

# "SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDE."

Mr. Swinburne's passion for the sea is well known; in writing about it he is always at his best, and in this book it is clear, says the *Athenaeum*, that he has caught the very sea-secrets which only Coleridge among other poets has caught before him. His present volume consists of three poems of some length, which, as the descriptions are chiefly of the sea and the sea coast, have a connection with each other, followed by a birthday ode to Victor Hugo. The sea-air blows through them all.

"Thalassius," which opens the book, tells the story of an imaginary youth who was found as an infant on the seashore:

Upon the flowery fore-front of the year,  
One was ering by the gray-green April sea  
Found on a reach of shingle and shallower sand

A babe asleep, with flower-soft face that gleamed  
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed.

For when July strewed fire on earth and sea  
The last time ere that year,  
Out of the flame of morn Cymothoe  
Beheld one brighter than the sunbright sphere  
Move toward her from her fieriest heart, whence trod  
The live sun's very God.  
Across the foam-bright water-ways that are  
As heavenlier heavens with star for answering star,  
And on her eyes, and hair, and maiden mouth,  
Felt a kiss falling fierier than the south,  
And heard above afar  
A noise of songs and wind-enamored wings,  
And lutes and lyres of milder and mightier strings,  
And round the resonant radiance of his ear,  
Where depth is one with height,  
Light heard as music, music seen as light.  
And with that second moon dawn of the spring's  
That fosters the first rose,  
A sun child whiter than the sunlit snows  
Was born out of the world of sunless things  
That round the round earth flows and ebbs and flows.

He who found the child was an aged poet and  
hero; perhaps the initiated may recognize him.  
He fed the boy with—

Food of deep memorial days long sped;  
For bread with wisdom and with song for wine  
Clear as the full calm's emerald hyaline.

High things the high song taught him; how the brow  
Too frail for life may be more strong than death;  
And this poor flash of sense in life, that gleams  
As a ghost's glory in dreams,  
More stable than the world's own heart's root seems.  
By that strong faith of lordliest love which gives  
To death's own sightless-seeming eyes a light  
Clearer, to death's bare bones a verier might,  
Than shines or strikes from any man that lives.  
How be that loves life overmuch shall die  
The dog's death, utterly:

One fairer thing he showed him, and in might  
More strong than day and night  
Whose strength build up time's towering period:  
Yes, one thing stronger and more high than God,  
Which if man had not, then should God not be:  
And that was Liberty.  
And gladly should man die to gain, he said,  
Freedom: and gladder, having lost, lie dead.

And love the high song taught him; love that turns  
God's heart toward man as man's to Godward; love  
That life and death and life are fashioned of,  
From the first breath that turns  
Half-kidnled on the flower-like yearning's lip,  
So fit and fair that life seems like to slip,  
To that yet weaker drawn  
When sunset dies of night's devouring dawn.  
But the man dying not wholly as all men dies  
If caught be left of his in live men's eyes  
Out of the darkness dark of death to rise;  
If caught of deed or word  
Be seen for all time or of all time heard,  
Love, that though body and soul were overthrown  
Should live for love's sake of itself alone,  
Though spirit and flesh were one doomed and dead  
Not wholly annihilated.

And hate the song, too, taught him; hate of all  
That brings or holds in travail  
Of spirit or flesh free-born ere God began,  
The holy body and sacred soul of man.  
And where-ever a curse was or a chain,  
A throne for torment or a crown for base  
Rose, moulded out of poor men's molten pain.

And like sea-winds upon loud waters ran  
His days and dreams together, till the joy  
Buried in him of the boy.  
Till the earth's great comfort and the sweet sea's breath  
Breathed and blew life in where was heartless death,  
Death spirit-stricken of a sick day, where strife  
Of thought and flesh made mock of death and life.  
And grace returned upon him of his birth,  
Where heaven was mixed with heaven-like sea and ear,  
And song shot forth strong wings that took the sun  
From inward, fledged with night of sorrow and mirth  
And father's fire-made mortal in his son.  
Nor was not spirit of strength in blast and breeze  
To exalt again the sun's child and the sea's;  
For as wild mares in Thessaly grow great  
With child of ravishing winds, that violate  
Their leaping length of limb with manes like fire  
And eyes outburning heaven's  
With fires more violent than the lightning levin's  
And breath drained out and desperate of desire,  
Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew strong,  
Grew great with child of song.

Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind blew  
And louder sea-shine lightened, for the waves  
Were full of godhead and the light that saves,  
His father's, and their spirit had pierced him through,  
He felt strange breath and light all round him shed  
That bowed him down with rapture; and he knew  
His father's hand, hallowing his humbled head,  
And the old great voice of the old good time, that said  
"Child of my sunlight and the sea, from birth  
A fostering and fugitive on earth;  
Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or fire,  
A man-child with an ungraven God's desire;  
Because thou hast loved taught mortal more than me,  
Thy father, and thy mother hearted sea;  
Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold  
Life and life's love for song, God's living gold;  
Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth  
To feed men's hearts with vision, truer than truth;  
Because thou hast kept in thine world-wandering eyes  
The light that makes me music of the skies;  
Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears  
The music that puts light into the spheres;

Have, therefore, in thine heart and in thy mouth  
The sound of song that mingles north and south,  
The song of all the winds that sing of me,  
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea."

"On the Cliffs," the second poem in the volume, being more subjective in its motif and more remote in its language, is not likely to meet with so ready sympathy—perhaps not with so ready comprehension—as the above. This is the gist of it:—The poet listening to the song of the nightingale, as he stands on the cliffs in the south of England, recalls to his memory how, in years gone by, he discovered the nightingale's song to be the song of Sappho and that, through the voice of the birds Sappho was specially addressing him. And then follows the conclusion that, as the nightingale is Sappho, there were no nightingales in the world when Sappho was herself—a conclusion which is inevitable though no doubt it will satisfy the logician better than the ornithologist. The metrical music in this poem is so inwoven that to make extracts would convey no adequate idea of its nature.

"The Garden of Cymodoce" is a rapturous description of the Isle of Sark. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of the poem. Here are a few lines:

Sea, and bright wind, and heaven of ardent air,  
More dear than all things earth-born; O to me  
Mother more dear than love's own longing sea,  
More than love's eyes are, fair,  
Be with my spirit of song as wings to bear,  
As fire to feel and breathe and brighten; be  
A spirit of sense more deep of deity,  
A light of love, if love may be, more strong  
In me than very song.  
For long I have loved with second love, but thee,  
Thee first, thee, mother, ere my songs had breath,  
That love of love, whose bondage makes me free  
Was in me strong as death.  
And seeing no slave may love thee, no, not one  
That loves not freedom more,  
And more for thy sake loves her, and for hers  
Thee; or that hates not, or whate'er thy shore  
Or what thy wave soever, all things done  
Or man beneath the sun  
In his despite and thine, to cross and curse  
Your light and song that as with lamp and verse  
Guide safe the strength of our sphere's universe,  
Thy breath it was, thou knowest, and none but thine  
That taught me love of one thing more divine.

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,  
Made lovelier by love of the sea  
Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers,  
Like foam of the sea-fair tree!  
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles  
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,  
With snow-coloured spray for thy petals.  
Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters,  
That the lordly north wind, when his love  
On the fire-hot many kingly daughter  
Hore down for a spoil from above,  
Chose forth of all furthest far islands,  
As a haven to harbour her head,  
Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,  
His bride-worthy bed?

Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee  
Made fast as with anchors to land,  
And broke, that his waves might be round thee,  
Thy fetters like rivets of sand?  
And afar by the blast of him drifted  
Thy blossom of beauty was borne,  
As a hawk by the heart in her lifted  
To mix with the morn?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision  
Of a heavenlier heaven than above,  
Was he moved to devise thy division  
From the land as a rest for his love?  
As a nest when his wings would re-measure  
The ways where of old they would be,  
As a bride-bed uplift for his pleasure  
By sea rock and sea?

## HOW TO TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

Whoever wishes to thoroughly enjoy his autumnal trip or holiday, and gain health therefrom, will do well first and foremost to consider where and how he should spend it. Probably it would be as well to consult his own physician, to tell the doctor exactly how he feels, and get his advice as to whether a relaxing, bracing, or sedative climate is most suitable for his special case; whether there should be during the holidays as much moving about as possible and as much change of scene, or whether it would be better to seek out some quiet healthy watering-place, and there, far from the bustle and stir of life, far from business care and worry, enjoy in peace the *dolce far niente*.

One object of the invalid—for such it is best for the reader to consider himself—ought to be to reach his destination with as little trouble and fatigue as possible. He ought not to lumber himself with too much luggage; he ought to pack at least a week before starting, making sure he forgets no necessary, and he should never trust to getting articles he wants at the place he is going to. To be sure, he may procure them, probably by paying two prices, but at the very moment he may want to use some little luxury, he will find it most inconvenient to have to send out for it. Many parcels and packages are to be avoided. Flannels are never to be forgotten, for even in places where the sun is warmest during the day, it will usually be found that the mornings and evenings are chilly, damp, and dangerous. People who are reckless and careless as to their clothing seldom escape learning one good though somewhat severe lesson, which generally serves them for the rest of their lives.

Take any medicine with you that your doctor may think suitable to your case, but do not forget that in autumn, especially by the sea-side, one is liable to several ailments, which taken in time, are easily remediable. One or two of them it is my duty to specially mention, and the intending tourist will do well to be fore-armed, and

take in his chest the medicines I recommend for their cure.

Feverishness (*febricula*) may be caused in many ways, but means ought to be taken for its subjection. The symptoms are unhappily too well known to need description; the sense of uneasiness, the nervousness, excitability, the feeling of pain and soreness ascribed to the bones, and the high temperature, are familiar to us all. Good will generally be done by sponging the body with cold water and toilet vinegar. Perfect quiet and rest should be obtained; the room in which the patient lies should be partially darkened only if the light annoys him, but very well ventilated. Cold acidulated drinks should be taken, and a dose of Rochelle salts. Oranges may be partaken of if found agreeable, and the food be given on the plan of little and often, but at the same time it should be palatable, easy of digestion, and nutritious. This treatment will remove simple fever in a day or two, and if it does not, the services of a medical man are to be procured, and his advice followed, not only as regards physics, but food and drink.

A bottle of sal volatile is useful in many ways—for faintness, acidity of the secretions, common colds, etc.; it should, therefore, always find a place, well secured in a stoppered bottle, in the medicine chest. Care ought to be taken during an autumn holiday not to expose any portion of the body to draughts when heated and fatigued. If cold is thus caught, an extra or warmer flannel should be worn, the feet and legs should be bathed well at night in hot water and mustard, and a sleeping draught should be taken—not a narcotic from the chemist, but simply a bottle of lemonade with a little good whisky in it. Put an extra blanket on the bed, take an aperient pill, and next day guard the system from exposure.

Some people are troubled during the autumn holiday, especially if the weather be very warm, with what is known as prickly-heat; the skin of the arms or chest becomes covered with reddish points, tingling and burning. A little cooling medicine should be taken, simpler diet, less exercise, and lighter under-clothing. Quinine pills are a good tonic, and the good effects of this medicine are increased by the morning sponge-bath, only the skin should be dried without much rubbing, and with a soft towel.

We all know how disagreeable a thing chafing of the skin is, and simple though the ailment be, it can yet to a great extent mar the enjoyment of an autumnal holiday. It is best prevented by great cleanliness and the use of Castile soap for the bath, with little friction, moderate exercise, and the avoidance of rough under-clothing next to the skin; some light astringent ointment, such as the benzoated oxide of zinc, should be used, or the chafed surface should be dusted with a mixture of zinc and chalk, procurable at any respectable chemist's shop.

When going on a holiday do not forget to take three or four nice bath towels with you, and also a good large bath sponge, with an India-rubber lined bag to contain it. Let your chest also contain plenty of light warm socks, light shoes, strong walking shoes, and slippers, a soft hat, and a straw hat, if you care to wear such; at all events, pay particular attention to the comfort of head and feet. You will not forget umbrella and waterproof, the latter only to be worn in a shower; and I may here say a word in favor of paper collars and fronts. They are not only handy, but the paper front is the best chest-protector possible, and I do not hesitate to say that the wearing of them when travelling would oftentimes ward off attacks of chest disease, and probably save valuable lives.

I leave it to the reader himself, or to his physician, to choose his place of abode during the autumn holiday, but I sincerely advise him to avoid all kinds of hurry and excitement, whether in travelling or doing anything else, to avoid the use of stimulants, to beware of colds, wet, draughts, or too much sunshine. Rise betimes, always at the same hour, and begin the day with the cold or tepid salt-water bath, obtaining free action of the skin by the evening soft water and soap warm bath once in three days.

Fruit in the morning is invaluable, and the best kind is good oranges, eaten before breakfast. Prunes after dinner have also a laxative and cooling tendency. Now, as the great object of the autumn holiday is to quiet the nervous system, and re-invigorate the system for the winter campaign at desk or counter, we should carefully attend to what and how we eat. A short stay at any healthy watering-place will soon tend to increase the appetite, and we should take advantage of this to live well for the time being, avoiding, however, meats and vegetables that are difficult to digest. Coffee is better for breakfast than tea; fish, too, should always be eaten with this meal, with a little steak or chop, and a boiled egg, with a fair allowance of good bread and butter, and it is an excellent plan to finish up with a tumblerful of cool rich milk. This, even in the most bracing climate, should sustain one till about 1.30 P.M., the best hour for luncheon. If faint between meals, a little lemonade and a fry biscuit should be taken, but beer greatly disturbs the process of digestion, and spirits are apt to unnecessarily augment the flow of the gastric juice, and in delicate constitutions to cause acidity of the stomach, with flatulence. The luncheon should be fairly substantial, and soup therewith does good. If a feeling of weariness follows this meal, one ought to lie down for an hour; but whether or not, no exercise should be taken after lunch, for some time, at least. Dinner may be taken at six o'clock. It should never be hurried. Cheerful company at dinner is a great aid to digestion. While at the sea-side one may partake

with benefit of several dishes, including soup and white-fish, and concluding with light puddings and fruit. The best vegetables are potatoes, greens, peas (if they agree), turnips, spinach, and raw tomatoes. The last is a most invaluable blood-purifier.

## LITERARY.

LORD SALISBURY, the most finished debater in his party, has a haughty but simple style of oratory, and is picturesque in his appearance.

THE wooden coffin in which the remains of Kant are enclosed, being found to be decayed and broken when the vault at Konigsberg was lately opened, is to be replaced by a metal one.

A CLERGYMAN in Atlanta, the Rev. Mr. Chandler, finds himself in trouble because in a recent address at a college commencement he lamented the fact that the South did not occupy a high place in the literary world, and that Southern newspapers were conducted chiefly by men of little or no ability.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

How much sincerity there was in Miss Neilson's affecting farewell to the stage may be judged by the fact that she soon sails from San Francisco to Australia to fulfil a long engagement, and will act in London next year.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH is now at the Lakes of Killarney. He will visit Scotland and Wales, and expects to arrive in London in September, whence he will go to Germany, where he may fulfil an engagement in Berlin. Mr. Booth has not accepted any engagement in London.

THE celebrated English actress, Miss Litton, whose Shakespearean revivals have been marked features of the London stage, proposes to visit this country in company with the organization which appeared with her at the Drury Lane Theatre. She hopes to complete her arrangements shortly, and intends to make her debut here as "Rosalind."

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE individual who points with pride is the woman with a handsome diamond ring.

AN unhappy marriage is like an electric machine—it makes one dance, but you can't let go.

"My wife's grand study," says a French writer, "is to know what I don't know and to do what I can't do."

SPOTS on the son are sometimes freckles and sometimes photographs of a mother's loving but weighty hand.

WHEN you see two young lovers at opposite ends of the sofa you may be certain that a nearer of happiness is imminent.

"How does painting agree with my daughter?" asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.

TRULY conscientious: "Are you asleep, dearest?" "Yes, mamma, and the doctor particularly said that I needn't be waked to take my medicine."

SON and heir: "Ma, I wish you wouldn't leave me alone with baby, 'cause I have to eat all the jam, an' oranges, an' cakes, an' things to amuse her!"

"Who do you love?" said Jones to his sweetheart's baby sister. "I loves you," was the reply. "And who does Sissy love?" "Sissy loves Mr. Sniff, 'cos he kisses 'er."

"ARE you brothers?" asked a gentleman of two little boys. "Yes, sir." "Are you twins?" "Yes, sir." "How old are you?" "Amos 3 and I's 5," was the astonishing reply.

THE gentle answer—"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; mother's gone out washing, and forgotten to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she had forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

"YOU've been in swimming again, you young rascal. Don't lie; I see your wet hair and your shirt turned wrong side out!" "There's no danger, mother; I can always touch bottom." "So can I!" Mother grasps a slipper. Tableau.

AN Atlanta girl who reads the newspapers was proposed to recently by a nice young man. She reflected a moment, and then asked for time to prepare her letter of acceptance. Evidently she proposes to formulate her own platform.

THE "baby stare" is considered pretty for young girls now. It is done by opening the eyes as wide as possible without raising the brows, and slightly turning the corners of the mouth upward. Saying "mouse" five or six times gives the right position to the lips.

LAWYER Lockwood of Washington has been married twice, and says proudly that she "never asked either of her husbands for a dollar." Nobody doubts it. When a woman of genius marries she expects to support her husband, and her husband, with loving reciprocity, expects to be supported.

TWO Gilveston ladies met one day recently, when the following conversation ensued: "Why, do you know what I heard about you?" "I've no idea." "I heard that when your husband was sick and not expected to live, you went to a picnic." "It's a vile slander; it was only an excursion."

"DONKEYS have ears." Emily (playing at lawn tennis with the new curate): "What's the game now, Mr. Minister?" Curate: "Forty-Love." Irreverent gardener (overhearing): "Dilly! ever hear such impudence! Love, indeed! And him not been in the parish above a week! Just like them parsons!"

CLERGYMAN (to newly-wedded pair): "The marriage state imposes various duties. The husband must protect the wife, while the wife must follow the husband wherever he goes." Bride: "Lov' sir, can't that be altered in our case? My husband is going to be a letter carrier."

"IN the hour of danger woman thinks least of herself," said Mme. de Staël. True! When the thunder rolls and the vivid lightning flashes, and the big drops come down, the woman who is caught out in the storm devotes her agony to the thought that her hat and dress will be ruined.

## MALARIAL FEVER.

Malarial Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigour to the aged and infirm always. See "Paeperba" in other column.