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39 Montpelier Square
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"None but the wasteful virtues own
the sun"

W.B. Yeats - Jan. 1915

W.B. Yeats . Poet and dramatist.

("Sir Jeffery Chaucer"), Cardan, Jovianus Pontanus, Philippus Beroaldus, that great Bononian doctor (I quote remembered names at random)—does not hide his original mind. For him books are things as living as men and trees, and to quote them and draw lessons from them is as natural as it is for a decorative painter to borrow motives from nature; he turns to them as a poet might to the clouds or the flowers to furnish an added vividness to his thought. It is his thought, and the quotations are mere embellishment. His very method of translating his Latin citations is individual. He seldom gives a literal rendering, but rather an incisive paraphrase—*absque argento omnia vana*, hang him that hath no money; *mala mens malus animus*, ill dispositions breed ill suspicions—and occasionally he deliberately plays the fool; *veritas odium parit*, verjuice and oatmeal is good for a parret. He writes as he spoke, he himself tells us, and his own vigorous and unaffected phrase, his sudden questions to the reader and assumptions that the reader has questioned him, his abruptly interjected approvals and condemnations, give an extraordinarily vivid and personal impression. "Old men, that have more toes than teeth"; "heroic lovers, who will, for their mistress, flap down men like flies"; "as much pitty is to be taken of a woman weeping as of a goose going bare foot"; "she looks like a squis'd cat"—this is not the language of a man who quotes for lack of a graphic word of his own.

To read either at a stretch, or to open at random in the odd half-hour between the end of the evening's work and bed, there is no wiser or pleasanter book for him who prefers a slight tartness to undiluted sweet. But you cannot take him comfortably to bed with you; you must have Burton in a decent sized volume, a volume of weight. Pocket editions are well suited to some authors, tolerable for others, but for the *Anatomy* as absurd as a refectory table in the tiny dining-room of a modern flat. You must have the frontispiece, with Democritus and Democritus Junior, the borage and hellebore, the lover, the student, and all the other symbols. Decent enough editions were published in two volumes in the early years of the nineteenth century. In modern times we have the three volume edition published by Bells, now out of print, but even so these volumes are somewhat too new. The early folios are the thing to get—it is not generally known that the *first* edition was a quarto—and these are not out of reach of modest means. My copy of the fifth edition, corrected and augmented by the author and published in 1638, did not cost three pounds.

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE.

EASTER, 1916

I HAVE met them at close of day
 Coming with vivid faces
 From counter or desk among grey
 Eighteenth-century houses.
 I have passed with a nod of the head
 Or polite meaningless words,
 Or have lingered awhile and said
 Polite meaningless words,
 And thought before I had done
 Of a mocking tale or a gibe
 To please a companion
 Around the fire at the club,
 Being certain that they and I
 But lived where motley is worn:
 All changed, changed utterly:
 A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent
 In ignorant good will,

Her nights in argument
 Until her voice grew shrill.
 What voice more sweet than hers
 When young and beautiful,
 She rode to harriers?
 This man had kept a school
 And rode our winged horse.
 This other his helper and friend
 Was coming into his force;
 He might have won fame in the end,
 So sensitive his nature seemed,
 So daring and sweet his thought.
 This other man I had dreamed
 A drunken, vain-glorious lout.
 He had done most bitter wrong
 To some who are near my heart,
 Yet I number him in the song;
 He, too, has resigned his part
 In the casual comedy;
 He, too, has been changed in his turn,
 Transformed utterly:
 A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone
 Through summer and winter, seem
 Enchanted to a stone
 To trouble the living stream.
 The horse that comes from the road,
 The rider, the birds that range
 From cloud to tumbling cloud,
 Minute by minute change;
 A shadow of cloud on the stream
 Changes minute by minute;
 A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
 And a horse plashes within it
 Where long-legged moor-hens dive,
 And hens to moor-cocks call.
 Minute by minute they live:
 The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
 Can make a stone of the heart.
 O when may it suffice?
 That is heaven's part, our part
 To murmur name upon name,
 As a mother names her child
 When sleep at last has come
 On limbs that had run wild.
 What is it but nightfall?
 No, no, not night but death;
 Was it needless death after all?
 For England may keep faith
 For all that is done and said.
 We know their dream; enough
 To know they dreamed and are dead.
 And what if excess of love
 Bewildered them till they died?
 I write it out in a verse—

MacDonagh and MacBride
 And Connolly and Pearse
 Now and in time to be,
 Wherever green is worn,
 Are changed, changed utterly:
 A terrible beauty is born.

W. B. YEATS.