APPENDIX — I

A Selection of
Letters of G. M. Höpkins
DEAREST BRIDGES, — Your letter cannot amuse Father Provincial, for he is on the unfathering deeps outward bound to Jamaica; I shd. not think of telling you anything about his reverence's goings and comings if it were not that I know this fact has been chronicled in the Catholic papers.

 Enough that it amuses me, especially the story about Wooldridge and the Wagnerite, wh. is very good.

 Your parody reassures me about your understanding the metre. Only remark, as you say that there is no conceivable licence I shd. not be able to justify, that with all my licences, or rather laws, I am stricter than you and I might say than anybody I know. With the exception of the Bremen stanza, which was, I think, the first written after 10 years' interval of silence and before I had fixed my principles, my rhymes are rigidly good — to the ear — and such rhymes as love and prove I scout utterly. And my quantity is not like 'Fifty-two Bedford Square', where fifty might pass but Bedford I should never admit. Not only so but Swinburne's dactyls and anapaests are halting to my ear: I never allow e.g. a or my (that is diphthongs, for I = a + i and my = ma + i) in the short of weak syllables of those feet, excepting before vowels, semi-vowels, or r, and rarely then, or when the measure becomes (what is the word?) molossic — thus: o - o | o - o | o - o, for then the first short is almost long. If you look again you will see. So that I may say my apparent licences are counter-balanced, and more, by my strictness. In fact all English
verse, except Milton's, almost, offends me as 'licentious'.
Remember this.

I do not of course claim to have invented sprung rhythms but only sprung rhythm; I mean that single lines and single instances of it are not uncommon in English and I have pointed them out in lecturing — e.g. 'why should this desert be?' — which the editors have variously amended; "There to meet: with Macbeth' or 'There to meet with Macbeth'; Campbell has some throughout the Battle of the Baltic — 'and their fleet along the deep proudly shone' — and Ye Mariners — 'as ye sweep through the deep' etc; Moore has some which I cannot recall; there is one in Grongar Hill; and, not to speak of Pom pom, in Nursery Rhymes, Weather Saws, and Refrains they are very common — but what I do in the Deutschland etc. is to enfranchise them as a regular and permanent principle of scansion.

There are no outriding feet in the Deutschland. An outriding foot is, by a sort of contradiction, a recognised extra-metrical effect; it is and it is not part of the metre; not part of it, not being counted, but part of it by producing a calculated effect which tells in the general success. But the long, e.g. seven-syllabled, feet of the Deutschland, are strictly material. Outriding feet belong to counterpointed verse, which supposes a well-known and unmistakeable or
unforgettable standard rhythm: the Deutschland is not counter-
pointed; counterpoint is excluded by sprung rhythm. But in 
some of my sonnets I have mingled the two systems; this is the 
most delicate and difficult business of all.

The choruses in Samson Agonistes are intermediate 
between counterpointed and sprung rhythm. In reality they are 
sprung, but Milton keeps up a fiction of counterpointing the 
heard rhythm (which is the same as the mounted rhythm) upon a 
standard rhythm which is never heard but only counted and 
therefore really does not exist. The want of a metrical 
notation and the fear of being thought to write mere rhythmic 
or (who knows what the critics might not have said?) even 
unrhythmic prose drove him to this. Such rhythm as French 
and Welsh poetry has is sprung, counterpointed upon a counted 
rhythm, but it differs from Milton's in being little calculated, 
not more perhaps than prose consciously written rhythmically, 
like orations for instance; it is in fact the native rhythm of 
the words used bodily imported into verse; whereas Milton's 
mounted rhythm is a real poetical rhythm, having its own laws 
and recurrence, but further embarrased by having to count.

Why do I employ sprung rhythm at all? Because it is 
the nearest to the rhythm of prose, that is the native and 
natural rhythm of speech, the least forced, the most rhetorical 
and emphatic of all possible rhythms, combining, as it seems
to me, opposite and, one wd. have thought, incompatible excellences, markedness of rhythm — that is rhythm's self — and naturalness of expression — for why, if it is forcible in prose to say 'lashed : rod', am I obliged to weaken this in verse, which ought to be stronger, not weaker, into 'lashed birch-rod' or something?

My verse is less to be read than heard, as I have told you before; it is oratorical, that is the rhythm is so. I think if you will study what I have here said you will be much more pleased with it and may I say? converted to it.

You ask may you call it 'presumptious jugglery'. No, but only for this reason, that presumptious is not English.

I cannot think of altering anything. Why shd. I? I do not write for the public. You are my public and I hope to convert you.

You say you wd. not for any money read my poem again. Nevertheless I beg you will. Besides money, you know, there is love. If it is obscure do not bother yourself with the meaning but pay attention to the best and most intelligible stanzas, as the two last of each part and the narrative of the wreck. If you had done this you wd. have liked it better and sent me some serviceable criticisms, but now your criticism is of no use, being only a protest memorialising me against my whole policy and proceedings.
I may add for your greater interest and edification that what refers to myself in the poem is all strictly and literally true and did all occur; nothing is added for poetical padding.

Believe me your affectional friend

GERARD M. HOPKINS S.J.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — Remark the above address. After July I expect to be stationed in town - 111 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

I hope your bad cold is gone.

I am very glad to hear the Rondeliers have come to see the beauty of your poetry. I have little acquaintance with their own. I have read a rondeau or rondel by Karzials in the Athenaeum beginning and ending 'When I see you': it was very graceful and shewing an art and finish rare in English verse. This makes me the more astonished about Flop flop. Is his name Spanish, Provencal, or what? Barring breach of confidence I wish I could have seen his letter and that of the habitually joyous. I think that school is too artificial and exotic to take root and last, is it not?

I enclose you my Eurydice, which the Month refused. It is my only copy. Write no bilgewater about it; I will presumably tell you what that is and till then excuse the term. I must tell you I am sorry you never read the Deutschland again.

Granted that it needs study and is obscure, for indeed I was not over-desirous that the meaning of all should
be quite clear, at least unmistakeable, you might, without the effort that to make it all out would seem to have required, have nevertheless read it so that lines and stanzas should be left in the memory and superficial impressions deepened, and have liked some without exhausting all. I am sure I have read and enjoyed pages of poetry that way. Why, sometimes one enjoys and admires the very lines one cannot understand, as for instance 'If it were done when 'tis done' sqq., which is all obscure and disputed, though how fine it is everybody sees and nobody disputes. And so of many more passages in Shakspeare and others. Besides you would have got more weathered to the style and its features — not really odd. Now they say that vessels sailing from the port of London will take (perhaps it should be / used since to take) Thames water for the voyage; it was foul and stunk at first as the ship worked but by degrees casting its filth was in a few days very pure and sweet and wholesomer and better than any water in the world. However that may be, it is true to my purpose. When a new thing, such as my ventures in the Deutschland are, is presented us our first criticisms are not our truest, best, most homely, or most lasting but what come easiest on the instant. They are barbarous and like what the ignorant and the ruck say. This was so with you. The Deutschland on her first run worked very much and unsettled you, thickening and clouding your mind with vulgar mudbottom and common sewage (I see that I am going
it with the image) and just then unhappily you drew off your criticisms all stinking (a necessity now of the image) and bilgy, whereas if you had let your thoughts cast themselves they would have been clearer in themselves and more to my taste too. I did not heed them therefore, perceiving they were a first drawing-off. Same of the Eurydice — which being short and easy please read more than once.

Can you tell me who that critic in the Athenaeum is that writes very long reviews on English and French poets, essayists, and so forth in a style like De Quincey’s, very acute in his remarks, provoking, jaunty, and (I am sorry to say) would-be humorous? He always quotes Persian stories (unless he makes them up) and talks about Rabelaesian humour.

My brother’s pictures, as you say, are careless and do not aim high, but I don’t think it would be much different if he were a batchelor. But, strange to say — and I shd. never even have suspected it if he had not quite simply told me — he has somehow in painting his pictures, thought nothing that the pictures express, a high and quite religious aim; however, I cannot be more explanatory.

Your bodysnatch story is ghastly, but so are all body snatch stories. My grandfather was a surgeon, a fellow-student of Keats’, and once conveyed a body through Plymouth at the risk of his own.
Believe me your affectionate friend

GERARD M. HOPKINS S.J.

May 21 1878

Please remember me very kindly to your mother.

To do the Eurydice any kind of justice you must not slovenly read it with the eyes but with your ears, as if the paper were declaiming it at you. For instance the line 'she had come from a cruise training seamen' read without stress and declaim is mere Lloyd's Shipping Intelligence; properly read it is quite a different thing. Stress is the life of it.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — It gave me of course great comfort to read your words of praise. But however, praise or blame, never mingle with your criticisms monstrous and indecent spiritual compliments like something you have said there.

I want to remark on one or two things.

How are hearts of oak furled? Well, in sand and sea water. The image comes out true under the circumstances, otherwise it could not hold together. You are to suppose a stroke or blast in a forest of 'hearts of oak' (=, ad propositum, sound oak-timber) which at one blow both lays them low and buries them in broken earth. Furling (ferrule is a blunder for furl, I think) is proper when said of sticks and staves.

So, too of bole, I don't see your objection here at all. It is not only used by poets but seems technical and proper and in the mouth of timber merchants and so forth.
'This was that fell capsize' is read according to the above stresses - two critics, so to say.

I don't see the difficulty about the 'lurch forward'? Is it in the scanning? which is imitative as usual — an anapaest, followed by a trochee, a dactyl, and a syllable, so that the rhythm is anacrustic or as I should call it, 'encountering'.

'Cheer's death' = the death of cheer = the dying out of all comfort = despair.

'It is even seen' — You mistake the sense of this as I feared it would be mistaken. I believed Hare to be a brave and conscientious man: what I say is that 'every those who see unconscious will act the right part at a great push.'

About 'mortholes' I do wince a little but cannot now change it. What I dislike much more however is the rhyme 'foot he' to duty and beauty. In fact I cannot stand it and I want the stanza corrected thus -
Look, foot to forelock, how all things suit he
Is strung by duty, is strained to beauty,
And brown-as-dawning-skinned
With brine and shine and whirling wind.

The difficulty about the Milky Way is perhaps because you do not know the allusion: it is that in Catholic times Walsingham Way was a name for the Milky Way, as being supposed a fingerpost to our Lady's shrine at Walsingham.

'O well wept' should be written asunder, not 'well wept'. It means 'you do well to weep' and is framed like 'well caught' or 'well run' at a cricketmatch.

Obscurity I do and will try to avoid so far as is consistent with excellences higher than clearness at a first reading. This question of obscurity we will some time speak of but not now. As for affection I do not believe I am guilty of it; you should point out instances, but as long as mere novelty and boldness strikes you as affectation your criticism strikes me as — as water of the Lower Isis.

I see I have omitted one or two things. If the first stanza is too sudden it can be changed back to what it was a first —
The Eurydice — it concerned thee, O Lord:
O alas! three hundred hearts on board —

But then it will be necessary to change the third stanza as follows, which you will hardly approve —

Did she pride her, freighted fully, on
Bounden bales or a hoard of bullion? —

About 'grimstones' you are mistaken. It is not the remains of a rhyme to brimstone. I could run you some rhymes on it. You must know, we have a Father Grimstone in our province.

I shall never have leisure or desire to write much. There is one thing I should like to get done, an ode on the Vale of Clwyd begun therein. It would be a curious work if done. It contains metrical attempts other than any one have seen, something like Greek choruses, a peculiar eleven-footed line for instance.

What you have got of mine you may do as you like with about shewing to friends.

Is your own ode on the Eurydice done? Will you send it, as well as other things; which shall be returned.

Believe me your affectionate friend

GERARD M. HOPKINS S.J.
St. Giles's, Oxford. Feb. 15 '79.

DEAREST BRIDGES, — I should have added in my last that the Silver Jubilee had been published. It was printed at the end of a sermon, bearing the same title and due to the same occasion, of Fr. John Morris's of our Society. I have found it since I wrote and the copy I sent you from memory is not quite right. The third stanza should stand fourth and run —

Not today we need lament
Your lot of life is some way spent:
Toil has shed round your head
Silver, but for Jubilee.

The thought is more pointed. Please correct it if you put it into your album.

No, do not ask Gosse anything of the sort. If I were going to publish, and that soon, such a mention would be the puff premilinary', which it wd. be dishonourable of me to allow of. If I did, a mention in one article of one review would do very little indeed, especially as publishing now is out of the question. When I say that I do not mean to publish I speak the truth. I have taken and mean to take no step to do so beyond the attempt I made to print my two wrecks in the Month. If some one in authority knew of my having some poems printable and suggested my doing it I shd. not refuse, I should be partly, though not altogether, glad. But that is very unlikely. All therefore that I think of doing is to keep my
verses together in one place — at present I have not even correct copies —, that, if anyone shd. like, they might be published after my death. And that again is unlikely, as well as remote. I could add other considerations, as that if I meant to publish at all it ought to be more or ought at least to be followed up, and how can that be? I cannot in conscience spend time on poetry, neither have I the inducements and inspirations that make others compose. Feeling, love in particular, is the great moving power and spring of verse and the only person that I am in love with seldom, especially now, stirs my heart sensibly and when he does I cannot always 'make capital' of it, it would be a sacrilege to do so. Then again I have of myself made verse so laborious.

No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern or what I am in the habit of calling 'inscape' is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped. However 'winding the eyes' is queer only if looked at from the wrong point of view: looked at as a motion in and of the eyeballs it is what you say, but I mean that the eye winds/only in the sense that its focus or point of sight winds and that coincides with a point of the object and winds with that.
For the object, a lantern passing further and further away and bearing now east, now west of one right line, is truly and properly described as winding. That is how it should be taken then.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — I fully answered your question about the 'one' in the Eurydice. You seem to have meant to ask two questions about it, but you did ask only one. (You asked also about one of the sonnets.) What you now say shews me that you must have fallen into some unaccountable misunderstanding about the 'hero' stanza. The words are put into the mouth of a mother, wife, or sweetheart who has lost a son, husband, or lover respectively by the disaster and who prays Christ, whom she addresses 'Hero savest', that is, 'Hero that savest', that is, Hero of a Saviour, to save (that is, have saved) her hero, that is, her son, husband, or lover: 'Hero of a Saviour' (the line means) 'be the saviour of my hero'. There is no connection with the 'one' before the aposiopesis; I cannot think how you came to suppose any.

The Anne joke is all that I object to. But beyond that I do not think those stanzas after the fried fish very pointed or equal to the rest.

I do not think the Spring Odes excellent. But I will make two objections. The first is on 'astride'. The stanza is very good, but I think that ploughmen never, that is, speaking typically never, bestride their teams, that is, their horses, but always sit side-saddle. Could it not be something like 'Or jaunt and sing outright. As by their teams they strike'? Secondly the first two stanzas of the Townsman's
Willert said he had been seeing you.

I think I have seen nothing of Lang's but in some magazine; also a sonnet prefixed to his translation of the Odyssey. I liked what I read, but not so that it left a deep impression. It is in the Swinburnian kind, is it not? (I do not think that kind goes far: it expresses passion but not feeling, much less character. This I say in general of Swinburne in particular. Swinburne's genius is astonishing, but it will, I think, only do one thing.) Everybody cannot be expected to like my pieces. Moreover the oddness may make them repulsive at first and yet Lang might have liked them on a second reading. Indeed when, on somebody returning me the Eurydice, I opened and read some lines, reading, as one commonly reads whether prose or verse, with the eyes, so to say, only, it struck me aghast with a kind of raw nakedness and unmitigated violence I was unprepared for; but take breath and read it with the ears, as I always wish to be read, and my verse becomes all right. I do warm to that good Mr. Gosse for liking and, you say, 'taking' my pieces; I may then have contributed fuel to his Habitual Joy.
No, I was not thinking of myself when I warned you of your danger and there was no need. Your only obligations to me you expressed in the discarded preface. 'Hail is hurling' did remind me of myself but I do not well know why; I have something about hail and elsewhere several things about hurling, but that does not amount to hail hurling. 'Father fond' wd. never have occurred to me, at all events it never had. Beyond this I do not think it desirable that I shd. be wholly uninfluenced by you or you by me; one ought to be independent but not unimpressionable; that wd. be to refuse education.

I now enclose two sonnets and 'Binsey Poplars' (in which, more by token, you might say that 'wind-wandering' came from your 'wind-wavering' — which latter is found in Burns and, I suppose, elsewhere). What do you think of the effect of the Alexandrines? That metre unless much broken, as I do by outrides, is very tedious.

I do not much expect to be long at Oxford. I shd. like however to see the Spring out; hitherto there is none.

I do not want those stanzas in the Seaford letter struck out, only I think they might have been better.

I shd. tell you I have the same feeling about the two water-pieces as about the Spring odes. For instance I take
a delight in 'Guard, Hamadryades' sqg. A touch less and the humour wd. die out; a touch more (as 'shirts' for 'clothes') and it wd. be buffoonery. The feeling of 'business' (in the dramatic sense) given by scattering in touches of landscape between the stages of landing, strippino, and so on is in the highest degree bright and refreshing.

Your affectionate friend.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — Your answerable letterage is three deep at least, but nevertheless work is work and of late Pr. Parkinson has sprung a leak (exena) in his leg and been laid up and I in consequence laid on all the harder: indeed he will never, I believe, be very active more, though now he does go about a little.

I shall be very glad to have your brother’s book when it appears, and to trace the prototype of you in it will be very interesting.

I have seen no more reviews of you.

The poem you send is fine in thought, but I am not satisfied with the execution altogether: the pictures, except
in the first stanza, are somewhat wanting in distinction (I do not of course mean distinctness), and I do not think the rhythm perfect, e.g. 'woodbine with' is a heavy dactyl. Since the syllables in sprung rhythm are not counted, time or equality in strength is of more importance than in common counted rhythm, and your times or strengths do not seem to me equal enough. The line you mark does resemble something in the Deutschland, now that you point it out, but there is no resemblance in the thought and it does not matter. I do not think the line very good; it is besides ambiguous. I understand, I believe everybody would understand, 'O if it were only for thee to mean / If I had no guide (to nature's true meaning) but thee; the leading thought is that nature has two different, two opposite aspects, teaching opposite lessons of life — that one is between two stools with the two of them. Is it not? The whole mood and vein is remote; unknown to many temperaments; ineffective, I should think, with any; belonging to the world of imagination, but genuinely so. I believe you might have expressed it more pointedly though.

Of course I am very much pleased that you like my period — 'building (or whatever we are to call it) but do not see what is the matter with Patmore's. It is his Unknown Eros you refer to, I suppose. The faults I see in him are bad rhymes; continued obscurity; and, the most serious, a certain frigidity when, as often, the feeling does not flush and fuse the language. But for insight he beats all our living poets, his insight is
really profound, and he has an exquisiteness, farfetchedness, of imagery worthy of the best things of the Caroline age. However I cannot spend more time on his praises.

I agree with you that English terza rima is (so far as I have seen it) badly made and tedious and for the reason you give, but you are mistak(en) in thinking the triplet structure is unknown: Shelley's West Wind ode (if I mistake not) and some other ones are printed in detached 3-line stanzas. I wrote a little piece so printed when at school and published it in Once a Week.

The sestet of the Purcell sonnet is not so clearly worked out as I could wish. The thought is that as the seabird opening his wings with a whiff of wind in your face means the whirr of the motion, but also unaware gives you a whiff of knowledge about his plumage, the marking of which stamps his species, that he does not mean, so Purcell, seemingly intent only on the thought or feeling he is to express or call out, incidentally lets you remark the individualising marks of his own genius.

Sake is a word I find it convenient to use: I did not know when I did so first that it is common in German, in the form Sach. It is the sake of 'for the sake of', forsake, namesake, keepsake. I mean by it the being a thing has outside itself, as a voice by its echo, a face by its reflection, a
body by its shadow, a man by his name, fame, or memory, and also that in the thing by virtue of which especially it has this being abroad, and that is something distinctive, marked, specifically or individually speaking, as for a voice and echo clearness; for a reflected image light, brightness; for a shadow-casting body bulk; for a man genius, great achievements, amiability, and so on. In this case it is, as the sonnet says, distinctive quality in genius.

Wuthering is a Northcountry word for the noise and rush of wind; hence Emily Bronte's 'Wuthering Heights'.

By moonmarks I mean crescent shaped markings on the quill-feathers, either in the colouring of the feather or made by the overlapping of one on another.

My sister Kate is staying here with my aunt Mrs. Marsland Hopkins (who has now a house in Holywell).

Believe me your affectionate friend

GERARD M. HOPKINS S.J.

May 31, 1879.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — Miss Taylor is full of gratitude to you for the book and of admiration at you for the poems. 'She is dreadfully afraid though that she will not be able to write anything that will do the Elegy the barest justice.' Thereupon she does me the honour of asking my advice on the allotment of the numbers. Having lights I communicated them, they agreed with her own, and the work is now in hand. In the course of examining the poem for this purpose I was more than ever convinced of its extreme and classical beauty. I think however the line 'The pale indifferent ghosts wander and catch' etc. has a somewhat modern and vulgar pretiosite in the rhythm etc. It irks me to think that my own lines are faulty in this way and, if one, almost all, I am afraid. We agreed to leave out the second verse. There is no doubt that it is a splendid subject.

I mean to enclose my long sonnet, the longest, I still say, ever made; longest by its own proper length, namely by the length of its lines; for anything can be made long by eking, by tacking, by trains, tails, and flounces. I shd. be glad however if you wd. explain what a coda is and how employed.
Perhaps I shall enclose other sonnets. Of this long sonnet above all remember what applies to all my verse, that it is, as living art should be, made for performance and that its performance is not reading with the eye but loud, leisurely, poetical (not rhetorical) recitation, with long rests, long dwells on the rhyme and other marked syllables, and so on. This sonnet shd. be almost sung; it is most carefully timed in tempo rubato.

In sending the music to Wooldridge there was of course no harm done, but it is not worth his while (and so, with other things, I am telling him; but please card me his initials, for otherwise I cannot address the letter; or else I shall enclose it): Who is Sylvia? is tuneful (I hope) only, not experimental (at least as I sent it) and, what is more, not strict nor correct. The other piece is experimental, but it is slight.

My book on the Dorian Measure is going on, but may easily either wreck (by external difficulties, examinations and other ones) or founder (of its own). For in fact it needs mathematics, but how can I make them up? Yet I hope, I do hope, to get out something; my purpose is, in explaining the Dorian Measure, to bring in the most fundamental principles of art, to write almost a philosophy of art and illustrate that by the Dorian Measure. If I shd. be able to publish one edition I cd. in a second edition or in a second volume add much more. I propose to
print the Green in Roman type, so that no scholarship shall
be required, only study (which must be close) of the books,
for it will be thoroughgoing.

Why shd. you leave Yattendon? Do not leave it.
Listen to what the wise say. Στὸ τῆς ζωῆς, Ζωὴν ἱπτι
And Akempis says Imaginatio locorum et mutatio fefellit multos.

I am sorry for poor Lang, if his dejection is so deep
as you describe (only that, since you speak of me, I may say
that I must conceal myself or it, which it seems he does neither
of). But I cannot think the political danger so great. In the
meantime he writers very amusing verses in the Saturday, if
those are his; but we know people can joke in the deepest gloom.
I sometimes think Lang may be the writer too of some articles
dealing with Ireland. If so I wish he could find it in him to
speak more gently and with more sympathy, as they call it, I
mean the other-man's-point-of-viewishness. The Saturday does
sneer, and a sneer drives the Irish to madness. (They continu­
ally do it with all their might themselves and do not even know
they are doing it, do not understand what you have to complain
of and so on.)

I am your affectionate friend

GERARD M. HOPKINS S.J.
Mr. Tyrrell expresses his deep admiration of your muse, his conversion, so to speak. So too young Mr. Gregg. So too Miss Tynan. But perhaps these two are 'fry'. But Mr. Dowden I have not heard from. I told him not to acknowledge the books, but I also told him to read them and I by no means told him when he had read them not to write to you and thank you.

I send tonight only one sonnet.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — I must write at once, to save you the trouble of copying that music: I reproduced it by a jelly-process at Stonyhurst on purpose and only wanted the copy back in case you had one already. I do not remember anything about the harmony: it is the tune I think so good, and this I revived my memory of before I sent it you. I cannot at all make out the meaning of 'If your sister has learnt harmony I can't understand what the moderns mean'. Grade did learn harmony, but girls are apt not to study things thoroughly and perhaps she has not kept it up as she should. I remember years ago that the organist at Liverpool found fault with a hymn of hers, in four parts, very regular, for hidden fifths in the inner parts. But he was an ignoramus: I did not know then but I know now that hidden fifths must be and are freely used in the inner parts and are only faintly kept out of the outer ones. And see what became of him: he got drunk at the organ (I have now twice had this experience: it is distressing, alarming, agitating, but above all delicately comic; it brings together the bestial and the angelic elements in such a quaint entanglement as nothing else can; for musicians never play such clever descants as under those circumstances and in an instant everybody is thrilled with the insight of the situation) and was
dismissed. He was a clever young fellow and thoroughly understood the properties of narrow-necked tubes.

I am thankful to you for the account of the Coda, over which you gave yourself even unnecessary trouble. You say the subject is treated in many books. That was just it. I had not got those books and the readiest source of information was you. It seems they are formed on an invariable plan and that Milton's sonnet gives an example. Of course on example was enough if there is but one type; but you should have said so.

I want Harry Ploughman to be a vivid figure before the mind's eye; if he is not that the sonnet fails. The difficulties are of syntax no doubt. Dividing a compound word by a clause sandwiched into it was a desperate deed, I feel, and I do not feel that it was an unquestionable success. But which is the line you do not understand? I do myself think, I may say, that it would be an immense advance in notation (so to call it) in writing as the record of speech, to distinguish the subject, verb, object, and in general to express the construction to the eye; as is done already partly in punctuation by everybody, partly in capitals by the Germans, more fully in accentuation by the Hebrews. And I daresay it will come. But it would, I think, not do for me; it seems a confession of unintelligibility. And yet I don't know. At all events there is a difference. My
meaning surely ought to appear of itself; but in a language like English, and in an age of it like the present, written words are really matter open and indifferent to the receiving of different and alternative verse-forms, some of which the reader cannot possibly be sure are meant unless they are marked for him. Besides metrical marks are for the performer and such marks are proper in every art. Though indeed one might say syntactical marks are for the performer too. But however that reminds me that one thing I am now resolved on, it is to prefix short prose arguments to some of my pieces. These too will expose me to carping, but I do not mind. Epic and drama and ballad and many, most, things should be at once intelligible; but everything need not and cannot be. Plainly if it is possible to express a subtle and recondite thought on a subtle and recondite subject in a subtle and recondite way and with great felicity and perfection, in the end, something must be sacrificed, with so trying a task, in the process, and this may be the being at once, nay perhaps even the being without explanation at all, intelligible. Neither, in the same light, does it seem to be to me a real objection (though this one I hope not to lay myself open to) that the argument should be even longer than the piece; for the merit of the work may lie for one thing in its terseness. It is like a mate which may be given, one way only, in three moves; otherwise, various ways, in many.
There is some kind of instinct in these things. I wanted the coda for a sonnet which is in some sort 'nello stilo satirico o bernesco'. It has a kind of rollick at all events. The coda is an immense resource to have. This sonnet, I hope, very shortly.

In glancing over the Paper I am much pleased with the additions and final treatment. (I remark various faults of punctuation.) I shall nudge the professors of English about this book and paper. Just now something catches my eye, p. viii. - 'a pronunciation eale'. Better write eel: that is a word. Now eale is not strictly 'a pronunciation' but is the actual printed word of the passage in Shakspere about the 'dram of eale', to which if you use this form you should certainly refer. Otherwise why that fantastic spelling? I am afraid it is however too late.

Mr. Tyrrell (a devout convert) sets you to Trinity men to turn 'into the original Greek'. More, more by token! The wreck of me that remains to study anything is studying Aeschylus, chiefly the lyrics, for a book (or set of Papers in the Classical Review perhaps) thereon. He has made a number of happy conjectures, though I say it that know him too well, and yesterday a very happy one, Seven against Thebes 424-434, which redissepose thus: ET. ΘΕΟΥΣ ΑΠΙΓΩΝ . . . ΖΗΝ ΧΩΜΑΙΝΟΝΤ ἐπη (428-430). ΖΕΥΣ Θ' ΟΥΝ ΑΠΕΙΛΕΙ (for ΚΑΙΜΑΚΕΣ Θ' ΑΠΕΙΛΕΙ), ΘΑΝ ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΑΣΑΕΝΟΣ [427], ἙΚΑΤΩΤΕ ΚΕΡΜΕ (viz. the having
heaven on our side) ἱππὸς ἀλέξον ἴππες
(viz. that his boastful words will prove to the enemy an
omen of his defeat). | Ἰὼν Των Ματιτίων... ἡ Κατηγορος
(424-426) υἱῆς ἀντὶ οὐκ ἐπὶ αὐτῷ
(contrasted with
Ζεὺς above). Κατὰ στράτευσιν ἡ πάντη καθὼς etc. (434 Sqq.).
The source of all the confusion was reading ΖΕΥϹ/ΝΕpard, and
then supplying ΚΑΙΛΑ and of course striking out
But see how Aeschylus has borrowed your 'And him Zeus
stayed not to deride'. Misplacing of lines in Aeschylus is
almost certain.

Your affectionate friend.

GERARD M. HOPKINS S.J.

No, I do not ask 'enthusiastic praise'. But is it
not the case that the day when you could give enthusiastic
praise to anything is passing or past? As for modern novels
I will only say one thing now. It is in modern novels that
wordpainting most abounds and now the fashion is to be so
very subtle and advanced as to despise wordpainting and to say
that old masters were not wordpainters. Just so. Wordpainting
is, in the verbal arts, the great success of our day. Every
age in art has its secret and its success, where even second
rate men are masters. Second rate, third rate men are fine
designers in Japan; second rate men were masters of painting in Raphael's time; second rate men were masters of sculpture in Phidias' time; second rate men of oratory in Cicero's; and so of many things. These successes are due to steady practice, to the continued action of a school; one man cannot compass them. And wordpainting is in our age a real mastery and the second rate men of this age often beat at it the first rate of past ages. And this I shall not bullied out of.

For my case I shd. also remark that we turned up a difference of taste and judgment, if you remember, about Dryden. I can scarcely think of you and admiring Dryden without, I may say, exasperation. And my style tends always more towards Dryden. What is there in Dryden? Much, but above all this: he is the most masculine of our poets; his style and his rhythms lay the strongest stress of all our literature on the naked hue and sinew of the English language, the praise that with certain qualifications one would give in Greek to Demosthenes, to be the greatest master of bare Greek. I am driven to the blackguard device of a palimpsest envelope.
DEAREST BRIDGES, — Know that the copy of your Paper never came, so that I have none at all, and you said I might have several; I am content with one and please send one; if two, I can do better still.

I laughed outright and often, but very sardonically, to think you and the Canon could not construe my last sonnet; that he had to write to you for a crib. It is plain I must go no farther on this road: if you and he cannot understand me who will? Yet, declaimed, the strange constructions would be dramatic and effective. Must I interpret it? It means then that, as St. Paul and Plato and Hobbes and everybody says, the common-wealth or well ordered human society is like one man; a body with many members and each its function; some higher, some lower, but all honourable, from the honour which belongs to the whole. The head is the sovereign, who has no superior but God and from heaven receives his or her authority; we must then imagine this head as bare (see St. Paul much on this) and covered, so to say, only with the sun and stars, of which the crown is a symbol, which is in ornament but not a covering; it has an enormous hat or skull cap, the valut of heaven. The
foot is the daylabourer, and this is armed with hobnail boots, because it has to wear and be worn by the ground; which again is symbolical; for it is navvies or daylabours who, on the great scale or in the gangs and millions, mainly trench, tunnel, blast, and in others ways disfigure, 'mammock' the earth and, on a small scale, singly, and superficially stamp it with their footprings. And the 'garlands' of nails they wear are therefore the visible badge of the place they fill, the lowest in the common-wealth. But this place still shares the common honour, and if it wants one advantage, glory or public fame, makes up for it by another, ease of mind, absence of care; and these things are symbolized by the gold and the iron garlands. (O, once explained, how clear it all is!) Therefore the scene of the poem is laid at evening, when they are giving over work and one after another pile their picks, with which they earn their living, and swing off home, knocking sparks out of mother earth not now by labour and of choice but by the mere footing, being strongshod and making no hardship of hardness, taking all easy. And so to supper and bed. Here comes a violent but effective hyperbaton or suspension, in which the action of the mind mimics that of the labourer — surveys his lot, low but free from care; then by a sudden strong act throws it over the shoulder or tosses it away as a light matter. The witnessing of which lightheartedness makes me indignant with the fools of Radical Levellers. But presently I remember that this is all very well for those who are in, however low in, the Common-
wealth and share in any way the Common weal; but that the curse of our times is that many do not share it, that they are outcasts from it and have neither security nor splendour; that they share care with the high and obscurity with the low, but wealth or comfort with neither. And this state of things, I say, is the origin of Loafers. Tramps, Cornerboys, Roughs, Socialists and other pests of society. And I think that it is a very pregnant sonnet and in point of execution very highly wrought. Too much so, I am afraid.

I have more, not so hard and done before, but I am not prepared . . . .

On referring to yr. letter I see you speak of modern music, not music of this century. It is, I suppose, as you say. I hope your rheumatism is abated, is gone: why not gone? But I have a poor, very charming friend on his back with spinal disease; when he complains of rheumatic pains his doctor rubs his hands with joy and says nothing cd. be better.