

The tremour of white hands, the ashy gleam  
Of noble brows, and thou dost startle Love's  
Young dreams into a dying swoon and strew  
A flowery sadness on some new-made grave."

This passage—which does not at all surpass in beauty and power many others of equal length even in the same poem—may show the quality and artistic value of Mr. Stewart's work perhaps better than the many shorter passages I had also marked for quotation. "The Last Sleep," "To a Blind Singer," "The Poet," "Hope," "The Painter to his Picture," "Evermore," and "Love's Dream" are poems strong in motive and expression, and alive with emotion. I may be allowed to quote from the last stanza of the "After-song" the words which bring the book to a close :

"I came again and all were gone,  
And I lingered there by the sea alone.  
Why is the poet's pipe wed unto saddening thought?  
O the unsung songs that might have been mine,  
As the waves beat up in splendid rhyme.  
Why beats the heart in the breast  
Like the sea on the stones in unrest?  
In feverish hands the foam of the waves I caught.  
'Are we not more than foam in the hands of Time?'  
I said, 'Is there not more for life's clinging vine  
Than idols and dreams, more in death than dumb sleep?'  
But the waves came in with their mighty sweep  
And eternal cry, 'We are weary of toil and of strife,  
We have toiled forever under a spell;  
We have built the land where the nations dwell  
And the mountains that dwell with the cloud,  
Both the small and the great.  
What is the use? Man ever threads the maze  
Of life in the mists of fate,  
While Beauty sits in desolate ways,  
While Greed is king of th' ignoble crowd,  
And the world is wan with the war of creeds,  
Oppression, tyranny, martyr-filled flames,  
Unsatisfied love, and forgotten dead,  
Fields of war where the soldier bleeds,  
And pillars sculptured with deeds and names  
That tell of darkness and dragon dread.  
We have toiled for ever under a spell,  
We have built the land where the nations dwell;  
We are weary of toil and of strife.'

O wind-tossed waves that wander for evermore!  
O weary waves by the winding shore!  
The life that turneth no thoughtless eye  
On the glories that round us lie,  
On the myriad grandeurs of earth and sky,  
And the wonder of changing sights,  
Can feel that the lowliest worm hath rights,  
And a broken shell on the beach  
Hath sadness deeper than speech."

"Dreamy and inconclusive," in the words of a late writer, "the poet sometimes, nay, often, cannot help being, for dreaminess and inconclusiveness are conditions of thought when dwelling on the very subjects that most demand poetical treatment." Yet one could wish that the poet of "Corydon and Amaryllis" were a little less dreamy and inconclusive at times, a little less melancholy and despondent—for many moods of sorrow are reflected in his verse. Some of the poems thrill one with a note of desolate sadness, more exquisite than I can express.

W. J. HEALY.

#### HOW HRÖTHGAR CAME HOME AGAIN.

Beowulf, 1897-1914.

There on the sand was  
A sea-worthy ship  
Freighted with war-gear,  
The iron-ring'd prow  
With horses and treasure:  
High the mast towered  
Over Earl Hröthgar's  
Store of hoard-jewels.  
He on the boat-ward,  
Bounden with gold,  
A broadsword bestowed;  
That he was thereafter  
More worthy on mead-bench  
For that same heir-loom,

The relic of yore.  
Then he boarded the sea-boat,  
To plow the deep water,  
The Danes' land forsook.  
There was, the mast along,  
One of sea-mantles,  
A sail sheeted home.  
On surged the ocean-tree,  
Not there the wave-swimmer  
Winds over water-floods  
Stayed of her going;  
On gat the sea-ganger,  
Fleeted the foamy-necked  
Forth o'er the billows,  
The carven-stem ship  
Over the sea-rivers,  
Till that the Geat cliffs  
They could descry,  
The well-known coast-nesses.  
Up drave the keel,  
Sped up by the breezes  
She shoaled on the shallows.

BOHEMIEN.

#### SLANG.

There is an art in slang. It is an embellishment or ornamentation; a sort of lower grade or detritus of poetical embellishment or ornamentation. Professor Masson has defined poetry to be the addition of secondary concrete to prior concrete. The same holds good with regard to slang. It differs from poetry in the character of the added concrete, and bears much the same relationship to poetry that folk-lore does to mythology.\* A slang phrase is one torn from its original signification, fallen from its high estate, degraded. "Degraded?" perhaps you exclaim, "degraded, when slang, pure and simple, may be found in Shakespeare, in Juvenal, in Terence, in Aristophanes, in Plato† even?" What I mean is, we find it in comedy, not in tragedy; in satire, not in ode; in familiar colloquy, not in moral disquisition; in the mouth of Pistol, or Bardolph, or Falstaff, not in the soliloquies of Hamlet or Cato. Like detritus it is found on the lowly plain, not on the mountain-top.

Perhaps the essential difference between the secondary concrete of poetry and that of slang is the inappropriateness or inapplicability of the latter. Slanginess, in fact, varies inversely as appropriateness. "Bob up serenely" applied to the natatorial antics of visitors to Dieppe or Coney Island,—spots dear to the advocates of co-nation of the sexes—is scarcely within the confines of slang proper. But in the unauthorized version, even in the revised version, it would be worse than slang. "It makes me tired" is in some instances a very sensible remark; it is not until it becomes wholly inappropriate that it becomes slang. So in concoling with her Grace, the Duchess of So-and-So, on the occasion of some bereavement, one would hardly address her as "old girl," or request her to "come, come," or to "keep a stiff upper lip," and "stand it like a little man;" and yet cases might occur when to some "dear old chappie" they would be the exact phrases used. The difference between slang and poetry is the difference between *Punch* and the *Times*. *Punch* gives the news always with a smile on his face, and never in the "grand" styles. The *Times* is always tremendously sober and serious. Poetry is the portrait; slang is the caricature.

T. A. H.

#### A BRIEF COMPARISON OF THE PLATONIC AND KANTIAN VIEWS OF THE ABSOLUTE UNITY IN THE COMPLEX PHENOMENAL.

The history of Philosophy from the days of the Sage of Miletus to the times of the prince of German transcendentalists is but a record of the labyrinthine wanderings of the human soul goaded on as Ió of old, by a maddening gadfly of necessity, to struggle through the mazes of the complex Phenomenal to the higher unity, all embracing. Down the ages can this toilsome path be traced, by the whitening bones of decayed philosophies, that have shed their dim, often uncertain light upon the ever-widen-

\*See Max Muller, *Chips*.

†*Zette*, De Quincey.