

And Anthony with quiver void, his last fleet arrow sped,
Leant mourning o'er his broken bow and mused upon the dead.

The vision and the voice are o'er, their influence waned away,
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day;
The vision and the voice are o'er, but when will be forgot
The buried genius of romance, the imperishable SCOTT?

A UNIVERSITY RECOGNIZES A POET.

The public hall of Johns Hopkins University, on the afternoon of Friday, February 3rd, 1888, presented an unusual appearance. It is a plain business-like room, almost commonplace; the only redeeming feature being oil-portraits of the founder and a most distinguished professor, and two memorial brasses on the walls. For the rest it is a small modern room lighted at one side and with a platform or dais at the west end. But to-day it has been beautified. A grand piano stood at one end of the platform with vases of white lilies on it. The reading-desk in the centre had been removed and in its place, with a rich green background of tall tropical plants, was a laurel-crowned bust; midway down the pedestal a broad green ribbon holds a flute and a roll of music. The face will repay study. It is one of Keyser's famous bronzes. The lines of the small round classical head are extremely delicate, the nose is strong and aristocratic, the eyes thoughtful, and a long silky beard flowing down upon the breast gives the impression of great dignity and nobility; everything speaks for sensitiveness and refinement rather than strength, though there is not a weak line anywhere. It is the likeness of Sidney Lanier, poet and musician. This is his forty-sixth birthday and it is six years since he died. On the other side on a small table is a large lyre of roses and lilies, and at the base in red flowers the words, "The time needs heart," the motto of the dead poet. The scent of the flowers fills the room.

The occasion is semi-private; only a limited number could be invited and many of those present had been personal friends of Lanier. The most noticeable feature of the audience is the strong individuality of each face. People chat with their neighbours but not impatiently. There are several celebrities here and a good sprinkling of literary workers and educationists. Punctually at four o'clock the President, a tall gentlemanly-looking man, in the prime of life, enters with a lady in deep mourning on his arm. The sweet-faced, dark-eyed woman, is the poet's widow; she is plainly but not poorly dressed; the little black bonnet shows the pretty black hair, brushed back from her forehead in an old-fashioned way, and there is an earnest pathetic look in her eyes; altogether an unusually attractive and pleasing face. Her two sons, one in the uniform of a southern military school, are with her; they pass up the aisle and take seats just in front of the platform.

A few minutes later the President stands up, the buzz of conversation ceases, and in a moment all are attention. With his well-known tact he explains in a few well chosen words the occasion for meeting—how Lanier had lectured in this very place, how the bust had been given by a kinsman of the poet to the University, and how spontaneous the whole affair had been. There was a thrill and a deep hush as he closed with the familiar words as if he spoke them for the first time, "There is—rosemary, that's for remembrance, there is—pansies, that's for thoughts."

It was appropriate, of course, that Lanier's own words should be heard, and a lady cousin read in a very sympathetic way, his beautiful "Song of the Chattahoochee" and "The Marches," and others. The applause was never noisy, but it was never coldly or grudgingly bestowed. The audience seemed to be perfectly in touch and tune with the readers, speakers and musicians. Then came letters from fellow-poets, Holmes, Lowell, Steadman, Gilder, giving their estimates of the significance of his life and poetical activity. These were followed by poetical

tributes from various poets, among others Edith Thomas, and two of our students, of whom we are proud, Cummings, of Tennessee, and Burton, of Hartford, some of whose work has come out in *Century* and *Harper's*. It gives one strange feelings to hear a man say, "Lanier and I were in prison together in the war, and he used to call me his Jonathan," but from first to last there was not a single false note struck, nothing affected, nor anything that one could wish had not been said or done. There was music to relieve the speakers. The first number was two songs; of the first the words were by Lanier, the music by an unknown composer, very grave and sweet. The words are so exquisite that I give them in full:—

THE BALLAD OF THE TREES AND THE MASTER.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives, they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame
When Death and shame should woo Him last,
From under the tree they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

I think you will have to go back to the tenderest and most devout lyrics of the Catholic middle ages to match such verse. The other was Lanier's setting of "Love that hath us in his net." It was simpler than the first, and better liked. Both were very well sung. I heard a Berlin lady say afterwards that she had not heard such concert singing since she came to Baltimore.

But, not to take up too much time with details, the chief remaining features were the speech by the President of Rutgers College; also a friend of Lanier's, which was full of earnest enthusiasm, with the text, "The time needs heart," protesting against the low aims of the age and the theory of art for art's sake; a violin solo from Bach, well rendered; and the knitting together of all the feelings and trains of thought in a grand piano solo from Liszt's *Almira*, which closed the proceedings.

The celebration was in honour of Lanier, but the guests were not forgotten. Each, on leaving the hall, was presented with a handsome memorial card, gotten up with excellent taste. On the front was an inscription in gilt letters, with the date and the motto, "*Aspiro dum expiro*," and on the reverse some lines from one of the poet's pieces. This was the thought of a Boston lady, and her contribution to the festival. [Note.—The musicians from the "Conservatory" had been associated with Lanier during his stay in Baltimore; and their part in the day was purely voluntary.]

Such was the Lanier celebration, the most graceful recognition possible of an author by a learned body. Everything that music, flowers, poetry, oratory, deep feeling could do, made up a memorial that was simply unique. The sentiment wavered between sorrow or regret for the "lost leader," and rejoicing in his noble life and chivalrous song. And the taste displayed in the arrangement of the programme did not allow the interest to flag or any feeling to be over-strained. So many different people took part in it, and from first to last it was spontaneous and heart-felt. Altogether, it will be remembered, by all who were there, as an occasion of unalloyed pleasure and a perennial fountain of inspiration.

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