

LAST STUDIES

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Last studies by Hubert Montague Crackanthorpe

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HUBERT MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE

LAST STUDIES



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Last Studies

By

Hubert Crackanthorpe

Author of

"Sentimental Studies," "Wreckage,"

"Vignettes," &c.

With a Poem by Stopford A. Brooke, and
an Appreciation by Henry James

London

William Heinemann

1897

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*To the loyal friends of my beloved son,
who saw in the unfolding flower of his
manhood a renewal of the bright promise
of his early youth, I dedicate, for an
abiding remembrance, these last fragments
of his interrupted work*

Blanche Alethea Cruckanthorpe

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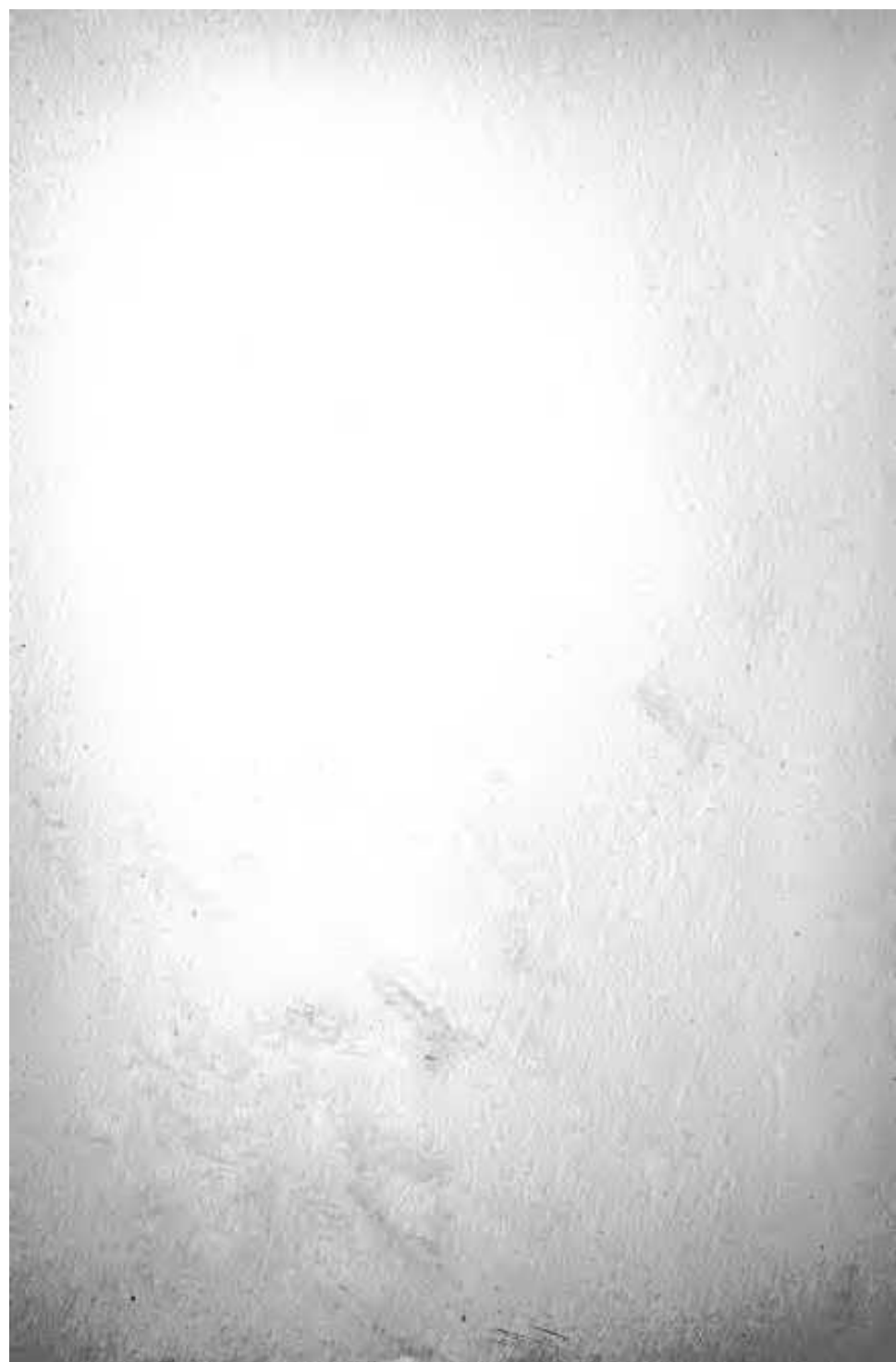
*HUBERT, who loved the country and the town,
Has left his friends; and England sees no more
The young, slight figure musing on the down,
Nor France his quiet eyes, that o'er and o'er
Travelled her landscape, shaping it so well.*

*His joys were there, but pity for mankind
Drew him where surging cities moved his soul:
He wrote of men and women, wrecked, and pined
With bitter sorrow; and the misery stole
Into his life till he bade life farewell.*

*Pity he could not stay, for he was true,
Tender and chivalrous, and without spot;
Loving things great and good, and love like dew
Fell from his heart on those that loved him not;
But those who loved him knew that he loved well.*

*Too rough his sea, too dark its angry tides!
Things of a day are we; shadows that move
The lands of shadow; but, where he abides,
Time is no more; and that great substance, Love,
Is shadowless. And yet, we grieve. Farewell.*

STOFFORD A. BROOKE



HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE

HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE, some months before his death, took part in a demonstration of the literary spirit which, however modest its object, singularly attained its mark. He joined forces with two other young men of letters, to offer, with a brief but emphasized compliment, to an older writer with whose work the three had been impressed, a substantial token of esteem. The older writer, the more surprised and touched as he was singularly unused to such approaches, found himself, by his emotion on this occasion, brought so much closer to each participant as to have on the spot the sense of a fresh interest, a curiosity quickened and warmed. Nothing could appeal to him more—if only to arrive at the luxury of a perception of what they might have appreciated in the results of his endeavour—than to