

and the Pirates." No sooner does Henry Newbolt produce "Admirals All," than up jumps Jack-in-the-box with "Forty Singing Seamen," and a lot of stuff in the same key. Here are a couple of stanzas:

"He stretched out his dead cold face,
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and his arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

Nelson—was Francis Drake!

O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

Francis Thompson starts religious poems, introducing little bits of Latin hymns. Noyes does not lose a minute, he goes and does the same:

"Here, not set in a realm apart,
East and West are one Nowell!
Holy Land is in our Heart!
North and South one Gloria!
Death is a birth, birth is a death,
Love is all, O sing Nowell!
And London one with Nazareth—
And all the world a Gloria!"

But there is not too much of the Latin hymn. Mr. Noyes is a very orthodox Protestant. He knows well enough that the Archbishop of Canterbury must be consulted when Robert Bridges dies. To him Catholics are scarcely human:

"Now, provost-marshal,

Begin with you two friars, in whose faces
Chined like singed swine, and eyed with the spent coals
Of filthy living, sweats the glory of Spain.
Strip off their leprous rags
And twist their ropes around their throats and hang them
High over the Spanish camp for all to see.
At dawn I'll choose two more."

TO Mr. Noyes Queen Elizabeth is a maiden saint, and Rome the one great enemy:

"This letter, stolen by a trusty spy,
Out of the inmost chamber of the Pope
Sixtus himself, here is your murder planned:
Blame not your Ministers who with such haste
Plucked out this viper, Mary, from your breast!"
"Rome, Rome, and Rome again,
And always Rome," she muttered; 'even here
In England hath she thousands yet. She hath struck
Her curse out with pontifical fingers at me,
Cursed me down and away to the bottomless pit."

Every prejudice of middle-class England, every snobbery, every baseness, is seized upon by Mr. Noyes as the basis of his unique art. In bold, wooden phraseology, tricked out with every tinsel appanage of the poetaster, England's latest Alfred belches forth the banality of an utterly mediocre mind from that coarse, brutal, mouth, which makes it so difficult to support the contemplation of his photographs. It is superfluous to say that there is not an idea in the whole of his voluminous writings. Even from the brief passages quoted above it will be evident that commonplace has reached its climax.

I AM asked why I should notice Mr. Noyes at all. It is because I am concerned for the fair fame of England. I remember the writings of one William Shakespeare. There is one thing in Shakespeare which no man can forgive; it is his foul attack upon the memory of Joan of Arc, the culmination of his shame as a political toady. Shakespeare's greatness is altogether marred by his willingness to blacken people like Richard III, who was unpopular with the dynasty in power—to praise tyrants like Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, because he was paid for it, or thought it the best way to popularity. Now I am glad enough to compare Alfred Noyes to Shakespeare, but only on this ground. As previously observed, Noyes has always been a toady of the English bourgeoisie. He has set the seal upon himself by his abominable aspersions upon the memories of those saints and martyrs of my own holy isle, whose tragic figures—may one venture to say?—have added a new lustre to the greatest of the festivals of the Christian church.

THE MAIDENS

By RAINER MARIA RILKE.

(Rendered Into English by Jessie Lemont.)

OTHERS must by a long dark way
Stray to the mystic bards,
Or ask some one who has heard them sing
Or touch the magic chords.
Only the maidens question not
The bridges that lead to Dream—
Their luminous smiles are like strands of pearls
'Gainst a silver vase a gleam.

The maiden's doors of Life lead out
Where the song of the poet soars,
And out beyond—to the great world—
To the world beyond the doors.