

Maurice Maeterlinck

difference, that morally they were far more wretched. The *Princesse Maleine* was born in a stable, that is to say in a work-room a few feet square, where Maeterlinck, with a friend's help, printed off twenty copies on a hand-press, the wheel of which he worked himself. But no ox or ass, with big eyes of wonder, gave him their meed either of love or admiration. Their looks were indifferent or hostile.

Son of a "propriétaire," and educated for the bar, Maeterlinck had scandalised with his dreamy ways the practical and cold-blooded bourgeoisie of Ghent. All Belgium, a prey to the fever of material appetites which always racks nationalities at their first emergence into manhood, was industrial, industrious, and obstinately enslaved to things of the earth earthy. The enigmatical poet of the *Serres Chaudes*, the young wonder-working dramatist, at once so ill-assured and so daring, of the