THE GRYPHON

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FEBRUARY, 1917.

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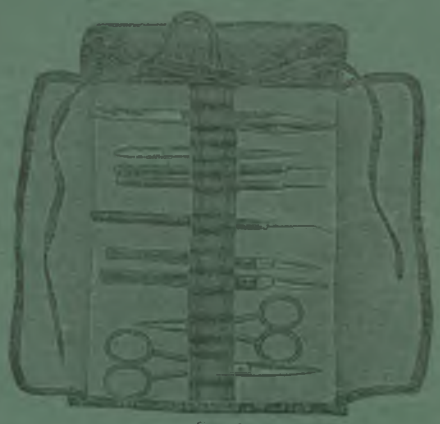

Fig. 1.

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Fig. 2.

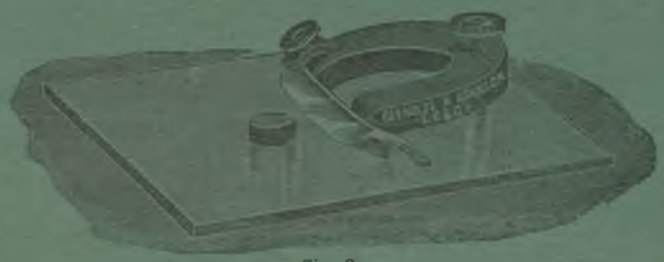

Fig. 3.

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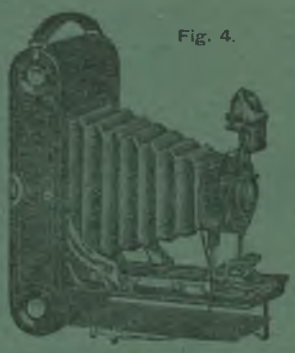

Fig. 4.

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Fig. 5.

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"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers: yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

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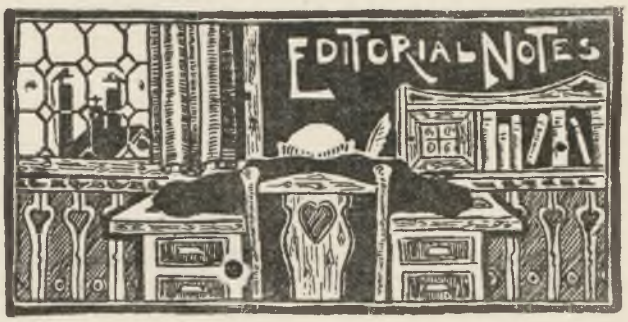
CONTENTS.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries: *Manchester University Magazine; The Mermaid*, Birmingham; *Floreamus*, Sheffield; *The Nonesuch*, Bristol; *Tamesis*, University College, Reading; *The Gong*, University College, Nottingham; *The Mitre*, University of Bishops College, Lennoxville, Quebec.



We print this time a note on the Chairs of Russian and Spanish, by Prof. Moorman, which arrived too late for our last issue.

* * *

We are sorry to say that the increased cost of production together with the reduced state of the *Gryphon* finances, will probably make it impossible for us to reproduce any more cartoons or drawings this year. Of course an opportune subscription might alter matters.

* * *

We still waste an enormous amount of time hunting for contributions. Like Mr. Micawber we are always waiting for something to turn up. But then Leeds doesn't exactly "hustle," although the literary apathy of the majority is usually put down to excessive busyness.

* * *

The next number of the *Gryphon* will be published in March. Contributions may be sent in up to March 5th.

Walt Whitman.

It is pleasant to turn from the sickly hot-house atmosphere of the modern decadents, so popular with us nowadays to the healthy life-giving poetry of Whitman; of Whitman who sings,

> "Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power
> Cheerful, for freest action formed under laws divine."

Of Whitman who proclaims the greatness of ordinary commonplace man, and makes him aware of his great dignity, by calling upon him to be strong and brave, saying—

> "Long enough have you dream'd contemptible dreams.
> Now I wash the gums from your eyes,
> You must habit yourself to the dazzle of the light and of every moment of your life.
> Long have you timidly waded holding a plank by the shore
> Now I will you to be a bold swimmer,
> To jump off in the midst of the sea, rise again, nod to me shout, and laughingly dash with your hair."

Whitman, to me, seems one of the few great figures of literature entirely free from the taint of morbidity. There is nothing pathological in the make-up of his contented mind; no false sentimentality, no melancholia, no painful meticulous analysis and introspection so characteristic of the great Russian writers. William James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," has remarked that Whitman is a typical exponent of the religion of happiness because he entirely lacks the sense of sin and evil.

> "Omnes! omnes! let others ignore what they may,
> I make the poem of evil also, I commemmorate that part also,
> I am myself just as much evil as good, and my nation is—and I say there is in fact no evil."

Whitman's capacity for happiness, his great faith in himself and others have made him a unique creative force. Thanks to these qualities we have to-day numberless Whitman disciples all over the world (Edward Carpenter being the foremost in England), many of whom in America have combined under the leadership of Horace Traubel, Whitman's personal friend and imitator, in forming what promises to be a Whitman church.

It was in 1855 that Whitman gave the world his "Leaves of Grass." Hitherto he had succeeded in producing merely minor and insignificant journalistic work. Now with the great Civil War fresh in his mind his unruffled but profound soul laboured and produced something really gigantic. Immediately on its production, "Leaves of Grass" met with a storm of hostile criticism. The most damning of all charges made against it, and often repeated to-day was that it was not poetry. Whitman had, indeed, ignored all the known and accepted rules of versification, and had excluded all the recognised vocabulary of poetic imagry. But this is insufficient to exclude Whitman from the company of great poets, for he sins in the goodly company of the psalmist and the prophets. The author's friendly critics, especially Carpenter, have pointed out that the "Leaves" are best read alongside the Bible, with which his spirit has really more in common than with his contemporaries.

The great English contemporaries of Whitman were all anachronisms. Tennyson with his "Idylls of the King"; Matthew Arnold with his "Tristan and Isolde"; William Morris with his glorification of mediævalism were minstrels of barbaric ages, whose ugly nakedness was hidden and falsified by the thick mist of centuries. Only the idealism and sentimentality of the poets, carefully and conveniently escaping from the truth and employing heroics designated by Stevenson as "great-hearted lies," could show them in a pleasing light. The academic muse of the great Victorian poets, grinding the axe of chivalry, was bloodthirsty and took unholy delight in the heroes and wars of old. Whitman would have none of it. Accosted by the "genius of poets of old lands," who says,

> "Know'st thou not there is but one theme for ever-enduring bards?
> And that is the theme of war, the fortune of battles,
> The making of perfect soldiers."

He answers,

> "I too, haughty shade, also sing war, and a longer and greater one than any,
> Waged in my book with varying fortunes, with flight, advance and retreat, victory deferr'd and wavering.
> (Yet methinks certain, or as good as certain, at the last) the field the world,
> For life and death, for the body and for the eternal soul.
> Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,
> I above all promote brave soldiers."

Whitman lives in the great nineteenth century and consecrates it with its science, industry and democracy.

> "Placard 'Removed' and 'To Let' on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus."

He will content himself singing of the ploughmen, butcherboys, policemen, cabbies, blacksmiths "with grimed and hairy chests," carpenters and mechanics of New York. An unhealthy delight in the bloodthirsty heroics of the past is detestable to him.

Here are some lines from his "Song of the Exposition,"

> "Away with themes of war! away with war itself!
> Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return that show of blacken'd mutilated corpses!
> That Hell unpent and raid of blood fit for wild tigers and for lop-tongued wolves, not reasoning men;
> And in its stead speed industry's campaigns,
> With thy undaunted armies, engineering,
> Thy penants labouring loosen'd to the breeze,
> Thy bugles sounding loud and clear.
> Away with old romance!
> Away with novels, plots, plays of foreign courts."

Probably Whitman's revolution in the matter of poetry was responsible for his revolution in style. In any case his style and matter were sufficiently unpalatable to the public who could think Tennyson a great poet. Having banished the ghost of mediævalism, Whitman constitutes himself the poet of Democracy. His Democracy differs from the European brand in that it does not proclaim itself based on economic and scientific grounds, but on the human soul. Nor does he claim it to be the final and desired stage in the evolution of man; a necessary development of inevitably decaying capitalism, as the Marxists claim for their socialism, but as something new and American, something newly created, spontaneous, not evolved. This idea he explains in his

prose essay "Democratic Vistas," which may be profitably read as a commentary upon his verse. Europe, according to Whitman, is the victim of a horrid past which it cannot shake off. Feudalism under new guises is still a great factor in European Society. America, young, fresh and full of ideals is not the victim of history, and can start on a clean slate. By successfully creating a truly democratic state America teaches the whole world a lesson; American life is the first experiment in democracy, and therefore America must not fail, for it has to justify democracy in the eyes of the world. This is the burden of Whitman's creed. Democracy is the burden of his songs, just as holiness and justice were those of the prophets.

"I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies.
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each others necks
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.
For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme!
For you, for you I am trilling these Songs."

And again,

"Democracy! near at hand to you a throat is now inflating itself and joyfully singing.
Ma femme! for the brood beyond us and of us,
For those who belong here and those to come,
I exultant to be ready for them will now shake out carols stronger and haughtier than have ever yet been heard upon earth."

Whitman is a true prophet, for although he is intensely national and American, he is nevertheless universal. Hailing his countrymen—

"Americans! conquerors! marches humanitarian
Foremost! century marches! Libertad! masses!
For you a programme of chants.
. . . . . .
Take my leaves America, take them South, take them North,
Make welcome for them everywhere, for they are your own offspring.
Surround them East and West for they would surround you,
And you precedents connect lovingly with them,
for they connect lovingly with you."

He also salutes the whole wide world, every colour, race and creed, declares his love for all and his faith in all,

"Each of us inevitable
Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth,
Each of us allowed the eternal purports of the Earth,
Each of us here as divinely as any is here."

He is at home everywhere under the sun, for he loves all the sons of men.

"My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around the whole earth:
I have look'd for equals and lovers and found them ready for me in all lands.
I think some divine rapport has equalised me with them."

With all the ardour of the prophet of a new creed he calls for followers who are ready to bring great sacrifices. The way will be hard, the recompense too will be hard—there must be no deception; no immediate paradise is offered.

"Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is called riches,
You shall scatter with a lavish hand all that you earn or achieve
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction, before you are called by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you."

Such was Walt Whitman, the poet of Democracy. The startling departures of his work from all that was conventional in form and substance, did, as I have said, provoke strong and perhaps not unnatural protest in many circles. But it was welcomed by Emerson; and it carried R. L. S. through his green sickness, and Swinburne, to whom none will deny the power of penetrating criticism, recognised its merits. In his treatment of passion and appetite he is essentially at war with the dicta of our effeminate society. His treatment of unadulterated human nature shocked many people, and even Emerson tried to persuade him to remove objectionable passages from his second edition. He was removed from a government appointment on a charge of having published work of an immoral tendency. And indeed "Children of Adam" is strong meat and is not for fools. Revolt, revolt against all established convention was his proclaimed mission. He practised no reserve or concealment in his portrayal of the processes of nature. But there remains, when, all criticism has been made, a genuine poetic insight in his work, a singular and intensely fresh view of nature in the best of it. Let me finish with a quotation from Swinburne's "Ode to Walt Whitman in America."—

"Make us too, music to be with us
As a word from a world's heart warm,
To sail the dark as a sea with us,
Full sailed, outsinging the storm,
A song to put fire in our ears
Whose burning shall burn up tears,
Whose sign bid battle reform;

A note in the ranks of a clarion,
A word in the wind of cheer,
To consume as with lightning the carrion
That makes time foul for us here;
In the air that our dead things infest
A blast of the breath of the west,
Till east way as west way is clear.

S.A.

Old Age.

If you are feeling old and are oppressed with the sense that your days are few and the future is little to you, go to Morley's "Life of Gladstone" and see where Gladstone was at your age and what he had in front of him.

Comments of Bagshot.

The Widow's Mite.

THE Vicar told me I might search the whole of Bumpton Town
And find no Pillar of the Church to equal Mirfield Brown.
And Mirfield Brown informs me—he has every right to do,
That when the Vicar states a fact, that fact is always true.

How Mirfield Brown attained to wealth by selling calico
I really cannot tell you, though his customers may know.
Enough for me he bore the cost of building a new aisle
And renovated Bumpton Church in modern gothic style.

He never was ashamed to give like many smaller men;
But placed on Sundays in the plate, the sum of two pounds ten,
Upon a pile of copper his five gold pieces shone,
The sidesman smiled with pious joy, then with a sigh moved on.

It chanced that Mirfield Brown was ill—"a cold," the doctor said,
"No cause for care, if we confine the cold within the head;
But pray be careful, Mr. Brown; for should it reach the chest
It might be fatal, or might not; yes, Providence knows best."

Upon a bed of sickness he heard the church bells' note;
He rang for James the footman, blew his nose and cleared his throat,
And swallowing a jujube, said, "wracked by this cruel cough,
I stay at home against my will; yes, church for me is off."

"But in this little canvas bag, you well may note the weight,
I've placed a sum of money; this, deposit in the plate.
I hope your mother's better, James," the sick man kindly said.
(How should he know for fifteen years his mother had been dead?)

When James the footman reached the church, they'd sung the opening psalm:
The verger showed him a back pew, and prayed him to keep calm;
He handed him a prayer-book, and attracted by his face
He gave him brief instructions as to how to find the place.

When he had seen his master's bag placed in the sidesman's plate
The faithful servant hurried back for fear he should be late,
And, having taken jottings of the sermon on his cuff,
He gave an abstract of the same till Brown had had enough.

Next evening as the weary priest was counting out the cash
Six hundred pennies in a bag revived him. He said
"Dash!
Has one of my parishioners disgorged his ill-got wealth?
Or is it Fanny Simpkins who is doing good by stealth?"

"Perhaps a thief on Sunday, in alarm about his soul,
Had sealed his act of penitence by giving what he stole?"
The Vicar had not thought so hard since he had been ordained,
And still that heavy canvas bag a mystery remained.

"Say was it buried treasure, just newly come to light?
Or was it? yes, of course it was, a Bumpton widow's mite."
The reader's in my confidence, he knows that it was not,
But the Vicar almost wept, and wrote a sermon on the spot.

He asked the verger to be called, he took him by the hand,
Then stifling a sudden sob (the Vicar was unmanned)
He asked him if he had observed a widow poorly clad
Attend the church on Sunday last? The verger said he had.

"She wore no jewels on her hand?" the Vicar said, "no fur
About her neck, her clothes were rags?" The verger said they were.
"And tell me," said the Vicar, "her bearing was devout?
Perhaps she had a sickly babe?" the verger said, "No doubt."

The weekly round of duties ceased, the Sabbath came once more,
A blessing I believe we owe to the Mosaic law.
The organist had ceased to play like soft, refreshing dew,
And the Vicar in the pulpit gave out Mark XII., 42.

We knew at once the Vicar had a very painful job,
For whatever his detractors say, that man knew how to sob.
To see the ladies' handkerchiefs, I really was perplexed;
For half of them were weeping when he'd finished with his text.

Then he said "a widow woman has taken us to task,
A holy, humble woman, her name you must not ask.
Oh why, oh why—you say to me, why not her name unfold?
I answer you, Her name is writ, within the Book of Gold."

And here the Vicar, with a look seraphic and aloof,
Fixed his eyes upon a spider in a corner of the roof.
Said Miss Simpkins to Miss Lovejoy, " To the Vicar it is given
To see, beyond this vale of tears, the angel choirs of Heaven."

I won't describe the sermon, which was printed by request,
You know the Vicar and the facts, the rest can well be guessed.
But after a most accurate account of Realms of Bliss
He seized the opportunity, and ended up like this :

" Six hundred copper pennies ! Oh try to realise
The widow's groans, the widow's pains, the widow's streaming eyes !
Judged by her faith we stand rebuked, with downcast eyes stand dumb ;
What to you and me seems little was to her no paltry sum.

" Oh do not let the lesson pass like summer mists away,
But follow her example for our offerings to-day
Go to a very noble work, ' The Useless Curates' Aid ' ;
Jerusalem the Golden—the collection will be made."

The sidesmen glided down the aisle, their brazen plates admit
The washerwoman's button, and the banker's three-penny bit.
The pious congregation gave, and gave as ne'er before
The sum announced at vespers was just three, eleven, four.

No wonder that the Vicar could hardly rise to speak,
The story of the widowed saint was with him all the week.
He told it to his mother's " Friday nights from nine to ten,"
And he dwelt on it with unction in his " Quiet Talks to Men."

And was he disillusioned ? no, for Providence knew best,
The cold that lay on Mirfield Brown went to the good man's chest.
There's a window to his memory in the renovated aisle
And the subject is " The Widow's Mite," in mid-Victorian style.

W.F.H.

An Infantryman's Letter from France.

A story about our Indian troops, that I heard the other day, reminds me of my obligations to the *Gryphon*. It was concerning the manner in which they steal silently out at dusk, crawl serpent-like over to the German line and lie quietly along the parapet, and later a pleased and smiling darky worms his way home again, carrying with him a useful if somewhat gruesome souvenir.

The job is done precisely and neatly, and contrasts strangely with that travesty of a Guy Fawkes' Night, a " trench raid," when with hands and faces blackened, to hide the natural disabilities of their complexions, and knob-kerry in hand, the white brethren stumble forward to the German wire. Due notice having been given to the enemy by a preparatory T.M. strafe, the rest of the evening is spent in dodging machine-gun bullets, trying to look like lumps of dirt whenever a star shell goes up, and wildly endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the enemy, such as will serve, as the official report facetiously puts it " for identification purposes."

There you have two pictures of infantry work. The same work done in two different ways ; but, however varied methods may be, the work is all common to the different kinds of infantry, and we cannot classify our Tommy glibly into " field—heavy—or siege " as the machine governed artillery do. He is just " Tommy," the life, the soul, the human element of the army, and when officialdom is polite, is known as " His Majesty's Infantry of the Line." At such times you hear of his great deeds while taking German trenches ; you *may* hear of his painful scramble over a " no-man's land," ploughed six or twelve feet deep ; you may, but *probably will not*, hear of the five yards of eight foot wire that an over confident artillery had missed and that held him up, till machine guns all around him drove him scurrying to the nearest shell-hole. You certainly *will not* hear of the *five francs* a week that are his reward.

Some times Tommy does other people's work. That is when he is resting ; but perhaps before I speak of this generous turn, I should remind you of those less heroic days when there is nothing to report, and he spends his time at night on quiet sentry-go, in a rat infested sewer, or in breathlessly putting up barbed wire in the moonlight outside his own front line, or tramping three thousand yards of " duck boards " (much more holy than godly) to find to-morrow's rations.

But to return to the fit of generosity (prompted, it is to be confessed, by a cursory note from Brigade H.Q.). His friends the R.E.'s require a trench dug out. Tommy does it, carrying up thereto, all the paraphernalia (picks, shovels, wire, screw-picquets) calculated to pull down the telephone wires about his feet and precipitate him face downwards into the mud. This is a dire calamity for which no redress can be claimed, the wires belonging as they do, to two people, the Artillery and the Signallers. His friends the " Trench Mortars " would like some " toffee apples " (a dainty confection of High Explosive and steel, similar in shape to the Edinburgh sweet of that name. Tommy takes them. Then there are the cylinders, placed upon his shoulders periodically by the " spooks " (a strange hybrid creature). It takes two large sized men to carry one cylinder, so you may conceive the complications that set in

when there are "Bantams" in the platoon. The "thing" itself is too disagreeable for words. There are corners it will not turn, bridges it will not go under, and an endless procession of meetings and passings, of liftings and droppings, of twistings and turnings, through the long C.T., and over all the brooding terror of a coming shell.

Once more our infantryman is on the road, bound for his billet. He staggers through the two feet of stinking mud, that is his portion of the road, past the rumbling stream of limbers and the galloping mule-teams that throw up the dirt in vicious spats about his eyes, past the weird wintry stumps that once were trees, the heap of stones that once were houses, past the silent kraal-like mounds that are the resting gun emplacements, and as he goes he sings.

The song is plaintive in air, and into it he puts all he wants to by way of "feeling," especially in the last line—

"All for a tanner a day."

T.W.M.

Dis Aliter Visum.

I'm tired of the hubbub of the city, of the hoardings,
Of the miles of dingy suburb where I'm boarding like the rest,
Of the clerks who crowd the 'buses, of the hussies on the pavement;
If you asked them what behave meant they would take it as a jest.

There's a window in the office where I write unending letters
And it's open, as my cough is getting better since the spring,
And above the noise and clatter that is latterly so painful
So insistent and disdainful, I can hear a church bell ring.

And it rings in tones of pity, then I button up my jacket
And I vow to leave the city with its racket and its noise.
Oh, its time the country saw me, for it bore me and it bred me
On its beauties it has fed me, it has filled me with its joys.

If I'd got a rich relation, if I'd got some money hoarded,
I would chuck my situation, for this sordid work I hate.
But a man's too old at fifty to be thrifty with his savings
And it's no good having cravings for rebelling against Fate.

On Cooks and Policemen.

THERE is something cowardly in quarrelling with a Preface; it is like knocking down an innocent child who is leading an old gentleman by the hand, or losing a healthy appetite for dinner by seeing an advertisement of Chocolat Suchard printed on the menu.

But the Preface, though a little thing, can be filled on occasion with the most deadly poison. Such, at least, was my feeling after reading the few pages that usher Barnaby Rudge into the world of letters.

The immortal raven had, it appeared, a counterpart in real life, but the esteem in which the bird was held by Dickens was not mutual.

"He had not the least respect, I am sorry to say, for me in return, or for anybody but the cook; to whom he was attached—but only, I fear, as a policeman might have been."

The parenthesis is short enough, but I have often thought of how it must have rankled in the mind of Police Constable Jones—the only member of the Force who has hitherto honoured me with his friendship—when after removing his boots, in themselves a never ending source of jest and gibe, he sits down before his cheerful fire to read once again of the strange adventures which started in that jolly old Maypole Inn, in the year 1775.

But Constable Jones, you will say, is a man of little leisure; he is on duty eight hours a day and seven days out of the week. Such men do not read novels, and if they did they would skip the Preface.

I absolutely deny so unwarranted an assumption; the policeman's heart is on the beat long after he has left it, and provided that the novel is, in the Publisher's phrase, of deep human interest, he will read it. As for skipping, whoever saw a policeman skip, outside the lawless realm of pantomime?

Police Constable Jones has besides a love of order: he revels in routine. He would as soon skip the Preface as omit to kiss the Book when he tenders his oath so glibly before giving evidence. Preface and oath may be alike unnecessary, but they are short and to the point, and give a sense of dignity to what is to follow.

And so our constable, as he sits with his feet in the fender watching his big boots dry and wishing half unconsciously that they were smaller, looks up at the placid form of Eliza in the armchair opposite, and thinks with resentment of the slur cast all unwittingly upon his courting days; of those sentimental winter evenings when he would gaze in quiet contentment from the area railing upon that substantial shadow (a cook's shadow surely has substance) which crossed and recrossed the kitchen blind.

If the truth were known, there is little of the cupboard in his love; that is why I feel sure his resentment will increase when half an hour later the table is spread, and the room is filled with the savour of a sweet smell. The supper is a better supper than any in Back Bumbledom Street; the ideals, the happy visions of his courtship have indeed been realised, but it was not for this alone that he married Eliza.

Theirs was the true union where each is the complement of the other.

She, like all true cooks, had the imagination of a poet. Many are the occasions in years gone by when Eliza, experiencing for a few brief hours the perfect freedom of the girl in service, would lead Robert back through the park that they might watch together the sunset sky, the great white clouds sailing westward towards a sea of rosy red with here and there perhaps a long green patch, ribbon like, where the rift came.

She would dream of that sunset all night, and next day for dinner there would be a wonderful dish of crushed raspberries and whipped cream, with thin slices of green citron. And as she had dreamed of the sunset others would dream of that dish until the sparrows in the square outside began to twitter their promise of a happier dawn.

Eliza was a philosopher as well as a poet. A life long experience had taught her that the phrase " here to-day and gone to-morrow" was true of everything but rice and sago puddings. In her daily round of duties she was continually seeing the old reappearing in the guise of the new ; she saw men welcome the old with all the enthusiasm that novelty is wont to inspire, little knowing that the pudding of to-morrow will be nothing but the bread and butter of to-day with a few currants added.

Early in life Eliza had been told that nothing can better form the character of a young and inexperienced cook than to take up the cause of an ordinary but unpopular dish and make it her own. For years she had tried to learn what there was of beauty in ham and eggs ; she expected to die still earning.

To the arts of Poetry and Philosophy, acquired not without difficulty in the houses of the great, Eliza now adds the practice of frugality. She can afford to whip her children but not her cream. Necessity, however, has come to her once again disguised as the mother of invention, and the table of Police Constable Jones is as varied as it is appetizing. Eliza's imagination directed into new and untried channels has produced a whole series of dishes not unworthy of one whose life has been passed in the shadow of the great name of Mrs. Beeton. Stipendiary Pudding, I have tasted it myself, inspired in the first instance by a gentleman who is now a judge, though heavy and uninteresting to the outward eye, is both wholesome and digestible, while a subtle touch of humour is added by the unexpected presence of brandy in the sauce. Assize Pudding is, however, the chef d'œuvre. It appears twice a year with the regularity of the Judge himself, brave in its scarlet coat of cochineal, bewigged with white of egg and crowned with a black cap of currants.

Jones himself has been seen to tremble before this awful symbol of the law.

Like most constables of his size and standing, Jones is easily pleased. When the " something hot " is brought into the room punctually as the clock is striking, when the plates are warm, when the mustard pot is filled, when the pickled walnuts stand in pleasing proximity to the tea pot and the winkles are within easy reach, our Constable is well content. Just a weakness he has ; for many years he suppressed it only to surrender the secret to his wife on the fifth anniversary of their marriage. Robert is enamoured of pigeon pie. I have sometimes wondered whether this strange yet not uncommon taste could not be traced to the influence of those melancholy days when for hours at a stretch it was his duty to stand before the Town Hall steps watching the feathered multitude pecking and preening at his feet. Be that as it may, the weakness undoubtedly exists. Whenever he reads in his evening paper of the strange wagers made by colliers to eat a pigeon a day for a month, he is filled with envy that at times brings him to the verge of despair. It is then that Eliza, after a rapid flight of mental calculation, hurries to the poulterer's round the corner. Once again the rolling pin is set in motion, the pastry, crisp and flaky comes into being until at last with two small feet turned pathetically upwards the glorious hecatomb is placed before the delighted husband's gaze.

Once in the columns of the " Working Woman's Realm," Eliza read of an inexpensive receipt for the manufacture of Vegetable Pigeon, extracted from the pages of the " Bloodless World and Anti-Narcotic Messenger." The product of a morning's work was a pigeon entirely devoid of limbs. About the size of a large banana, and not unlike that fruit in shape, the so-called flesh had the appearance and consistency of porridge, and though pieces of macaroni had been ingeniously introduced to take the place of bones, the dish was unfortunately a failure.

Jones is not a devout man, but he occasionally reads his Bible. His favourite passage is the description in the book of Genesis, of the return of the dove into the ark. He likes to picture the enjoyment that Noah and his family might have had in once again partaking of pigeon pie. The olive leaf he believes would form an admirable stuffing.

Yet it is to him an awful thought that but for the self restraint of the Patriarch the race of pigeons would be no more.

It would be idle then to deny that the policeman who marries a cook derives substantial and lasting benefits from his action ; we can grant as much without being guilty of the offence of imputing motives, by regarding the benefits as consequences and not as causes.

Eliza is by no means the predominant party to the bargain ; to her imagination Robert adds stolidity, to her fearfulness bravery, to her extravagance prudence. The burglar, once a source of continual terror, can no longer affright, even in the absence of her husband, for can she not so arrange his helmet on the top of the arm chair as to throw a most convincing shadow upon the closely drawn curtain?

Mice have vanished beneath the weight of Robert's boot ; little boys no longer come to ring the area bell and run away, or imperil the lives of foot passengers by making slides on the pavement ; in Back Bumbledom Street little boys have practically ceased to exist.

If Eliza should fall down the stair and dislocate her shoulder, Robert acting on information imparted in a series of ambulance classes, will do his best to reduce the dislocation to a simple fracture. This knowledge of the principles of first aid is an immense consolation to his wife. Should she at any time suffer from strychnine poisoning, from concussion of the brain, from burns, from adders' bites, she has only to turn to her husband to know that the best treatment obtainable will be at her disposal as soon as he has refreshed his memory by a glance at the notes he so diligently took at the course of lectures given by Doctor Murphy at the Police Institute last winter.

But chief among the many advantages of a happy marriage, Eliza reckons the increased social standing she now possesses as the wife of Police Constable Jones.

She is part of the Force. Policemen nod to her in the street ; the sergeant shakes hands with her ; her advice is sought on knotty legal points by her female acquaintances. The curate when he calls never thinks of taking his bible with him. How can the wife of a police constable be other than respectable ?

The curate has, if he cares to refresh a memory not too retentive of the ridiculous, an excellent instance of the nature of a cook's affection.

The incident occurred many years ago at family prayers which were usually closed by the singing of a hymn, selected in turn by the different members of the household staff. As was to be expected each had their favourites, but the cook surprised them all by the persistence of her choice—hymn 375. For many months the vicar pondered over this hymn ; the subject matter was slightly inappropriate, it was long, and the tune slow, heavy and monotonous. At last his curiosity compelled him to ask the cook why it was that for fourteen weeks in succession she had chosen hymn 375. Her reply was short and to the point :—375 was the number of her policeman.

There is something sublime then, nothing ridiculous, in an affection which draws to each other these two great classes of Society, our Cooks and our Police.

In front of the new Town Hall a generous citizen has recently erected a statue of justice. Though that work of art has been rashly criticised by some it can always command the enthusiastic admiration of every member of the Force ; for the sculptor in a moment of inspiration has represented Justice by a stout female figure holding a gigantic pair of kitchen scales in her hand.

Each constable believes in his heart of hearts that his own particular cook must have stood for model.

W.F.H.

Civilisation.

It is a test of the civilised to see and hear, and add no yapping to the spectacle.

Diana of the Crossways.

Song of Good-bye.

The ship is speeding fast from out the bay,
Instead of thine, I feel a kiss of spray ;
My face is lashed by salt winds from the sea,
My eyes are wet with parting now from thee.
O Husband Sweetheart ! send to me a thought—
Some loving word, perchance my lips have taught !

The evening fades to purple, darkly blue,
The air is chill, a few white stars creep thro'
The steely buckler of the Northern sky ;
One lonely sound recurs—a sew-mew's cry.
O Husband Sweetheart ! send thy heart to me
Across this tireless, surging, tossing sea !

To-night we're severed, many miles apart :
I wonder, can'st *thou* rest, My Dearest Heart ?
In Court of Dreams perhaps we'll briefly meet
And kiss upon the Borderland of Sleep.
O Husband Sweetheart ! say for me a prayer—
God give you peace, and have you in His care !

D.U.R.

Off the Yorkshire Coast.

The Meadows at T'Eagle.

I lie among the flower-lassoing grasses,
Where July kisses every floweret face,
And thro' their stalks I hear the wind that passes,
Catching some music in its errant chase.
Sometimes in little waves the breezes race,
Until the whole field seems a sweeping sea
Of bending heads that whistling turn and flee.

I lie and wonder at their grace and poise,
Each head as perfect as its sister one,
Watch Day's Eye dance, that should be called Day Joys,
And bee-loved vetches climb towards the sun.
Where clover-tops a rosy place have won
I lie and wonder, by the breezes kist,
For whom does all this loveliness exist ?

D.U.R.

Pateley Bridge, Nidderdale.

Snow on the Fells.

Yester night a chill wind blew
Thro' stunted trees,
And turmoil wracked a valley
That knew no peace.
To-day, the sun is shining
With strong delight ;
The great Lord of the Uplands
Is robed in white ;
A stole of silvery white
Of glistening snows,
From his should'ring limestone hills,
Gracefully flows.

D.U.R.

Ingleborough.

A Voyage in the Balkans, 1912-13.

I.

I WILL throw the responsibility for this article on the shoulders of Mr. M - - - - - d, who asked me to write it for the *Gryphon*. Although I read the *Gryphon* with great interest (sometimes not so great) I am quite unaware how to put this together, because I am not in the habit of publishing anything, simply because nothing of interest happens to me.

Why on earth the Editor of that newspaper, who wanted a correspondent for his "Daily" in the Balkan war, asked me to go, I have never been able to find out. I have a vague suspicion, that he wanted a man, of who's existence not many were aware, because his paper was not a first-class one, and probably he could not get a well-known journalist to write in his paper; yet it looks nice to have "from our own correspondent; copyright." I am afraid, by the way, that nobody would copy the poor stuff I was able to put together. However, this will hardly be of any importance for this present purpose, and I might just as well start to tell the little there really is to tell. As remarked, I will not accept any complaints, and probably the Editor neither, so alas, Mr. M - - - - - d, you are sure to be condemned.

I dare say, that the idea of actually going as a war correspondent would not have suited me at all, if it was not for the fact that I was allowed to act as I liked. So I asked a couple or three of fellows to come with me, and as their reputation in Copenhagen was anything but good, in which point they shared my lot, they at once agreed. So off we went; of course we bought revolvers (which we afterwards discovered were no good, and which we therefore sold in Bulgaria); and clad in khaki I dare say we were a sight for the Gods.

In Berlin we had our first experience; I had been there once before; and so had one of the other fellows. Of course we both swore that we knew Berlin by heart, and offered to be the guide for the three others. Having accepted my offer, and walked for two hours, I discovered that we were evidently not on the right track for the Anhalter Bahnhof, from which we should depart. And as one of the fellows had the impertinence to ask whether I meant to walk to Serbia, I lost my patience (of which I possess a little lot) and asked him to guide us; this he did, and after having walked right back to the point from where we started, we arrived at the Bahnhof just in time to see the train depart. There was consequently nothing to do but to get some breakfast and some beer, which latter the man always appreciates and never refuses. And then we caught the train, and went down through the beautiful "Sächsische Schweitz" and down to Vienna, where we stopped for two hours to look at that town, and its contents (there are beautiful houses there !). Whence we went to Budapest, one night's journey trying to sleep and cursing the peasants who stunk of garlic and sung the whole night through.

Of course we met some Danes in Budapest; I say of course because one is blessed with their existence in every part of the world. We were asking a policeman where the Danish consul lived; and while the others were trying to bring intelligence into his helmet, I discovered two nice girls, the one of which said to the other: "I wonder where those idiots come from"—in Danish. As I happen to understand that inferior language, I said to her: "My dear young lady; thou hast asked; therefore thou shalt receive an answer; we come from that northern country, Denmark, where the people go clad in Bearskin and eat candles all the year round. Besides," I added, "don't you try to insult me, you most inferior of creatures. Don't you remember me?" "Good Heavens!" she says, "that's him."—If she had not been a girl, I would, in my overwhelming joy, have taken her in my arms and kissed her. Remembering, however, what my good mother taught me, when I was a small and obedient son, I did not do so. But actually she was an old school friend of mine, and—but why stirring up sacred memories from the boyhood?

From Budapest we went to Semlin, which is the last town in Hungaria before crossing the Danube to Belgrad; there is a bridge, but since Austria at that time was anything but friendly to Serbia, that route was cut out. I was a bit afraid of the Serbians, because I had no passport. However, I went on my face (don't misunderstand, please) without difficulty.

I might explain what my idea was with going down to the war. I wanted to see the soldiers' life; consequently I went straight to the War Office in Belgrad and offered my brilliant service, which they, ignorant as they were, refused to accept, since they did not accept any more volunteers (at least that was their excuse). After a short discussion they agreed to send us to Bulgaria; but I said we had no money and could not afford to go. Evidently they wanted to get rid of us, because they offered to *send* us there, as already remarked, if we could obtain a passport from the Bulgarian Ambassador in Belgrad. This we obtained, and next morning we went off. I have forgotten to tell, that we stayed in an awful hotel in Belgrad (I have forgotten the name), and the first morning, at about four o'clock, the boots presented the bill, which we refused to pay at that time of the day. We actually had to convince him about the fact with our revolvers (which made him make the most beautiful somersault out of the door) and since then we slept in peace, except for certain small animals, who persisted in tasting what kind of blood we had in our veins.

Over Nish and Palanka we came to Sofia, on the way receiving bread and fruit from the young Serbian girls, which (this for the boys) by the way, are rather handsome. Time after time we had to stop to let the ambulance trains pass by, and in such a stop I for the first time saw prisoners of war—Turkish soldiers, and officers, in their pretty uniforms. Although I at that time had no ill feeling against the Turks, except what prejudice had impressed upon me, I was really delighted. But I am forgetting my duty.

On the way to Sofia we met a Frenchman, who had volunteered for the flying corps, and he promised to get us in that. Of course that was awful sport, and we therefore went on to the General Headquarters of

the Bulgarian Staff. The Commander-in-Chief, whose name, I think was something like Petrovitch, and who I am sure regarded us as spies, informed us in excellent German that he could not allow us to stay there without a permission from the Ministry of War, so back we went to Sofia (12 hours journey) to obtain it. Coming in the middle of the night, without money (as we said) we were taken to the police station and put in a room, where they retain drunken people. It was rather comfortable, save for the fact that there was a man with delirium tremens, who tried to choke us all in succession. However, we tied him to his bed with a rope, and then we were alright.

Next morning we went to the War Office, where a young smart officer informed us in French (some linguists !) that we should go to the Headquarters of the Voluntary Forces. Here, finally, our self-sacrifice was understood, and what is better, was appreciated, and soon we saw each other in a uniform, and then next morning off we went—in trucks, which had evidently been used for horse transports.

II.

We were sixty together, commanded by a Russian Kosak officer; six Russians, who vanished later, four Danes, of which two didn't return, and the rest Bulgars. Rather funny boys, by the way. They came from America, and the first day we met them, it was " Hullow, boys " and " Jack " and " John "; but as soon as they were in uniforms, they refused to talk English. They did not know what Denmark was, and consequently we were regarded as American (no compliment to us), English (none to you) or Italian (insult).

Having travelled three-quarters of the day on the top of a railway carriage, we descended to the ground and slept that night in an old deserted monastery. Here I saw for the first time the Serbian " War-Dance "—a curious manipulation, in which I had the immense pleasure of taking part, yelling and shouting and singing with the others. And then, the next day, early in the morning with lovely weather, we started our pic-nic, of which I shall now relate.

Macedonia is a beautiful country, but uncultivated. Only bad roads, one tree here and there—and over all green fields, with rocks in between, which give a magnificent show. Over these fields we walked, talking little, and smoking splendid tobacco of Turkish origin, and there is no tobacco on earth like that one gets there. That night we slept in a farm, and next day we passed the old Turkish frontier, on the road to Kirdzali. In that town we stayed one day, occupying the house of a Turk; I slept in the harem, I remember, but it was empty !

Marching away from Kirdzali, amongst wild rocks on both sides, we found ourselves in an awful rain-weather. Two of the Danes, I am sorry to say, got sick and had to go back to the hospital in K., and I first saw them later. We two other boys, however, decided to go on; and here is a rather curious little incident; we were going to pass a bridge when suddenly we were shot at. Throwing ourselves down on the ground we escaped to be hit, answering with our guns the best we had learnt. Suddenly it stopped, and we discovered that it was the Bulgars, who kept watch on the bridge, that had thought we were Turks, intending to occupy the bridge, and therefore they had given us that warm and hearty reception. After a cup of tea we went on, and soon came to a small village. This we decided to " take " and prepared the " siege "; we formed a long line around the village, guns loaded, and crept as near as possible, before getting up again. By Jove, some excitement. I could'nt help laughing, when we entered the village, at any moment expecting to be shot in the back from a window; but fortunately nobody got the idea of shooting at us, and then we decided to sleep there overnight.

I shall not bother you with telling you every day's incidents; but there are one or two which might interest you. In one village we past, we found no people at all, only the remainders of burnt wood and the entrails of various animals, not just a pleasant sight. As we were about leaving we heard a faint noise from one of the houses, and, on entering, found a wooden cave, in which an old woman was locked up. She explained that the Turks had done so, since she was too old to go with them, as they left; and she had got no food for a long time, not being able to get out of the cave. I asked the " chief " to free her, but he said: no, we have suffered such a long time from the regime of the Turks; why shouldn't they suffer now? And so we had to leave her.

FINI ENNA.

(*To be concluded*).

A Dialogue in Suburbia.

" I THINK it's so wonderful," said the bored looking youth more or less ecstatically, " to find such culture in the suburbs, such love of art and the new drama and that sort of thing, you know."

The blasé one was reclining in his usual attitude, as near lying down as is possible in a modern chair, with a particularly dirty briar stuck between his teeth.

" Sarcasm again," retorted young Mrs. Chirpinton, meaningly.

The bored youth stretched his legs vaguely before replying.

" Well, you know Mr. Micawber's dictum," he said, without the slightly fashionable drawl which you might have expected,

> " Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen, six—result happiness.
>
> Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty, nought, six—result misery.

The latter is the method of the suburban dweller. She (it is usually she) must look a couple of hundred a year better than she is, or life loses its savour."

" I think you're perfectly horrid, Gerald," said Mrs. Chirpinton, who had miscounted a row in her crocheting.

" Well, anyhow," he continued, " you must admit that you each and all worship the little tin god of respectability; that each of you tries to look a little loftier-toned than you can really afford. It's the fault

of the women of course—the men were decent living souls, contented smokers of good tobacco until they married you."

"Gerald!" exclaimed Mrs. Chirpinton.

"Well," returned the bored youth, "you know what I mean. It's the fault of the woman. She takes in a high-class fashion paper, studies it and with the help of a fourth-rate dressmaker builds herself a silly, uncomfortable costume. She clothes herself in this set of 'glad rags,' built in the fashion of those she sees in Mayfair. It isn't much like the original, but after all the suburbs are always a bit behind Mayfair. What she really aims at is getting there a little sooner or a trifle more outrageously than the woman opposite. The suburban woman is an awful 'swanker.'"

"Really," said Mrs. Chirpinton, miscounting another row.

"Yes," he continued, "you know I'm right, but I don't expect you to confess it. Of course it isn't precisely legally criminal to try to look respectable."

Mrs. Chirpinton's drawing room was done in pale pink. It's effect upon one in the course of an hour or so, was to make one feel like a few stone of wet cod fish. But it was "the thing" in Suburbia, and Mrs. Chirpinton knew it. She held little "Salons" on her at home days, of people who were *frightfully keen* on something or other.

"Apart from the financial side of it all," Gerald went on, refilling his pipe, "suburbanism has its literary side. It has its local societies, where one is invited to drop in and no questions asked, provided one belongs to the 'set.' This is where women who ought to know better sit round and consume tea sweetened with coloured lumps of sugar, and talk Bernard Shaw and Ibsen and Strindberg, and incidentally pull reputations to rags, and marvel at the fact that Mrs. So-and-So's maid plays tennis. 'Yes, my dear, and actually the other day, an officer in a car drove up to fetch her.'"

"Ridiculous in a maid," snapped Mrs. Chirpinton.

"I knew you'd say that," said the bored youth. "Doesn't your favourite Shaw say 'what's the use of keeping servants if you treat 'em as human beings?' Then again, when you go on a journey, don't you carry a super-book with the title well displayed, or a copy of the "Smart Set"? Where is the drawing room table in Suburbia without its art journal, or its "Land and Water" or a few of the literary weeklies, cheek by jowl with Ella Wilcox and 'Three Weeks'? You know it's all fake and pose."

"Really I shan't listen to you much longer, Gerald," said Mrs. Chirpinton.

"O yes, you will," replied Gerald, "that's another characteristic of your neurotic modernism, you like to listen to a detailed account of your own complaint. Suburbanites live in an atmosphere of perpetual dishonesty. Look at your daughters. What a darling Maud looks with her short skirts and long legs, and her flapper plaits. But she can't boil an egg or grill a sausage."

"Gerald, you're getting vulgar!"

"No, I'm not," said the bored youth, raising himself slightly more towards the perpendicular. "It's Surburbia that's vulgar. Work is beneath suburban dignity. Social status is the asset. It is fashionable among you to criticise what you call the working classes. The latter are so wasteful with their money and food you say. Some of you visit these people who don't consider dirt undignified, and you come back to your gimcrack parlours, and relate with horror stricken features how you caught Mrs. Murphy frying a steak in a frying pan. 'So utterly wasteful, you know, my dear. These people have no idea. Why for the price of that steak she could have bought half a stone of oatmeal, to say nothing of several packets of Grape-Nuts.'"

"It's much better for them," said Mrs. Chirpinton.

"Is it?" said Gerald ribaldly, "a fat lot of work Bill Murphy 'ud get through on a few tablespoonfuls of oatmeal and a cup of China tea. You see Bill Murphy can afford that steak and his stomach not being atrophied can digest it. You see, Mrs. Murphy's daughter and sons earn their own keep, which is more than the high toned Maud does. No, I'm afraid you're a useless lot," finished the bored youth.

"Have you quite finished, Gerald,?" asked Mrs. Chirpinton, "because I'm expecting Mrs. Wragge and Miss Brown-Smyth, and I wouldn't like them to hear my brother talking as you talk."

"There you are again" he began, "I remember when old Joe Rag——

"Gerald!" exclaimed Mrs. Chirpinton for the second time.

"And there's Miss Brown-Smyth—finished with eighteen months in Germany, didn't she. What for? Not because she couldn't finish just as well in England, no, but because the flapper across the road finished in Belgium, and the great thing in Suburbia is to go one better than your neighbour. Sham! every bit of it. A few intellectuals try to set a repertory theatre going. And who'll fill it.? Not the intellectuals; there ar'n't enough of them; but the Suburbanites. It's fashionable in Suburbia to be ultra everything. In fact to go 'the blooming utter.' You'll go, not because you're interested in Synge and Irish folk lore, or Brieux and moral plays, not much; you hav'n't got brains to appreciate 'em. But it's the 'thing' every time. Then there's music. You trip off to hear Wagner's 'Ring' from an inflated priced seat in the gods, very uncomfortable, and persuade yourself that you enjoy it. But you know that ragtime and 'Pale hands I love' is about the limit of your musical appreciation. Then you have your art. Some moving mind gets together an exhibition of post-impressionism or cubism or some such rot. Again you flock and hold up your hands and roll your eyes in silent ecstasy. What do you know about Cézanne and Kandinsky? Alfred Leete and Heath Robinson are what you really care for—but you wouldn't admit it for worlds. You're a pretty lot. Then there's motor cars," continued the bored youth, regardless of grammar, "the Psmythe's have a motor-bike, so you must go one better and have a small car. Not that you need one, not a bit of it, but that doesn't prevent your chirping silly nonsense to your suburban pals, while your particular poor male is trying to knock a small Ford out of milk-and-bun lunches.

But if it was a thousand guinea Rolls-Royce you couldn't talk larger about it.

Then you've your threepenny ha'penny small servant to clean the step and run errands to the envy of the neighbours. Imitative—you're as imitative as a lot of apes in a zoo—— "

But here young Mrs. Chirpinton flounced out of the room, and the bored youth with a grin applied a fresh match to his pipe and smoked placidly. You see it was his sister's house, and one must talk to sisters occasionally, it's good for them.

From a Cynic's Notebook.

An unfortunate man is like one suffering from a contagious disease; everybody shuns him.

* * *

Great operations in the world of politics are often effected by a bit of ribbon or a touch of rouge.

* * *

To find favour in modern society it is necessary to be *poor in spirit.*

* * *

There are only two places where the " Full Inside " sign never appears. One is Heaven, the other ———.

* * *

Lawyers are the cats that settle differences between mice.

* * *

The really nice girls are always fonder of men than they are of one another.

* * *

The man who thinks he can play one woman off against another is a fool.

* * *

So is the man who takes a woman *au pied de la lettre.*

* * *

No woman's features are a real clue to her character.

* * *

But what she puts on them may be.

* * *

A misogynist is usually a man whom love vaccinated in early youth.

* * *

A ' glad eye ' isn't much use if the owner doesn't possess ' glad rags.'

* * *

No man but an anatomist would analyse beauty.

* * *

There are only two things which can brighten a woman's eyes—a man and champagne.

* * *

The ordinary man is so much of an ass that he never notices the stars till he gets in the gutter.

* * *

Some people waste a lot of time by being punctual.

* * *

It isn't what he reads that makes a man cultured. It is what he doesn't read.

* * *

There is more fiction in *Who's Who* than in *Pickwick Papers.*

Anon.

Translations from Charles Baudelaire.

III.

Exotic Perfume.

(*Parfum exotique*).

As with closed eyes this sultry Autumn night
I breathe the incense from thy bosom's fire,
The happy hillsides, heart of my desire
Unroll their beauties in the red sun's light.

O, lazy Isle where in thy pure serene
Exotic trees and fruits augment my joys;
Where dance with pleasure tender maids and boys
No hint of shame where never shame has been;

Led by thy perfume I have travelled home,
And see thy harbours filled with weary craft,
Tired by the buffets of the angry foam.

And there the odours of the Tamarisk isles
And old sea-chanties fill the sparkling air,
And men may rest, for all the world is fair.

IV.

Soliloquy.

(*Causerie*).

Thou lovely Autumn sky so clear and rose!
  But melancholy surging in my blood,
Ebbs like the tide and leaves my lips morose
  Stung by the memory of its bitter flood.

In vain thy hand glides o'er my swooning heart;
  Thy search is vain, my love, its pulse is lost;
Ravished and torn by woman's wiles and art,
  Plundered, despoiled and to the vultures tossed.

My heart's a ruin where the jackals prowl
  (A perfumed mist swims round thy naked throat!)
They tear and kill and glut themselves and howl!

O, Beauty, bitter scourge of souls bereft,
  Thy eyes of flame, like glittering feasts, prevail,
And burn these tatters that the beasts have left.

Anon.

Yorkshire.

The roads of the world are open before me,
  The lure of the sea is enchanting and strong,
The blue of the sky is a canopy o'er me,
  The wanderlust draws me insistent along.

But ever I turn at the call of my county;
  The love of the moorland is deeper than all,
Where nature has graciously lavished her bounty,
  In scent of the heather that has me in thrall.

The wide sky above me, the moorland below me,
  Exultant I stand, with the wind in my hair,
And surely no country in God's earth can show me
  Such wild windswept spaces empurpled and fair!

Oh Yorkshire! the land of the dales and the heather,
  Of high frowning crag with its sentinel tree,
Of lark-songs and brook-songs all mingling together,
  Wherever I wander, my heart is with thee!

R.S.

The Philosophy of Robert Browning.

ENGLISH literature has produced no more idiosyncratic poet than Robert Browning. Carlyle and Meredith are the only writers who can be compared with him for rugged power and obscurity of expression. Personality in poetry is somewhat rare, but with Browning his poetry is his personality. With no other great poet is it so. Subtract the personal element from Shakespeare's work, from Milton's, Keats', Shelley's, and the bulk of their production would be unaltered.

Carlyle and Meredith expressed personality in their writing, but with them idiosyncrasy stopped short at verbal mannerism and intricacy of expression. With Browning his whole poetical expression was typical of his fundamental volcanic energy. Perhaps Dickens is nearest to him in this sense. The imaginative power of both of them was overwhelming and in their work personality is there in the essence—not in mere eccentricity of expression and verbal form. Browning's fantastic style goes a great deal deeper than appears on the surface. His ruggedness is the ruggedness of nature. His leaning towards obscurity and mannerism is incorrigible. Always he returned to it and his last volumes were more intricate than his early work. His prolific pen outran the measure of even his immense creative ability.

The greatest achievement in poetic art is to make others see what you see, and from your viewpoint. Chesterton with his usual perspicacity goes straight to the heart of the matter when he writes: "To present a matter in a grotesque manner does certainly tend to touch the nerve of surprise, and thus to draw attention to the essentially miraculous character of the object itself." This is most of the secret of Browning, whose use of the grotesque to express spiritual aspirations and longings is absolutely unique. His whole expression is in intense revolt against the milk and water languors of the polite poesy. Like all revolutionary methods it very often gets out of hand.

Browning's theory that human imperfection and man's knowledge of it, only implies a preconceived perfection in spiritual design, is an essential of his creed of optimism. It is impossible to escape the subtle and profound religious thought underlying his intricate and difficult expression. His style may be annoying and baffling because of his tricks of verbal obfuscation, and indeed it certainly is so to the folk who will appraise Browning merely at the value of his "message" or his "teaching." For this reason he must always be a poet of the classes rather than of the masses.

Browning's ethical and religious tendencies sprang from English Puritanism, but his puritanism received many important modifications from his wide and artistic ranging sympathies and from his keen intellectuality His optimism was part of the vigorous sanity of his moral nature; like a reasonable man he made the happiness he did not find. Our life on earth he regarded as a state of probation and preparation. To him Death was but a door leading to a road beyond.

Many of Browning's thoughts lie buried as befits their subtlety and profundity, in the depths of his intricacy. But once extricated they shine like jewels on the forefinger of Time. His poems express his own thoughts and emotions and experiences. To Browning this world was a school in which he learnt the lessons which would fit him for the fuller and more perfect life to come. He had much to learn he believed, and much to forget, and through many worlds to travel before the new life was opened to him. It would have been strange if with such ideas Browning had not been an optimist. What there is of gloom in his work is purely artificial, a veneer through which shines his great courage. "It isn't Life that matters, but Courage," that was Browning's creed, and courage is a virtue that needs robust, vigorous and virile language to express it.

Browning's keen observation of facts and passionate inquisition of human character drew him to interpret the emotions connected with religion, art and the spiritual function of love. No doubt the influence of his wife had much to do with his treatment of the latter subject.

With Browning—

> "Life was to wake, not sleep,
> Rise and not rest"
> "Press from earth's level where blindly creep
> Things perfected, more or less
> To the Heaven's height, far and steep
> Where amid what strifes and storms
> May wait the adventurous guest
> Power is love."

The power of Browning's work when one holds the key is obvious. His life was not a tragedy. He did not look to complete or perfect his life hereafter, nor hope to do so because of omissions or sins here. His philosophy sprang from Faith, which is as much a gift as the gift of Song. He believed implicitly in the triumph of goodness; a strong chord in any poet's music. Whether we believe with Browning or not, we cannot but admit that such healthy robust faith as he possessed is a priceless possession.

A.B.

Holiday Adventures, 1916.

THE Military Permit office was in a quiet square; evidently a private house adapted for the purpose. The stout, kharki-clad official looked at me querulously as I was ushered to his table. Then he referred to the typewritten sheet in his hand, clipped together with two of my own letters which I suddenly recognised.

"You want to go to Caen?" he said, sharply.

"Yes, I do," said I.

"But we've already refused to let you through. What's the good of coming again?"

"I wanted to make sure. Isn't there any way I can get over?"

"Not to go to Caen. Too near the war zone. We might let you go to Tours, now—"

"No, thank you; it's Caen I want. Isn't there any other way I can go at all?"

" You might try the French Red Cross. If you could get employment under them, or under any society like the Y.M.C.A., we'd have to let you through automatically, as their permission is sufficient, and we only stamp their permits up."

" And . . . if I can't get to France at all, I'll go to the Channel Islands for my holidays. That is, if you'll let me ;—will you ? "

" Oh, yes, certainly."

* * *

So I set out a few weeks afterwards with a neat innocent passport for the Channel Islands. When I got there the local military authorities, who knew me well, endorsed that same passport without any demur " To Caen : via St. Malo."

At St. Malo I had my first experience of paper money in France. I went to change some English money, and received to my surprise rolls upon rolls of notes—such as I had never seen before. When I examined them later I found I had not merely twenty-franc notes, but notes for ten francs, for five francs, for one franc. Later, when shopping, I received to my disgust, notes—dirty bedraggled things—for fifty centimes and for ten centimes. Here it seems they draw the line. I tried to picture us in England shopping and buying a penny packet of pins with a note.

It took me from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. to go from St. Malo to Houlgate, via Caen—a journey of four hours in peace time. For the whole day until I reached Caen at 5.30 p.m. I had nothing to eat. There were plenty of " buffets " along the line, but they were all of them empty and deserted. And at no station had I a wait long enough to go into the town for food. As far as I can remember, I had six or seven changes before I arrived—most of them breathless scrambles across the rails to a puffing impatient looking train on the point of starting a few hundred yards away. And at the end of my journey I was lost with admiration at the French luggage arrangements, which in spite of the war and the shortage of men, do not seem in the least upset—for my trunk was pitched out safe and sound at Houlgate ready for me. I had scarcely set eyes on a railway official during the journey. The puzzle was to find one, in order to know when to change.

At Houlgate I found everything frightfully expensive. Fish for three persons cost at least ten francs, often more. Butter, eggs and cream were just as dear as in England. Most food was much dearer. The whole town was overrun with wounded soldiers. Sometimes we would hear of one big villa having been commandeered at forty-eight hours' notice for a hospital. In this seaside resort of many hotels there was only one hotel left as such ; all the others were hospitals.

When I went to Caen I had the opportunity of going over one of the schools there, which has been turned into a hospital. The French nurses' white uniforms with white veils are so fresh and charming—much prettier than ours.

The rooms were divided up into cubicles. On the wall of each cubicle was a card with the soldiers' name, address, the nature of his wound, his progress in health, and a temperature chart. A new batch of men had lately been brought in, and had just had their wounds dressed. Some of them lay in strangely huddled positions, their face in the pillows, hiding from view. One of them had had his arm amputated at the elbow the day before, and the infirmière told me that he had cried aloud with the pain of it for several hours after the anæsthetic.

We returned from Caen in a little tram-railway that ran along the country road. The rails were very narrow, and at one moment one of the back carriages, luckily loaded with goods and not people, became derailed, but ran bumping along behind the others until someone noticed it, and five or six Belgians got out of the train as it stopped, and hitched the carriage back again. When it was all right they cheered themselves.

" We Belgians are always useful for little jobs like that," they said.

Houlgate beach was crowded with tents and children. The tide draws out so far that certain hours are fixed for bathing when the tide is full, and I used to walk down a little by-path from the Villa, clothed in bathing-things and a bath-towel, accompanied by Mathilde, the maid, who could not swim but who used to come to make sure I was not drowned. At the bathing hour most of the population of Houlgate met in the sea. On our way back the by-path led alongside the " cour " of one of the Hotel-hospitals, where the chef, who used to cut up his carrots out there, and who was a friend of Mathilde's, used regularly to call out to us his menu for the day as we passed.

We heard guns all day and everyday and sometimes through the night. There had been much scientific discussion about it in the papers and otherwise, but the main thing was that we heard guns, and continuously. The scientists agreed at last that in some way or other the sound travelled from the Somme battlefield over the water. As there was no continuous gunfire or practice anywhere nearer, we believed it. Sometimes we would hear an extra thunderous rumble, and the next day would read that there had been a fierce artillery duel on the Somme.

My journey back was the most interesting part of my holiday. When I arrived in Houlgate I asked both my uncle and my aunt whether I need register as an alien.

They both said " Oh ! no ! needn't bother," so I didn't.

When I applied for a sauf-conduit in Caen to permit me to return to St. Malo, they asked me where I had registered. I said I had not done so at all, but they did not make many bones about it, " Seeing that they knew monsieur so well," and smilingly gave me my sauf-conduit, with a description of myself which caused much amusement as the clerk made it out, for identification purposes, and bowed us out.

At St. Malo on my return journey I learnt that my boat, the Fawn, had not yet arrived, though it was twelve hours overdue. As I have a great faith in the Fawn which, though unbeautiful and in reality a cargo-boat, is possessed of an almost uncanny knack

of " seeing things through," I slept soundly, expecting to leave early next morning.

When I woke they told me the Fawn had still not arrived.

So I spent a day in St. Malo and enjoyed it. I wanted to get to the Ilot de St. Bé, where Chateaubriand was buried, for my professor had expressly mentioned it as a sight worth visiting. The tide was not to be low enough, however, to permit of crossing until 8.30 p.m. As the Fawn was due to depart at 9, I considered that running things too fine.

Accordingly at 7.30 p.m. I took off shoes and stockings, the tide being fairly low, and waded out to Chateaubriand in his solitude, thus arousing the merriment of small fry because I could not wait for the tide, but was able to meet the gentleman and talk with him by myself. When I had finished telling him what I thought of him, I waded back.

The Fawn started after all at about 11.30 p.m., and we reached Guernsey at 5.30 a.m.

I was held up for three days in Guernsey, because once again the ports were closed because of submarines in the Channel.

At last we left one night at half-an-hour's notice in a thunderstorm, and travelling without lights, made for Southampton.

We were challenged outside Southampton, and though I heard the challenge and passwords I suppose I must not divulge them, must I, Censor? And I got back, and here I am.

M.C.M.

The Classical Association.

To the Editor of the " Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

It is not easy to respond to your kind request for an account of the recent General Meeting of the Classical Association at the University. May I say, in brief, that it was successful beyond all expectation? From start to finish it was guided and inspired by its veteran President, whose freshness and vigour seemed no slight tribute to the studies of his youth.

Good reports were published at the time in the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Yorkshire Observer*, of January 5th, 6th and 8th. A full official record will appear in the *Proceedings* of the Classical Association, which will be sent free to all Full Members of the Leeds and District Branch of the Association (Hon. Treasurer, Professor B. M. Connal).

In connexion with the visit a gift-pamphlet, called *Falernian Grapes*, was printed. Twenty copies of this will be reserved and presented, in order of application, to any readers of the *Gryphon* who may write to me at the University.

Yours faithfully,

W. RHYS ROBERTS.

January 24th, 1917.

Books.

PROF. Moorman has just published an anthology of Yorkshire Dialect Poems (1673-1915)—Sidgwick & Jackson, 1s. net.

The Chairs of Russian and Spanish.*

READERS of the *Gryphon* are well aware that during the past summer the University has enlarged its sphere of influence as an educational force in England and the British Empire by the establishment of Chairs of Russian and Spanish. This is an event of the first importance in the history of the University, and our very sincere thanks are given to Sir James Roberts, who, by a magnificent gift of £10,000 founded the professorship of Russian language and literature, to Lord and Lady Cowdray, who have given a like sum for the creation of the Chair of Spanish Language and Literature, and, lastly, to Sir Walter Morrison and an anonymous donor, each of whom has placed at the disposal of the University the sum of £1,000, in order that, when the professors to the new chairs are appointed, they shall find their departments suitably housed and well supplied with books and apparatus.

The establishment of these new professorships, at a time of national crisis like the present, is an eloquent tribute to the new spirit that is in our midst. Those who have come to the aid of the University, so far from being appalled by the terror that walketh at noon-day, have courageously looked forward to the future; the reconstruction of our imperial and international common-weal after the war has been before their eyes, and they have recognised the great part which education is destined to play in that work of reconstruction. The establishment of these two chairs is at the same time a most generous acknowledgment of the effort which the University has already made, and will continue to make, both towards the winning of the war and towards the re-establishment of our economical and international life when the war is at an end. And in thanking most warmly the creators of these new professorships, we also desire to render our tribute of gratitude to those who have guided the destiny of the University through these troublous years of warfare and whose faith in the University of Leeds and the cause of higher education as a whole has done much to inspire the minds of those who have made these generous donations.

It is impossible to appraise aright the influence which these two new professorships will have upon the economic and spiritual life of Yorkshire and of the Empire. The technological and economic departments of the University will gain enormously, and the Chairs of History and Literature will be greatly strengthened by the contact with the study of Slavonic and Spanish history and literature which is being pursued within the walls of the University. The prejudice, born of ignorance, which in the past has done much to hinder the growth of understanding and sympathy between England and Russia, and, in a less degree, between England and Spain, will be broken down. Spanish chivalry and Russian mysticism will receive the recognition which is their due, and the study of the great literary classics of Calderon, Lope de Vega and Cervantes, side by side with the great masterpieces of modern Russian literature in verse and prose, will inevitably enrich our spiritual life and enlarge our mental horizon.

F.W.M.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

Christian Union.

ON Tuesday, November 21st, a General Meeting was held in the Education Room, a good number were present. Rev. F. S. K Gregson was the speaker and the subject was " The Holy Spirit." Mr. Gregson gave a comprehensive account of the Spirit's working and brought Him into relation with the other questions of belief. The Spirit of God is the moving impulse of the universe, or the power which makes the world real, just as our mind makes matter real to us; the characteristics of spirit are reality within itself, permanence and power of intelligent guidance and control. These characteristics are also those of personality, and God if He is a Spirit must be a Person. Mr. Gregson then analysed the work of the Spirit in creation and redemption; He manifests Himself in

* This communication was received too late for our last issue.

inanimate Nature as law, order, and beauty, in animate Nature as life in man, distinct though evolved from lower forms of life, as soul. Through man's free-will came sin which put God's plan, that of sharing His own happiness with beings worthy of it, in jeopardy; so God reached down to man in the Incarnation. Finally this spirit of the human Jesus is given to men, as the power by which they can live the highest life, and which also stirs them to work for the bringing on earth of the Kingdom of God.

EVELYN R. DOWSON.

Natural History Society.

THE Natural History Society held its Annual Reunion of Past and Present Students on Thursday, January 18th, 1917. The first part of the evening was spent at a Debate, the subject of which was, "That the trend of Modern Civilisation is such as to make popular the study of Natural History." Miss Chapman, seconded by Miss Worsnop, took the affirmative, and Miss Sampson, seconded by Mr. Gilligan, led the opposition. A good discussion followed. The result of the voting was in favour of the negative.

Members at the Debate proceeded to a Musical Evening at the Refectory, where they were joined by several others. Various songs and recitations were contributed and a notable feature of the entertainment was a sketch. The success of the evening was largely due to the Chairman, Professor Priestley. The programme was brought to a close by the singing of various Scottish Students' Songs, "Kumati" and "Auld Lang Syne."

Over 120 people were present.

Literary and Historical Society.

A MEETING of the above Society was held in the Refectory on Monday, January 15th. A delightful and appreciative paper was given by Miss Stewart, past student of the University, on Robert Louis Stevenson. The paper was an inspiring study of his life and personality rather than his works—a welcomed change.

C.C.

Cavendish Society.

A MEETING of the Society was held on Tuesday, January 23rd when Dr. E. R. Watson, Professor of Chemistry at Dacca University, India, read a very interesting paper on "The Colouring Matters of Flowers." After the reading of the paper, Prof. Perkin spoke of the important researches in this fascinating and attractive branch of science, which Dr. Watson has carried out, not only in India, but also in the Department of Colour Chemistry and Dyeing in this University.

In addition to the ordinary meetings of the Society, special lectures will be given as under :—

February 13th, "Possibilities in the use of Coal," by Prof. Cobb.

March 13th, "Typical Problems which confront the Works Chemist," by Mr. Francis H. Carr, of Nottingham.

Marriages.

WILSON—MCMILLAN.—January 2nd (by licence) at Cavendish Road Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Geo. Patterson, John Harry Wilson, Sec.-Lieut. Royal Engineers, to Mary McWhirter, eldest daughter of Mrs. and the late D. D. McMillan, Sydney House, Woodbine Place, Leeds.

Roll of Honour.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gryphon* we regret to report that news has been received that the following members of the University have fallen in the service of their Country :—

Private J. F. Ashmell	Died in hospital.
2nd Lieut. E. Bruce	Died of fever.
2nd Lieut. W. O. Crowther ..	Previously reported missing now reported kiiled in action.
2nd Lieut. K. Dixon	Died of wounds received in action.
2nd Lieut. C. E. Duncan ..	Killed in action.
2nd Lieut. E. Evans	Died of wounds received in action.
Private F. S. Gregory.. ..	Killed in action.
2nd Lieut. E. K. Head ..	Died of wounds received in action.
Lc.-Cpl. N. E. V. Higginbottom	Killed in action.
2nd Lieut. B. Holroyd ..	Killed in action.
Corpl. G. S. Mallinson ..	Previously reported missing now reported believed killed.
Serg. G. A. Widdowson ..	Killed in action.
Lieut. G. K. Will	Died as Prisoner of War in German hands.
Lieut. E. J. Yelland	Killed in action.

The following members have also been reported *Missing* :—

Lieut. T. E. Best.
Lieut. H. Curtis.
2nd Lieut. D. McDiarmid.
Private J. R. North.
Serg. W. Smart.
2nd Lieut. A. Wild.

The following *Military Distinctions* have been gained :—

Lt.-Col. Sir Berkeley G. A. Moynihan	C.B.
Capt. G. V. Stockdale ..	D.S.O.

"He led his stretcher bearers continuously for five days under very heavy fire, and on several occasions rescued wounded men by himself. He has on many previous occasions done very fine work."

Lieut. Col. H. Collinson ..	D.S.O.
Capt. M. Coplans	D.S.O.
Lieut. G. Armitage	Military Cross.
Major W. H. Davis	,, ,,
2nd Lieut. J. H. Hartley ..	,, ,,
2nd Lieut. F. Lupton ..	,, ,,
Capt. J. C. Peters	,, ,,
Capt. R. B. Tasker	,, ,,
Capt. F. L. Watson	,, ,,
2nd Lieut. A. W. Wilson ..	,, ,,
2nd Lieut. J. S. Bainbridge ..	Mentioned in despatches.
Capt. M. Coplans, D.S.O. ..	,, ,,
Lieut.-Col. L. P. Demetriadi ..	,, ,,
Capt. G. W. English	,, ,,
Capt. H. Gilliat	,, ,,
2nd Lieut. A. F. Holden ..	,, ,,
Capt. H. McLaren	,, ,,
Lieut. C. Stott	,, ,,
Capt. G. V. Stockdale, D.S.O.	,, ,,

Summary of Roll of Honour :—

Total number on active service	1,457
Fallen in the service of their country	112
Wounded or taken prisoner	225

Military Distinctions.

Command of the Bath	2
Order of St. Michael and St. George	3
Distinguished Service Order	4
Distinguished Conduct Medal	1
Military Cross	32
Mentioned in Despatches	54

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