

Masque of Judgment have cause to know. That is to stand, it appears, as the second number of a dramatic trilogy, in which *The Fire-Bringer*<sup>1</sup> is to hold first place. No more promising, no more exacting theme than the Promethean myth could be chosen for such a sequence. No American poet of the present generation is better qualified to deal with it than Mr. Moody. The present dramatic study is in no way inferior to that which antedated it in publication; and this is high praise. Mr. Moody's versification is altogether free from meretriciousness. It is of classical directness and purity. The same qualities belong to the larger treatment of his theme. An occasional chorus of irregular metre suggests the Greek dramatic habit; but only suggests it.

The opening dialogue between Deukalion and Pyrrha acquaints the imagined auditor with the situation. The aged pair, preserved by the warning of Prometheus from the flood by which Zeus had determined to destroy the race of men, have from stones and earth magically created a new but helpless and hopeless race, lacking the boon of human love, of which, with the boon of fire, Zeus has bereft the world. Their only gleam of cheer is in the lyrical presence of Pandora, their only hope in the continued magnanimity of Prometheus. The specific action concerns that prodigious theft of fire, brought "secretly in a fennel-stalk," and the consequent restoration of happiness to the world. There are many passages which one would like to quote, — that description of Pandora singing to the Stone Men and the Earth Women:

There by the pool they sat, with faces lit  
And brows of harsh attention; in their midst  
Pandora bowed, and sang a doubtful song,  
Its meaning faint or none, but mingled up  
Of all that nests and housekeeps in the heart,  
Or puts out in lone passion toward the vast  
And cannot choose but go.

<sup>1</sup> *The Fire-Bringer*. By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Or that first entrance of Prometheus: —

*Pyrrha.*

O swift-comer, it is thou!  
None other, thou, wind-ranger, bringer-in!  
Child, be awake! Prometheus!

*Prometheus* (entering, lifts *Pyrrha*).

Do not so;  
These hands come poor; these feet bring nothing back.

*Pyrrha.*

Thy hands come filled with thee, thy feet from thence

Have brought thee hither; it is gifts enough.  
Or the Fire-Bringer's account of his first attempt at the mighty theft: —

Soft as light I passed

The perilous gates that are acquainted forth,  
The walls of starry safety and alarm,  
The pillars and the awful roofs of song,  
The stairs and colonnades whose marble work  
Is spirit, and the joinings spirit also, —  
And from the well-brink of his central court  
Dipped vital fire of fire, flooding my vase,  
Glutting it arm-deep in the keen element.  
Then backward swifter than the osprey dips  
Down the green slide of the sea. . . .

At the end the punishment of Prometheus is hardly more than presaged; the third member of the trilogy, therefore, is to deal with that part of the myth which has been turned oftenest into poetry. We are promised it in the course of a year or two, and have reason for looking forward to its appearance with lively interest, and with not a little confidence.

It is to be hoped that to not a few Warwick Castle and its Earls. of the American visitors who form so large an element in that never-ending procession of sight-seers which passes through Warwick Castle, the sumptuous volumes in which *Lady Warwick* has recorded its history<sup>2</sup> may serve as a permanent memorial of a pleasure, to some almost painfully keen, because perforce so brief. The Castle, indeed, is in many ways chief among those historic houses which in

<sup>2</sup> *Warwick Castle and its Earls, from Saxon Times to the Present Day*. By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Hutchinson & Co. 1903.

their beauty, as much as in their grandeur, are the peculiar glory of England. Its story and that of its masters must of necessity include an epitome of English history during a thousand years, and as to legend and romance, one can go back into the wonderland of a dim past with John Rous, the worthy fifteenth-century Warwickshire antiquary, who asserts that Warwick was founded about the time of "the birth of King Alexander the Greek conqueror." Lady Warwick writes in a straightforward, unaffected style, and her work being in its nature largely that of a compiler, she selects and uses her material with excellent judgment and a due sense of proportion. She gives space enough, and not too much, to a consideration of the legendary chronicles, and the authentic but rather scanty records of the Saxon and Norman earls. The first figures that can really be vitalized are of the house of Beauchamp, especially its greatest son, Richard, of whom the Emperor Sigismund declared that he had not his equal in Christendom "for Wisdom, Nurture, and Manhood, — if all Courtesie were lost, it might be found in him again;" and whose noble monument in the centre of the beautiful chapel he founded has kept him in remembrance even to this day. The career of this all-accomplished knight's more famous son-in-law, the king-maker, is clearly and well described, and with him the old order passes, his hapless grandson, the Plantagenet earl, being the most pitiful victim of the new rule.

The outlines, at least, of the history of one of the most notorious instruments of that new rule, Edmund Dudley, and of his son and grandsons, are tolerably well known to most readers. Lady Warwick, in a very good summing-up of the characteristics of the most conspicuous members of the family that held the earldom under the Tudors, says: "Their ambition was overweening and outran their talents. . . . But

they figured impressively on the stage, and realized the pageant of life better than any of their contemporaries." By the aid of *The Black Book of Warwick* she is able to revivify some of this splendor of life, and the whole varied story of the house of Dudley is well told. But why is the little son and heir of Leicester — the child of the Countess Lettice — passed over in the narrative, and his identity confounded with that of his elder half-brother? All visitors in the Beauchamp Chapel linger at the tomb of "the noble imp," and one can imagine the hopeless perplexity of the earnest tourist when he finds this childish designation, and even the boy's monument, given to Sir Robert Dudley, who died and was buried in Tuscany more than threescore years after the effigy of his small brother had been placed in the Lady Chapel. There is no lack of interest in the annals of the house of Rich, or of contrasts in character; — witness that altogether evil man, the Lord Chancellor; his grandson, for no personal merit made Earl of Warwick, and of whom "Stella" was the unwilling bride; their son, the sturdy Puritan admiral, whose saintly daughter-in-law, Mary Boyle, is sketched at full length, a most living picture with her little foibles and great virtues. Then, in the eighteenth century, the family obscurely ending, the earldom came to the house of Greville, who had possessed the Castle since the passing of the Dudleys.

"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney," — thus he wrote his epitaph, — made future generations his debtor by his admirable restoration and enlargement of the half-ruined Castle, which he also "beautified with the most pleasant gardens." Two hundred years later, George Greville, the second earl of his house, restored and supplemented his predecessor's work, and gathered from far and near those treasures of art with which the world is

familiar. A word of appreciation must be given to the author's spirited and sympathetic sketch of that Lord Brooke, the Parliamentary leader, who was slain at Lichfield, and was in his short life an exemplar of all that was best in the Liberalism of his time. One regrets that more space could not have been given to descriptions of the Castle and St. Mary's Church as well. Architecture in such a connection is by no means so "dull" a subject as the writer fears it to be. Space fails to do justice to the illustrations which are given in lavish abundance and are excellently well selected. There are

portraits, from the illuminations of the Rous Roll to the photographs of to-day, relics of every kind, and views without number of the Castle and its surroundings, indicating, so far as pencil and camera may, not only the "grey magnificence," but something of the dream-like charm of the place. In a few well-chosen closing words, the author shows how she and Lord Warwick have striven to blend the old and the new, and to fulfill in various ways the duties of their stewardship. Surely one of these duties has been fulfilled in the preparation of these chronicles.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONE summer Sunday morning, a number of years ago, I dropped **The Mouth of the Mime.** in at the French Protestant Church on Washington Square, New York. It was a little late and the preacher had begun his discourse. He was a man of commanding presence, and possessed of one of the most fortunate voices, for his calling, that I had ever listened to. I do not at all remember what he said, but I was curiously attracted by the way in which he said it, by the purity and flexibility of his enunciation, and by the subtle play of expression with which it was accompanied, and particularly by the art — delicate and unobtrusive and effective, but clearly the art — with which he used his lips. I was conscious of a haunting suggestion of some other mouth that I had seen betraying the like skill, employed with equal mastery, in quite different surroundings. It was only at the close of the service, when the preacher recited the Lord's Prayer with peculiar fervor and solemnity, that I recognized that the suggested parallel was with Coquelin *ainé*, whom I had heard recently, and

as I passed out I learned by inquiry that the accomplished orator to whom I had been listening was the then famous M. Loyson, the Père Hyacinthe whose eloquence had once enthralled the audiences of Notre Dame.

The incident set me upon one of those desultory studies which engage most of us more fascinatingly than our regular pursuits; from time to time I seized every opportunity that presented itself to compare the mouths of orators and actors, and I came to think, with considerable reason, that I could recognize a man of either profession at sight by that sole indicium, especially, as not infrequently happened, if the case observed was that of a really successful practitioner of either. Naturally the comparison was easiest between the actors and the pulpit speakers, since in our land of many sects and scant ceremonial the latter are as numerous as the former. The analogy, however, was as evident among secular speakers, — Mr. Curtis, Colonel Ingersoll, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bourke Cockran, among political speakers; while my memory ran back to Phillips and