

MOORLAND NIGHT,

My face is against the grass—the moorland grass is wet—
My eyes are shut against the grass, against my lips there
are the little blades,

Over my head the curlews call,

And now there is the night wind in my hair ;

My heart is against the grass and the sweet earth ;—it
has gone still, at last ;

It does not want to beat any more,

And why should it beat ?

This is the end of the journey ;

The Thing is found.

This is the end of all the roads—

Over the grass there is the night-dew

And the wind that drives up from the sea along the
moorland road ;

I hear a curlew start out from the heath

And fly off, calling through the dusk,

The wild, long, rippling call :—

The Thing is found and I am quiet with the
earth ;

Perhaps the earth will hold it, or the wind, or that bird's
cry,

But it is not for long in any life I know. This cannot
stay,

Not now, not yet, not in a dying world, with me, for
very long ;

I leave it here :

And one day the wet grass may give it
back—

One day the quiet earth may give it back—

The calling birds may give it back as they go
by—

To someone walking on the moor who starves for love
and will not know

Who gave it to all these to give away ;

Or, if I come and ask for it again,

Oh ! then, to me.

CHARLOTTE MEW.

The Nation & Athenaeum

Jan. 24, 1925

"Those Barren Leaves" is the best novel by Mr. Huxley that I have read. The ordinary reviewer's adjectives write themselves almost automatically upon the well-used typewriter—it is brilliant and daring, admirably written, humorous, witty, clever, cultured. The characters have length and breadth; they are curious, sometimes interesting, people whose portraits are drawn distinctly, with assurance and firmness of line, upon the printed page; occasionally they even have a depth which is more than that of the printed page. These are the book's obvious merits; it has some equally obvious defects. Mr. Huxley tends to take his characters too literally and too photographically from the life. One becomes a little tired of Mrs. Aldwinkle, whose prototype shows too crudely through the disguise of the "character," and who, unless I am mistaken, has appeared before as a model in Mr. Huxley's novels. The objection to a novelist "drawing from the life" is, of course, absurd; but he does so at his peril, and the nearer he keeps to reality, the more perilous is his method. Mr. Huxley is much too skilful and sensitive a writer to give us "life" crudely and undigested, as the realist does, in his novels; but it is just as bad art to set before the reader real characters who have not been properly absorbed and digested by the writer, and this Mr. Huxley, I think, does too often.

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A more serious criticism of Mr. Huxley is that he does not seem to be quite certain of what he is aiming at. His book is on a different level from the ordinary novel, and he must be criticized from a much higher standard. In writing his book, he clearly has a purpose other than that of merely writing a seven-and-sixpenny novel of 400 pages. He would probably say himself that his purpose was artistic and quite different from the purpose of Mr. Shaw in his novels. But I am not sure that there is not a good deal of confusion in the use of the term "novel with a purpose." At first sight it is

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