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December MCMXII
THE MOUNTAIN TOMB

OUR wine and dance, if manhood still
have pride,
Bring roses, if the rose be yet in bloom;
The cataract smokes on the mountain side.
Our Father Rosicross is in his tomb.

Pull down the blinds, bring fiddle and clarionet,
Let there be no foot silent in the room,
Nor mouth with kissing nor the wine unwet.
Our Father Rosicross is in his tomb.

In vain, in vain; the cataract still cries,
The everlasting taper lights the gloom,
All wisdom shut into its onyx eyes.
Our Father Rosicross sleeps in his tomb.

William Butler Yeats
TO A CHILD DANCING UPON THE SHORE

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water’s roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool’s triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won.
And he, the best warrior, dead
And all the sheaves to bind!
What need that you should dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

William Butler Yeats

FALLEN MAJESTY

Although crowds gathered once if she but showed her face
And even old men’s eyes grew dim, this hand alone,
Like some last courtier at a gipsy camping place
Babbling of fallen majesty, records what’s gone.
The lineaments, the heart that laughter has made sweet,
These, these remain, but I record what’s gone. A crowd
Will gather and not know that through its very street
Once walked a thing that seemed, as it were, a burning cloud.

William Butler Yeats
LOVE AND THE BIRD

The moments passed as at a play,
I had the wisdom love can bring,
I had my share of mother wit;
And yet for all that I could say,
And though I had her praise for it,
And she seemed happy as a king,
Love's moon was withering away.

Believing every word I said
I praised her body and her mind,
Till pride had made her eyes grow bright,
And pleasure made her cheeks grow red,
And vanity her footfall light;
Yet we, for all that praise, could find
Nothing but darkness overhead.

I sat as silent as a stone
And knew, though she'd not said a word,
That even the best of love must die,
And had been savagely undone
Were it not that love, upon the cry
Of a most ridiculous little bird,
Threw up in the air his marvellous moon.

William Butler Yeats
THE REALISTS

Hope that you may understand.
What can books, of men that wive
In a dragon-guarded land;
Paintings of the dolphin drawn;
Sea nymphs, in their pearly waggons,
Do but wake the hope to live
That had gone
With the dragons.

William Butler Yeats
SANGAR
TO LINCOLN STEFFENS

Somewhere I read a strange, old, rusty tale
Smelling of war; most curiously named
“The Mad Recreant Knight of the West.”

Once, you have read, the round world brimmed with hate,
Stirred and revolted, flashed unceasingly
Facets of cruel splendor. And the strong
Harried the weak . . .

Long past, long past, praise God
In these fair, peaceful, happy days.

The Tale:

Eastward the Huns break border,
Surf on a rotten dyke;
They have murdered the Eastern Warder
(His head on a pike).
“Arm thee, arm thee, my father!
“Swift rides the Goddes-bane,
“And the high nobles gather
“On the plain!”

“O blind world-wrath!” cried Sangar,
“Greatly I killed in youth,
“I dreamed men had done with anger
“Through Goddes truth!”

Smiled the boy then in faint scorn,
Hard with the battle-thrill;
“Arm thee, loud calls the war-horn
“And shrill!”
He has bowed to the voice stentorian,  
Sick with thought of the grave—  
He has called for his battered morion  
And his scarred glaive.  
On the boy's helm a glove  
Of the Duke's daughter—  
In his eyes splendor of love  
And slaughter.

Hideous the Hun advances  
Like a sea-tide on sand;  
Unyielding, the haughty lances  
Make dauntless stand.  
And ever amid the clangor,  
Butchering Hun and Hun,  
With sorrowful face rides Sangar  
And his son . . .

Broken is the wild invader  
(Sullied, the whole world's fountains);  
They have penned the murderous raider  
With his back to the mountains.  
Yet tho' what had been mead  
Is now a bloody lake,  
Still drink swords where men bleed,  
Nor slake.
Now leaps one into the press—
The Hell 'twixt front and front—
Sangar, bloody and torn of dress
(He has borne the brunt).
"Hold!" cries "Peace! God's Peace!
"Heed ye what Christus says—"
And the wild battle gave surcease
In amaze.

“When will ye cast out hate?
“Brothers—my mad, mad brothers—
“Mercy, ere it be too late,
“These are sons of your mothers.
“For sake of Him who died on Tree,
“Who of all Creatures, loved the Least,”—
“Blasphemer! God of Battles, He!”
Cried a priest.

“Peace!” and with his two hands
Has broken in twain his glaive.
Weaponless, smiling he stands
(Coward or brave?)
“Traitor!” howls one rank, “Think ye
“The Hun be our brother?”
And “Fear we to die, craven, think ye?”
The other.
Then sprang his son to his side,
His lips with slaver were wet,
For he had felt how men died
And was lustful yet;
(On his bent helm a glove
Of the Duke’s daughter,
In his eyes splendor of love
And slaughter)—

Shouting, “Father no more of mine!
“Shameful old man—abhorr’d,
“First traitor of all our line!”
Up the two-handed sword.
He smote—fell Sangar—and then
Screaming, red, the boy ran
Straight at the foe, and again
Hell began . . .

Oh, there was joy in Heaven when Sangar came.
Sweet Mary wept, and bathed and bound his wounds,
And God the Father healed him of despair,
And Jesus gripped his hand, and laughed and laughed . .

John Reed
A LEGEND OF THE DOVE

Soft from the linden's bough,
Unmoved against the tranquil afternoon,
Eve's dove laments her now:
"Ah, gone! long gone! shall not I find thee soon?"

That yearning in his voice
Told not to Paradise a sorrow's tale:
As other birds rejoice
He sang, a brother to the nightingale.

By twilight on her breast
He saw the flower sleep, the star awake;
And calling her from rest,
Made all the dawn melodious for her sake.

And then the Tempter's breath,
The sword of exile and the mortal chain—
The heritage of death
That gave her heart to dust, his own to pain. . .

In Eden desolate
The seraph heard his lonely music swoon,
As now, reiterate;
"Ah gone! long gone! shall not I find thee soon?"

George Sterling
AT THE GRAND CAÑON

Thou settest splendors in my sight, O Lord!
   It seems as tho' a deep-hued sunset falls
   Forever on these Cyclopean walls—
These battlements where Titan hosts have warred,
   And hewn the world with devastating sword,
   And shook with trumpets the eternal halls
Where seraphim lay hid by bloody palls
   And only Hell and Silence were adored.

Lo! the abyss wherein great Satan's wings
   Might gender tempests, and his dragons' breath
      Fume up in pestilence. Beneath the sun
Or starry outposts on terrestrial things,
   Is no such testimony unto Death
      Nor altars builded to Oblivion.

George Sterling
KINDRED

Musing, between the sunset and the dark,
   As Twilight in unhesitating hands
   Bore from the faint horizon's underlands,
Silvern and chill, the moon's phantasmal ark,
I heard the sea, and far away could mark
   Where that unalterable waste expands
   In sevenfold sapphire from the mournful sands,
And saw beyond the deep a vibrant spark.

There sank the sun Arcturus, and I thought:
   Star, by an ocean on a world of thine,
   May not a being, born like me to die,
Confront a little the eternal Naught
   And watch our isolated sun decline—
   Sad for his evanescence, even as I?

George Sterling
REMEMBERED LIGHT

The years are a falling of snow,
Slow, but without cessation,
On hills and mountains and flowers and worlds that were;
But snow and the crawling night in which it fell
May be washed away in one swifter hour of flame.
Thus it was that some slant of sunset
In the chasms of piled cloud—
Transient mountains that made a new horizon,
Uplifting the west to fantastic pinnacles—
Smote warm in a buried realm of the spirit,
Till the snows of forgetfulness were gone.

Clear in the vistas of memory,
The peaks of a world long unremembered,
Soared further than clouds, but fell not,
Based on hills that shook not nor melted
With that burden enormous, hardly to be believed.
Rent with stupendous chasms,
Full of an umber twilight,
I beheld that larger world.

Bright was the twilight, sharp like ethereal wine
Above, but low in the clefts it thickened,
Dull as with duskier tincture.
Remembered Light

Like whimsical wings outspread but unstirring,
Flowers that seemed spirits of the twilight,
That must pass with its passing—
Too fragile for day or for darkness,
Fed the dusk with more delicate hues than its own.
Stars that were nearer, more radiant than ours,
Quivered and pulsed in the clear thin gold of the sky.

These things I beheld,
Till the gold was shaken with flight
Of fantastical wings like broken shadows,
Forerunning the darkness;
Till the twilight shivered with outcry of eldritch voices,
Like pain's last cry ere oblivion.

Clark Ashton Smith
SORROWING OF WINDS

O winds that pass uncomforted
Through all the peacefulness of spring,
And tell the trees your sorrowing,
That they must moan till ye are fled!

Think ye the Tyrian distance holds
The crystal of unquestioned sleep?
That those forgetful purples keep
No veiled, contentious greens and golds?

Half with communicated grief,
Half that they are not free to pass
With you across the flickering grass,
Mourns each vibrating bough and leaf.

And I, with soul disquieted,
Shall find within the haunted spring
No peace, till your strange sorrowing
Is down the Tyrian distance fled.

Clark Ashton Smith
AMERICA

I hear America singing . . .
And the great prophet passed,
Serene, clear and untroubled
Into the silence vast.

When will the master-poet
Rise, with vision strong,
To mold her manifold music
Into a living song?

I hear America singing . . .
Beyond the beat and stress,
The chant of her shrill, unjaded,
Empiric loveliness.

Laughter, beyond mere scorning,
Wisdom surpassing wit,
Love, and the unscathed spirit,
These shall encompass it.

Alice Corbin
SYMBOLS

Who was it built the cradle of wrought gold?
A druid, chanting by the waters old.
Who was it kept the sword of vision bright?
A warrior, falling darkly in the fight.
Who was it put the crown upon the dove?
A woman, paling in the arms of love.
Oh, who but these, since Adam ceased to be,
Have kept their ancient guard about the Tree?

Alice Corbin

THE STAR

I saw a star fall in the night,
And a grey moth touched my cheek;
Such majesty immortals have,
Such pity for the weak.

Alice Corbin
The endless, foolish merriment of stars
Beside the pale cold sorrow of the moon,
Is like the wayward noises of the world
Beside my heart's uplifted silent tune.

The little broken glitter of the waves
Beside the golden sun's intense white blaze,
Is like the idle chatter of the crowd
Beside my heart's unwearied song of praise.

The sun and all the planets in the sky
Beside the sacred wonder of dim space,
Are notes upon a broken, tarnished lute
That God will someday mend and put in place.

And space, beside the little secret joy
Of God that sings forever in the clay,
Is smaller than the dust we can not see,
That yet dies not, till time and space decay.

And as the foolish merriment of stars
Beside the cold pale sorrow of the moon,
My little song, my little joy, my praise,
Beside God's ancient, everlasting rune.

Alice Corbin
THOU hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger. I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forgot that there abides the old in the new, and that there also thou abidest.

Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever thou leadest me it is thou, the same, the one companion of my endless life who ever linkest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar. When one knows thee, then alien there is none, then no door is shut. Oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of the One in the play of the many.

II.

No more noisy, loud words from me, such is my master's will. Henceforth I deal in whispers. The speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings of a song.

Men hasten to the King's market. All the buyers and sellers are there. But I have my untimely leave in the middle of the day, in the thick of work.

Let then the flowers come out in my garden, though it is not their time, and let the midday bees strike up their lazy hum.
Poems

Full many an hour have I spent in the strife of the
good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my play­
mate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him,
and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless
inconsequence!

III

On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind
was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty
and the flower remained unheeded.

Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I
started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a
strange smell in the south wind.

That vague fragrance made my heart ache with
longing, and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath
of the summer seeking for its completion.

I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine,
and this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth
of my own heart.

IV

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me
in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love, which
is greater than theirs, and thou keepest me free. Lest I
forget them they never venture to leave me alone. But
day passes by after day and thou are not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in
my heart—thy love for me still waits for my love.

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I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight? When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother. Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away to find in the very next moment its consolation in the left one.

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well. Oh, thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours. There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never never a word.

Rabindranath Tagore
EDITORIAL COMMENT

A PERFECT RETURN

It is curious that the influence of Poe upon Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Mallarmé, and through them upon English poets, and then through these last upon Americans, comes back to us in this round-about and indirect way. We have here an instance of what Whitman calls a "perfect return." We have denied Poe, we do not give him his full meed of appreciation even today, and yet we accept him through the disciples who have followed or have assimilated his tradition. And now that young Englishmen are beginning to feel the influence of Whitman upon French poetry, it may be that he too, through the imitation of vers libre in America, will begin to experience a "perfect return."

Must we always accept American genius in this round-about fashion? Have we no true perspective that we applaud mediocrity at home, and look abroad for genius, only to find that it is of American origin?

This bit of marginalia, extracted from a note-book of 1909, was relieved of the necessity of further elaboration by supplementary evidence received in one day from two correspondents. One, a brief sentence from Mr. Allen Upward: "It is much to be wished that America
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should learn to honor her sons without waiting for the literary cliques of London."

The other, the following "news note" from Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer in Paris. The date of Léon Bazalgette’s translation, however, is hardly so epochal as it would seem, since Whitman has been known for many years in France, having been partly translated during the nineties.

Mr. Mowrer writes:

"It is significant of American tardiness in the development of a national literary tradition that the name of Walt Whitman is today a greater influence with the young writers of the continent than with our own. Not since France discovered Poe has literary Europe been so moved by anything American. The suggestion has even been made that 'Whitmanism' is rapidly to supersede 'Nietzscheism' as the dominant factor in modern thought. Léon Bazalgette translated Leaves of Grass into French in 1908. A school of followers of the Whitman philosophy and style was an almost immediate consequence. Such of the leading reviews as sympathize at all with the strong 'young' movement to break the shackles of classicism which have so long bound French prosody to the heroic couplet, the sonnet, and the alexandrine, are publishing not only articles on 'Whitmanism' as a movement, but numbers of poems in the new flexible chanting rhythms. In this regard La Nouvelle Revue Francaise, La Renaissance Contemporaine, and L’Effort Libre have been preëminently hospitable.

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"The new poems are not so much imitations of Whitman as inspirations from him. Those who have achieved most success in the mode thus far are perhaps Georges Duhamel, a leader of the 'Jeunes,' whose plays are at present attracting national notice; André Spire, who writes with something of the apostolic fervor of his Jewish ancestry; Henri Franck, who died recently, shortly after the publication of his volume, La Danse Devant l'Arche; Charles Vildrac, with Le Livre d'Amour; Philippe Lebesgue, the appearance in collected form of whose Les Servitudes is awaited with keen interest; and finally, Jean Richard Bloch, editor of L'Effort Libre, whose prose, for example in his book of tales entitled Levy, is said to be directly rooted in Whitmanism.

"In Germany, too, the rolling intonations of the singer of democracy have awakened echoes. The Moderne Weltdichtung has announced itself, with Whitman as guide, and such apostles as Wilhelm Schmidtbonn, in Lobgesang des Lebens, and Ernst Lissauer in Der Acker and Der Strom.

"What is it about Whitman that Europe finds so inspiriting? First, his acceptance of the universe as he found it, his magnificently shouted comradeship with all nature and all men. Such a doctrine makes an instant though hardly logical appeal in nations where socialism is the political order of the day. And next, his disregard of literary tradition. Out of books more books, and out of them still more, with the fecundity of generations."
But in this process of literary propagation thought, unfortunately, instead of arising like a child ever fresh and vigorous as in the beginning, grows more and more attenuated, paler, more sickly. The acclaim of Whitman is nothing less than the inevitable revolt against the modern flood of book-inspired books. Write from nature directly, from the people directly, from the political meeting, and the hayfield, and the factory—that is what the august American seems to his young disciples across the seas to be crying to them.

"Perhaps it is because America already holds as commonplaces these fundamentals seeming so new to Europe that the Whitman schools have sprung up stronger on the eastern side of the Atlantic than on the western."

It is not that America holds as commonplaces the fundamentals expressed in Whitman that there have been more followers of the Whitman method in Europe than in America, but that American poets, approaching poetry usually through terms of feeling, and apparently loath to apply an intellectual whip to themselves or others, have made no definite analysis of the rhythmic units of Whitman. We have been content to accept the English conception of the "barbaric yawp" of Whitman. The curious mingling of the concrete and the spiritual, which is what certain modern painters, perhaps under the Whitman suggestion, are trying to achieve, was so novel as to be disconcerting, and the vehicle so
A Perfect Return

original as to appear uncouth—uncadenced, unmusical. The hide-bound, antiquated conception of English prosody is responsible for a great deal of dead timber. It is a significant fact that the English first accepted the spirit of Whitman, the French his method. The rhythmic measure of Whitman has yet to be correctly estimated by English and American poets. It has been sifted and weighed by the French poets, and though Whitman’s influence upon modern French poetry has been questioned by English critics, the connection between his varied rhythmic units and modern vers libre is too obvious to be discounted. There may be an innate necessity sufficient to cause a breaking-up of forms in a poetic language, but there is no reason to believe that Paris, the great clearing-house of all the arts, would not be quick to adopt a suggestion from without. English poets, certainly, have not been loath to accept suggestions from Paris.

At any rate this international acceptance of the two greatest American poets, and the realization of their international influence upon us, may awaken us to a new sense of responsibility. It would be a valuable lesson, if only we could learn to turn the international eye, in private, upon ourselves. If the American poet can learn to be less parochial, to apply the intellectual whip, to visualize his art, to separate it and see it apart from himself; we may learn then to appreciate the great poet when he is “in our midst.” and not wait for the approval of English or French critics. A. C. H.
TAGORE'S POEMS

The appearance of the poems of Rabindranath Tagore, translated by himself from Bengali into English, is an event in the history of English poetry and of world poetry. I do not use these terms with the looseness of contemporary journalism. Questions of poetic art are serious, not to be touched upon lightly or in a spirit of bravura.

Bengal is a nation of fifty million people. The great age of Bengali literature is this age in which we live. And the first Bengali whom I heard singing the lyrics of Tagore said, as simply as one would say it is four o'clock, “Yes, we speak of it as the Age of Rabindranath.”

The six poems now published were chosen from a hundred lyrics about to appear in book form. They might just as well have been any other six, for they do not represent a summit of attainment but an average.

These poems are cast, in the original, in metres perhaps the most finished and most subtle of any known to us. If you refine the art of the troubadours, combine it with that of the Pléiade, and add to that the sound-unit principle of the most advanced artists in vers libre, you would get something like the system of Bengali verse. The sound of it when spoken is rather like good Greek, for Bengali is daughter of Sanscrit, which is a kind of uncle or elder brother of the Homeric idiom.

All this series of a hundred poems are made to music, for “Mr.” Tagore is not only the great poet of Bengal,
he is also their great musician. He teaches his songs, and they are sung throughout Bengal more or less as the troubadours' songs were sung through Europe in the twelfth century.

And we feel here in London, I think, much as the people of Petrarch's time must have felt about the mysterious lost language, the Greek that was just being restored to Europe after centuries of deprivation. That Greek was the lamp of our renaissance and its perfections have been the goal of our endeavor ever since.

I speak with all seriousness when I say that this beginning of our more intimate intercourse with Bengal is the opening of another period. For one thing the content of this first brief series of poems will destroy the popular conception of Buddhism, for we in the occident are apt to regard it as a religion negative and anti-Christian.

The Greek gave us humanism; a belief in *mens sana in corpore sano*, a belief in proportion and balance. The Greek shows us man as the sport of the gods; the sworn foe of fate and the natural forces. The Bengali brings to us the pledge of a calm which we need overmuch in an age of steel and mechanics. It brings a quiet proclamation of the fellowship between man and the gods; between man and nature.

It is all very well to object that this is not the first time we have had this fellowship proclaimed, but in the arts alone can we find the inner heart of a people. There
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is a deeper calm and a deeper conviction in this eastern expression than we have yet attained. It is by the arts alone that one people learns to meet another far distant people in friendship and respect.

I speak with all gravity when I say that world-fellowship is nearer for the visit of Rabindranath Tagore to London.

Ezra Pound

REVIEWS

The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson (John Lane.)

This English poet, whose singing ceased a year ago, had a real lyric gift, though a very slight one. The present volume is a collection of all her poems, from the first girlish sheaf Tares, to The Lamp and the Lute, which she was preparing for publication when she died.

Through this whole life-record her poetry ripples along as smoothly and delicately as a meadow rill, with never a pause nor a flurry nor a thrill. She sings prettily of everyone, from the Last Fairy to William Ernest Henley, and of everything, from Death and Justice to the Orchard of the Moon, but she has nothing arresting or important to say of any of these subjects, and no keen magic of phrase to give her warbling that intense vitality which would win for her the undying fame prophesied by her loyal husband in his preface.

Nevertheless, her feeling is genuine, her touch light, and her tune a quiet monotone of gentle soothing music which has a certain soft appeal. Perhaps the secret of

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it is the fine quality of soul which breathes through these numerous lyrics, a soul too reserved to tell its whole story, and too preoccupied with the little things around and within her to pay much attention to the thinking, fighting, ever-moving world without.

A big-spirited, vital, headlong narrative poem is *The Adventures of Young Maverick*, by Hervey White, who runs a printing press at Woodstock, N. Y., and bravely publishes *The Wild Hawk*, his own little magazine. The poem has as many moods as *Don Juan*, which is plainly, though not tyrannically, its model.

The poem is long for these days—five cantos and nearly six hundred Spenserian stanzas. Yet the most casual reader, one would think, could scarcely find it tedious, even though the satirical passages run heavily at times. The hero is a colt of lofty Arabian lineage, and the poem becomes eloquently pictorial in setting forth his beauty:

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Young Maverick in the upland pastures lay
Woven as in the grass, while star-like flowers,
Shaking their petals down in sweet array
Dappled his flanks with gentle breathless showers.
The thread green stems, tangled in bending bowers,
Their pollen plumes of dust closed over him,
Enwoofing through the drowse of summer hours,
The pattern of his body, head and limb;
His color of pale gold glowed as with sunshine dim.
```

The spirit of the West is in this poem, its freedom, spaciousness, strong sunshine; also its careless good humor and half sardonic fun. The race between the
horse and the Mexican boy is as swift, vivid and rhythmical as a mountain stream; and the Mexican family, even to the fat old Gregorio, are characterized to the life, with a sympathy only too rare among writers of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Certain other characterizations are equally incisive, this for example:

Sometimes I peep into a modern poet
Like Arthur Symons, vaguely beautiful,
Who loves but love, not caring who shall know it;
I wonder that he never finds it dull.

Mr. White is so profoundly a democrat, and so wholeheartedly a poet of the broad, level average American people, that both social and artistic theories sit very lightly upon him. He achieves beauty as by chance now and then, because he can not help it, but always he achieves a warm vitality, the persuasive illusion of life.

The Iscariot, by Eden Phillpotts (John Lane), is the ingenious effort of a theorist in human nature to unroll the convolutions of the immortal traitor’s soul. And it is as ineffectual as any such effort must be to remould characters long fixed in literary or historic tradition. In the art of the world Judas is Judas; anyone who tries to make him over into a pattern of misguided loyalty has his labor for his pains.

The blank verse in which the monologue is uttered is accurately measured and sufficiently sonorous.

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Reviews


The poems in this volume are creditable in texture, revealing a conscious sense of artistic workmanship which it is a pleasure to find in a book of first poems by a young American. A certain rhythmic monotony may be mentioned as an impression gained from a consecutive reading, and a prevailing twilight mood, united, in the longer poems, with a vein of the emotionally feminine.

Two short lyrics, however, I Am the Wind and The Tragedienne, stand apart in isolated perfection, even as the two Greek columns in the ruined theater at Arles; an impression recalled by the opening stanza of The Tragedienne:

Upon a hill in Thessaly
    Stand broken columns in a line
    About a cold forgotten shrine
Beneath a moon in Thessaly.

This is the first of the monthly volumes of poetry to be issued by Mr. Kennerley. It awakens pleasant anticipation of those to follow.

Lyrical Poems, By Lucy Lyttelton. (Thomas B. Mosher.)

The twilight mood also prevails in the poems of Lucy Lyttelton, although the crest of a fine modern impulse may be traced in A Vision, The Japanese Widow, The Black Madonna, and A Song of Revolution.

[97]
"Where is Owen Griffiths?" Broken and alone
Crushed he lies in darkness beneath Festiniog stone.
"Bring his broken body before me to the throne
For a crown.

"Oftentimes in secret in prayer he came to me,
Now to men and angels I know him openly.
I that was beside him when he came to die
Fathoms down.

"And, Evan Jones, stand forward, whose life was shut
in gloom,
And a narrow grave they gave you 'twixt marble tomb
and tomb.
But now the great that trod you shall give you elbow room
And renown."

These poems unite delicacy and strength. They convince us of sincerity and intensity of vision.

A. C. H.
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

It is hardly necessary to introduce to the lovers of lyric and dramatic verse Mr. William Butler Yeats, who honors the Christmas number of Poetry by his presence. A score or more of years have passed since his voice, perfect in quality, began to speak and sing in high loyalty to the beauty of poetic art, especially the ancient poetic art of his own Irish people. His influence, reinforced by the prompt allegiance of Lady Gregory, Mr. Douglass Hyde, the late J. M. Synge, and many other Irish men and women of letters, has sufficed to lift the beautiful old Gaelic literature out of the obscurity of merely local recognition into a position of international importance. This fact alone is a sufficient acknowledgment of Mr. Yeats’ genius, and of the enthusiasm which his leadership has inspired among the thinkers and singers of his race.

Mr. George Sterling, of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, is well known to American readers of poetry through his two books of verse, Wine of Wizardry and The House of Orchids.

Mr. Clark Ashton Smith, also of California, is a youth whose talent has been acclaimed quite recently by a few newspapers of his own state, and recognized by one or two eastern publications.

Mr. John Reed, of New York, and Alice Corbin, the wife of William P. Henderson, the Chicago painter, are
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Americans. The latter has contributed verse and prose to various magazines. The former is a young journalist, born in 1887, who has published little verse as yet.

Rabindranath Tagore, the poet of Bengal, is sufficiently introduced by Mr. Pound's article.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Lure of the Sea, by J. E. Patterson. George H. Doran Co.
Pilgrimage to Haunts of Browning, by Pauline Leavens. The Bowrons, Chicago.
The Wind on the Heath, Ballads and Lyrics, by May Byron. George H. Doran.
Valley Song and Verse, by William Hutcherson. Fraser, Asher & Co.
The Queen of Orplede, by Charles Wharton Stork. Elkin Mathews.
Pocahontas, A Pageant, by Margaret Ullman. The Poet Lore Co.
Songs Before Birth, Isabelle Howe Fiske. Thomas B. Mosher.
Book Titles From Shakespeare, by Volney Streamer. Thomas B. Mosher.
The Tragedy of Etarre, A Poem, by Rhys Carpenter. Sturgis & Walton Co.
In Other Words, by Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Anna Marcella's Book of Verses, by Cyrenus Cole. Printed for Personal Distribution.
Spring in Tuscany, an Anthology. Thos. B. Mosher.
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A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass
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Villa Mirafiore
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"The June number of The Idler, a monthly magazine edited and published by Robert J. Shores, is admirable in its literary flavor and intelligent originality. 'The Tranquil Life' and 'Idle Ideas' recall the names of such masters of style as Goldsmith and Lamb. Evidently Mr. Shores prefers the rich culture of the days when literature was not produced in hot haste to the pretended omniscience and thinly-veiled ignorance that find their way nowadays into print."—Rochester Post-Express.

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