

IN RESIDENCE:

THE DON'S GUIDE TO CAMBRIDGE

BY
ALEISTER CROWLEY

ELIJAH JOHNSON
CAMBRIDGE

1904

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TO

CAMBRIDGE

I Dedicate

THIS VOLUME TO

IVOR GORDON BACK

WHO SO WORTHILY CARRIED ON THE
TRADITIONS OF HIGH THINKING AND NOBLE LIVING

INAUGURATED BY MYSELF

WHEN AT CAMBRIDGE

BUT I AM TOO LAZY TO WRITE

AN ODE TO HIM

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

SOMETIME TUTOR¹ OF TRINITY

ELIJAH JOHNSON

CAMBRIDGE

1904

¹ So-called because the College interests were safe (Latin: *totus-a-um, safe*) in his hands, as proved by its continued existence.

*I thank the papers, living and dead, who
first published these masterpieces, for
their tacit and unnecessary permission
to reprint them in a collected form.*

ARTISTE'S FOREWORD

THESE poems are all or nearly all reprinted from the otherwise dull pages of the "Granta," "Cantab," "Cambridge Magazine," "Silver Crescent," and other tony sheets. [Tony sheets is good, and free from the no 'count English accent.]

People who wanted to read them had to buy these papers, which were messy and lumpy, while the reader's attention was unpleasantly distracted by the dung heap on which these pearls were cast. This volume meets the crying need of millions of what some people *will* call "undergrads." The price for Cash will be One Shilling, for Credit One Thousand Guineas, in the proportion familiar to all "scions of Alma Mater," as some other people always say. Damn 'em!

ballade of bad verses	ix
ballades	1
ballade of tripos fever	3
ballade of bowling	5
ballade of bicycling	7
ballade of whist	9
ballade of new criticism	11
ballade of the tyranny of a commercial empire ...	13
ballade of ursa and ursula	15
ballade of the may term	17
ballade of summer joys	19

ballade of the mutability of human affairs	21
ballade of guideless climbing	23
ballade of the backs	25
ballade of cambridge papers	27
ballade of the new humour	29
ballade of the one-eyed tout	31
ballade of lawn tennis	33
ballade of serious ballades	37
ballade of old admirals	39
ballade of a far country	41
ballade of farewell	43

CONTENTS

MOUNTAIN AIRS, VERY APPROPRIATE!		PAGE
The Alps		47
Hut v. Hotel		49
"Bitte, Herr, Bezahlen!"		50
Mathematician, ne'er forget		52
The Mountaineer's Father William		54
The Traverse of the Aiguilles Rouges		56
MIXED BISCUITS		
To a Heteromita Rostrata		61
Principally Remigial		63
How to do a Rechauffé		65
The Village Champions		67
Two Sonnets in Praise of a Publisher		72
To an Unappreciative University		74
Sappho in Chic-a-go		76
A Rondel		79
A Sonnet of Spring Fashions		80
Mary Rogers		81
Ode to Gerald Festus Kelly		82
A Rondel		84
The Chemist's Love-Song		85
Bal Masqué		87
Lines in Spring		88
Au Theatre du Grand Guignol		89

FORE!

BALLADE OF BAD VERSES

THERE be songs of surrender and sighing,
 Of sentiment noble and just,
 Of lovers deserted and dying,
 Of languour and lilies and lust.
 There be visions of when we are dust;
 There be sonnets and rondels enough
 To break the terrestrial crust—
 Lord, keep us from reading the stuff!

When Ajax, the lightning defying,
 Was rude, his impertinent bust
 Was shattered. The Editor, trying
 To write (as an Editor must
 Though his faculties rapidly rust)
 Will speak in a manner that's rough:
 "You poets deserve to be trussed!
 Lord, keep us from reading the stuff!"

My own little scheme of supplying
 With fuel the realms of the cussed
 Is to stoke all the fires with the flying
 MSS blown that way by a gust

x

BALLADE OF BAD VERSES

Of wind, which I honestly trust
Will be quick and flamboyant and bluff,
And leave me to satisfy Fust :—¹
Lord, keep us from reading the stuff!

L'ENVOI

Prince Printer, in wait you are lying
For copy, and I'm in a huff.
You see even me versifying—
Lord, keep us from reading the stuff!

¹ R. Browning's Works, vol. xvi. A pet name for Mr Spalding.

BALLADES

BALLADE OF TRIPOS FEVER

O SMUG! in your desolate room,
Whatever's the matter with you?
Your face is a picture of gloom,
Your pulse is a hundred and two,
Your eyelids are glued as with glue,
A towel is tied to your head,
You might be a man with the Flu!
"The Trip! and I wish I were dead!"

O blood! Mighty being *re* whom
Our novelists say what is true!
You swear, and you fuss, and you fume,
And the saddest of books—if the view
That I catch of your dainty canoe
Be accurate—heavy as lead,
Are piled as you yawn and say "Phew!
The Trip! and I wish I were dead!"

O ordin'ry persons! Who 'lume
Your College (you are but a few)—
You seem to consider your doom
A natural duty to do.

BALLADE OF TRIPOS FEVER

You won't paint the universe blue,
 You won't paint the universe red,
 You'd better join in with us two :—
 "The Trip! and I wish I were dead."

ENVOI

Princess, if they ever exhume,
 From the Corn Exchange, me, and we wed,
 I shall make this poor joke, with a bloom
 Of happiness which, I assume,
 You will not consider ill-bred,
 As we book for the Land of the Oom :—
 "The Trip! and I wish I were dead."

BALLADE OF BOWLING

MANY a man is a dab at Greek,
 Latin is easily learnt by some,
 Heaps of—Germans—in German speak,
 French Verbs yield to the rule of thumb.
 Many a man a tune can hum
 In a manner distinctly beyond all praise,
 Scrape on a fiddle, or beat a drum :—
 Not every bowler can break both ways!

Men there have been who would daily seek
 Problems in Algebra—trebly glum,
 Work at them, groan at them, week by week,
 Grind like a matchmaker down in a slum;
 Slave all night, though no answer come,
 Smug all day, though the summer blaze,
 All may do that till the brain succumb :—
 Not every bowler can break both ways!

Vain be the struggle of party clique! ¹
 The ground is iron, the wicket is crumb,

¹ In 1896-99, the author was excluded from the Cambridge Eleven, owing to the machinations of his relentless and Machiavellian persecutors. Owing to this disgraceful jobbery, the Oxford team were in no case dismissed without scoring.

BALLADE OF BOWLING

The Oxford match is no time for pique.

The double break says "Fee-Fo-Fum,

I snick the bails, or go plumb-plumb-plumb
Into the sticks." No batsman stays

While the ball spins round like a tee-to-tum ;
Not every bowler can break both ways !

ENVOI

Prince, if your batting be mild and meek,

Think on the burden of these sweet lays,
So your revenge you may nobly wreak,

And bowl for the 'Varsity all your days ;
Not every bowler can break both ways !

BALLADE OF BICYCLING

LITTLE use to weep over a spill,

When you chance to collide with a chap
In a cart at the foot of a hill,

Or a clergyman out in a trap ;

It is better to meet a mishap
With philosophy noble and sound,

And steer for Fortunia's lap :
" Hi, Mister, your wheel's goin' round ! "

Though Jack may be followed by Jill,

On the slope, a man's claret to tap ;
There's a way that is made by a will,

Like a river turned on from a tap.

You may cover the whole of the map,
Your face with the sunlight is browned,

You smile when boys shout, with a clap,¹

Hi, Mister, your wheel's goin' round ! "

Thus good is the converse of ill

(Such truths are the moralist's pap),
And turbot makes excellent brill ;

Verse goes with a tang and a snap.

¹ The phrase is adverbial.

BALLADE OF BICYCLING

In fact, I should plunge and go nap
 On the quite unassailable ground
 Of Ace, King, Queen, Knave—verbum sap—
 “Hi, mister, your wheel's goin' round!”

L'ENVOI

I doubt if the verse I distil
 Will be by th' Academy crowned,
 I don't care a bit if it will,
 As long as the voices are shrill;—
 “Hi, mister, your wheel's goin' round!”

BALLADE OF WHIST

You play with a full pack,
 And deal them one by one;
 You lead the Ace with Queen and Jack
 (As you have rightly done);
 But lo! a spot upon your sun,
 A worm in your pea-pod—
 I trump you, when you have begun
 To reckon on the odd.

With what a mighty smack
 Your King of Trumps is won!
 Your partner's face grows very black;
 He doesn't think it fun.
 A Yankee would have used a gun,
 A schoolmaster a rod—
 A ten ace may be led of none
 Who reckon on the odd.

And now, amid the wrack
 Of your position,
 Their old established suit comes back,
 With an unfettered run;

BALLADE OF WHIST

It is no time for jibe or pun,
 But to beseech the sod
 To yawn for you, who did not shun
 To reckon on the odd.

L'ENVOI

At Ulm the troops of Mack
 Surrendered in a bod-
 Y, in a cul-de-sac,
 At Bonaparte's attack ;
 Be wary lest, strong clod,¹
 You reckon on the odd.

¹ The author is indebted to Mr Francis Thompson for this felicitous and, withal, epigrammatic way of writing "man."

BALLADE OF NEW CRITICISM

(AFTER ANDREW LANG)

THERE'S a joy like the joy of a lark,
 There's a pleasure that's known to the few,
 'Tis to listen all day to the bark
 Of a critic's vitriolic review.
 Corroding the centuries through,
 It eats since the first poet sang,
 And they cursed him, and called him a Jew,
 Before the good æon of Lang.

These critics (their style, you remark,
 Into forests of verbiage grew)
 Ere Carroll invented the Snark
 Were ready to eat me and you ;
 They snorted, they snapped, and they slew,
 They were mighty of quill and of slang,
 Till they quenched the Philistian crew
 Before the good æon of Lang.

Here's an article mystic and dark
 In a manner as fluent as glue,
 Which (though lovers meet deep in a park,
 The wearisome tome of it through)

BALLADE OF NEW CRITICISM

Has forgotten the venom we knew ;
 Nor sting as those articles stang
 When Keats wrote a poem or two
 Before the good æon of Lang.

L'ENVOI

There is a young lady, it's true,
 Who finds that their tongues have a tang
 But—the sorrows of Satan were few
 Before the good æon of Lang.

BALLADE OF THE TYRANNY OF A
COMMERCIAL EMPIRE

It is a funny thing
 That now and then we see,
 A poor and harmless king
 A-getting up a tree
 As fast as he can flee ;
 Much faster than his liking ;
 And you explain to me—
 "That's Freedom's Eagle striking!"

A poet cannot sing
 When lofty liberty
 Conceals beneath her wing
 Such lots of misery.
 Though labourers drink tea
 And all the girls are biking,
 I'm not so sure that we
 See Freedom's Eagle striking!

Philosophers may bring
 Their logic—I may be
 A fool or anything
 An out-of-date, a he

14 BALLADE OF A COMMERCIAL EMPIRE

Behind the century,
And blind to modern psyching ;
But are we really free ?
Is Freedom's Eagle striking ?

L'ENVOI

Prince, this retort I fling
When trouting or when piking
In rivers with a string
For truth (which comes for spiking) :—
" I wish the Shipping Ring
Felt Freedom's Eagle striking."

BALLADE OF URSA AND URSULA

FAIR
Maid,
Sair
Afraid,
Bade
Me
Aid
She.

Lair,
Shade
Scare,
Dismayed.
" Blade,
Tree !"
Said
She.

Bear
Flayed ;
Hair
Laid.
B

Played
We.
Strayed
She.

L'ENVOI
Dare?
Oui.
Mère
She.

BALLADE OF THE MAY TERM

TENNIS and cricket have come to stay,
Five o'clock is the time to bring
Tea and strawberry ice, and play
Various dulcet jargoning;
Lazy paddle all day to swing,
Lazy pipe to kill ennui's germ,
Lazy, lazy everything :—
Sing heigh-ho for the glad May Term!

O hooray! merry boys, hooray!
Flannels are pleasures that have no sting.
Everyone's white and cool and gay;
Everyone looks as if a wing
Might any moment sprout and spring,
Turning him into an "alb' inerm'
Angelum," like Aladdin's ring;
Sing heigh-ho for the glad May Term!

O the trees are out to-day!
O the buds are blossoming!
O the snow and the wind are away!
O the sun of the late sweet spring!

BALLADE OF THE MAY TERM

O the birds that are glad to sing
 After the meal on the early worm!
 O I am happier now than a king!
 Sing heigh-ho for the glad May Term!

ENVOI

Prince, or pauper, be what you may,
 Business is quiet, but stocks are firm;
 Never believe in the "bears" in May!
 Sing heigh-ho for the glad May Term!

BALLADE OF SUMMER JOYS

SOMEONE has foolishly observed
 That everything is vanity,
 Nor even mentally reserved
 A possible exception. I
 Propose to mention musically
 The pleasures of a lazy laze
 With aspic and with strawberry
 And lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

One's father may be much unnerved
 When, like a pigeon (pigeon-pie!—
 Smack, lips!) that elegant and curved
 Comes homing through the summer sky,
 The kitchen bill before his eye
 Looms. Grammar? Do you think to raise
 Grammar on wines divinely dry
 And lots of Salmon Mayonnaise?

I was about to ask—Lunch served?
 Right! I am coming—to ask why
 These innocent delights deserved
 From Solomon the old and sly

BALLADE OF SUMMER JOYS

The epithet he certainly
Appears to have employed. He prays
No fizz, nor will to heaven apply
For lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

ENVOI

King of the Israelites, lay by
Austere looks and ascetic ways!
You would condone polygamy—
I only ask for length of days
With lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

BALLADE OF THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN
AFFAIRS

WILD briar's a blossom that fades ;
The lily as easily dies ;
And the love of terrestrial maids
Is tender, too tender to prize.
In a minute it droops and it dies,
And happiness spills at the brink ;
Love opens the window and flies :—
But Smith's is a permanent ink.

Prosperity favoureth trades.
An hour, and then troubles arise.
The workers drop axes and spades,
And Brandenburg labour supplies
The goods. It is very unwise
Your money in labour to sink.
It will vanish, the blue in the skies :—
But Smith's is a permanent ink.

And even the woe that invades
Will pass, I make bold to surmise,
Like a man who for salmon trout wades
Till the water comes over his thighs.

He's wet, but he speedily dries,
More quickly than pessimists think.
His gaff he repeatedly plies :—
But Smith's is a permanent ink.

ENVOI

Prince, we sell it in various shades,
In azure and purple and pink.
Things change by perceptible grades :—
But Smith's is a permanent ink.

BALLADE OF GUIDELESS CLIMBING

" THE climbers who guidelessly scale
The rocks of the Eiger are rash.
Far wiser the tourists"¹ who fail
On the Breithorn, and horribly gnash
Their teeth as they shell out the cash
To their leaders decidedly drunk ;
They stick to the full calabash
And turn from the wall of the Mönch.

The climber should never be frail,
Should thrive on a morsel of hash.
At cliffs he must not become pale
Nor tremble when glaciers crash.
He must carelessly knock out the ash
From his pipe while a terrible chunk
Of rock hurtles by like a flash,—
Or turn from the wall of the Mönch.

His courage owes nothing to ale ;
His nerve needs not alcohol's lash ;
He'd sniff if a cachalot whale
Came out of a pool with a splash

¹ The quotation is from the English Alpine Club.

24 BALLADE OF GUIDELESS CLIMBING

And inflicted a terrible gash
On the person behind in a funk¹—
A mixture of prudence and dash
Turns not from the wall of the Mönch.

ENVOI

Prince, both of us, axe and hobnail,
Surmounted it, fellows of spunk!
It would be a terrible gale
Turned us from the wall of the Mönch.

¹ Any member of the English Alpine Club.

BALLADE OF THE BACKS

IN May one often sees a fool
(A fool one guesses him to be)
Canoeing up to Byron's Pool,
Or downward toward the salty sea.
One of them necessarily,
Unless one absolutely slacks
(Say under King's or Trinity)
Upon the backs—upon the backs.

The garb this person wears is cool,
As his own self-complacency.
He wears a blazer made of wool
Or flannel (This is poetry,
And tailoring is nought to me)
Whose colours might be filed in stacks;
A straw in speechless harmony!
Upon the backs—upon the backs.

He smokes the weed of Istamboul;
He vaguely feels that he is free.
He seems to challenge Nature: "Who'll
Dare to constrain my liberty?"

BALLADE OF THE BACKS

He paddles like a honey-bee ;
 His golden boots are made at Flack's ;
 You often see a man like he
 Upon the backs—upon the backs.

ENVOI

Prince, you may storm Sevastopool,
 With Maxim's thwacks and axe attacks ;
 I ply the deft Canadian tool
 Upon the backs—upon the backs.

BALLADE OF CAMBRIDGE PAPERS¹

THE Cantab "to the interest
 Of undergraduates" is wed,
 Gimbles and gyres as one possessed
 On how the 'Varsity is bled.
 It paints with unassuming red
 The hebdomary interview
 With ladies who on legs and head
 Dance until everything is blue !

The Granta with a throbbing breast
 Watches, with eager passion fed,
 The track, the field, the statesman's nest,²
 The wicket and the river bed.
 The evildoer comes to dread
 Its scathing scorn, its charges true.
 It makes the heart as dull as lead
 Dance until everything is blue.

The reverend Review (suppressed
 The rising laugh, the smile ill-bred)
 Bakes for the Fellows that infest
 This University, a bread

¹ Written for the *Cambridge Magazine*.

² The Union !!!

28 BALLADE OF CAMBRIDGE PAPERS

Of Pedantry on which is spread
No butter of Good Style undue ;
Before one's eyes the types unread
Dance until everything is blue.

ENVOI

Prince, of three bads who wants the best ?
Off, Granta, Cantab, and Review !
Stick to the " Mag " and let the rest
Dance until everything is blue !

BALLADE OF THE NEW HUMOUR

WHEN you at ninety paces
Fill up a snipe with shot,
Find dons with pretty faces,
" New " dramas with a plot,
Find money on a Scot,
Find beauty in a bloomer —
We'll read your little lot
And label it as humour.

You think to break our braces
With hidden jokes and hot ;
Kick over manners' traces,
Reins tangle in the knot
Of Boredom—Never trot
Your spavined mare, but groom her !
You snigger at a sot,
And label him as humour.

Some pseudo-bloods at races,
Some scholar's polyglot,
Some torpid Don's grimaces,
Some spouting Hottentot ;

BALLADE OF THE NEW HUMOUR

Some toady's risky "mot,"
 Some cad's malicious rumour :—¹
 All's porridge for your pot.
 You label it as humour!

ENVOI

A swollen head you've got,
 A suppurating tumour!
 You write infernal rot,
 And label it as humour!

¹ Mr. Back, myself, the O.B., any member of Christ's College, any member of Corpus Christi College, any member of Emmanuel College, are here severally enumerated.

BALLADE OF THE ONE-EYED TOUT

O SOLITARY-EYED one, who
 Sportest a Diamond Jubilee
 Tie, of pure white and red and blue,
 Or something green, like absinthee,
 Or purple like a purple bee,
 If bees are purple, which I doubt.
 O product of the Varsity,
 Thou dear and noble¹ one-eyed tout!

Whom dost thou cadge for? For I view
 With envy thy sweet liberty.
 Thy tie's invariably new,
 Although thy face we never see
 Even on Sunday changed! Ah me!
 That face, at which the lilies pout,
 That face extraordinaree,
 Thou dear and noble one-eyed tout.

Fragrant as dawn and light as dew
 Thy dainty presence! Or a tree
 Some poets would compare thee to:
 Some poets to a common flea.

¹ Mr Robert Browning, not the author, is responsible for this iniquitous conjunction of epithets.

32 BALLADE OF THE ONE-EYED TOUT

I doubt if any end there be
To similes a bard might spout :—
Thou stirr'st the Springs of poetry,
Thou dear and noble one-eyed tout!

ENVOI

How fortunate that very few
Can chatter on like this, about
Nothing at all! Good-bye to you,
O dear and noble one-eyed tout.

BALLADE OF LAWN TENNIS

[WE have long held Mr Swinburne and Mr W. S. Gilbert to be the greatest poets of all time. This attempt to combine their metres and styles ought consequently to produce the finest poem of all time. We affirm unhesitatingly that it has!]

In the godlike golden glory of the vast irremeable
insuperable weather

(Where those perfectly beastly bad Rembrandt
effects are, over by the sunset that looks so very
much as if to-morrow would be wet)

They have bridled the sun with a beautiful bit of black
and purple clouds, to tie the Poor up in an intolerable
tether,

(It's enough to make a 'eathen slave, 'ow much
more a gennelman as 'as allus been a gennelman
and a free-born son of Brittania's 'earts of oak and
no negro fret.)

Notwithstanding boys beautiful with youth bounce in
the efflorescent sunlight two each sweet side of a
maiden's forelock worked into the semblance of a net.

Mr Swinburne is a person who can't say a thing
straight out, you know. What we're driving at
(a little obscurely, you'll say) but certainly driving,
driving furiously like Ahab or one of those

ridiculous characters of which we hear so much and see so little, is to point out the analogy of lawn-tennis and life in a light and humorous way which even on the most blasé of Freshmen will be unlikely to pall.

I will quote you the Walt that was Whitman, the Wilde that was Oscar, the Vincent O'Sullivan, paeon and chant of the classical world, songs from America due to the lyre of the Harte that was Bret.

And all these estimable personages, very useful in their way, but to be strenuously opposed if they should endeavour to put their oar into morals, religion, or more important still, politics, say as with one voice (of course we do not insinuate any charge of plagiarism) in other words, substantially this, that is to say of course it must be put mystically, because if a truth is important, it should be the duty of every thinking man to conceal it from the masses, this, I say, that the score of life (whatever the score at Tennis may be, that doesn't matter) is at Love-all.

O Gilbert gyrates like a grouse in the green of the horrible heather,

(Mr Swinburne cannot abide my straightforward English (that's one to me) way of talking, though his morality is imported and perfectly well known to be as black as jet)

But he's right in the main, though he does so lovingly bleat and so blether,

(If I do bore him, I'm not in a disgusting music hall set!)

Though he chatter and chortle and chuckle, at last to the point he will get,

Which as I have previously observed is to make it perfectly plain to the initiated, whether by force of language or mere loudness of call,

That this truth is a type of true triumph beyond the bad odds of a bet,

In fact I won't take your money (the first law of betting is that you mayn't bet on a certainty) so perfectly convinced by this time are all wise men that the score of life is at Love-all.

So we twain will sing together ;—

Spring regilds her coronet ;

Summer comes and don't go neither,

[This line is neither grammar nor rhyme, I'm afraid ; it's my mistake entirely, I took a perfectly absurd word to begin with, and after getting as far as this it would be a pity to turn back ; the rhymes'll get worse for certain, so don't be surprised if they do, but I haven't lost hope of sticking to grammar yet.]

It is goodly and glad to see Gilbert express his poetic regret.

I can find nothing better to add than that the son of Kish was Saul :—

Good Gilbert's forgotten again! The piece of advice he had in his mind was "Trust Heaven and distrust Baphomet!"

And a very good piece of advice it was too (Chorus,
please!) The score of life is at Love-all.

ENVOI

Nothing is like leather.

The rhyme is passable—a task by no means small.

Though its connection is certainly not obvious—still
our cap has lost no feather:—

Done it, by Jupiter! We can only say farewell,
gentle reader, impressing on you the truth (put in
Tennis language because this ballade is all about
Tennis) that the score of life is at Love-all.

BALLADE OF SERIOUS BALLADES

LIGHT verses are these you've been reading—

Slim-waisted and elegant-necked,
As a maiden on water-cress feeding
If a simile splendidly decked
Appeals to your excellent sect)
But humour must pall—it's too true.

I think you ought not to object
To a serious ballade or two.

All folk at odd times may be needing

A voice to advise or protect;
The heart of a maid may be bleeding;
The sky of your life may be flecked
With clouds, and you cannot expect
The flowers to grow without dew—

Please listen with proper respect
To a serious ballade or two!

The sprinkling of thought I am seeding

May gather, take root, and reject
The things that would hinder its breeding
(Comme il faut, that's to say, and correct)

38 BALLADE OF SERIOUS BALLADES

And one day you may recollect
That I always said Heaven was blue,
And you owe, that your life is not wrecked,
To a serious ballade or two.

ENVOI

Princess, it is ill superseding
The old and well-tried with the new.
Still, for once, lend your ear not unheeding
To a serious ballade or two.

BALLADE OF OLD ADMIRALS

WHEN England's children needed most
The wall of wood, the naked sword,
There ever stood at duty's post
A sailor, commoner or lord,
Ready at once to step aboard,
And bid the top-sails heavenward shake,
And smite the foe's unwieldy horde :—
Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

Like some white softly-stealing ghost,
The wide-winged ships, with iron stored,
Drop down the Channel, with a toast
To England, Home, and Beauty. Roared
All in a sudden wild accord
The broadside for old England's sake :
The enemy could not afford
Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

On every English heart, engrossed
In golden letters, tall and broad,
Are the achievements of our host
And the brave ships, whose horns have gored

BALLADE OF OLD ADMIRALS

Our foes, whose flanks are ever scored
 With the great gashes that they make—
 These names shall strike a ringing chord—
 Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

L'ENVOI

England, thy sons shall guard thy coast,
 While the white waves in thunder break;
 While in these names we make our boast—
 Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

A REFRAIN OF A FAR COUNTRY

WHERE flower and foam draw close to kiss,
 And seabirds call to nightingales,
 And olives mix with clematis;
 Where the sun seeks a path, and fails
 To burn the beechen groves, and rails
 On the cool leaves, that bend and meet
 To shape us arches in the dales
 Where Love has chosen our retreat!

No tide is lapping on the sand
 Where the stream sleeps along the glade;
 No nymphs are bathing on the strand,
 Nor in the pools a Tuscan maid;
 Nor lurks a fawn within the shade;
 Nor springs the moss to foxes' feet;
 For all the world in sleep is laid
 Where Love has chosen our retreat.

They wake when drops the spring sun down
 Beyond the poplar yonder set,
 Beyond the quiet little town,
 Beyond the distant coronet

42 A REFRAIN OF A FAR COUNTRY

Of fire-crowned waves of foaming jet
That England rules with iron feet—
The England we may not forget
Where Love has chosen our retreat.

The beeches wave, the poplar dips ;
I know the breeze is here at last ;
I see the dainty-masted ships
Leap like young fawns beneath the blast :
The water beats the shingle fast
As if its heart with passion beat,
And the sweet hour of sleep is past
Where Love has chosen our retreat.

The moon is up ; the star-sky dawns ;
My lover turns a ruby lip :
There gather nymphs, and eager fauns
To watch us play ; the shadows slip,
And sylph and fountain-fairy dip
Between the leaves, to scent the sweet
Perfume of kisses, when we clip,
Where Love has chosen our retreat.

ENVOI

Princess, the fishing-boats are free,
Whose brown sails kiss the zephyrs fleet.
Come to my arms beyond the sea
Where Love has chosen our retreat !

A BALLADE OF FAREWELL

Now the May term is gone at last.
In merriment its days have sped ;
Now our brief sojourning is past,
And Cambridge days for us are dead.
The springtime of our youth is fled,
And Summer comes too fierce and dry.
With pale cheek and averted head
The time is come to say Good-bye.

On Life's rough road we travel fast ;
Some to be great, and some to wed.
We are small men, the world is vast ;
With our desires God is not fed.
Some wield gold swords, or steel, or lead ;
Some lose good heart, lay weapons by.
Each lies in his own self-made bed.
The time is come to say Good-bye.

May God defend us from the blast,
And smooth our path, and keep our head !
Be with us when we stand aghast,
And quicken Faith when Hope has bled.

A BALLADE OF FAREWELL

Now, ere our last sun sinks in red,
Clasp hands in friendship, ere we die,
Nor shame us if a tear be shed :—
The time has come to say Good-bye.

ENVOI

Prince, whether in Life's Tripos classed
Or ploughed quite irretrievably,
Our friendship for all time is cast.
The time is come to say Good-bye.

MOUNTAIN AIRS

THE ALPS

(Translated from the French)

ALL hail ! ye glaciers splendid
That meet the azure sky,
Across you we have wended
With joyous heart and high.
The snow is tinged with morning,
The air is keen and pure,
Away ! to seek the dawning
Upon the loftiest tower !

Below the silent passes
The chamois browse in peace :
The distant roar of masses
And city clamours cease.
'Tis here we leave the sadness
Of cruel earth behind ;
This is the land of gladness
Of every noble mind !

This is the summit regal
Of boldly-sculptured form.
'Tis hence the audacious eagle
Soars high to stem the storm.

THE ALPS

Oh ! heavenly frozen fountains !
O ! Nature ! vastly grand !
Come ! sing upon the mountains
The song of Freedom's land !

HUT V. HOTEL

I LOVE the birds that swell
Their songs of divers flutes ;
But I hate the new hotel
And all its civilised brutes.

I love the streams that pour
With loud melodious throat ;
But I hate the ill-bred roar
Of the evening table d'hôte.

I love the mountains proud
That throng on their thrones of snow ;
But I hate the snobbish crowd
That throng in the hole below.

I love in the hut to dwell,
With its maze of mountain routes ;
But I hate the new hotel,
And all its civilised brutes.

And when, your cash and patience gone,
You leave the valley snarlin',
The gleesome echoes chase you down,
With "Bitte, Herr, bezahlen!"

"BITTE, HERR, BEZAHLEN!"

"There was a young fellow at Suldén
Possessed of a number of gulden.
He spent and expended
Until they were ended
And then he departed from Suldén!"

GÖRTHE.

If e'er to Austrian or Swiss
(My plural's faulty) Thälén
You go, these words you cannot miss,
"O, bitte, Herr, bezahlen!"

By night the "gämsen" you may hunt,
(The fleas, in common parlance),
and for your sport the bill confront—
Eth, "Bitte, Herr, bezahlen!"

And if you call the waitress neat
"Mein liebchen—little darlin'!"
Her pretty mouth will murmur sweet,
"O bitte, Herr, bezahlen!"

And when your guide, divinely drunk,
As helpless as a carline,
Deserts the party in a funk,
Yet "Bitte, Herr, bezahlen!"

Let no man shout before the wood
 Encloseth him no more ;
 Nor gaily say his gamp is good
 Before the heavens pour.

Let no man say " I go to climb
 A ridge of danger dread !"
 But wait till that successful time,
 And say " I have ! " instead !

MATHEMATICIAN, ne'er forget
 The number not to fix
 Of thy prolific brood of yet
 Unincubated chicks !

Let newly-wedded couples name
 No visionary son ;
 And let not Quatre Bras exclaim
 That Waterloo is won.

Let fiancées (of fifteen years)
 No furniture discuss ;
 Let mountains never pose as seers
 Of the expected " mus."

Let glories of a novel climb
 Before that climb be dumb ;
 Nor of a record-breaking time
 Before the achievement hum.

Let no man of his doings boast
 Before those deeds be wrought ;
 No cook proceed his hare to roast
 Before that hare be caught.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your waistcoat is awfully tight,
And yet you persistently plough up Sty Head,

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I fostered each Sybarite taste ;

But now I strive hard my tum-tum to retard,

By wasting to limit my waist!"

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,

"Relinquish a passion so dread!

Lay ice axe and rope and dementia aside!—

Remember the years o'er your head!"

"In the days of one's youth," Father William replied,

"A passion more deadly appears ;

It is better for years to be over my head,

Than for me to be head over ears!"

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your legs are as flabby as suet,

Yet you goloat in a week on a second-rate peak,

Pray, how in the world do you do it?"

THE MOUNTAINEER'S FATHER WILLIAM 55

"In the days of my youth (Young men *will* be young men),

I was peaked on my skill at Peak-et!

And the muscular strength (which I didn't use then)

Comes in for a subsequent day!"

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"Yet your tongue is as trusty as ever ;

You consistently lie in a manner that I

Consider infernally clever!"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,

Come on, if you're coming at all!

I'll hold you—this Buckingham's capital stuff—

I'll hold—but I'm hanged if I'll haul!"

THE TRAVERSE OF THE AIGUILLES ROUGES

(1)

WE slept at the Sign of the Beautiful Star ;
We dined upon Maggi ¹ and Cotton ; ²
We said of the couloir "on pourrait en vouloir" ;
We said of the rocks—they are rotten.

(2)

WE said " 'Twill be cold, not improbably wet,"
We sneered at the ridge we had passed,
We said of the sun "His day's work he has done."
We said of the sky—"it is vast."

(3)

WE spoke of the snow—"it is notably cold" ;
We supped upon Cotton and Maggi ;
We observed to the moon "Be a dear and come soon."
We remarked of the crags—"they are craggy."

(4)

Intelligent talk will most surely beguile
The longest night out on the rocks ;
So we made of the guides the remarks that revile ;
Of their Herrs we said "sheep go in flocks."

¹ His soup.

² His tobacco.

TRAVERSE OF THE AIGUILLES ROUGES 57

(5)

It was three o' the morn and the night was outworn ;
We broke fast on Maggi and Cotton,
We said Cecil's jest was a gibe of the best,
And of Morris's yarns—"that's a hot 'un."

(6)

WE spoke of the mountains, the weather, the rope,
In a tongue that was doubtfully British ;
We summed up in three words Philosophy's scope ;
Of women we said—"they are skittish."

(7)

WE gained the low snows, and each rubbed his cold nose
As we lunched upon Cotton and Maggi ;
We observed, "we are neat from our felts to our feet,"
But remarked of our chins—"they are shaggy."

(8)

Arolla appears. There were no hearty cheers
And no one was anxious about us :
"If horrid young fools will break Alpine Club rules"—
In fact, they could get on without us !

(9)

WE sprawled in the sun when the banquet was done
(We had feasted on Bouvier ¹ and Mauler ²),
You said of my knickers—they are not a vicar's ;
It isn't a hole, it's a howler !

¹ His champagne.

² His champagne.

58 TRAVERSE OF THE AIGUILLES ROUGES

(10)

Superior persons in collars and cuffs

Said we ought to be grateful to Heaven.

"If young fools will scale inaccessible bluffs

They're killed—it's a hundred to seven."

(11)

They said, "Without guides, which the Commune provides

No party for big hills should go."

They said of our pluck "'twas the devil's own luck,"

And they said of our pace—"it was slow."

(12)

They spoke but we heard not—We slept like the dead,

Having feasted on Mauler and Bouvier;

And the wind echoed Cecil's olfactory vessels

That snored "Jolly climb! Alleluvia!"

MIXED BISCUITS

"Paderewski sticks sixty-six mixed biscuits in frisky
Tray's sixth whisky."—EMERSON.

TO A HETEROMITA ROSTRATA

SWEET microscopic beauty ; born one day
In not imperishable head of cod !
Young organism
Sporting flagella in a cheerful way,
But neither cilium nor pseudopod ;
Produced by schism !

Thou dost not browse on pastures bright and green,
Or feed on palm trees in sublime oases
In lands Semitic.
Not holophytic is thy food I ween,
Nor holozoic, as in other races,
But saprophytic.

When bliss conjugal is thine object praiseworthy
A swimming form approaches to an anchored
With zeal ecstatic :
Affection of a healthy length of days worthy,
Your fusion is by motion all uncankered ;
Unkinematic !

Your spores burst forth. O parents fond and dutiful,
 What lot in life could be much more felicitous
 Or any brighter?
 You little being chlorophylly beautiful,
 Who in high cod's head dost descend to visit us,
 Heteromita!

PRINCIPALLY REMIGIAL

IT is the duty of a righteous editor, when May Term comes, to take his pen and spread it o'er the surface of his paper in inditing what we consider the best kind of writing, a leader to congratulate our crews or comment on their conduct should they lose, to mention how we won (or lost) the sports, and how we battled in the Racquet-Courts. Another column will refer to Fletcher, and technicalities of thwart and stretcher, and how the wind—I almost might have written this article within the groves of Ditton before the race was won (so easy is it scenes to describe without an actual visit to the stern waters of the Thames at Hammersmith or at Mortlake). In the noblest grammar, with hardly any words really misspelt at all, I could describe how neither coxswain felt at all nervous a quarter of an hour before the race; how both the crews felt sure that they would score the race, how Oxford drew away at Chiswick Eyot amid a most extraordinary spate of pocket-handkerchiefs waved wildly; how Cambridge crept up with wave-dividing prow with even louder cheers; my sex forbids I should describe how seven's stretcher skids; but, generously giving up his briar, Bow (who sits next him) with unwonted fire holds it in place with his divine white ivories; how stroke increased to 50, which is high—very! Six (who's a villain) sees upon a

steamer the woman he has wronged by some bad scheme ; her face makes him faint and fall into the water. But Oxford getting fortunately shorter they could not quite recover the lost yard, and Cambridge consequently wins a hard-fought contest by two inches and a half ; at which the people who had backed them laugh, and Bow gets his commission in the guards. Our authoress, who reels off yards and yards of fine romance, is far too serious to make the pun to her so obvious about his being still a Beau, under the impression that we all pronounce the worthy who occupies the foremost thwart as if he were archer's joy or a division whiffy in London East. The space at my disposal is getting, alas ! too small, and pretty Rosalys (the girl I saw the race with) must be slurred over. Conclude. A thousand kind words and a word over to those who won and those who gamely stuck to it though they were beaten. (Next time better luck to it !)¹

¹ As a direct result of these remarks the boat race was indeed won by us the very next year but three or four.

HOW TO DO A RECHAUFFE

WHEN from a maid her lover goes,
Her little heart is full to burstin'.
She goes and dons at once the clothes
Her fickle lover kissed her first in.

She argues "if I reconstruct
That situation accurately,
Beneath his arm I'll soon be tucked,
If any virtue lie in Whately."

With Huxley it appears to her,
Mutatis, that's to say, *mutandis*,
The situation will recur,
Unhelped by *artibus nefandis*.

She will not recognise the fact,
That probably a change would snare 'em !
A person of superior tact,
Would purchase bloomers, ay, and wear 'em.

The jaunty jump, the cigarette,
The little hat (or toque) all skew-wise
Might claim his errant fancy yet—
This seems to me (I hope to *you*) wise.

HOW TO DO A RECHAUFFE

There! dry your eyes, my lass, put on
 A pretty costume to surprise him,
 Don't wait till he is really gone!
 (Like Ahab did, on Mount Gerizim).

Don't read "Félise" or any thing
 That naughty Mr Swinburne scribbles;
 The human heart with love enring;
 Don't dig right into it with dibbles!

Good luck, my lass, you now your way can see!
 —I feared she might have taken me to
 Replenish the unusual vacancy;
 And I have other things to see to.

THE VILLAGE CHAMPIONS

(FOUNDED ON FACT)

"The way to Dorking, mister? Ay!
 I wean't, a-fearin' to deceive;
 I bean't a man as can rely,
 To speak on, as you might perceive.
 You go an' ax that chap you see
 A-sitting by the villidge tree."

"And who is he?" the stranger said.
 "He seems more aged than you, my friend!"
 "Why, bless you, so 'e be," his head
 He sadly scratched from end to end,
 "But sich a hintellect, I'll lay
 You don't see, mister, hevery day!"

"Why, Billy Stoke 'e were the cove
 A matter o' ten year agone
 What beat Jim Buskett out o' 'Ove,
 What used to be the champion—
 Jim Buskett, wi' the wooden legs,
 What were the champion fur heggs!"

"It weren't a hole-an'-corner lay.

We painted up a board as said :

'The Goat-and-Compasses—to-day—

An' hentrance tuppence hevery 'ead.

The wummen-folk may henter free,

An' likewise babbies under three.

"'A challenge to the world do I,

Jim Buskett, with the wooden legs,

Give forth to all men and sundry

To win the championship fur heggs ;

An' this a stake o' twenty pound

To any heater 'ere around.'

"Now, mister, we 'ad never thought

To 'ave a heater sich as 'e,

An' yet opined as summun ought

To take the challenge, fair an' free ;

Fur Jim 'e seemed to us to boast,

The which our villidge hates the most.

"Well, arter 'arf-a-'our 'ad gone,

Why, sudden-like there up an' spoke :

'I'll challenge this 'ere champion !'

An' this was this 'ere Billy Stoke.

So ups we gets upon our legs,

An' tells the girl to fetch the heggs.

"Says Jim, 'Bring mine as hard as bricks,

An' boil 'em 'arf-a-'our or more,

An' bring 'em 'ere in plates of six.'

When Billy Stoke 'e up an' swore ;

'Bring mine,' 'e says, an' swore like mad,

'An' bring 'em raw,' ses 'e, 'by Gad !'

"So Jimmy Buskett sits 'im down,

An' Billy Stoke 'e ups an' stands ;

An' Parson Bimmins starts to frown.

But Sawbones Smith 'e rubs 'is 'ands,

An' whispers, as 'e wags 'is 'ead,

'Ere's work fur me an' Sexton Ned !'

"So Jimmy Buskett takes 'is seat,

An' swallows 'is'n 'ard an' 'ole ;

An' Billy stands upon 'is feet,

An' drinks 'em from a chiny bowl.

So by the time a 'our were gone,

They cats between 'em forty-one.

"But Jimmy's mouth were gitting dry,

An' so 'e 'as to wash 'em down,

While Billy looked 'most fit to die,

An' turned from green to dirty-brown ;

An' Sawbones Smith was a'most mazed,

An' Parson Bimmins fairly dazed.

"Well, mister, Jimmy Buskett ses,

'E ses, ses 'e, at fifty-two,

A-chokin' an' a-blowin' es

A rileway ingin go to do—

'E ses, ses 'e, 'I claims a win;
Bill Stokes ain't got 'is fifty in!'

"But Bill 'e give a glorious gulp,
An' swallows six as soon as snakes,
An' mashes more'n 'em inter pulp,
While Jim another couple takes.
'My lords,' ses Bill, 'I'm easy fust,
An' threescore yet afore I bust!'

"Then Jimmy Buskett up 'e riz,
An' tries to bolt a plateful more,
When green 'e turns about the phiz,
An' falls presumptuous on the floor.
So Sawbones swears upon the spot
A nappleplectic fit 'e's got.

"Then Billy Stoke 'e ups an' calls
Fur men to carry 'im to bed,
When likewise 'e permiscuous falls
An' 'its the fender with 'is 'ead.
Ses Sawbones, 'E's a lucky chap,
An' wean't be 'urt by *that* mis'ap.'

"'They've appleplectic fits,' 'e ses,
'An', though their lives I'm sure to save,
Yet each 'll carry, I'll confess,
A ruin' stummick to 'is grave.'
An' 'e were right as soon as not:
A ruin' stummick 'tis they've got.

"Well, mister, that's the facs as seen
Ten year ago come Chris'mas day,
An' so our villidge always been
The leadin' villidge down our way;
But Billy Stokes 'ull always 'ave
A ruin' stummick to 'is grave.

"An' when 'e tell the story now,
'E seem to gasp fur want of breath—
Yes, mister, Sawbones ses as 'ow
'E wean't be better till 'is death;
'Unto 'is grave,' 'e ses, ses 'e,
'A ruin' stummick's what 'e be!'"

TWO SONNETS IN PRAISE OF A PUBLISHER,
WHO SOUGHT TO INFECT OUR YOUTH WITH HIS
NOXIOUS WARES

The ordure of this goat, who is called "Master Leonard."—ELIPHAZ LEVI.
He's the man for muck.—BROWNING.

I.

SMALL coffin-worms that burrow in thy brain
Writhe with delight ; thy rotten body teems
With all infesting vermin, as beseems
The mirror of an obscene mind. In vain
Thy misbegotten brutehood shirks the pain
Of its avenging leprosies : death steams
In all thy rank foul atmosphere : the gleams
Of phosphorescent putrefaction wane.

Thy sordid hands reach through the filth to snatch
The offal money of a prurient swarm.
Thy liar's tongue licks liquid dung to hatch
From fetid ulcers with its slimy warm
Venom some fouler vermin, in their nest
Thy rotten heart and thy polluting breast !

72

SONNETS IN PRAISE OF A PUBLISHER 73

II.

Egg of the Slime ! Thy loose abortive lips
Mouth hateful things : thy shifty bloodshot eyes
Lurk craftily to snare some carrion prize,
The dainty morsel whence the poison drips
Unmarked : the masked infamy that slips
Into an innocent maw : corrupter wise !
Sly worm of hell ! that close and cunning lies
With sucking tentacles for finger-tips.

Earth spits on thee, contagious Caliban !
Hell spits on thee ; her sin is spiritual.
Only the awful slime and excrement
That sin sheds off will own thee for a man.
Only the worms in dead men's bowels that crawl
To lick a loathlier brother are content.

TO AN UNAPPRECIATIVE UNIVERSITY

WITH all my mental pabulum I like to be a ruminant,
Not gobble up too hastily my fodder ;
My mind is busy as a bloomin' spider or a bloomin' ant,
But I don't despise the necessary plodder.

I'm assured by all who know me I'm a most transcendent
genius ;
I'm as clever as a Cayley or a Newton ;
I breast the tape with Kelvin, and with Ramsay, and
Arrhenius,
But I copy the stolidity that's Teuton.

I envy not the lightning of the insight of an Oscar Wilde ;
My mental motto is *Festina lente* ;
I might have made the eminent composerman of "Tosca"
wild,
I admit that I have certainly made plenty.

But I find that in a Tripos ('tis the Moral Scientific)
I have never time to understand the question ;
When the clock strikes I am only just beginning a terrific
Answer after the completest of digestion.

TO AN UNAPPRECIATIVE UNIVERSITY 75

It's a pity that they'll plough me, for I should have made
my mark at last,
If I only became master of a College ;
My mighty mind was bound to have dispelled the dark at
last,
That covers all the rudiments of knowledge.

I should not have been expected in that station to produce
a thought,
Or do anything but draw a little salary ;
And I would one day eventually most graciously let loose
a thought
On some subject such as Maeterlinck or Malory.

But good-bye to thoughts of greatness amid men of Major
Schol. degree !
It's the first step that regards me with defiance ;
They'll allow me, p'raps, the General, or possibly the Poll
Degree,
For my papers in the Trip. of Moral Science.

So I, who might have risen to the fame of such a man as
Hobbes,
Or Leibnitz, or St Paul, or Dr Whewell,
Remain a mediocrity (excuse a water-can o' sobs !)
Exactly for my excellence—it's cruel.

SAPPHO IN CHIC-A-GO.

"Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia,
Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,
That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Aeneas', Odysseus' wanderings,
Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus,
Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa's gate and on Mount
Moriah,

The same on the walls of your German, French and Spanish castles, and
Italian collections,

For know a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide, untried domain awaits,
demands you.

Responsive to our summons,
Or rather to her long-nurs'd inclination,
Join'd with an irresistible, natural gravitation,
She comes! I hear the rustling of her gown,
I scent the odour of her breath's delicious fragrance,
I mark her step divine, her curious eyes a-turning, rolling,
Upon this very scene.

The dame of dames! can I believe then,
Those ancient temples, sculptures classic, could none of them retain her?
Nor shades of Virgil and Dante, nor myriad memories, poems, old associa-
tions, magnetize and hold on to her?

Yes, if you will allow me to say so,
I, my friends, if you do not, can plainly see her,
The same undying soul of earth's, activity's, beauty's, heroism's expression,
Out from her evolutions hither come, ended the strata of her former themes,
Hidden and cover'd by to-day's, foundation of to-day's,
Ended, decess'd through time, her voice by Castaly's fountain
Silent the broken-lipp'd Sphynx in Egypt, silent all these century-baffling
tombs,

Ended for aye the epics of Asia's, Europe's helmeted warriors, ended the
primitive call of the muses,

SAPPHO IN CHIC-A-GO

77

Calliope's call forever closed, Clio, Melpomene, Thiala dead,
Ended the stately rhythmus of Una and Oriana, ended the quest of the Holy
Grael,

Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind, extinct,
The Crusaders' streams of shadowy midnight troops sped with the sunrise,
Amadis, Tancred, utterly gone, Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver gone
Palmerin, ogre, departed, vanish'd the turrets that Usk from its waters reflected,
Arthur vanish'd with all his knights, Merlin and Lancelot and Galahad, all
gone, dissolv'd utterly like an exhalation;

Pass'd! pass'd! for us, forever pass'd, that once so mighty world, now void
inanimate, phantom world

Embroider'd, dazzling, foreign world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths,
Its kings and castles proud, its priests and warlike lords and courtly dames
Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with crown and armor on,
Blazon'd with Shakspeare's purple page,
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme.

I say I see, my friends if you do not, the illustrious emigré (having it is true
in her day, although the same, changed, journey'd considerable,)

Making directly for this rendezvous, vigorously clearing a path for herself,
striding through the confusion,

By thad of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismay'd
Bluffed not a bit by drain-pipe gasometers, artificial fertilizers,
Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay,
She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware!"

WALT WHITMAN.¹

The lady proved to be Sappho herself. She proceeded
to rival her Ode to Aphrodite with one to a publisher who
had met her on the wharf, thinking her to be the normal
brand of poetess, as manufactured at Boston. But
Sappho justifies her pre-eminence: she replies to his
overtures:

Would you play me down for a sucker, stranger?

Plunk down fifty bucks for a gold brick? No, sir!

I should smile! A dern silly proposition.

Not on yer tintype!

The above astonishing farrago of bombast, bad grammar, and schoolboy
blunder is the actual writing of this unpleasant psychopath.

(Bugschblöscherheim attributes the subjoined fragment, from the Scholiast amended by Dr. A. W. Verrall to suit the theory that Sappho was a rationalist (in costume), to the latter portion of this superb ode.)

Abiskise, all-fired altemal shucksters, savey?
 Chowder-headed bushwhackers, hop the clothesline!
 Dago speelers! Artichoke, am I? That lie's
 Nailed to the counter.

Black-eyed Susan bloviates nits, my Bourbons!
 Snicks for craps why-high the Arkansaw toothpick?
 Amerace -----

 Block Island Turkey!

Deuce a bucket -----
 -- stave -----
 ---- chinmusic - amusers
 ---- Scuds.

---- all sorts of ----

 Ambia --

---- Lach ----- glets
 ----- on jawbone --

---- We-uns.

Such the famous fragment. It is a pity that Whitman himself never answered Swinburne's passionate appeal: "Send but a song over sea for us!"

A RONDEL

SAY, how long shall our love remain
 Keen as the sea and strong,
 Light as the wind, and glad as the rain:—
 Say, how long?

Say, to whom shall the lips belong
 This year, next year, never again?
 Say, whose lips will have done me wrong?

Tell me, little shy bird, if pain
 Dwell in thy heart at an idle song;
 Now we are one; we shall soon be twain!
 Say, how long?

A SONNET OF SPRING FASHIONS

My Chloe has asked for a sonnet
To hymn her corulean hat.
Of course I mayn't call it a bonnet
(Though the rhyme would come awfully pat).
It has cherries and strawberries on it,
It's trimmed with the tail of a rat.
I think that this verse, if she con it,
Is likely to fall very flat.

Better luck, as I hope, with the sestet.
I cannot write sonnets, my Chloe,
They turn out so terribly doughy!
I only write this, as you pressed it.
Though now, you'll admit, it looks showy,
In writing I heartily blest it!

MARY ROGERS

A RONDEL

BY UNCLE PODGERS (*né* BLONDEL)

MARY ROGERS! Woe to men,
Parsons, lawyers, sailors, sodgers!
Ca' me canty but¹ and ben?
Mary Rogers!

Does she live by taking lodgers?
She is beautiful, but then
Quaint old jossers, queer old codgers—²

How she does it, do ye ken?³
Women are such artful dodgers!
Lord! I'd love to be there when
Mary Rogers.⁴

¹ But and ben—a Scots expression, very powerful and chaste.

² This sentence is left unrhused for effect.

³ Does what? This is a problem rondel.

⁴ *Et*, when yet unmarried.

ODE TO GERALD FESTUS KELLY

CURLED eyelids that hide like a beetle
Black eyes that grow green for an hour ;
The weary wide limbs and the leetle
White hands, like a boot in a bower ;
When thou art gone down, as a jelly,
What shall rest of us then, as we part,
O mystic and dolorous Kelly,
Apostle of Art !

Seven sorrows are sung by the Herald :¹
But thy daubs, which are seventy times seven,
Will kill me my militant Gerald,
And then they will haunt me in heaven ;
Fierce eyebrow or famishing bosom,
Rossetti or Aubrey or Jones,
Some buxom, some frail as the dew, some
Mere bags full of bones.

You shift and bedeck and bedrape them
(Though some are both nude and antique) :—
Your epigrams, who shall escape them ?
Your metaphors often oblique ?
With words you have beaten and blessed us,
You caused us to shudder and smart,
O subtle, spontaneous Festus,
Apostle of Art !

¹ This phrase is, and must remain obscure, as I can't remember what, if anything, I meant by it.

ODE TO GERALD FESTUS KELLY 83

By the ravenous teeth that have bitten
Through the salad of lobster and cheese ;
By the silliest lines I have written
(Though none are as silly as these) ;
By remarks I have made that were rude-io !
By the epigrams cruel and tart,
We beseech thee respond from thy studio,
Apostle of Art !

On canvas by paints never covered,
Nor wet with the washing of turps ;
On blocks where thy pen never hovered,
Nor pencil that crumbles and chirps.
(My fingers with ink are so inky,
I want to give vent to a phrase,
That would shock even Wee Willie Winkie,
Or t' Owd 'un of Days.)

We shall know what the darkness discovers
When bald are the hairs of our head ;
For "love and the pleasures of lovers
Are only well known to the dead."²
We shall know if your heaven is helly,
Find out if your liver is heart ;
And if brains be the whole of thee, Kelly,
Apostle of Art !

¹ Macroprosopus, the "Vast Countenance."

² Original epigram, by G. F. K. Copyright in the United States of America.

A RONDEL

A BRIEF half-hour is man's allotted bliss,
A space of sunshine and eternal shower ;
A little time for love, as short as is
A brief half-hour.

Hell hath no witchcraft, heaven hath no power,
To change, prolong, delay, or hasten this.
It comes and flits, a bee from bud to flower.

No strength hath love, no virtue hath love's kiss,
To move one jot fate's doom, man's meed, sin's dower.
Between birth's darkness and the gates of Dis,
A brief half-hour !

THE CHEMIST'S LOVE-SONG

MY love's deep purple wondrous eyes
Would melt a saint, howe'er obdurate ;
Their gorgeous colour even vies
With cuprammonium cyanurate.

As beauteous as the acetate
Of tri-methyl-ros-aniline,
Or ferric chloride made to mate
With di-hydroxy-toluene.

Her hair the gorgeous golden hue
That is so marked in isatin,
Or the sulphonic acid, too,
Of naphthol-diazo-benzene.

Her cheeks approach the lovely shade
Of tetra-brom-fluorescein,
Or that of alkalies displayed
On exquisite phenol-phthalein.

And my desire for her is more
Than that of meta-ethylene-
Benzoyl-tri-methyl-phenyl-chlor-
Di- β -nitro-toluene

THE CHEMIST'S LOVE-SONG

For oxidising agents all :

And if my love she were to spurn,
Like tetra-nitro-di-benzal-
Tolu-ethylidene I'd burn.

My heart would break up like the mol-

Ecule of para-toluene-
Diazo- γ -amidol-
Hydroxy-tri-mesitylene.

BAL MASQUE

YES, rose domino, eyes so grey,
Did you believe that I could not guess
Whose pretty face beneath it lay ?
Yes !

Who but yourself could adorn that dress,
Though it be dainty—(are you a fay,
Or a pink-and-white Dresden Shepherdess ?)

Dominoes must not say love nay,
Surely my skill can deserve no less
Than—so you smile—I am sure I may—
Yes ?

LINES IN SPRING

Note.—In these musical lines I have attacked the problem of Phonetic Spelling from an entirely original standpoint. The result is the vindication of my noble theories on this matter.

THOUGH through and hiccough have nough rhyme,
 enough,
 Yough ought tough grant, remain tough make one cough.
 Here goughs — Ough! sweet tough rough oughoughn
 the lough
 Though, trough, I might through ough, if it were rough,
 My sougher. Hough I loughve the oughx sough tough
 That goughs, loughed loughing, where the ripples sough
 With the blough blough-bloughsed ploughman tough
 the trough,
 Though the blough bloughs are soughre. Woughd friend
 Hough Clough
 Sing yough a songhng sough sweet? Nough! Nough!
 The slough
 Ough poughets' rivalry we shoughn, although
 Yough ought tough knough hough I oughtclass him.
 Baugh,
 Blossom, and frought, my flougher exceeds. The dough
 I oughse is yeastier. Goughd speed the plough!

AU THEATRE DU GRAND GUIGNOL¹

LE SYSTEME DU DOCTEUR GOUDRON ET DU PRO-
 FESSEUR PLUME

What this system really implies.

POE!
 Poe by the gift of the Lord!
 Poe in his tragedy,
 Black melodrama,
 Horrid, overwhelming,
 Nerve-shattering maniacal effort
 Dictated by morphia, Poe
 The American poet
 Translated by Baudelaire,
 Stephen Mallarmé,
 And other people
 Of singular and perhaps
 Unique talent
 (Now joined by
 André de Lordes)
 Is a splendid success
 At the quaint little theatre
 Of Montmartre.
 Speed!—I mean Poe!

¹ A review on "the Soothing System" in its original French dress.

[Unhappily our contributor returned alive from watching the start of the Paris-Madrid race. He had provided himself with a copy of Mr Henley's "Imperishable Poem," and the metre, in which there is but one rule, viz. "anything scans," seems to have run away with him. Would the motor had done as the metre! He will be printed as prose.—Ed.]

Filled with anticipations of the most blood-curdling order, we sought the breezy heights of Montmartre. The Sacré Cœur, looking more than ever like a compromise between an Indian mosque and a Buzzard cake, towered above us in the frosty twilight.

It is, however, invisible from the theatre itself, so that we were able to give our undivided attention to the system of Doctor Goudron and Professor Plume, and it is our interpretation alone which has any real value. It will be necessary first to call the attention of the reader to our own system, without some account of which he may find himself embarrassed, even bewildered.

Mr George MacDonald in his masterpiece of Haggardized Rabbinical tradition, "Lilith" (Off, Lilith!),¹ has broken the wind of the poor phrase to this effect:

"To grow and not to grow; to grow larger and to grow smaller at one and the same time; yea, even to grow by the simple process of not growing."

In these unpretending and innocent words lies hid (for the eye of the wise to discover) the germ of the most stupendous and far-reaching system of philosophy that has

¹ The Qabalah.

ever been presented to the astounded consciousness of mortal men. Quickly overrunning the civilized world, it has penetrated (auspice Teucro) into the very remotest steppes of Central Asia, the wildest savannahs of the American prairie, where dog and oyster burble in plethoric harmony among the verdant shoots of cactus and coyote, where the giant Appomattox rolls in sulky majesty to the red bays of the Pacific. The Society formed to exploit this unheard-of invention is, naturally, of a most secret nature: perhaps I am revealing too much when I say that members are permitted to inscribe after their names the letters L.A.L. By the *New Method*, therefore, let us continue our interesting studies of the system of Doctor Goudron and Professor Plume. *Laure*, the first of three curtain (and hair) raisers, is a charming little drama. An ingénue comes by accident into possession of a letter compromising her mother. Discovered by her father, she saves her mother by accusing herself. The mother, secure once more, bullies and ill-treats the heroic child, so that the curtain falls on her despairing shriek of "Misérable!" Here then is truth! Not in a well, as lewd fellows have impotently pretended: but here, here on the stage of the Grand Guignol. It was just what happens every time, when anyone is fool enough to sacrifice themselves. It was magnificent; it was war!

Curtain-lifter No. 2 was a still wittier scene, yet the element of improbability¹ damped, not indeed the enthusiasm of the mob, but our own more sober and

¹ A débutante with her mother finds herself by inadvertence at a "gros numéro." But we betray our correspondent's reticence. Enough.—Ed.

judicious pleasure. You ask therefore in vain for detail. "La Mineure" (No. 3) was, on the other hand, even more life-like than No. 1.

A witness retained by justice to identify a criminal discovers him by chance in the person of the President of the Court himself. She is hauled to the deepest dungeons of Saint Lazare, and everything thus ends happily. For one moment the nerves of the spectator are braced up to meet the sword of Damocles—and then, with a single blow, the Juge d'Instruction subtly and delicately strikes in, and we can breathe again.

The Docteur Goudron was now to appear, and it was a spectacle saddening to the serious philosopher to observe everybody pretending, often most elaborately, that they had read Poe's story on which the play is based. Alas! that we should have been among them! Yet so it was. Many years have elapsed since our feet trod civilized MacAdam; many years since we spent hour after happy hour poring over our Poes. Surprising? Ay, but true. Yet some dimmest recollection of Dr Tarr and Professor Feather does hurtle heavenward to us across the mist-kissed abyss of memory: so much, no more.

The actor who represented Doctor Goudron—his name is worthy to be graven on tablets of brass: it is consequently not to be printed here. His self-restraint, his command of expression, his elocution were alike wonderful.

Booth, Irving, could not have done it better; it could have barely been equalled even by Wilson Barrett in his prime.

Horror holds one from the outset: but when from words we go to deeds, the formulation of the Logos in the plastic, alas! the element of music-hall supervenes—O Catulle Mendès! didst thou say, forced like Galileo to thy knees by an iniquitous tribunal; *Personne ne croit à ces cadavres!*¹? Yet we do so. The director's murder is done magnificently; better than Macbeth, better than the Cenci; better than the Mother's Tragedy.¹ No! this praise is too fulsome, too indiscriminate; but any way, better than the other two. He groans like laurelled Martial in Burns's poem; yet his assassin does not tickle the ears of the groundlings with a coarse "*Crévé, nom de D——!*" but in supreme self-mastery, the iron control of a lunatic whose sanity is at stake, enters stern and silent, his eyes glittering with fiendish joy—Bavière, thy poster is superb!—and develops with calm and scientific precision his system to the raving crowd of madmen and madwomen. Peer Gynt! ay! but Peer Gynt with a tang! Peer Gynt vital, real, terrible.

What is the system? That is fine; but remember, my friends, that our own system comes first! Charity begins at home and ends in the workhouse: so the new method must absorb our space—ay! and infinite space!—to the exclusion of our unworthy imitators, Doctor Goudron and Professor Plume. To Montinartre then, reader! to the Grand Guignol! To the Madhouse,

¹ We have discovered too late that this is a despicable effort of our correspondent's jejune graphomania. Had we suspected that he was a poetaster as well as a degenerate and imbecile, we should not have printed this rubbish.—Ed.

ha, ha, ha! Shudder, shiver, shake, shriek, do everything that begins with sh, except hush—and that is Irish, after all.

Of one thing only do I warn you: from start to finish there is not a word or a gesture that could shock the most innocent maiden, or bring a gleam to the eye of the least hardened roué, or the most expert member of the Vigilance Society.

This, in a French theatre, is as rare as it is delightful;¹ and though it is conditioned, like all phenomena, by space, time, and causality, it is none the less refreshing.²

VLADIMIR SVAREFF, P.L.A.L.

¹ The MS. is almost illegible; the word might be "disappointing."

² Ditto. ditto. ditto. "refrigerating."

EXCERPT A—FROM THE CATALOGUE.

Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth,

Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness.

THE WORKS OF MR ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Aceldama. 21s.

This booklet, of which a very few copies now remain, is an interesting example of the sensuous mysticism of a brilliant boy.

The Tale of Archais. 5s.

This edition is nearly exhausted. It is beautifully printed on hand made paper. A fairy romance of Greece and its mythology, very suitable as a present for young people.

"The 'Tale of Archais' describes the meeting and love of Archais, daughter of Lamia, and Oracles, and the means by which, with Aphrodite's aid, they eventually succeeded in averting the curse of Zeus. 'A Gentleman of the University of Cambridge' wields a powerful pen, and much of his work is exceedingly beautiful. Unfortunately, we are unable to quote at any length, through want of space. The two stanzas appended are from the song on page 19—

'Ere the grape of joy is golden
With the summer and the sun,
'Ere the maidens unbelov'd
Gather one by one,
To the vineyard comes the shower,
No sweet rain to fresh the flower,
But the thunder rain that cleaves,
Rends and ruins tender leaves.

All the subtle airs are proven
False at dewfall, at the dawn
Sin and sorrow, interwoven,
Like a veil are drawn
Over love and all delight;
Grey desires invade the white,
Love and life are but a span;
Woe is me! and woe is man!

"In conclusion, as far as descriptive power and beauty of thought are concerned, we consider that the author of 'The Tale of Archaïs' holds the first place among the latter-day poets."—*Cambridge Magazine*.

Songs of the Spirit. 3s. 6d.

A collection of delicate lyrics, illustrative of the vague yet holy aspirations of adolescence.

"We shall be sorry if any one who cares much for verse in itself, who is curious of new tendencies in contemporary poetry, and values the articulate expression of an individuality, should miss a little book of unusual quality called 'Songs of the Spirit,' by Aleister Crowley (Kegan Paul and Co., 8vo, pp. 109, 3s. 6d.). We have read it with admiration for its intense spirituality, as well as for its technical superiorities, and with sympathy for its spontaneous reflection of certain moods—byways of poetry, no doubt, that Mr Crowley pursues almost without variation except in the movement of his rhythms, now swift as desire and now slow as remorse, with an utterance at once mysterious and vivid. Visions of temptation and of beatitude, wavering aspirations to serenity and knowledge, hymns and rhapsodies of a devout mysticity, emotional descriptions illustrating that saying of Amiel's, 'Les paysages sont des états d'âme'—such are the contents of this volume, in which we are sure of having heard an impressive and an original voice dominating diverse echoes that we hesitate whether to ascribe to literary influences or to coincidence of temperament. For there are things that suggest the names of Goethe and of Baudelaire; others, such as 'The Quest' and that strange 'Philosopher's Progress,' which begins

'That which is highest as the deep
Is fixed, the depth as that above;
Death's face is as the face of Sleep;
And Lust is likest Love,'

share at least Blake's impenetrable simplicity of form, and their symbolism is, like his, curiously seductive, even where it seems

turned to obscurantism; elsewhere Mr Swinburne is (if only superficially) recalled; and 'Vespers' is by no means unworthy of Rossetti. Similar preoccupations, again, direct the muse of Mr Francis Thompson; but the verse of 'Songs of the Spirit'—essentially intimate, introspective if you like—is also free from obvious artifice and eccentricity, it is fiery and clear-measured and easy of phrasing. We venture to quote from a poem dated 'Amsterdam' some lines exemplifying Mr Crowley's talent:—

'Let me pass out beyond the city gate
Where I may wander by the water still,
And see the faint few stars immaculate
Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill
Their own desire within its icy stream.
Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one
Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,
Move and move on, and never see the sun
Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,
Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,
And stir the chill canal with manifold
Layers of clear morning; never grow afraid
When he dips down beyond the far flat land,
Know never more the day and night apart,
Know not where frost has laid his iron hand,
Save only that it fastens on my heart;
Save only that it grips with icy fire
These veins no fire of hell could satiate;
Save only that it quenches this desire.
Let me pass out beyond the city gate.'

We should like to give other examples, but we can only name some of those pieces that seem to us the most remarkable. Such are 'An Ill Dream,' of which the glowing imagery seizes and holds fast the vagueness of shifting impressions; a 'Farewell of Paracelsus to April,' containing some fine lyrical flights; 'The Initiation,' and 'Succubus,' a record of fearful obsessions in a metre which, in spite of a few unaccountable lapses, we think extremely effective."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Jezebel, etc. 21s. during 1904, afterwards 42s., if any remain.

Very few copies remain of this book, of which only a small private edition was issued. It is a masterpiece of antique printing, and the subject-matter is of unusual interest to all students of human nature in its moods of darker hue. A few of the poems have never been reprinted.

An Appeal to the American People. 1s.

A superb ode in favour of the Anglo-American entente.

Jephthah, etc. 7s. 6d.

The most remarkable Scriptural tragedy that has ever appeared since Samson Agonistes, with which it compares only too favourably. There are also a number of fine lyrics and dramatic poems in the volume.

"Mr Crowley has paced the literary stage before, not without success, though it were not much more than the success of expectation. He was hailed as a promising young man, and a follower of Swinburne. It is true that young men usually follow somebody or something; but this does not imply depreciation. It is also true that some critics appear to expect an absolutely impossible originality, and that they forget Emerson's dictum that the greatest genius is the most indebted man. Nobody borrowed more than the Bard of Avon; yet he has been held to have achieved a tolerable reputation. Poor Brahms declared that the most exasperating people in the universe were those who listened to a new composition only with the view of noting whence the composer had derived his ideas, and who, at the conclusion, nodded to each other and whispered, 'Beethoven,' or 'Mendelssohn,' or 'old Sebastian Bach.' Perhaps the poet who has the name of Swinburne flung at him feels something of this, though Mr Crowley has dedicated his book to that distinguished singer. To our mind, whatever may be said of the earlier effort, 'Songs of the Spirit,' the present book is not distinctly Swinburnian. There is no need to compare the writer with any other, but if we had to elect we should declare for Milton; that is, Milton plus two centuries. We make no comparisons; rather does Mr Crowley appear to be in style a strong eclectic, with a due measure of the unique which represents an unlettered, unsophisticated self. He can hardly be called a minor poet; with him it is neck or nothing. He is very much in earnest, and sufficiently unorthodox even for this faithless age. Not a particularly sweet singer, but strenuous, and with a wonderful mastery of certain technical forms. He has been praised for the perfection of his rhythm, but he is not always perfect; there are lines that require slight management on the part of the reader, because they do not quite read themselves. But these are rare, and the swing of the lyrics is everywhere admirable. The chiefest fault is obscurity. To get the meaning you have to pause, and corrugate the brow, which would not matter much if you were sure that you had the thought at last, and that it was worth waiting for. It should be said that 'The Dedication' is a poem expressive of admiration of Swinburne,

and that the title-work is only one of many that the book contains. 'Jephthah' is, of course, a tragedy. 'The Five Kisses' comprises a series of lyrics of impassioned character, skilful technique, and real poetic frenzy, though they may, perhaps, 'prove nothing,' and puzzle the mere utilitarian. 'A Sonnet of Blasphemy' may be given as an average specimen of our poet's verse and sentiments:—

'Exalted over earth, from hell arisen,
There sits a woman, ruddy with the flame
Of men's blood spilt, and her uncleanly shame,
And the thrice-venomous vomit of her prison.

She sits as one long dead; infernal calm,
Chill hatred, wrap her in their poisonous cold.
She careth not, but doth disdainly hold
Three scourges for man's soul, that know no balm.

They know not any cure. The first is Life,
A well of poison. Sowing dust and dung
Over men's hearts, the second scourge, above
All evil deeds, is Lying, from whose tongue
Drops Envy, wed with Hatred to sow Strife.

These twain are bitter. But the last is Love.'

There are many poems the titles of which we need not give. Nearly all seem to indicate that Mr Crowley is still in the thick of his passions; the ferment is discernible to all who have passed that way. But there is good wine there; he must be reckoned with. If he progresses, his will become a great name. If he has arrived at his limits we shall hear no more of him. But from the power and earnestness of the book before us we are inclined to favour his chances in the future. He has shown at least the foot of Hercules."
—*Birmingham Gazette*.

The Mother's Tragedy, etc. 5s.

The two dramas in this volume are of a nature to freeze the blood in the veins of the most sanguine of mankind. Also a short collection of lyrics of great beauty and horror is contained.

"Mr Aleister Crowley is a poet who is apparently under the obsession of an esoteric view of life and human destiny. He endeavours to grapple with the dark problems which exercised the imagination of John Ford. He views the sexual problem from the standpoint of an unconventional student of human nature. His creed is a singular mixture of belief in Osiris and in Christ. The

principal poem in his new volume is a powerful dramatic sketch ending in something like a tragic farce. The love of a man for his own mother, not according to a moral but a sexual standard, is not quite a novel idea, but Mr Crowley handles the subject in a revolting fashion, which the Greek poets avoided, owing to their keen artistic sensibility. Some passages in this drama are really very fine; and 'The Fatal Force' is also a dramatic poem of singular power, though the subject is equally horrible. There is scarcely a poem in the entire volume free from morbidity; and yet it is impossible to deny that Mr Crowley has a claim to recognition as a true poet. Most men who have thought deeply on life's problems recognise that the current religion of nearly all their fellow men is an idle mockery. The relations of men and women, as well as the constitution of states and families, are based largely on organised lies. We cannot shrink from looking behind the veil, and asking ourselves—What is life at best? Is it materialism and obscenity? or is it a sickening comedy in which nobody cares whether the consequences of his actions are injurious to others or not? Mr Crowley seems to hold that the world is reeking with rottenness—and he is, to a great extent, right. His poems, 'Mors Janua Amoris' and 'The Whore in Heaven,' will horrify the votaries of Mrs Grundy. At the same time, these daring verses contain a large share of elemental truth. But we live in a hypocritical age, and apparently the author of these extraordinary poems realises the fact, for his volume is 'privately printed.' The epilogue, 'A Death in Sicily,' is really a magnificent poem—pagan in its intensity and vividness of colouring; but the prudes who think nakedness impurity and who abjectly fear death will denounce this really gifted poet as 'immoral.'—*Oxford Magazine*.

'The Soul of Osiris. 5s.

A marvellous collection of psychological poems, illustrating the progress of a soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

Mr G. K. Chesterton writes a column and a quarter of praise of this book in the *Daily News*.

Carmen Sæculare. 2s. 6d.

This beautifully printed pamphlet contains lyrics of prophetic strain.

"Few things in history are more pathetic than the fate of the Anglo-Gaelic writers who are compelled to denounce their hereditary enemy, the Saxon, in his own English. While they cry destruction

upon him, they enrich his literature and breathe new life into his speech. To this school belongs the author of 'Carmen Sæculare,' a poem and a vision:—

'I would be silent. And the words obsess
My spirit. It is well.'

"In a self-imposed trance the poet prophesies the future of the nations. For England, needless to say, he has nothing but vengeance and irretrievable ruin:—

'The temple of their God is broken down;
Yea, Mammon's shrine is cleansed! The house of her
That cowed the world with her malignant frown,
And drove the Celt to exile and despair,
Is battered now—God's fire destroys the town;
London admits God's air.'

"The other nations fare little better; impartial justice is meted out to all:—

'O German Empire! Let thy sons beware.
O piteous fallen tyranny of Spain!
Fall, Austria! In the very day and hour,
And thou, foul oligarchy of the West.'

"One country alone receives a benison:—

'Hail! France! Because thy Freedom hath rebelled.'

"After the general cataclysm that is to come, the poet foresees the dawn of an era of love, justice, and peace, when the Celtic race shall be restored to their own:—

'The Reign of Darkness hath an end. Behold!
Eight stars are gathered in one fiery sign.
This is the birth-hour of the Age of Gold;
The false gold pales before the Gold divine.
The Christ is calling to the starry fold
Of souls—Arise and Shine!'

"It is doubtful how much of this histrionic hate is genuinely sincere, but one is glad to acknowledge that amid all the delirium of revolutionary dreams there are many strong, nervous lines, and some exalted thoughts."—*Daily News*.

Tannhäuser. 7s. 6d.

A remarkable "Pilgrim's Progress" in dramatic form. This work may be regarded as the culmination of the Author's powers in lyrical and dramatic work: he has apparently said the last word possible on the subject of Regeneration, for no further book of the kind has yet issued from his prolific pen.

Berashith. 5s.

This rare pamphlet is almost exhausted. As most people know, Berashith is the first word of the Book of Genesis, and the essay contains a complete solution of the Problem of Creation, which has baffled all brains less astute and profound than our author's. The Essay has since been reprinted with added references and elucidation of some of the more abstruse propositions; this edition is therefore of interest only as an *Editio princeps*.

Ahab, etc. 5s.

A companion to "Jezebel." The present low price is due to the recent issue, and the larger number of copies issued (150). Its intrinsic interest is however profound.

"Mr Aleister Crowley's previous work has been eccentric, and at the best he has done more to provoke curiosity than to give confidence. Now he chooses to handicap himself by printing his poems in a type that must inevitably impose restrictions upon many readers, and we think that the diction, usually admirably simple, of the principal piece in 'Ahab and Other Poems' (Chiswick Press, pp. 34, 5s. net) suffers from an interruption of the fluency of its rhythms. Mr Crowley has amplified the Biblical narrative, and, with an obvious revolt of sympathy, has given to the savage figure of Ahab something of the nobility of reason that rebels against the tyranny of his fate. There is a modern self-consciousness in this tragic, brooding monologue:—

'I see him, a fantastic ghost,
The vineyard smiling white and plain,
And hiding ever innermost
The little shadow on his brain;
I laugh again with mirthless glee,
As knowing also I am he.
A fool in gorgeous attire!
An ox decked bravely for his doom!
So step I to the great desire.
Sweet winds upon the gathering gloom
Bend like a mother, as I go,
Foreknowing, to my overthrow.'

Mr Crowley has some doubtful phrases, but most of his verse is clear and moderate. Here is his picture of Naboth:—

'The beast. A gray deceitful man,
With twisted mouth the beard would hide,
Evil yet strong; the scurril clan
Exaggerate for its greed and pride,
The scum of Israel! At one look
I read my foe as in a book.

The beast. He grovelled in the dust.
I heard the teeth grind as he bowed
His forehead to the earth. Still just,
Still patient, passionless, and proud,
I ruled my heavy wrath. I passed
That hidden insult, spake at last.'

The other pieces include a grandiose sonnet on Rodin's statue of Balzac; 'Melusine,' in which mannerisms and affectations predominate; and 'The Dream,' a smooth piece of verse that leaves no very strong impression. There are an introduction and an epilogue in verse by Count Vladimir Svareff.—*Manchester Guardian*.

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