Suddenly saying: "There, beside our friend in clerical garb; here she comes; judge if that is the girl for thefontest of ears to worry, as if where she's found," Dartrey directed the colonel's attention to Nestor and Mr. Barmby turning off the pier and advancing.

He saluted. She bowed. There was no contraction of her eyelids; and her face was white. The mortal life appeared to be darkened in her look; and when the storm-wind banks a heathy remotereness, leaving blown space of sky.

The colonel said: "No, that's not the girl a gentleman would offend."

"What man!" cried Dartrey. "If we had a Society for the trial of your gentleman—but he has only to call himself gentleman to get grant of license; and your Society protects him. It won't punish, and it won't let you. But you saw her: ask yourself—what man could offend that girl?"

"Still, my friend, she ought to keep clear of the Marseilles."

"When I meet him, I shall treat him as one out of the lot."

"You lend on to an ultimate argument with the hangman."

"We'll dare it, to waken the old country. Old England will count none but Worrells in time. As for discreet, if you like!—the young holy might have been more discreet. She's a girl with a big heart. If we were all everlastingly discreet!"

Dartrey may have meant, that the consequences of a prolonged conformity would be the generation of stenches to shock to purging tempers the tolerant heaveness over such smooth stagnancy. He had his ideas about movement; about the good of women, and the health of his England. His feeling of the hopelessness of pleasing Nestor's conduct, for the perfect justification of it to son or daughter of our impressing conventional world—ever to a friend, that friend a true man, a really chivalrous man!—drew him back in a silence upon his natural brotherhood with souls that dare do.

It was a wonder, to think of his finding this kinship in a woman. In a girl?—and the world holding that virgin spirit to be unclean or shadowed because its rays were shed on so few places? He clasped the girl. Her chaste, clear face, the face of the second sight after torture, bent him in devotion to her image.

The clasping and the worshipping were independent of personal admires; quickly met with semi-paternal recollections of the little 'blue butterfly' of the days at Croye Farm and Creek Holt; and he had heard of Drury Severly's predilection to her hand. Nestor's youthfulness cast double eye on him from the child's past. He pictured the child; pictured the girl, with her look of solitariness of sight; as in the desolate wild where her noble companion for a woman had unexpectedly, painfully, almost by transubstantiation, reeked over her to woman's mind. And above sorrowful, holy were those eyes.

They held away over Dartrey, and lost it some steps on; his brown temper urging him to strike at Major Worrell, as the cause of her disturbed expression. He was not the happier for dropping to his nature; but we proceed more easily, all of us, when the storm which hits as a foot or two off our native level is relaxed.

George Meredith.

* * * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscript.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCXCL. New Series.—March 1, 1861.

INSCRIPTIONS
FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL.

I.

Marlowe, the father of the sons of song
Whose praise is England's crowning praise, above
All glories else that crown her, sweet and strong
As England, clothed with light and fire of love,
And girl with might of passion, thought, and trust,
Stands here in spirit, sleeps not here in dust.

II.

Marlowe, a star too sovereign, too superb,
To fade when heaven took fire from Shakespeare's light,
A soul that knew but song's triumphal curb
And love's triumphant bondage, holds of right
His pride of place, who first in place and time
Made England's voice as England's heart sublime.
THE POET VERLAINE.

I.

WHERE I called on to declare in a word what I think the keynote
of Verlaine, I should reply—it is to be found in his peculiar thrill of
grief. "You have invented a new shudder," wrote Victor Hugo to
Baudelaire. What Verlaine has invented, is a new shade of we.

In the attempt to define its full distinctness and uniqueness the
particular, mournful, world-weary, world-scarred thrill which is
the Verlaine leit-motif, recourse must be had to negatives. It
is not wistfully cold and pure like the melancholy of De Vissey;
not raging and tearing by turns like the angry sourcer of Mauvill;
not deliberately and calmly desperate like the passion of Louise
de Lisle; not quivering continually at the precise point between
tears and smiles like the pathos of Heine, and not consistently, logically
agonizing like the horror of Leopardi. Something less material
it is than even the least material of these. . . Something incompre-
sensibly faint and slight, like the flippant wraith of vapour that
might rise from hot tears shed silently one by one in secret; some-
ting throbbing in a sort of repressed and dumbness of amaze, a
dulness and deadness of pain, like some very frail and small creature
crushed bleeding to the ground by a big and brutal force or being
that it cannot rightly understand. . .

In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, in a fine grassy enclosure, is a
group of tiny animals, the smallest antelopes known. They will
come, about the size of so many cats, close behind their low wire
gates, and stand and doubtfully gaze up at you with enormous
liquid eyes. And such is the effect of their littleness, their timorous-
ness, their almost absurd delicacy—so small, so delicate, those little
hoofs, those little tender limbs, those fragile fawn-coloured
sides, that little humaid twitching muzzle; so small, and yet so
lovely, tremendously perceptive and sensitive so intensely; so small,
yet all alive and quivering with nerves; so small, so weak, so help-
less, and apparently so unfitted for Might except to apprehend; such
minute atoms and specks of sentient being, so lost amid a universe's
vast incomprehensibility—that my heart has been smitten to look
upon those miniature living things, with the quite immediate
frailty of their body and the disproportionate bigness of their eyes.

Symbols or suggestions of humanity's every aspect may, one fancies,
be discovered in animal creation. And I think those antelopes
are symbols of a state of soul rare enough among men, and yet too

frequent. A somewhat similar combination of hopeless powerlessness
to resist with the most unbounded capacity to suffer ("As-tu
réfléchi combien nous soumimes orguins à le malheur?" Flaubert
wrote to George Sand) is reflected in Verlaine's verse.

"Le cier est, par-dessous le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Indeous au palme.
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on veut
Découvrir lique;
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on veut
Chante sa plainte.
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là.
Simple et tranquille;
Cette sable murmure-là
Vient de la ville.
"—Qu'as-tu fait, à toi que vois.
Pleureur sans esse;
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que vois.
De la jeunesse?"

To my perhaps excessive sensibility, there is about that little piece,
with the melting silvery softness and sweetness of its opening and the
broken suddenness and sterreness of the closing apostrophe to the
inner by his soul, a sort of breath, as it were, of haggard horror.
Intensity, so profound as to be almost quiescent; despair too great
for words, and best expressed by the choking abruptness of a sob.

In these lines, too, that follow, what mournfulness of brooding, and
what strange imaginative effect:—

"Je ne sais pourquoi
Mon howl anec?
D'une sile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer.
Tout ce qui n'est cher
D'une sile d'offra?
Mon amour le couvre au ras des flots. Pourquoi, pourquoi?"

The above stanza for mere wordmanship is very striking. The extra-
ordinary prolongation of the Alexandrine: "D'une sile inquiète et
folle vole sur la mer," which suggests the prolonged somnous unfurl-
ing of the wave upon the beach or the heavy tardy winging of the
gull against the wind, is effected, technically speaking, by the use
of the two elongated, "a" sound in "sile" and "inquiète," and of the
"e" sound in the rhyming "folle" and "vole." Here it
may be noted that Verlaine makes somewhat frequent, and always
most felicitous use of casually recurrent rhymes within the verse.

Another characteristic of Verlaine's manner is his employment of
irregular nine-foot, eleven-foot, and thirteen-foot metres, giving
results of lightness, fluidity, and softness not to be obtained with
the artificial, Versailles-park trimness of such forms as the
classic Alexandrine for example. In this as in divers similar par-
ticulars, Verlaine's art, by reason of its varied originality and ingenuity, would well repay a greater amount of study than the limits of this paper will allow.

Among Verlaine's "pièces de trièstess" the following is perhaps the best known:—

"Les soupirs longs
Des violons
Blissent mon cœur
D'une langueur menacée."

"Tout suave
Et brulant quand
Sonne l'eau,
Je me noie
Dans le doux ancien
Et je pleure.
"Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
De là, de là,
Par à l'oise
Feuille morte."

Who, walking in some silent wood in late November, has not been conscious, if for an instant only, of the scent, faint yet sharp and fresh although so eloquent of decay, that breathes from matted heaps of fallen leaves at the foot of the demurred trees? Some such fragrance seems to hang upon the quintessence of those lines, with their tremulous indecision of design so justly and subtly corresponding to the undefined sadness of the emotion.

In days comparatively distant Verlaine occasionally could indulge without admixture of asperity or grief in the delicate, graceful lyric strain constituting one of the chief notes of his genius. For sweetness, simplicity, and freshness, the little piece that follows is like the thrush's silver trill:—

"La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Dans la nuit..."

O bien aimée!

"L'étang réflète
Profond miroir—
La silhouette
Dou soule noir
Ou le vent pleure..."

Rêvée, c'est l'invisible.

How lovely, too, is just this snatch:—

"Avec que tu ne t'en aimes,
Pâle étoile du matin,
Mille caillots
Chantant, chantant dans le thym."

But this early brightness of his song was soon to be lost in the black bitterness expressed from one of the most tragic and terrible — morally speaking — of all poetic lives.

II.

... What causes for Verlaine's sadness, for Verlaine's perplexity, complexity, perversion? ... To a sympathetic comprehension they are apparent clearly enough. The so usual domestic misunderstandings—the material difficulties of existence, hard to all, but to one constituted like this, how much more distracting, more degrading, more destructive: is it strange if Paul Verlaine, poor in purse, and in soul, and grieving for a "loved and lost Lenore" (if not materially lost, yet lost in the spirit, which was worse); strange, if he "sought successo of sorrow" and the semblance at least of sympathy intellectual and artistic among those Bohemian tavern or lesquels which have long played so great, so exorbitant a part in Parisian life? He sought sympathy, and he found — what was inevitable: coarseness, baseness, envy, malice, and all the other qualities presented by humanity in conglomerate. Through weeks, and months, and years, he sat and listened to the chuckling of the poisonous tongues, and to the cracking of the thorns under the pot; and "assisted" daily, nightly, at the vile constant dragging downward of all things not naturally rooted in the mud, "Rooted in the mud" is a term that might finally have been appropriately applied to himself. Contamination, in a case like his, was certain. And the effects on him of such contamination were bound to be especially disastrous. By his own admission in his verse, he sank low. Lower even, if conceivable, than any of his "Bohemian" accomplices.

It is a striking psychological fact, on which all thinkers must have pondered, that extremes of bad in nature of a certain exquisite type should lie so close beside extremes of good. The worst iniquity
is often, as Baudelaire's verse for instance forcibly suggests, nothing more than the logical action in the last resort of an excessive ideality deprived of all exterior aliment and thrown back violently upon itself. Verlaine profoundly touches this point in a line of his allegorical poem entitled—all too significantly—"Crimea Annex.

In a palace blazing with silk and gold, at Echadate in Asia, to the sound of Mohammedan melodies strange and astrident, a band of juvenile Satans "font bifer aux sept prêtres de leurs cinq sens."
The demons (demons, remember, are angels degraded) desire vainly to break away from the Evil to which they are attached, but which they abhor. And one, youngest and brightest of them all, despairingly exclaims:

"Nous avons tout perdu, ânes et hommes,
Da a miel et des pêchés de Monseigneur!"

Yes, evidently, a soul is like a blade. The more purely, finely tempered, the more in danger of losing its edge. What less Verlaine-like existence—what, to all exterior appearances, less Verlaine-like character—than that of Nathaniel Hawthorne? Yet see how thoroughly, in his tale The Artist of the Beautiful, the American psychologist comprehends and how capitably expresses this truth, so seldom if rightly considered, and fast decaying vaguely among the hardships attaching to genius's earthly lot: "He [the Artist] abandoned himself to habits from which it might have been supposed that the more delicacy of his organisation would have tended to secure him. But, between the eternal portion of a man of genius is obscured, the earthly port assuages an influence the more uncontrollable, because the character is now thrown off the balance to which Providence had so nicely adjusted it; and which, in earlier natures, is adjusted by some other method." Paul Verlaine, like Owen Harland in that story, "abandoned himself to habits from which it might have been supposed," &c. Also like François Villon, his prototype four hundred years ago. In Verlaine's life, as in Villon's, the same complication is presented of essential moral lines with the most lamentable ignominy of circumstance. To say "conduit," in reference to such bruised reeds swirling in the break or dead leaves whirling in the wind as are the Villons and Verlaines, one feels would not be just.

For all the degradation, however, of this Parisian hussario sphere which for years was Paul Verlaine's, it has within the limits of the present generation attracted and detained genius, not his alone. Men, with whom in times not so very long past the poet has sat imbibing chopes of Munich beer, and hardly money enough among the lot to be quite certain of "settling" at the end of the evening, have come since to be the rulers of France:—

---

"Vous voici roi de France! A votre tour!"

(Roi à plusieurs d'une France poliehœ)..."

In how Verlaine has apostrophised him in his verse. Other men, of the same beerhouse frequenter, are now the editors of books the world has read, or painters of pictures the world has rushed to see. Never has French society, in these respects, been more Balzacian than during the past twenty or thirty years. But what has mainly impressed the poet of Sorgues and Amsterdam in connection with these preoccupations of his youth is the vanity and insincerity of most "successful" art, the backstairs and dirty-dish-washing loutsomness of most "successful" politics, the vile venality and time-service of most journalism of the "influential" type... The course of events, public and private, the development of others' character and its own, and the general spectacle of the "civilisation" circumstances—these, the divers factors of a painful and perhaps insoluble world-problem, have each and all had their effect of misanthropy on Verlaine. Man delights not him, nor woman (the beerhouse variety of the species) neither:—

"Ceux-là-mêmes! Dis-leur enfin, et l'honneur identique Du miel, dont tu te contentes toujours sur les chemins;
Et de l'Amour et de ses œuvres la Politique
Avec du sang, les honneurs d'abord à leurs mains!"

Another instance of the depth of his "political" scorn—that which most interests him in relation with the phenomenon named Louise Michel, is the lady's high Christian ideal of justice, on the one hand, as contrasted with, on the other, the peculiar characteristic of the persons said and supposed to "govern." The "Ballade de l'honneur de Louise Michel" has a fine stirring ring. It thus concludes:—

"Gouvernantes de maternels,
Méphistophélés ou laribals,
Soldats brut, robin insolent,
On quelque coup de main fragile.
Gand de l'âme aux pieds d'argile—
Tout cela son courage chrétien
L'économie d'un nègres agile.
Louise Michel est très bien.

Exemp.

Avec l'âme! Vive la politique
On meurt pour! C'est l'honneur! Eh bien,
Loin des tyrans et des basils.
Louise Michel est très bien..."

III.

If in the art, literature, politics and society of France since 1870 Verlaine has found but little to appease his nature's inner cravings
for fitness ethic and aesthetic, neither have the exterior aspects of Paris itself brought unquestioning delight to his mind or eye —

"La grande ville. — Un tas criard de pierres blanches. On y voit le soleil courir en pays conquérant. Tous les visages ont leur beauté, leurs éclats. Et les bâtiments, dans ce désert de pierres blanches."

Such are the thoughts, distasteful, with which the "décors" of external Paris inspired him. The theme, however, is not always treated by Verlaine in this moralising vein. White streets, gay parks, bustling suburban fêtes, busy faubourgs, batal banlieue, the varied Parisian scenery familiar in Cézanne's verse. Do Nittis's and Bérard's paintings, Forain's sketches and aquarelles: there is much of this in Verlaine, done with a smartness, brightness, vivacity of touch quite delightful. Instantaneous photographs, only artistic; like this, of a corner of a fair —

"Le voyage qu'un orchestre emphatique seconde. Grâce aux grands pédés du mariage banlieu, qui héracent, non sans finesse et sans désir, les badauds piétinant devant lui dans la brouette."

And now this effort de banlieue —

"Le bout des cabarets, la Vierge du trottoir. Les platanes déchaînés effeuillant dans l'air noir, l'omnibus, coucou des fumeurs et de bours, qui gêne, mort saisisse aux quatre coins. Et combien ses yeux verts et rouges laissent, les oiseaux allant au club, tout en émouvant leur bec-gouau au nez des agents de police; tutee qui dégouille, nous sautant, paré qui glace, Bitume déchainé, ravesonde commettant l'ouvrage. Voilà un maitre — avec le portait ouvert."

In passing let me note how readily, for all his intense Parisianism, modernism, impressionism, Verlaine turns to allegory, that simplest, yet profoundest, of poetic moral effects. He is naturally allegorical, like Baudelaire, Hawthorne, Poe.

. . . This flat, sordid paysage de banlieue —

"Vers Saint-Denis, c'est béte et seul la campagne. C'est pourtant là qu'un jour j'aurai ma campagne. Nous créer de magnanimité et de quérélons. Un plat soleil d'hier tirait sa raison, sur la plaine seule ainsi qu'une rose. C'était trop après le Soigné: une partie des 'Mains de Campagne' gisaït à terre encore. D'autres se relevaient comme on hante un décor. Et des choses tout souvent eussent aux pilastres. Refolait et c'est « Soucre de Dieu. »"

THE POET VERLAINE. 401

IV.

Of Verlaine's sense for love in the abstract, meaning, in the concrete, woman—and as everyone knows who qué critic knows anything, in the nature and degree of his sense for love that give the true measure of the poet—I shall only say that it is most delicate, most exquisite at once and most unhappily questioning and revolted. The core of animalism in even the feminine nature is apparent solely to Verlaine's sense. Vigny's line, so shockingly in its ferocious physiology of denunciation:

"La femme, enfant malade et douce faite iger . . . ."

that line, that hideous line, haunts his imagination and toasts, with both the fact and the allegory it involves, all the loneliness, all the super-delicacy of his passion for—

"L'oeil des cheveux, l'âme des yeux, la fleur des chairs."

The cruel faculty of the analyst is Verlaine's: the painfully piercing glance, painful alike to him and to his victim, that gazes half-voluntarily upon the unfitness of the poor flawed stigmatised chry:

"Tu m'as, ces pâles jours d'automne blanche, fait mal, A cause de la grâce où fleurit l'animal . . . ."

Never, to Verlaine, is woman so divine as when her animal nature sinks into latency, quiescence, and may, for one moment, be lost to his perception:

"Bientôt des femmes, leur faiblesse et ces mains pâles Qui frottent souvent ici bien et pourtant tout le mal; Et ces yeux, qui plus rien ne voient d'animal
Que jure aimer pour dire: 'Rien aux forces males... "

Verlaine could write, and, doubtless, often think:

"... . . . . . . heure sainte
On ne sait qu'importe à votre extase, Amour et Chant: —"

But in moments when, true to the essential Platonism of his nature, he rises into purer regions than those haunted by a Mendès or Baudelaire, what he thinks, and writes, is the following:

"Ve, l'éternel jalousie et le puissant obscurer
Ne vaut pas un long baiser, même qui mente. . . ."

His disgust at the brutality of material love well expresses itself in a line of his sonnet: "Dandyism":

"Pourrons gens que les gens! Mourir pour Céline, Empêcher Angélique ou venir de nuit chez Agnès et la baiser. . . . "
THE POET VERLAINE.

403

Oh, how admirably is Verlaine's own attitude of soul there expressed, as, whilst succumbing to the "spacious words, low-whispered" of all which is most delicate among the lusts of the flesh, he feels that wild strange thrill of doubt and terror and amazement—

the throbbing of the breast of the bird, when it finds its foot glued irrecoverably to the twig!

"... Fauw et pâle comme au temps des barières..."

Pleure sous le miroir énervé du roubard.

Elle prie, sous les cieux sombres,

Dans l'air où repose le miroir des vieux bancs

Avec niais ducès et niais affligés

Qui un jour d'amour aux paroles chères.

Sa langue rude et sèche est bleue, et l'éventail

Qu'elle tient en ses doigts oh! les doigts sales

Regarde en des sujets équivoques, si vaguement

Que l'on voit, tout en vivant, d'aimanté.

—Blonde en somme, le nez mince avec la bouche

Inexcusable, grasse, et divorcée d'œil,

Inconsistant—D'ailleurs plus que les monceaux

Qui ravissent l'échiquier pas moins de l'œil."

Notre précieux sommet, un Wetton relâché à l'eau-forte, comprises the whole eighteenth-century Frenchwoman, most efficient of stumbling-horses behind which the Devil has gone hunting for souls. Comment upon the art of the thing would be uselessness. No one susceptible of its dearly piquant grace has need that the same should be expanded, whilst to others, what amount of expansion could convey the entire effect?

See how, in a further piece, the poet curiously, keenly, but not mindlessly, stands contemplating Colombine—little head, no heart, no spirit, perhaps, but no real passion, and in a word, all small, save—

sneer, cold, hard, self-lever, as she leads her pack of dandies a merry dance—:

"L'oncle le soir,

Pierrot qui d'un saut

De pres,

Fronçait le loison,

Caucasien sous son

Capara,

Ardequin aussi... . . ."

Vouched to seriousness for one moment, the moralist inquires of the fatefulness of the stars:

"Pâlissante cour les astres

Oh! dis-moi vers quiels

Morneux en cruel

Désastres

T'implacable enfant

Pleure et relevant

Sans joues,
Yet even Colombine—ever this typical coquette—is not without the faintest shadow of a flutter, sometimes, in the place where might be situated her heart:—

"Colombine rêve, surprise,
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son cœur des voix."

V.

. . . And so with Paul Verlaine, the fatal process went on. . . . From temptation to excess, excess to satisfaction, satisfaction to disgust; all, all in love, all love and every kind of love, is hollow utterly, utterly false:—

"Toutes les amours de la terre
Laisseun cœur de dépit
Et de l'affreux ame;
Iffrières et conquistées,
Entremêlées et filées,
Criques et nationales,
Les charmelles, les béliers,
Toutes ont la grâce et le ver. . . ."

From disgust finally to remorse:—

"J'aurais dû passer dans l'odre et le frais
De l'âme et du fruit sans me laisser jamais;
Le ciel m'a pour . . . j'aurais dû, j'aurais dû !"'

Till at last the poet turns him away from the vanities of earthly passion, and seeks a refuge in the pity and the pardon, and the tenderness ineffable, that some declare and perhaps believe and feel to be existent within the depths of a heaven, to others a blank and void.

". . . Il faut n'être pas du coeur de monde
Où le bonheur n'a rien d'acquis ni d'âléchant;
S'il n'y ait un peu de peine et d'innocence.
Et pour n'être pas du soleil il faut être nechant."

Yes, but:—

"Bien de n'être pas du monde d'une heure.
Mais pour ne l'être pas durant l'éternité,
C'est qu'il faut d'abord que rûse et que demeure,
Et n'est pas le méchantest, C'est le bonest."

Indeed, throughout the thickness of his impertinent Verlaine had not been without some latent sense of grace:—

"Mais sans doute, et moi j'aurais tout fort à la croire,
Dans quelque cœur bien discret et de ce cœur même
Il avait gardé consommé qui dérout la mémoire
D'avoir été ces petits enfants que Jésus aimé. . . ."

and the day came, when under circumstances of great disgrace, affection, and despair, he seems actually to have been penetrated with the "peace that passeth all understanding" (as indeed, anyone not personally possessing it must confess that it does). But such is the strange complexity of the artist nature, that to it the finest, noblest, highest emotions, as well as, perchance, the darkest and worst, must be always themes, for emotional and artistic treatment and expression, rather than direct, absolute, genuine sentiments in themselves. The artist has but one genuine sentiment, and that is: Art. A doubt therefore subsists as to the completeness of this conversion of Verlaine's. And such doubt becomes, to a mind possessed of any critical sense, an almost certainty when one finds Verlaine claiming the right to produce "Paralléllement," as he calls it, by way of title to one of his more recent volumes, verse devoted to emotions of religion on the one hand, and emotions of the senses on the other: a striking instance of the wish poetically to serve those two irreconcilable masters, God and the World. Thus art, plainly, is stronger in Verlaine's breast than faith.

He has lived for his art alone, and by reason of his art he must die; because, full of art, he is void of many things else. Void of broad general humanity; void of the deeper wisdom, void of the eloquence most penetrating and profound that coming from the heart goes to the heart not of the time merely but of all time, and speaks, a lofty Voice, along the ages.

No great poet, no world-poet, is Paul Verlaine. But the exquisite, delightful, diseased, lacerrated poet of a morbid éclat. In the main, however, a touching figure, with the intensity of his emotion, duration of his impulses, and final weakness of his will. Poor knight, errant, bruised and broken, with that headpiece of "singing gold," that flaming Noverre's "tunic" of grief and sin, and the red blood from his breast raining down upon the "azure ground" of his illusions:—

"J'étais né pour pleurer à toute âme un peu faîère.
J'étais, je suis né pour pleurer aux nobles âmes,
Pour les consoler un peu d'un monde impur,
C'est l'église et la musique du chœur,
Mais, le Chevalier qui meurt sur son cheval !"

Yes, poor wandering, worsted Knight, wandering and worsted and useless and utterly downcast, but not, when all is said and done, not ignoble, and so painstricken, and so pitiable!

Edward Durelle.