

The second part, *Juliet*, has likewise a symbolic name. The theme that winds through it is that "the soul is more than joy." The third part, *Gods and false Gods*, lacks definite sequence and has in it most of the dark fatalism into which Blunt has at times plunged and that tinges so much of late nineteenth century poetry. The last portion is in the main a series of impressions of travel and includes the well-known and quite magnificent sonnet on Gibraltar.

It is characteristic of a poet who is often too diffuse and who is generally indifferent to the requirements of technique that, though he usually subdues his material to the lawful limits of the sonnet's narrow plot of ground, he not only breaks the strict bondage of the sonnet's laws by illegitimate rhyme-schemes and by using assonance in place of rhyme, but often escapes altogether, when his thought refuses to be compressed, and produces poems of eighteen or twenty lines instead. More serious defects are the presence of many imperfect rhymes, of forced and unpleasant metaphors, and of far-fetched "conceits." But this very unregardfulness of form for form's sake was a healthy sign, coming as it did at a period when the quest of form for form's sake was driving sincerity from the field of poetry.

For above all things the verse of Blunt is sincere. The Byronic tradition, a scanty stream in later English verse, flows at its clearest in his poetry. If there is introspection, there is in it nothing anticipative of the eighteen-nineties. There is not mere morbid self-deceitful brooding but pitiless clear-sighted self-analysis. And, in the words of Mr. Untermeyer (applied by him to younger poets), this poetry reveals "the loved one as fully as it expresses the lover"; it is "a love-poetry that searches even while it sings." Here is a man honest with himself and with the Beloved and with the world, bringing loyalty even to the service of those relationships wherein disloyalty most often plays a part. Comparison with other sonnet-sequences is inevitable. With all the divine inspiration and matchless beauty of some (by no means all) of Shakespeare's Sonnets there is in them of course something quite alien from the experience of the modern man. Many of us are repelled by the psychological subtleties or else by the taint of theatricality in *Modern Love*. The greater Sonnets from the Portuguese lead upward to heights too lofty, to an atmosphere too rarified for most of us to breathe in. From the heavy perfumes of *The House of Life* most of us escape as soon as possible. Blunt, on the other hand, speaks of such experiences as in one form or another come to most men; only he has the rare and perilous gift, the gift of self-expression, that we lack. Hence his appeal. It is unlikely that as a whole

even the love-poems will ever be widely read. But no anthology can be considered representative that does not contain such pieces as *On His Fortune in Loving Her* and *On a Lost Opportunity* and the incomparable Sibylline Books with which this brief tribute of admiration may fittingly close:

When first, a boy, at your fair knees I kneeled,
'Twas with a worthy offering. In my hand
My young life's book I held, a volume sealed,
Which none but you, I deemed, might understand.
And you I did entreat to loose the band
And read therein your own soul's destiny.
But, Tarquin-like, you turned from my demand,
Too proudly fair to find your fate in me.
When now I come, alas, what hands have turned
Those virgin pages! Some are torn away,
And some defaced, and some with passion burned,
And some besmeared with life's least holy clay.
Say, shall I offer you these pages wet
With blood and tears? And will your sorrow read
What your joy heeded not?—Unopened yet
One page remains. It still may hold a fate,
A counsel for the day of utter need.
Nay, speak, sad heart, speak quick. The hour is late.
Age threatens us. The Gaul is at the gate.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

Who's Who

AS I am a member of the very humble race of college instructors it goes without saying that I have never summoned the money necessary to take me on a visit to England. And as I had accumulated a wife and a baby I was not even drafted for a visit to what Miss Amy Lowell calls "Hedge Island," en route to France.

However, in intervals of theme-correcting I have accumulated a small literary acquaintance with Britain and her cathedrals and greens from Trollope, a little of Britain and her villages and hedges from Mrs. Gaskell, something of parks and lodges from Miss Austin, something of nurseries and gardens and attics from Kenneth Grahame, and something more of gardens and of walks (probably stone-flagged) in them, from Coventry Patmore. I had heard of circles and terraces and lanes in London and Brighton and Bath from Thackeray and even from Harrison Ainsworth, and I knew from my distant Henty that there was always an English hero present at Cawnpore and Singapore and in Togoland if it should prove necessary for him to be there. Further it seemed that some Englishmen and some English ladies had a habit of deserting their own charming green country for greener Italy on occasion. All these facts in regard to English life were fragmentary, I knew, but they were attractive in a gentlemanly way, and I always

kept a desire to see the places, the places even more than the people.

As the years pass and England grows more distant for me and the romance of English domestic and other life grows no less, I go for a visualization of how those Englishmen live and where they live to a perusal of the *British Who's Who*. And that publication continues to assure me that they do have the most charming places in which to live, or, at any rate, have the most pleasant names for those places.

Here, says the *Who's Who*, is an Englishman (with, I trust, a large and healthy family) who lives at Meads, Pinkney's Green, Berks. Is there anything like that in America? I trow not. And here is a lucky man who lives,—simply, no doubt and highmindedly,—at The Beeches Cottage, Carshalton. Simply Carshalton. Did I read he has "one s. one d."? I hope so and also that they were born since 1909 so that I can imagine the pinafores youngsters playing just beyond the hedge off the narrow (but smooth) gray road. Roads? Of course. Plenty of roads. A distinguished gentleman lives at Overroads, Beaconsfield, Berks. And there is Mershire Lodge, Marlborough Road, Bournemouth. Even if one has to live in Birmingham, which, I seem to have heard, is not the most romantic place in England, he can find a home on Yew Tree Road, Edgbaston, while in New York, even the carefully nursed yews of Prince Edward on the Columbia University campus, slowly but surely wither and die!

And even if one has to live in the metropolis, he need not live let us say, at 324 W. 218 St. nor at 123890 Fifth Avenue, but, if you please, and forsooth, at Branksea, St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, S. W. At least I suppose that is London. It sounds delightfully like it. If one, however, is so unfortunate as to find no place with a bright green name to it, one surely can find a place with a name like Paper Buildings, Temple, S. E. There must be something attractive about Paper Buildings, even though it be not an arboreal attractiveness.

And should not anyone be pleased to live at Wheal Betsy, Newlyn, Penzance; or at Iping House, Midhurst; or at The Cearne, Kent Hatch, Edinburgh; or at The Inch, Liberton, nr. Edinburgh? Nr., merely nr. (How does the postman find such places?) Many Englishmen seem unwilling to confide to *Who's Who* where they live. No doubt they have homes with names too precious to share.

How can an Englishman bear to leave such places even to repair to the Villa Viviani, Settignano, Florence; to Villino Chiaso, Repallo, Italy; to Port Moresby, Papua; to Zungeru, Nigeria; or even to Gelliwig, Pwllheli?

Think not that these are shining examples culled

with care from among commonplace addresses. These and their like I meet every time I open the romantic volume, the *British Who's Who*. Here are ten addresses taken in order and starting with the first name my eye fell on. The Nore, Godalming. (One feels like asking as was once asked of the Akond of Swat, Who? which? when? and what? in regard both to The Nore and to Godalming.) Grove House, Regents Park, N. W. Hale Park, Salisbury. New Court, Temple, E. C. Wick Studio, Holland Road, Hove, Sussex. (In pleasant alternation the fortunate inhabitant repairs to the Villa dell' Ombrellino, Via della Piazzola, Florence.) 46 Pont Street, S. W. Carrowroe Park, Roscommon, Ireland. Yunnan-fu, China. Cragg, Birdhill, Limerick, Ireland. 4 Seaford Court, W., whence, when it pleases him, the owner passes to Croft House, Stansted, Essex.

Do we dare turn to the *American Who's Who* and confess that we, over here, live in most unromantic places? Bravely let us open the volume and start at random.

Our first man lives in Waukesha, Wis. Let us thank the aborigenes. The list begins not badly. 'Tis pity, though, we have to use a period after Wis while the Englishman needs none after Hants. Our second man affords two homes, "Kanyonkrag," Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y., and Ranch Soh-loh-nee, Mariposa, California. Fortunately, Mariposa is pretty. Our next man lives in Athens, Ga., upon which fact and place we shall not comment, and two more addresses are 350 W. 70th St., N. Y., and Washington, D. C. Next comes a home on Portsmouth Terrace, Rochester, N. Y. Bravo Terrace! even though you seem not quite at home on these shores. And now, painful to me who live at 1768 Something "Av." and to you who may live at 8671 Other St. come 2112 Mass. Av., Washington, and 1905 Cambridge Rd. (not Road, alas!) Ann Arbor, Mich.

Finally, quietly, and with no romantic thrill we record the last two addresses as Montclair, N. J., and Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

J. H. McKEE.

Dream Fragment

Last night I walked in southern Brittany,
In deep, warm meadows where the rouge-gorge sang,
A land cliff-bordered, by an azure sea,
Far off, far down, the muffled buoy bells rang
In bays that stretched into a land of indolence,
It seemed the peasants in a fit of folly,
Had fled and left me in sweet impotence
To range blue uplands, tinged with melancholy,
And amethystine pastures, smooth and lone,
Charmed by a tepid ocean's magic moan.

HERVEY ALLEN.