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ling Thrush is a lyric of rugged strength, that peculiar strength which comes from understatement and the sense of something in reserve; a lyric of such pathos and beauty as can be compared with the best that has ever been done in our great lyrical language; and that is to say one of the finest lyrics in the world. From the first line . . . to the restrained and intense rapture of the close, the poem bears upon it the stamp of a truth and sincerity beyond praise. . . . It is a lyric that, read once, may be forgotten. Read three times, it will haunt the reader's memory as long as pain and death retain any meaning for him."

On the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the volume containing this beautiful lyric, we devote the entire issue of our quarterly to the poet to whom we are indebted for "The Darkling Thrush," and to show his appearance at various times in his long life we reproduce four photographs of him.



A POETIC APOSTROPHE TO HARDY

By ERNEST C. MARRINER

AN interesting addition to Colby's Hardy Collection is a holograph copy of a poetic apostrophe to Thomas Hardy, with marginal annotations by the author, W. E. Harker of Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, England. On November 23, 1951, Mr. Harker addressed a letter to "The Principal, Colby College, Waterville, U.S.A.," in which he said: "Learning from Lt.-Col. Drew, D.S.O., O.B.E., F.S.A., the curator and secretary of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society, of the wonderful Hardy Collection your college possesses, I thought you might care to have the enclosed copy of an apostrophe by me [which was] placed in the Hardy Room [in the] Dorchester Museum at [the time of] Hardy's death. If so, I beg the honour of your acceptance."

In his letter Mr. Harker contends that Hardy, instead of

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being a fatalistic pessimist, was actually a man of deep faith. He points to lines in Hardy's poetry such as "Wait we in trust what time's fulness will show" (from *The Going of the Battery*), and "Yet a thrilling fills the air, Like to sounds of joyance there" (from the last few lines of *The Dynasts*). Hardy, says Mr. Harker, was indeed a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but (even though he lived in a very dimly lit Gethsemane) he was never quite torn away from a deep, abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of man.

Mr. Harker's poem is illuminated by his marginal notes. Opposite the line, "But you I met in Sinai's grim game," he has written: "Desert fighting near Sinai, 1917." Again the poem reads:

Aye! when was hardest pressed my weary frame,
When fever-phantoms goaded every power
To shatter faith, you with life's facts then came
And exorcised pale leering Schopenhauer.

This, says the author, refers to his grim, fever-ridden days during the campaign at Gallipoli.



HARDY'S "MAN OF CHARACTER" ON THE AIR

By CECIL A. ROLLINS

THROUGH the kind and efficient help of Mr. E. N. Sanders, of Parkstone, Dorset, there has come to the Colby College Library a complete typescript of the West-of-England wireless [radio] presentation of Hardy's *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. The Library has been indebted to Mr. Sanders often before this, and his gifts and benefactions have been the subject of grateful acknowledgment on more than one page of this QUARTERLY.

This wireless version of *The Mayor* was given by English actors in ten installments, from January 7 to March 11, 1951. Desmond Hawkins made the adaptation, which de-