

The Poetry of Lord Byron

THE LAST OF A GREAT SERIES OF POETS—HIS VERSATILITY AND PICTORIAL POWER.

We were discussing last week the conjunction in Matthew Arnold's judgment of Byron and Wordsworth as the "glorious pair," whom critics in 1900 would rank first among the poets of their age.

"FORWARD, FORWARD."

The two writers have this at least in common. Each alike was filled with righteous indignation at social and moral wrongs. Each was a democrat before democracy, eager to admit the people to the heritage from which they had been shut out by the selfishness of class interests and the apathy of industrial conditions. But, while Wordsworth's temperate zeal took the gradual and the longer way of a basic reconstruction of social practice, building it up afresh on arguments tested by experience, and deeming no record too trivial to serve the architect's design, Byron's more ardent mood burned for instant reform, and would not brook the restraints which the tactician imposes on the fighter. "The moment he reflects he is a child," was Goethe's verdict on Byron, who, though he was moved by the same impulse as Wordsworth, and obeyed the same order of revolt, followed throughout his short life the path of action, not of reflection. His poetry carries us forward, in the sense of his own dying cry, "Forward, forward, follow me." It exhibits, as Swinburne tells us, a "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength." He believed intensely in his cause—the common cause of his age, the emancipation of man from physical and moral bonds—and he employed whatever weapon came foremost to convince others of the truth. Satire, sentiment, passion, all were ready for his use, all flowed in facile language through the eight-line stanza which he chiefly affected.

BYRON'S VERSATILITY.

The quick-change faculty of Byron's muse is, to modern readers, perhaps, his most remarkable feature. We find in rapid succession the wonderful hymn to Greece—

The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lived and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbeus sprung!
Eternal summer glides then yet,
But all, except their sun, is set;
And the bitter address to England—

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth
Which holds what might have been the noblest nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mixed regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.

Sometimes the loftier strain is maintained unimpeded. The fourth canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" affords an excellent example, and is full of weighty and memorable lines, culminating in the lovely stanzas (167 to the end) which add Byron's majestic tribute to the poets' praises of the sea:

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
At this height of composition, Byron's mastery of language sweeps us on, and we readily surrender to the force of the flood.

HIS PICTORIAL POWER.

What we miss in Byron is the magic

Like the sun, which dispels all darkness, the Pen-Angle trademark dispenses the gloom of uncertainty which enshrouds the buying of underwear. Pen-Angle garments fit best, wear longest, are unshrinkable, and guaranteed.



—the magical touch and charm— which makes the poetry of the early nineteenth century not merely persuasive but invasive. Wordsworth invades our hearts and effects a conversion from within. By transposing the key of experience he revises the standard of sense-values, and thus awakens and appeals to the consciousness which we term transcendental. His verse arouses a mood which is latent and inoperative through the ordinary occurrences of life, and under this aspect only he believed that man realises his own powers and fulfils the purpose of his being. Byron's greatness is in another kind, and, despite the number and enthusiasm of his admirers, it is not of the kind which makes converts. His vision was extensive, not intense; it ranged freely over a multitude of objects, but found no unifying quality. At his worst, he is an inspired auctioneer, declaiming in rhetorical strains the virtues and vices of what he writes about. Is it food? Then—

Ring for your valet, bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then
You'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king.
For not the bluest sherbet sublimed
With snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

Is it love? Then, six stanzas later—

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above:
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake.

At his best he attains the force of the "Sonnet on Chillon":

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art.

And between the two is the wealth of song, epigram, satire, and descriptive writing—flaming, daring, luscious, torrential—through which was poured the romance of his stormy career.

RECAPITULATION.

Byron is the last of the great series of poets whose names are immediately associated with the dawn of the nineteenth century in England. They owned the common inspiration of the revolutionary turmoil in France, and of the corresponding changes in social life and industry at home. Taking Cowper, by virtue of his sympathies, as the earliest of their line, his followers fall into two divisions. The first is the group of poets, formerly described as "Lakeists," because of their liking for the Lake District, and including the successive Poets-Laureate, Robert Southey and William Wordsworth, with whose names that of S. T. Coleridge is for ever indissolubly connected. This second group is most easily remembered on account of two common features—the love of Italy which moved its three members, and the early fate which overtook them. With Keats, Shelley, and Byron added to Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, English poetry at the beginning of the last century achieved a glorious record, which later years will find it difficult to surpass. And in Scotland, Robert Burns, with the lyre, and Sir Walter Scott, with the ballad, belong to the same great series. Its chief contribution to posterity is the note of mysticism and romance. The seriousness of poetry, as a medium of interpretation, from the evidence of the passions and the feelings, these are the points at which the poets of the late nineteenth century continued the work of their predecessors. They might bring to that work a more adequate equipment, a better sense of form than Wordsworth, more knowledge than Shelley or Keats; but, whatever they added to the inheritance, they could never go back on what was done.

THE CHANGING CENTURY.

The time of the revealers and the interpreters, the golden dawn of poetry in the nineteenth century, faded quickly into the past. English thought and action became absorbed in material affairs of even more urgent consequence. Trafalgar, Waterloo, and the Reform Acts followed each other in swift succession, and the generation which greeted the girl-Queen in 1837 differed in many respects from that which Byron had captivated by his "Childe Harold" in 1812. In a sense, this later generation was better qualified to appreciate the gifts of those earlier writers than the critics on the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" who had so bitterly attacked them. Not the least of the causes which contributed to Gifford's and Jeffrey's attacks was the simple fact, too often overlooked, that poets are in advance of their age. When Wordsworth declared in "The Prelude":

My heart was all
Given to the people, and my love was theirs,

he was anticipating a democratic future which even yet has not fully arrived. And, apart from direct teaching of this kind, it may generally be said that the epoch of comparative ease which ensued on the accession of Queen Victoria, with its cultivation of the arts and industries, afforded a more reasonable test of the principles of conduct formulated by poet-thinkers twenty or thirty years before than the conditions of their own time allowed. Reform is always at a disadvantage in this respect, that it cannot revise its ideals in the light of their practical accomplishment. It is always in advance of the fact, and, therefore, frequently in excess of it, and it will be interesting to trace in these papers how, in succeeding years, Tennyson's

mastery of form checked the old tendency to discursiveness, how the "pre-Raphaelite" poets studied beauty of expression for its own sake, and how the virility of Robert Browning added a less exotic sanction to the conclusions of earlier idealists.—Laurie Magnus, in T. P.'s Weekly.

SUBMARINE BOAT DOES WONDERS

SUCCESS OF TYPE ADOPTED BY BRITISH NAVY.

A suggestive report has, says Engineering (London) been issued by a special board, appointed by the United States Navy Department to make searching tests as to the mechanical efficiency of different types of submarine boats. This was in connection with the vote of \$2,500,000 made by Congress for new submarine craft during the current year. Congress further voted a large sum for experimental work, so that the tests undertaken might be of a comprehensive character. Three designs were submitted. One of these was of the Holland type, now so widely approved in good speed of 10.03 knots was realized, and the type from which our very successful British boats have been evolved.

The actual boat submitted for test was the Octopus, a vessel of 273 tons displacement, built by the Electric Boat Company of New York, launched in 1906, and representing the latest conception of this design of boat. The Lake Torpedo Boat Company offered for test the submarine boat Lake. The third design proposed is known as the sub-surface type. The board was unanimous in its preference for the Holland type of boat, which, in a long series of practical tests, proved most satisfactory. The surprisingly good speed of 10.03 knots was realized by the Holland type, with three measured mile runs, with the conning tower of the vessel test near the surface. This is a splendid performance. On the surface the maximum speed was 11.57 knots, and the mean 11.02 knots.

As regards diving, the vessel went down at an angle of 8 degrees to a depth of 26 feet within 40 seconds; she immediately returned to the surface, remained there under observation for 15 minutes, and then dived once more, the complete evolution being carried out in about a minute and a half. This facility of disappearance is of the greatest importance from the point of view of fighting efficiency, and the result is, therefore, most interesting.

Again, the time taken to disconnect the gasoline engines and to couple the electric motors was only about 12 seconds—five seconds for the former and seven seconds for the latter operation. As to maneuvering, the vessel, when awash, made a complete circle in 3 minutes 40 seconds, the diameter of the circle being about 200 yards. Running on the surface, with only one screw, she made a half-circle to starboard in 1 minute 35 seconds, and a half-circle to port in 2 minutes 40 seconds; in the latter instance the depth of the propeller was working against the rudder. Going full speed ahead when awash, the vessel was able to reverse her direction of propulsion in 52 seconds.

As to endurance, the boat was required to remain 24 hours submerged at a depth of 200 feet; and it was computed that only one-fortieth of the total supply was exhausted, which suggests a long radius of action under water so far as air supply is concerned. The Holland boat is fitted with an automatic device for blowing out the tanks when submerged, in order that the vessel may rise to the surface from any predetermined depth, without any prearranged signal, which the apparatus is set to come into action. The mechanism was set to be effective at 40 feet, and when this depth was reached 30 tons of water were blown out of the boat in 18 seconds, the total time taken for the test, including the immersion of the boat, being 48 seconds.

Another important trial was made in connection with submarine bell signals from the "mother ship." By this means it is possible for the commander of the fleet to communicate with the various vessels when submerged. It was also found that wireless telegraphy could be used on the Octopus when on the surface, and that, under these conditions it is possible to maintain a range of communication will be 40 miles. The report of the naval board, published in Engineering, is overwhelmingly in favor of the Holland boat.

FREAK SOCIETIES.

England, too, can boast of her freak societies. There is, for instance, the Apennine Society, a fashionable select circle the members of which must give proof that they have undergone an operation for appendicitis. The Society for Putting Women in Her Proper Place was formed in London a few months ago with the object of combating the movement for women's suffrage. There is also a society of hardheads, and two or three societies of bachelors, and a few run in the interests of old maids. In Germany not long ago was formed a Society for the Encouragement of Adipose Tissue, an organization which stoutly defended the cause of fat men.—Manchester Guardian.

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New York City is now growing at the rate of about 415 persons each day.

GHOSTS A MYTH, SAYS OLD SEXTON

HE HAS BURIED 5,000 PERSONS—HAD WIERD EXPERIENCE.

Thirty-five years a grave digger and never saw a real spook! That is the record held by John Albert, of 1618 Alameda street, Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Albert has buried enough persons to make a city. He says he has put beneath the sod more than 5,000 bodies. He has been in graveyards at all hours of the day and night. He has slept beside newly-made graves. The grave digger has been a resident of Nashville about two years. He came here from Louisville, where he dug graves for ten years. Before going to Louisville, he was at Lebanon, Ky., as a grave digger at Rider's cemetery. He held this location many years. He has made graves in Lexington, Danville and other cities.

"This spook business," said Mr. Albert, "is all bosh. I have been in graveyards in the dead hours of night, and I have never seen a ghost, nor have I heard the call of the whistling over newly-made graves, but never did I see a real spook."

"I shall never forget one night, however. The wind was moaning through the tall grass in the graveyard, and the moon was hid behind black clouds. I felt nervous; I could not sleep. I thought I heard a strange tapping on my window pane. My house was almost in the center of the cemetery. Seizing my shotgun I walked out into the night. The moonlight never seemed whiter or the night blacker. I had walked only a few feet when I thought I heard something tapping behind me. I turned like a flash, as I could discover nothing. A light figure further into the graveyard my blood commenced to tingle. 'John Albert,' said I to myself, 'you're getting the 'graveyard hunch'; you're becoming scared.' I hunched to shake the feeling off, but I was not alone. I felt a cold spot near the grave of a young girl and fell upon the grave to rest a few moments. The moon broke from behind the clouds and shone on the monuments. A large dog began to howl and the wind rushed with a frightened whirr through the tall trees and grass. Cold and hot flashes ran up and down my spinal column. I thought I could stand anything like a human moid. I could stand the cold, but I could not stand the feeling like a human moid. I looked in every direction for something to shoot at; but all I could see was the white monuments and the pale moonlight."

"Again taking my seat on the grass, I waited. In the meantime big drops of rain had begun to fall; one splashed in my face and another struck me on the cheek. The wind rose higher. The dog howled louder, and away down at the other end of the graveyard I could see something white looming out of the darkness. I looked closer. It was not a monument. No, it was something alive and was white. It was something like an aspen leaf clutching my gun with both hands, and I patted its cold barrel. Never had I loved it as at that moment. It seemed the only thing I had to depend upon.

"The white thing arose in the air and disappeared. Great beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. My tongue clung to the roof of my mouth; my breath came quick and fast and my lips were parched as from fever. It seemed to float about two feet above the ground for a few minutes and then fell down. I waited until it got within twenty feet of me. I closed my eyes, pulled the trigger of my gun and fired. There was a scream, a flutter and I waited to hear no more. A wild animal gained its freedom. I broke for my house. I almost yelled as I ran.

"The next morning I got up bright and early, and went to where I had shot the supposed ghost. What do you suppose I found? A neighbor's big white garage it had landed into. I was happy by the falling rain and brisk wind, tried to have fun by flying a bit. I had to shoot it.

"On another occasion I happened to be in the graveyard one night during a terrible electrical storm. One of the big pine trees had been snapped by the wind and had fallen across a beautiful monument. I went out in the effort to remove a portion of it.

"While chopping the limbs of the tree when on the surface, and that, under these conditions it is possible to maintain a range of communication will be 40 miles. The report of the naval board, published in Engineering, is overwhelmingly in favor of the Holland boat.

resting against the monument I happened to hear a kind of snort, and, looking up, saw a great white something about one hundred yards from me.

"Clutching my axe, I waited for it to approach. Slowly it came toward me. When the lightning would tear across the clouds it would jump and snort. I thought it a brand of ghost. Presently it started for me on a brisk run. It was not afraid I thought I had business at the house, and I tried to cross the path of the oncoming something, but it beat me.

"When I was almost ready to give up and faint from fright, I discovered it was nothing but a white mule that had entered the cemetery through a break in the fence.

"No, sir, if there are such things as spooks, spirits and awful somethings, I did not see them while burying the dead.

"But did you know that negroes and many white people are scared to go within a mile of a graveyard at night? Many people when passing where the dead are resting begin to whistle. Negroes in Kentucky believe this will keep the ghosts away.

"There is no danger in a graveyard. It is the last place on earth where anything terrible would occur. There are no ghosts, no misty-looking shapes. It is the imagination."—New York Times.

STRIKING TRAITS OF MARSHALL FIELD

QUALITIES THAT CONTRIBUTED TO HIS SUCCESS.

The late Marshall Field, one of Chicago's most noted businessmen, who, indeed, won world-wide fame as well as a great fortune, was mindful always of the tone of his establishment—of that air of reserve and refinement which impresses customers more than the merchandise offered for sale.

There are establishments which permit their employees to dress as they please. The men may have on flashy neckties, the women appear in elbow sleeves, with garish rings and jangling bracelets.

But Mr. Field would not permit this. The accepted applicant for work in it modestly and quietly dressed as Field's desire. The point may seem a small one to the small businessman, but it is a vastly important one in showing on what great things great successes are built.

This was not merely the result of strict rules; it came also from precept. Mr. Field believed in tone; he breathed it; his personality threw it off. All ways well groomed, he saw to it that his employees were the same. The clerks and department heads who remained with him any length of time unconsciously absorbed it. They grew into a deference of manner, a "wait-to-serve" attitude, that became second nature.

The first establishment began to develop along broad lines because its organization and its ideals were consistent with the new ideals of merchandizing of the west. This renaissance of business, which began about 1893, was marked by two principal characteristics.

The first was that people had a greater buying power than ever before. Prosperity had given them the ability to satisfy their needs and even their less important desires. More than that, a new spirit had grown up with this prosperity. Ability to satisfy higher needs was permitted, as it always does, the growth of a desire for excellence, for "tone," and for every quality that would please. This desire, which was satisfied along some lines by the opening of art galleries and music halls and the consequent refinement of the fine arts in general, found its business complement in the elevated tone of retail merchandizing.

In the early years, the frontier days, Field's sold such plain and crude stuff as was demanded as readily as any other house. Yet it went the other way in this: it foresaw that as the country settled, as bank accounts increased, as people of an existing generation rested on their oars and the children came up under easier conditions than the parents, a growing demand for finer fabrics would rise.

The proof for this lies in the fact that Field's steadily advertised a little higher grade of goods at a little higher price than any competitor.

Another Field trait was that when an employee had been tried and found worthy, he was given authority in his department of the business. By virtue of his independent executive control the duty of initiating new methods, of reorganizing sales campaigns, of replenishing the stock as his sales records showed the need, rested on his shoulders.

The authority of Mr. Field was felt when the section heads were asked their advice and their suggestions, and either found approval or disapproval in the decision of the head of the house. Mr. Field did not freely express his own opinion, but he first secured the opinions of his associates. In fact, he was never known to outline a plan of action and declare that it must be carried out merely because it was his plan. He was rather a critic and censor of all plans initiated by his junior partners and the heads of his departments. He impressed upon them his views and ideas, however, so that their suggestions bore the stamp of his methods.

In time those who had favored certain policies knew whether he approved by alterations in the manner of transacting business. If the changes did not come they understood their views had not been approved. There was and remained to the day of Mr. Field's death a constant invitation from him for co-operative work.—Harold Irwin, in System.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S NIGHTMARE.

The individual Englishman is usually an optimist, has very few fears, leans in, and, like the American, is at heart quite confident that his country, aided by Providence, will in some way or other "muddle through." The collective Englishman on the other hand, is apt to be exceedingly pessimistic, believes that each event may have disastrous consequences and finds, what is at least singular, a kind of enjoyment in nightmares. He really believes, or thinks he believes, in the coming arrival of vast disasters; fails to find comfort in his long history of successes; forgets that the awful blow which was to have destroyed him, the successful revolt of the American colonies, doubled the power of his race without reducing that of his own section of it; and, for all his pride, though it often amounts to arrogance, often expresses confidence in his apostrophe, "No Englishman is really afraid of China, but the British as a whole are greatly moved by prophecies of the 'yellow peril'."

The fact that it all the yellow men in existence reached the shores of the North Sea they could not cross it without permission of H.M.S. Dreadnought—a circumstance of precisely the same kind as that which stopped Xerxes—is never taken into consideration. They hear of a "wave of discontent" sweeping over India, and begin talking of the great revolt of 1857, without reflecting that since then the effective white garrison of the peninsula has been multiplied by five; that the whites control all effective artillery; that India has been covered with railways arranged for military as well as commercial purposes, and that India is less than half the distance from Great Britain that it was when the massacres of fifty years ago made the islanders shut their teeth. They forget that the huge mass of the great

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in Regard to Their Health.

Mrs. Martha Pohlman of 55 Chester Avenue, Newark, N. J., who is a graduate nurse from the Blockley Training School at Philadelphia, and for six years Chief Clinic Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of persons of experience, besides her professional education and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon. Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs. Pohlman writes:

"I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to use."

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, fearful backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctors prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I would bloom after eating and frequently become nauseated. I had pains down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female ills, where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or inflammation of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds where Others Fail.



Mrs. Martha Pohlman

nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to their sex is terrible to see. The money which they pay to doctors who do not help them is an enormous waste. The pain is cured and the money is saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is well for women who are ill to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant for many years before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women. In her great experience, which covers many years, she has probably had to deal with dozens of cases just like yours. Her advice is strictly confidential.



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dependency is broken by dozens of native states whose princes no more desire a popular uprising than we do, as well as by those numberless differences of creed, caste, occupation and civilization which in 1857 arrested any popular revolt, and practically left the drilled Sepoys, though objects, it may be, of popular sympathy, as rebel armies hanging in air.—London Spectator.

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