

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

We were shown a few days ago a little bouquet of violets from the graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant Cemetery, Rome. It had been gathered quite recently by a Montrealer, who thought that he could send no more welcome keepsake to a poetic friend and fellow-townsmen.

How the two poets came to their deaths is familiar to all students of literature. In Keats were the seeds of consumption. He went to Italy, but Italy could not cure him. He passed away at the early age of 25, December 27, 1820, and on his gravestone his friend Severn placed the inscription which Keats himself had suggested: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

The story of Shelley's death is still more tragic. He, too, had suffered from ill-health and had been a mark for many "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but his stay in Italy had brought him new life, new hope and enjoyments to which he had been a stranger. He was not yet thirty and, to all appearances, he had a long life before him. Then came the catastrophe. Shelley, his friend Williams, and the sailor boy, Charles Vivian, had set sail in Shelley's boat, the "Don Juan," from Leghorn for Lerici. A storm came on: the boat was upset. When Shelley's body was found a volume of Keats's "Poems" was in one of his pockets. In Trelawney's "Records" the burning and the rescue of the heart from the flames are described. The heart was given to Hunt, who afterwards resigned it to Mrs. Shelley, and it is now at Boscombe Lodge, Hampshire, the seat of the family. The ashes of the poet were gathered and interred in Rome, in the spot which Shelley had not long before, in "Adonais," described as:

"A slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread."

He had also described the scene in prose in a letter to his friend Peacock.

The epitaph over Shelley's ashes was composed by Leigh Hunt and is as follows: "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Cor Cordium. Natus iv. Aug. MDCCXCII. Obiit viii. Jul. MDCCCXXII. It was Trelawney who added the lines from *Ariel's* song in the "Tempest."

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

The union of these leaves and flowers in a common memorial is for many reasons appropriate. Shelley and Keats were for a brief time neighbours in life, as their mortal remains are in death. It was in 1817, during Shelley's visit to Hunt at Hampstead, when Keats took lodgings at Well Walk in the same village, where he remained for nearly three years. There, indeed, the "Ode to a Nightingale," "St. Agnes," "Isabella," "Hyperion," and the greater part of "Endymion," were written, and it was there chiefly that Keats resided until 1820, when he left England never to return. His memory is perpetuated in the village by Keats' Bench, Keats's Corner, Keats's Cottage and Keats's Villa.

Of Shelley's visit to Leigh Hunt, Blanchard Jerrold writes: "Leigh Hunt was editing the 'Examiner,' and in spite of his two years' imprisonment was still liberal to the backbone. For Shelley was with him, talking wild radicalism at Hampstead, or discussing the destinies as the two friends rode into town on the stage."

Both Shelley and Keats have been somewhat harshly criticized of late. Nevertheless, they attract more passionate admiration from those who enter into their spirit than any of the poets of the present century.

The touching motto just spoken of was sent to the author of "Marguerite" by a friend who knew he would value it.

Another letter from Italy to which our attention has been directed was prompted by a note of criticism and inquiry on a question of classical erudition, which was sent out on its mission with the vaguest notion as to its destination. It had been well nigh forgotten when the answer came, not from some busy centre of new world life, as might have been expected, but from an old Tuscan

city, brimming over with records and traditions of mediæval art and politics and manners; not from a grave professor of pompous aspect and sonorous in his egotism, but from the most gracious of ladies errant in search of light.

"Artist," whose handwriting recalls a pleasant editorial intercourse many a year ago, writes to say that he has received a number of autographs which he invites us to inspect. The list includes some great names and several less known. The latter are generally attached to letters of some length, which are occasionally interesting from their mention of celebrities or descriptions of noted scenes. Among these there is a short letter from Mrs. Jameson on one of her most cherished subjects, art. Apart from its literary or artistic worth, or its value as a reminder of greatness and genius, whatever bears Mrs. Jameson's signature must always be looked upon tenderly by Canadians. Her residence in Canada was an episode of seeming hopefulness, but which proved eventually fruitless of good, in a wedded life clouded by misunderstanding.

A correspondent asks us if we know of any work that gives specimens of *modern* Italian poetry. As the qualifying word is emphasized, we take it for granted that it is comparatively recent poetry that "Viva" has in her mind. The little book of Mr. W. D. Howells, "Modern Italian Poets," may serve very well as an introduction to the subject. He gives critical essays on some eighteen or twenty poets, including Alfieri, Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni, Mercantini, etc., with characteristic examples of their work. It is, indeed, an anthology of the last hundred years or more, and presents a fair illustration of the course of poetic development in the Italian peninsula and Sicily during that most eventful period.

If, however, our correspondent desires to have not merely versions or translations, but the *ipsissima verba* of the poets whom she would study, she would need something more. On enquiry we find that there is an excellent collection, covering the same ground, but much more completely. It is entitled "Antologia della Poesia Italiana Moderna." The editor, Giuseppe Puccianti, has written a general introduction and has furnished a series of useful notes, occasionally biographical, but mostly critical. This little volume, which is published by the successors to the firm of Le Monnier, Florence, is not very costly, and would, it seems to us, serve very well to start with.

By way of parenthesis, it may be worth pointing out that the French poem "L'Hirondelle et le Proscrit," beginning:

Pourquoi me fuir, passagère hiron, elle ?

and which John Oxenford seems to consider original in French, is found among the poems attributed to Tommaso Grossi, in whose prose romance of "Marco Visconti" it is one of the attractions. In Italian it is extremely musical and is very popular in Italy and among Italian wanderers all over the world.

Il Settembre innanzi vieni,
E a lasciarmi ti prepari:
Tu vedrai lontane arene,
Nuovi monti, nuovi mari,
Salutando in tua favella
Pellegrina rondinella.

Ed io tutte le mattine
Riaprendo gli occhi al pianto,
Fra le nevi et fra le brine
Credero d'udir quel canto,
Onde par che in tua favella
Mi compiangi, o rondinella.

Of these stanzas Mr. Howells gives the following version:

Ah! September quickly coming,
Thou shalt take farewell of me,
And to other summers roaming,
Other hills and waters see—
Greeting them with songs more gay,
Pilgrim swallow, far away.

Still, with every hopeless morrow,
While I ope mine eyes in tears,
Sweetly through my brooding sorrow
Thy dear song shall reach mine ears—
Pitying me, though far away,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

"Viva's" other question we shall answer with more deliberation in a future issue. Meanwhile, we may say that, as a good working bibliography of Dante, the following list may be accepted: "A Shadow of Dante," by Maria Francesca Rossetti; "Dante and his Circle," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; "Dante as Philosopher, Patriot and Poet, with an analysis of the 'Divine Comedy,'" by Vincenzo Botta; "Dante," by Dean Church; "Dante," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizieme Siècle," by F. Ozanam, and "Dante: a Sketch of his Life and Works," by May Alden Ward. This brief bibliography is included in a list given by this last mentioned writer, as a supplement to her study. Translations of Scartazzani's "Vita di Dante" and of Ozanam's treatise are in preparation, perhaps concluded.

In connection with this last work, which, as well as Botta's volume, we have long found useful (though without agreeing on every point with either critic), we are proud to be able to refer our readers to a bulky and well-filled tome by a Canadian author, entitled "Frédéric Ozanam: sa Vie et Ses Œuvres," by M. Pierre Chauveau, jr., with an introduction by Mr. Chauveau, the elder. We hope to take occasion to say something more of this *étude* at some not distant day. Meanwhile, we recommend it to those of our readers who would become acquainted with one of the most subtle of the intellects that have influenced philosophy in our time.

The author of "Le Chien d'Or" is dear to both sections of our population. He has told, in our finest work of fiction, a story of the Old Régime, which is his claim to immortality in this province. He has celebrated in Wordsworthian verse the glories and the goodness of the United Empire Loyalists. To do justice to the man and his work none is so well fitted as his admirer, Wilfrid Chateaublain, himself also a poet and a romance writer. Mr. Lighthall's paper on "William Kirby" was read before the Society for Canadian Literature on Monday last, and there was a good audience to enjoy it.

HUMOUROUS.

Ye studente breakethe ye maydene's harte;
He laugheth unaware;
But eke, she breakethe hys pocketbooke,
Which maketh matters squaire.

A guard poked his head in the door of a railway carriage and called out the station, "Sawyer," whereupon a young man on his wedding tour, who was about to kiss his bride, yelled back: "I don't care if you did, sir; she's my wife."

Little son (who is restlessly lounging around, because his pa won't let him go skating): "Pa, what do people mean when they say green Christmas makes a fat graveyard?" Pa: "They mean, my son, that in mild weather the ice is very thin."

An Indiana court has decided that unless a woman is pleased with her photographs she need not pay for them, no matter if a dozen of her friends declare that they "look just like her." She doesn't want them to look that way. They must look better than she does.

Young Mr. Casey (to coming hostess): "I—aw—am rather timid about appearing at dinner, my dear Mrs. Hobson, among so many clever people. I assure you that I shall scarcely know what to say." Mrs. Hobson: "Don't say anything, Mr. Casey, and then you'll be all right."

"That gentleman who just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and if he notices you at all he looks you square in the face. I like that style of man." "Yes," replied Robinson, "he is a boss barber, and probably wants to see if you don't need a shave."

Oculist: "When did your eye first become inflamed?" Patient: "Yesterday. I went up to a lady to speak to her and the peak of her bonnet—" "I see. We have many such cases. Use this lotion and be careful, while the present fashion lasts, to do your talking to ladies by telephone."

An English lady, travelling in a Paris railway car, carried her pet dog in her lap. A French dandy beside her, began to caress the dog. "Well sir," said she, snappishly, "I must say that you do appear to be very fond of dogs." "Madame," said he, "I learned to love them during the siege, and since that time I scarcely ever eat anything else."

Young Corkfistroy hastily seeks a cab on his return from Europe, and is driven rapidly to his apartments. "Now, James," he remarks to his valet, "you telephone to my haberdasher and my tailor that they must come to me at once. Gracious, I have been on the ocean fifteen days—blahst the beastly weather! and I don't know what changes may have taken place in the fashions."