

**RETICENCE IN
LITERATURE,
AND OTHER PAPERS**

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Reticence in literature, and other papers by Arthur Waugh

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ARTHUR WAUGH

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RETICENCE IN LITERATURE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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RETICENCE IN
LITERATURE .

And Other Papers

By
ARTHUR WAUGH

UNIV. OF
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E.C.

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I OWE thanks to various editors and publishers for kind permission to reprint the contents of this volume. "Reticence in Literature" appeared in "The Yellow Book," and is reprinted by permission of Mr. John Lane. The paper on George Herbert was written as an introduction to Herbert's Poems in "The World's Classics" and "Standard Authors," and reappears by leave of Mr. Humphrey Milford. The article on George Gissing is reprinted by permission of the editor of "The Fortnightly Review"; and the other papers in the book owe the same courtesy to the editors and proprietors of "The Academy," with which "Literature" (their first home) is now incorporated, and of "The Daily Chronicle." One or two essays, which were clearly "dated" by their subject and occasion, I have left as they originally appeared. Others have undergone some revision, in view of their relation to the rest of the book, or to later changes in the author's judgment. The "Sketches for Portraits" have been selected from a quantity of similar material, as illustrating in succession various familiar phases of the literary life. Few careers make a more arduous demand upon the character; for few are subject to such sudden vacillations of success and failure, of ambition and disappointment. It is hoped that these "partial portraits" may serve to suggest, not only their separate varieties of the literary temperament, but also that sustaining brotherhood of hope and endurance, which unites all those who strive to rule their life by ideas rather than by acquisitions.

To
ALEC RABAN WAUGH

My Dear Boy :

In days before you were born, and in the years immediately following, when you were as yet too young to care about the paternal "paper and print," your Mother and I kept a scrap-book, in which she used to paste my contributions to the fugitive press. We had less to think about then, and the collection of these stray papers amused us ; but by the time when you began to act "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" in the nursery, we found the interest in your activities much more absorbing than my own. So the scrap-book languished, though it still survived in oblivion ; and you will not, perhaps, have forgotten that one evening last holidays, when you were hunting in the book-room for a lost number of "Wisden's Almanack," you suddenly came across the old faded pages, full of your father's columns and half-columns, and (to their author's extreme surprise) went on reading in them till long after your usual bed-time. And you finished your evening's holiday-task by asking whether some of the stuff was not worth collecting into a book for others to re-read beside yourself. Frankly, I did not think the experiment worth while then ; and I am afraid I cannot persuade myself that it has proved so now. But in the meanwhile another friend has come along, with business opportunities, who is rash enough to share your filial confidence ; and here, in short, is a little volume, gathered out of the contents of the old

scrap-book which your Mother and I began to make before you were here to absorb so much of our life and our ambition. Will you accept it with my love, since your imagination was the first to see the book as a faint possibility?

Alas ! I am afraid that your suggestion has only added one more to the books which all the world could do without. Even for yourself, I doubt if its use will extend beyond the provision of a few phrases (which you are very much at liberty to steal, and I am sure no master will detect the theft) to serve as padding for your school essays. And yet I should like to think that a word here and there may recall to your memory some of those golden hours we have spent, trudging together over Hampstead Heath or along Sherborne slopes, talking one against the other of poetry, drama, cricket, football, and whatever other joys have made our life so pleasant and our companionship so sweet. The Sherborne days are drawing to a close now ; and sometimes I know only too well that, as we go talking over old delights, your thoughts are wandering off to new fields, where cannon roar among the woods of France, and where you are already so eager, as you always were, to be up and playing your part. There I can follow you only in thought and hope and trust. But whatever lies ahead of us, the past will always remain our own. "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts" ; and among the best gifts which life has brought me have been the comradeship, the sympathy, and the unclouded devotion, which you have given with such full hands to your equally devoted Father,

ARTHUR WAUGH

New Year, 1915.