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CLARA.

There grows a garden, Clara, where the rose
As well in winter as in summer blows;
If you would look upon that lovely place,
You in a mirror must behold your face.

There blooms a paradise, an earth below—
A paradise where angels to and fro
Are walking; we that paradise may find,
With angel occupants, in Clara's mind.

Her face is like a garden full of flowers,
And angels in her mind have built their bowers;
We, therefore, must conclude that Clara is
At once a garden and a paradise.

KEATS.

That the works of Keats were not as popular as the works of Shelley shows, not that the generation of Englishmen on whom the nineteenth century dawned did not appreciate Keats much, but that they appreciated his great contemporaries more. His poetry was produced at a period in the history of English literature when the works of that musical fraternity whose melodies were mingled with the wild tumult of the Revolutionary wars had taught the country not only to look for great works, and to look for great works often, but to overlook many a work which we would welcome as a literary boon. Notwithstanding the narrowness of his circumstances, by which he was prevented from marrying a lady whom he loved, by whom he was loved, and who must have monopolized the most of his thoughts, he left behind him, when his cold limbs were laid under the green grass of an Italian grave, a volume of poetry which will live in English literature as long as English literature lives.

It is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of Keats that the life of misery he led is so little reflected in his works. It is from his letters, and not from his poems, that we learn what these miseries were. Wordsworth's works are an inventory of his travels and his

toils, of his joys and his sorrows, of his thoughts and every subject that crossed his observation. Byron's poetry reflects his mind as faithfully as his face was reflected in the ocean which he loved so much to contemplate. Collins, on the other hand, who led, perhaps, the most miserable life that was ever led by a poet, has left us only a few lines in his *Oriental Eclogues*, which might be construed into a complaint that he felt the want of gold; and Keats, killed at twenty-five by a grief which poverty had planted in his heart, has confined his complaints to a couple of sonnets and an occasional line in an ode. It is to the miseries of Keats, however, and not to the misfortunes of the great-limbed gods and long-haired goddesses of Greece, that we must attribute the melancholy tone which pervades his poetry.

Many of the most illustrious Englishmen whom the muse has thought "on fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed," died at a comparatively early age. Burns and Byron died at thirty-seven. Collins was only thirty-six when he died. Shelley died at thirty. Henry Kirke White was only twenty-one when he died, and Chatterton committed suicide when he was only nineteen. We could add many more, we believe, if Craik or Spalding were before us, but those we have given are sufficient to show that men do not live long when mental anxiety is added to the wear and tear of literary labor.

It was almost impossible for Keats to compose a line of poetry which was not a key to the gates of a golden world. We would gladly enter into the gorgeous panorama which *Endymion* reads before us; look upon the lofty picture of Thea's long locks making a mat for the large limbs of Saturn; weep with the maiden who watched the pot of basil till her mind left its mansion of clay; dwell with delight on the delicate music which, in many of his odes, reminds us of Spencer's hymeneal odes; linger lovingly round the beautiful sonnet which he wrote to the *Evening Star*; or gaze on

"Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

But were we to follow Keats in all the many wanderings through which he was led by the muse, we would find the morning star beaming upon us, and our work little more than begun.