

NEW POEM BY HARDY.

Thomas Hardy contributes to the June number of the Fortnightly Review the following poem of eleven triplets, entitled, "The Convergence of the Twain—Lines on the Loss of the Titanic:"

In the solitude of the sea,
Deep from human vanity,
And the pride of life that planned
her, stilly crouches she.

Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her Salamandarian fires,
Cold currents thrid and turn as rhythmic
tidal lyres.

Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent,
The seaworm crawls—grotesque,
slimbed, numb, indifferent.

Jewels in joy designed,
To ravish the sensuous mind,
Lie lightless, all their sparkles beared
and black and blind.

Dim moon-eyed fishes near,
The daintily gilded gear,
Gaze, querying, "What does all this
sumptuousness down here?"

Well, while was fashioning
This ship of swiftest wing,
The immanent will that stirs and
urges everything

Prepared a sinister mate
For her, so gaily great,
A shape of ice, for the time far and
dissociate.

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace and hue,
In shadowy, silent distance grew the
iceberg, too.

Allen they seemed to be,
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later
history;

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august
event;

Till the spinner of the years
Said, "Now!" the which each
hears
And consummation comes and jars
two hemispheres.