

N<sup>o</sup> 1.  
August 15, 1892.

# THE PAGAN REVIEW

- ..... Foreword.  
**W. S. Fanshawe:** *The Black Madonna.*  
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**Willand Dreeme:** *The Pagans: a Romance.*  
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**Wm. Windover:** *Dionysos in India.*  
Contemporary Record.  
Editorial.

SIC TRANSIT  
GLORIA GRUNDI.  
One Shilling.

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\* \* \*

THE PAGAN REVIEW will appear on the 15th of each month, in pamphlet form of 64 pages.

\* \* \*

It will publish nothing save by writers who theoretically and practically have identified, or are identifying themselves with "the younger men."

\* \* \*

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## SUGGESTIONS.

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\*\* ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO THE ASSISTANT EDITOR:—

MR. W. H. BROOKS,

BUCK'S GREEN, RUDGWICK, SUSSEX.

## FOREWORD.

*Editorial prefaces to new magazines generally lay great stress on the effort of the directorate, and all concerned, to make the forthcoming periodical popular.*

*We have no such expectation: not even, it may be added, any such intention. We aim at thorough-going unpopularity: and there is every reason to believe that, with the blessed who expect little, we shall not be disappointed.*

\*  
\* \* \*

*In the first place, THE PAGAN REVIEW is frankly pagan: pagan in sentiment, pagan in convictions, pagan in outlook. This being so, it is a magazine only for those who, with Mr. George Meredith, can exclaim in all sincerity—*

*“O sir, the truth, the truth! is't in the skies,  
Or in the grass, or in this heart of ours?  
But O, the truth, the truth! . . . .”*—

*and at the same time, and with the same author, are not unready to admit that truth to life, external and internal, very often*

*“ . . . . . is not meat  
For little people or for fools.”*

*To quote from Mr. Meredith once more:*

*“ . . . . . these things are life:  
And life, they say, is worthy of the Muse.”*

*But we are well aware that this is just what “they” don't say. “They”, “the general public”, care very little about the “Muse” at all; and the one thing they never advocate or wish is that the “Muse” should be so indiscreet as to really withdraw from life the approved veils of Convention.*

*Nevertheless, we believe that there is a by no means numerically insignificant public to whom THE PAGAN REVIEW may appeal; though our paramount difficulty will be to reach those who, owing to various circum-*

stances, are out of the way of hearing aught concerning the most recent developments in the world of letters.

\* \*

THE PAGAN REVIEW conveys, or is meant to convey, a good deal by its title. The new paganism is a potent leaven in the yeast of the "younger generation", without as yet having gained due recognition, or even any sufficiently apt and modern name, any scientific designation. The "new paganism," the "modern epicureanism," and kindred appellations, are more or less misleading. Yet, with most of us, there is a fairly definite idea of what we signify thereby. The religion of our forefathers has not only ceased for us personally, but is no longer in any vital and general sense a sovereign power in the realm. It is still fruitful of vast good, but it is none the less a power that was rather than a power that is. The ideals of our forefathers are not our ideals, except where the accidents of time and change can work no havoc. A new epoch is about to be inaugurated, is, indeed, in many respects, already begun; a new epoch in civil law, in international comity, in what, vast and complex though the issues be, may be called Human Economy. The long half-acknowledged, half-denied duel between Man and Woman is to cease, neither through the victory of hereditary overlordship nor the triumph of the far more deft and subtle if less potent weapons of the weaker, but through a frank recognition of copartnery. This new comradeship will be not less romantic, less inspiring, less worthy of the chivalrous extremes of life and death, than the old system of overlord and bondager, while it will open perspectives of a new-rejoicing humanity, the most fleeting glimpses of which now make the hearts of true men and women beat with gladness. Far from wishing to disintegrate, degrade, abolish marriage, the "new paganism" would fain see that sexual union become the flower of human life. But, first, the rubbish must be cleared away; the anomalies must be replaced by just inter-relations; the sacredness of the individual must be recognised; and women no longer have to look upon men as usurpers, men no longer to regard women as spiritual foreigners.

\* \* \*

These remarks, however, must not be taken too literally as indicative of the literary aspects of **THE PAGAN REVIEW**. Opinions are one thing, the expression of them another, and the transformation or reincarnation of them through indirect presentment another still.

This magazine is to be a purely literary, not a philosophical, partisan, or propagandist periodical. We are concerned here with the new presentment of things rather than with the phenomena of change and growth themselves. Our vocation, in a word, is to give artistic expression to the artistic "inwardness" of the new paganism; and we voluntarily turn aside here from such avocations as chronicling every ebb and flow of thought, speculating upon every fresh surprising derelict upon the ocean of man's mind, or expounding well or ill the new ethic. If those who sneer at the rallying cry, "Art for Art's sake," laugh at our efforts, we are well content; for even the lungs of donkeys are strengthened by much braying. If, on the other hand, those who, by vain pretensions and paradoxical clamour, degrade Art by making her merely the more or less seductive panoply of mental poverty and spiritual barrenness, care to do a grievous wrong by openly and blatantly siding with us, we are still content; for we recognise that spiritual byways and mental sewers relieve the Commonwealth of much that is unseemly and might breed contagion. **THE PAGAN REVIEW**, in a word, is to be a mouthpiece—we are genuinely modest enough to disavow the definite article—of the younger generation, of the new pagan sentiment, rather, of the younger generation. In its pages there will be found a free exposition of the myriad aspects of life, in each instance as adequately as possible reflective of the mind and literary temperament of the writer. The pass-phrase of the new paganism is ours: Sic transit gloria Grundi. The supreme interest of Man is—Woman: and the most profound and fascinating problem to Woman is, Man. This being so, and quite unquestionably so with all the male and female pagans of our acquaintance, it is natural that literature dominated by the various forces of the sexual emotion should prevail. Yet, though paramount in attraction, it is,

after all, but one among the many motive forces of life; so we will hope not to fall into the error of some of our French confrères and be persistently and even supernaturally awake to one functional activity and blind to the general life and interest of the commonwealth of soul and body. It is LIFE that we preach, if perforce we must be taken as preachers at all; Life to the full, in all its manifestations, in its heights and depths, precious to the uttermost moment, not to be bartered even when maimed and weary. For here, at any rate we are alive; and then, alas, after all,—

“how few Junes

Will heat our pulses quicker . . .”

\* \* \*

“Much cry for little wool”, some will exclaim. It may be so. Whenever did a first number of a new magazine fulfil all its editor's dreams or even intentions? “Well, we must make the best of it, I suppose. 'Tis nater, after all, and what pleases God”, as Mrs. Durbeyfield says in “Tess of the Durbervilles.”

\* \* \*

Have you read that charming roman à quatre, the “Croix de Berny?” If so, you will recollect the following words of Edgar de Meilhan (alias Théophile Gautier), which I (“I” standing for editor, and associates, and pagans in general) now quote for the delectation of all readers, adversely minded or generously inclined, or dubious as to our real intent—with blithe hopes that they may be the happier therefor: “Frankly, I am in earnest this time. Order me a dove-coloured vest, apple-green trousers, a pouch, a crook; in short, the entire outfit of a Lignon Shepherd. I shall have a lamb washed to complete the pastoral.”

\* \* \*

This is “the lamb.”

THE EDITOR.

\* \* \* Readers are requested to note the administrative remarks on the inside of the cover (p. ii.), and the Forecast and Editorial intimations printed at the end of the text.

## THE BLACK MADONNA.

The blood-red sunset turns the dark fringes of the forest into a wave of flame. A hot river of light streams through the aisles of the ancient trees, and, falling over the shoulder of a vast, smooth slab of stone that rises solitary in this wilderness of dark growth and sombre green, pours in a flood across an open glade and upon the broken columns and inchoate ruins of what in immemorial time had been a mighty temple, the fane of a perished god, or of many gods. As the sun rapidly descends, the stream of red light narrows, till, quivering and palpitating, it rests like a bloody sword upon a colossal statue of black marble, facing due westward. The statue is that of a woman, and is as of the Titans of old-time.

A great majesty is upon the mighty face, with its moveless yet seeing eyes, its faint inscrutable smile. Upon the triple-ledged pedestal, worn at the edges like swords ground again and again, lie masses of large white flowers, whose heavy fragrances rise in a faint blue vapour drawn forth with the sudden suspiration of the earth by the first twilight-chill.

In the great space betwixt the white slab of stone—hurled thither, or raised, none knoweth when or how—is gathered a dark multitude, silent, expectant. Many are Arab tribesmen, the remnant of a strange sect driven southward; but most are Nubians, or that unnamed swarthy race to whom both Arab and Negro are as children. All, save the priests, of whom the elder are clad in white robes and the younger girt about by scarlet sashes, are naked. Behind the men, at a short distance apart, are the women; each virgin with an ivory circling round the neck, each mother or pregnant woman with a thin gold band round the left arm. Between the long double-line of the priests and the silent multitude stands a small group of five youths and five maidens; each crowned with



heavy drooping white flowers; each motionless, morose; all with eyes fixt on the trodden earth at their feet.

The younger priests suddenly strike together square brazen cymbals, deeply chased with signs and letters of a perished tongue. A shrill screaming cry goes up from the people, followed by a prolonged silence. Not a man moves, not a woman sighs. Only a shiver contracts the skin of the foremost girl in the small central group. Then the elder priests advance slowly, chanting monotonously,

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS:

*We are thy children, O mighty Mother!  
We are the slain of thy spoil, O Slayer!  
We are thy thoughts that are fulfilled, O Thinker!  
Have pity upon us!*

And from all the multitude cometh as with one shrill screaming voice:

*Have pity upon us! Have pity upon us! Have pity  
[upon us!]*

THE PRIESTS:

*Thou wast, before the first child came through the dark  
[gate of the womb!]*

*Thou wast, before ever woman knew man!*

*Thou wast, before the shadow of man moved athwart  
[the grass!]*

*Thou wast, and Thou art!*

THE MULTITUDE:

*Have pity upon us! Have pity upon us! Have pity  
[upon us!]*

THE PRIESTS:

*Hail, thou who art more fair than the dawn, more dark  
[than night!]*

*Hail thou, white as ivory or veiled in shadow!*

*Hail, thou of many names, and immortal!*

*Hail, Mother of God, Sister of the Christ, Bride of the  
[Prophet!]*

THE MULTITUDE:

*Have pity upon us? Have pity upon us! Have pity  
[upon us!]*

## THE PRIESTS :

*O moon of night, O morning star ! Consoler ! Slayer !  
 Thou, who lovest shadow, and fear, and sudden death !  
 Who art the smile that looketh upon women and children !  
 Who hath the heart of man in thy grip as in a vice ;  
 Who hath his pride and strength in thy sigh of yestereve ;  
 Who hath his being in thy breath that goeth forth, and  
 [is not !*

## THE MULTITUDE :

*Have pity upon us ! Have pity upon us ! Have pity  
 [upon us !*

## THE PRIESTS :

*We knew thee not, nor the way of thee, O Queen !  
 But we bring thee what thou loved'st of old, and for ever !  
 The white flowers of our forests and the red flowers of  
 [our bodies !  
 Take them and slay not, O Slayer !  
 For we are thy slaves, O Mother of Life,  
 We are the dust of thy tired feet, O Mother of God !*

As the white-robed priests advance slowly towards the Black Madonna, the younger tear off their scarlet sashes, and seizing the five maidens, bind them together, left arm to right, and hand to hand. Therewith the victims move slowly forward till they pass through the ranks of the priests, and stand upon the lowest edge of the pedestal of the great statue. Towards each steppeth, and behind each standeth, a naked priest, each holding a narrow irregular sword of antique fashion.

## THE ELDER PRIESTS :

*O Mother of God !*

## THE YOUNGER PRIESTS :

*O Slayer, be pitiful !*

## THE VICTIMS :

*O Mother of God ! O Slayer ! be merciful !*

THE MULTITUDE (*in a loud screaming voice*) :

*Have pity upon us ! Have pity upon us ! Have pity  
 [upon us !*

The last blood-red gleam fades from the Black Madonna, and flashes this way and that for a moment from

the ten sword-knives that cut the air and plunge between the shoulders and to the heart of each victim. A wide spirt of blood rains upon the white flowers at the base of the colossal figure; where also speedily lie, dark amidst welling crimson, the swarthy bodies of the slain.

THE PRIESTS :

*Behold, O Mother of God,  
The white flowers of our forests and the red flowers of  
[our bodies !*

*Have pity, O Compassionate,  
Be merciful, O Queen !*

THE MULTITUDE :

*Have pity upon us ! Have pity upon us ! Have pity  
[upon us !*

But at the swift coming of the darkness, the priests hastily cover the dead with the masses of the white flowers; and one by one, and group by group, the multitude melteth away. When all are gone save the young chief, Bihr, and a few of his following, the priests prostrate themselves before the Black Madonna, and pray to her to vouchsafe a sign.

From the mouth of the carven figure cometh a hollow voice, sombre as the reverberation of thunder among barren hills.

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I hearken.

THE PRIESTS (*prostrate*):

Wilt thou slay, O Slayer ?

THE BLACK MADONNA :

Yea, verily.

THE PRIESTS (*in a rising chant*):

Wilt thou save, O Mother of God ?

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I save.

THE PRIESTS :

Can one see thee, and live ?

THE BLACK MADONNA :

At the Gate of Death.

Whereafter, no sound cometh from the statue, already dim in the darkness that seems to have crept from the

forest. The priests rise, and disappear in silent groups under the trees.

The thin crescent moon slowly rises. A phosphorescent glow from orchids and parasitic growths shimmers intermittently in the forest. A wavering beam of light falls upon the right breast of the Black Madonna; then slowly downward to her feet; then upon the motionless figure of Bihr, the warrior-chief. None saw him steal thither: none knoweth that he has braved the wrath of the Slayer; for it is the sacred time, when it is death to enter the glade.

BIHR (*in a low voice*):

Speak, Spirit that dwelleth here from of old . . .  
 Speak, for I would have speech with thee. I fear thee  
 not, O Mother of God, for the priests of the Christ who  
 is thy son say that thou wert but a woman . . .  
 And it may be—it may be—what say the children of  
 the Prophet: that there is but one God, and he is Allah.

(Deep silence. From the desert beyond the forest  
 comes the hollow roaring of lions.)

BIHR (*in a loud chant*):

To the north and to the east I have seen many figures  
 like unto thine, gods and goddesses: some mightier than  
 thee—vast sphinxes by the flood of Nilus, gigantic faces  
 rising out of the sands of the desert. And none spake,  
 for silence is come upon them; and none slays, for the  
 strength of the gods passes even as the strength of men.

(Deep silence. From the obscure waste of the forest  
 come snarling cries, long-drawn howls, and the  
 low moaning sigh of the wind.)

BIHR (*mockingly*):

For I will not be thrall to a woman, and the priests shall  
 not bend me to their will as a slave unto the yoke. If  
 thou thyself art God, speak, and I shall be thy slave to  
 do thy will. . . . Thrice have I come hither at  
 the new moon, and thrice do I go hence uncomforted.  
 . . . What voice was that that spoke ere the  
 victims died? I know not; but it hath reached mine  
 ears never save when the priests are by. Nay (*laughing*  
*low*), O Mother of God, I—

(Suddenly he trembles all over and falls on his knees,  
for from the blackness above him cometh a voice:)

THE BLACK MADONNA :

What would'st thou ?

BIHR (*hoarsely*) :

Have mercy upon me, O Queen !

THE BLACK MADONNA :

What would'st thou ?

BIHR :

I worship thee, Mother of God ! Slayer and Saver !

THE BLACK MADONNA :

What would'st thou ?

BIHR (*tremulously*) :

Show me thyself, thyself, even for this one time, O  
Strength and Wisdom !

Deep silence. The wind in the forest passes away  
with a faint wailing sound. The dull roaring of lions  
rises and falls in the distance. A soft yellow light  
illumes the statue, as though another moon were rising  
behind the temple.

A great terror comes upon Bihr the Chief, and he  
falls prostrate at the base of the Black Madonna,

His eyes are open, but they see not, save the burnt  
spikes of trodden grass, sere and stiff save where damp  
with newly-shed blood ; and deaf are his ears, though  
he waits for he knoweth not what sound from above.

Suddenly he starts, and the sweat mats the hair on  
his forehead when he feels a touch on his right shoulder.  
Looking slowly round he sees beside him a woman, tall,  
and of a lithe and noble body. He seeth that her skin  
is dark, yet not of the blackness of the south. Two  
spheres of wrought gold cover her breasts, and from the  
serpentine zone round her waist is looped a dusky veil  
spangled with shining points. In her eyes, large as  
those of the desert-antelope, is the loveliness and the  
pathos and the pain of twilight.

BIHR (*trembling*) :

Art thou—Art thou—

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I am she whom thou worshippest.

BIHR :

*(looking at the colossal statue, irradiated by the strange light that cometh he knows not whence; and then at the beautiful apparition by his side.)*

Thou art the Black Madonna, the Mother of God ?

THE BLACK MADONNA :

Thou sayest it.

BIHR :

Thou hast heard my prayer, O Queen !

THE BLACK MADONNA :

Even so.

BIHR :

*(Taking heart because of the sweet and thrilling humanity of the goddess.)*

O Slayer and Saver, is the lightning thine and the fire that is in the earth ? Canst thou whirl the stars as from a sling, and light the mountainous lands to the south with falling meteors ? O Queen, destroy me not, for I am thy slave, and weaker than thy breath : but canst thou stretch forth thine hand and say yea to the lightning, and bid silence unto the thunder ere it breeds the bolts that smite ? For if——

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I make and I unmake. This cometh and that goeth, and I am——

BIHR :

And thou art——

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I was Ashtaroth of old. Men have called me many names. All things change, but I change not. Know me, O Slave ! I am the Mother of God. I am the Sister of the Christ. I am the Bride of the Prophet.

BIHR *(with awe)* :

And thou art the very Prophet, and the very Christ, and the very God ! Each speaketh in thee, who art older than they——

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I am the Prophet.

BIHR :

Hail, O Lord of Deliverance !

## THE BLACK MADONNA :

I *am* the Christ, the Son of God.

BIHR :

Hail, O most Patient, most Merciful !

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I *am* the Lord thy God.

BIHR :

Hail, Giver of Life and Death !

THE BLACK MADONNA :

Yet here none is ; for each goeth or each cometh as I will. I only am eternal.

BIHR :

*(Crawling forward, and kissing her feet.)*

Behold, I am thy slave to do thy will : thy sword to slay : thy spear to follow : thy hound to track thine enemies. I am dust beneath thy feet. Do with me as thou wilt.

THE BLACK MADONNA :

*(Slowly, and looking at him strangely.)*

Thou shalt be my High Priest. . . . Come back to-morrow an hour after the setting of the sun.

As Bihr the Chief rises and goeth away into the shadow she stareth steadily after him ; and a deep fear dwells in the twilight of her eyes. Then, turning, she standeth awhile by the slain bodies of the victims of the sacrifice ; and having lightly brushed away with her foot the flowers above each face, looketh long on the mystery of death. And when at last she glides by the great statue and passes into the ruins beyond, there is no longer any glow of light, and a deep darkness covereth the glade. From the deeper darkness beyond comes the howling of hyenas, the shrill screaming of a furious beast of prey, and the sudden bursting roar of lion answering lion.

When the dawn breaks, and a pale, wavering light glimmers athwart the great white slab of stone that, on the farther verge of the forest, faces the Black Madonna, there is nought upon the pedestal save a ruin of bloodied trampled flowers, though the sere yellow grass is stained in long trails across the open. The dawn withdraws again, but ere long suddenly wells forth, and

it is as though the light wind were bearing over the forest a multitude of soft grey feathers from the breasts of doves. Then the dim concourse of feathers is as though innumerable leaves of wild-roses were falling, falling, petal by petal uncurling into a rosy flame that wafts upward and onward. The stars have grown suddenly pale, and the fires of Phosphor burn wanly green in the midst of a palpitating haze of pink. With a great rush, the sun swings through the gates of the East, tossing aside his golden, fiery mane as he fronts the new day.

And the going of the day is from morning silence unto noon silence, and from the silence of the afternoon unto the silence of the eve. Once more, towards the setting of the sun, the multitude cometh out of the forest, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south: once more the Priests sing the sacred hymns: once more the people supplicate as with one shrill screaming voice, *Have pity upon us! Have pity upon us! Have pity upon us!* Once more the victims are slain, of little children who might one day shake the spear and slay, five; and of little children who would one day bear and bring forth, five.

Yet again an hour passeth after the setting of the sun. There is no moon to lighten the darkness and the silence; but a soft glow falleth from the temple, and upon the man who kneels before the Black Madonna. But when Bihr, having no sign vouchsafed, and hearing no sound, and seeing nought upon the carven face, neither tremour of the lips nor life in the lifeless eyes, suddenly seeth the goddess, glorious in her beauty that is as of the night, coming towards him from out of the ruins, his heart leapeth within him in strange joy and dread. Scarce knowing what he doth, he springeth to his feet, trembling as a reed that leaneth against the flank of a lioness by the water-pool.

BIHR (*yearningly, with supplicating arms*):  
Hail, God! . . . Goddess, Most Beautiful!

She draws nigh to him, looking at him the while out of the deep twilight of her eyes.

THE BLACK MADONNA:  
What would'st thou?



BIHR :

(*Wildly, stepping close, but halting in dread.*)  
Thou art no Mother of God, O Goddess, Queen, Most  
Beautiful!

THE BLACK MADONNA :

What would'st thou, O blind fool that is so in love with  
death?

BIHR (*hoarsely*):

Make me like unto thyself, for I love you!

Deep silence. From afar, on the desert, comes the  
dull roaring of lions by the water-courses; from the  
forest a murmurous sound as of baffled winds snared  
among the thick-branched ancient trees.

BIHR :

(*Sobbing as one wounded in flight by an arrow.*)  
For I love thee! I—love—thee! I—

Deep silence. A shrill screaming of a bird fascinated  
by a snake comes from the forest. Beyond, from the  
desert, a long, desolate moaning and howling, where the  
hyenas prowl.

THE BLACK MADONNA :

When . . . did . . . thy folly . . . this madness  
. . . come upon thee . . . O Fool?

BIHR (*passionately*):

O Most Beautiful! Most Beautiful! Thou—*Thou*—  
will I worship!

THE BLACK MADONNA :

Go hence, lest I slay thee!

BIHR :

Slay, O Slayer, for thou art Life and Death! . . .  
But I go not hence. I love thee! I love thee! I love  
thee!

THE BLACK MADONNA :

I am the Mother of God.

BIHR :

I love thee!

THE BLACK MADONNA :

God dwelleth in me. I am thy God.

BIHR :

I love thee!

## THE BLACK MADONNA :

Go hence, lest I slay thee !

## BIHR :

Thou tremblest, O Mother of God ! Thy lips twitch,  
thy breasts heave, O thou who callest thyself God !

## THE BLACK MADONNA :

*(raising her right arm menacingly.)*

Go hence, thou dog, lest thou look upon my face no more.

Then suddenly, with bowed head and shaking limbs, Bihr the Chief turneth and passes into the forest. And as he fades into the darkness, the Black Madonna stareth a long while after him, and a deep fear broodeth in the twilight of her eyes. But by the bodies of the slain children she passes at last, and with a shudder looks not upon their faces, but strews the heavy white flowers more thickly upon them.

The darkness cometh out of the darkness, billow welling forth from spent billow on the tides of night. On the obscure waste of the glade nought moves, save the gaunt shadow of a hyena that crawls from column to column. From the blackness beyond swells the long thunderous howl of a lioness, echoing the hollow blasting roar of a lion standing, with eyes of yellow flame, on the summit of the great slab of smooth rock that faces the carven Madonna.

And when the dawn breaks, and long lines of pearl-grey wavelets ripple in a flood athwart the black-green sweep of the forest, there is nought upon the pedestal but red flowers that once were white, rent and scattered this way and that. The cool wind moving against the east ruffles the opaline flood into a flying foam of pink, wherefrom mists and vapours rise on wings like rosy flames, and as they rise their crests shine as with blazing gold, and they fare forth after the Morn that leaps towards the Sun.

And the going of the day is from morning silence unto noon silence, and from the silence of the afternoon unto the silence of eve. Once more towards the setting of the sun, the multitude cometh out of the forest, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south. Once more the priests sing the sacred

hymns: once more the people supplicate as with one shrill screaming voice, *Have pity upon us! Have pity upon us! Have pity upon us!* Once more the victims are slain: five chiefs of captives taken in war, and unto each chief two warriors in the glory of youth.

Yet an hour after the setting of the sun. Moonless the silence and the dark, save for the soft yellow light that falleth from the temple, and upon the man who, crested with an ostrich-plume bound by a heavy circlet of gold, with a tiger-skin about his shoulders, and with a great spear in his hand, standeth beyond the statue and nigh unto the ruins, where no man hath ventured and lived.

BIHR (*with loud triumphant voice*):  
Come forth, my Bride!

Deep silence, save for the sighing of the wind among the upper branches of the trees, and the panting of the flying deer beyond the glade.

BIHR:  
(*Striking his spear against the marble steps.*)  
Come forth, Glory of my eyes! Come forth, Body of my Body.

Deep silence. Then there is a faint sound, and the Black Madonna stands beside Bihr the Chief. And the man is wrought to madness by her beauty, and lusteth after her, and possesseth her with the passion of his eyes.

THE BLACK MADONNA:  
(*Trembling, and strangely troubled.*)  
What would'st thou?

BIHR:  
Thou!

THE BLACK MADONNA (*slowly*):  
Young art thou, Bihr, in thy comeliness and strength to be so in love with death.

BIHR:  
Who giveth life, and who death? It is not thou, nor I.

THE BLACK MADONNA (*shuddering*):  
It cometh. None can stay it.

BIHR:  
Not thou? Thou can'st not stay it, even?

THE BLACK MADONNA (*whisperingly*):  
Nay, Bihr; and this thing thou knowest in thy heart.

BIHR (*mockingly*):  
O Mother of God! O Sister of Christ! O Bride of the  
Prophet!

THE BLACK MADONNA:  
(*putting her hand to her heart.*)  
What would'st thou?

BIHR:  
Thou!

THE BLACK MADONNA:  
I am the Slayer, the Terrible, the Black Madonna.

BIHR:  
And lo, thy God laugheth at thee, even as at me, and  
mine. And lo, I have come for thee; for I am become  
His Prophet, and thou art to be my Bride!

As he finisheth he turns towards the great Statue of the  
Black Madonna and, laughing, hurls his spear against its  
breast, whence the weapon rebounds with a loud clang.  
Then, ere the woman knows what he has done, he leaps  
to her and seizes her in his grasp, and kisses her upon  
the lips, and grips her with his hands till the veins sting  
in her arms. And all the sovereignty of her lonely  
godhood passeth from her like the dew before the hot  
breath of the sun, and her heart throbs against his side  
so that his ears ring as with the clang of the gongs of  
battle. He sobs low, as a man amidst baffling waves;  
and in the hunger of his desire she sinks as one who  
drowns.

Together they go up the long flat marble steps:  
together they pass into the darkness of the ruins.  
From the deeper darkness beyond cometh no sound, for  
the forest is strangely still. Not a beast of prey comes  
nigh unto the slain victims of the sacrifice, not a vulture  
falleth like a cloud through the night. Only, from afar,  
the dull roaring of the lions cometh up from the water-  
courses on the desert.

And the wind that bloweth in the night cometh with  
rain and storm, so that when the dawn breaks it is as a  
sea of sullen waves grey with sleet. But calm cometh  
out of the blood-red splendour of the east.

And on this, the morning of the fourth and last day of the Festival of the Black Madonna, the multitude of her worshippers come forth from the forest, singing a glad song. In front go the warriors, the young men brandishing spears, and with their knives in their left hands slicing the flesh upon their sides and upon their thighs: the men of the north clad in white garb and heavy burnous, the tribesmen of the south naked save for their loin-girths, but plumed as for war.

But as the priests defile beyond them upon the glade, a strange new song goeth up from their lips; and the people tremble, for they know that some dire thing hath happened.

THE PRIESTS (*chanting*):

*Lo, when the law of the Queen is fulfilled, she passeth from her people awhile. For the Mother of God loveth the world, and would go in sacrifice. So loveth us the Mother of God that she passeth in sacrifice. Behold, she perisheth, who dieth not! Behold, she dieth, who is immortal!*

Whereupon a great awe cometh on the multitude, as they behold smoke, whirling and fulgorant, issuing from the mouth and nostrils of the Black Madonna. But this awe passeth into horror, and horror into wild fear, when great tongues of flame shoot forth amidst the wreaths of smoke, and when from forth of the Black Madonna come strange and horrible cries, as though a mortal woman were perishing by the torture of fire.

With shrieks the women turn and fly; hurling their spears from them, the men dash wildly to the forest, heedless whither they flee.

But those that leap to the westward, where the great white rock standeth solitary, facing the Black Madonna, see for a moment, in the glare of sunrise, a swarthy, naked figure, with a tiger-skin about the shoulders, crucified against the smooth white slope. Down from the outspread hands of Bihr the Chief trickle two long wavering streamlets of blood: two long streamlets of blood drip, drip, down the white glaring face of the rock, from the pierced feet.

W. S. FANSHAWE.

## THE COMING OF LOVE.

*In and out the osier beds, all along the shallows  
Lifts and laughs the soft south wind, or swoons among  
the grasses.*

*But ah, whose following feet are these that bend the gold  
marsh-mallows,  
Who laughs so low and sweet? Who sighs—and  
passes?*

*Flower of my heart, my darling, why so slowly  
Lift'st thou thine eyes to mine, deep wells of gladness?  
Too deep this new-found joy, and this new pain too holy—  
Or is there dread in thy heart of this divinest mad-  
ness?*

*Who sighs with longing there?—who laughs alov—  
and passes?*

*Whose following feet are these that bend the gold marsh-  
mallows?*

*Who comes upon the wind that stirs the heavy seeding  
grasses,*

*In and out the osier beds, and hither through the  
shallows?*

*Flower of my heart, my dream—who whispers near so  
gladly?*

*Whose is the golden sunshine-net o'erspread for cap-  
ture?*

*Lift, lift thine eyss to mine who love so wildly, madly—  
Those eyes of brave desire, deep wells o'erbrimmed  
with rapture!*

GEO. GASCOIGNE.

## THE PAGANS.

### A MEMORY.

*"Ma contrée de dilection n'existe pour aucun  
touriste et jamais guide ou médecin ne la  
recommandera."*

GEO. EECKHOUD. *Kermesses.*

*"Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the  
fields; let us lodge in the villages."*

*Song of Solomon.*

*" . . . . . lo! with a little rod  
I did but touch the honey of romance—  
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?"*

OSCAR WILDE.

### BOOK I.

#### I.

The wind and the sunshine. I think of them always when I whisper to myself her name—the name I loved best to call her by. To others she was Claire Auriol; to a privileged few she was Sans-Souci. To myself, and myself only, she was—ah, Sweet-Heart, no, the word is ours, and ours only, for ever.

We ought to have been born gipsies. Certainly we both loved the sunshine, and the blithe freedom of nature, with a passion. It was under the trees, under the deep blue wind-swept sky, that we first realised each had won from the other a lifetime of joy. True, it was still winter. The snow lay deep by the hedges, and we had to slip through many a drift before we reached the lonely woodland height whither we were bound. But was there ever snow so livingly white, so lit with golden glow? Was ever summer sky more gloriously blue? Was ever spring music sweeter than that exquisite midwinter hush, than that deep suspension of breath before the flood of our joy?

How poignantly bitter-sweet was our separation so soon thereafter! You had to rejoin your brother in Paris, and resume your painting in his studio; and I had to go to the London I hated so much, there to write concerning things about which I cared not a straw, while my heart was full of you, and my eyes saw you everywhere, and my ears were haunted day and night by echoes of your voice.

And oh, what joy it was when at last I had enough money in hand to be independent of London, if not for good, at least for a year or so; and when once more I found myself in Paris. What joy to meet you again: to find that we had not changed: that it was not all a dream: that we loved each other more than ever.

## II.

What happy days those were in that bygone spring! I wonder if ever two people were happier? Yes; we were, when we left Paris behind us, and went away together, as light-hearted as the April birds, as free as the wind itself. But even in Paris, what glad hours we had! Ah, those Sunday breakfasts at Suresnes, by the riverside: those idle mornings on the sunlit grass at Longchamp, or amid the elms and chestnuts of St. Cloud: those happy days at Fontainebleau or Rambouillet: those hours on the river when even forlorn Ivry seemed a lovely and desirable place: those hours, at twilight, in the Luxembourg Gardens, when the thrush would sing as, we were sure, never nightingale sang in forest-glade, or Wood of Broceliande: those hours in the galleries, above all before our beloved Venus in the Louvre: ah, beautiful hours, gone for ever, and yet immortal, because of the joy that they knew and whereby they live and are even now fresh and young and sweet with their exquisite romance.

## III.

And that day, that golden day, when we said that we would waste no more of the happy time of youth, but go away together, and live our life as seemed to us best!

Can I ever forget how I came round to the studio in the little Hôtel Soleil du Midi, shining white in the



sunshine as a chalk cliff, but dappled and splashed all over with bluish shadows from the great chestnuts of the Luxembourg Gardens: and how I found you alone, and in tears, before that too flattering portrait of me which you had painted so lovingly, through such joyous hours, with beneath it, in fantastic letters which you would persist were Old German, but bore no resemblance to any known caligraphy, the blithe couplet—

*“ Douce nuit et joyeux jour,  
O Chevalier de bel amour.”*

How angry you were with your brother Raoul because he had told you he did not approve of your free Bohemian life—because he had mocked your “douces nuits” and “joyeux jours”—and had told you at last that you must choose between him and your “chevalier de bel amour:” the real, not the painted, one.

#### IV.

Is it all a dream? How well I remember how beautiful she looked, as she stood before the easel which held my portrait, her palette and brushes lying on a low paint-daubed table beside her, her hands clasped as they hung despondingly before her. Let me essay *her* portrait, though there is no fear that I can flatter *her*, dear heart, as she flattered me. Tall she was, and graceful as a mountain-ash, or as a wild deer, or as a wave upon the sea, or any other beautiful thing that one loves to look upon for its exquisiteness of poise and movement. It was this characteristic, I think, that first made me liken her in my mind to a flower; and that was the origin of a name I often called her by, and that she loved to hear, White Flower. Not that, in a sense, the word “white” was literally apt. She was not blonde, and her skin, though fair and soft, was in keeping with the rich dark of her hair and sweeping eyebrows and long lashes. Paler than ivory, it was touched with a delicious brown, the kiss of sunshine and fresh air; and yet was so sensitive that it would redden at a moment—a flush so lovely and blossom-like that her beauty became at once bewilderingly enhanced by it. White, certainly, were the teeth that gleamed like hawthorn-

buds behind the wild roses of her curved lips, and pink and white the small sensitive ears that clung like swallows under the eaves of her shadowy hair: but lovely as dusk was she otherwise. Her lustrous dark hair, that looked quite black at night, had a crisp and a wave in it that caught all manner of wandering lights; so that, in full sunlight, and sometimes by firelight or even lamplight, it seemed as though shot with bronze. It rose in an upward wave from her broad white brow, and was gathered together in a bewitching mass behind in a way that I am sure was hers only. Her features were more southern than northern in their classic sweep and cut, and yet, northerner that I am, I loved them the more for certain delicious inconsistencies and irregularities. Her face, indeed, might almost have been thought too square-set about the lower part but for the loveliness of the general contour and the redeeming sweetness and beauty of the mouth. Her eyes—those eyes which have so often thrilled me beyond words, those deep lustrous springs into which I have gazed so often, fascinated by the strange joy, the strange longing, a longing that was often pathos, and by the still stranger melancholy that I could never quite divine, and of which Claire herself was mostly unconscious—her eyes are indescribable. They varied from a rich velvety darkness, like the colour of midsummer twilight on cloudless eyes, when the hour is still what in the north they call “the edge o’ dark,” to a clear brown-grey or grey-brown, of that indeterminate light and sparkle one sees in mountain streams that wimple over sunny shallows of moss and pebbles. In certain lights they had that lustrous green ray which has ever been beloved by poets and painters. Lovely, mysterious eyes they were at all times; though possibly none felt their mystery save myself, for they were clear and fresh as the sunlit sea, as daring as a flashing sword, as dauntless as a martyr’s before the affront of death. Even in the drawing, even in the photograph of her that I have before me now, I find this quality of mysterious unfathomableness. It is, indeed, more obvious there—in the photograph pre-eminently—than it was in life. Even a stranger looking upon this phantom-face might wonder what manner

of girl, or woman, the original actually was ; whether a bright or a sombre spirit dwelt in those darkly reticent eyes.

The poise of her head, the rhythmic sway and carriage of her body, every motion, every gesture, made a fresh delight for all who looked at her. I have travelled much, and seen the peasant-women of Italy and Greece, but have never elsewhere so realised the poetry of human motion. Claire might have served a sculptor as an ideal model of Youth. She was slight in figure, and yet so lithe and strong that she could outwalk and even out-climb many a robust man. Whether we tramped many miles together, or rambled through woods or by riversides, we never seemed to tire, till all at once we felt the wish or need of rest. Certainly we never tired each other. I think this was due to our absolute fitness for each other. All lovers say that each was made for the other, but in the nature of things there must be few who are such counterparts as Claire and I were. In everything, from temperament to height, she was to me all that the eyes of the soul and the eyes of the body desired in deep comradeship and love.

Then the charm of her blithe, brave spirit ! How often have I called her Sunshine ; how often Dawn, and Morning ? For she was ever to me the living symbol, nay, the perfect incarnation of the joy and beauty of life. I have never met any woman so fearless ; few so self-reliant, so sunnily joyous while so easily wrought to intense feeling.

We were happy in our recognition of the fact that we could be, as we latterly were, all in all to each other ; that each was for the other the supreme lure, the summoning joy, in the maze of life.

## V.

When I entered the little studio that day, in the forsaken but sunny and charming old hotel where Claire and Victor Auriol lived, I knew at once that something was far wrong ; for Sans-Souci, as she was called by intimate acquaintances among her artist friends, was the last person to give way to tears on a slight excuse. For tears there were in those beautiful eyes, though

but one or two had fallen from the long lashes. In a few words she told me all.

Victor was tired of living with her, and had sought many excuses recently to justify his ill-mannered hints. Though both were artists, no two persons could be more unlike. He was rigid, formal, conventional; without intellectual breadth or even sympathy; with coarse, if not actually depraved, tastes, which he possessed and tantalised rather than gratified. When, a year or two before I first met them, during what I called my literary apprenticeship in Paris (though I am afraid I haunted the book-shelves on the left bank of the Seine, and, above all, the *librairie* of Léon Vanier, that literary sponsor of so many of *les jeunes*, much more than more academic resorts), their father had followed to the grave their Irish mother—and Marcel Auriol was himself, I should add, half English, or rather Scottish, despite his French name—and left his two children a moderate competency. But the conditions of the heritage were unfair; for while the annual income of six thousand francs was to be looked upon as equally between Victor and Claire so long as they lived together, Claire was to have but two thousand if she married, and only one thousand if this marriage were not one approved of by her brother, or if she voluntarily lived apart from him. Now, as it happened, Victor had a lust of gold that blunted his sense of honour, and he was eager to part from his sister, in whose company he was ever uneasy, and to appropriate the lion's share of the inheritance. To do him justice, he might have acted otherwise if Claire had been different from what he knew her. He comforted his conscience with the sophistries that Claire's drawings were more saleable than his own, and that therefore she did not need the money so much as he did; that she was beautiful, and would certainly make a good match; that he was really meeting her half-way, since her great craving was for independence.

Still, it was with a certain bitterness, perhaps even a certain clinging regret, that Sans-Souci (a name, by the way, her brother hated) had listened to him that morning, when he had given his *ultimatum*. She was, he demanded, to go with him to the little house at Sceaux

he thought of taking, and there to act as housekeeper ; to be content with this life, and to give up once and for all her Bohemian ways ; and, above all, to see no more, and to have no further communication with, "that arrogant and offensive Scot, Wilfrid Traquair, kinsman though he be"—in other words, the present writer ! All this was but a mean way of forcing Claire's hand. Victor Auriol knew well that she would refuse to accede to his demands ; and though she was not blind to his intent she disdainfully refused to plead or argue for her rights.

And the end of it was that they had agreed to part. Victor had, with convenient suddenness, decided to give up the Sceaux house and to remain in the Hôtel Soleil du Midi. With a promptness that betrayed how calculated everything had been, he explained to his sister that by her own folly she would henceforth be entitled to but one thousand francs annually ; and that, in view of all the circumstances, the separation must be a complete one. In other words, Claire was to go ; with the consciousness that the manner of her going, her immediate destination, and her future movements were alike matters of indifferent moment to her brother.

It was then and there, in that sunny studio, with the white doves fluttering their wings on the wide green sill beside the open window, that Sans-Souci and I decided to fulfil one of our happy dreams and go away together.

It was on the morrow following this decision of ours that Sans-Souci said good-bye (and, as it happened, a lifelong farewell) to her brother. She had packed up all her few belongings that she cared to keep, and sent them to the care of a friend in the Rue Grégoire de Tours, that narrow, inconspicuous byway from the great Boulevard St. Germain, so well known to the poorer students and artists of the neighbourhood. When I reached the court of the Hôtel Soleil du Midi I saw her standing there, talking quietly to the concierge as if she were about to go forth only to return again, as of yore.

I was too glad, too wildly elated, to express anything of the overmastering happiness that I felt in seeing her there, alone, and ready to go forth with me—in the

recognition that the past night, so interminable in its sleepless anxiety, was not a fantastic dream.

"Where are your things, Claire?" was all that I said, in a low and somewhat constrained voice: "I mean your bag, or whatever you have."

She looked at me half surprisedly with her clear, steadfast eyes, as she replied, quite simply and naturally, and as though the concierge were not beside us:

"Why, Will, dear, I did as we arranged, and sent them to Pierre Vicaire's, near the Pont des Arts. You said you would do the same, and that we would call there on our way to the *hirondelle* for Charenton."

"Of course, of course," I muttered confusedly, and half turned as if eager to go—as indeed I was, particularly as I had just caught sight of Victor Auriol's dark, forbidding face behind a thin lace curtain at one of the windows.

With a low laugh, sweet as the sound of rain after a drought, Sans-Souci slipped her hand into mine.

"*At last—at last,*" she breathed in a thrilling whisper, while her dear eyes shone with a strange light. Then, turning, and waving her hand to the concierge, she bade him a blithe good-bye.

"*Au révoir—adieu—adieu,* M. Bonnard. Do not wait too long before thou takest that little inn in Barbizon that you dream of! Adieu!

"Aha!" cried the man, with a roguish smile: "*mon-sieur et madame contemplant une mariage au treizième arrondissement!*"

But just as by a side glance I noticed the slight flush in Claire's face, M. Bonnard's wife handed me a note on my passing her open doorway. I guessed rather than knew that it was from Victor Auriol. It was addressed in the following fantastic fashion:—

*À Monsieur Wilfrid Traquair,  
Vagrant,  
of God-knows-Where.*

A hearty shout of laughter from Sans-Souci and myself must have reached his ears. Just before we emerged upon the street, I glanced back and saw him abruptly

withdraw his face from behind the lace curtain at the open window. The contents of the note ran thus:

“MONSIEUR: That my sister has chosen to unite herself with a beggarly Scot is her pitiable misfortune: that she has done so without even the decent veil of marriage is her enormity and my disgrace. Henceforth I know as little of the one as of the other, and I beg you to understand that neither you nor the young woman need ever expect the slightest tolerance, much less practical countenance, from me. You are both at liberty to hold, and carry out, the atrocious opinions (for I will not flatter you by calling them convictions) upon marriage which you entertain or profess to entertain: I, equally, am at liberty to abstain from the contagion of such unpleasant company, and to insist henceforth upon an insurmountable barrier between it and myself.

“VICTOR MARIE AURIOL.”

The next moment we had hailed and sprung into a little open *voiture*, and in another minute had lost sight of the Hôtel Soleil du Midi. Outcasts we were, but two more joyous pagans never laughed in the sunlight, two happier waifs never more fearlessly and blithely went forth into the green world.

WILLAND DREEME.

(To be continued.)

## AN UNTOLD STORY.

## I.

*When the dark falls, and as a single star  
The orient planets blend in one white ray  
A-quiver through the violet shadows far  
Where the rose-red still lingers mid the grey :*

*And when the moon, half-cirque around her hollow,  
Casts on the upland pastures shimmer of green :  
And the marsh-meteors the frail lightnings follow,  
And wave laps into wave with amber sheen—*

*O then my heart is full of thee, who never  
From out thy beautiful mysterious eyes  
Givest one glance at this my wild endeavour,  
Who hast no heed, no heed, of all my sighs :*

*Is it so well with thee in thy high place  
That thou canst mock me thus even to my face ?*

## II.

*Dull ash-grey frost upon the black-grey fields :  
Thick wreaths of tortured smoke above the town :  
The chill impervious fog no foothold yields,  
But onward draws its shroud of yellow brown.*

*No star can pierce the gloom, no moon dispart :  
And I am lonely here, and scarcely know  
What mockery is " death from a broken heart "  
What tragic pity in the one word : Woe.*

*But I am free of thee, at least, yea free !  
No more thy bondager 'twixt heaven and hell !  
No more there numbs, no more there shroudeth me  
The paralysing horror of thy spell :*

*No more win'st thou this last frail worshipping breath,  
For twice dead he who dies this second death.*

LIONEL WINGRAVE.



## THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

A flame of blood-red light streamed, a flying banner, from Monte Catillo, over the olive heights of Tivoli, to Frascati and the flanks of the Albans. Westward, the Campagna was shrouded in violet gloom. The tallest of the pines and cypresses in Hadrian's Villa, catching the last of the sunset-glow, burned slowly to their summits, like torches extinguished by currents of air from below. Between Castel Arcione and the base of the Sabines, where the intermingling summits sweep upward from the Montecelli to Palombara, and thence by giant Subiaco to the innumerable peaks and ranges of the mountain-land beyond, lay a white mist, wan as the sheen of a new moon on burnt grass—save in the direction of the ancient Lago de' Tartari, where it hung heavy and darkly grey, dense as it was with the sulphur-fumes of the *Acquae Albulae*.

On the flat, before the upward swell to Tivoli begins, the hill-road curves to the left, the *via Palombara-Marcellina*. To the right there is a rough path, striking off waveringly betwixt the Palombara road and the highway from Rome to Tivoli: at first like a bridle-way, then but a sheep-path or dried-up course of a hill-torrent. Following this, one enters the wild and lonely Glen of the Shepherds, though seldom does any shepherd wander there, and even the solitary goatherd rarely descends from the steep heights of Sterpara that overhang it from the west.

The nightingales were in full song. One after another had called through the dusk with clear, thrilling notes: one after another had swung a sudden lilt of music across the myrtles, through the thickets of wild rose and honeysuckles, over the clustered arbutus, and down by the birch-hollows, where the narrow stream crawled suffocatingly through fern-clumps and tufted grasses. Close to where some stunted, decrepit olives clung

despairingly to a bank of fissured soil rose a wild magnolia, whose white blooms gleamed in the twilight like ivory discs. Suddenly, from where its topmost sprays still retained a dusky green hue, a thrush sprang violently into the air and darted westward against the crimson light, clattering loudly and shrilly like a heavily-feathered arrow whistling towards the already blood-strewn flanks of a beast of prey. A nightingale among the myrtles near flew earthward, dipping his breast against the dewy anemones that clustered in the shadow; but ere the spray whence he had slipt like a rain-drop had ceased its last tremulous vibration he was swinging, with outspread wings, upon a branch of the deserted magnolia. Then came a loud summoning cry, a few low calls, and all at once a burst of ecstatic song. In a few moments all was still around, save for the shrilling of the locusts and the distant croaking of frogs. But suddenly, and in the midst of his love-song, the nightingale ceased, gave a broken, dissonant cry, and with a rapid tilt and poise of his wings was lost in the under-dark like a blown leaf.

Something stirred under the lower boughs of the magnolia. A small, dark figure crept out, and then a boy of some ten or twelve years rose to his feet, stretched himself warily, ran his hands through his shaggy black hair, and began to mutter to himself. All at once he inclined his head and listened intently. Before he could sink back to his shelter, two young men stepped noiselessly from behind the higher olives, the taller of the two coming rapidly forward.

"Do not be afraid, Guido," he exclaimed, as he saw the boy alert for flight; "it is I— Andrea Falcone."

"And he?"

"Marco Vaccaro, of course. Who other, *per Bacco*?"

"You are late, elder-brothers."

"We could not get here earlier, unobserved. There is time enough. What is the message?"

While he was speaking his companion drew near. Both young men were singularly handsome, with clear-cut features, dark, eloquent eyes, and faces pale as blanched ivory. Lithe and vigorous mountaineers, they had all the grace and dignity of the Roman peasant;

and though they had the Campagna melancholy in their faces, each had that alert look common to all the Sabine muleteers. Every one in the Montecelli knew the cousins Andrea Falcone and Marco Vaccaro; and in the hill-town of S. Angelo in Capoccia itself, there was no question as to their pre-eminence in all things that, locally, constituted good fortune. Not only was the story of their deep friendship well known—a friendship so close that one would never go far without the other, to the extent that if a rich *forestiero* wanted one of them as a guide up Subiaco, he would perforce have to engage both—but the gossips of the hill-villages were each and all aware of the love Andrea and Marco bore for Vittoria and Anita, the daughters of Giovan' Antonio Della Porta, the vintner and ex-brigand of that remote and highest hill-town of the Sabines, San Polo de' Cavalieri. Naturally, it was delightful food for these gossips when a feud broke out between the muleteers of San Polo and of Palombara and San Angelo, in consequence of which neither Andrea nor Marco dare set foot in the vicinage of the town—not only because old Della Porta swore that, whether they willed or no, his daughters should marry none but men of pure Sabine blood, and certainly no accurst Roman contadini (for all their hill-folk talk!), but also because a league of San Polo youths and men, headed by Simone Gaetano and Gregorio da Forma, had sworn to poniard any "Angelinis" they found within the village boundaries. It was quite natural that Gregorio da Forma and Gaetano should be the active ministers in this league of hate, for the former was desirous of Anita Della Porta and Simone lusted after the beautiful Vittoria. But both girls were closely watched, and though they had several times managed to meet their lovers in the woods, or amid the copses of the Glen of the Shepherds, such encounters were no longer possible. The girls had, indeed, but one ally, but one emissary—their young half-brother, Guido. Guido loved his sisters; but he had another bond of fellowship—hatred of their morose and tyrannical father. Twice had Vittoria and Anita tried to evade those who kept an eye on them: once by attempted flight to Vicovara and once across Ponte Rotto to Castel Madama—for they had imagined success impossible by

way of Palombara. It was after the last occasion that old Della Porta had publicly proclaimed the approaching marriage of his daughters with Simone Gaetano and Gregorio da Forma.

The Sabine women can be as quick with their long, thin hair-daggers as the Sabine men with their poniards. A girl of the Sabines, moreover, does not hesitate to use her dagger in offence as well as in self-defence; and, when the blood-vow is once sworn, the steel, as the saying is, sweats with thirst.

It was at the risk of their lives, then, that Andrea Falcone and his friend and kinsman, Marco, were met in the Glen of the Shepherds, within an easy eagle's-flight of San Polo. If any muleteer on Sterpara or goatherd on the slopes should see them, the cry would go from coign to coign, and find a score of fierce echoes in the dark narrow streets of the mountain village. As for Guido, he ran the chance of a flaying from his father, or even a knifing from cruel, treacherous Simone or from sullen Gregorio.

"What is the message?" repeated Andrea, impatiently, while Marco eyed the neighbourhood like a hawk, and Guido stood as taut and eager as a goat about to leap.

"There is none, elder-brother. I could not see either Vittoria or Anita. But this is their last night."

"Their last night? How?" interjected Marco, in a startled but suppressed voice.

"The last night of their virginity," said Guido, simply. "To-morrow Vittoria will be wed to Simone and Anita to Gregorio."

A silence fell upon the men: a frost of passion, rather, that seemed to paralyse even gesture or glance.

"Have they been true women?" said Andrea, at last, in a thick, husky voice.

"True women?" repeated Guido, interrogatively, his great black eyes flashing half-inquiringly, half-suspiciously.

"Ay, true women. Have they sworn the virgin-vow?"

"Yes: they swore it last night, and before me as witness. It was in the moonlight, by the old fountain beyond the church."

"Upon both the blade and the hilt?"

"*Si, si, si*: and upon their crucifixes also."

Andrea turned and looked at Marco with a meaning smile.

"*Ecco*, Marco: it will be a wet wedding."

"It will be—and the wet as red as to-night's sunset. But—*per Cristo*, *Andrea mio*, you know the hill-saying: When 'tis wet, who can say there shall be no flood?"

"Ay: so. Their kinsfolk would not hold Vittoria and Anita free of their blood-ban if once they be wedded."

"Giovan' Antonio—Holy Virgin, he would kill them himself for it!"

Suddenly the boy Guido, slipping a rough wooden cross from his neck, stepped close to the young men.

"Will you swear upon it, Andrea Falcone and Marco Vaccaro, that henceforth I am your younger brother: and that your home in San Angelo in Capoccia shall be my home: and your kin my kin: and we be one evermore in the curse and in the blessing? Already you are my elder-brothers, but you have not sworn. Will you swear now?"

"Why, Guido, my brother?"

"For I have that to say which being said makes me no more of my father's household or even of San Polo."

"Thou art my brother for evermore, Guido Della Porta," said Andrea, solemnly, kissing the cross and making the sacred sign upon his forehead and upon his breast.

When Marco had done likewise, Guido looked fearfully around, and then with downcast eyes and trembling hands whispered that he was breaking a solemn vow which he had perforce taken that very day.

"Speak, boy," muttered Marco, hoarsely.

"Fear not," said Andrea, more gently: "Father Gianpietro will absolve thee to-morrow, or as soon as you can come to San Angelo."

"I heard—I heard—my father laughing with Simone Gaetano. When I looked through the chink in the great barn, I saw that Gregorio da Forma was also there, with his hand at his mouth half-covering his black beard. Simone's smooth, fat face was agleam with sweat, and he rubbed his bald forehead again and again, though his eyes narrowed and widened like a cat's in

the twilight. All the time I watched, Simone never ceased to wipe his brows, and never once did Gregorio take away his hand from his mouth."

"The cursed traitor knows his weak member," muttered Marco, savagely. "Aha! Signore Gregorio da Forma. I know that which would bring you to the hangman in Rome, or the knife anywhere where men say *Garibaldi* and *Italia* in one breath!"

"Hush, Marco; don't be a fool! The traitors' death is already arranged by God. The ink which was black is turning red, and the hour is at hand. Guido, say what you have to say."

"*Ecco*, my elder-brothers: I heard this thing. My father at first would have nought to say to comfort Simone and Gregorio when they told him of the rumour that Vittoria and Anita had sworn the virgin-vow against them. But at last Simone, miserly though he be, won him over. He promised him"—

"*Corpo di Cristo*, Guido," broke in Andrea; "never mind *that*. Tell us, quick, what your father agreed to."

"He said that, if he got what he wished, Simone and Gregorio might laugh at the girls' vows, *for he would see that his good friends did not marry virgins.*"

Both Andrea and Marco started, and each instinctively clasped his knife.

"Yes, I swear it. My father, may God forgive him, said that no one should be in the house to-night, after the feast which he is to give is over; and that Simone and Gregorio might take that which would be theirs by law on the morrow. The virgin-vow would thus be made useless as old straw, as void as yesterday's wind. There would be none to interfere. If the girls screamed"—

"*Basto!* Enough!" shouted Andrea, recklessly; while Marco made a low, hissing noise like a wind-eddy upon ice. "Is this thing to be done to-night? Ay, so: I believe you. No, no: I want to hear no more. What does anything else matter. We must be there, too, Marco—if we have to go to our death at the same time!"

"Come: there is no time to lose," was all that Marco replied; though, after a moment's hesitation, he stooped

and whispered in his cousin's ear. Andrea smiled grimly.

"What time was the supper to be, Guido?" he asked.

"As soon as the sun had set. And all are to go to their homes by nine at latest. There is to be a sunrise-Sacrament to-morrow, and every one will be abed early. Vittoria and Anita will not sit long with the men; but go to their room, where my father will doubtless lock them in."

"But you can get into the room by your attic?"

"Ay: and out easily enough by the window overlooking the Vicolo da Pozzo."

"Do your sisters know anything of this?"

"No. Not yet."

"Then, Guido, make your way back as quickly and secretly as you can. Tell Vittoria and Anita all you know. Tell them we are here"——

"And that they are to escape with me by the window and join you in the wood," broke in Guido, with eager anticipation.

"No," said Andrea, quietly; while Marco gave a low laugh. "Tell them to wait in their room till we come. Now, go. And see: make us a sign when we can slip in unperceived by the hole in the wall at the old Piazza del Giove. We can get into your house by the empty palazzo next it. Then you will take us to your sisters' room."

"It may be death for all of us, Andrea."

"Even so. Now go, Guido; and the saints be with you."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then, stooping, leapt from thicket till he was out of sight in the undergrowth.

Andrea and Marco followed slowly, keeping in the shadow as much as possible. They interchanged few words, and then only in whispers. An hour passed thus; during which they reached the upper end of the Glen of the Shepherds and ascended the steep, wooded heights of Monte di San Polo. From where they crouched they could see clearly the black mass of the western side of the village rising sheer, like a smooth cliff of basalt, and without apparent inlet. But they knew where the hole in the ruinous wall was, close by the deserted

Piazza del Giove; and they kept their gaze upon the spot, passionately intent for the signal from Guido.

The great clock in the tower struck the second quarter after eight. The cousins looked at each other, but said nothing for some minutes.

"If Guido should play us false—no, St. Mark forgive me, he won't do that"—muttered Marco, at last—"but if he should have been caught, or even unable to get away alone"—

"*Sst*: look there!"

"Where? What?"

"There. See, it is the second time."

As Andrea spoke, a small circle of flame again swept round the disc of the hole in the wall.

"That is the third time, Marco. It is Guido. Let us go. Remember—everything—our lives—depend upon our discretion. I know the way best. Follow me."

As silently as foxes the twain crept from the last skirt of undergrowth, and up the short stony ascent that led apparently against a blank precipice of stone wall. For a moment, when close, Andrea hesitated, but a low whistle guided him aright; and in a few minutes he and Marco were in San Polo. A few seconds more, and they were in the old deserted house that adjoined the Casa Della Porta.

Again and again the door of Della Porta's house opened, and soon nearly all the guests were gone. At last all had bidden good-night except Simone Gaetano and his friend Gregorio. With a sullen curse, as though half-ashamed of himself, Giovan' Antonio threw a key on the table.

"There, take it, my merry *sposi*. What's the odds! 'Tis but a night here or a night there! But, look you—no undue violence, you know! For myself, I am dead beat with sleep, and don't expect to hear a sound till cock-crow."

With that, and another malediction by way of good-night, the beetle-browed vintner flung himself into a huge rush-chair by the hearth-place. He had begun to snore lustily, when, just as his companions were moving from the room, he called angrily:



"Don't forget to lock and bar the door, you fools! Do you want all San Polo to keep you company?"

Simone stepped forward, and saw to the fastenings. Gregorio filled two tankards with wine, one with white, one with red.

"Here, camerado mio," he whispered, as Simone rejoined him; "here's *vino bianco* for you to drink your Vittoria's health, lovely blonde that she is; and here's my bumper of dark marino to the black hair and black eyes of my beautiful Anita!"

Then, softly and cautiously, like the cowards and marauders they were, they stole upstairs. Each started violently when the silence was suddenly broken by the tower-clock striking the first quarter after nine.

"Aha! the little birds, they will think it is their father," whispered Simone, as Gregorio gently inserted the key in the lock, and noiselessly turned it.

When the door opened, they saw the two beds, as white amidst the gloom as innocent childhood. A new fear came upon them. If one of the girls had laughed, or even screamed, it would have been a relief. Each vaguely realised that he was doubly a coward, for now each was appalled by his own cowardice. When a wavering shaft of moonlight, that had been gilding the stone-carving above the window, stole into the room, a dread came upon them that the girls slept, and had prayed, and that God watched them.

But just then something happened that made Simone's heart leap within him.

The moonbeam, wavering across the bed in the left corner of the room, passed across the face of Vittoria, making her mass of blonde hair like a drift of melted amber. But her eyes were open, and looking straight at him.

"*Vittoria!* It is I—your loving Simone—your husband. Do not be afraid, my little one! I want to kiss you only—for the sake of good luck to-morrow."

Silence, save for a quick breathing that pulsed through the room.

"*Vittoria!*"

"*Anita!*"

Two dark figures moved swiftly forward, Simone to the left, Gregorio to the right.

There was a strange shuffling sound for a moment. Both men stopped abruptly, glanced towards each other, took courage, and moved on again.

"*Vittoria!*"

"*Anita!*"

Then all at once two hoarse screams rang through the room, as Simone and Gregorio simultaneously felt themselves seized in a savage, relentless grip and dragged on to the bed.

"What would'st thou with my wife-to-be, Simone Gaetano?" cried Andrea, as with one arm he pinioned his shivering rival, and with the other pressed a knife against his breast.

"What would'st thou with my bride-elect, Gregorio da Forma?" snarled Marco savagely, as with his left hand he pulled back his foe's head till he could look into the staring eyes, and with his right hand pressed his poniard against his heaving side.

The next moment a suppressed scream, and, almost at the same time, a hoarse choking sob sounded horribly through the room.

It took Andrea and Marco a few minutes only to prop the dead men, one in one bed, one in the other, with their dusky-white faces visible in the gloom, pillowed behind, and as though ready to greet expected incomers.

Egidio Gaetano, riding on his mule down the steep bridle-path of La Scarpellata, from his tavern at high-set San Filippo, with intent to breakfast with his kinsman Simone on the morrow of his marriage, thought he had never seen a lovelier night, a more glorious dawn. Far away, above the Campagna, hung the moon like a vast yellow flower slowly sinking into blue depths. Eastward, beyond Soracte and above the Ciminian Forest, the stars grew paler, with more languid pulsations, or icy steadfastness. In the woodlands straight below the nightingales sang bewilderingly, and in the nearer thickets a maze of fireflies made the dusk starred like a great city by night.

When the sudden fires of day flamed up behind the shoulder of Subiaco, and fell upon the landscape before

him in flowing amber and marvellous flushes, he was so rapt by the great beauty that he did not note, in an ilex grove to his left, four sleeping figures, two here, and two there; Vittoria, white as a windflower, in the arms of Andrea; Anita, dark as a violet, pillowed against the breast of Marco.

A hundred yards further, at the joining of the hill-path from San Polo de' Cavalieri, he came upon a boy, so steadfastly intent in his gaze southward that he heard nothing.

"What news from San Polo, Guido mio?" cried the good Egidio genially. But to his surprise the boy gave him nought save a flash from his dark eyes, and the next moment was up and away, leaping and running like a young goat.

"What takes the young rascal! He's on the way to San Angelo! Ha! Ha! What an idea. Some marriage prank he's up to, I'll be bound. Ah, *Dio mio*, that I was twenty years younger, and in Simone's place! I would'nt even mind being in worthy Signor Gregorio's for that matter! *Cristo*, these lovely Sabine women of ours! No wonder the men came out of Rome and stole them long ago before the good Popes heard about it! Aha, Signori Andrea and Marco, good cousins, brave cavaliers, dauntless knights-errant, where are you now? You may whistle, my lads! No carrying off the Sabine women nowadays, ha, ha!"

The wind, rising from the ferns and leaping through the long grass, blew a foam of white blossoms upon the rider and his mule. High up in the golden sunlight the sweet penetrating flute-notes of the boy-shepherds called blithely from steep to steep.

"God be thanked," exclaimed Egidio as he came in sight of San Polo, still coldly white, like an unopened flower; "God be thanked, though I be old and fat, love is a good thing. Ah, Simone, you rogue! Eh? what, Gregorio?"

JAMES MARAZION.

## THE OREAD.

## A FRAGMENT.\*

When the Oread awoke by the hill-tarn the great heat of the noon was over. The sweet fresh mountain-air, fragrant with thyme and gale and blossoming heather, balsamic with odours of pine and fir, blew softly across the leagues of ling. The sky was of a deep, lustrous, wind-washed azure, with a vast heart of sapphire, turquoise-tinct where it caught the sun-flood southerly and westerly. A few wisps of thin white vapour appeared here and there, curled like fantastic sleighs or sweeping aloft like tails of wild horses; then quickly became attenuated, or even all at once and mysteriously disappeared. Far and near the grouse called, or rose from hollows in the heather in abrupt flurries of flight, beating the hot air with their wings with the echoing whirr of a steamer's paddles. The curlews wheeled above the water-courses, crying plaintively; whence also came ever and again the harsh resonance of the heron's scream. Echoing along the heights that rose sheer above the tarn rang the vanishing whistling voice of the whaup, and, faint but haunting-sweet as remote chimes, rose and fell in the mountain-hollows the belling of the deer. A myriad life thrilled the vast purple upland. Not a yard of heather that was not as much alive, as wonderful and mysterious, as a continent. The air palpitated with the innumerable suspirations of plant and flower, insect and bird and beast. Deep in the tarn the speckled trout caught the glint of the wandering sunray; far

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\* "The Oread" is a fragment of a similarly-named section from a forthcoming volume by Mr. Charles Verlayne, entitled "LA MORT S'AMUSE," which, with a fantastic connecting thread of narrative, consists of a series of "Barbaric Studies," in each of which a recreation of an antique type is attempted, but in striking contrast with and direct relation to the life of today. Mr. Verlayne's motive is at least original, if, possibly, in its treatment, as Paul Verlaine said of a certain *pièce de fantaisie* by Rimbaud, *un peu postérieure à cette époque.*

ED. *The Pagan Review.*

upon the heights the fleeces of the small hill-sheep seemed like patches of snow in the sunlight: remote, on the barren scaur beyond the highest pines, the eagle, as he stared unwaveringly upon the wilderness beneath him, shone resplendent as though compact of molten gold inlaid with gems.

Every sound, every sight, was part of the very life of the Oread. All was beautiful: all was real. The high, thin, almost inaudible scream of the eagle: the cluck of the low-flying grouse: the floating note of the yellow-hammer: the wind whistling through the gorse or whispering among the canna and gale and through the honey-laden spires of heather: the myriad murmur from the leagues of sunswept ling and from the dim grassy savannahs that underlay that purple roof: each and all were to her as innate voices.

For a long time she lay in a happy suspension of all thought or activity. Her gaze was fascinated by the reflection of herself in the tarn. Lovely was the image. The soft, delicately-rounded, white limbs, the flower-like body, seemed doubly white against the wine-dark purple of the bell-heather and the pale amethyst of the ling. The large dark eyes dreamed upward from the white face in the water like purple-blue pansies. Beautiful as was the sunshine in the wind-lifted golden hair, that was about her head as a glory of morning, even more beautiful was the shimmer of gold and fleeting amber shot through the rippled surface and clear-brown under-calm of the tarn; where also was mirrored, with a subtler beauty than above, the large sulphur-butterfly that poised upon its yellow wings as it clung to her left breast, ivory-white, small, and firm, immaculately curved as the pale globed shells of Orient seas.

Dim inarticulate thoughts passed through the mind of the Oread as she lay visionarily intent by the mountain-pool. Down what remote avenues of life she seemed to look: from what immemorial past seemed to arise, like flying shadows at dawn, recollections of the fires of sunrise kindling along the mountain-summits, of the flames of sunset burning from the beech-forests to the last straggling pines and thence to the rose-coloured snows of the remotest peaks, of the long splendid

pageant of day and night, of the voicing of the undying wind, and the surpassing wonder of the interchange and outgrowth of the seasons, from equinoctial clamour of the spring to autumnal Euroclydon. Yet ever and again drifted through her mind vague suggestions of life still nearer to herself: white figures, seen in vanishing glimpses of unpondered all-unconscious reverie, that slipt from tree to tree in the high hill-groves, or leapt before the wind upon the heights, with flying banners of sunlit hair, or stooped to drink from the mountain-pools which the deer forsook not at their approach. Who, what, was this white shape, upon whose milky skin the ruddy light shone as he stood on a high boulder at sundown and looked meditatively upon the twilight valleys and darksome underworld far below? Who were these unremembered yet familiar sisters, so flowerlike in their naked beauty, gathering moonflowers for garlands, while their straying feet amid the dewy grass made a silver shimmer as of gossamer-webs by the waterfalls? Who was the lovely vision, so like that mirrored in the tarn before her, who, stooping in the evergreen-glade to drink the moonshine-dew, suddenly lifted her head, listened intently, and smiled with such wild shy joy?

What meant those vague half-glimpses, those haunting illusive reminiscences of a past that was yet unrememberable?

Troubled, though she knew it not, unconsciously perplexed, vaguely yearning with that nostalgia for her ancestral kind which had been born afresh and deeply by the contemplation of her second self in the mountain-pool, the Oread slowly rose, stretched her white arms, with her hands spraying out her golden hair, and gazed longingly into the blue haze of the hills.

Suddenly she started, at the irruption of an unfamiliar sound that was as it were caught up by the wind and flung from corrie to corrie. It was not like the fall of a stone, and it sounded strangely near. Stooping, she plucked a sprig of gale: then, idly twisting it to and fro, walked slowly to where a mountain-ash, ablaze with scarlet berries, leant forward from a high heathery bank overlooking a wide hollow in the moors. A great dragon-

fly spun past her like an elf's javelin. The small yellow-brown bees circled round her and brushed against her hair, excited by this new and strange flower that moved about like the hill-sheep or the red deer. As she stood under the shadow of the rowan and leant against its gnarled trunk, two small blue butterflies wavered up from the heather and danced fantastically above the wind-sprent gold of her hair. She laughed, but frowned as a swift swept past and snapt up one of the azure dancers. With a quick gesture she broke off a branch of the rowan, but by this time the other little blue butterfly had wavered off into the sunlight.

Holding the branch downward she smiled as she saw the whiteness of her limbs beneath the tremulous arrowy leaves and the thick clusters of scarlet and vermilion berries. When the gnats, whirling in aerial maze, came too near she raised the rowan-branch and slowly waved them back : but suddenly her arm stiffened, and she stood motionless, rigid, intent.

On the moor-swell beneath her, a few hundred yards away, browsed a majestically antlered stag and three or four hinds : on the ridge beyond, quite visible from where she stood, half crouched half lay an animal she had never seen before. Her heart leapt within her : for lo, here was another such as herself. No longer was there but one Oread among the high hills. And yet—and yet—there was some difference. It—he—

But here she saw her fellow Oread lift a stick to his shoulder : the next moment there was a flash, a little cloud of smoke, and a terrifying explosive sound. With mingled curiosity and dread she sprang aside from the tree, and stood upon the verge of the slope. But now a new terror came upon her, for almost simultaneously she saw the stag stumble, throw back its head, recover, and then, with a piercing bleating cry, roll over on the heather, dead.

Much she could not understand : who or what this creature like herself was : why he too was not white-skinned, but furred like a fox or the wild cattle : or why and how he dealt death with noise and flame by means of a stick. But suddenly all the passion of love for the wild things of which she was one overcame her

—a fury of resentment against this wanton slayer of the beautiful deer who did no harm, this stealthy murderer who seemed unable to leap or run. With a shrill protesting cry she leapt down the slope, and darted towards the spot where a young man, dazed with bewilderment, stood staring at the extraordinary apparition which the slaying of the stag seemed to have called up.

Strange thoughts flashed through the young man's mind. Was this lovely vision of womanhood a creation of his perverted brain: was she some lost wanderer upon the hills, bereft of her wits: was she, indeed, as she looked, some supernatural creature, to consort with whom, or even parley with, would be certain death?

She stopped when she was about twenty paces from him, suddenly abashed by a new fear, a profound amazement. He seemed, truly, an Oread like herself. Dark though he was, with dark hair and dark eyes, and fair and glad and welcome to look upon as was his face—such a face as she vaguely realised she had been recalling, or dreaming of, when she lay by the tarn—yet was he so extraordinary otherwise. A fur or shaggy hide appeared to cover him from the neck downwards: nevertheless it was as though it hung loosely upon his body. Certainly he was better worth looking at, she thought, than her own image in the mountain-pool: and if only—

As for him, his wild amazement gradually passed into realisation that the beautiful naked girl before him was a real creature of flesh and blood. With this recognition came a surge of passionate admiration for her loveliness.

Dropping his gun, the young sportsman slowly advanced. The Oread looked at him mistrustfully, but at the same time instinctively noted that he moved with infinitely less ease and freedom than she did. Slowly raising the rowan-branch, she waved to him to come nearer; but when suddenly he broke into a run she turned and fled.

Almost immediately she was out of sight. The young man stopped, stared, rubbed his eyes, and then with a muttered exclamation, sprang forward in pursuit.



As soon as he gained the slope where grew the rowan-tree, he caught a glimpse of the Oread again, as she stood motionless amidst a little sea of tall bracken. He approached more cautiously this time, so as not to alarm her; and as he drew nearer tried to allure her by awkward signs of good-will. She greeted his enticements with low, sweet, mocking laughter, and he could see by the mischievous light in her beautiful eyes that she fully realised her ability to evade him, and that she enjoyed his discomfiture.

Then he did a foolish thing. Overcome with heat and excitement, and determined to capture at all hazards this beautiful apparition, whether mortal woman or fay, he rapidly unfastened and threw off his thick tweed shooting coat.

With a shrill cry of terror she took a step or two backward, her lovely body quivering with fear at this awful sight of a creature depriving itself of its hide. The next moment she was off like the wind, her long hair streaming behind her, all ashine in the sun-glow.

With panting breath and shaking limbs her pursuer fled after her in vain chase. From slope to slope and corrie to corrie he raced as though for his life; but at last nature could no longer stand the strain, and he fell forward exhausted. When, stumbling and breathing hard like a driven deer narrowly escaped from the hounds, he looked eagerly beyond and about him, not a sign was there of the lovely vision he had so madly followed. Yet for leagues in front of him and to either side was nothing but the purple moor! He could scarce believe that she could absolutely disappear therein! Still, nowhere was she visible.

Then it was that a great fear came upon him that he had gone mad. Shaking and trembling, he once more scanned the whole reach of his vision, but, seeing nought, turned and made his way downward again. Once, twice indeed, he thought he heard a rumour as of someone following him, and even a sound as of low, mocking laughter. But he would not look behind. Already he feared this *thing*, this phantasm of his brain.

It was not till he came upon his discarded coat that some measure of reasonableness reassured him. He

*knew* he was not mad: he *knew* he had seen and pursued a real woman; and yet——

Just then he caught sight of the tarn beside which the Oread had rested during the noon heats. With a cry of relief he went towards it, and then, having given one backward glance, threw off all his clothes and sprang into the cool, deep water. What a delight it was, after his fever-heat and weariness: how absurd the idea of madness, as with strong strokes he swam to and fro!

At last, refreshed, and in his right mind, he emerged, and stood, with outstretched arms, among the heather, so that he might the more readily dry in the sunlight and soft wind. So heedless was he that he failed to perceive the slow advance, close behind him, of his flying vision.

With utmost ease the Oread had evaded him: with equal ease she had followed him unobserved during his ignominious retreat, and had watched him from a fern-clump not more than a few score yards away. When he suddenly threw off his clothes, a fresh access of fear had almost made her fly again; but she had controlled herself, as much from contempt of the inferior creature as from passionate curiosity. But when he plunged into the water, and swam like an otter, and came out once more gleaming white as herself, she realised that *here* was the true Oread. He had been ridiculously disguised, that was all; had tried, mayhap, to ape some other animal. All fear left her.

She knew nothing now but a glad, welcoming joy, a rapture of companionship. With outstretched arms, and a sweet, loving look in her eyes, she went forward to greet her longed-for mate.

Warmed by the sun, and with a low, glad laugh of sheer content, the young man turned to where his clothes lay.

He was face to face with the Oread.

\* \* \* \* \*

# DIONYSOS IN INDIA.

*(Opening Fragment of a Lyrical Drama)*

BY

WM. WINDOVER.

Opening Scene :

Verge of an upland glade among the Himalayas.

Time, Sunrise.

*First Faun.*

. . . . . Hark! I hear  
Aerial voices—

*Second Faun.*

*Whist!*

*First Faun.*

It is the wind  
Leaping against the sunrise, on the heights.

*Second Faun.*

No, no, yon mountain-springs—

*First Faun.*

Hark, Hark, O Hark!—

*Second Faun.*

Are budding into foam-flowers : see, they fall  
Laughing before the dawn—

*First Faun.*

O the sweet music !

*Child-Faun*

(*Timidly peeping over a cistus, uncurling into  
blooms.*)

Dear brother, say oh say what fills the air !  
The leaves whisper, yet is not any wind :  
I am afraid.

*First Faun.*

Be not afraid, dear child :

There is no gloom.

*Child-Faun.*

But silence : and—and—then,  
The birds have suddenly ceased : and see, alow  
The gossamer quivers where my startled hare—  
Slipt from my leash—cow'rs 'mid the foxglove—  
His eyes like pansies in a lonely wood ! [bells,  
O I am afraid—afraid—though glad :—

*Second Faun.*

Why glad ?

*Child-Faun.*

I know not.

*First Faun.*

Never yet an evil God  
Forsook the dusk. Lo, all our vales are filled  
With light : the darkest shimmers in pale blue :  
Nought is forlorn : no evil thing goeth by.

*Second Faun.*

They say—

*First Faun.*

What ? who ?

*Second Faun.*

They of the hills : they say  
That a lost God—

*First Faun.*

Hush, Hush : beware !

*Second Faun.*

And why ?

There is no god in the blue empty air ?  
Where else ?

*First Faun.*

There is a lifting up of joy :  
The morning moves in ecstasy. Never !  
O never fairer morning dawned than this.  
Somewhat is nigh !

*Second Faun.*

May be : and yet I hear  
Nought, save day's familiar sounds, nought see  
But the sweet concourse of familiar things.

*First Faun.*

Speak on, though never a single leaf but hears,  
And, like the hollow shells o' the twisted nuts  
That fall in autumn, aye murmuringly holds  
The breath of bygone sound. We know not when—  
To whom—these little wavering tongues betray  
Our heedless words, wild wanderers though we be.  
What say the mountain-lords ?

*Second Faun.*

That a lost God  
Fares hither through the dark, ever the dark.

*First Faun.*

What dark ?

*Second Faun.*

Not the blank hollows of the night :  
Blind is he, though a God : forgotten graves  
The cavernous depths of his oblivious eyes.  
His face is as the desert, blanched with ruins.  
His voice none ever heard, though whispers say  
That in the dead of icy winters far  
Beyond the utmost peaks we ever clomb.  
It hath gone forth—a deep, an awful woe.

*First Faun.*

What seeks he ?

*Second Faun.*

No one knoweth.

*First Faun.*

Yet a God,

And blind !

*Second Faun.*

Ai so : and I have heard beside  
That he is not as other Gods ; but from vast age—  
So vast, that in his youth those hills were wet  
With the tossed spume of each returning tide—  
He hath lost knowledge of the things that are,  
All memory of what was, in that dim Past  
Which was old time for him : and knoweth nought,  
Nought feels, but inextinguishable pain,

Titanic woe and burden of long æons  
Of unrequited quest.

*First Faun.*

But if he be  
Of the Immortal Brotherhood, though blind,  
How lost to them ?

*Second Faun.*

I know not, I. 'Tis said—  
Lython the Centaur told me, in those days  
When he had pity on me in his cave  
Far up among the hills—that the Lost God  
Is curs'd of all his kin, and that his curse  
Lies like a cloud about their golden home :  
So evermore he goeth to and fro—  
The shadow of their glory. . . . .

Ai, he knows

The lost beginnings of the things that are :  
We are but morning-dreams to him, and Man  
But a fantastic shadow of the dawn :  
The very Gods seem children to his age,  
Who reigned before their birth-throes filled the sky  
With the myriad shattered lights that are the stars.

*First Faun.*

Where reigned this ancient God ?

*Second Faun.*

Old Lython said  
His kingdom was the Void, where evermore  
Silence sits throned upon Oblivion.

*First Faun.*

What wants he here ?

*Second Faun.*

He hateth Helios,  
And dogs his steps. None knoweth more.

*First Faun.*

Aha !

I heed no dotard god ! Behold, behold  
My ears betrayed me not : O hearken now !

*Child-Faun.*

Brother, O brother, all the birds are wild  
With song, and through the sun-splashed wood  
[there goes  
A sound as of a multitude of wings.

*Second Faun.*

The sun, the sun ! the flowers in the grass !  
Oh, the white glory !

*First Faun.*

'Tis the Virgin God !

Hark, hear the hymns that thrill the winds of morn,  
Wild pæans to the light ! The white processions !  
They come ! They come ! . . . . .



## “PASTELS IN PROSE.”\*

Notwithstanding the fact that, as Mr. W. D. Howells has stated in the charming and too brief note which stands as preface to this volume of prose poems, modern invention has found a way of fixing the chalks so that the graceful and beautiful crayon-drawings known as pastels need no longer be perilously fragile possessions, the “pastel” will no doubt always remain the type of the most delicate form of art. It has a charm all its own. The oil-painting may have a depth and solidity far beyond it, the drawing in water-colours a lucid brilliancy which it cannot match, the etching a subtlety of tone unsurpassable; but the pastel can combine something of the special qualities of the etching, the water-colour drawing, and the painting, and has at the same time a wayward fascination, a kind of virginal beauty, all its own. No better name than “Pastels,” therefore, could be given to those short studies of poetic impression expressed in prose, which are already a new “form” in contemporary literature. One must not examine a pastel too closely, nor must one look to it for more than a swift and fortunate impressionistic portrayal; for the artist who knows his medium will not attempt to do with it what Lucas Cranach or Van Eyck, for instance, did with their medium, what in our own day the “Preraphaelites” professed to do as a matter of principle. Suggestion, not imitation, is the aim of the pastel-artist, who must, in any hazard, be what is somewhat too vaguely called an impressionist. He is not to be a novelist or an essayist in paint, but to be content to reproduce as truly as he can by suggestion a poignant artistic emotion, leaving to others to educe from it any story, lesson, or meaning they choose to find in it. The thrush flinging his music joyously upon the eddies of the spring-wind, without thought of who may

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\* Pastels in Prose. From the French, by Stuart Merrill. (Harpers.)

hear or how it may be judged, is a true artist-type. It is when the painter or writer, like the needy street-musician who increases or moderates the tone of his barrel-organ according to the supposed taste of his audience, produces for the sake of others, and in accordance with their and not his own standards, that he disproves himself an artist and becomes the mere manufacturer. The cant of altruism in art is at once ludicrous and mischievous. The artist must produce for himself; not for others. The others benefit—as those do who listen to the thrush's song, though the singer may be unconscious of or indifferent to their presence, his song being not the less sweet though there be none to applaud. In France, the prose-poem, which, it is perhaps necessary to say, is quite distinct from what is ordinarily known as poetical prose, is now a literary species as definable and recognisable as the sonnet, or the rondeau, or the villanelle. It existed in a haphazard, vagrant sort till Baudelaire, whose example inspired many of the writers who came after him, though it is probable that to the incomparable "Prose-Poems" of Turgenieff is due the fulness and variety of the tide of this new poetry which has advanced so rapidly of late. No doubt we may find herein the fundamental reason of the present vogue of Walt Whitman among the Parisian writers and cultured public. He is translated in part only, and what with wise selection and thoroughly artistic rendering, much of his work takes on a refined and delicate beauty which is apt to surprise even the most thorough admirers of "the good grey poet." No one has surpassed the greatest of the Russian novelists in the production of the prose-poem. The very essence of this species is, so to say, its irresponsibility. Its significance may be profound, but must not be obtruded. To "adorn" a poem-in-prose with a "moral" would be as barbaric as the act of the individual who painted gaudy hues and immense spots on the superb flawless tail of a white peacock. It must be brief: otherwise the impression is apt to be confused. It must be complete in itself: for the quoted specimen of poetic-prose is seldom a prose-poem, though examples could be culled from Ruskin, De Quincey, and other writers, of course. But the true prose-poem is not

merely a happy passage in an environment of unemotional prose: it is a consciously-conceived and definitely-executed poetic form. There may even be in it, there are often, in fact, variations and repetitions of effect, multiplications of identical lines, corresponding to the repetitive effects in the villanelle and all poems of the rondeau-kind: as, for instance, in the following "Nocturne":—

"I stood on a lonely promontory when the dusk had dreamed itself into a starless gloom: and as I gazed the moonshine stole across the sea. From under a dark cloud it wavered, and then passed stealthily away into the deeper darkness beyond the headland. The moonlight that stole out of the dark into the dark was as a smile upon the face of a beautiful daughter of Egypt asleep by the lotus-covered shallows of Nilus. And as I watched the moonshine steal across the sea, I heard the voice of the unseen tide crying faintly afar off, wave to wave, though the crests lapsed into the moving hollows with as little sound as the breathing of a dusky maid adream by the lotus-covered shallows of Nilus.

"In my dreams I see oftentimes that beautiful daughter of Egypt asleep by the lotus-covered shallows of Nilus; and the sound of her breathing is faint as when the wave-crests lapse into the moving hollows beneath them, far out on the solitary seas covered with the darkness. Sometimes a faint cry passes like a wounded bird from the shadow of her lips: is it a faint cry from her shadowy lips, or the voice of the unseen tide, thin and shrill, afar off? And sometimes she smiles. Then once more I stand on a lonely promontory when the dusk has dreamed itself into a starless gloom, and the moonshine steals dimly athwart remote gulfs of darkness. From under vast glooms it wavers slow, and then passes stealthily away, as I—as she—shall pass: Whither?"

To select a still shorter example, this time from "Pastels in Prose;" one of Mlle. Judith Gauthier's Chinese renderings:—

#### THE SAGES' DANCE.

(After Li-Tai-Pe.)

"On my flute, tipped with jade, I sang a song to mortals; but the mortals did not understand.

"Then I lifted my flute to the heavens, and I sang my song to the Sages. The Sages rejoiced together, they danced on the glistening clouds. And now mortals understand me, when I sing to the accompaniment of my flute tipped with jade."

But, of course, as in all poetry, the first essential is the faculty of rarified expression. The motive may or may not be romantic or picturesque in itself: the expression of it will be a poem if the author's impression be keen to poignancy, and if his faculty of utterance correspond to his sensitiveness. Thus, the life of the streets, of crowds, the common-places of our ordinary existence, afford motives as well as do Vales of Tempe or Ronces-

valles. To the artist, it is not what he sees, but how he sees, how he feels, how he expresses his sudden wayward fancy or new thought borne upward on strange spiritual or mental tides. There may even be no "picture" of any kind: all may depend upon the charm of words, surrounding, like the Doves of Venus, a beautiful thing in their midst. I may give two instances of this rare and most difficult prose-poem, though the space at my command prevents either from being quoted in full. Both are by the late Emile Hennequin:—

#### WORDS.

"In our crazed brains words are visions, ideals rather than images, desires rather than reminiscences. How distant these ideals, how painful these desires!

"There is no woman who gives us the radiant dream that lurks behind the word Woman; there is no wine that realises the intoxication imagined in the word Wine; there is no gold, pale gold or dusky gold, that gives out the tawny fulguration of the word Gold; there is no perfume that our deceived nostrils find equal to the word Perfume; no blue, no red that figures the tints with which our imaginations are coloured; all is too little for the word All; and no nothingness is an empty enough vacuity as to be that arch-terrorist word, Nothing.

"What is to be done, O my mind, with these diminished realities, reduced and dim images of our thoughts, sticks of which we have made thyrses, banjos of which we have made citherns, aquarelles that we have animalized, dreams opiated by us?"

From the strange and powerful poem, "The Earth," the first portion may be quoted, though the remainder is in some respects even finer:—

#### THE EARTH.

"Eddying through the blue or black heavens of nights and of days, full in her deep hollows of the tumultuous water of the seas, turgid and flat, the earth curves, sinuates and rises, dry under the fresh air, firm and mobile, jutting forth in mountains, falling away in plains, brown and all woven with the silver woof of rivers and lakes, green and all bristling with trees, with plants, with grass."

But, after all, perhaps these are the exceptions that prove the rule: the rule that a complete vision, a complete emotion, however momentary and even uncertain, be definitely conveyed in suggestion. As Mr. Howells says in the charming little preface already alluded to, "the poet fashions his pretty fancy on his lonely inspiration; sets it well on the ground, poises it, goes and leaves it. The thing cannot have been easy to learn, and it must always be most difficult to do; for it implies the most courageous faith in art, the finest respect for others, the wisest self-denial."

The selection in this volume is made from the writings of Louis Bertrand, Paul Leclercq, Theodore de Banville, Alphonse Daudet, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, George Auriol, Judith Gautier, J. K. Huysmans, Ephraim Mikhael, Pierre Quillard, Rodolphe Darzens, Beauclaire, Achille Delaroche, Stephane Mallarmé, Emile Hennequin, Adrien Rémacle, Maurice de Guérin, Paul Masy, Catulle Mendès, Henri de Regnier, and one or two others. Several of the poems were written specially for this book: those of MM. Catulle Mendès and Stephane Mallarmé are versions from the final proof sheets of new volumes by the two poets: and the six by Emile Hennequin were specially selected for the translators by Madame Hennequin from among hitherto unpublished MSS. by that most brilliant and remarkable poet and critic. A word of emphatic praise must be given to the translator, Mr. Stuart Merrill—himself (he is a Franco-American) a French poet of standing, having won high regard by his first volume of poetry, "Les Gammes." Needless to say, none but a thorough artist could have rendered these prose-poems adequately. His translations are works of rare and delicate art; the work of a poet inspired by poets.

One word more from Mr. Howells. The prose-poem, as written in France, has, he says, come to stay. "It is a form which other languages must naturalise: and we can only hope that criticisms will carefully guard the process, and see that it is not vulgarised or coarsened in it. The very life of the form is its aerial delicacy: its soul is that perfume of thought, of emotion, which these masters here have never suffered to become an argument. They must be approached with sympathy by whoever would get all their lovely grace, their charm that comes and goes like the light in beautiful eyes."

S.

## CONTEMPORARY RECORD.

## ME JUDICE.

The publishing season of 1892 is memorable for the commercial success of a biographical and philosophical book, *The History of David Grieve*: for the reluctantly allowed literary and library success of a great work of fiction, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*: and for the disastrous failure of the latest production of a great poet, *The Sisters*. Of these, Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel is indeed, as has been claimed, monumental. In this country monuments are erected to the memory of the departed only. The powerful and beautiful and eminently significant romance by Mr. Thomas Hardy has one drawback—for the mentally and spiritually anaemic: it is sane, vigorous, full-blooded, robust, with the pulse of indomitable youth. It is a book to read, to re-read, to ponder, to be proud of. Its author has at last won the bâton of a Field-Marshal in the army of contemporary novelists. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, has given a further and now serious impetus to the retrograde movement of his great reputation. He is a poet of, at his best, so rare and high a genius that many readers, during perusal of *The Sisters*, will be tempted to believe in the Doppelgänger legend. Who is Mr. Swinburne's double? It is an undesirable co-partnery. The lesser man, who had already satisfied us of his inability to sustain the honour done him, should now retire. Mr. Swinburne has played double-dummy with him long enough.

\* \*

*The Sisters* is the production of a tamed Elizabethan. It has fine things that might almost be written by Webster, or at least by Cyril Tournour, if one or other of these dramatists be thought of as a contemporary, and maugre that special quality of spiritual audacity and intellectual bravura so characteristic of each, and that Mr. Swinburne himself at one time possessed. On the other hand, it has pages of drawing-room realism, of "Friendship's-Offering" sentiment, of a dulness unequalled by anything in "the new humour." It has passages that would make love impossible of continu-

ance: lovers can understand "speaking silence" but not diction where cherished commonplaces are choked in struggling rhetoric. There are other passages that I recommend to the tender mercies of the University Extension-Lecturer. He can then lay horrid pitfalls for the unwary, for who among them will be able to say if the given excerpts be execrable verse or villainous prose? There are lines, alas, which excruciate the ear: lines worthy of Byron at his worst, of a fibrelessness so perverse, of so maladroit a turn, that the ear of the metricist revolts. And yet Mr. Swinburne is a prince of his craft in knowledge and skill! No: it is the mysterious double who hath done this thing. It is a bitter thing to tell a poet that we prefer his prose, but even a recantatory essay on Byron or Whitman—the two magnificent derelict comets of modern poetry whose tails have been so carefully pulled by Mr. Swinburne while under the impression that he was grappling with the luminaries in front—would be preferable to *The Sisters*. For no one need read Mr. Swinburne the critic of modern men, but everyone must read Mr. Swinburne the poet.

\* \*

If *The Sisters* be a poor play it contains, besides many beautiful passages, lyrical interludes of surpassing grace. To read the lyric "Love and Sorrow met in May" is to rejoice that we have a great poet still among us. When this drama itself is known only of rust and the moth, the flawless lyric it enshrines shall have put on immortality as a garment.

\* \*

The half-year that is over has been further noteworthy for two new books by Mr. George Meredith: if, indeed, the reprint of his superb *Modern Love*, with later additions, can be called a new book. His novel, *One of Our Conquerors*, has sown discord among the faithful. Enthusiasts call it manna: the cavillers will have it that it is a St. John's feast with a multiplicity of hard locusts to a small benefice of wild honey. One can certainly discern in it George Meredith at his best: it is easier, however, to find him in his least winsome aspect. He is the electric light among contemporary illuminators of our darkness.

\* \* \*

The Poet Laureate is what no other like dignitary has been: the most consummate poetic artist of his time. He is Sovereign of the Victorians. But he is not a dramatist, though he can sometimes write dramatically. His *Foresters* is a lovely pastoral, with some happy songs; but the England of Robin Hood is just what we do *not* find reflected in its exquisitely polished mirror. This drama is even more a Court-of-Victoria-fin-de-siècle rendering of the wild life it nominally represents than the "Idyls of the King" are of the Arthurian past. As a stage play *The Foresters* is eminently suited to please British and American audiences, having neither intensity of vision, overmastery of passion, vigour of dialogue, nor convincing verisimilitude.

\* \* \*

Lord Lytton, who lapsed in his father's fiction, died a writer of verse. He was a worthy private citizen; as a public man, an ornamental Imperialist; as a diplomatist, a sign-post to warn new-comers to take the other way. He was saved from being a bad Oriental by being an unconventional Occidental.

As a poet, he was . . . . . a worthy son of his father.

\* \* \*

A greater than many Lyttons passed away in the person of Walt Whitman. This great pioneer of a new literature has so many faults in the view of most of his contemporaries that they cannot discern the volcano beneath the scoriæ. Let us defy mixt metaphors, and add that we believe those who come after us will look upon him as the Janitor of the New House Beautiful. Meanwhile all Whitmaniacs (the courteous appellation is not ours) must rejoice in the convincing, if unconscious, tribute paid with so much delicacy and graciousness by the writer of a certain famous *Athenæum* critique.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hall Caine has written *The Scapegoat*. He has also re-written it. The experiment reflects credit on him as a conscientious workman, but is in other respects an awful example to set to the young. Horrible possibilities are suggested. Burke and Hare will be outdone in the resurrecting business. Mudie will have to start duplicate shelves,



the upper marked *As they Were*, the lower *As they Are*. The dead will arise and walk in a new ghastliness.

\* \* \*

*The Naulahka* proves that two clever men can legally procure an abortion.

\* \* \*

Mr. Mallock's *Human Document* should be filed at once. It can then be put away.

\* \* \*

In Robert Louis Stevenson's new books, *Across the Plains* and *The Wrecker*, there are wells of pure delight. The sunshine of genius is in both, though the former is but a series of collected papers and the latter a romance of adventure. The delight of these books cancels the deep disappointment of the "South-Sea Letters." There are pages of "The Lantern-Bearers" and "Fontainebleau" which ought to be committed to memory by every aspirant in the literary life.

\* \* \*

The novel of the year, in France—a year given over to strange aberrations from the well-defined "stream of tendency" of the French mind, from a lurid colour-study by the Flemish-Parisian Huysmans to the serene cold-bloodedness of Maurice Barrès, or the scientific romancing of J. H. Rosny—is Zola's recently published *La Débâcle*. It should be read not only as perhaps the most mature and splendid effort of a great writer—a great writer who has reached the Temple of Fame through seas of mud, and, unfortunately, has brought a good deal with him, even to the white steps of the portico; but also as a work likely to have a remarkable effect on the political temper and ideals of the French people. *La Débâcle* may prove to be a factor of supreme international significance, in the relations of France and Germany. In this country, even, it will attract almost as much attention as the marriage of a duke or the misdemeanour of an actress.

\* \* \*

Maurice Maeterlinck—who stabbed himself with a bodkin in *Les Sept Princesses*—has, in *Pelléas et Melisande*, opened a vein. There is just a chance it is not an artery.

\* \* \*

Next month a word to *les jeunes* here. W. H. B.

## THE PAGAN REVIEW.

In the next number of *The Pagan Review* there will be an article entitled, "The New Paganism," by H. P. Siwäärmill, which will have not only a general purport but will, in all essential respects, reflect the principles of which this magazine is the indirect literary exponent.

\* \* \*

In the immediately succeeding numbers will also appear Poems by several of the younger men, known and unknown ; including, it is hoped, a continuation of Mr. Wm. Windover's "Dionysos in India."

\* \* \*

One or two short stories dealing with striking and actual episodes of contemporary Italian and Greek life, are promised by Mr. James Marazion, whose "Rape of the Sabines" appears in this number. The first will probably be a strange Greek story, entitled, "The Last of the Mysti." Another contributor to the current issue, Mr. Charles Verlayne, will be represented by a further instalment of his Barbaric Studies, from his forthcoming romance, "LA MORT S'AMUSE." If VISTAS be still unpublished on the appearance of our second number, Mr. W. S. Fanshawe may contribute another "dramatic interlude" from that volume, akin in method, if not in subject or manner, to his "Black Madonna." From the pen of Mr. John Lafarge readers will have, in due course, some novel sketches and strange experiences of "Foreign London."

\* \* \*

"THE PAGANS"—for which, as motto, we fancy, rather than the quotations given by Mr. Willand Dreeme, the words of Pistol : "*A foutra for the world, and worldlings base ! I speak of Africa, and golden joys !*"—will be continued.

\* \* \*

Although there will be few translations in *The Pagan Review*—for it is intended that it will be, above all else, national, and not a French bastard, or mixt-breed of any kind—there will be occasional foreign contributors. In particular there will appear, either next number or in the third, the first part of a singularly unconventional psychological romance—a romance, that is, in externals, for it is understood to be essentially an autobiography. Although written by one who is of the younger generation only

in heart and mind, readers will find in this revelation of a woman's life by Mme. Rose Désirée Myrthil both true paganism of spirit and modernity of temperament. There will also appear at intervals in *The Pagan Review* studies of the most noteworthy among the younger writers of other countries; and the collaboration of some of the most typical poets and romancists of the new movement in France and Belgium has been secured. In the monthly "Contemporary Record" it is intended to give suggestive if succinct summaries of what is being done here and abroad by *les jeunes*, a term which, it may again be pointed out, does not necessarily imply mere youthfulness in years.

\* \* \*

The Editor has been promised stories, episodes, studies—some of which, in part or complete, he has already considered—by several known and unknown writers, besides the above named authors; but he is prepared to consider proposals as to MSS. other than those from writers who have already mustered under the banner of *The Pagan Review* or from authors who have been invited to contribute. *Stamps for repostage if necessary and addressed cover* must be sent with all MSS. The following stipulations should also be borne in mind: (1.) No fiction can be considered, except short stories characterised by distinct actuality, whether "romantic" or "realistic"; and in no instance must these exceed 3,000 words, while 2,000, or even 1,000 constitute a preferable length. (2.) Contributions must not have appeared elsewhere; or, if this rule be broken, it must be with the cognizance and approval of the Editor. (3.) No translations are wished, as the limited space for translations is already pledged in advance for an indefinite period. (4.) Controversial and political matter will not be considered; nor such articles as "A Study of *Robert Elsmere*", "The Poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris", "Art at the Royal Academy", *et hęc genus omne*. It will be well, in a word, for the sake of all concerned, for would-be contributors to understand that this magazine *does not aim to be a popular monthly on familiar lines*, and that by far the greater part of what is currently submitted to the consideration of magazine-editors is at once unsuitable for and undesired by *The Pagan Review*.

\* \* \*

All communications to be addressed to Mr. W. H. Brooks (Assistant-Editor, *The Pagan Review*); but those which deal with literary suggestions, or are concerned with literary contributions, invited or voluntarily submitted, should be marked "Editorial." Letters, MSS., &c., to be addressed simply:—

Mr. W. H. Brooks,  
Buck's Green,  
Rudgwick,  
Sussex.

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*In Preparation.*

## THE TOWER OF SILENCE:

A Drama, in Prose,

By GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

*"Of deeds most dreadful none greater than this which thou hast done."*

EURIPIDES (*Electra*).

\*\* As this Drama, which deals with a very terrible central incident and with a strange psychical problem, may be issued only privately, there may be some readers of *The Pagan Review* who may care to have their names put on record in advance as subscribers on publication. *Only a few copies will be disposable in any case.* (Price, Five Shillings.)

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## VISTAS

BY

W. S. FANSHAWE.

(see over.)

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and  
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