The Literary Week.

We note a new departure in the method of publishing expensive editions of popular fiction. A third of the cover of a reprint that lies before us is devoted to an appreciation of the book by Lord Rosebery, which ends thus: "I am especially delighted with your children, and think Miss Fane a most fascinating character." The interesting books published during the past week include the following:

**POETRY AND DREAMLANDS: STUDIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FAIRIES**

A fascinating and beautiful volume, dedicated to "Some Undergraduates of Trinity College," by Lady Gregory. She draws her material from comparatively recent times as well as from the far past. The volume opens with a sketch of Saffrey, the blind poet and fiddler, whose name is known throughout Ireland to all Irish-speaking people. Other chapters deal with "West Irish Ballads," "Herbert Heaney," "Workhouse Dreams," and "Mountain Theology." "Mountain Theology" opens thus: "Mary Glynn lives under Slieve Gull, or the Golden Mountain, where the last battle will be fought in the last great war of the world; so that the sides of Curnithea, a lesser mountain, will stream with blood." The volume concludes with English translations of four plays written in Irish by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

**REVIEW.**

"Blind Children," by Israel Zangwill. In a note Mr. Zangwill says: "This is a selection of the better part of the verses that have accumulated in manuscript, or in magazines, journals, and the writer's own books during the last twenty years, and represents, therefore, as many moods. The pieces that have precedence as the longest is also the oldest, or rather the youngest." This piece is "Sylva Pistorum." The dedication, "Ad Unam," opens with these lines:

Take, dear, my preface songs,
And—since you cared for one—
"Blind Children," let them all
Share in its blessedness,
Find shelter 'neath its name.

**THE LITERARY WEEK.**

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The Academy and Literature.


**FICTION AND PROSE.**

**ARTICLES.**

**SHORT NOTICES.**

**REVIEWS.**

The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, B.D.


**NOTES ON THE WEEK'S WORKS.**

**THE LITERARY WEEK.**

**SHORT NOTICES.**

The Best of Months—Thoughts from Masterman—Swords and Plowshares.

**FEATURES.**

All the Irish Stars—Rhubarb's Habit and Other Tales—A Girl's Life in a House of Industry.

**ART.**

**SCENES.**

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

"Syon in the Moon"—"What Have You Done?"—"The Light that Failed"—"Under the Zephyr"—"Syon in the Moon.""

**THE WEEKLY COMPETITION.**

Description of an April Day.

The poems, as the author says, cover a wide range of moods.

**CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.** By William Samuel Lilly.

"Being Some Chapters in European History, with an Introductory Dialogue on the Philosophy of History." A considerable portion of the author's "Chapters in European History," which has long been out of print, has been incorporated in this volume. Other chapters are reprinted from the "Nineteenth Century."

A correspondent sends us a delightful cutting from a Scotch newspaper, "which shows," he says, "to what a degree of literary criticism we have attained in these northern latitudes." It appears that an Edinburgh firm has recently issued an edition of Omar Khayyam, concerning which this Scotch newspaper says: "One is inclined to think that the Persian astronomer poet Omar Khayyam has been a diligent student of Shakespeare and Burns; if not, then the literary coincidences are somewhat remarkable." He proceeds: "For example, we have Burns' description of pleasure as like a snow-flake in the river, 'a moment white, then melts for ever'; and Omar uses the same idea under local colour:"

The weekly Hope men set their hearts upon
 Turns ahea—or it prosper; and anon,
 Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
 Lighting a little hour or two— is gone.

Again, in his beautiful song, 'O wert thou in the cold blast,' Burns says, 'The desert was a Paradise, if thou went there'; and Omar has it:

Beside me singing in the wilderness—
And wilderness is Paradise now."

This northern critic finds so many coincidences of a similar kind that he thinks "the Persian Burns" would be an accurate description of our only Omar. The notice concludes:

"The work of translation has been done by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who has certainly done justice to Omar's lofty theme and loftier commonings."
The Academy and Literature.

21 April, 1903.

day, too, those amateurs Walter Pater and Joseph Henry Shorttouse gave us work of a perfection scarcely attempted by the professional writers. Had Pater, for instance, been obliged to earn his bread by his critical and imaginative work, how much it must have lost, inevitably, in its contact with necessity. In France, where perhaps literature is more generally respected, or at least taken more seriously than in England, there has always been the amateur, who thought lost of all earning money from his work. Mr. Mauber, of America, has just reprinted an essay by Mr. Arthur Symons upon such an one. Stephane Mallarme was born in 1842 and died in 1898. His life work is but a collection of fragments, beautiful and various, suggesting the exquisite remnants of a statue from the hands of a great master the main part of which had been lost or never finished.

With either more or less ambition (says Mr. Symons) he would have done more to adorn himself, he was always divided between an absolute aim at the absolute, that is the unattainable, and a too logical disdain for the compromise into which all literature is literature. That seems to us to be a very happy explanation, so far as explanation is possible, of a man who avowedly discarded ideas for words; using words partly as symbols, partly as living and lovely things in themselves, to express not ideas but moods, the moods of a poet, who was a little perplexed by the reason. He was a Symbolist, but not a Mystic. For Mysticism, as we see it in St. John of the Cross, for instance, or St. Teresa, is really an exact science as reasonable as algebra to a mind properly prepared and equipped. With Mallarme it is not the thought, not the idea, still less a sequence of ideas that he seeks to express, but just the mood, or the shadow of a mood, a fugitive ecstasy.

Such a writer, however exquisite his work might be, could not hope to gain popularity, could not even become a professional writer. "Never having aimed at popularity," Mr. Symons writes, "he never needed, as most writers need, to make the first advances. He made neither intrusion nor concession to those who, after all, were not obliged to read him. And when he spoke he considered it neither needful nor becoming to listen in order to hear if he were heard... No one in our time has more significantly vindicated the supreme right of the artist in the aristocracy of letters... Has not every artist shrank from that making of himself a motley to the view, that handling over of his naked soul to the laughter of the multitude? But who in our time has wrought so subtle a veil shining on this side where the few are, or thick cloud on the other where the many?"

Here is a prose poem in which the matter is almost nothing, and the form almost everything; very happily it shows us something of Mallarme's manner, not in its obscurity, but in its most expressive perfection:

FERNON D'HEUR.

The old Saxony clock which is slow and which strikes thirteen amid its flowers and gods, to whom did it belong? The thirteenth, it came from Saxony by the mail-coaches of old time? In the thirteenth century shadow hung about the worn-out pane.

And the Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work, was reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sun; and perhaps if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom.

Wicked one, then, often seen, wicked things. (I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows.)

Their watchword is always: see how the fire reddens its and panels. The weight curtains are old, and the tapers on the arm chairs stripped of paint, and the old engravings, and all these old things... Do not even the spiders think that even these two birds are discoverd by time?

Dream not of the spiders' webs that trouble above the lofty windows.
The Academy and Literature.

Well, it is thus Mallarmé, with a very delicate, sensitive art, as exquisite as that of the finest goldsmiths, suggests his mood, as it were, setting it free for a moment from the fetters of silence. With him the style is the man, and as Mr. Symons tells us, "After a life of persistent devotion to literature he has left enough poems, a single small volume (less certainly than a hundred poems in all), a single volume of prose, a few pamphlets, and a prose translation of the Poems of Poo." But in the tiny handful of poems, in verse and prose, there are certainly masterpieces; "poems which are among the most beautiful poems of our time," "prose so subtle, so exquisite, that its brevity is our only regret.

Well, after all, Mallarmé is not the only Symbolist. Something he owes to Germain de Nerval, that inspired madman who was found in the Pâlais Royal one day leading his lobster by a blue ribbon, and who hanged himself outside a Paris house with the garter of the Queen of Sheba. There are Arthur Rimbaud, who at last went eastward and left our world, and Paul Verlaine, for whom poetry was surely the only excuse for life; and Huysmans, that serpent who peeks from a monk's cowl and appears more than a hundred years ago, and the kaiser it announces are all dead, and, lying on their antique carpet, any head heaped upon the charitable knees, on the pale table, oh! calls child, I will speak with thee for hours; there are no fields, and the streets are empty, I will speak to thee of our furniture. Thou art abstracted.

(The spiders' webs are shivering above the lofty windows.)

There loves all that, and that is why I live by thee. When one of my poems appeared in the Times, my sister, whose books are full of yesterdays, the words, the grace of faded things? New things displease her; they also do they frighten with their loud baldness, and they feel as if they should use them—a difficult thing indeed to do; for them has no taste for action. Come, close thy old German antiquary that thou needst with attention, though in it appears more than a hundred years ago, and the kaiser it announces are all dead, and, lying on their antique carpet, any head heaped upon the charitable knees, on the pale table, oh! calls child, I will speak with thee for hours; there are no fields, and the streets are empty, I will speak to thee of our furniture. Thou art abstracted.

The Roman Jeremiah.

A new translation of Juvenal is welcome not only for its own excellent quality, or for the sanity which has refrained from turning a good prose version into a poor verse rendering. Juvenal is welcome in itself. As all men (it has been said) are born either Platonists or Aristotelians, so all satirists are either Horatian or Juvenalian. And while the Horatian way is essentially that of good-humoured ridicule, having for its logical descendants the skit and cceo de societé, Juvenal is the father of all true and typical satire. Nor among his many descendants is there a name so great; not that of Dryden, his most authentic son. Dryden has faded, so much as an immortal man; he was contracted, "topical," largely personal; his splendid Muse must needs go forth with a coruscage of notes. But Juvenal is of a range which makes him universal: whatever men do, or did in a city which was a microcosm of decivilising man, came within his stern criticism. Personal squabbles, spites, or criticisms bulk largely in Dryden and Pope, to say nothing of Byron or lesser men: on such poor quarry Juvenal never stopped. When Pope or Dryden plays the indignant moralist, roused to inverte by a degenerate world, we smile: the pose is too obvious, too conventional. Juvenal compels our conviction, our confidence: the whole spirit of the man is so largely, so exaltedly, so exquisitely. Save in the case of an occasional politician (as we should nowadays call him), he neverlaunches a personal attack: his individuals are merely names which lead an indelible mark of general corruption. This convincing impression of sincerity is the stronger, because his style is what we call rhetorical (a misleading term). But it is an insidious rhetoric. It is not agreeable, it is, in a way, a reform of the Latin, its original was of the most eloquent ages, and its words ring music in the ear, and irritate the heart. In Rome religion was because a ghost, a practical scepticism and agnosticism gave license to crime, as he fiercely declared.

There are who think by sightless Chance all mortal laws are given,
With native force the wary world hurries around the heavens.
That Nature in set order leads the dance of days and years,
Hence speech in any face his lie the morose, script of fears.

Nay, in his comprehensive indignation, he accused Heaven itself of partaking the universal degeneracy and corruption. He called for the Saturanian days:

When Jupit was a maid, and Jove realness in cases Idios.
Was no immortal travelling in chambers Cyclopes,
No Trojan stripping, no fair dame of Hercules bare the shins
Nor Vernal in black Lipari's forge would drain the nectar up.
Then wipe his grimy arms. Each god in these days died alone;
Nor was there such a bubble of gods as nowadays we own,
And heaven, oppressed with fewer powers, a lighter load weighed Atlas down.
No one had drawn on yet the agony empire of the deep,
Kim Frito and his vanished bride had no pale count to keep;

No wheels, no fairs, restless stones, and no sweet valley's pain.
But cheerful Sades led cheerful hours, without infernal reign.

A more daring rhetorical stroke could not well be in those days, nor a profounder proof of pessimism. Nor were the burglar and the brave, or the church robber, lacking to Juvenal's vision of Rome:-

Think of the villain stalker, with his pointed hat on his head, Think of the wealthy sulphur, whose for use goes up in fine.
The third of many temple-cups, sacred with antique rust, Of popular gifts, or votive crowns from monasteries lapped, in ancient dust.