



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN
BEQUEST TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

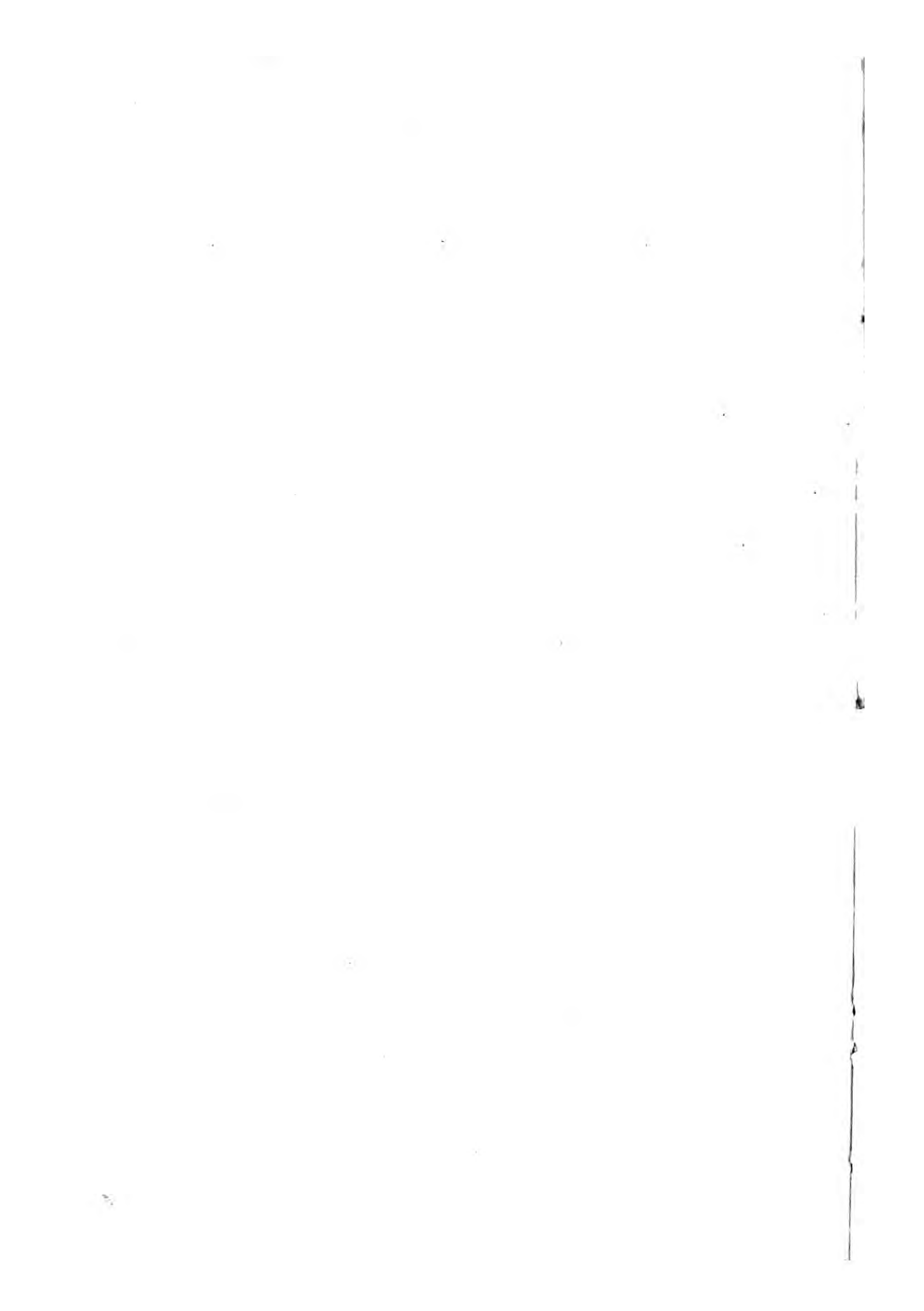
*This book
was acquired for the
MEYERSTEIN
COLLECTION
OF THE
ENGLISH FACULTY
LIBRARY
with the help
of a grant made under
this bequest*

30,111

George H. Will.

XN72.1 [son]

913



SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES

WORKS BY MR. SWINBURNE.

- The Queen Mother and Rosamond.* Fcp. 8vo. 5s.
Atalanta in Calydon.
Crown 8vo. 6s.
Chastelard:
A Tragedy. Fcp. 8vo. 7s.
Poems and Ballads.
Fcp. 8vo. or cr. 8vo. 9s.
Poems and Ballads.
SECOND SERIES. Fcp. 8vo. or cr. 8vo. 9s.
Notes on 'Poems and Ballads.' 8vo. 1s.
William Blake.
A Critical Essay. With Facsimile Paintings. Demy 8vo. 16s.
Songs before Sunrise.
Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Bothwell:*
A Tragedy. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.
George Chapman.
An Essay. Crown 8vo. 7s.
Songs of Two Nations.
Crown 8vo. 6s.
Essays and Studies.
Crown 8vo. 12s.
Erechtheus:
A Tragedy. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade. 8vo. 1s.
A Note on Charlotte Brontë.
Crown 8vo. 6s.
A Study of Shakespeare.
Crown 8vo. 8s.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1880

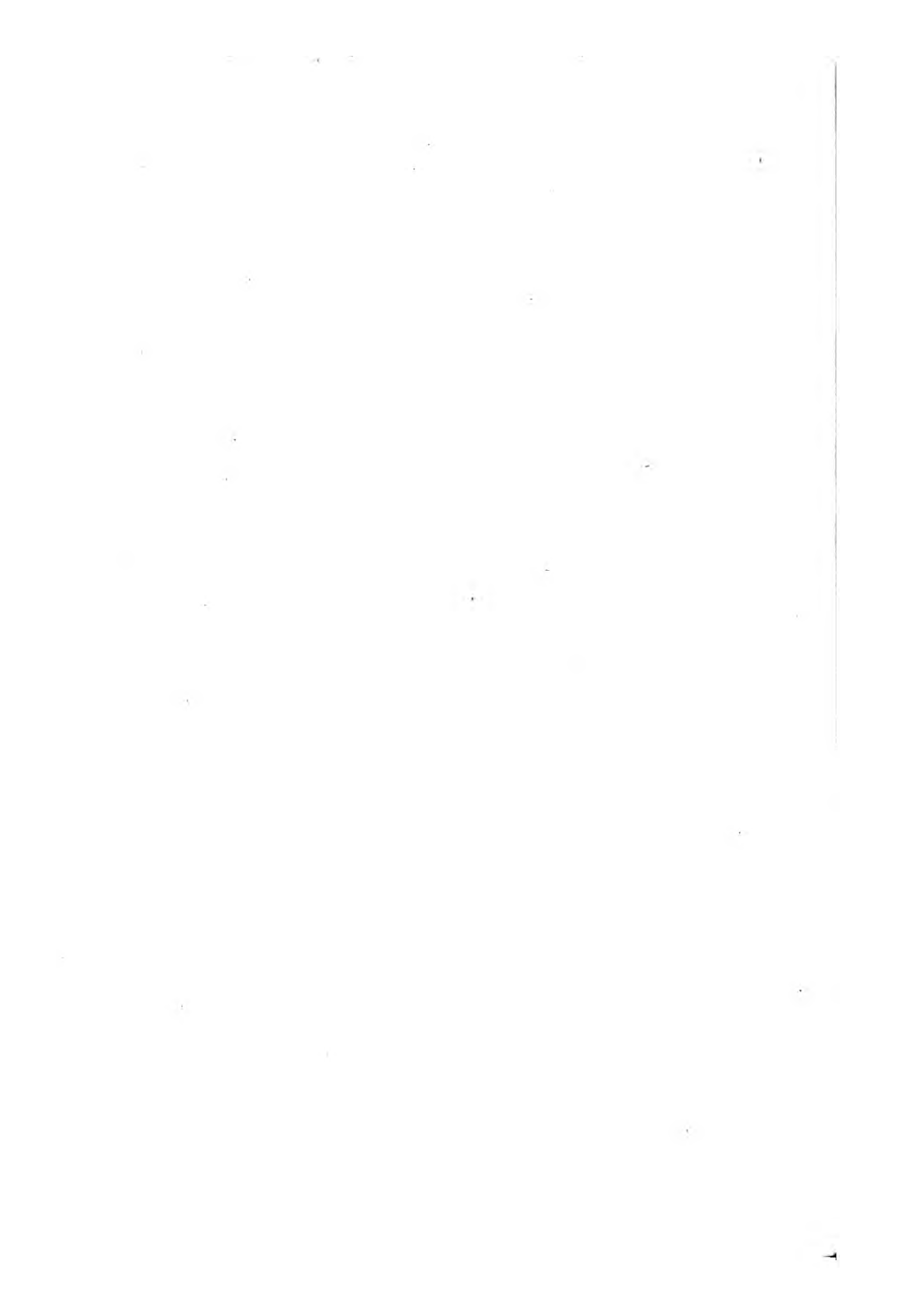
All rights reserved

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODS AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THALASSIUS	3
ON THE CLIFFS	37
THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE	67
BIRTHDAY ODE	97

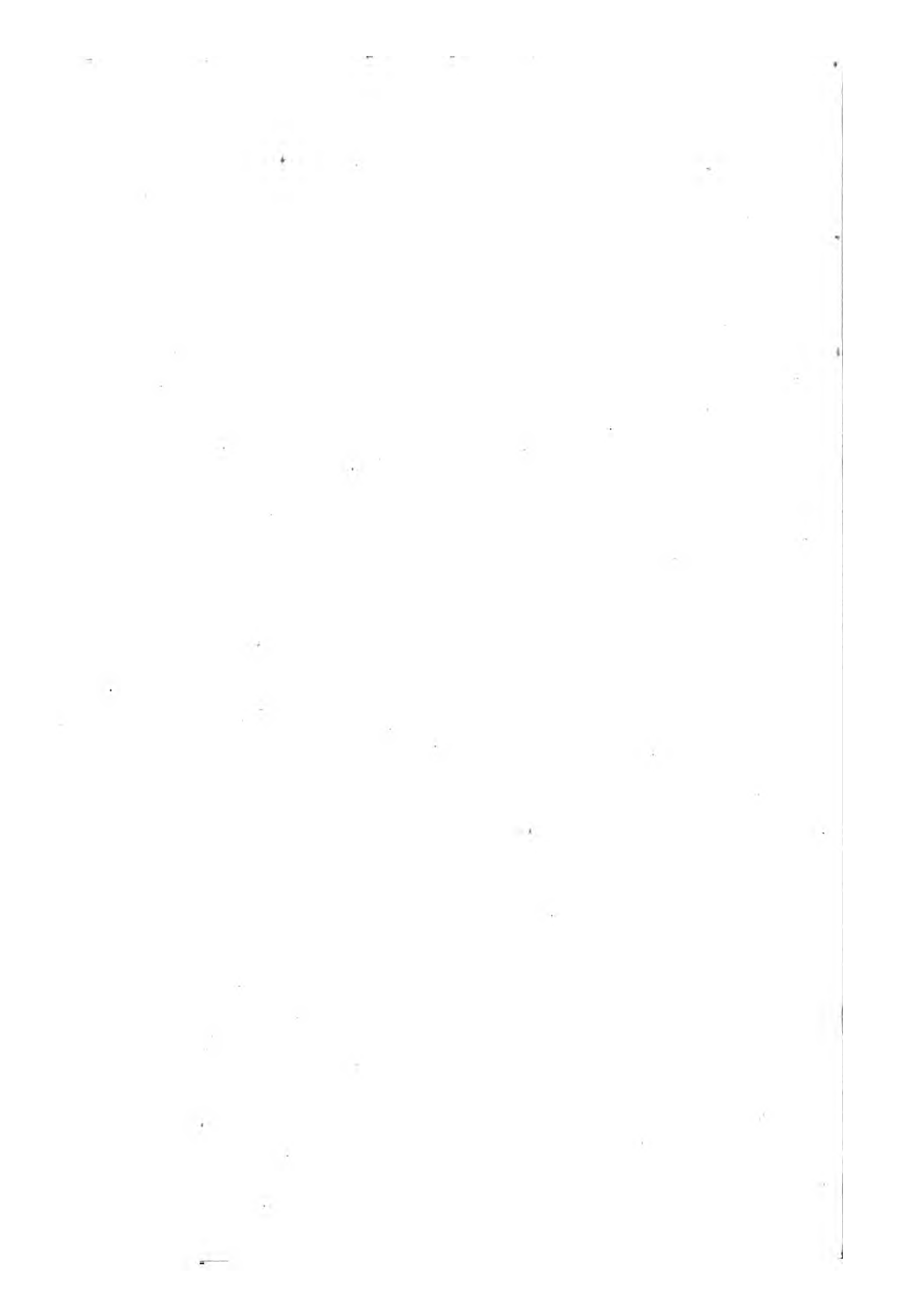
THALASSIUS
ON THE CLIFFS
THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE



DEDICATION.

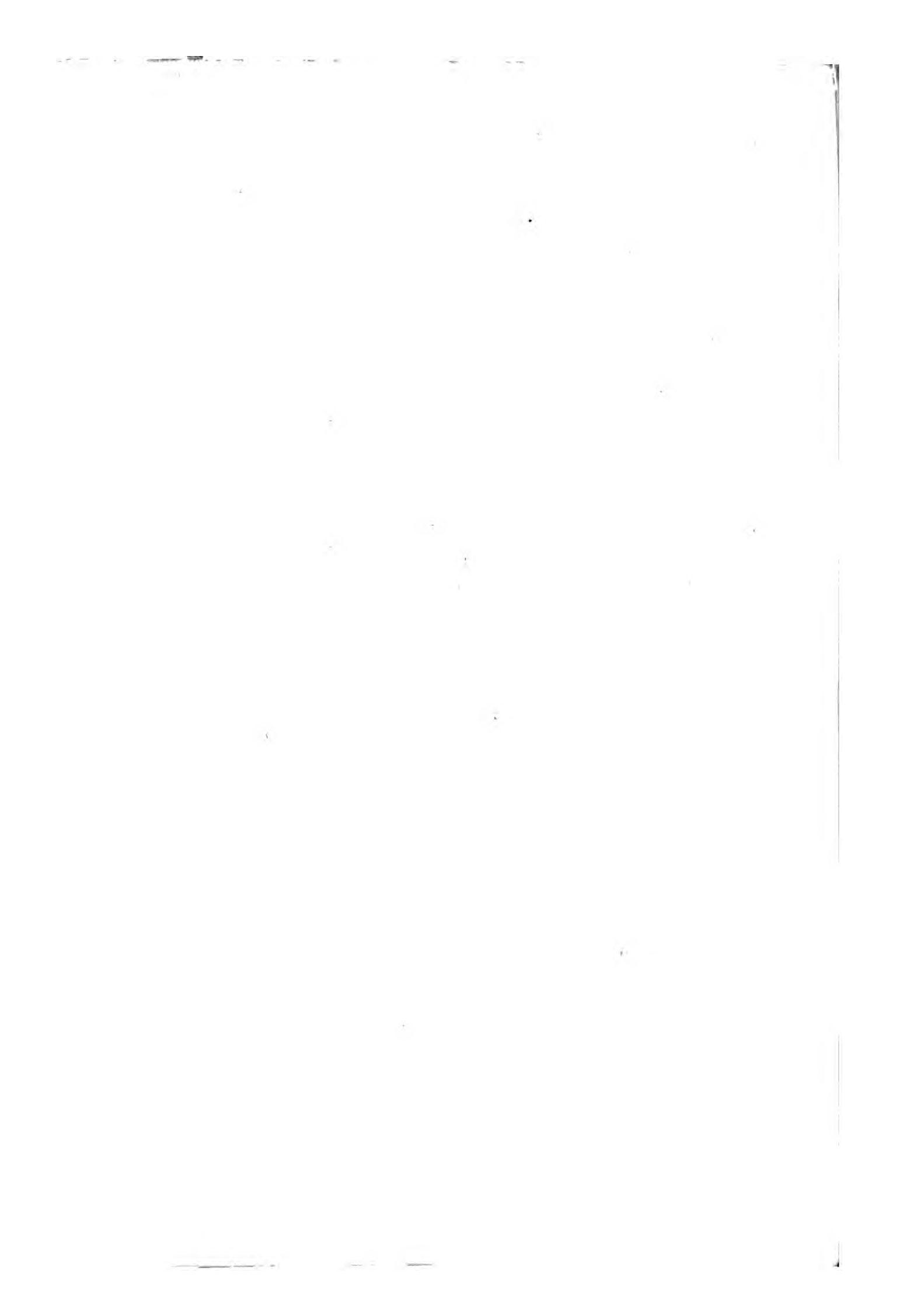
TO EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

*A SEA-MEW on a sea-king's wrist alighting,
As the north sea-wind caught and strained and curlea
The raven-figured flag that led men fighting
From field to green field of the water-world,
Might find such brief high favour at his hand
For wings imbrued with brine, with foam impearled,
As these my songs require at yours on land,
That durst not save for love's free sake require,
Being lightly born between the foam and sand,
But reared by hope and memory and desire
Of lives that were and life that is to be,
Even such as filled his heavenlier song with fire
Whose very voice, that sang to set man free,
Was in your ears as ever in ours his lyre,
Once, ere the flame received him rom the sea.*



THALASSIUS

B



THALASSIUS.

UPON the flowery forefront of the year,
One wandering by the grey-green April sea
Found on a reach of shingle and shallower sand
Inlaid with starrier glimmering jewellery
Left for the sun's love and the light wind's cheer
Along the foam-flowerèd strand
Breeze-brightened, something nearer sea than land
Though the last shoreward blossom-fringe was near,
A babe asleep with flower-soft face that gleamed
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed,
Too sure of either love for either's fear,
Albeit so birdlike slight and light, it seemed

Nor man nor mortal child of man, but fair
As even its twin-born tenderer spray-flowers were,
That the wind scatters like an Oread's hair.

For when July strewed fire on earth and sea
The last time ere that year,
Out of the flame of morn Cymothoe
Beheld one brighter than the sunbright sphere
Move toward her from its fieriest heart, whence trod
The live sun's very God,
Across the foam-bright water-ways that are
As heavenlier heavens with star for answering star,
And on her eyes and hair and maiden mouth
Felt a kiss falling fierier than the South
And heard above afar
A noise of songs and wind-enamoured wings
And lutes and lyres of milder and mightier strings,

And round the resonant radiance of his car
Where depth is one with height,
Light heard as music, music seen as light
And with that second moondawn of the spring's
That fosters the first rose,
A sun-child whiter than the sunlit snows
Was born out of the world of sunless things
That round the round earth flows and ebbs and flows.

But he that found the sea-flower by the sea
And took to foster like a graft of earth
Was born of man's most highest and heavenliest birth,
Free-born as winds and stars and waves are free ;
A warrior grey with glories more than years,
Though more of years than change the quick to dead
Had rained their light and darkness on his head
A singer that in time's and memory's ears

Should leave such words to sing as all his peers
Might praise with hallowing heat of rapturous tears
Till all the days of human flight were fled.
And at his knees his fosterling was fed
Not with man's wine and bread
Nor mortal mother-milk of hopes and fears,
But food of deep memorial days long sped ;
For bread with wisdom and with song for wine
Clear as the full calm's emerald hyaline.
And from his grave glad lips the boy would gather
Fine honey of song-notes goldener than gold,
More sweet than bees make of the breathing heather,
That he, as glad and bold,
Might drink as they, and keep his spirit from cold.
And the boy loved his laurel-laden hair
As his own father's risen on the eastern air,
And that less white brow-binding bayleaf bloom

THALASSIUS.

7

More than all flowers his father's eyes relume ;
And those high songs he heard,
More than all notes of any landward bird,
More than all sounds less free
Than the wind's quiring to the choral sea.

High things the high song taught him ; how the breath
Too frail for life may be more strong than death ;
And this poor flash of sense in life, that gleams
As a ghost's glory in dreams,
More stabile than the world's own heart's root seems,
By that strong faith of lordliest love which gives
To death's own sightless-seeming eyes a light
Clearer, to death's bare bones a verier might,
Than shines or strikes from any man that lives.
How he that loves life overmuch shall die
The dog's death, utterly :

And he that much less loves it than he hates
All wrongdoing that is done
Anywhere always underneath the sun
Shall live a mightier life than time's or fate's.
One fairer thing he shewed him, and in might
More strong than day and night
Whose strengths build up time's towering period :
Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,
Which if man had not, then should God not be :
And that was Liberty.
And gladly should man die to gain, he said,
Freedom ; and gladlier, having lost, lie dead.
For man's earth was not, nor the sweet sea-waves
His, nor his own land, nor its very graves,
Except they bred not, bore not, hid not slaves :
But all of all that is,
Were one man free in body and soul, were his.

And the song softened, even as heaven by night
Softens, from sunnier down to starrier light,
And with its moonbright breath
Blessed life for death's sake, and for life's sake death.
Till as the moon's own beam and breath confuse
In one clear hueless haze of glimmering hues
The sea's line and the land's line and the sky's,
And light for love of darkness almost dies,
As darkness only lives for light's dear love,
Whose hands the web of night is woven of :
So in that heaven of wondrous words were life
And death brought out of strife ;
Yea, by that strong spell of serene increase
Brought out of strife to peace.

And the song lightened, as the wind at morn
Flashes, and even with lightning of the wind

Night's thick-spun web is thinned
And all its weft unwoven and overworn
Shrinks, as might love from scorn.
And as when wind and light on water and land
Leap as twin gods from heavenward hand in hand,
And with the sound and splendour of their leap
Strike darkness dead, and daunt the spirit of sleep,
And burn it up with fire ;
So with the light that lightened from the lyre
Was all the bright heat in the child's heart stirred
And blown with blasts of music into flame
Till even his sense became
Fire, as the sense that fires the singing bird
Whose song calls night by name.
And in the soul within the sense began
The manlike passion of a godlike man,
And in the sense within the soul again

THALASSIUS.

11

Thoughts that make men of gods and gods of men.

For love the high song taught him : love that turns
God's heart toward man as man's to Godward ; love
That life and death and life are fashioned of,
From the first breath that burns
Half kindled on the flowerlike yeanling's lip,
So light and faint that life seems like to slip,
To that yet weaklier drawn
When sunset dies of night's devouring dawn
But the man dying not wholly as all men dies
If aught be left of his in live men's eyes
Out of the dawnless dark of death to rise ;
If aught of deed or word
Be seen for all time or of all time heard.
Love, that though body and soul were overthrown
Should live for love's sake of itself alone,

Though spirit and flesh were one thing doomed and dead,
Not wholly annihilated.

Seeing even the hoariest ash-flake that the pyre
Drops, and forgets the thing was once afire
And gave its heart to feed the pile's full flame
Till its own heart its own heat overcame,
Outlives its own life, though by scarce a span,
As such men dying outlive themselves in man,
Outlive themselves for ever ; if the heat
Outburn the heart that kindled it, the sweet
Outlast the flower whose soul it was, and flit
Forth of the body of it
Into some new shape of a strange perfume
More potent than its light live spirit of bloom,
How shall not something of that soul relive,
That only soul that had such gifts to give
As lighten something even of all men's doom

Even from the labouring womb
Even to the seal set on the unopening tomb?
And these the loving light of song and love
Shall wrap and lap round and impend above,
Imperishable ; and all springs born illumine
Their sleep with brighter thoughts than wake the dove
To music, when the hillside winds resume
The marriage-song of heather-flower and broom
And all the joy thereof

And hate the song too taught him : hate of all
That brings or holds in thrall
Of spirit or flesh, free-born ere God began,
The holy body and sacred soul of man.
And wheresoever a curse was or a chain,
A throne for torment or a crown for bane
Rose, moulded out of poor men's molten pain,

There, said he, should man's heaviest hate be set
Inexorably, to faint not or forget
Till the last warmth bled forth of the last vein
In flesh that none should call a king's again,
Seeing wolves and dogs and birds that plague-strike air
Leave the last bone of all the carrion bare.

And hope the high song taught him: hope whose eyes
Can sound the seas unsoundable, the skies
Inaccessible of eyesight ; that can see
What earth beholds not, hear what wind and sea
Hear not, and speak what all these crying in one
Can speak not to the sun.
For in her sovereign eyelight all things are
Clear as the closest seen and kindlier star
That marries morn and even and winter and spring
With one love's golden ring.

For she can see the days of man, the birth
Of good and death of evil things on earth
Inevitable and infinite, and sure
As present pain is, or herself is pure.
Yea, she can hear and see, beyond all things
That lighten from before Time's thunderous wings
Through the awful circle of wheel-winged periods,
The tempest of the twilight of all Gods :
And higher than all the circling course they ran
The sundawn of the spirit that was man,

And fear the song too taught him; fear to be
Worthless the dear love of the wind and sea
That bred him fearless, like a sea-mew reared
In rocks of man's foot feared,
Where nought of wingless life may sing or shine.
Fear to wax worthless of that heaven he had

When all the life in all his limbs was glad
And all the drops in all his veins were wine
And all the pulses music ; when his heart,
Singing, bade heaven and wind and sea bear part
In one live song's reiteration, and they bore :
Fear to go crownless of the flower he wore
When the winds loved him and the waters knew,
The blithest life that clove their blithe life through
With living limbs exultant, or held strife
More amorous than all dalliance aye anew
With the bright breath and strength of their large life,
With all strong wrath of all sheer winds that blew,
All glories of all storms of the air that fell
Prone, neluctable,
With roar from heaven of revel, and with hue
As of a heaven turned hell.
For when the red blast of their breath had made

All heaven aflush with light more dire than shade,
He felt it in his blood and eyes and hair
Burn as if all the fires of the earth and air
Had laid strong hold upon his flesh, and stung
The soul behind it as with serpent's tongue,
Forked like the loveliest lightnings : nor could bear
But hardly, half distraught with strong delight,
The joy that like a garment wrapped him round
And lapped him over and under
With raiment of great light
And rapture of great sound
At every loud leap earthward of the thunder
From heaven's most furthest bound :
So seemed all heaven in hearing and in sight,
Alive and mad with glory and angry joy,
That something of its marvellous mirth and might
Moved even to madness, fledged as even for flight,

The blood and spirit of one but mortal boy.

So, clothed with love and fear that love makes great,
And armed with hope and hate,
He set first foot upon the spring-flowered ways
That all feet pass and praise.
And one dim dawn between the winter and spring,
In the sharp harsh wind harrying heaven and earth
To put back April that had borne his birth
From sunward on her sunniest shower-struck wing,
With tears and laughter for the dew-dropt thing,
Slight as indeed a dew-drop, by the sea
One met him lovelier than all men may be,
God-featured, with god's eyes ; and in their might
Somewhat that drew men's own to mar their sight,
Even of all eyes drawn toward him : and his mouth
Was as the very rose of all men's youth,

One rose of all the rose-beds in the world:

But round his brows the curls were snakes that
curled,

And like his tongue a serpent's ; and his voice
Speaks death, and bids rejoice.

Yet then he spake no word, seeming as dumb,
A dumb thing mild and hurtless ; nor at first
From his bowed eyes seemed any light to come,
Nor his meek lips for blood or tears to thirst :
But as one blind and mute in mild sweet wise
Pleading for pity of piteous lips and eyes,
He strayed with faint bare lily-lovely feet
Helpless, and flowerlike sweet :
Nor might man see, not having word hereof,
That this of all gods was the great god Love.

And seeing him lovely and like a little child

That wellnigh wept for wonder that it smiled
And was so feeble and fearful, with soft speech
The youth bespake him softly ; but there fell
From the sweet lips no sweet word audible
That ear or thought might reach :
No sound to make the dim cold silence glad,
No breath to thaw the hard harsh air with heat ;
Only the saddest smile of all things sweet,
Only the sweetest smile of all things sad.

And so they went together one green way
Till April dying made free the world for May ;
And on his guide suddenly Love's face turned,
And in his blind eyes burned
Hard light and heat of laughter ; and like flame
That opens in a mountain's ravening mouth
To blear and sear the sunlight from the south,

His mute mouth opened, and his first word came :

‘ Knowest thou me now by name ? ’

And all his stature waxed immeasurable,

As of one shadowing heaven and lightening hell ;

And statelier stood he than a tower that stands

And darkens with its darkness far-off sands

Whereon the sky leans red ;

And with a voice that stilled the winds he said :

‘ I am he that was thy lord before thy birth,

I am he that is thy lord till thou turn earth :

I make the night more dark, and all the morrow

Dark as the night whose darkness was my breath :

O fool, my name is sorrow ;

Thou fool, my name is death.’

And he that heard spake not, and looked right on
Again, and Love was gone.

Through many a night toward many a wearier day
His spirit bore his body down its way.
Through many a day toward many a wearier night
His soul sustained his sorrows in her sight.
And earth was bitter, and heaven, and even the sea
Sorrowful even as he.
And the wind helped not, and the sun was dumb ;
And with too long strong stress of grief to be
His heart grew sere and numb.

And one bright eve ere summer in autumn sank
At stardawn standing on a grey sea-bank
He felt the wind fitfully shift and heave
As toward a stormier eve ;
And all the wan wide sea shuddered ; and earth
Shook underfoot as toward some timeless birth,
Intolerable and inevitable ; and all

Heaven, darkling, trembled like a stricken thrall.
And far out of the quivering east, and far
From past the moonrise and its guiding star,
Began a noise of tempest and a light
That was not of the lightning ; and a sound
Rang with it round and round
That was not of the thunder ; and a flight
As of blown clouds by night,
That was not of them ; and with songs and cries
That sang and shrieked their soul out at the skies
A shapeless earthly storm of shapes began
From all ways round to move in on the man,
Clamorous against him silent ; and their feet
Were as the wind's are fleet,
And their shrill songs were as wild birds' are sweet.

And as when all the world of earth was wronged

And all the host of all men driven afoam
By the red hand of Rome,
Round some fierce amphitheatre overthronged
With fair clear faces full of bloodier lust
Than swells and stings the tiger when his mood
Is fieriest after blood
And drunk with trampling of the murderous must
That soaks and stains the tortuous close-coiled wood
Made monstrous with its myriad-mustering brood,
Face by fair face panted and gleamed and pressed,
And breast by passionate breast
Heaved hot with ravenous rapture, as they quaffed
The red ripe full fume of the deep live draught,
The sharp quick reek of keen fresh bloodshed, blown
Through the dense deep drift up to the emperor's throne
From the under steaming sands
With clamour of all-applausive throats and hands,

Mingling in mirthful time
With shrill blithe mockeries of the lithe-limbed mime :
So from somewhence far forth of the un beholden,
Dreadfully driven from over and after and under,
Fierce, blown through fifes of brazen blast and golden,
With sound of chiming waves that drown the thunder
Or thunder that strikes dumb the sea's own chimes,
Began the bellowing of the bull-voiced mimes,
Terrible ; firs bowed down as briars or palms
Even at the breathless blast as of a breeze
Fulfilled with clamour and clangour and storms of
 psalms ;
Red hands rent up the roots of oldworld trees,
Thick flames of torches tossed as tumbling seas
Made mad the moonless and infuriate air
That, ravening, revelled in the riotous hair
And raiment of the furred Bassarides.

So came all those in on him ; and his heart,
As out of sleep suddenly struck astart,
Danced, and his flesh took fire of theirs, and grief
Was as a last year's leaf
Blown dead far down the wind's way ; and he set
His pale mouth to the brightest mouth it met
That laughed for love against his lips, and bade
Follow ; and in following all his blood grew glad
And as again a sea-bird's ; for the wind
Took him to bathe him deep round breast and brow
Not as it takes a dead leaf drained and thinned,
But as the brightest bay-flower blown on bough,
Set springing toward it singing : and they rode
By many a vine-leafed, many a rose-hung road,
Exalt with exultation ; many a night
Set all its stars upon them as for spies
On many a moon-bewildering mountain-height

Where he rode only by the fierier light
Of his dread lady's hot sweet hungering eyes.
For the moon wandered witless of her way,
Spell-stricken by strong magic in such wise
As wizards use to set the stars astray.
And in his ears the music that makes mad
Beat always ; and what way the music bade,
That alway rode he ; nor was any sleep
His, nor from height nor deep.
But heaven was as red iron, slumberless,
And had no heart to bless ;
And earth lay sere and darkling as distraught,
And help in her was nought.

Then many a midnight, many a morn and even,
His mother, passing forth of her fair heaven,
With goodlier gifts than all save gods can give

From earth or from the heaven where sea-things live,
With shine of sea-flowers through the bay-leaf braid
Woven for a crown her foam-white hands had made
To crown him with land's laurel and sea-dew,
Sought the sea-bird that was her boy : but he
Sat panther-throned beside Erigone,
Riding the red ways of the revel through
Midmost of pale-mouthed passion's crownless crew.
Till on some winter's dawn of some dim year
He let the vine-bit on the panther's lip
Slide, and the green rein slip,
And set his eyes to seaward, nor gave ear
If sound from landward hailed him, dire or dear ;
And passing forth of all those fair fierce ranks
Back to the grey sea-banks,
Against a sea-rock lying, aslant the steep,
Fell after many sleepless dreams on sleep.

And in his sleep the dun green light was shed
Heavily round his head
That through the veil of sea falls fathom-deep,
Blurred like a lamp's that when the night drops dead
Dies ; and his eyes gat grace of sleep to see
The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,
Dense water-walls and clear dusk water-ways,
Broad-based, or branching as a sea-flower sprays
That side or this dividing ; and anew
The glory of all her glories that he knew.
And in sharp rapture of recovering tears
He woke on fire with yearnings of old years,
Pure as one purged of pain that passion bore,
Ill child of bitter mother ; for his own
Looked laughing toward him from her midsea throne,
Up toward him there ashore.

Thence in his heart the great same joy began,
Of child that made him man :
And turned again from all hearts else on quest,
He communed with his own heart, and had rest.
And like sea-winds upon loud waters ran
His days and dreams together, till the joy
Burned in him of the boy.
Till the earth's great comfort and the sweet sea's breath
Breathed and blew life in where was heartless death,
Death spirit-stricken of soul-sick days, where strife
Of thought and flesh made mock of death and life.
And grace returned upon him of his birth
Where heaven was mixed with heavenlike sea and earth ;
And song shot forth strong wings that took the sun
From inward, fledged with might of sorrow and mirth
And father's fire made mortal in his son.
Nor was not spirit of strength in blast and breeze

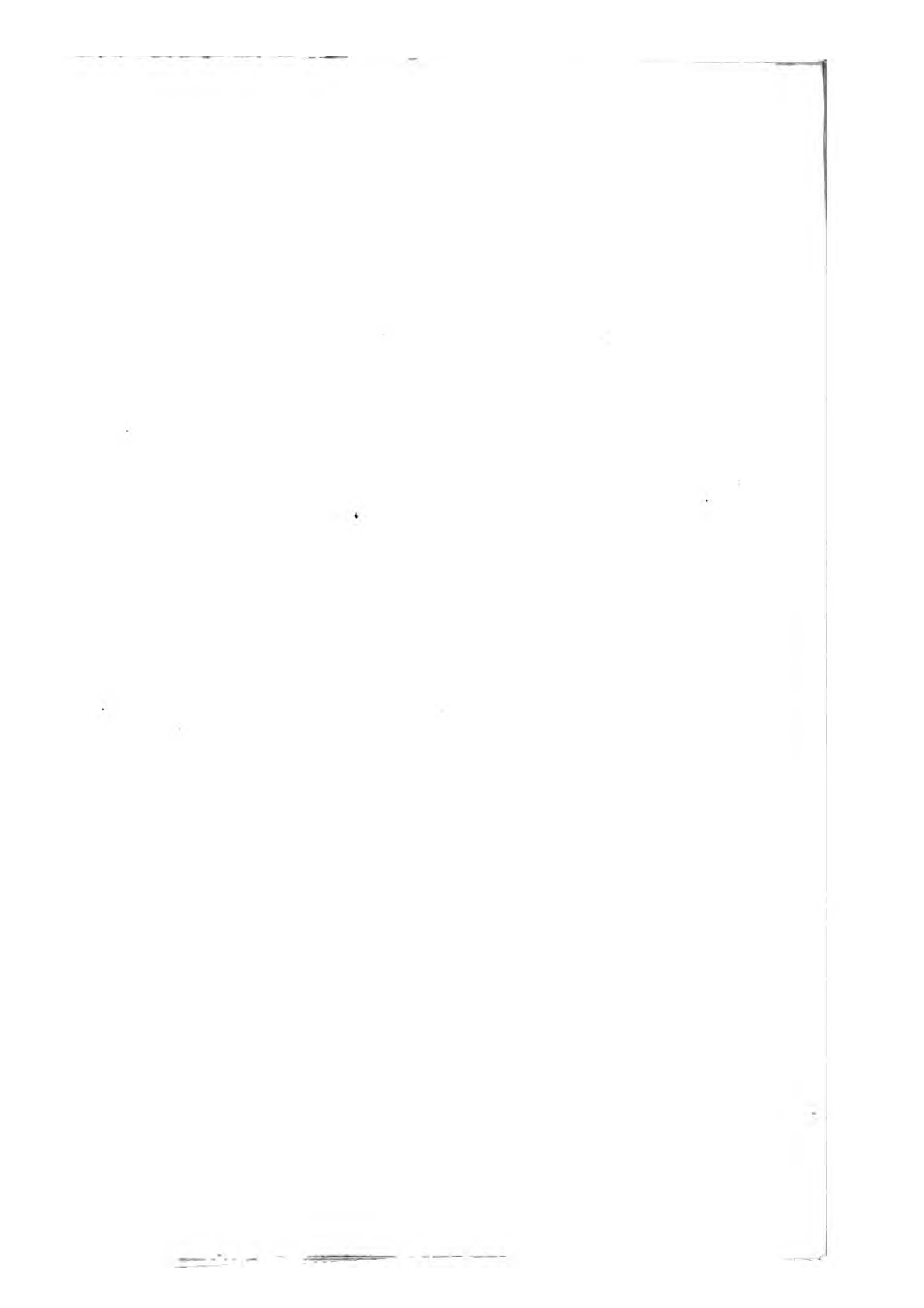
To exalt again the sun's child and the sea's ;
For as wild mares in Thessaly grow great
With child of ravishing winds, that violate
Their leaping length of limb with manes like fire
And eyes outburning heaven's
With fires more violent than the lightning levin's
And breath drained out and desperate of desire,
Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew strong,
Grew great with child of song.
Nor less than when his veins first leapt for joy
To draw delight in such as burns a boy,
Now too the soul of all his senses felt
The passionate pride of deep sea-pulses dealt
Through nerve and jubilant vein
As from the love and largess of old time,
And with his heart again
The tidal throb of all the tides keep rhyme

And charm him from his own soul's separate sense
With infinite and invasive influence
That made strength sweet in him and sweetness strong,
Being now no more a singer, but a song.

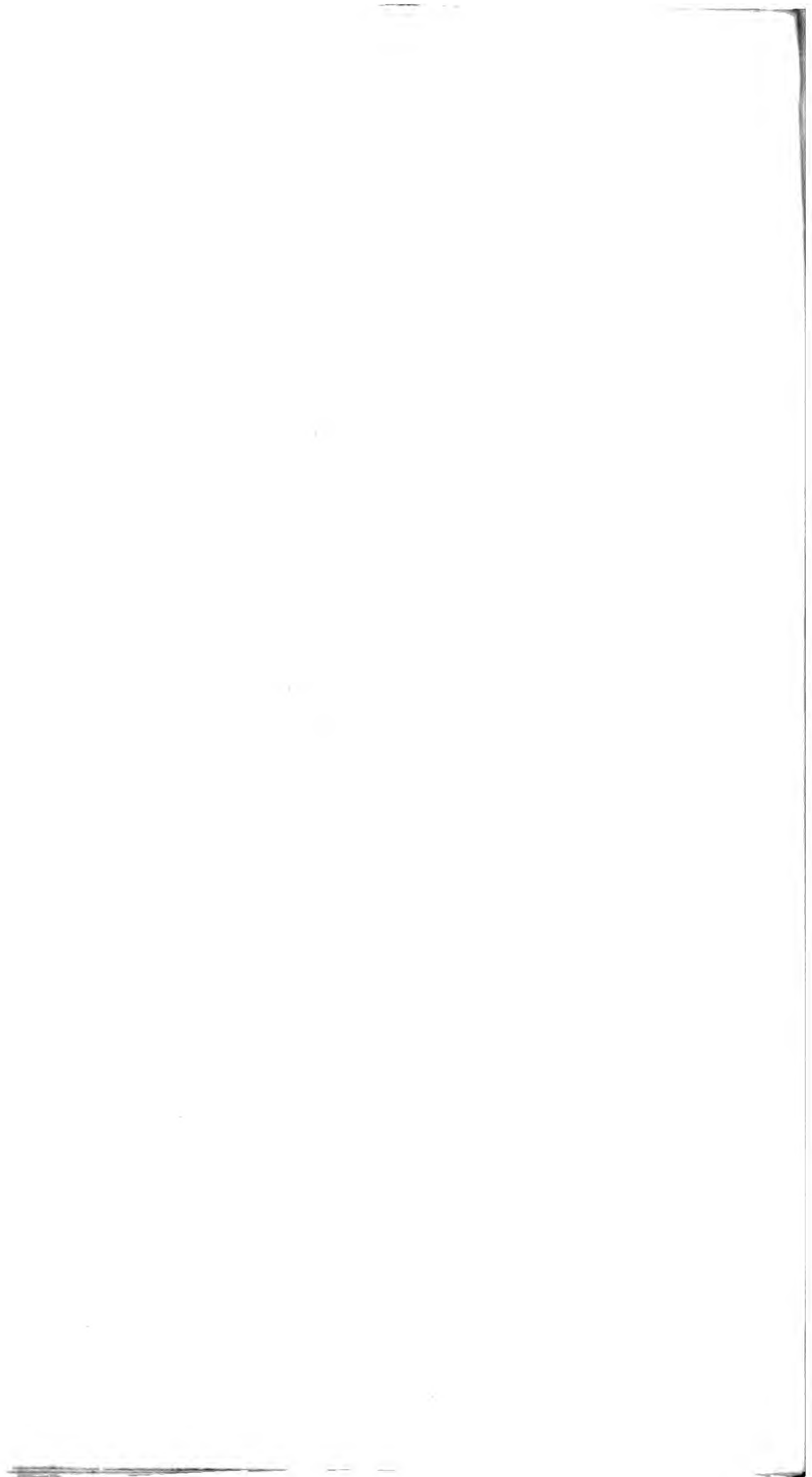
Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind blew
And louder sea-shine lightened, for the waves
Were full of godhead and the light that saves,
His father's, and their spirit had pierced him through,
He felt strange breath and light all round him shed
That bowed him down with rapture ; and he knew
His father's hand, hallowing his humbled head,
And the old great voice of the old good time, that said :

' Child of my sunlight and the sea, from birth
A fosterling and fugitive on earth ;
Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or fire,

A manchild with an ungrown God's desire ;
Because thou hast loved nought mortal more than me,
Thy father, and thy mother-hearted sea ;
Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold
Life and life's love for song, God's living gold ;
Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth
To feed men's hearts with visions, truer than truth ;
Because thou hast kept in those world-wandering eyes
The light that makes me music of the skies ;
Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears
The music that puts light into the spheres ;
Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
The sound of song that mingles north and south,
The song of all the winds that sing of me,
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.'



ON THE CLIFFS



*ON THE CLIFFS.**ἡμερόφωνος ἀηδῶν.*

SAPPHO.

BETWEEN the moondawn and the sundown here
The twilight hangs half starless ; half the sea
Still quivers as for love or pain or fear
Or pleasure mightier than these all may be
A man's live heart might beat
Wherein a God's with mortal blood should meet
And fill its pulse too full to bear the strain
With fear or love or pleasure's twin-born, pain.
Fiercely the gaunt woods to the grim soil cling
That bears for all fair fruits

Wan wild sparse flowers of windy and wintry spring
Between the tortive serpent-shapen roots
Wherethrough their dim growth hardly strikes and shoots
And shews one gracious thing
Hardly, to speak for summer one sweet word
Of summer's self scarce heard.
But higher the steep green sterile fields, thick-set
With flowerless hawthorn even to the upward verge
Whence the woods gathering watch new cliffs emerge
Higher than their highest of crowns that sea-winds fret,
Hold fast, for all that night or wind can say,
Some pale pure colour yet,
Too dim for green and luminous for grey.
Between the climbing inland cliffs above
And these beneath that breast and break the bay,
A barren peace too soft for hate or love
Broods on an hour too dim for night or day.

O wind, O wingless wind that walk'st the sea,
Weak wind, wing-broken, wearier wind than we,
Who are yet not spirit-broken, maimed like thee,
Who wail not in our inward night as thou
In the outer darkness now,
What word has the old sea given thee for mine ear
From thy faint lips to hear?
For some word would she send me, knowing not how.

Nay, what far other word
Than ever of her was spoken, or of me
Or all my winged white kinsfolk of the sea
Between fresh wave and wave was ever heard,
Cleaves the clear dark enwinding tree with tree
Too close for stars to separate and to see
Enmeshed in multitudinous unity?

What voice of what strong God hath stormed and stirred
The fortified rock of silence, rent apart
Even to the core Night's all-maternal heart ?
What voice of God grown heavenlier in a bird,
Made keener of edge to smite
Than lightning,—yea, thou knowest, O mother Night,
Keen as that cry from thy strange children sent
Wherewith the Athenian judgment-shrine was rent,
For wrath that all their wrath was vainly spent,
Their wrath for wrong made right
By justice in her own divine despite
That bade pass forth unblamed
The sinless matricide and unashamed ?
Yea, what new cry is this, what note more bright
Than their song's wing of words was dark of flight,
What word is this thou hast heard,
Thine and not thine or theirs, O Night, what word

More keen than lightning and more sweet than light ?
As all men's hearts grew godlike in one bird
And all those hearts cried on thee, crying with might,
Hear us, O mother Night !

Dumb is the mouth of darkness as of death :
Light, sound and life are one
In the eyes and lips of dawn that draw the sun
To hear what first child's word with glimmering breath
Their weak wan weanling child the twilight saith ;
But night makes answer none.

God, if thou be god,—bird, if bird thou be,—
Do thou then answer me.
For but one word, what wind soever blow,
Is blown up usward ever from the sea.
In fruitless years of youth dead long ago

And deep beneath their own dead leaves and snow
Buried, I heard with bitter heart and sere
The same sea's word unchangeable, nor knew
But that mine own life-days were changeless too
And sharp and salt with unshed tear on tear
And cold and fierce and barren ; and my soul,
Sickening, swam weakly with bated breath
In a deep sea like death,
And felt the wind buffet her face with brine
Hard, and harsh thought on thought in long bleak roll
Blown by keen gusts of memory sad as thine
Heap the weight up of pain, and break, and leave
Strength scarce enough to grieve
In the sick heavy spirit, unmanned with strife
Of waves that beat at the tired lips of life.

Nay, sad may be man's memory, sad may be

The dream he weaves him as for shadow of thee,
But scarce one breathing-space, one heartbeat long,
Wilt thou take shadow of sadness on thy song.
Not thou, being more than man or man's desire,
Being bird and God in one,
With throat of gold and spirit of the sun ;
The sun whom all our souls and songs call sire,
Whose godhead gave thee, chosen of all our quire,
Thee only of all that serve, of all that sing
Before our sire and king,
Borne up some space on time's world-wandering wing,
This gift, this doom, to bear till time's wing tire—
Life everlasting of eternal fire.

Thee only of all ; yet can no memory say
How many a night and day
My heart has been as thy heart, and my life

As thy life is, a sleepless hidden thing,
Full of the thirst and hunger of winter and spring,
That seeks its food not in such love or strife
As fill men's hearts with passionate hours and rest.
From no loved lips and on no loving breast
Have I sought ever for such gifts as bring
Comfort, to stay the secret soul with sleep.
The joys, the loves, the labours, whence men reap
Rathe fruit of hopes and fears,
I have made not mine ; the best of all my days
Have been as those fair fruitless summer strays,
Those water-waifs that but the sea-wind steers,
Flakes of glad foam or flowers on footless ways
That take the wind in season and the sun,
And when the wind wills is their season done.

For all my days as all thy days from birth

My heart as thy heart was in me as thee,
Fire ; and not all the fountains of the sea
Have waves enough to quench it, nor on earth
Is fuel enough to feed,
While day sows night and night sows day for seed.

We were not marked for sorrow, thou nor I,
For joy nor sorrow, sister, were we made,
To take delight and grief to live and die,
Assuaged by pleasures or by pains affrayed
That melt men's hearts and alter ; we retain
A memory mastering pleasure and all pain,
A spirit within the sense of ear and eye,
A soul behind the soul, that seeks and sings
And makes our life move only with its wings
And feed but from its lips, that in return
Feed of our hearts wherein the old fires that burn

Have strength not to consume

Nor glory enough to exalt us past our doom.

Ah, ah, the doom (thou knowest whence rang that wail)

Of the shrill nightingale !

(From whose wild lips, thou knowest, that wail was thrown)

For round about her have the great gods cast

A wing-borne body, and clothed her close and fast

With a sweet life that hath no part in moan.

But me, for me (how hadst thou heart to hear ?)

Remains a sundering with the two-edged spear.

Ah, for her doom ! so cried in presage then

The bodeful bondslave of the king of men,

And might not win her will.

Too close the entangling dragnet woven of crime,

The snare of ill new-born of elder ill,

The curse of new time for an elder time,
Had caught, and held her yet,
Enmeshed intolerably in the intolerant net,
Who thought with craft to mock the God most high,
And win by wiles his crown of prophecy
From the Sun's hand sublime,
As God were man, to spare or to forget.

But thou,—the gods have given thee and forgiven thee
More than our master gave
That strange-eyed spirit-wounded strange-tongued slave
There questing houndlike where the roofs red-wet
Reeked as a wet red grave.

Life everlasting has their strange grace given thee,
Even hers whom thou wast wont to sing and serve
With eyes, but not with song, too swift to swerve ;
Yet might not even thine eyes estranged estrange her,

Who seeing thee too, but inly, burn and bleed
Like that pale princess-priest of Priam's seed,
For stranger service gave thee guerdon stranger ;
If this indeed be guerdon, this indeed
Her mercy, this thy meed—
That thou, being more than all we born, being higher
Than all heads crowned of him that only gives
The light whereby man lives,
The bay that bids man moved of God's desire
Lay hand on lute or lyre,
Set lip to trumpet or deflowered green reed—
If this were given thee for a grace indeed,
That thou, being first of all these, thou alone
Shouldst have the grace to die not, but to live
And lose nor change one pulse of song, one tone
Of all that were thy lady's and thine own,
Thy lady's whom thou criedst on to forgive,

Thou, priest and sacrifice on the altar-stone
Where none may worship not of all that live,
Love's priestess, errant on dark ways diverse ;
If this were grace indeed for Love to give,
If this indeed were blessing and no curse.

Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song,
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love,
Name above all names that are lights above,
We have loved, praised, pitied, crowned and done thee
wrong,

O thou past praise and pity ; thou the sole
Utterly deathless, perfect only and whole
Immortal, body and soul.
For over all whom time hath overpast
The shadow of sleep inexorable is cast,
The implacable sweet shadow of perfect sleep

That gives not back what life gives death to keep ;
Yea, all that lived and loved and sang and sinned
Are all borne down death's cold sweet soundless wind
That blows all night and knows not whom its breath,
Darkling, may touch to death :
But one that wind hath touched and changed not,—one
Whose body and soul are parcel of the sun ;
One that earth's fire could burn not, nor the sea
Quench; nor might human doom take hold on thee;
All praise, all pity, all dreams have done thee wrong,
All love, with eyes love-blinded from above ;
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love,
Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song.

Hast thou none other answer then for me
Than the air may have of thee,
Or the earth's warm woodlands girdling with green girth

Thy secret sleepless burning life on earth,
Or even the sea that once, being woman crowned
And girt with fire and glory of anguish round,
Thou wert so fain to seek to, fain to crave
If she would hear thee and save
And give thee comfort of thy great green grave?
Because I have known thee always who thou art,
Thou knowest, have known thee to thy heart's own heart,
Nor ever have given light ear to storied song
That did thy sweet name sweet unwitting wrong,
Nor ever have called thee nor would call for shame,
Thou knowest, but inly by thine only name,
Sappho—because I have known thee and loved, hast
 thou
None other answer now?
As brother and sister were we, child and bird,
Since thy first Lesbian word

Flamed on me, and I knew not whence I knew
This was the song that struck my whole soul through,
Pierced my keen spirit of sense with edge more keen,
Even when I knew not,—even ere sooth was seen,—
When thou wast but the tawny sweet winged thing
Whose cry was but of spring.

And yet even so thine ear should hear me—yea,
Hear me this nightfall by this northland bay,
Even for their sake whose loud good word I had,
Singing of thee in the all-beloved clime
Once, where the windy wine of spring makes mad
Our sisters of Majano, who kept time
Clear to my choral rhyme.

Yet was the song acclaimed of these aloud
Whose praise had made mute humbleness misproud,
The song with answering song applauded thus,

But of that Daulian dream of Itylus.
So but for love's love haply was it—nay,
How else?—that even their song took my song's part,
For love of love and sweetness of sweet heart,
Or god-given glorious madness of mid May
And heat of heart and hunger and thirst to sing,
Full of the new wine of the wind of spring.

Or if this were not, and it be not sin
To hold myself in spirit of thy sweet kin,
In heart and spirit of song ;
If this my great love do thy grace no wrong,
Thy grace that gave me grace to dwell therein ;
If thy gods thus be my gods, and their will
Made my song part of thy song—even such part
As man's hath of God's heart—
And my life like as thy life to fulfil ;

What have our gods then given us? Ah, to thee,
Sister, much more, much happier than to me,
Much happier things they have given, and more of grace
Than falls to man's light race ;
For lighter are we, all our love and pain
Lighter than thine, who knowest of time or place
Thus much, that place nor time
Can heal or hurt or lull or change again
The singing soul that makes his soul sublime
Who hears the far fall of its fire-fledged rhyme
Fill darkness as with bright and burning rain
Till all the live gloom inly glows, and light
Seems with the sound to cleave the core of night.

The singing soul that moves thee, and that moved
When thou wast woman, and their songs divine
Who mixed for Grecian mouths heaven's lyric wine

Fell dumb, fell down reproved
Before one sovereign Lesbian song of thine.
That soul, though love and life had fain held fast,
Wind-winged with fiery music, rose and past
Through the indrawn hollow of earth and heaven and
 hell,
As through some strait sea-shell
The wide sea's immemorial song,—the sea
That sings and breathes in strange men's ears of thee
How in her barren bride-bed, void and vast,
Even thy soul sang itself to sleep at last.

To sleep? Ah, then, what song is this, that here
Makes all the night one ear,
One ear fulfilled and mad with music, one
Heart kindling as the heart of heaven, to hear
A song more fiery than the awakening sun

Sings, when his song sets fire
To the air and clouds that build the dead night's pyre ?
O thou of divers-coloured mind, O thou
Deathless, God's daughter subtle-souled—lo, now,
Now too the song above all songs, in flight
Higher than the day-star's height,
And sweet as sound the moving wings of night !
Thou of the divers-coloured seat—behold,
Her very song of old !—
O deathless, O God's daughter subtle-souled !
That same cry through this boskage overhead
Rings round reiterated,
Palpitates as the last palpitated,
The last that panted through her lips and died
Not down this grey north sea's half sapped cliff-side
That crumbles toward the coastline, year by year
More near the sands and near ;

The last loud lyric fiery cry she cried,
Heard once on heights Leucadian,—heard not here.

Not here ; for this that fires our northland night,
This is the song that made
Love fearful, even the heart of love afraid,
With the great anguish of its great delight.
No swan-song, no far-fluttering half-drawn breath,
No word that love of love's sweet nature saith,
No dirge that lulls the narrowing lids of death,
No healing hymn of peace-prevented strife,—
This is her song of life.

I loved thee,—hark, one tenderer note than all—
At this, of old time, once—one low long fall,
Sighing—*one long low lovely loveless call,*
Dying—*one pause in song so flamelike fast—*

Atthis, long since in old time overpast—

One soft first pause and last.

One,—then the old rage of rapture's fieriest rain

Storms all the music-maddened night again.

Child of God, close craftswoman, I beseech thee,

Bid not ache nor agony break nor master,

Lady, my spirit—

O thou her mistress, might her cry not reach thee ?

Our Lady of all men's loves, could Love go past her,

Pass, and not hear it ?

She hears not as she heard not ; hears not me,

O treble-natured mystery,—how should she

Hear, or give ear ?—who heard and heard not thee ;

Heard, and went past, and heard not ; but all time

Hears all that all the ravin of his years

Hath cast not wholly out of all men's ears
And dulled to death with deep dense funeral chime
Of their reiterate rhyme.
And now of all songs uttering all her praise,
All hers who had thy praise and did thee wrong,
Abides one song yet of her lyric days,
Thine only, this thy song.

O soul triune, woman and god and bird,
Man, man at least has heard.
All ages call thee conqueror, and thy cry
The mightiest as the least beneath the sky
Whose heart was ever set to song, or stirred
With wind of mounting music blown more high
Than wildest wing may fly,
Hath heard or hears,—even Æschylus as I.
But when thy name was woman, and thy word

Human,—then haply, surely then meseems
This thy bird's note was heard on earth of none,
Of none save only in dreams.
In all the world then surely was but one
Song ; as in heaven at highest one sceptred sun
Regent, on earth here surely without fail
One only, one imperious nightingale.
Dumb was the field, the woodland mute, the lawn
Silent ; the hill was tongueless as the vale
Even when the last fair waif of cloud that felt
Its heart beneath the colouring moonrays melt,
At high noon of midnight half withdrawn,
Bared all the sudden deep divine moondawn.
Then, unsaluted by her twin-born tune,
That latter timeless morning of the moon
Rose past its hour of moonrise ; clouds gave way
To the old reconquering ray,

But no song answering made it more than day ;

No cry of song by night

Shot fire into the cloud-constraining light.

One only, one Æolian island heard

Thrill, but through no bird's throat,

In one strange manlike maiden's godlike note,

The song of all these as a single bird.

Till the sea's portal was as funeral gate

For that sole singer in all time's ageless date

Singled and signed for so triumphal fate,

All nightingales but one in all the world

All her sweet life were silent ; only then,

When her life's wing of womanhood was furled,

Their cry, this cry of thine was heard again,

As of me now, of any born of men.

Through sleepless clear spring nights filled full of thee,

Rekindled here, thy ruling song has thrilled
The deep dark air and subtle tender sea
And breathless hearts with one bright sound fulfilled.
Or at midnight to me
Swimming, and birds about my happier head
Skimming, one smooth soft way by water and air,
To these my bright born brethren and to me
Hath not the clear wind borne or seemed to bear
A song wherein all earth and heaven and sea
Were molten in one music made of thee
To enforce us, O our sister of the shore,
Look once in heart back landward and adore ?
For songless were we sea-mews, yet had we
More joy than all things joyful of thee—more,
Haply, than all things happiest ; nay, save thee,
In thy strong rapture of imperious joy
Too high for heart of sea-borne bird or boy,

What living things were happiest if not we ?
But knowing not love nor change nor wrath nor wrong,
No more we knew of song.

Song, and the secrets of it, and their might,
What blessings curse it and what curses bless,
I know them since my spirit had first in sight,
Clear as thy song's words or the live sun's light,
The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness
That held the fire eternal ; eye and ear
Were as a god's to see, a god's to hear,
Through all his hours of daily and nightly chime,
The sundering of the two-edged spear of time :
The spear that pierces even the sevenfold shields
Of mightiest Memory, mother of all songs made,
And wastes all songs as roseleaves kissed and frayed
As here the harvest of the foam-flowered fields ;

But thine the spear may waste not that he wields
Since first the God whose soul is man's live breath,
The sun whose face hath our sun's face for shade,
Put all the light of life and love and death
Too strong for life, but not for love too strong,
Where pain makes peace with pleasure in thy song,
And in thine heart, where love and song make strife,
Fire everlasting of eternal life.

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE

100

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE.

SEA, and bright wind, and heaven of ardent air,
More dear than all things earth-born ; O to me
Mother more dear than love's own longing, sea,
More than love's eyes are, fair,
Be with my spirit of song as wings to bear,
As fire to feel and breathe and brighten ; be
A spirit of sense more deep of deity,
A light of love, if love may be, more strong
In me than very song.
For song I have loved with second love, but thee,

Thee first, thee, mother ; ere my songs had breath,
That love of loves, whose bondage makes man
 free,

Was in me strong as death.

And seeing no slave may love thee, no, not
 one

That loves not freedom more,

And more for thy sake loves her, and for hers

Thee ; or that hates not, on whate'er thy shore

Or what thy wave soever, all things done

Of man beneath the sun

In his despite and thine, to cross and curse

Your light and song that as with lamp and verse

Guide safe the strength of our sphered universe,

Thy breath it was, thou knowest, and none but
 thine,

That taught me love of one thing more divine.

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE. 69

Ah, yet my youth was old, *str. 1.*

Its first years dead and cold

As last year's autumn's gold,

And all my spirit of singing sick and sad and sere,

Or ever I might behold

The fairest of thy fold

Engirt, enringed, enrolled,

In all thy flower-sweet flock of islands dear and near.

Yet in my heart I deemed *str. 2.*

The fairest things, meseemed,

Truth, dreaming, ever dreamed,

Had made mine eyes already like a god's to see :

Of all sea-things that were

Clothed on with water and air,

That none could live more fair

Than thy sweet love long since had shown for love to me

I knew not, mother of mine, *ant. 1.*
That one birth more divine
Than all births else of thine
That hang like flowers or jewels on thy deep soft breast
Was left for me to shine
Above thy girdling line
Of bright and breathing brine,
To take mine eyes with rapture and my sense with rest.

That this was left for me, *ant. 2.*
Mother, to have of thee,
To touch, to taste, to see,
To feel as fire fulfilling all my blood and breath,
As wine of living fire
Keen as the heart's desire
That makes the heart its pyre
And on its burning visions burns itself to death.

For here of all thy waters, here of all
Thy windy ways the wildest, and beset
As some beleaguered city's war-breached wall
With deaths enmeshed all round it in deep net,
Thick sown with rocks deadlier than steel, and fierce
With loud cross-countering currents, where the ship
Flags, flickering like a wind-bewildered leaf,
The densest weft of waves that prow may pierce
Coils round the sharpest warp of shoals that dip
Suddenly, scarce well under for one brief
Keen breathing-space between the streams adverse,
Scarce showing the fanged edge of one hungry lip
Or one tooth liplless of the ravening reef ;
And midmost of the murderous water's web
All round it stretched and spun,
Laughs, reckless of rough tide and raging ebb,
The loveliest thing that shines against the sun.

72 *THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE.*

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers, *str.* 3.

 Made lovelier by love of the sea

Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers

 Like foam of the sea-facing tree !

No foot but the sea-mew's there settles

 On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,

With snow-coloured spray for thy petals,

 Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters, *ant.* 3.

 That the lordly north wind, when his love

On the fairest of many king's daughters

 Bore down for a spoil from above,

Chose forth of all farthest far islands,

 As a haven to harbour her head,

Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands,

 His bride-worthy bed ?

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE. 73

Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee *str.* 4.

Made fast as with anchors to land,

And broke, that his waves might be round thee,

Thy fetters like rivets of sand ?

And afar by the blast of him drifted

Thy blossom of beauty was borne,

As a lark by the heart in her lifted

To mix with the morn ?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision *ant.* 4.

Of a heavenlier heaven than above,

Was he moved to devise thy division

From the land as a rest for his love ?

As a nest when his wings would remeasure

The ways where of old they would be,

As a bride-bed upbuilt for his pleasure

By sea-rock and sea ?

For in no deeps of midmost inland May
More flower-bright flowers the hawthorn, or more sweet
Swells the wild gold of the earth for wandering feet ;
For on no northland way
Crowds the close whin-bloom closer, set like thee
With thorns about for fangs of sea-rock shown
Through blithe lips of the bitter brine to lee ;
Nor blithelier landward comes the sea-wind blown,
Nor blithelier leaps the land-wind back to sea :
Nor louder springs the living song of birds
To shame our sweetest words.
And in the narrowest of thine hollowest hold
For joy thine aspens quiver as though for cold,
And many a self-lit flower-illuminated tree
Outlaughs with snow-bright or with rose-bright glee
The laughter of the fields whose laugh is gold.
Yea, even from depth to height,

Even thine own beauty with its own delight
Fulfil thine heart in thee an hundredfold
Beyond the larger hearts of islands bright
With less intense contraction of desire
Self-satiate, centred in its own deep fire ;
Of shores not self-enchanted and entranced
By heavenly severance from all shadow of mirth
Or mourning upon earth :
As thou, by no similitude enhanced,
By no fair foil made fairer, but alone
Fair as could be no beauty save thine own,
And wondrous as no world-beholden wonder :
Throned, with the world's most perilous sea for throne,
And praised from all its choral throats of thunder.

Yet one praise hast thou, holier *str.* 5.

Than praise of theirs may be,

To exalt thee, wert thou lowlier

Than all that take the sea

With shores whence waves ebb slowlier

Than these fall off from thee :

That One, whose name gives glory, *ant.* 5.

One man whose life makes light,

One crowned and throned in story

Above all empire's height,

Came, where thy straits run hoary,

To hold thee fast in sight ;

With hallowing eyes to hold thee, *str.* 6.

With rapturous heart to read,

To encompass and enfold thee

With love whence all men feed,

To brighten and behold thee,

Who is mightiest of man's seed :

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE. 77

More strong than strong disaster, *ant.* 6.

For fate and fear too strong ;

Earth's friend, whose eyes look past her,

Whose hands would purge of wrong ;

Our lord, our light, our master,

Whose word sums up all song.

Be it April or September *str.* 7.

That plays his perfect part,

Burn June or blow December,

Thou canst not in thine heart

But rapturously remember,

All heavenlike as thou art,

Whose footfall made thee fairer, *ant.* 7.

Whose passage more divine,

Whose hand, our thunder-bearer,

Held fire that bade thee shine

With subtler glory and rarer

Than thrills the sun's own shrine.

Who knows how then his godlike banished gaze
Turned haply from its goal of natural days
And homeward hunger for the clear French clime,
Toward English earth, whereunder now the Accursed
Rots, in the hate of all men's hearts inhearsed,
A carrion ranker to the sense of time
For that sepulchral gift of stone and lime
By royal grace laid on it, less of weight
Than the load laid by fate,
Fate, misbegotten child of his own crime,
Son of as foul a bastard-bearing birth
As even his own on earth ;
Less heavy than the load of cursing piled
By loyal grace of all souls undefiled

On one man's head, whose reeking soul made rotten
The loathed live corpse on earth once misbegotten?
But when our Master's homeless feet were here,
France yet was foul with joy more foul than fear,
And slavery chosen, more vile by choice of chance
Than dull damnation of inheritance
From Russian year to year.

Alas fair mother of men, alas my France,
What ailed thee so to fall, that wert so dear
For all men's sake to all men, in such trance,
Plague-stricken? Had the very Gods, that saw
Thy glory lighten on us for a law,
Thy gospel go before us for a guide,
Had these waxed envious of our love and awe
Or was it less their envy than thy pride
That bared thy breast for the obscene vulture-claw,
High priestess, by whose mouth Love prophesied

That fate should yet mean freedom ? Howsoever,
That hour, the helper of men's hearts, we praise,
Which blots out of man's book of after days
The name above all names abhorred for ever.

And His name shall we praise not, whom these
 flowers,

These rocks and ravening waters bound for girth
Round this wild starry spanlong plot of earth,
Beheld, the mightier for those heavier hours
That bowed his heart not down
Nor marred one crowning blossom of his crown ?
For surely, might we say,
Even from the dark deep sea-gate that makes way
Through channelled darkness for the darkling day
Hardly to let men's faltering footfall win
The sunless passage in,
Where breaks a world aflower against the sun,

A small sweet world of wave-encompassed wonder,
Kept from the wearier landward world asunder
With violence of wild waters, and with thunder
Of many winds as one,
To where the keen sea-current grinds and frets
The black bright sheer twin flameless Altarlets
That lack no live blood-sacrifice they crave
Of shipwreck and the shrine-subservient wave,
Having for priest the storm-wind, and for choir
Lightnings and clouds whose prayers and praise are fire,
All the isle acclaimed him coming ; she, the least
Of all things loveliest that the sea's love hides
From strange men's insult, walled about with tides
That bid strange guests back from her flower-strewn
feast,
Set all her fields aflower, her flowers aflame,
To applaud him that he came.

Nor surely flashed not something of delight
Through that steep strait of rock whose twin-cliffed
 height
Links crag with crag reiterate, land with land,
By one sheer thread of narrowing precipice
Bifront, that binds and sunders
Abyss from hollower imminent abyss
And wilder isle with island, blind for bliss
Of sea that lightens and of wind that thunders ;
Nor pealed not surely back from deep to steep
Reverberate acclamation, steep to deep
Inveterately reclaiming and replying
Praise, and response applausive ; nor the sea,
For all the sea-wind's crying,
Knew not the song her sister, even as she
Thundering, or like her confluent spring-tides brighten-
 ing,

And like her darkness lightening ;
The song that moved about him silent, now
Both soundless wings refolded and refurled
On that Promethean brow,
Then quivering as for flight that wakes the world.

From the roots of the rocks underlying the gulfs that
engird it around *str. 8.*

Was the isle not enkindled with light of him landing,
or thrilled not with sound ?

Yea, surely the sea like a harper laid hand on the shore
as a lyre,

As the lyre in his own for a birthright of old that was
given of his sire,

And the hand of the child was put forth on the chords
yet alive and aflame

84 *THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE.*

From the hand of the God that had wrought it in heaven;
and the hand was the same.

And the tongue of the child spake, singing ; and never a
note that he sang,

But the strings made answer unstricken, as though for
the God they rang.

And the eyes of the child shone, lightening ; and touched
as by life at his nod,

They shuddered with music, and quickened as though
from the glance of the God.

So trembled the heart of the hills and the rocks to
receive him, and yearned

With desirous delight of his presence and love that
beholding him burned.

Yea, down through the mighty twin hollows where never
the sunlight shall be,

Deep sunk under imminent earth, and subdued to the
stress of the sea,

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE. 85

That feel when the dim week changes by change of their
tides in the dark,

As the wave sinks under within them, reluctant, removed
from its mark,

Even there in the terror of twilight in bloom with its
blossoms ablush,

Did a sense of him touch not the gleam of their flowers
with a fierier flush?

Though the sun they behold not for ever, yet knew they
not over them One

Whose soul was the soul of the morning, whose song was
the song of the sun?

But the secrets inviolate of sunlight in hollows untrodden
of day,

Shall he dream what are these who beholds not? or he
that hath seen, shall he say?

For the path is for passage of sea-mews ; and he that
hath glided and leapt

Over sea-grass and sea-rock, alighting as one from a
citadel crept

That his foemen beleaguer, descending by darkness and
stealth, at the last

Peers under, and all is as hollow to hellward, agape and
aghast.

But afloat and afar in the darkness a tremulous colour
subsides *ant. 8.*

From the crimson high crest of the purple-peaked roof
to' the soft-coloured sides

That brighten as ever they widen till downward the level
is won

Of the soundless and colourless water that knows not the
sense of the sun :

From the crown of the culminant arch to the floor of the
lakelet abloom,

One infinite blossom of blossoms innumerable aflush
through the gloom.

All under the deeps of the darkness are glimmering ; all
over impends

An immeasurable infinite flower of the dark that dilates
and descends,

That exults and expands in its breathless and blind
efflorescence of heart

As it broadens and bows to the wave-ward, and breathes
not, and hearkens apart.

As a beaker inverse at a feast on Olympus, exhausted of
wine,

But inlaid as with rose from the lips of Dione that left it
divine :

From the lips everliving of laughter and love everlasting,
that leave

In the cleft of his heart who shall kiss them a snake to
corrode it and cleave.

So glimmers the gloom into glory, the glory recoils into
gloom,

That the eye of the sun could not kindle, the lip not of
Love could relume.

So darkens reverted the cup that the kiss of her mouth
set on fire :

So blackens a brand in his eyeshot as moulder awhile
from the pyre.

For the beam from beneath and without it refrangent
again from the wave

Strikes up through the portal a ghostly reverse on the
dome of the cave,

On the depth of the dome ever darkling and dim to the
crown of its arc :

That the sun-coloured tapestry, sunless for ever, may
soften the dark.

But within through the side-seen archway aglimmer again
from the right

Is the seal of the sea's tide set on the mouth of the
mystery of night.

And the seal on the seventh day breaks but a little, that
man may behold

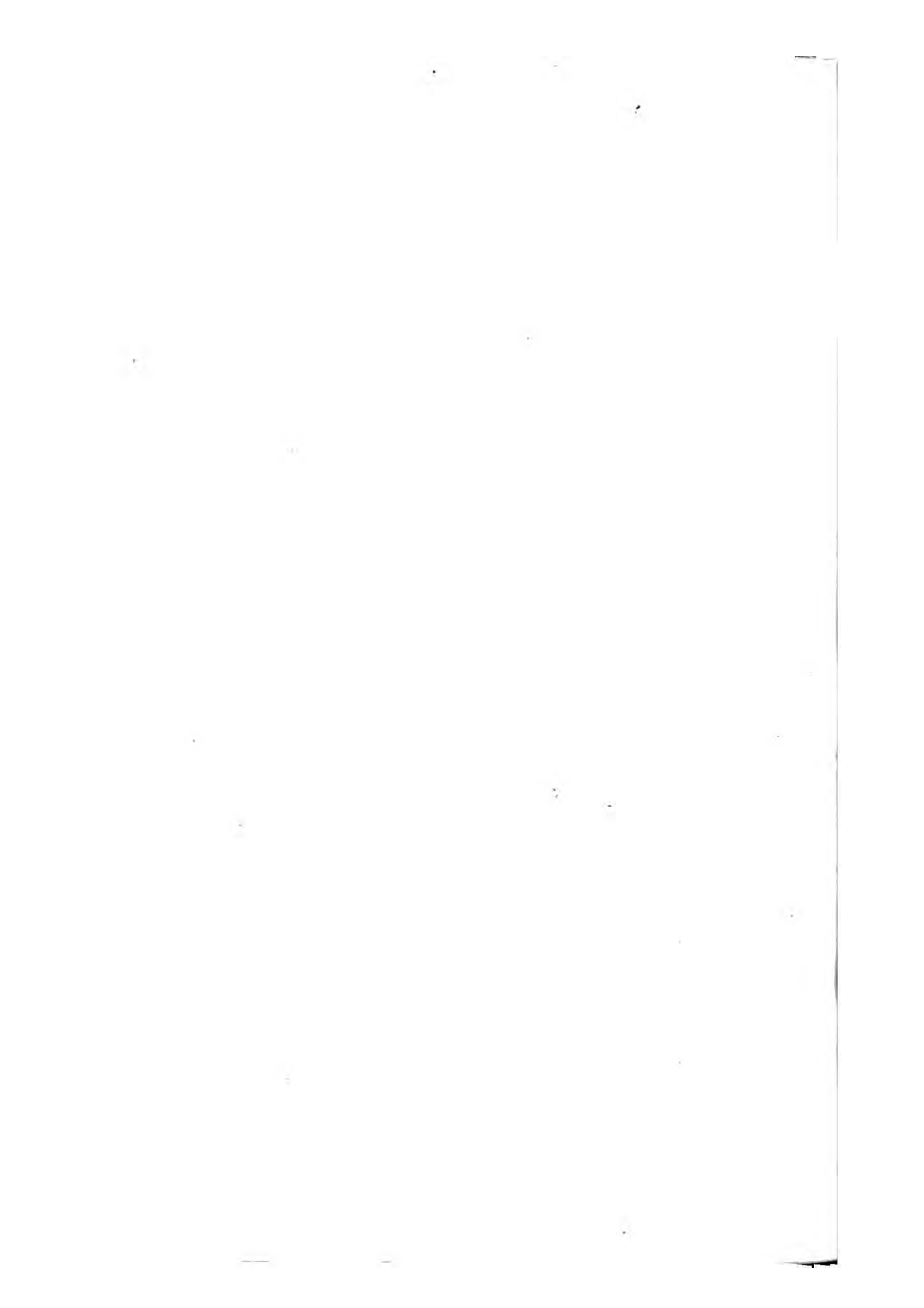
What the sun hath not looked on, the stars of the night
have not seen from of old.

Even like that hollow-bosomed rose, inverse
And infinite, the heaven of thy vast verse,
Our Master, over all our souls impends,
Imminent ; we, with heart-enkindled eyes
Upwondering, search the music-moulded skies
Sphere by sweet sphere, concordant as it blends
Light of bright sound, sound of clear light, in one,
As all the stars found utterance through the sun.

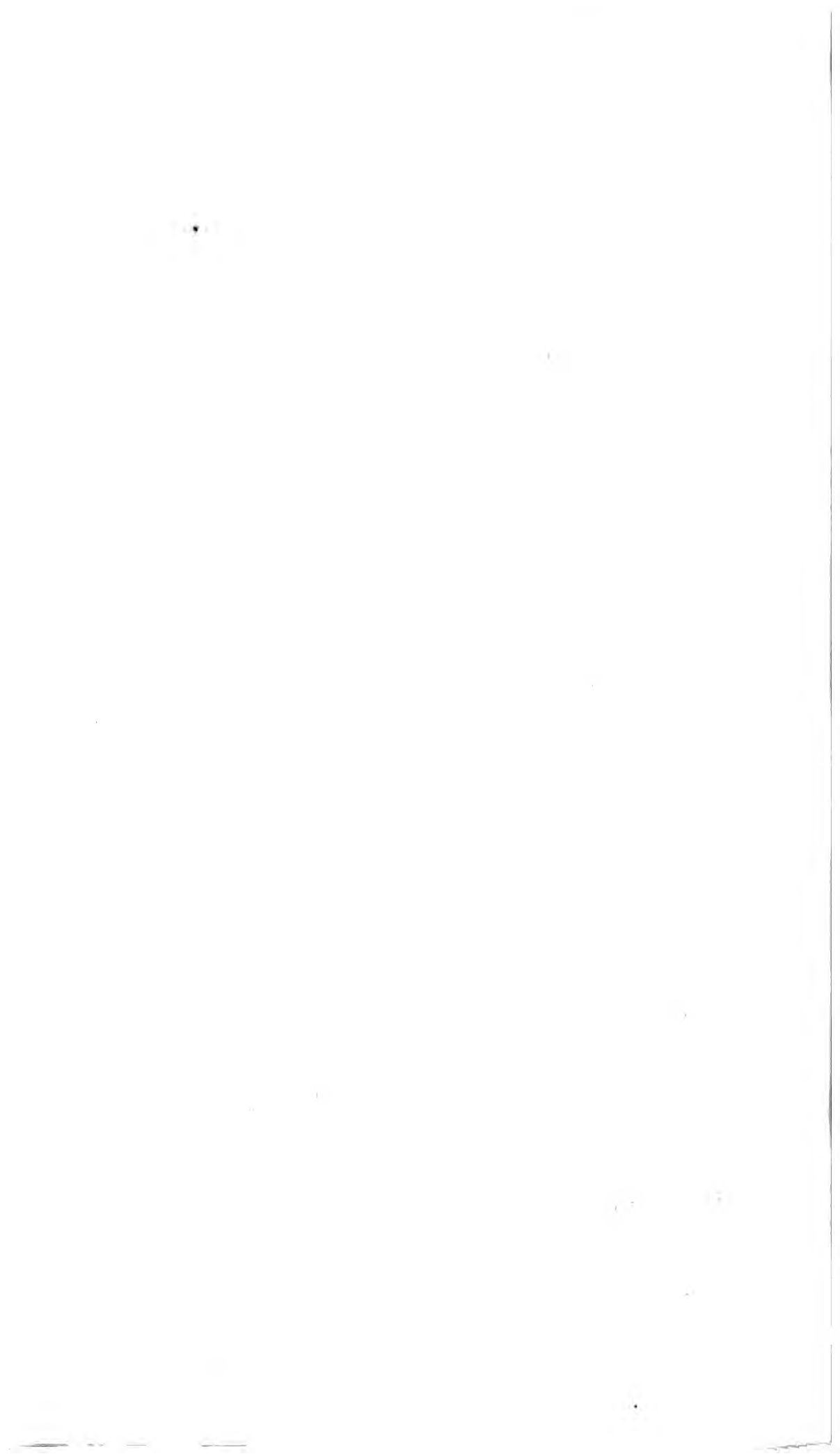
And all that heaven is like a rose in bloom,
Flower-coloured, where its own sun's fires illumine
As from one central and imperious heart
The whole sky's every part :
But lightening still and darkling downward, lo
The light and darkness of it,
The leaping of the laming levin afar
Between the full moon and the sunset star,
The war-song of the sounding skies aglow,
That have the herald thunder for their prophet :
From north to south the lyric lights that leap,
The tragic sundawns reddening east and west
As with bright blood from one Promethean breast,
The peace of noon that strikes the sea to sleep,
The wail over the world of all that weep,
The peace of night when death brings life on rest.

THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE. 91

Goddess who gatherest all the herded waves
Into thy great sweet pastureless green fold,
Even for our love of old,
I pray thee by thy power that slays and saves,
Take thou my song of this thy flower to keep,
Who hast my heart in hold ;
And from thine high place of thy garden-steep,
Where one sheer terrace oversees thy deep
From the utmost rock-reared height
Down even to thy dear depths of night and light,
Take my song's salutation ; and on me
Breathe back the benediction of thy sea.



*BETWEEN two seas the sea-bird's wing makes halt,
Wind-weary; while with lifting head he waits
For breath to reinspire him from the gates
That open still toward sunrise on the vault
High-domed of morning, and in flight's default
With spreading sense of spirit anticipates
What new sea now may lure beyond the straits
His wings exulting that her winds exalt
And fill them full as sails to seaward spread,
Fulfilled with fair speed's promise. Pass, my song,
Forth to the haven of thy desire and dread,
The presence of our lord, long loved and long
Far off above beholden, who to thee
Was as light kindling all a windy sea.*



BIRTHDAY ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF

VICTOR HUGO

FEBRUARY 26TH 1880



BIRTHDAY ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF VICTOR HUGO,
 FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

SPRING, born in heaven ere many a springtime
 flown, *strophe 1.*

Dead spring that sawest on earth

A babe of deathless birth,

A flower of rosier flowerage than thine own,

A glory of goodlier godhead ; even this day,

That floods the mist of February with May,

And strikes death dead with sunlight, and the breath

Whereby the deadly doers are done to death,

They that in day's despite
 Would crown the imperial night, 10
 And in deep hate of insubmissive spring
 Rethrone the royal winter for a king,
 This day that casts the days of darkness down
 Low as a broken crown,
 We call thee from the gulf of deeds and days,
 Deathless and dead, to hear us whom we praise.

A light of many lights about thine head, *antistrophe 1.*
 Lights manifold and one,
 Stars molten in a sun,
 A sun of divers beams incorporated, 20
 Compact of confluent aureoles, each more fair
 Than man, save only at highest of man, may wear,
 So didst thou rise, when this our grey-grown age
 Had trod two paces of his pilgrimage,

BIRTHDAY ODE.

99

Two paces through the gloom
From his fierce father's tomb,
Led by cross lights of lightnings, and the flame
That burned in darkness round one darkling name ;
So didst thou rise, nor knewest thy glory, O thou
Re-risen upon us now, 30
The glory given thee for a grace to give,
And take the praise of all men's hearts that live.

First in the dewy ray *epode 1.*

Ere dawn be slain of day

The fresh crowned lilies of discrowned kings' prime

Sprang splendid as of old

With moonlight-coloured gold

And rays refract from the oldworld heaven of time ;

Pale with proud light of stars decreased

In westward wane reluctant from the conquering east. 40

But even between their golden olden bloom *str. 2.*

Strange flowers of wildwood glory,

With frost and moonshine hoary,

Thrust up the new growths of their green-leaved
gloom,

Red buds of ballad blossom, where the dew

Blushed as with bloodlike passion, and its hue

Was as the life and love of hearts on flame,

And fire from forth of each live chalice came :

Young sprays of elder song,

Stem straight and petal strong, 50

Bright foliage with dark frondage overlaid,

And light the lovelier for its lordlier shade ;

And morn and even made loud in woodland lone

With cheer of clarions blown,

And through the tournay's clash and clarion's cheer

Laugh to laugh echoing, tear washed off by tear.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

101

Then eastward far past northland lea and lawn *ant. 2.*

Beneath a heavier light

Of stormier day and night

Began the music of the heaven of dawn ; 60

Bright sound of battle along the Grecian waves,

Loud light of thunder above the Median graves,

New strife, new song on Æschylean seas,

Canaris risen above Themistocles ;

Old glory of warrior ghosts

Shed fresh on filial hosts,

With dewfall redder than the dews of day,

And earth-born lightnings out of bloodbright spray ;

Then through the flushed grey gloom on shadowy
sheaves

Low flights of falling leaves ; 70

And choirs of birds transfiguring as they throng

All the world's twilight and the soul's to song.

Voices more dimly deep *cp. 2.*

Than the inmost heart of sleep,

And tenderer than the rose-mouthed morning's lips ;

And midmost of them heard

The viewless water's word,

The sea's breath in the wind's wing and the ship's,

That bids one swell and sound and smite

And rend that other in sunder as with fangs by night. 80

But ah ! the glory of shadow and mingling ray, *str. 3.*

The story of morn and even

Whose tale was writ in heaven

And had for scroll the night, for scribe the day !

For scribe the prophet of the morning, far

Exalted over twilight and her star ;

For scroll beneath his Apollonian hand

The dim twin wastes of sea and glimmering land.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

103

Hark, on the hill-wind, clear

For all men's hearts to hear

90

Sound like a stream at nightfall from the steep

That all time's depths might answer, deep to deep,

With trumpet-measures of triumphal wail

From windy vale to vale,

The crying of one for love that strayed and sinned

Whose brain took madness of the mountain wind.

Between the birds of brighter and duskier wing, *ant.* 3.

What mightier-moulded forms

Girt with red clouds and storms

Mix their strong hearts with theirs that soar and

 sing?

100

Before the storm-blast blown of death's dark horn

The marriage moonlight withers, that the morn

For two made one may find three made by death
 One ruin at the blasting of its breath :
 Clothed with heart's flame renewed
 And strange new maidenhood,
 Faith lightens on the lips that bloomed for hire
 Pure as the lightning of love's first-born fire :
 Wide-eyed and patient ever, till the curse
 Find where to fall and pierce,
 Keen expiation whets with edge more dread
 A father's wrong to smite a father's head.

110

Borgia, supreme from birth *ep.* 3.
 As loveliest born on earth
 Since earth bore ever women that were fair ;
 Scarce known of her own house
 If daughter or sister or spouse ;
 Who holds men's hearts yet helpless with her hair ;

BIRTHDAY ODE.

105

The direst of divine things made,
Bows down her amorous aureole half suffused with
shade.

120

As red the fire-scathed royal northland bloom, *str. 4.*

That left our story a name

Dyed through with blood and flame

Ere her life shrivelled from a fierier doom

Than theirs her priests bade pass from earth in fire

To slake the thirst of God their Lord's desire :

As keen the blast of love-enkindled fate

That burst the Paduan tyrant's guarded gate :

As sad the softer moan

Made one with music's own

130

For one whose feet made music as they fell

On ways by loveless love made hot from hell :

But higher than these and all the song thereof

The perfect heart of love,
 The heart by fraud and hate once crucified,
 That, dying, gave thanks, and in thanksgiving died.

Above the windy walls that rule the Rhine *ant. 4.*

A noise of eagles' wings

And wintry war-time rings,

With roar of ravage trampling corn and vine *140*

And storm of wrathful wassail dashed with song ;

And under these the watch of wreakless wrong,

With fire of eyes anhungered ; and above

These, the light of the stricken eyes of love,

The faint sweet eyes that follow

The wind-outwinging swallow,

And face athirst with young wan yearning mouth

Turned after toward the unseen all-golden south, .

Hopeless to see the birds back ere fe wane,

BIRTHDAY ODE.

107

Or the leaves born again ;

150

And still the might and music mastering fate

Of life more strong than death and love than hate.

In spectral strength biform

ep. 4.

Stand the twin sons of storm

Transfigured by transmission of one hand

That gives the new-born time

Their semblance more sublime

Than once it lightened over each man's land ;

There Freedom's winged and wide-mouthed hound,

And here our high Dictator, in his son discrowned. 160

What strong-limbed shapes of kindred throng round

these

str. 5.

Before, between, behind,

Sons born of one man's mind,

Fed at his hands and fostered round his knees ?

Fear takes the spirit in thraldom at his nod,

And pity makes it as the spirit of God,

As his own soul that from her throne above

Sheds on all souls of men her showers of love,

On all earth's evil and pain

Pours mercy forth as rain

170

And comfort as the dewfall on dry land ;

And feeds with pity from a faultless hand

All by their own fault stricken, all cast out

By all men's scorn or doubt,

Or with their own hands wounded, or by fate

Brought into bondage of men's fear or hate.

In violence of strange visions north and south

t. 5.

Confronted, east and west,

With frozen or fiery breast,

BIRTHDAY ODE.

109

Eyes fixed or fevered, pale or bloodred mouth, 180

Kept watch about his dawn-enkindled dreams ;

But ere high noon a light of nearer beams

Made his young heaven of manhood more benign,

And love made soft his lips with spiritual wine,

And left them fired, and fed

With sacramental bread,

And sweet with honey of tenderer words than tears

To feed men's hopes and fortify men's fears,

And strong to silence with benignant breath

The lips that doom to death,

190

And swift with speech like fire in fiery lands

To melt the steel's edge in the headsman's hands.

Higher than they rose of old,

ep. 5.

New builded now, behold,

The live great likeness of Our Lady's towers ;

And round them like a dove
 Wounded, and sick with love,
 One fair ghost moving, crowned with fateful flowers,
 Watched yet with eyes of bloodred lust
 And eyes of love's heart broken and unbroken trust. 200

But sadder, always under shadowier skies, *str. 6.*
 More pale and sad and clear
 Waxed always, drawn more near,
 The face of Duty lit with Love's own eyes ;
 Till the awful hands that culled in rosier hours
 From fairy-footed fields of wild old flowers
 And sorcerous woods of Rhineland, green and hoary,
 Young children's chaplets of enchanted story,
 The great kind hands that showed
 Exile its homeward road, 210
 And, as man's helper made his foeman God,

BIRTHDAY ODE.

III

Of pity and mercy wrought themselves a rod,
And opened for Napoleon's wandering kin
France, and bade enter in,
And threw for all the doors of refuge wide,
Took to them lightning in the thunder-tide.

For storm on earth above had risen from under, *ant.* 6.
Out of the hollow of hell,
Such storm as never fell
From darkest deeps of heaven distract with thunder ;
A cloud of cursing, past all shape of thought, 221
More foul than foulest dreams, and overfraught
With all obscene things and obscure of birth
That ever made infection of man's earth ;
Having all hell for cloak
Wrapped round it as a smoke
And in its womb such offspring so defiled

As earth bare never for her loathliest child,
 Rose, brooded, reddened, broke, and with its breath
 Put France to poisonous death ; 230
 Yea, far as heaven's red labouring eye could glance,
 France was not, save in men cast forth of France.

Then,—while the plague-sore grew *ep.* 6.
 Two darkling decades through,
 And rankled in the festering flesh of time,—
 Where darkness binds and frees
 The wildest of wild seas
 In fierce mutations of the unslumbering clime,
 There, sleepless too, o'er shuddering wrong
 One hand appointed shook the reddening scourge of
 song. 240

And through the lightnings of the apparent word *str* 7.
 Dividing shame's dense night

Sounds lovelier than the light

And light more sweet than song from night's own
bird

Mixed each their hearts with other, till the gloom

Was glorious as with all the stars in bloom,

Sonorous as with all the spheres in chime

Heard far through flowering heaven : the sea,
sublime

Once only with its own

Old winds' and waters' tone, 250

Sad only or glad with its own glory, and crowned

With its own light, and thrilled with its own sound,

Learnt now their song, more sweet than heaven's
may be,

Who pass away by sea ;

The song that takes of old love's land farewell,

With pulse of plangent water like a knel

And louder ever and louder and yet more loud *ant. 7.*

Till night be shamed of morn

Rings the Black Huntsman's horn

Through darkening deeps beneath the covering
cloud, 260

Till all the wild beasts of the darkness hear ;

Till the Czar quake, till Austria cower for fear,

Till the king breathe not, till the priest wax pale,

Till spies and slayers on seats of judgment quail,

Till mitre and cowl bow down

And crumble as a crown,

Till Cæsar driven to lair and hounded Pope

Reel breathless and drop heartless out of hope,

And one the uncleanest kinless beast of all

Lower than his fortune fall ; 270

The wolfish waif of casual empire, born

To turn all hate and horror cold with scorn.

BIRTHDAY ODE.

115

Yea, even at night's full noon

ep. 7.

Light's birth-song brake in tune,

Spake, witnessing that with us one must be,

God ; naming so by name

That priests have brought to shame

The strength whose scourge sounds on the smitten

sea ;

The mystery manifold of might

Which bids the wind give back to night the things of

night.

280

Even God, the unknown of all time ; force or

thought,

str. 8.

Nature or fate or will,

Clothed round with good and ill,

Veiled and revealed of all things and of nought,

Hooded and helmed with mystery, girt and shod
With light and darkness, unapparent God.
Him the high prophet o'er his wild work bent
Found indivisible ever and immanent
At hidden heart of truth,
In forms of age and youth 290
Transformed and transient ever ; masked and crowned,
From all bonds loosened and with all bonds bound,
Diverse and one with all things ; love and hate,
Earth, and the starry state
Of heaven immeasurable, and years that flee
As clouds and winds and rays across the sea.

But higher than stars and deeper than the waves *ant.* 8.
Of day and night and morrow
That roll for all time, sorrow
Keeps ageless watch over perpetual graves. 300

From dawn to morning of the soul in flower,
Through toils and dreams and visions, to that hour
When all the deeps were opened, and one doom
Took two sweet lives to embrace them and entomb,
The strong song plies its wing
That makes the darkness ring
And the deep light reverberate sound as deep ;
Song soft as flowers or grass more soft than sleep,
Song bright as heaven above the mounting bird,
Song like a god's tears heard 310
Falling, fulfilled of life and death and light,
And all the stars and all the shadow of night.

Till, when its flight hath past *ep.* 8.

Time's loftiest mark and last,

The goal where good kills evil with a kiss,

And Darkness in God's sight
 Grows as his brother Light,
 And heaven and hell one heart whence all the abyss
 Throbs with love's music ; from his trance
 Love waking leads it home to her who stayed in
 France. 320

But now from all the world-old winds of the air *str.* 9.
 One blast of record rings
 As from time's hidden springs
 With roar of rushing wings and fires that bear
 Toward north and south sonorous, east and west,
 Forth of the dark wherein its records rest,
 The story told of the ages, writ nor sung
 By man's hand ever nor by mortal tongue
 Till, godlike with desire,
 One tongue of man took fire, 330

One hand laid hold upon the lightning, one
Rose up to bear time witness what the sun
Had seen, and what the moon and stars of night
Beholding lost not light :
From dawn to dusk what ways man wandering trod
Even through the twilight of the gods to God.

From dawn of man and woman twain and one, *ant.* 9.
When the earliest dews imperaled
The front of all the world
Ringed with aureorean aureole of the sun, 340
To days that saw Christ's tears and hallowing breath
Put life for love's sake in the lips of death,
And years as waves whose brine was fire, whose foam
Blood, and the ravage of Neronian Rome ;
And the eastern crescent's horn
Mightier awhile than morn ;

And knights whose lives were flights of eagles' wings,
 And lives like snakes' lives of engendering kings ;
 And all the ravin of all the swords that reap
 Lives cast as sheaves on heap 350
 From all the billowing harvest-fields of fight ;
 And sounds of love-songs lovelier than the light.

The grim dim thrones of the east *ep.* 9.
 Set for death's riotous feast
 Round the bright board where darkling centuries wait,
 And servile slaughter, mute,
 Feeds power with fresh red fruit,
 Glitter and groan with mortal food of fate ;
 And throne and cup and lamp's bright breath
 Bear witness to their lord of only night and death. 360

Dead freedom by live empire lies defiled, *str.* 10.
 And murder at his feet

BIRTHDAY ODE.

121

Plies lust with wine and meat,
With offering of an old man and a child,
With holy body and blood, inexpiable
Communion in the sacrament of hell,
Till, reeking from their monstrous eucharist,
The lips wax cold that murdered where they kissed,
And empire in mid feast
Fall as a slaughtered beast 370
Headless, and ease men's hungering hearts of fear
Lest God were none in heaven, to see nor hear,
And purge his own pollution with the flood
Poured of his black base blood
So first found healing, poisonous as it poured ;
And on the clouds the archangel cleanse his sword

As at the word unutterable that made *ant. 1 .*
Of day and night division,
From vision on to vision,

From dream to dream, from darkness into shade, 380
 From sunshine into sunlight, moves and lives
 The steersman's eye, the helming hand that gives
 Life to the wheels and wings that whirl along
 The immeasurable impulse of the sphere of song
 Through all the eternal years,
 Beyond all stars and spheres,
 Beyond the washing of the waves of time,
 Beyond all heights where no thought else may climb,
 Beyond the darkling dust of suns that were,
 Past height and depth of air ; 390
 And in the abyss whence all things move that are
 Finds only living Love, the sovereign star.

Nor less the weight and worth

ep. 10.

Found even of love on earth

To wash all stain of tears and sins away,

BIRTHDAY ODE.

123

On dying lips alit
That living knew not it,
In the winged shape of song with death to play :
To warm young children with its wings,
And try with fire the heart elect for godlike things. 400

For all worst wants of all most miserable *str. II.*

With divine hands to deal

All balms and herbs that heal,

Among all woes whereunder poor men dwell

Our Master sent his servant Love, to be

On earth his witness ; but the strange deep sea,

Mother of life and death inextricate,

What work should Love do there, to war with fate ?

Yet there must Love too keep

At heart of the eyeless deep 410

Watch, and wage war wide-eyed with all its wonders,

Lower than the lightnings of its waves, and thunders
 Of seas less monstrous than the births they bred ;
 Keep high there heart and head,
 And conquer : then for prize of all toils past
 Feel the sea close them in again at last.

A day of direr doom arisen thereafter *ant* 11.

With cloud and fire in strife

Lightens and darkens life

Round one by man's hand masked with living
 laughter, 420

A man by men bemonstered, but by love

Watched with blind eyes as of a wakeful dove

And wooed by lust, that in her rosy den

As fire on flesh feeds on the souls of men,

To take the intense impure

Burnt-offering of her lure,

Divine and dark and bright and naked, strange
With ravenous thirst of life reversed and change,
As though the very heaven should shrivel and swell
With hunger after hell, 430
Run mad for dear damnation, and desire
To feel its light thrilled through with stings of fire.

Above a windier sea, *ep. II.*

The glory of Ninety-three

Fills heaven with blood-red and with rose-red beams

That earth beholding grows

Herself one burning rose

Flagrant and fragrant with strange deeds and
dreams,

Dreams dyed as love's own flower, and deeds

Stained as with love's own life-blood, that for love's sake
bleeds. 440

And deeper than all deeps of seas and skies *str.* 12.

Wherein the shadows are

Called sun and moon and star

That rapt conjecture metes with mounting eyes,

Loud with strange waves and lustrous with new
spheres,

Shines, masked at once and manifest of years,

Shakespeare, a heaven of heavenly eyes beholden ;

And forward years as backward years grow golden

With light of deeds and words

And flight of God's fleet birds, 450

Angels of wrath and love and truth and pity ;

And higher on exiled eyes their natural city

Dawns down the depths of vision, more sublime

Than all truths born of time ;

And eyes that wept above two dear sons dead

Grow saving stars to guard one hopeless head.

•

BIRTHDAY ODE.

127

Bright round the brows of banished age had
shone *ant. 12.*

In vision flushed with truth

The rosy glory of youth

On streets and woodlands where in days long
gone 460

Sweet love sang light and loud and deep and dear :

And far the trumpets of the dreadful year

Had pealed and wailed in darkness : last arose

The song of children, kindling as a rose

At breath of sunrise, born

Of the red flower of morn

Whose face perfumes deep heaven with odorous
light

And thrills all through the wings of souls in flight

Close as the press of children at His knee

Whom if the high priest see, 470

Dreaming, as homeless on dark earth he trod,
 The lips that praise him shall not know for God.

O sovereign spirit, above *ep. 12.*

All offering but man's love,

All praise and prayer and incense undefiled !

The one thing stronger found

Than towers with iron bound ;

The one thing lovelier than a little child,

And deeper than the seas are deep,

And tenderer than such tears of love as angels
 weep. 480

Dante, the seer of all things evil and good, *str. 13*

Beheld two ladies, Beauty

And high life-hallowing Duty,

That strove for sway upon his mind and mood

BIRTHDAY ODE.

129

And held him in alternating accord
Fast bound at feet of either : but our lord,
The seer and singer of righteousness and wrong
Who stands now master of all the keys of song,
Sees both as dewdrops run
Together in the sun,
For him not twain but one thing twice divine ;
Even as his speech and song are bread and wine
For all souls hungering and all hearts athirst
At best of days and worst,
And both one sacrament of Love's great giving
To feed the spirit and sense of all souls living.

490

The seventh day in the wind's month, ten years
gone

an. 13.

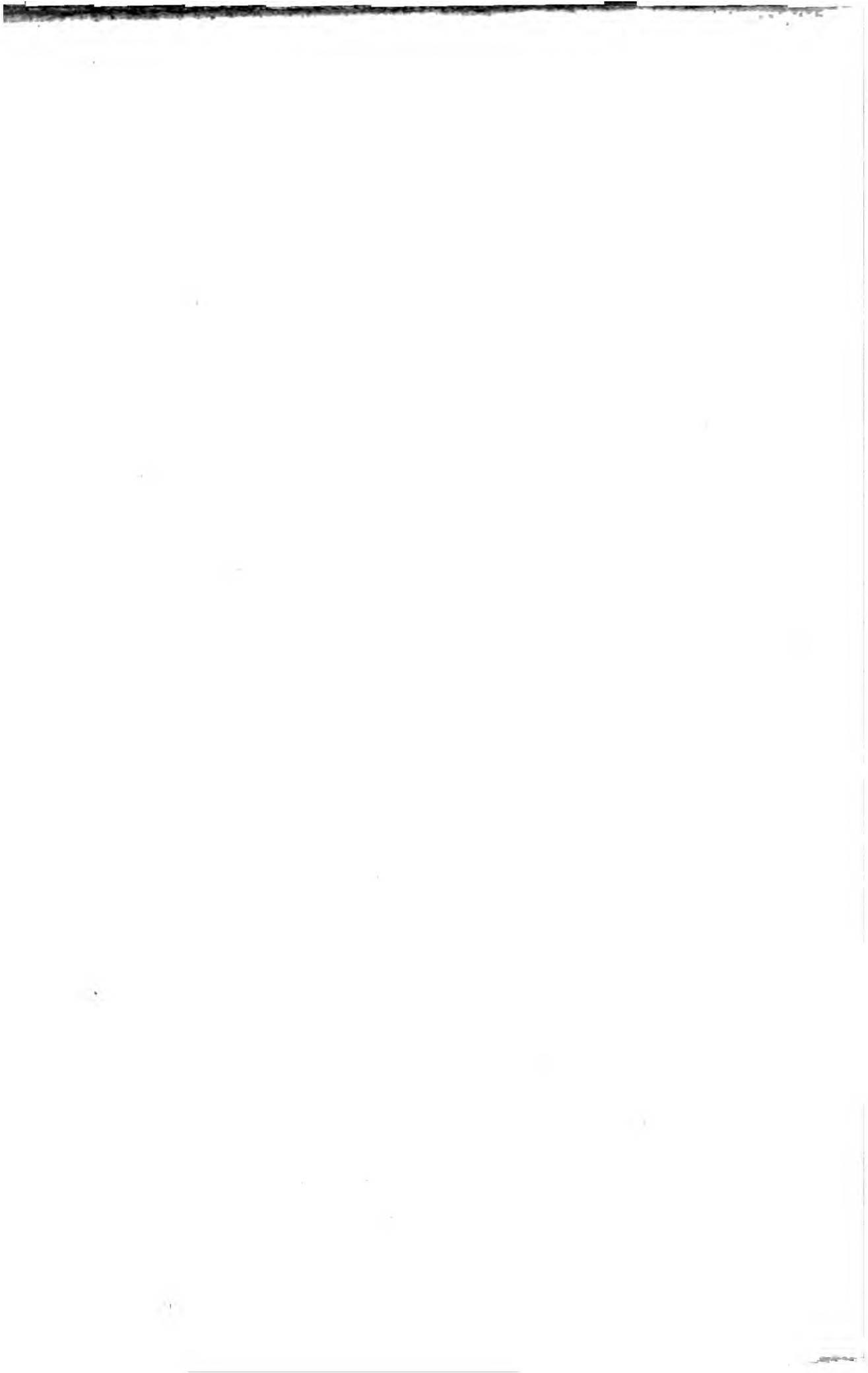
Since heaven-espousing earth
Gave the Republic birth,

BIRTHDAY ODE.

131

As in past years of wrong,
Take now my subject song,
To no crowned head made humble but thine own ;
That on thy day of worldly birth
Gives thanks for all thou hast given past thanks of all on
earth.

520



NOTES.

- v. 33. *Odes et Ballades*, 1822-1824.
57. *Les Orientales*, 1829.
69. *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, 1831.
71. *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, 1835.
73. *Les Voix Intérieures*, 1837.
81. *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, 1840.
101. *Hernani*, 1830.
105. *Marion de Lorme*, 1831.
109. *Le Roi s'amuse*, 1832.
113. *Lucrèce Borgia*, 1833.
121. *Marie Tudor*, 1835.
127. *Angelo, Tyran de Padoue*, 1835.
129. *La Esmeralda*, 1836.
133. *Ruy Blas*, 1838.
137. *Les Burgraves*, 1842.
153. *Cromwell*, 1827 : *Étude sur Mirabeau*, 1834 (*Littérature et Philosophie mêlées*, 1819-1834).
177. *Han d'Islande. Bug-Jargal*.
182. *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, 1829: *Claude Gueux*, 1834.
193. *Notre-Dame de Paris*, 1831.
205. *Le Rhin*, 1845.
216. *Napoléon le Petit*, 1852. *Châtiments*, 1853. *Histoire d'un Crime*, 1877. In this place I must take occasion to relieve my conscience from a sense of duty unfulfilled so long as I for one have not uttered my own poor private protest—worthless and weightless though it may seem, if cast as a grain into the scale of public opinion—against a projected insult at once to contemporary France and to the present only less than to past generations of Englishmen.

*On the proposed desecration of Westminster Abbey
by the erection of a monument
to the son of Napoleon III.*

‘ Let us go hence.’ From the inmost shrine of grace
Where England holds the elect of all her dead
There comes a word like one of old time said
By gods of old cast out. Here is no place
At once for these and one of poisonous race.
Let each rise up from his dishallowed bed
And pass forth silent. Each divine veiled head
Shall speak in silence with averted face.
‘ Scorn everlasting and eternal shame
Eat out the rotting record of his name
Who had the glory of all these graves in trust
And turned it to a hissing. His offence
Makes havoc of their desecrated dust
Whose place is here no more. Let us go hence.’

Feb. 25, 1880.

- v. 297. *Les Contemplations*, 1856.
 321. *La Légende des Siècles. Première série*, 1859; *nouvelle série*, 1877.
 392. *Les Misérables*, 1862.
 409. *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, 1866.
 417. *L'Homme qui Rit*, 1869.
 433. *Quatrevingt-treize*, 1874.
 441. *William Shakespeare*, 1864.
 448. *Actes et Paroles : Avant l'Exil*, 1841-1851; *Pendant l'Exil*, 1852-1870; *Depuis l'Exil*, 1870-1876.
 452. *Paris*, 1867.
 455. *Mes Fils*, 1875.
 456. *Pour un Soldat*, 1875.
 457. *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, 1865.
 462. *L'Année Terrible*, 1872.
 464. *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, 1877.
 470. *Le Pape*, 1878.
 497. 'Septidi ventôse an X de la République (26 février 1802).' *Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie*, 1863, tome 1, p. 28.

At the end of such a list, so incomparable as to seem incredible, of one great man's good works, we may be forgiven the alteration of a word even in a verse from Æschylus which we cannot choose but apply once more to this leader in the advance of men made perfect through doom of trial and long wayfaring, whose progress he furthers by example and stimulates by song :—

κύριός ἐστι θροεῖν ὄδιον κράτος αἴσιον ἀνδρῶν
 ἐκτελέων· ἔτι γὰρ θεόθεν καταπνείει
 πειθῶ μολπᾶν
 ἀλκᾷ σύμφυτος αἰών. Æsch. *Agam.* 104-8.

McCorkell

April, 1880.



CHATTO & WINDUS'S LIST OF BOOKS.

Imperial 8vo, with 147 fine Engravings, half-morocco, 36s.

THE EARLY TEUTONIC, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH MASTERS.

Translated and Edited from the Dohme Series by A. H. KEANE,
M.A.I. With numerous Illustrations.

"Cannot fail to be of the utmost use to students of art history."—TIMES.

Second Edition, Revised, Crown 8vo, 1,200 pages, half-roxburghe, 12s. 6d.

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES.

By the Rev. Dr. BREWER.

"Dr. Brewer has produced a wonderfully comprehensive dictionary of references to matters which are always cropping up in conversation and in every day life, and writers generally will have reason to feel grateful to the author for a most handy volume, supplementing in a hundred ways their own knowledge or ignorance, as the case may be. . . . It is something more than a mere dictionary of quotations, though a most useful companion to any work of that kind, being a dictionary of most of the allusions, references, plots, stories, and characters which occur in the classical poems, plays, novels, romances, &c., not only of our own country, but of most nations, ancient and modern."—TIMES.

"A welcome addition to the list of what may be termed the really handy reference-books, combining as it does a dictionary of literature with a condensed encyclopædia, interspersed with items one usually looks for in commonplace books. The appendices contain the dates of celebrated and well-known dramas, operas, poems, and novels, with the names of their authors."—SPECTATOR.

"Meets a want which every one, even of the thoroughly educated class, must often have felt. It would require a colossal memory indeed to dispense with Dr. Brewer's volume. . . . The author of 'The Guide to Science' has gained a reputation for thoroughness . . . and a glance at 'The Reader's Handbook' will convince anyone that he has skimmed off the cream of many hundreds of volumes. . . . Such a mass of the rare and recondite was surely never before got together in a single volume."—GRAPHIC.

"There seems to be scarcely anything concerning which one may not 'overhaul' Dr. Brewer's book with profit. It is a most laborious and patient compilation, and, considering the magnitude of the work, successfully performed. . . . Many queries which appear in our pages could be satisfactorily answered by a reference to 'The Reader's Handbook:' no mean testimony to the value of Dr. Brewer's book."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

Crown 8vo, Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

Advertising, A History of.

From the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Notes of Successful Advertisers. By HENRY SAMPSON.

"We have here a book to be thankful for. We recommend the present volume, which takes us through antiquity, the middle ages, and the present time, illustrating all in turn by advertisements—serious, comic, roguish, or downright rascally. The volume is full of entertainment from the first page to the last."—ATHENÆUM.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 639 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Architectural Styles, A Handbook of.

Translated from the German of A. ROSENGARTEN by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, with Portrait and Facsimile, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Artemus Ward's Works:

The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait, Facsimile of Handwriting, &c.

Second Edition, demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Illustrations, 18s.

Baker's Clouds in the East:

Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turcoman Frontier. By VALENTINE BAKER. Second Edition, revised and corrected.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Balzac.—The Comédie Humaine and its

Author. With Translations from Balzac. By H. H. WALKER.

"Deserves the highest praise. The best compliment we can pay him is to hope that we may soon see his translation of the 'Comédie Humaine' followed by another work. Good taste, good style, and conscientious work."—EXAMINER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bankers, A Handbook of London;

With some Account of their Predecessors, the Early Goldsmiths; together with Lists of Bankers from 1677 to 1876. By F. G. HILTON PRICE.

Bardsley (Rev. C. W.), Works by:

English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. By CHARLES WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A. Second Edition, revised throughout and considerably Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Bardsley has faithfully consulted the original mediæval documents and works from which the origin and development of surnames can alone be satisfactorily traced. He has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of surnames, and we hope to hear more of him in this field."—TIMES.

Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. By CHARLES W. BARDSLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Bechstein's As Pretty as Seven,

And other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. Additional Tales by Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illustrations by RICHTER.

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

A New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bartholomew Fair, Memoirs of.

By HENRY MORLEY. New Edition, with One Hundred Illustrations.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Illustrations, 12s.

Beerbohm's Wanderings in Patagonia;

Or, Life among the Ostrich-Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM.

"Full of well-told and exciting incident. . . . A ride, which at all times would have had a wild and savage attraction, was destined by the merest chance to prove unexpectedly perilous and adventurous. . . . These stirring scenes, throughout which Mr. Beerbohm shows no slight degree of bravery and coolness, are described in a manner which is both spirited and modest. . . . A thoroughly readable story, which well fills up a not unmanageable volume."—GRAPHIC.

Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, 21s. per volume.

Beautiful Pictures by British Artists:

A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. In Two Series.

The FIRST SERIES including Examples by WILKIE, CONSTABLE, TURNER, MULREADY, LANDSEER, MACLISE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, Sir JOHN GILBERT, LESLIE, ANSDALL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, FAED, EYRE CROWE, GAVIN O'NEIL, and MADOX BROWN.

The SECOND SERIES containing Pictures by ARMITAGE, FAED, GOODALL, HEMSLEY, HORSLEY, MARKS, NICHOLLS, Sir NOEL PATON, PICKERSGILL, G. SMITH, MARCUS STONE, SOLOMON, STRAIGHT, E. M. WARD, and WARREN.

All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A.

"This book is well got up, and good engravings by Feens, Lumb Stocks, and others, bring back to us Royal Academy Exhibitions of past years."—TIMES.

One Shilling Monthly, Illustrated.

Belgravia

For January contained the First Chapters of Two Novels (each to be continued throughout the year):—I. THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy," &c.—II. THE LEADEN CASKET. By Mrs. A. W. HUNT, Author of "Thornicroft's Model," &c. This number contained also the First of a Series of Twelve Articles on "Our Old Country Towns," with Five Illustrations by ALFRED RIMMER.

* * *The FORTIETH Volume of BELGRAVIA, elegantly bound in crimson cloth, full gilt side and back, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d., is now ready.*
—Handsome Cases for binding volumes can be had at 2s. each.

Demy 8vo, Illustrated, uniform in size for binding.

Blackburn's Art Handbooks:

Academy Notes, 1875.	With 40 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1876.	With 107 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1877.	With 143 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1878.	With 150 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1879.	With 146 Illustrations.	1s.
Academy Notes, 1880.	With Numerous Illustrations.	[Shortly.]
Grosvenor Notes, 1878.	With 68 Illustrations.	1s.

ART HANDBOOKS—continued.

- Grosvenor Notes, 1879. With 60 Illustrations. 1s.
 Grosvenor Notes, 1880. With Numerous Illusts. [Shortly.
 Pictures at the Paris Exhibition, 1878. 80 Illustrations. 1s.
 Pictures at South Kensington. (The Raphael Cartoons, Sheep-
 shanks Collection, &c.) With 70 Illustrations. 1s.
 The English Pictures at the National Gallery. With 114
 Illustrations. 1s.
 The Old Masters at the National Gallery. 128 Illusts. 1s. 6d.
 Academy Notes, 1875-79. Complete in One Volume, with
 nearly 600 Illustrations in Facsimile. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6s.
 A Complete Illustrated Catalogue to the National Gallery.
 With Notes by HENRY BLACKBURN, and 242 Illustrations. Demy 8vo,
 cloth limp, 3s.

UNIFORM WITH "ACADEMY NOTES."

- Royal Scottish Academy Notes, 1878. 117 Illustrations. 1s.
 Royal Scottish Academy Notes, 1879. 125 Illustrations. 1s.
 Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts Notes, 1878. 95 Illustrations. 1s.
 Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts Notes, 1879. 100 Illusts. 1s.
 Walker Art Gallery Notes, Liverpool, 1878. 112 Illusts. 1s.
 Walker Art Gallery Notes, Liverpool, 1879. 100 Illusts. 1s.
 Royal Manchester Institution Notes, 1878. 88 Illustrations. 1s.
 Society of Artists Notes, Birmingham, 1878. 95 Illusts. 1s.
 Children of the Great City. By F. W. LAWSON. With Fac-
 simile Sketches by the Artist. Demy 8vo, 1s.

Folio, half-bound boards, India Proofs, 21s.

Blake (William):

Etchings from his Works. By W. B. SCOTT. With descriptive Text.

"The best side of Blake's work is given here, and makes a really attractive volume, which all can enjoy. . . . The etching is of the best kind, more refined and delicate than the original work."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Boccaccio's Decameron;

or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with an Intro-
 duction by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With Portrait, and
 STOTHARD'S beautiful Copperplates.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities,

chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and
 Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. An entirely
 New and Revised Edition, with fine full-page Illustrations.

Bowers' (Georgina) Hunting Sketches:

Canters in Crampshire. By G. BOWERS. I. Gallops from
 Gorseborough. II. Scrambles with Scratch Packs. III. Studies with
 Stag Hounds. Oblong 4to, half-bound boards, 21s.

Leaves from a Hunting Journal. By G. BOWERS. Coloured in
 a simile of the originals. Oblong 4to, half-bound, 21s. [Nearly Ready.

Bret Harte, Works by:

The Select Works of Bret Harte, in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Stories. By BRET HARTE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. ; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

"Few modern English-writing humourists have achieved the popularity of Mr. Bret Harte. He has passed, so to speak, beyond book-fame into talk-fame. People who may never perhaps have held one of his little volumes in their hands, are perfectly familiar with some at least of their contents . . . Pictures of Californian camp-life, unapproached in their quaint picturesqueness and deep human interest."—DAILY NEWS.

The Twins of Table Mountain. By BRET HARTE. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. ; crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches. By BRET HARTE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Jeff Briggs's Love Story. By BRET HARTE. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. ; cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with full-page Portraits, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir David) Martyrs of Science.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Astronomical Plates, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir D.) More Worlds than One,

the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian.

Demy 8vo, profusely Illustrated in Colours, 30s.

British Flora Medica:

A History of the Medicinal Plants of Great Britain. Illustrated by a Figure of each Plant, COLOURED BY HAND. By BENJAMIN H. BARTON, F.L.S., and THOMAS CASTLE, M.D., F.R.S. A New Edition, revised and partly re-written by JOHN R. JACKSON, A.L.S., Curator of the Museums of Economic Botany, Royal Gardens, Kew.

THE STOTHARD BUNYAN.—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Edited by Rev. T. SCOTT. With 17 beautiful Steel Plates by STOTHARD, engraved by GOODALL ; and numerous Woodcuts.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Byron's Letters and Journals.

With Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition newly revised, with Twelve full-page Plates.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s.

Campbell's (Sir G.) White and Black:

The Outcome of a Visit to the United States. By Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, M.P.

"Few persons are likely to take it up without finishing it."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Carlyle (Thomas) On the Choice of Books.

With Portrait and Memoir.

Small 4to, cloth gilt, with Coloured Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Chaucer for Children:

A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With Eight Coloured Pictures and numerous Woodcuts by the Author.

"It must not only take a high place among the Christmas and New Year books of this season, but is also of permanent value as an introduction to the study of Chaucer, whose works, in selections of some kind or other, are now text-books in every school that aspires to give sound instruction in English."—ACADEMY.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Map and Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Cleopatra's Needle:

Its Acquisition and Removal to England Described. By Sir J. E. ALEXANDER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Colman's Humorous Works:

"Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH.

Two Vols. royal 8vo, with Sixty-five Illustrations, 28s.

Conway's Demonology and Devil-Lore.

By MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, M.A., B.D. of Divinity College, Harvard University; Member of the Anthropological Inst., London.

Square 8vo, cloth extra, profusely Illustrated, 6s.

Conway's A Necklace of Stories.

By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations and Maps, 24s.

Cope's History of the Rifle Brigade

(The Prince Consort's Own), formerly the 95th. By Sir WILLIAM H. COPE, formerly Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 13 Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Creasy's Memoirs of Eminent Etonians;

with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Sir EDWARD CREASY, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

"A new edition of 'Creasy's Etonians' will be welcome. The book was a favourite a quarter of a century ago, and it has maintained its reputation. The value of this new edition is enhanced by the fact that Sir Edward Creasy has added to it several memoirs of Etonians who have died since the first edition prepared. The work is eminently interesting."—SCOTSMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece, 7s. 6d.

Credulities, Past and Present.

By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A., Author of "Finger-Ring Lore," &c.
[In the Press.]

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Two very thick Volumes, 7s. 6d. each.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

Complete in TWO SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2,000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c.

Parts I. to XIV. now ready, 21s. each.

Cussans' History of Hertfordshire.

By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with full-page Plates on Copper and Stone, and a profusion of small Woodcuts.

"Mr. Cussans has, from sources not accessible to Clutterbuck, made most valuable additions to the manorial history of the county from the earliest period downwards, cleared up many doubtful points, and given original details concerning various subjects untouched or imperfectly treated by that writer. The pedigrees seem to have been constructed with great care, and are a valuable addition to the genealogical history of the county. Mr. Cussans appears to have done his work conscientiously, and to have spared neither time, labour, nor expense to render his volumes worthy of ranking in the highest class of County Histories."
—ACADEMY.

Two Volumes, demy 4to, handsomely bound in half-morocco, gilt, profusely Illustrated with Coloured and Plain Plates and Woodcuts, price £7 7s.

Cyclopædia of Costume;

or, A Dictionary of Dress—Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military—from the Earliest Period in England to the reign of George the Third. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and a General History of the Costumes of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald.

The Volumes may also be had *separately* (each Complete in itself) at £3 13s. 6d. each:

Vol. I. THE DICTIONARY.

Vol. II. A GENERAL HISTORY OF COSTUME IN EUROPE.

Also in 25 Parts, at 5s. each. Cases for binding, 5s. each.

"A comprehensive and highly valuable book of reference. . . . We have rarely failed to find in this book an account of an article of dress, while in most of the entries curious and instructive details are given. . . . Mr. Planché's enormous labour of love, the production of a text which, whether in its dictionary form or in that of the 'General History,' is within its intended scope immeasurably the best and richest work on Costume in English. . . . This book is not only one of the most readable works of the kind, but intrinsically attractive and amusing."—ATHENÆUM.

"A most readable and interesting work—and it can scarcely be consulted in vain, whether the reader is in search for information as to military, court, ecclesiastical, legal, or professional costume. . . . All the chromo-lithographs, and most of the woodcut illustrations—the latter amounting to several thousands—are very elaborately executed; and the work forms a livre de luxe which renders it equally suited to the library and the ladies' drawing-room."—TIMES.

"One of the most perfect works ever published upon the subject. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and would, even without the letterpress, render the work an invaluable book of reference for information as to costumes for fancy balls and character quadrilles. . . . Beautifully printed and superbly illustrated."—STANDARD.

Second Edition, revised and enlarged, demy 8vo, cloth extra,
with Illustrations, 24s.

Dodge's (Colonel) The Hunting Grounds of

the Great West : A Description of the Plains, Game, and Indians of the Great North American Desert. By RICHARD IRVING DODGE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the United States Army. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BLACKMORE ; Map, and numerous Illustrations drawn by ERNEST GRISET.

"This magnificent volume is one of the most able and most interesting works which has ever proceeded from an American pen, while its freshness is equal to that of any similar book. Col. Dodge has chosen a subject of which he is master, and treated it with a fulness that leaves nothing to be desired, and in a style which is charming equally for its picturesqueness and purity."—NONCONFORMIST.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Doran's Memories of our Great Towns.

With Anecdotic Gleanings concerning their Worthies and their Oddities. By Dr. JOHN DORAN, F.S.A.

"A greater genius for writing of the anecdotic kind few men have had. As to giving any idea of the contents of the book, it is quite impossible. Those who know how Dr. Doran used to write—it is sad to have to use the past tense of one of the most cheerful of men—will understand what we mean ; and those who do not must take it on trust from us that this is a remarkably entertaining volume."—SPECTATOR.

Second Edition, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Illustrations, 18s.

Dunraven's The Great Divide :

A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of 1874. By the EARL of DUNRAVEN. With Maps and numerous striking full-page Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY.

"There has not for a long time appeared a better book of travel than Lord Dunraven's 'The Great Divide.' . . . The book is full of clever observation, and both narrative and illustrations are thoroughly good."—ATHENÆUM.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s.

Dutt's India, Past and Present ;

with Minor Essays on Cognate Subjects. By SHOSHEE CHUNDER DUTT, Rái Bahádoor.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 6s.

Emanuel On Diamonds and Precious

Stones ; their History, Value, and Properties ; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, Tinted and Plain.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Englishman's House, The :

A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House, with full Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Third Edition. With nearly 600 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume.

Early English Poets.

Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART.

"Mr. Grosart has spent the most laborious and the most enthusiastic care on the perfect restoration and preservation of the text; and it is very unlikely that any other edition of the poet can ever be called for. . . From Mr. Grosart we always expect and always receive the final results of most patient and competent scholarship."—EXAMINER.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes. One Vol.</p> <p>2. Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited. Memorial-Introduction and Notes. Two Vols.</p> | <p>3. Herrick's (Robert) Hesperides, Noble Numbers, and Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes, Steel Portrait, Index of First Lines, and Glossarial Index, &c. Three Vols.</p> <p>4. Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Essay on the Poetry of Sidney, and Notes. Three Vols.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Folio, cloth extra, £1 11s. 6d.

Examples of Contemporary Art.

Etchings from Representative Works by living English and Foreign Artists. Edited, with Critical Notes, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"It would not be easy to meet with a more sumptuous, and at the same time a more tasteful and instructive drawing-room book."—NONCONFORMIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 6s.

Fairholt's Tobacco :

Its History and Associations; with an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, and its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With Coloured Frontispiece and upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author.

"A very pleasant and instructive history of tobacco and its associations, which we cordially recommend alike to the votaries and to the enemies of the much-maligned but certainly not neglected weed. . . Full of interest and information."—DAILY NEWS.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Chemical History of a Candle.

Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Audience. A New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Various Forces of Nature.

New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. Numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Finger-Ring Lore :

Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. By WM. JONES, F.S.A. With Hundreds of Illustrations of Curious Rings of all Ages and Countries.

"One of those gossiping books which are as full of amusement as of instruction."—ATHENÆUM.

One Shilling Monthly, mostly Illustrated.

Gentleman's Magazine, The,

For January contained the First Chapters of a New Novel entitled QUEEN COPHETUA, by R. E. FRANCILLON: to be continued throughout the year.

* * * Now ready, the Volume for JULY to DECEMBER, 1879, cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.; and Cases for binding, price 2s. each.

THE RUSKIN GRIMM.—Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

German Popular Stories.

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited with an Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations after the inimitable designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Both Series Complete.

"The illustrations of this volume . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, of a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have before said in the Appendix to my 'Elements of Drawing,' were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation, unrivalled even by him). . . . To make somewhat enlarged copies of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."—Extract from Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Glenny's A Year's Work in Garden and

Greenhouse: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.

"Mr. Glenny has given a great deal of valuable information, conveyed in very simple language. The amateur need not wish for a better guide."—LEEDS MERCURY.

A thoroughly practical and useful handbook."—GRAPHIC.

A New Edition, demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 15s.

Greeks and Romans, The Life of the,

Described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KÖNER. Translated from the Third German Edition, and Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Low-Life Deeps:

An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With Illustrations in tint by ALFRED CONCANEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Wilds of London:

Descriptive Sketches, from Personal Observations and Experience, of Remarkable Scenes, People, and Places in London. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With 12 Tinted Illustrations by ALFRED CONCANEN.

Square 16mo (Tauchnitz size), cloth extra, 2s. per volume.

Golden Library, The:

- Ballad History of England.** By W. C. BENNETT.
- Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.**
- Byron's Don Juan.**
- Emerson's Letters and Social Aims.**
- Godwin's (William) Lives of the Necromancers.**
- Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.** With an Introduction by G. A. SALA.
- Holmes's Professor at the Breakfast Table.**
- Hood's Whims and Oddities.** Complete. With all the original Illustrations.
- Irving's (Washington) Tales of a Traveller.**
- Irving's (Washington) Tales of the Alhambra.**
- Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and Occupations of Country Life.**
- Lamb's Essays of Elia.** Both Series Complete in One Vol.
- Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces.** With Portrait, and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER.
- Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table.** Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.
- Pascal's Provincial Letters.** A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE, D.D.
- Pope's Poetical Works.** Complete.
- Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections.** With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE.
- St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and The Indian Cottage.** Edited, with Life, by the Rev. E. CLARKE.
- Shelley's Early Poems, and Queen Mab,** with Essay by LEIGH HUNT.
- Shelley's Later Poems: Laon and Cythna, &c.**
- Shelley's Posthumous Poems, the Shelley Papers, &c.**
- Shelley's Prose Works, including A Refutation of Deism, Zastrozzi, St. Irvyne, &c.**
- White's Natural History of Selborne.** Edited, with additions, by THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Golden Treasury of Thought, The:

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF QUOTATIONS from Writers of all Times and Countries. Selected and Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR.

Large 4to, with 14 facsimile Plates, price ONE GUINEA.

Grosvenor Gallery Illustrated Catalogue.

Winter Exhibition (1877-78) of Drawings by the Old Masters and Water-Colour Drawings by Deceased Artists of the British School. With a Critical Introduction by J. COMYNS CARR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Guyot's Earth and Man;

or, Physical Geography in its Relation to the History of Mankind. With Additions by Professors AGASSIZ, PIERCE, and GRAY; 12 Maps and Engravings on Steel, some Coloured, and copious Index.

Small 4to, cloth extra, 8s.

Hake's Maiden Ecstasy.

By THOMAS GORDON HAKE, Author of "Parables and Tales," "New Symbols," "Legends of the Morrow," &c.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Sketches of Irish Character.

With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK.

"The Irish Sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.; a few large-paper copies, half-Roxb., 10s. 6d.

Handwriting, The Philosophy of.

By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. With 134 Facsimiles of Signatures.

Haweis (Mrs.), Works by:

The Art of Dress. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS, Author of "The Art of Beauty," &c. Illustrated by the Author. Small 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

"A well-considered attempt to apply canons of good taste to the costumes of ladies of our time. . . . Mrs. Haweis writes frankly and to the point, she does not mince matters, but boldly remonstrates with her own sex on the follies they indulge in. . . . We may recommend the book to the ladies whom it concerns."—ATHENÆUM.

The Art of Beauty. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS, Author of "Chaucer for Children." Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece and nearly 100 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo, 12s. each.

History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval. This is a really good book on a really interesting subject, and words piled on words could say no more for it. . . . Such is the effect of its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy, that very few of its readers will close these volumes without looking forward with interest to the two that are to follow."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

** Vols. III. and IV., completing the work, will be ready immediately.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Hobhouse's The Dead Hand:

Addresses on the subject of Endowments and Settlements of Property. By Sir ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, Q.C., K.C.S.I.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Holmes's The Science of Voice Production

and Voice Preservation: A Popular Manual for the Use of Speakers and Singers. By GORDON HOLMES, L.R.C.P.E.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Hollingshead's (John) Plain English.

[In the press.]

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. Including the CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and Two Hundred Illustrations.

Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s.

Hood's (Tom) From Nowhere to the North

Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES.

"The amusing letterpress is profusely interspersed with the jingling rhymes which children love and learn so easily. Messrs. Brunton and Barnes do full justice to the writer's meaning, and a pleasanter result of the harmonious co-operation of author and artist could not be desired."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous Works,

including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons-mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a new Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Horne's Orion:

An Epic Poem in Three Books. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With a brief Commentary by the Author. With Photographic Portrait from a Medallion by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition.

"As classic in its own way as Keats's 'Endymion,' teeming with a Shakespearean wealth of imagery, full of clear-cut scenes from nature, and idealised with lofty thoughts."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Howell's Conflicts of Capital and Labour

Historically and Economically considered. Being a History and Review of the Trade Unions of Great Britain, showing their Origin, Progress, Constitution, and Objects, in their Political, Social, Economical, and Industrial Aspects. By GEORGE HOWELL.

"This book is an attempt, and on the whole a successful attempt, to place the work of trade unions in the past, and their objects in the future, fairly before the public from the working man's point of view."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Hueffer's The Troubadours:

A History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages. By FRANCIS HUEFFER.

Two Vols. 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

Josephus, The Complete Works of.

Translated by WHISTON. Containing both "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews."

A NEW EDITION, Revised and partly Re-written, with several New Chapters and Illustrations, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Jennings' The Rosicrucians:

Their Rites and Mysteries. With Chapters on the Ancient Fire and Serpent Worshippers. By HARGRAVE JENNINGS. With Five full-page Plates and upwards of 300 Illustrations.

"One of those volumes which may be taken up and dipped into at random for half-an-hour's reading, or, on the other hand, appealed to by the student as a source of valuable information on a system which has not only exercised for hundreds of years an extraordinary influence on the mental development of so shrewd a people as the Jews, but has captivated the minds of some of the greatest thinkers of Christendom in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."—LEEDS MERCURY.

Small 8vo, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 6s.

Kavanaghs' Pearl Fountain,

And other Fairy Stories. By BRIDGET and JULIA KAVANAGH. With Thirty Illustrations by J. MOYR SMITH.

"Genuine new fairy stories of the old type, some of them as delightful as the best of Grimm's 'German Popular Stories.' . . . For the most part the stories are downright, thorough-going fairy stories of the most admirable kind. . . . Mr. Moyr Smith's illustrations, too, are admirable."—SPECTATOR.

Crown 8vo, illustrated boards, with numerous Plates, 2s. 6d.

Lace (Old Point), and How to Copy and

Imitate it. By DAISY WATERHOUSE HAWKINS. With 17 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Lamb (Mary and Charles):

Their Poems, Letters, and Remains. With Reminiscences and Notes by W. CAREW HAZLITT. With HANCOCK'S Portrait of the Essayist, Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the rare First Editions of Lamb's and Coleridge's Works, and numerous Illustrations.

"Very many passages will delight those fond of literary trifles; hardly any portion will fail in interest for lovers of Charles Lamb and his sister."—STANDARD.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Lamb's Foetry for Children, and Prince

Dorus. Carefully Reprinted from unique copies.

"The quaint and delightful little book, over the recovery of which all the hearts of his lovers are yet warm with rejoicing."—A. C. SWINBURNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Lamb's Complete Works,

In Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many Pieces hitherto unpublished. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a Page of the "Essay on Roast Pig."

"A complete edition of Lamb's writings, in prose and verse, has long been wanted, and is now supplied. The editor appears to have taken great pains to bring together Lamb's scattered contributions, and his collection contains a number of pieces which are now reproduced for the first time since their original appearance in various old periodicals."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Maps and Illustrations, 18s.

Lamont's Yachting in the Arctic Seas;

or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. By JAMES LAMONT, F.R.G.S. With numerous full-page Illustrations by Dr. LIVESAY.

"After wading through numberless volumes of icy fiction, concocted narrative, and spurious biography of Arctic voyagers, it is pleasant to meet with a real and genuine volume. . . . He shows much tact in recounting his adventures, and they are so interspersed with anecdotes and information as to make them anything but wearisome. . . . The book, as a whole, is the most important addition made to our Arctic literature for a long time."—ATHENÆUM.

Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt, 7s. 6d.

Latter-Day Lyrics:

Poems of Sentiment and Reflection by Living Writers; selected and arranged, with Notes, by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. With a Note on some Foreign Forms of Verse, by AUSTIN DOBSON.

Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt, 6s.

Leigh's A Town Garland.

By HENRY S. LEIGH, Author of "Carols of Cockayne."

"If Mr. Leigh's verse survive to a future generation—and there is no reason why that honour should not be accorded productions so delicate, so finished, and so full of humour—their author will probably be remembered as the Poet of the Strand. . . . Very whimsically does Mr. Leigh treat the subjects which commend themselves to him. His verse is always admirable in rhythm, and his rhymes are happy enough to deserve a place by the best of Barham. . . . The entire contents of the volume are equally noteworthy for humour and for daintiness of workmanship."—ATHENÆUM.

SECOND EDITION.—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Leisure-Time Studies, chiefly Biological.

By ANDREW WILSON, Ph.D., Lecturer on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the Edinburgh Medical School.

"It is well when we can take up the work of a really qualified investigator, who in the intervals of his more serious professional labours sets himself to impart knowledge in such a simple and elementary form as may attract and instruct, with no danger of misleading the tyro in natural science. Such a work is this little volume, made up of essays and addresses written and delivered by Dr. Andrew Wilson, lecturer and examiner in science at Edinburgh and Glasgow, at leisure intervals in a busy professional life. . . . Dr. Wilson's pages teem with matter stimulating to a healthy love of science and a reverence for the truths of nature."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Life in London;

or, The History of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of CRUIKSHANK'S Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Lights on the Way:

Some Tales within a Tale. By the late J. H. ALEXANDER, B.A. Edited, with an Explanatory Note, by H. A. PAGE, Author of "Thoreau: A Study."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Complete Prose Works.

Including "Outre Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "Driftwood." With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE BROMLEY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Poetical Works.

Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions. With numerous fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Lunatic Asylum, My Experiences in a.

By a SANE PATIENT.

"The story is clever and interesting, sad beyond measure though the subject be. There is no personal bitterness, and no violence or anger. Whatever may have been the evidence for our author's madness when he was consigned to an asylum, nothing can be clearer than his sanity when he wrote this book; it is bright, calm, and to the point."—SPECTATOR.

Demy 8vo, with Fourteen full-page Plates, cloth boards, 18s.

Lusiad (The) of Camoens.

Translated into English Spenserian verse by ROBERT FRENCH DUFF, Knight Commander of the Portuguese Royal Order of Christ.

Macquoid (Mrs.), Works by:

Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With numerous Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

"Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid have been strolling in Normandy and Brittany, and the result of their observations and researches in that picturesque land of romantic associations is an attractive volume, which is neither a work of travel nor a collection of stories, but a book partaking almost in equal degree of each of these characters. . . . The illustrations, which are numerous, are drawn, as a rule, with remarkable delicacy as well as with true artistic feeling."—DAILY NEWS.

Through Normandy. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With 90 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The illustrations are excellent, and the work is pleasant as well as accurate."—ATHENÆUM.

"One of the few books which can be read as a piece of literature, whilst at the same time handy and serviceable in the knapsack."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Through Brittany. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. With numerous Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"The pleasant companionship which Mrs. Macquoid offers, while wandering from one point of interest to another, seems to throw a renewed charm around each oft-depicted scene."—MORNING POST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Madre Natura v. The Moloch of Fashion.

By LUKE LIMNER. With 32 Illustrations by the Author. FOURTH EDITION, revised and enlarged.

Handsomely printed in facsimile, price 5s.

Magna Charta.

An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

Small 8vo, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Milton's The Hygiene of the Skin.

A Concise Set of Rules for the Management of the Skin; with Directions for Diet, Wines, Soaps, Baths, &c. By J. L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Bath in Diseases of the Skin. Small 8vo, 1s.; cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

Mallock's (W. H.) Works :

Is Life Worth Living? By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

"This deeply interesting volume. . . . It is the most powerful vindication of religion, both natural and revealed, that has appeared since Bishop Butler wrote, and is much more useful than either the Analogy or the Sermons of that great divine, as a refutation of the peculiar form assumed by the infidelity of the present day. . . . Deeply philosophical as the book is, there is not a heavy page in it. The writer is 'possessed,' so to speak, with his great subject, has sounded its depths, surveyed it in all its extent, and brought to bear on it all the resources of a vivid, rich, and impassioned style, as well as an adequate acquaintance with the science, the philosophy, and the literature of the day."—IRISH DAILY NEWS.

The New Republic ; or, Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House. By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. Also a CHEAP EDITION, in the "Mayfair Library," at 2s. 6d.

The New Paul and Virginia ; or, Positivism on an Island. By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. Also a CHEAP EDITION, in the "Mayfair Library," at 2s. 6d.

Poems. By WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. Small 4to, bound in parchment, 8s.

Mark Twain's Works :

The Choice Works of Mark Twain. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By MARK TWAIN. With One Hundred Illustrations. Small 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

* * * Also a CHEAP EDITION, in illustrated boards, at 2s.

"A book to be read. There is a certain freshness and novelty about it, a practically romantic character, so to speak, which will make it very attractive."—SPECTATOR.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent of Europe : The Innocents Abroad, and The New Pilgrim's Progress. By MARK TWAIN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

An Idle Excursion, and other Sketches. By MARK TWAIN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

A Tramp Abroad. By MARK TWAIN. Two Vols., cr. 8vo, 21s.

Small 8vo, cloth limp, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Miller's Physiology for the Young;

Or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its Applications to the Preservation of Health. For use in Classes and Popular Reading.

With numerous Illustrations. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER.

"An admirable introduction to a subject which all who value health and enjoy life should have at their fingers' ends."—ECHO.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Frontispiece, 7s. 6d.

Moore's (Thos.) Prose and Verse—Humorous,

Satirical, and Sentimental. Including Suppressed Passages from the Memoirs of Lord Byron. Edited, by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per vol.

Mayfair Library, The:

The New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Paul and Virginia. By W. H. MALLOCK.

The True History of Joshua Davidson. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Old Stories Re-told. By WALTER THORNBURY.

Thoreau: His Life and Aims. By H. A. PAGE.

By Stream and Sea. By WILLIAM SENIOR.

Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.

Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.

More Puniana. By the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.

Puck on Pegasus. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL.

Muses of Mayfair. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNEL.

Gastronomy as a Fine Art. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

Original Plays. By W. S. GILBERT.

Carols of Cockayne. By HENRY S. LEIGH.

* * Other Volumes are in preparation.

New Novels.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER. By WILKIE COLLINS. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

"The statement of the plot is in Mr. Wilkie Collins's best style. There is nothing irrelevant, the necessary facts are laid before the reader with the greatest clearness, and a point is artistically worked up to where one cannot help asking oneself what is to be the solution. Mr. Collins's work is altogether distinct from the novels of the day. He has the gift, which hardly any of his contemporaries possess in any degree, of inventing plots which are fascinating apart from personal interest in the characters."—ATHENÆUM.

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

WITH A SILKEN THREAD, and other Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON, Author of "Patricia Kembal," &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [In the press.]

OUIDA'S NEW NOVEL.

PIPPISTRELLO, and other Stories. By OUIDA, Author of "Puck," "Ariadne," &c. One Vol., crown 8vo. [In the press.]

CHARLES GIBBON'S NEW NOVEL.

ALL A GREEN WILLOW, and other Stories. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Queen of the Meadow," &c. One vol., crown 8vo. [In the press.]

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

UNDER ONE ROOF. By JAMES PAYN. [In the press.]

Square 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 9s.

North Italian Folk.

By Mrs. COMYNS CARR. Illustrated by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

"A delightful book, of a kind which is far too rare. If anyone wants to really know the North Italian folk, we can honestly advise him to omit the journey, and sit down to read Mrs. Carr's pages instead. . . . Description with Mrs. Carr is a real gift. . . . It is rarely that a book is so happily illustrated."—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Vignette Portraits, price 6s. per Vol.

Old Dramatists, The:

Ben Jonson's Works.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.

Chapman's Works.

Now First Collected. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones; Vol. II. the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay

by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III. the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

Marlowe's Works.

Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays.

From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "Believe as you List." Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Crown 8vo, red cloth extra, 5s. each.

Ouida's Novels.—Library Edition.

Held in Bondage.	By OUIDA.	Folle Farine.	By OUIDA.
Strathmore.	By OUIDA.	Dog of Flanders.	By OUIDA.
Chandos.	By OUIDA.	Pascarel.	By OUIDA.
Under Two Flags.	By OUIDA.	Two Wooden Shoes.	By OUIDA.
Idalia.	By OUIDA.	Signa.	By OUIDA.
Cecil Castlemaine.	By OUIDA.	In a Winter City.	By OUIDA.
Tricotrin.	By OUIDA.	Ariadne.	By OUIDA.
Puck.	By OUIDA.	Friendship.	By OUIDA.

. Also a Cheap Edition, post 8vo, illustrated boards, at 2s. each.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Parliamentary Procedure, A Popular Handbook of.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Poe's Choice Prose and Poetical Works.

With BAUDELAIRE'S "Essay."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, Illustrated, 7s. 6d.

Poe, The Life of Edgar Allan.

By W. F. GILL. With numerous Illustrations and Facsimiles.

Crown 8vo, carefully printed on creamy paper, and tastefully bound in cloth for the Library, price 6s. each.

Piccadilly Novels, The.

Popular Stories by the Best Authors.

- READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- MY LITTLE GIRL.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- THIS SON OF VULCAN.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- WITH HARP AND CROWN.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
With a Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER.
- BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- THE MONKS OF THELEMA.** By W. BESANT and JAMES RICE.
- 'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY.** By W. BESANT & JAMES RICE.
- ANTONINA.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and ALFRED CONCANEN.
- BASIL.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.
- HIDE AND SEEK.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.
- THE DEAD SECRET.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and H. FURNISS.
- QUEEN OF HEARTS.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and A. CONCANEN.
- MY MISCELLANIES.** By WILKIE COLLINS. With Steel Portrait, and Illustrations by A. CONCANEN.
- THE WOMAN IN WHITE.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.
- THE MOONSTONE.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
- MAN AND WIFE.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illust. by WM. SMALL.
- POOR MISS FINCH.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
- MISS OR MRS. P** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.
- THE NEW MAGDALEN.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHART.
- THE FROZEN DEEP.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
- THE LAW AND THE LADY.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and SYDNEY HALL.

PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.*

- THE TWO DESTINIES.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- THE HAUNTED HOTEL.** By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- THE FALLEN LEAVES.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- DECEIVERS EVER.** By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
- JULIET'S GUARDIAN.** By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. Illustrated by VALENTINE BROMLEY.
- FELICIA.** By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. Frontispiece by W. BOWLES.
- OLYMPIA.** By R. E. FRANCILLON.
- GARTH.** By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
- IN LOVE AND WAR.** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- FOR THE KING.** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- IN HONOUR BOUND.** By CHARLES GIBBON.
- UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.** By THOMAS HARDY.
- THORNICROFT'S MODEL.** By Mrs. A. W. HUNT.
- FATED TO BE FREE.** By JEAN INGELOW.
- THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.** By HARRIETT JAY.
- THE DARK COLLEEN.** By HARRIETT JAY.
- NUMBER SEVENTEEN.** By HENRY KINGSLEY.
- OAKSHOTT CASTLE.** By HENRY KINGSLEY. With a Frontispiece by SHIRLEY HODSON.
- THE WORLD WELL LOST.** By E. LYNN LINTON. Illustrated by J. LAWSON and HENRY FRENCH.
- THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.** By E. LYNN LINTON. With a Frontispiece by HENRY WOODS.
- PATRICIA KEMBALL.** By E. LYNN LINTON. With a Frontispiece by G. DU MAURIER.
- THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- LINLEY ROCHFORD.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- A FAIR SAXON.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- DEAR LADY DISDAIN.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- MISS MISANTHROPE.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- LOST ROSE.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
- THE EVIL EYE, and other Stories.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. Illustrated by THOMAS R. MACQUOID and PERCY MACQUOID.

PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.*

- OPEN! SESAME!** By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Illustrated by F. A. FRASER.
- TOUCH AND GO.** By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
- WHITELADIES.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT. With Illustrations by A. HOPKINS and H. WOODS.
- THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.** By JAMES PAYN. Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.
- FALLEN FORTUNES.** By JAMES PAYN.
- HALVES.** By JAMES PAYN. With a Frontispiece by J. MAHONEY.
- WALTER'S WORD.** By JAMES PAYN. Illust. by J. MOYR SMITH.
- WHAT HE COST HER.** By JAMES PAYN.
- LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED.** By JAMES PAYN.
- BY PROXY.** By JAMES PAYN. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- HER MOTHER'S DARLING.** By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
- BOUND TO THE WHEEL.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- GUY WATERMAN.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- ONE AGAINST THE WORLD.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- THE LION IN THE PATH.** By JOHN SAUNDERS.
- THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Illust.
- THE AMERICAN SENATOR.** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
- DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** By T. A. TROLLOPE.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Popular Novels, Cheap Editions of.

[WILKIE COLLINS' NOVELS and BESANT and RICE'S NOVELS may also be had in cloth limp at 2s. 6d. See, too, the PICCADILLY NOVELS, for *Library Editions.*]

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. ALEXANDER.</p> <p>Ready-Money Mortiboy. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.</p> <p>The Golden Butterfly. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."</p> <p>This Son of Vulcan. By the same.</p> <p>My Little Girl. By the same.</p> <p>The Case of Mr. Lucraft. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."</p> <p>With Harp and Crown. By Authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."</p> <p>The Monks of Thelema. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.</p> | <p>By Celia's Arbour. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.</p> <p>'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.</p> <p>Juliet's Guardian. By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON.</p> <p>Surly Tim. By F. H. BURNETT.</p> <p>The Cure of Souls. By MAC-LAREN COBBAN.</p> <p>The Woman in White. By WILKIE COLLINS.</p> <p>Antonina. By WILKIE COLLINS.</p> <p>Basil. By WILKIE COLLINS.</p> <p>Hide and Seek. By the same.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

POPULAR NOVELS—*continued.*

- The Queen of Hearts.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Dead Secret.** By the same.
- My Miscellanies.** By the same.
- The Moonstone.** By the same.
- Man and Wife.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- Poor Miss Finch.** By the same.
- Miss or Mrs. P** By the same.
- The New Magdalen.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Frozen Deep.** By the same.
- The Law and the Lady.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Two Destinies.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- The Haunted Hotel.** By WILKIE COLLINS.
- Roxy.** By EDWARD EGGLESTON.
- Felicia. M.** BETHAM-EDWARDS.
- Filthy Lucre.** By ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.
- Olympia.** By R. E. FRANCILLON.
- Dick Temple.** By JAMES GREENWOOD.
- Under the Greenwood Tree.** By THOMAS HARDY.
- An Heiress of Red Dog.** By BRET HARTE.
- The Luck of Roaring Camp.** By BRET HARTE.
- Gabriel Conroy.** BRET HARTE.
- Fated to be Free.** By JEAN INGELOW.
- The Queen of Connaught.** By HARRIETT JAY.
- The Dark Colleen.** By HARRIETT JAY.
- Number Seventeen.** By HENRY KINGSLEY.
- Oakshott Castle.** By the same.
- Patricia Kemball.** By E. LYNN LINTON.
- The Atonement of Leam Dundas** By E. LYNN LINTON.
- The World Well Lost.** By E. LYNN LINTON.
- The Waterdale Neighbours.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- My Enemy's Daughter.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- Linley Rochford.** By the same.
- A Fair Saxon.** By the same.
- Dear Lady Disdain.** By the same.
- Miss Misanthrope.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
- Lost Rose.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
- The Evil Eye.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
- Open! Sesame!** By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
- Whiteladies.** Mrs. OLIPHANT.
- Held in Bondage.** By OUIDA.
- Strathmore.** By OUIDA.
- Chandos.** By OUIDA.
- Under Two Flags.** By OUIDA.
- Idalia.** By OUIDA.
- Cecil Castlemaine.** By OUIDA.
- Tricotrin.** By OUIDA.
- Puck.** By OUIDA.
- Folle Farine.** By OUIDA.
- Dog of Flanders.** By OUIDA.
- Pascarel.** By OUIDA.
- Two Little Wooden Shoes.** OUIDA.
- Signa.** By OUIDA.
- In a Winter City.** By OUIDA.
- Ariadne.** By OUIDA.
- Fallen Fortunes.** By J. PAYN.
- Halves.** By JAMES PAYN.
- What He Cost Her.** By ditto.
- By Proxy.** By JAMES PAYN.
- Less Black than We're Painted.** By JAMES PAYN.
- The Best of Husbands.** By JAMES PAYN.

POPULAR NOVELS—*continued.*

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Walter's Word. By J. PAYN.
 The Mystery of Marie Roget.
 By EDGAR A. POE.
 Her Mother's Darling. By Mrs.
 J. H. RIDDELL.
 Gaslight and Daylight. By
 GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
 Bound to the Wheel. By JOHN
 SAUNDERS.
 Guy Waterman. J. SAUNDERS.
 One Against the World. By
 JOHN SAUNDERS.
 The Lion in the Path. By JOHN
 and KATHERINE SAUNDERS.</p> | <p>Tales for the Marines. By
 WALTER THORNBURY.
 The Way we Live Now. By
 ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
 The American Senator. By
 ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
 Diamond Cut Diamond. By
 T. A. TROLLOPE.
 An Idle Excursion. By MARK
 TWAIN.
 Adventures of Tom Sawyer.
 By MARK TWAIN.
 A Pleasure Trip on the Conti-
 nent of Europe. By MARK TWAIN.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Fcap. 8vo, picture covers, 1s. each.

- Jeff Briggs's Love Story.** By BRET HARTE.
The Twins of Table Mountain. By BRET HARTE.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Kathleen Mavourneen. By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
Lindsay's Luck. By the Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
Pretty Polly Pemberton. By Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's."
Trooping with Crows. By Mrs. PIRKIS.

Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men.

Translated from the Greek, with Notes, Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. New Edition, with Medallion Portraits.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Primitive Manners and Customs.

By JAMES A. FARRER.

"A book which is really both instructive and amusing, and which will open a new field of thought to many readers."—ATHENÆUM.

"An admirable example of the application of the scientific method and the working of the truly scientific spirit."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

Prince of Argolis, The:

A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. By J. MOYR SMITH. With 130 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Facsimile, 7s. 6d.

Prout (Father), The Final Reliques of.

Collected and Edited, from MSS. supplied by the family of the Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY, by BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Proctor's (R. A.) Works :

Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. By RICH. A. PROCTOR, Author of "Other Worlds than Ours," &c. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Pleasant Ways in Science. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Rough Ways made Smooth: A Series of Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Our Place among Infinities: A Series of Essays contrasting our Little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities Around us. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

The Expanse of Heaven: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Wages and Wants of Science Workers. Showing the Resources of Science as a Vocation, and Discussing the Scheme for their Increase out of the National Exchequer. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

"Mr. Proctor, of all writers of our time, best conforms to Matthew Arnold's conception of a man of culture, in that he strives to humanise knowledge and divest it of whatever is harsh, crude, or technical, and so makes it a source of happiness and brightness for all."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Pursuivant of Arms, The;

or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. A Popular Guide to the Science of Heraldry. By J. R. PLANCHE, Somerset Herald. With Coloured Frontispiece, Plates, and 200 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Rabelais' Works.

Faithfully Translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE.

"His buffoonery was not merely Brutus's rough skin, which contained a rod of gold: it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and legates; and he must be classed with the greatest creative minds in the world—with Shakespeare, with Dante, and with Cervantes."—S. T. COLERIDGE.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, with numerous Illustrations, and a beautifully executed Chart of the various Spectra, 7s. 6d.

Rambosson's Astronomy.

By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. Translated by C. B. PITMAN. Profusely Illustrated.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Regalia: Crowns, Coronations, and Inaugurations, in various Ages and Countries. By W. JONES, F.S.A., Author of "Finger-Ring Lore," &c. With very numerous Illustrations. *[In preparation.]*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Richardson's (Dr.) A Ministry of Health,
and other Papers. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., &c.

"This highly interesting volume contains upwards of nine addresses, written in the author's well-known style, and full of great and good thoughts. . . . The work is, like all those of the author, that of a man of genius, of great power, of experience, and noble independence of thought."—POPULAR SCIENCE REVIEW.

Handsomely printed, price 5s:

Roll of Battle Abbey, The;

or, A List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. Printed on fine plate paper, nearly three feet by two, with the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

Two Vols., large 4to, profusely Illustrated, half-morocco, £2 16s.

Rowlandson, the Caricaturist.

A Selection from his Works, with Anecdotal Descriptions of his Famous Caricatures, and a Sketch of his Life, Times, and Contemporaries. With nearly 400 Illustrations, mostly in Facsimile of the Originals. By JOSEPH GREGO, Author of "James Gillray, the Caricaturist; his Life, Works, and Times."

"Mr. Grego's excellent account of the works of Thomas Rowlandson . . . illustrated with some 400 spirited, accurate, and clever transcripts from his designs. . . . The thanks of all who care for what is original and personal in art are due to Mr. Grego for the pains he has been at, and the time he has expended, in the preparation of this very pleasant, very careful, and adequate memorial."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, profusely Illustrated, 4s. 6d. each.

"Secret Out" Series, The.

The Pyrotechnist's Treasury;
or, Complete Art of Making Fire-works. By THOMAS KENTISH. With numerous Illustrations.

The Art of Amusing:
A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky:
Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

The Merry Circle:
A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. Many Illustrations.

Magician's Own Book:
Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from Actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magic No Mystery:
Tricks with Cards, Dice, Balls, &c., with fully descriptive Directions; the Art of Secret Writing; Training of Performing Animals, &c. Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.

The Secret Out:
One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Engravings.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Senior's Travel and Trout in the Antipodes.

An Angler's Sketches in Tasmania and New Zealand. By WILLIAM SENIOR ("Red Spinner"), Author of "Stream and Sea."

"In every way a happy production. . . . What Turner effected in colour on canvas, Mr. Senior may be said to effect by the force of a practical mind, in language that is magnificently descriptive, on his subject. There is in both painter and writer the same magical combination of idealism and realism, and the same hearty appreciation for all that is sublime and pathetic in natural scenery. That there is an undue share of travel to the number of trout caught is certainly not Mr. Senior's fault; but the comparative scarcity of the prince of fishes is adequately atoned for, in that the writer was led pretty well through all the glorious scenery of the antipodes in quest of him. . . . So great is the charm and the freshness and the ability of the book, that it is hard to put it down when once taken up."—HOME NEWS.

Shakespeare and Shakespeareana:

Shakespeare, The First Folio. Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT, 1623.—A Reproduction of the extremely rare original, in reduced facsimile by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. Small 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 10s. 6d.

"To Messrs. Chatto and Windus belongs the merit of having done more to facilitate the critical study of the text of our great dramatist than all the Shakespeare clubs and societies put together. A complete facsimile of the celebrated First Folio edition of 1623 for half-a-guinea is at once a miracle of cheapness and enterprise. Being in a reduced form, the type is necessarily rather diminutive, but it is as distinct as in a genuine copy of the original, and will be found to be as useful and far more handy to the student than the latter."—ATHENÆUM.

Shakespeare, The Lansdowne. Beautifully printed in red and black, in small but very clear type. With engraved facsimile of DROESHOUT'S Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, Poems, Doubtful Plays, and Biography.—CHARLES KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL EDITION, with many hundred beautiful Engravings on Wood of Views, Costumes, Old Buildings, Antiquities, Portraits, &c. Eight Vols., royal 8vo, cloth extra, £3 12s.

Shakespeare for Children: Tales from Shakespeare. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. With numerous Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

Shakespeare, The School of. Including "The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley," "Nobody and Somebody," "Histriomastix," "The Prodigal Son," "Jack Drum's Entertainment," "A Warning for Fair Women," and "Fair Em." Edited, with Notes, by RICHARD SIMPSON. Introduction by F. J. FURNIVALL. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

Shakespeare Music, The Handbook of. Being an Account of Three Hundred and Fifty Pieces of Music, set to Words taken from the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, the compositions ranging from the Elizabethan Age to the Present Time. By ALFRED ROFFE. 4to, half-Roxburghe, 7s.

Shakespeare, A Study of. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Sheridan's Complete Works,

with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c. ; with a Collection of Sheridaniana.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Signboards :

Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

"Even if we were ever so maliciously inclined, we could not pick out all Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's plums, because the good things are so numerous as to defy the most wholesale depredation."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

Slang Dictionary, The :

Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. An ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, revised throughout, and considerably Enlarged.

"We are glad to see the Slang Dictionary reprinted and enlarged. From a high scientific point of view this book is not to be despised. Of course it cannot fail to be amusing also. It contains the very vocabulary of unrestrained humour, and oddity, and grotesqueness. In a word, it provides valuable material both for the student of language and the student of human nature."—ACADEMY.

Exquisitely printed in miniature, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Smoker's Text-Book, The.

By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Spalding's Elizabethan Demonology :

An Essay in Illustration of the Belief in the Existence of Devils, and the Powers possessed by them, as it was generally held during the period of the Reformation, and the times immediately succeeding ; with Special Reference to Shakspeare and his Works. By T. ALFRED SPALDING, LL.B.

Crown 4to, uniform with "Chaucer for Children," with Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

Spenser for Children.

By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations in Colours by WALTER J. MORGAN.

"Spenser has simply been transferred into plain prose, with here and there a line or stanza quoted, where the meaning and the diction are within a child's comprehension, and additional point is thus given to the narrative without the cost of obscurity. . . . Altogether the work has been well and carefully done."
—THE TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Stedman's Victorian Poets :

Critical Essays. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"We ought to be thankful to those who do critical work with competent skill and understanding, with honesty of purpose, and with diligence and thoroughness of execution. And Mr. Stedman, having chosen to work in this line, deserves the thanks of English scholars by these qualities and by something more; . . . he is faithful, studious, and discerning."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People

of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, Processions, Pageants, and Pompous Spectacles, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WILLIAM HONE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Swift's Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

Swinburne's Works :

The Queen Mother and Rosamond. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

Atalanta in Calydon.

A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard.

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads.

FIRST SERIES. Fcap. 8vo, 9s. Also in crown 8vo, at same price.

Poems and Ballads.

SECOND SERIES. Fcap. 8vo, 9s. Also in crown 8vo, at same price.

Notes on "Poems and Ballads." 8vo, 1s.

William Blake :

A Critical Essay. With Facsimile Paintings. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Songs before Sunrise.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell :

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

George Chapman :

An Essay. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Songs of Two Nations.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Essays and Studies.

Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus :

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Note of an English Republican

on the Muscovite Crusade. 8vo, 1s.

A Note on Charlotte Brontë.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

A Study of Shakespeare.

Crown 8vo, 8s.

NEW WORK BY MR. SWINBURNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

SONGS OF THE SPRING-TIDES. By ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE. *[In the press.]*

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours,

in Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll page Illustrations, in Colours, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN.

Four Vols. small 8vo, cloth boards, 30s.

Taine's History of English Literature.

Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN.

. Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely Illustrated, 6s.

Tales of Old Thule.

Collected and Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.

"It is not often that we meet with a volume of fairy tales possessing more fully the double recommendation of absorbing interest and purity of tone than does the one before us containing a collection of 'Tales of Old Thule. These come, to say the least, near fulfilling the idea of perfect works of the kind; and the illustrations with which the volume is embellished are equally excellent. . . . We commend the book to parents and teachers as an admirable gift to their children and pupils."—LITERARY WORLD.

One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Taylor's (Tom) Historical Dramas:

"Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion."

. The Plays may also be had separately, at 1s. each.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thackerayana:

Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by a profusion of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his every-day reading. With Hundreds of Wood Engravings, facsimiled from Mr. Thackeray's Original Drawings.

"It would have been a real loss to bibliographical literature had copyright difficulties deprived the general public of this very amusing collection. One of Thackeray's habits, from his schoolboy days, was to ornament the margins and blank pages of the books he had in use with caricature illustrations of their contents. This gave special value to the sale of his library, and is almost cause for regret that it could not have been preserved in its integrity. Thackeray's place in literature is eminent enough to have made this an interest to future generations. The anonymous editor has done the best that he could to compensate for the lack of this. It is an admirable addendum, not only to his collected works, but also to any memoir of him that has been, or that is likely to be, written."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thornbury's (Walter) Haunted London.

A New Edition, edited by EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., with numerous Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

"Mr. Thornbury knew and loved his London. . . . He had read much history, and every by-lane and every court had associations for him. His memory and his note-books were stored with anecdote, and, as he had singular skill in the matter of narration, it will be readily believed that when he took to writing a set book about the places he knew and cared for, the said book would be charming. Charming the volume before us certainly is. It may be begun in the beginning, or middle, or end, it is all one: wherever one lights, there is some pleasant and curious bit of gossip, some amusing fragment of allusion or quotation."—VANITY FAIR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence.

With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' Clubs and Club Life in London.

With Anecdotes of its famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' English Eccentrics and Eccentricities:

Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures, and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folks, Men of Letters, &c. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With nearly 50 Illustrations.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 14s.

Torrens' The Marquess Wellesley,

Architect of Empire. An Historic Portrait. *Forming Vol. I. of PROCONSUL and TRIBUNE: WELLESLEY and O'CONNELL: Historic Portraits.* By W. M. TORRENS, M.P. In Two Vols.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Turner's (J. M. W.) Life and Correspondence:

Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and fellow-Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. A New Edition, considerably Enlarged. With numerous Illustrations in Colours, facsimiled from Turner's original Drawings.

Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Map and Ground-Plans, 14s.

Walcott's Church Work and Life in English

Minsters; and the English Student's Monasticon. By the Rev. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.

Large crown 8vo, cloth antique, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler;

or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation: being a Discourse of Rivers, Fishponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Copperplate Illustrations.

Carefully printed on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in., 2s.

Warrant to Execute Charles I.

An exact Facsimile of this important Document, with the Fifty-nine Signatures of the Regicides, and corresponding Seals.

The 20th Annual Edition, for 1880, elegantly bound, cloth, full gilt, price 50s.

Walford's County Families of the United

Kingdom. A Royal Manual of the Titled and Untitled Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland. By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families in the United Kingdom, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, together with a Record of the Patronage at their disposal, the Offices which they hold or have held, their Town Addresses, Country Residences, Clubs, &c.

"What would the gossips of old have given for a book which opened to them the recesses of every County Family in the Three Kingdoms? . . . This work, however, will serve other purposes besides those of mere curiosity, envy, or malice. It is just the book for the lady of the house to have at hand when making up the County dinner, as it gives exactly that information which punctilious and particular people are so desirous of obtaining—the exact standing of every person in the county. To the business man, 'The County Families' stands in the place of directory and biographical dictionary. The fund of information it affords respecting the Upper Ten Thousand must give it a place in the lawyer's library; and to the money-lender, who is so interested in finding out the difference between a gentleman and a 'gent,' between heirs-at-law and younger sons, Mr. Walford has been a real benefactor. In this splendid volume he has managed to meet a universal want—one which cannot fail to be felt by the lady in her drawing-room, the peer in his library, the tradesman in his counting-house, and the gentleman in his club."—TIMES.

Beautifully printed on paper to imitate the Original MS., price 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots.

An exact Facsimile, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and a Facsimile of the Great Seal.

Crown 8vo, cloth limp, with numerous Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Westropp's Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain;

or, History of those Arts from the Earliest Period. By HODDER M. WESTROPP, Author of "Handbook of Archæology," &c. With numerous beautiful Illustrations, and a List of Marks.

SEVENTH EDITION. Square 8vo, 1s.

Whistler v. Ruskin: Art and Art Critics.

By J. A. MACNEILL WHISTLER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's Caricature History of the Georges.

(The House of Hanover.) With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

Large post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's History of Caricature and of the

Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A. Profusely Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

J. OGDEN AND CO., PRINTERS, 172, ST. JOHN STREET, E.C.

92

