SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 1893.

No. 1079, New Series.

The Editor cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

It is particularly requested that all business letters relating to the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the Publisher, and not to the Editor.

LITERATURE.

Stéphane Mallarmé.

Vers et Prose: Morceaux Choisis. Par Stéphane Mallarmé. (Paris: Didier.)

Les Meurs. I. Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Par Stéphane Mallarmé. (Bruxelles: Lacombloz.)

The name which stands at the head of this article is that of a writer who is at the present moment more talked about, more ferociously attacked, more passionately beloved and defended, and at the same time less understood, than perhaps any other man of his intellectual rank in Europe. Even in the ferocious world of Parisian letters his purity of motive and dignity of attitude are respected. Benevolent to those younger than himself, exquisitely courteous and considerate in a master, that suavity and reserve the value of which literary persons so rarely appreciate, M. Mallarmé, to one who from a distance gazes with curiosity into the Parisian hurly-burly, appeals first by the beautiful amenity of his manners—a dreamy Sieur Laclosset riding through a forest of dragons to help the dolorous lady of Poesey from pain. In the incessant pamphlet-wars of his party, others seem to strike for themselves, Mallarmé always for the cause; and when the battle is over, and the rent must be caseroise round a camp-fire, he is always found stealing back to the ivory tower of contemplation. Before we know the rights of the case, or have read a line of his verses, we are presented with a picture so pure and so distinguished.

But though the personality of M. Mallarmé is so attractive, and though he marches at the head of a very noisy rabble, exceedingly little seems to be clearly known about him in this country. Until now, he has published in such a rare and erudite manner, that not half a dozen of any one of his books can have reached England. Two or three brazen essays in prose, published in the National Observer, have already amazed the Philistines. Not thus did Mr. Lillyick understand that the French language was to be impregnated, by publishing their "Château," and the laughing ditty of the "Mécontent," the "Souverain," and the "Stable." No; and yet, is not the French language the language of the world?

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In the same article, Mallarmé is praised for his use of symbolism and impressionism. He is described as someone who can write about the single friend in England, it has been Mr. Arthur Symons, one of the most brilliant of our younger poets; and even he has been interested, I think, more in the Symbolists and Dadaists proper.

It was in 1896 that the Dadaists first began to be talked about. Then it was that Arthur Rimbaud's famous and unsolved argument with Adam and Eve, and the mysterious colours of the vowels flashed into celebrity, and everybody was telling everybody else that "As black; E: white; I: blue; O: red; U: yellow; but people think in a vowel-fellow." Those were the days, already ancient, now, of Noel Lozano and Mariano Tapera, and of that Adolfo Fontes who published Los Desaparecidos. Where are the disapparitions of yesterday? Where is the once celebrated scene in the "boudoir obscured by a black man on a lost world" that enlivened Le Thé des infirmes de M. Jean Moras? These added to the gaitery of nations, and have been forgotten; because life was here their portion. Fresh oddities come forward, in poems, in letters, in essays, in novellas, in the form of Mallarmé, the solitary name among the of the so-called Dadaists which has hitherto proved its right to serious consideration.

If the dictionaries are to be trusted, M. Mallarmé was born in 1842. His career seems to have been the most uneventful on record. He has always been, and I think still is, professor of English at the Lycee Fontanes in Paris. Twenty years ago he paid a short visit to London, carrying with him he said a very valuable portfolio of his translation of Poe's "Raven," with Manet's singular illustrations. His life has always been of a solitary and meditative character. He has been scarcely published anywhere, anything, down, so it is said, "exhibitionism" involved in bringing out a book, the banality of types and proofs and revises. His revolutionary ideas with regard to style were formulated about 1875, when the Forme Contemporain, edited by the friends and co-evals of M. Mallarmé, rejected his first important poem, "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," which appeared at length, in 1877, as a sort of folio pamphlet, illustrated by Manet. In 1876 he gave his earliest example of the new prose in the shape of an essay prefixed to a beautiful reprint of Beckford's Castle, a volume bound in vellum, tied with black and crimson silk, and produced in a very small edition. Ridicule was the only welcome vouchsafed to the two creators of the Dadaists. Perhaps M. Mallarmé was somewhat discouraged, although absolutely unabashed.

He remained long submerged, but with the rise of the Symbolists, he was permitted to reappear. In 1878 one fascicle only of his complete poems was brought out in an extraordinary form, photolithographed from the original manuscript. In 1888 followed a translation of the poems of Edgar Poe, which later the general reader has had no opportunity even in France, of forming an opinion on the verse of M. Mallarmé. Meanwhile, his name has become the most notorious in contemporary literature. A thousand eccentricities, a thousand acts of revolt against tradition and minute sense have been perpetrated under the banner of his tact encouragement. It is high time to try and understand what Mallarmé's teaching really is, and what his practice.

To ridicule the Dadaists, or to insist upon their extrava-ganzation, is so easy as to be unworthy of a serious critic. It would be quite simple for some crusty critic to show that the poems of master and scholars alike are monstrous, unintelligible, ludicrously inert, and pernicious. M. Mallarmé has had hard words, not merely from the old critical classics such as Mussettre, but from men from whom the extremity of sympathy might have been looked. Life-long friends like M. Lecomte de Lisle confess that they understood him once, but, alas! understand him no longer; or, like M. Francois Coppée, avoid all discussion of his verses, and obstinately confine themselves to "son esprit élevé, sa vie si pure, si balle." When such men as these profess themselves unable to comprehend a writer of their own age and language, it seems presumptuous for a foreigner to attempt to do so, nor do I feel that sympathy in the extreme, or to ascribe it to the reader. When I am able to comprehend the poems of M. Mallarmé. He remains, under the most loving scrutiny, a most difficult writer. But, at all events, I think that sympathy and study may avail to enable the critic to detect the spirit which inspires this strange and cryptic figure. Study and sympathy I have given, and I offer some reasons of them, not without difficulties.

Translated into common language, then, the form is so strong as to need no further comment. His friends seem to be to refresh the languid current of French style. They hold—and in this view no English critic can dare to join issue with them—that art is not a stable, nor a definite thing, and that success for the future must lie along paths not exactly traversed in the immediate past. They are tired of the official versification of France, and they dream of new effects which all the handbooks tell them are impossible to French prose. They make infinite experiments, they feel their way; and I have nothing to reproach them with except their undue haste (but M. Mallarmé has not been hasty) in publishing their "tentatives." Their aims are those of our own Aesopagites of 1850, not for the general surcease and silence of bold Rymers, and also of the very few who, among them, think too—"our own new enterprise for the exchange of barbarous rymes for artificial verses. We must wish for the end of their period of trying to bring out a new English style; but when this passes away, we think that the French have been able to evolve a little of their own, and that this little is what is needed. Perhaps M. Mallarmé was somewhat discouraged, but his discovery will be of use to us in the end.
a reaction towards freedom, directly conse-
quent upon the strict and impersonal versi-
fication of the Parthenians. When the official
verse has been learned and cherished at the
metallic perfection of M. de Herlé's sonnets,
nothing but to withdraw to the wilderess in sheepskins is left to would-be
poets of the next generation.

To pass from Symbolism generally to
M. Mallarmé and his particular series of
theories, he presents himself to us above all
as an individualist. The poets of the last
 generation were a flock of singing-birds,
trained in a general avairy. They met, as on
the marble pavement of some new
Serpæum, to contend in public for the
rewards of polished verse. In contrast
with these rivals and confraternities,
M. Mallarmé has always shown himself
solitary and disengaged. As he has said,
"The poet is a man who isolates himself
that he may carve the sculptures of his own
home."

He refuses to obey that hier-
archeal tradition of which Victor Hugo
was the most ambitious pupil. He disdains
the alexandrine, as employed in the inextricable
prosy of modern France, a rigid and
purist instrument, from which melodies
can nowadays no more be extracted. So
far as I comprehend the position, M.
Mallarmé does not propose, as some of
his disciples, to reject this noble verse-form
altogether, but to subdivide it into a sort of rhyme
Walt Whitmanism. I cannot trace in his
published poems a single instance of such a
determination. But it is plain that he takes
the twelve syllables of the line as forming,
not six notes, but twelve, and he demands
permission to form with these twelve as many
combinations as he pleases. Melody, to be
obtained at any sacrifice of the old Jesuit laws,
is what he desires—harmony of versification,
obtained in new ways, by extracting the
latent capabilities of the organ until now
too conventionally employed.

So much, very briefly, for the prosodical
innovation. For the language he demands
an equal refinement, by the rejection of the
old worn phrases in favour of odd, exotic,
and archaic terms. He takes up and adopts
literally the idea of Théophile Gautier that
words are precious stones, and should be so
set as to flash and radiate from the page.
Moreover the characteristics of an
M. Mallarmé I find a certain preference for enigma.
Language, to him, is given to conceal definite
thought, to draw the eye away from the object.
The Parthian shield, described, analysed
the object until it stood before us
as in a coloured photograph. M. Mallarmé
avoids this as much as possible. He aims
at allusion only; he wraps a mystery around
his simplest utterance; the abstruse and
the symbolic are his peculiar territory. His
aim is to make the reader think for himself.

Use words in such harmonious combin-
ations as will suggest to the reader a mood
or a meaning which he will fill up in the
lines which follow; but, is nevertheless paramount in the
poet's mind at the moment of composition. To
the conscious aiming at this particular effect
are due the more or less characteristic qualities of his style, and much of
the utter bewilderment which it produces on
the brain of an indolent reader debauched by the facilities of realism.

The longest and the most celebrated of
the poems of M. Mallarmé is "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," which, I am aware, is not published under the original title, but it is not the case that the work was
punctuated, which was not the case in its
original form in which I met with it.

"O My Brothers, ye the Workers," is it
not still the same?

"Tel qu'on laisse une main dans l'effroncé de l'orage.
Son œil vide de préoccupations, sa robe plisse,
Qui vient de faire une dizaine de siècles, dehasche
La chevelure, sans en perturber le solitaire splendeur.

Du soleil de son auto, tisses, au gré.
Ses idées teintes le scépulcre au matin.
Dans la bourse de Poesie d'Homère, vous
Côtoyez bleu-toutier et d'un dessin obscur.

Que ce grandit du moins contre à jamais
Aux voûtes du Phrasaphone dans le futur.

Of the prose of M. Mallarmé, I can say
very much the same. He is too profuse and
economical like his verse, with strange
tensioned adjectives and exotic nouns
hastily employed. It is even more difficult
to see in his prose the lines that become
verse that he descends directly from Baud-
laire, and in the former that streak of
Lamartine that marks his poems is lacking.

The style called "poésy" can naturally be
compared with the Phrasaphone of Baud-
laire. Several of the sketches so named
are now reprinted in Vers et Prose, and
素材的于然的that is why the most delightful and
satisfactory of the published writings of
M. Mallarmé. They are difficult, but in
more intelligible than the enigmatic
which he calls his sonnets.

"La Pâque," in which
"Frison d'Hiver," the wholly fantastic and
nabulous ravages of archaic elegance
are expressed, is not only the most
satisfactory of the published writings of
M. Mallarmé. They are difficult, but in
more intelligible than the enigmatic
which he calls his sonnets.

As a translator, all the world must con-
cede M. Mallarmé. He has put the prose
of Poe into French in a way which is
not almost without parallel. Each version is
a simple prose, but so full, so reserved,
so suavely mellifluous, that the metre and
the rhyme and the rhythm continue to sing in an English
or. None could enter more tenderly than it
into the strange charm of "Ullamne,"
"The Sleeper," or "Of the Raven." It
is rarely indeed that a word suggests the
melody of one who was a symbolist and
a novelist, and the fantastic oddity of their vocabulary seems in perfect
accord with their general character.

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accord with their general character.
perceived what, now by any account, could be the case, if it were soli
dituous. That is, no other work is escapes the notice of a
sympathiser. "Sydney Doebel doted on belle," writes Sir 
Thomas Noonan, "and he had not enough of his passion to
be in the books."

To return to the story of the Symbolists: that being read with so great
an effort by every other generation, they
may, by the next, not be read at all, and
what is true and genuine in their artistic
impulses be lost. Something of M. Mallarme
will, however, always be turned back to
with respect and perhaps with enthusiasm,
for he is a genuine man of letters.
A word in love to M. Mallarme’s Parisian
publishers. When a writer is so difficult
as M. Mallarme is, it is almost criminal to
make him obscure still by misprinting him.
But, on p. 14, "Que deux" in the title of cha
este de Platon is too well for Symbolism;
for it must be "de Platon." On p. 38, "talon" is
printed "talun"; on p. 51, "exotique" (which
ought to be "exotique") should be
"unique." On p. 71, for "voix" read
"voix," and on p. 90 for "Ascaric" read
"Asaric." There are doubtless many more,
but what work venturers to be the
Bound of a symbolist? The Villiers &
Tente, Adame, of which I have been for
bidden to speak, contains a curious
portrait of Villiers and Lecouvreur, with a
letter from Villiers to a friend, which
is very much in the spirit of the
Adamic. The first is adorned with an incomparable
lithographic sketch by Mr. Whistler of
M. Mallarme’s, a real gift for
possession.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY.—Coursing and
Falconry. By Harding Cox and the Hon.
Gerald Lascelles. (Longmans.)

The sports treated in this volume appeal to a few, but those few are eager
colosses. The Ground Game Act of 1890
has pressed with extreme severity on hares, and the hound and the
chase in some parts of the kingdom it is already difficult to find a hare at all.
enclosures are again and again and again. It has not only the pursuit of
groundhounds which has much injured the ability of the small country
squires, who were wont to keep greyhounds, to pursue their favourite sport.
The popularity indeed of the great public coursing matches, such as the
Albion and the Hundred of Hoo meetings, has largely increased of late years;
but the reflection that the bane of betting may here have thrust in its unsewered
heath might tend to diminish the satisfaction of the votaries of coursing.
Enclosed coursing became fashionable quite lately in the
meeting of 1890, but as lacking the essentials of true sport, such matches
have not as a rule met with much favour. They are supported by good
bookmakers and wheeler, and to form a strong incentive to run for
money only and not for the sake of sport. They are a step in the right
direction. This is especially the case when the Waterloo Cup is won, it is well to
bear in mind that this greatest event in the course’s calendar dates only from
1856. From its great establishment of 1890, the course has been
enlarged and the breeding and training champion greyhounds,
so that few who pay the least attention to sport are ignorant of the fame of Coomecoo
or Fullerton. The tendency of coursing has departed from the chase
of the chase to a keen desire to breed an excellent greyhound
and then match him to win a large stake. It was not so sixty or seventy years
ago. Many country squires then delighted in coursing for its own sake. Doubles
Sir Roger de Coverley at times used greyhounds though it is only upon record that
he killed hares with a pack of "stop
hounds.

The modern development of coursing and all that relates to it are admirable described,
as might reasonably be expected, in this
volume of the Badminton Library. The aspirant to coursing honours may here find
a treatise on breeding greyhounds, on the treatment of "sapping" and their training,
with a full description of many of the most celebrated greyhounds of the past,
and their pedigrees. There is an excellent chapter on the points of a greyhound, with
an illustration of the right kind of dog and
the pleasant gossip which delights lovers of greyhounds abroad in every page.
The illustrations are numerous, and quite up to the mark people have learned to expect in
this work; and while the fullest particulars
are given of public coursing, some oldfashioned readers might prefer that an
account should have been added of the more
informal coursing parties of the past and
of the strains of greyhounds which were then
famous.

If coursing can be traced back to the time of Attila, falconry is still a more ancient
sport in the East. "That it is the most ancient of sports," says the Hon.
Gerald Lascelles. But an ancient sport may dispute the palm of antiquity. In the
Theban monuments an Egyptian gentleman
may be seen sitting on a chair, and, blessèd with a serenity of countenance which
would have satisfied Walton of his fideity; whereas no instance of hawking is found
in the sculptures or paintings of ancient Egypt.
Some measure of the fondness of our ancestors for hawking may be obtained by
studying the many enthusiastic treatises on the art which, from the time of Dume
Juliana Berners to Colonel Thornton at the
beginning of this century, were printed and
successively burnt in the libraries of old
country houses.

Mr. Harting, besides practising the art with much success, has shown how
intimately Shakspere was acquainted with falconry. The sport was at its zenith in
his time. Enclosures, the art of shooting
flying, the stricter preservation of game, the attractions of foreign travel, and the
charms of what we should now call "laborable place" are all fostered by falconry, less
popular, while the troubles of the Common
wealth gave it a rude shock which it has never
recovered. The need of an open country in which to fly falcons is a serious
hindrance to the popularity of the sport at the present day, besides which few possess
the necessary experience to train hawks to the perfection which is needful. There
are indeed hawking clubs and multipliances of enthusiasts scattered here and there
over the country who love to rear and fly hawks; but the sport must needs be limited at present in every way. With express
trains and telegraph wires and guns every
where, and the detestable habit prevailing of shooting any strange bird which shows
itself, by no means as effective as ancient falconry in 
<a href="https://www.newmarketheights.co.uk">Newmarket Heights</a> or
Salisbury Plain.

Mr. Lascelles gives an admirable summary of the whole art of falconry, with full
directions how to train the high-flying falcon which stpo on their prey like a
bait from the clouds, of which the peregrine
may be taken as the type, as well as the
short-winged hawks, such as the goshawk.
This latter bird more wears a hood, except
during training and when travelling. It is
mostly flown at raths, darting at them from
the fried, flying behind them for a second or two, and then delivering its deadly
strokes. In this manner Mr. Lascelles relates how a female goshawk, the property
of Mr. Eley, a well-known Herefordshire
hawker, in 1896 killed 186 rabbits, 4 ducks,
3 waterhens, a peaseant, and a stoat. The
author has much that is interesting to tell of
Indian sport, of celebrated falconers, and the
hawking clubs. There is a capital account, too,
of the mode in which passage hawks are taken in
North Devon, at the celebrated hawking
village of Valestoneford, for the equally
famous hawking family of the Molexes.
Some of the illustrations of falcons striking
their quary are excellent. There is no better
companion for a country walk than a trained
goshawk, and this volume supplies all the
necessary instruction for the young falconer.
A capitall table of forms belonging to the art
is appended, which would materially assist
readers of Shakspere, who have not formerly
courting in his plays of country sports, but names
a brace of greyhounds

Henry VIII. 1. 8.)

In a word, the reputation of the Bad-
minton Library is quite sustained by the
present useful volume. Its publication
ought largely to augment the number of
hawkers.

M. G. WATKINS.

The Story of King Edward and New Wales.
By F. A. Inkerwick, O.C. (Sampson Low.)

It is a rare thing for a successful barrister
to seek distinction in the field of non-
professional literature, yet Mr. Inverwic
finds it to read. But Mr. Inverwick, whose
legal eminence is acknowledged on all hands,
has certainly made good his claim to a more
considerable standing among the authors
and antiquaries of the day. Like his pre-
vious contributions to history, the present
essay or monograph exhibits his very
marked sympathy with the past which is
absolutely needed to give life to history.
Mr. Inverwick has tried to realise what
were the conditions of life in a thriving medieval
town, where nearly every class of the community was well

JAN. 7, 1893.—No. 1079.]