in as anything of the kind in English poetry. It is poetry because almost every pulse of its metre is creative, and helps to reveal an unforgettable character on his own kindly pilgrimage through time. "The Child Musician" and "A Gentleman of the Old School" are two other examples of the same mastery; and, in the latter of these, there is once again that note of longing for a simplicity lost by the modern world:

"We read—alas, how much we read!
The jumbled strifes of creed and creed
With endless controversies feed
Our groaning tables;
His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's 'Montaigne', 'The Grave' of Blair,
A 'Walton'—much the worse for wear—
And 'Æsop's Fables.'

"One more—'The Bible.' Not that he
Had searched its page as deep as we;
No sophistries could make him see
Its slender credit;
It may be that he could not count
The sires and sons to Jesse's fount—
He liked 'The Sermon on the Mount'—
And more, he read it.

* * * *

"Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you
With too serene a conscience drew
Your easy breath, and slumbered through
The gravest issue;
But we, to whom our age allows
Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
Look down upon your narrow house,
Old friend, and miss you."

Of the poems written in the manner of Gay, it is enough to say here that they are faultless of their kind, and better than the original models. Taken all together, with what may be called the critical poems—including "The Fables," "The Prologues and Epilogues," "The Varia," the Memorial Verses, the beautiful tribute to Tennyson and the delightful little epistles to Mr. Edmund Gosse and others—they constitute perhaps the best *Ars Poetica* in English verse. They have an insight into the essentials of good writing and a mellow wisdom that might be of incalculable value to the present chaotic generation.

We are constantly being told by writers whose ignorance of their subject is only equalled by their conceit, that the young poets of to-day are "sick to death" of the set mechanical forms of the great Victorian poets. If the Victorian poets wrote in set mechanical forms then they were not "great." But the plain truth of the matter is that the forms of English poetry were expanded and extended in a thousand new directions during the Victorian period. More new metrical forms were invented by Browning and Swinburne alone than are to be counted in the whole range of preceding English poetry; whilst almost every lyric that Tennyson wrote, from his earliest *juvenilia* to "Crossing the Bar," had something in its cadence or movement that was not to be found in English poetry before him. This is also true of Christina Rossetti and a dozen other poets. The forms of verse were not nearly so "set" as they were when Greece and Rome expressed themselves in their hexameters and pentameters. No Victorian of importance was as limited in his metrical range as some of the most important poets of the Elizabethan, or indeed of any other period. It could almost be demonstrated that taken all together the Victorians invented and used more new rhythmical movements that all the poets of all former periods combined. Tennyson's *Maud* alone has a range of metrical invention and metrical freedom wider than that of all the poets combined in many preceding centuries. The reader who doubts it has only to open the volume and note the forms which are not to be found in earlier poets. Even in the academic Matthew Arnold there are many quite new rhythmical movements, exquisitely free in their musical law, like the "Songs of Callicles," or "Dover Beach," or "In Utrumque Paratus." The plain fact is that the modern "revolt" is not against "set forms," but against form itself,—a very different matter—and all too often it obviously proceeds from the consciousness that the "rebel" cannot hope to compete with his predecessors unless the standards are lowered. It is a tendency that is manifest not only in literature, but in all the arts and throughout the whole of our civilisation, and it is time that it was met and answered. Curiously enough, one of the most obvious facts about the outstanding work of the "revolting" groups (there are others of course) is that, with one or two exceptions, it has been in forms that may justly be called "set"—the sonnet, the stanzas—used by Chaucer and William Morris, and sometimes quatrains that have been made a little easier to handle by the simple process of rhyming only the second and fourth lines, or by accepting various rough approximations to the end in view. The rest of the "revolt" is mere chaos. The revolt against form, in fact, forbids results in art. It is not a revolt against Victorianism, but a revolt against order and proportion and the laws of good writing in all ages. Worst of all, it is a revolt against the only principle that can lead to the really valuable new results—the principle of *development*, the natural evolution of a great tradition. The present generation is being confused by its present pastors—some of them merely ignorant guides who are striving to turn literature into a kind of walking race, in which the first duty is to be "abreast" of an age that has almost ceased to believe in anything but the material rewards for work badly done. The gospel naturally appeals to many of the young who desire a quick and easy road to such rewards; but those who utter the warning must not be regarded as the enemies of the young or apostles of reaction; and there could be hardly any friend more useful, more likely to help the young to a real appreciation and knowledge of literature than one who should say, "Give a certain portion of your days and nights to the study of the *Ars Poetica* in these poems of Austin Dobson. Do this one thing thoroughly, and with only a little readiness to learn, and you will then be at least better qualified to express your own opinions."

But this part of the work is primarily critical; and the essential poetry of Austin Dobson is usually to be found in the kind which I have indicated earlier.

On more than one occasion, however, the kinds were united, as when he filled an old French form with his own human pity and made one of his most perfect poems, a lyric touched with the light and consecration to which he laid no claim. It is time that criticism should claim it for him in such work as this :

> " In Angel-court the sunless air
> Grows faint and sick ; to left and right
> The cowering houses shrink from sight
> Huddled and hopeless, eyeless, bare.
> Misnamed, you say ? For surely rare
> Must be the angel-shapes that light
> In Angel-court.
>
> " Nay ! the Eternities are there.
> Death at the doorway stands to smite ;
> Life in its garrets leaps to flight ;
> And Love has climbed the crumbling stair
> In Angel-court."

In the last five lines there are beauty, power of imagination and high poetry ; and, in themselves, they would justify an affirmative answer to the question in the poem that ends his works—" In After Days."

This last poem has the diamond-like form that makes for permanence. It is rounded and delicate and whole as a single drop of dew that can yet reflect the depth and glory of the sky in its own small lucid mirror. No competent reader can help feeling the poignancy of its regret for something that our literature is in danger of losing. There were realms of literature, once, and there are still (though they are surrounded by a thousand enemies) in which it would seem small praise to say of a man that he kept his pen from defilement. But I cannot help remembering the question asked by a critic in a leading journal with regard to the dullest, dirtiest and worst-written book that was ever printed and suppressed—" *If this is not high art, what is ?*"

What is ? It would be easy to give a more imposing answer ; but it would be quite enough to point to the brief leave-taking of Austin Dobson and say, to begin with, and for the reasons I have given above, *this* :

> " In after days, when grasses high
> O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
> Though ill or well the world adjust
> My slender claim to honoured dust,
> I shall not question or reply.
>
> " I shall not see the morning sky ;
> I shall not hear the night-wind sigh ;
> I shall be mute, as all men must
> In after days.
>
> " But yet, now living, fain would I
> That someone then should testify,
> Saying, ' He held his pen in trust
> To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
> Will none ? Then let my memory die
> In after days ! "

EDWARD WHITE OF THE INDIA HOUSE, AND A NEW PORTRAIT OF LAMB.

By Mrs. G. A. Anderson.

LOVERS of Charles Lamb have much to be thankful for in the fact that both his school and his place of business were well-known public institutions, with accurately kept registers of names and dates accessible to anyone who takes the trouble to inquire after them. Look, for example, at the end of Lamb's Will to see who witnessed it, and you find a solitary name, that of Vincent Rice, of 3, Rufford's Row, Islington. (The fact, by the way, of there being only one witness, made it necessary for Willis Henry Lowe, of the India House, to appear before the probate officials a week or two after Lamb's death and swear to his signature.) Who was Vincent Rice ? His name is not to be found in the index of any edition of Lamb's letters or works ; indeed, so far as I know, his is never mentioned by Lamb. But the interested student can quickly discover that he was both at Christ's Hospital and at the India House, and had thus a double claim on Lamb's acquaintance.

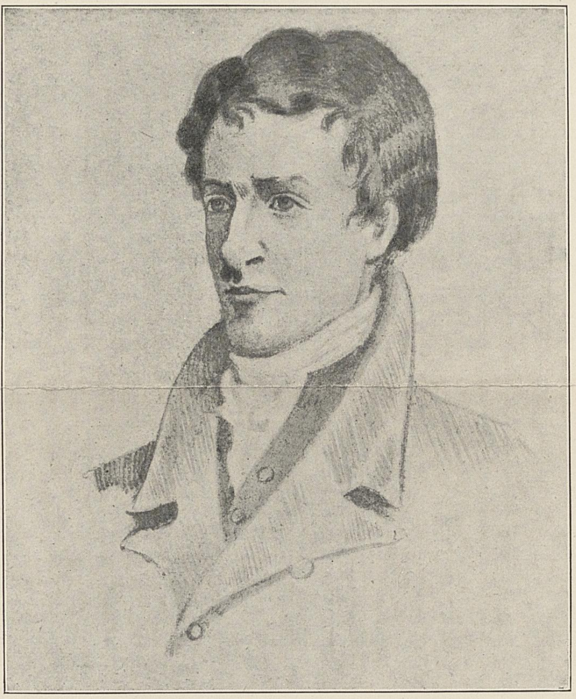
So with many other names mentioned casually by Lamb in his letters. There is real satisfaction in being able to place them, either as school-fellows, or as colleagues, to know their age, their father's name and position, what salary they were getting, and when they retired, or died, or went to China. Some of these details are nearly always forthcoming with a little trouble.

Now a name we come across several times is that of Edward White. The first mention of him by Lamb is in a letter written in October, 1822, to John Howard Payne, then living in Paris. Lamb introduces White (who is going to that city) as " a friend and fellow-clerk of mine . . . a good fellow," and says he " knows Paris thoroughly and does not want a guide."

On looking up the record book at the India Office we find that White must have been considerably younger than his friend, since he was not " placed on the Establishment," as they termed it, until April 20th, 1804, twelve years after Lamb's appointment. He was in Lamb's special department, the Accountant's office, where most of Lamb's particular cronies worked, albeit there were friends of his scattered all over the building—Rice in the Transfer office, Brook Pulham in the Treasury office and William Evans in the Baggage Warehouse, to name only a few.

White remained at the India House for some years after Lamb was pensioned off (in March, 1825), and the next news we have of him is a note which Lamb wrote to him in August, 1827, from his leisured retreat at Enfield, on the subject of a letter ambiguously addressed to " Mrs. Hazlitt," for which there were three possible claimants. Again, White is mentioned by Lamb in December of that same year in a letter to Leigh Hunt, who was in quest of a portrait of Elia to embellish his forthcoming book " Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." " As to my head," writes Lamb, " it is perfectly at your or anyone's service ; either Meyer's or Hazlitt's, which last (done fifteen or twenty years since) White of the Accountant's Office has ; he lives in Kentish Town : I forget where, but is to be found in Leadenhall daily." And he adds in a postscript " H's is in a queer dress. M's would be preferable *ad populum.*" Leigh Hunt probably thought so too, for it was the Meyer portrait which figured in his book.

This is as much as we can gather about White from Lamb himself, but in the " Reminiscences of C. W.



Charles Lamb.

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Cope, R.A.," we find the following: "Amongst my early friends was Edward White. Harrison and I first met him in Paris (September, 1832), and saw much of him both at the Louvre and at our rooms in the Hotel Wagram. He was an excellent judge of art, and a diligent amateur painter when disengaged from the East India House. He was intimate with Charles Lamb, and at his weekly soirees he was a constant guest, and met there many of the literary celebrities."

Such was the extent of my information about Edward White, when one day, delving among the Lamb treasures at Mr. Spencer's book shop in New Oxford Street, I came across a pencil portrait, with the name "Elia" across the bottom right-hand corner, but obviously portraying Lamb long before the time had come for the adoption of his pseudonym. It was executed on rough drawing paper, bearing every appearance of age, and was attached to a sheet of thin greenish paper, which Mr. Spencer told me had been torn out of an album, but so long ago he could not remember the particulars. As a matter of fact the portrait had been mislaid for twenty years or more, and had only just been unearthed in a search for something else, so that I was the first to have a sight of it. I was allowed to have it photographed, and also to take the original to the National Portrait Gallery. There the Director, Mr. Milner, whose memory for every drawing that passes through his hands is prodigious, studied the Lamb sketch carefully, pronounced it, from its hard outline, the work of an amateur, and certainly old, doubted whether it were from the life, and showed me his reasons. Then he cast his mind back to other sketches of a similar style—in fact he felt sure they were by the same hand, and mounted on the same greenish paper—brought to him for inspection some years ago by Mr. Ernest Leggatt of the well-known firm in Cheapside. This Mr. Leggatt used to make it a hobby, Mr. Milner told me, of buying at auction sales any drawings which he thought might be of possible interest for the Portrait Gallery. He would leave them for Mr. Milner to select from at leisure, and the rejected ones would then go back into some other sale. The album in question was among the unwanted items, but as he recalled its appearance Mr. Milner also thought he could recollect the name of the artist. White—White—he felt pretty sure the name was White. "Oh," said I at once, "Lamb's friend Edward White of the India House was an amateur artist; could he perhaps be our man?" There we had to leave it, Mr. Milner promising to try and recall the exact name from among the multitudes that were crowding his memory. Sure enough in a few days I had a letter to say that he was now certain that the artist's name was Edward White-Harrison, and that he probably was identical with Lamb's friend Edward White. The hyphenated addition of Harrison rather dashed my spirits, elated with the joy of discovery. But up they went again when I recalled the fact that the Hazlitt portrait was for some years in White's possession. To anyone who examines the pencil sketch it is clearly more like the Hazlitt portrait than any other likeness of Lamb. It is in fact the Hazlitt portrait reversed, and put into everyday costume. Now what more likely than that White, with the Hazlitt likeness constantly before his eyes, and the pencil familiar to his hand, should amuse himself by basing a sketch of his own upon it, dressed as he saw Lamb clad every day?

The drawing may have been put aside for years, but when Lamb was famous as "Elia," White would be pleased to display it in one of his albums, and would have added the name so that there should be no doubt as to the identity of the subject.

Of course this is all surmise, but there is enough probability about it to make the sketch more interesting than if no guess at the artist's name were possible, while the likeness itself, though hard in outline and amateurish in execution, is pleasing, and emphasises the strength of character noticeable in Lamb's face. According to Lamb's contemporaries no portrait of him was really satisfactory. This is always the case with mobile, expressive faces, which light up in conversation and settle into a melancholy expression in repose. For all we know, this pencil sketch is a good representation of Lamb as he was at thirty years old, and until some evidence to the contrary is produced I shall continue to believe that the man who drew it was his friend Edward White of the India House.

A PANORAMA OF GERMAN BOOKS.

By Herman George Scheffauer.

REGARDED as a precipitate of modern German literature, the German bookshop, with its astounding plethora of new publications, its revel of highly individualised books—in form, colour and contents—presents a vision that is kaleidoscopic and, as a true mirror of the times, chaotic. Yet this welter of colour and "book-art," these countless self-assertive, challenging new books, units, series and whole categories, these galleries of art books, these echoes from other lands in the shape of translations—all this reflects only the feverish, uncertain groping for new life, for new truth, for new dispensations. It furnishes an index to the dualism and discord that gnaw at Germany's soul and spirit to-day. Economically the book torrent no longer cascades over the rocks in the rapids of the billionfold paper mark. It now flows swiftly in the even channels of the stabilised gold mark, and the daily "index-multiplicator" of the Book Exchange has been put aside like some instrument of mediæval torture.

Even to the German (and every German is inured to books far more than to newspapers), the literature of to-day is a jungle rather than a garden. Books are battles or at least battle-fields. Books written in a vibrant, nervous new variety of German clamour for a hearing, they show their teeth or their wounds. Books are set ringing like bells, books send forth signals as though with flags or torches to mankind, the Universe, posterity, Eternity! Over it all shimmers the phosphorescent light of a new mysticism, of "a searching for God," and through it all goes the pother of fierce, insistent debates with old institutions and old values which still stand gibbering beyond Germany's frontiers as spectral survivors of the age before the war, but which have become or are becoming atavistic here, dethroned by the same implacable realities as confront nation and people themselves. The phenomenon is amazing, the creative spirit it manifests, bewildering—this Gothic inwardness and ascension that involves titanic struggles with vast fragments of the classic and academic spirit, or with phantasms of the future.

Man, his *Weltanschauung*, Art as a national and personal factor, find an inspired esoteric life or revival in such books as "Deutsche Kunst und Art," by E. K. Fischer (Sibyllen Verlag, Dresden), and in the ample and fascinating work compiled by Ludwig Benninghoff—"Geprägte Form" (Minted Form), published by the Hanseatische Verlag, Hamburg. Here all that is characteristic in art, folk-lore or literature is given in extracts, in the potential word and picture as "witnesses of our spiritual creative power."

This inward-boring or backward or forward-looking preoccupation with the spirit, with things abstract or super-terrestrial, this flight from reality is visible even in a crisp, sceptic, collected mind like that of Thomas Mann, a mind almost pedantic in its precision of expression, its tortuous searching for the exact word, the luminous phrase. Mann, who might in his externals pass for an English M.P. or a youngish major, is lecturing at present upon "Occult Experiences"—a dreadfully detailed yet poignantly disturbing account of an evening spent at a spiritistic séance at the home of the famous Count Schrenck-Notzing at Munich—Mann's own home. His latest book is the first part of "The Confessions of Adventurer Krüll," a subtle study in the *juvenilia* of one of the profiteer types of the time—a *tour de force* in psychological presentation. Mann is just completing another book, chiefly in dialogue—"The Magic Mountain"—the study of a sick man in the environment of an Alpine sanatorium.

Gerhart Hauptmann, resting on royal laurels in his handsome home at Agnetendorf in the Riesengebirge, has also yielded, though only in fancy, to the perpetual lure that coaxes the German southward. He has recently published in *Die Neue Rundschau* a long, elegaic poem in classic measures, pitched in Capri, and called "Die Blaue Blume." It is an adroit performance, but despite its forced rapture and jocundity, full of conventional echoes and figures, and covered with a patina of dust—even though it be marble dust. Hauptmann is also being lured to the North, for he is to lecture upon German literature at Petrograd. All the newspapers are full of tributes to Börries von Münchhausen, the ballad-writer, whose fiftieth birthday is approaching. The University of Breslau is to grant him an honorary degree.

Arno Holz, the poet, the great leader of the German naturalist movement of the eighties–nineties, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, which brought great abundance of honours and gifts upon him. The bleak heavens compact of clouds of paper marks opened, and his by no means uncosy poet's attic in Schöneberg-Berlin was flooded with crates of wine, delicacies, books, specially dedicated portfolios of drawings by artist friends. The municipality itself bestowed upon him a handsome bonus in cash and one of the universities an honorary degree. His finest present, however, was the offer of a publisher to publish his collected works in a superb edition. The author of "Das Buch der Zeit," "Die Dafnis-Lieder," "Die Blech-schmiede" (Tin-smithy), "Ignorabimus," etc., sits anchored at his desk like a recluse, filing away at his gigantic world-opus, "Phantasus," of which many editions have already appeared, each different. This cyclopean poem is written according to Holz's individual verse forms and arrangements, based upon his aversion to "metrik" and his passion for "rhythmik." The lines, long and short, are all centred upon an axis in exact symmetrical halves, and the huge folio pages are thus splendoured with decorative patterns like those of vases or trees, each line being carefully pasted into place on a narrow strip of paper. Holz, so little known abroad, is indubitably one of the most remarkable poetic individualities of our day. There are many who regard him as a likely candidate for the Nobel prize for literature.

Walter von Molo, a fertile and turbulent spirit, earth-bound with a warm Whitmanian broadness, yet for ever oscillating between the stars, has become one of the most popular of German novelists and dramatists. He is essentially the kind of inspired writer whom the Germans invest with the ennobling name of *Dichter*, whether he work in prose or verse. Von Molo as a writer is full of power and fire. His wonderful mastery