital nursing and management, which had led to the alleviation of so much human suffering. (Cheers.) They thus proclaimed for all time their admiration of the labors and lofty aims of one of the noblest characters in our country's history, and of one whom posterity would ever be proud to claim as one of Britain's daughters. (Cheers.) They met to do honor to that great heroine; but their feelings were not devoid of regret. Owing to advancing years and impaired health, Miss Nightingale was prevented attending in their ancient Guildhall, and was therefore precluded from participating in the hearty and sincere welcome which awaited her at the hands of her fellow-countrymen and women and being greeted as a "free sister" of the City of London. They further regretted that, owing to some unexplained omission on the part of a previous generation, the honorary freedom—the highest honor in the gift of the Corporation— was not conferred upon her half a century ago, when she was in health and strength and able thoroughly to appreciate and enjoy it. They that day endeavored to repair, as far as possible, the laches of their predecessors, and lapse of time did not detract in the smallest degree from their wish to pay their tribute to the life work of this incomparable lady. Many present, like himself, could only remember the Crimean war as children, and only knew the incidents of those stirring times by hearsay or reading. Still less could they recall the memorable years of the life of Miss Nightingale anterior to 1854, during which—though unconsciously—she was preparing for her marvellous future in the cause of humanity. He could not conceive a more fascinating or engrossing theme to dwell upon than the career of this patriot. Born in sunny Italy—in Florence, the city of flowers, whose name she bears—she seemed to possess all that could possibly make for her happiness. Affectionate parents, a loving sister, comfort and affluence, a happy home, congenial surroundings—all these were hers; and yet from early days she seemed to be conscious that Providence had in store for her a great mission. As a child, "Miss Florence, the squire's daughter," was known in every cottage, beloved by every cottager upon her father's estates in Derbyshire and Hampshire, while her sympathy and care brought comfort and support to many suffering and distressed, even at this period of her eventful life. But as time went on and she was developing into womanhood it became evident that a far more comprehensive sphere of usefulness and benevolence was in store for her, and while she was possibly in doubt as to her next move in life she met that great philanthropist and authority upon nursing, Elizabeth Fry. (Cheers.) No more pathetic picture could be drawn than the dignified and aged Quakeress, in the autumn of her life, imparting to the young and enthusiastic woman—impressed with the deepest enthusiasm for her calling— her matured judgment, experience and advice. What passed at these interviews was not known, but they seemed to have had no little influence in forming the future action of Miss Nightingale. She shortly after visited the hospitals of London, Edinburgh and Dublin, and made a lengthened and prolonged tour of the hospitals of France, Germany and Italy; and so deeply moved was she with the necessity for immediate change in our district visiting and nursing system that she placed herself as a deaconess in the then best-known nursing institution in Europe—the Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, near Dusseldorf—under the severe but judicious tutelage of its founder, Dr. Fleidner. There she learned all that was known in that estimable institution, and returned to her home so fully equipped for her great future that as an authority upon district visiting and hospital nursing she had no compeer. In those days our nursing arrangements were little short of non-existent. Those who were called nurses neither possessed the knowledge, the aptitude nor the necessary tenderness to render real assistence and comfort to the sick. How different to those devoted ladies who gave their lives to this noble work in our day and who followed so conscientiously the objects aimed at by Miss Nightingale—the initiator and pioneer of our nursing system (Cheers.) The strides made in medicine and surgery during the last thirty years would have been impossible without the co-operation of the trained, unselfish and sympathetic nurse of today. After three years of hard work and organizing the climax of Miss Nightingale's life arrived. War was declared with Russia on March 28, 1854, and shortly after the news of the victory of the Alma reached these shores. It was received with enthusiasm and national rejoicing, but this feeling was shortly to be much qualified by subsequent news from the able and fearless correspondent of the Times, Sir William Howard Russell. (Cheers,) He told his fellow-countrymen truths which shocked the nation. The wretched condition of the hospitals at Scutari. The absence of sanitary arrangements and ordinary decency; of pestilence and foetid atmosphere; of the inadequate number of doctors; of the total want of nurses; of the dreadful suffering of the wounded and dying. "Are there no devoted women," he asked, "amongst us able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospital at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such a work of mercy?" Fortunately that great statesman and humane man, Mr. Sidney Herbert, was Minister for War. He immediately wrote a letter to Miss Nightingale, setting out his views upon the sad and pressing state of affairs in the Crimea, in which he spoke of her as "the one person in England that I know of who would be capable of organizing and superintending such a scheme." It was a most interesting coincidence that, while Mr. Sidney Herbert was writing this memorable letter to Miss Nightingale, she was at the same time writing to him in her country home offering voluntarily to place her services, her ability and experience—aye, her life—at the disposal of her country for the alleviation of her suffering countrymen in the Crimea. (Cheers.) Within one week of that correspondence Miss Nightingale, with 38 chosen fellow-workers, left London for Scutari. No demonstration marked their starting upon their work of mercy. Only a few intimate friends wished them "God speed" on the evening of October 21, 1854. On November 4 they reached Scutari, and what a scene awaited them. The reports had not been one whit exaggerated. The horrors were appalling. Even a few hours under the master mind of Miss Nightingale made vast changes in the state of chaos and suffering. But worse was to follow. Only 24 hours after the arrival of this band of heroines news came of the battle of Inkerman; and ere long the wounded and the dying were brought in by shiploads to the already overstrained hospitals. This probably was the supreme moment in the life of this great woman. Had she wavered, had she for a moment led her unselfish coadjutors to think that she hesitated, all would have been lost. Surrounded by all kinds of difficulties, handicapped by all kinds of drawbacks, pain, suffering and death around, well might the most courageous falter. But not so Miss Nightingale and her band of fellow-helpers, so well named by Kinglake "the Angel Band." (Cheers.) The greater the trials, the more strenuous were their efforts. The greater the difficulties and anxieties, the more determined were they to surmount them. (Cheers.) Time would not permit him to follow in detail the sublime work and actions of Miss Nightingale at this period of her life. For days she was at the post of duty for 20 hours in the 24. Cholera, dysentery, sickness, the wounded and dying were her companions by night and day for months. Some of the "Angel Band" fell at their posts of duty and won the martyrs' crown. Miss Nightingale herself—"the Lady Chief"—was struck down with fever, and for days hovered between life and death. The magnitude of their work of mercy could never be fully appreciated but by those whose suffering was assuaged, whose wounds received care and tender treatment and by the dying, to whom comfort and consolation was imparted with love and true womanly sympathy by her whose very shadow seemed to consecrate the ground. (Cheers.) No monumental structure, no gilded grave need ever enclose the clay of this noble Christian to perpetuate her name and her deeds. The fame of "Florence Nightingale" was imperishable! She would live in the hearts of coming generations as an example of true nobility of character, of utter forgetfulness of self; as one who achieved unsurpassed triumphs in acts of charity and love to her fellow-creatures, always relying upon the guidance of a divine Providence. (Cheers.) As we contemplate the life of "Florence Nightingale" we seemed to catch the words of the Great Master; "I was sick and ye visited me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." On behalf of the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Court of Common Council he asked Mr. Shore Nightingale to convey to Miss Nightingale the casket containing a copy of the resolution passed unanimously in that Council Chamber in February last, together with a cheque for 100 guineas for any charity she was pleased to name. (Cheers.) By the addition of Miss Nightingale's name to their roll of fame the City of London was honored. (Cheers.) There were many names of great leaders and warriors upon that illustrious roll, but in coming ages none would shine brighter, none be surrounded with a more brilliant halo that that of "Florence Nightingale." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. L. Shore Nightingale, in reply, said that in the absence of his elder brother, now in India, to whom that pleasant duty would probably have fallen, he felt considerable diffidence in acknowledging, on behalf of Miss Nightingale, the very exceptional honor which the City of London had thought well to confer on her. He thought there was no one there that day who regretted her absence more truly than he. But, though she was not able to be present, he could assure them that she was much gratified by the honor done her. The City of London had always been to the fore where any philanthropic enterprise was concerned, and he felt there was therefore a peculiar appropriateness in the resolution which had been carried into effect that day. The City had shown a very true appreciation of Miss Nightingale's character in departing from their ancient custom, and consenting to her request that the illuminated resolution should be enclosed in an oaken instead of a gold casket, and a cheque for 100 guineas devoted to the furtherance of those objects to which she had given her whole life. For Miss Nightingale's work had been done with no desire for personal gain or advancement of herself. It was done, he believed, from a consuming interest in the work and an all mastering feeling that, if it was worth doing at all, it was worthy of her best efforts. The City Chamberlain had put this very happily in the speech to which they had been privileged to listen. There were many there present who, he thought, must feel at that and all times a great satisfaction in having been able to join with her in her work. He had not had that privilege; but he had known her as the truest and best of friends, and he had always admired her wonderful strength of purpose and grasp of her subject down to the smallest details, such as many a business man might envy. He was very pleased to find associated with him there Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, who had helped Miss Nightingale for many years as secretary of the Nightingale Fund, and who was in every way far more qualified to speak of her work than he himself was.

## JAPAN AND CHINA.

The news that the Tatsu Maru incident has been satisfactorily settled between China and Japan will be received with relief, for at one time it appeared as if it might lead to serious results, says the London Times in a recent issue. This Japanese ship, containing a cargo of arms and ammunition, was seized on February 5 by four Chinese guardships outside Macao, a Portuguese port close to Hongkong. There seems to have been some dispute whether the Tatsu Maru was in Portuguese waters at the time. The Japanese declared that it was, and that the arms were intended for Macao; the Chinese disputed the first contention and suggested that, even if the arms were to be landed at Macao and not at Canton or some other Chinese port, their ultimate destination was the robber bands and revolutionaries now disturbing the Chinese provinces of Kwang-si and Kwangtung. The Chinese were obviously wrong on technical grounds, as they do not appear to have questioned the Japanese assertion that the cargo was protected by Japanese and Portuguese papers; moreover, no nation could have borne their summary proceedings in hauling down the Japanese flag and confiscating the cargo without full investigation. A note was presented to China requiring reparation for the insult to the flag and the return of the vessel and the arms, before any further discussion on the rights of the incident took place. The Chinese government, on the other hand, felt that, however hasty they might have been in their methods in this instance, they had a serious grievance against Japan, and other powers also, owing to the large quantities of arms which find their way by importation into the hands of their own troublesome subjects; they therefore made a special difficulty of the condition requiring them to return the arms and the vessel before due investigation. However, an ingenious compromise has been discovered, whereby the honor and the interests of both parties are saved. The Japanese flag is to be saluted with due formalities by the Chinese authorities and an apology is to be made for the insult; the vessel is to be returned with an indemnity for demurrage; the arms, however, are not to be given back, but China purchases them at a proper price, so that there is no danger of their coming into the possession of the rebels. Further, the punishment of the officials guilty of the outrage is to be left to China's discretion, while Japan agrees to make stringent regulations against the illicit importation of arms into the Celestial Empire by her subjects. Both China and Japan appear to have shown good sense in their accommodation of a difficulty which seemed for a moment to be threatening. In China there has for some time been a feeling of soreness against her island neighbor, who in her eyes seemed to be adopting an attitude of stepmotherly protection towards her. Recent events in Manchuria aggravated this feeling, and when Japan's demands about the Tatsu Maru arrived, bellicose spirits in Canton talked wild language. It must be admitted that in these circumstances Japan has shown all the wisdom and adaptability which had previously been so evident in our own experience with her in regard to Canada. While fully maintaining her own honor and just rights, she has again found a compromise which gives substantial satisfaction to the grievances felt in other quarters.

Without derogating from the credit justly due to the Japanese government's diplomacy, it may at the same time be remembered that they have a very solid interest in not becoming involved in external troubles. Outside their own islands the government of Korea and the development of trade in Manchuria are quite sufficient to occupy their attention for some considerable period. Internally also it is not all plain sailing. We have recently printed letters from our correspondent on the foreign trade and the finances of Japan which show that, like all the rest of the world, she is suffering from the financial depression aggravated in her case by the inevitable reaction after a costly war, and that the requirements of commercial development and of military and naval defence are difficult to harmonize with a desire for retrenchment and economy. Today we add to the picture by a very illuminating letter from the same correspondent on Japanese domestic politics. From this it will be noticed that the Marquis Saionji's cabinet, which has held office since Marquis Katsura's resignation after peace had been declared with Russia, is in a very precarious condition. Already two of the ministers have resigned—those responsible for finance and communications, which are naturally two of the most important portfolios at a time when special attention is being directed to the development of the country's finances. These resignations, as our correspondent has explained, eased the situation at the critical time of the introduction of the budget, and permitted a solution of the actual financial entanglements by means of a compromise suggested by Marquis Katsura, the late prime minister. That the solution adopted still presented many difficulties is evident from the riotous scenes which occurred in the chamber during the progress of the budget for next year; and, though the crisis has been averted for the moment, it is clear that the forces of opposition to the Marquis Saionji's cabinet are still redoubtable, and may at any moment overpower it.

Although Japan has some of the elements of the constitutional government with which we are familiar, it would be a great mistake to draw inferences as to their polity from our own. The time is within the remembrance of many men now living when Japan was almost a sealed book to the outside world and when the institutions and customs of Europeans were even more unknown to the Japanese. The wonderful awakening of Japan has been due almost entirely to the patriotic and stout-hearted men of their own aristocracy, who, in order to give their country the position in the world and the civilization to which they aspired, sacrificed their own class interests, their wealth, and in many cases their lives to bring about the needed revolution. Is it wonderful that the survivors of such men should still have a power and authority in the Empire far more potent than any constitutional ministers or the parliament, of which they are in a very real sense the authors? Constitutional government has only been established in Japan for some eighteen years, while it is more than forty since these men began their great struggle for reform. The few that are left are consulted by their sovereign in all matters that affect the Empire, and, since he has the absolute executive power and a very real control over legislation, it is obvious that their approval or disapproval of a ministry is all-important, and that their influence to a great extent neutralizes the effect of party government. The interesting account of recent ministerial changes given by our correspondent makes this point perfectly clear. Marquis Katsura, the late premier, was not in any sense a party leader, and, though not one of the elder statesmen himself, has been brought up by them and has inherited their traditions. Even the present premier, though chief of one of the parties in the Diet, was chosen for that post by the Marquis Ito, and is kept in power by the support of the Elder Statesman. It seems possible, therefore, that, even when the sadly diminishing band of veterans from the glorious days of regeneration has finally departed, there may still be a caste of statesmen, educated by them to an understanding of their ideals and of all the arcana imperii, who may carry on their peculiar and almost sacred power in the state and permanently neutralize the play of party government. For the present such a caste of men, whose unselfishness, wisdom, and patriotism are undoubted, may be necessary to guard the unaccustomed liberties of the community.

## OLD AGE PENSIONS.

New Zealand was the first British colony to grant old age pensions, and it has been doing so with general success and satisfaction for 11 years. It grants to the sober and moral poor of both sexes who are over sixty-five years of age and who have been citizens of the colony twenty-five years maximum stipends of $2.50 a week each, with deductions on account of any other incomes which they may receive above $170 per year. Those receiving as much as $300 a year get no pensions. About 32 per cent. of those qualified by age receive pensions, three-fourths of them at the maximum rate. All the cost is borne by the state, and it now amounts to $1,675,000 a year. In Victoria a maximum of $2 a week is pai dto each person sixty-five years old who is incapable of earning a living and whose income from other sources is less than $2 a week. In New South Wales the pension is $2.50 a week to each one receiving from other sources less than $5 a week. The entire cost in each state is borne by the state, and it amounts in Victoria to about $1,000,000 and in New South Wales to about $2,250,000 a year.

In Germany pensions are provided through insurance. Every working person of whatever class who is over sixteen years of age and who receives less than $500 a year is compelled to pay a certain insurance premium out of his or her weekly wage, to which the employer is compelled to add an equal sum and to which the state adds a smaller bonus. From the fund thus created pensions are paid to invalid and aged persons. The plan was adopted in 1889 to counteract socialism. In 1904 working people and employers contributed each $19,260,000 and the government $11,317,500, and invalid pensions of $5,215,000 were paid. Belgium pensions the poor who voluntarily contribute to an insurance fund, and also the aged poor who have not contributed, but who are in actual want, the total cost being $3,750,000 a year paid to 3 per cent. of the population. Denmark has a system seventeen years old, under which the beneficiaries do not contribute the the pension fund, but all the deserving aged poor are pensioned, 66,878 persons in 1905 receiving $1,927,856. The French system enacted yast year provides for state aid gratuitously given to all aged, infirm and incurably ill persons, but it has not yet come into operation sufficiently to demonstrate its results.

Various schemes have been proposed in England.

## An Old English Fair.

A curious relic of the past is the ancient annual "Horn Fair" at Ebernoe, in Sussex, England. Gypsies attend it from all parts of the country. In the centre of the ground is a huge brick fireplace, before which a horned sheep is roasted whole. Those present compete in sports for the head and horns as a trophy. After the prize is awarded the body of the sheep is eaten.

# Verse Book Reviews

Thyrsis and Fausta, a Pastoral: With Other Plays and Poems. By Rosalind Travers. (Elkin Mathews, 3s 6d net.)

The Pilgrim Jester. By Arthur E. J. Legge. (Lane, 4s 6d net).

Wild Honey From Various Thyme. By Michael Field, (Unwin, 5s net).

The Dark Ages and Other Poems. By "L." (Longmans, 2s 6d net).

Forest Poems. Written in the New Forest. By Alan Brodrick, M.A. (Bradford-on-Avon; William Dotesio, 1s).

London Dead, and Other Verses. By C. Kennett Burrow. (Alston Rivers. 1s net).

ALL poetry is in effect, if not in intention, a protest against the world the poet lives in; but the ways in which the poets, great and small, conduct their protests are many and very various, says the London Times. Of the six on our list Mr. Legge turns upon his age with undisguised scorn; Miss Travers attacks it partly in face and partly by the old method of contrast; the fourth and fifth find an escape through the Christian faith; Michael Field withdraws into a far world of fancy and sensation and emotion sublimated by art; and for Mr. Kennett Burrow the good moments of common life are calls to courage in bearing the bad moments.

Each is right to take his own ground. No fences can be set up round this or that field of thought, and poetry has a right of way everywhere. It marches more strongly, however, in some airs than in others; and neither satire, as Tennyson saw, nor—perhaps strangely—the atmosphere of dogma and devotion has suited it best in England. This hardly affects Mr. Legge; for, in the first place, his satire is not of the kind which the city clerk's wife in Tennyson "loathed," the "satire with no pity in it"; and in the second place his aim has been not so much to make a work of art, a thing of beauty, as to use all the advantages of verse for the expression of shrewd-criticism touched with pity. His jestor is a kindly, if a sharp-tongued jester, with a philosophy which is brave, if a little nebulous, and rather solvent than constructive. And when he addresses the occupants of the morning train to the city, or an actress over a supper table, or a dean, or a philosopher, he has a full and picturesque vocabulary which permits him even to call a man a "chap." He speaks in verse only because such verse as this, Browningesque, vigorous, rugged, but usually witty, hits harder than the level sobrieties of prose. It is only, as a rule, in the lyrics which separate one "jest" (We see that Mr. Legge can pun) from another that the author aims at beauty, or at concentrating his thoughts within the circle of his own emotions. When the jester has routed the dean—or at any rate turned the tables by preaching him into indignant flight—he sings his own "Song of Faith":

I hear no voice behind the veil;
I see no face beyond the cloud;
On ash-fed altars, cold and pale,
No fires are lit, no victims vowed,
But though the temple roofless yawn,
And plinth and pillar ruined lie,
I yet shall see the flaming dawn
Again make pageant through the sky.

Though flesh cry out and creeds be dumb,
I search the universal soul,
Transcending self, myself become
The larger Self that moves the whole,
I care not if I never know
The meaning of my joy and pain,
Nor whence I am, nor where I go;—
I change,—I pass,—but I remain.

A brave faith, the faith of the modern faithless world, well put. This is a brave book, and a book one likes to turn back to for another taste of the contrast—like that of "ortolans in Italy"—between the grave sweetness of the songs and the sharpness of the jester's grimacing, tumbling wit.

We have turned back, too, to Miss Traver's new volume, but not for the contrast offered between the lyrics and the two larger works, of which Thyrsis and Fausta is a pastoral drama in prose and verse, and the Fire of Life a strange little composition—a conversation between the inmates of a workhouse infirmary, which begins like Gorky and ends like the book of Ezekiel. Thyrsis and Fausta is lit up by many beautiful things, and The Fire of Life is both odd and powerful; but is is not entirely a desire to bolster up personal predilection which makes us declare the first too long for its matter, and the last, in its mixture of realism and idealism, a remarkable rather than a successful tour de force. It is as a lyric poet that Miss Travers appeals to us most.

Would you know how daffodils
First came to be?
Bubbles they of sleepy laughter,
Breaking lightly free
From the lips of waking dryads
Stirring drowsily;
Loth to leave their wintry couches
Ere a leaf is on the tree.

That is one of several snatches of song from a little Faun in Thyrsis and Fausta; and in its place (for Miss Travers is always a dramatic poet) it is even sweeter than out of it.

Woodland flowers, where the storm has rained
Bright fugitive gold, too brief to cloy;
Misty hillsides never attained;
Lingering glimpses of valley and stream,
Lovely and lost as a fortunate dream;
All such things are Traveller's joy.

In "such things" lie the root of Miss Travers' poetry, a simple joy in nature, and a fancy that can play with that joy. Thence it grows to the now well-known hatred of the life of towns and commerce, of "this clamorous world of ours" with its "deadening toil"; and thence again to the large serenity of such lyrics as "The Cup of Pain," or of the long poem, "Laus Amicitiae," commemorating the friend who introduced her first book to the world; poems in which, to our mind, she appears at her highest. They show a wider outlook, a deeper passion and a broader charity than her direct comments on modern life, qualities essential to the success of so consistently dramatic a poet as Miss Travers. One poem even pleads for the town against the country. And though we could point to one or two ill-managed cadences and not a few examples of the very ugly juxtaposition of a ten-syllable and a twelve-syllable line (even in her blank verse), the workmanship on the whole is advancing with the thought. She moves securely in many metres, and the metre is always the right one for the subject. Students of technique will notice with interest her use of accent. Here is an instructive stanza from "The Vessel":

She dashed up the river,
All her ruddy sail
Filled full with the quiver
Of the deep-sea gale.

The variety of her work, its freedom from both convention and extravagance, its mingled sternness and tenderness, the sincerity of its inspiration, justify us in anticipating still better and better things. Her poetry is built upon law, not caprice, and she neither plays with forms nor scatters unassimilated fancies. Time will doubtless remove the still perceptible traces of a struggle to fit the voice to the word.

The poetry of the writer known as "Michael Field" is backed by no such sense of law and no such preoccupation with humanity as that of Miss Travers. However it may soar, the poetry of the latter has its nest in mother earth; that of Michael Field hovers high in a remote and windless atmosphere where only faint and purified echoes of the human struggle can be heard. This is their locus refrigerii, lucis et pacis, a refuge from the vulgar stress of life. There is passion here and hope, regret and fear, but all rarefied. Emotions are all wrapped in a golden light of beauty.

I love him. . . Fountains of sweet marge,
'Tis as when night-stocks blow!
Follow me not, ye stars, for I must go
As one that fares alone, and in the large
Soft darkness scent my woe.

"Camellias," again, is a very characteristic poem:

And one of them—how lovely in her mode!
One of them had the magic power to die;
Slid from the stem where she abode
With mournful violence; her petals lie,
Broke on the sudden from their mass, and all
The action stately as a funeral.

"How lovely in their mode," indeed! Michael Field is certainly one of the most sensitive poetic craftsmen now working. Every subject chosen, from the slightest fancy to the highest passion, is treated with exquisite choice and delicacy. We have found a false rhyme or two, and some illegitimate usages in sonnets; but they can be forgiven in a book which opens a whole Palace of Art to our enjoyment. Sometimes, as we read these sonnets of love (the greater part of the book is composed of sonnets), we found ourselves against our will contrasting them with the sonnets "from the Portuguese"; but it is necessary to banish all thoughts of such passion as that if the spell of Michael Field is to work.

But if our love be dying let it die
As the rose shedding secretly,
Or as a noble music's pause;
Let it move rhythmic as the laws
Of the sea's ebb, or the sun's ritual
When sovereignly he dies;
Then let a mourner rise and three times call
Upon our love, and the long echoes fall.

That little poem has something in it of the whole course of English poetry from Wyatt, say, to Rosetti; yet how far it is from touching anything but one's sense of beauty! Now and then it seems for a moment as if Michael Field were come down to earth; but we are soon withdrawn again, as in "The Halcyon."

O love, O bitter, mortal journeying
By ways that are not told,
I would not sing, no song is sweet to me
Now thou art gone:
But would, ah, would I were the halycon,
That sky-blue bird of spring,
So should I bring,
Fair sister companies of fleetest wing
To bear thee on,
Thou being old,
With an untroubled heart to carry thee,
Safe o'er the ridges of the wearying sea.

Such a world as this is good to dwell in awhile, and this delicate, remote art is of delicious fragrance. The thyme was grown on the immemorial banks of all the fairy-lands, and there is magic in the honey.

The author of "The Dark Ages" has a world of his own, too. It is the world of the ages of faith—the ages which he defends in a spirited onslaught on the phrase which gives the title to his book. This first poem is remarkable, not only for its management of a long and singularly complicated stanza, but for its vigorous and passionate humor. Gipsies, old churches, medieval towns, Irish lore, such are his favorite topics outside the devotional poems with which the book ends. But he is no archaizer in poetry. His humor saves him from that, and a keen and fanciful wit which reaches from graceful delight in a picture by Fragonard, or an eighteenth century portrait, to the sting of the lines which he puts in the mouth of a "'Liberal' Divine," an even harsher pronouncement on Petrarch, or a vivid little etching—bitten, indeed, with acid—of tourists in Florence. Perhaps his most charming thing is the "Departure from Cythera."

Ere they parted for Cythera
When the spring had reached its bloom,
Phyllis, Doris and Neaera
Peeped into their pictured room,
Wished to go, yet wished to linger,
Lifted each a taper finger,
Threw a kiss towards their portraits set in walls of rose brocade.

Frayed are now the rose-red panels
Filled with squares of red brocade,
In the ceiling Time carves channels
Where the frescoes slowly fades;
Chipped are now the scrolls of plaster,
Which a skilled Italian master
Moulded all along the cornice, and with tips of gold o'erlaid.
But the shallow oval spaces
Underneath the white festoons,
Hold the tender pastel faces
Waiting endless afternoons;
For they never touched Cythera,
Phyllis, Doris and Neaera,
And again they never landed by the marble balustrade.

The book as a whole suffers because there are two or three "L's" besides the Austin Dobson "L" we have quoted. His work lacks the unity in variety which makes up a personality; but it is a sincere and first hand expression of different moods.

Perhaps if Mr. Brodrick had been content with the simplicity of "L" his "Forest Poems" would have been the better for it. His poetry is grave, dignified, and rich; but it is often weighed down by a kind of eighteenth century stiffness and pomposity of diction which succeeds in clouding the idea it was meant to express. But while "L" plays his pipe, Mr. Brodrick's instrument is the organ, and if the lighter stops are a little uncertain in tone, there is no mistaking the voice of the diapasons. Thus he sees Moses:

Up the ravine, and round the scaurs there rang
The footstep of a King, a solemn step!

High up the snowy peaks he bent his way,
His hair was white as is the diamond frost,
Yet in his glance there gleamed the fires of youth,
And like some pine-tree on the crags he stood,
And waited for the coming of his Lord!

There is not a little of this grand, simple, Old Testament air about his poetry. He is to be seen at his best, not, certainly, in his hexameters, but in his blank verse, or in the long poem on "The Mother of Jesus," which is composed in a six-lined stanza, beloved of another poet who wrote of the Virgin—Robert Southwell. No one stanza may be completely satisfactory, but the imagery and the emotion which sustain the whole poem are the treasures of no little mind.

Mr. Kennett Burrow's book is enjoyable from cover to cover. There is no vaulting ambition here, never a touch of magniloquence, never a line that betrays an effort to say what the poet thinks some other poet would have said in his place. He is not in love with life, but his refuge is in his own heart; his pleasure in the good moments inspires him with fortitude in the bad moments and with hope for the future. The keynote of the book, struck by every poem, is a quiet, convinced courage that looks through winter to spring and sees life growing out of death. We can best describe the temper of the poet, perhaps, by his own "Robin's autumn song":

His small brave note makes glad the year
When all the greater songs are mute;
Not his to harbor winter fear,
Not his to mourn the time of fruit.

All day he sings, but best when mist
At twilight floods the valley ways,
Or when at dawn the hills new-kissed
By sunlight, glimmer autumn's praise.

He has the constant mind, the heart
To welcome change, since change must be;
His is the greater, nobler part,
The soul of all philosophy.

I listen to his tiny trills
With tranquil hope and calm content.
Robin, when come the daffodils,
We'll tell each other what we meant!

How much of our pleasure in that is due to its merits, and how much to the time of year at which these remarks are written? Such analyses will demand solution in vain till man has freed himself of all association and is pure intelligence; and then he will write or read no more poetry. Mr. Kennett Burrow's is a "small brave note"—if any work of art is small when it is so perfectly sincere and sweet an expression as these poems are of genuine emotion and aspiration. The song we have quoted is not the sweetest in the book. It does not show the poet at his best as a craftsman. It is a little "homely." Mr. Kennett Burrows is always "homely," but such exquisite pieces of beautiful simplicity as the close of "The Happy Valley," or "Poppies," among many others, prove that the word can only be used of him in its most honorable sense. He makes no attempt to soar to Shelleyan heights; he does not even follow Mr. Meredith's arduous path to nature; he has the simple joy of Wordsworth, and works in his little field with a surer taste and a softer humanity than Wordsworth's. The natural feeling and the right word give these poems a charm which might seem out of all proportion to their scope; and the little book—thanks to the author's brave sweet temper and the brave sweet voice that sings it—has brought us more pleasure than most of the many volumes of modern verse that we have read. It is all but impossible to discuss his workmanship. There is, indeed, a striking lapse into weakness in the penultimate line of his strange "London Dead." But he has no shining merits, and no glaring faults. He has no secrets of diction, or rhythm, or rhyme. He has only one secret, and that the most precious of all—absolute sincerity. And sincerity in poetry means more than genuine emotion; it means that perfect, apparently inevitable and instinctive unity between the word and the voice which makes not sound but stars.

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A certain scientist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington is said to be a hard taskmaster to both his official and his domestic servants.

Being detailed once to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the scientist is said to have unbent a trifle in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

"Henry," said he, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes."

"And we lose a day going that way, do we not sir?"

"We do."

"Then, sir, I should like very much to go. It would give me a day off."—Harper's Weekly.