The Amen Corner

"Still climbing trees in the Hesperides."

—Love's Labour's Lost.

The Oxford University Press,2 we are very pleased to observe, is still bringing out titles in the Hesperides Series.3 The latest of the beautiful little volumes designed by Bruce Rogers in an edition of 500 copies (The others have gone like hot cakes. If you want one of these, we advise you confidentially to order it now.) is The Poems of Thomas Gray, edited by Austin Lane Poole. The text is that of the recent new edition in the Oxford Standard Authors,4 slightly rearranged. The Hesperides Series takes its name from the first title, The Poems of Robert Herrick, in two volumes,3 a good part of which, of course, consists of his volume known as Hesperides, or "Works Both Humane and Divine."

We seized this rather slight excuse for indulging in a little browsing in the newly published Oxford Companion to Classical Literature, compiled, like the Oxford Companion to English Literature, by Sir Paul Harvey. It says:

Paul Harvey. It says:

Hespe'rides, THE, 'Daughters of Evening,' in Greek mythology, were supposed to live far away in the west, near the Atlas mountains, guarding a tree that produced golden apples, a present given by Ge to Hera when the latter married Zeus. The dragon Lādon helped them to keep watch. It was one of the Labours of Heracles (q.v.) to get possession of the apples. See also Atalanta.

But the next entry had already caught

He'sperus (Hesperos), the evening star.

The entry before is:

Hespe'ria, the 'Western Land,' a poetic name for Italy or Spain.

Alas! how times—or perhaps it is permissible in his context to say *Eheu!* fugaces.

Catalonia Infelix is the title of a new book by E. Allison Peers, author of The Spanish Tragedy, which has caught our eye in the Oxford Spring List. On the first page is the Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation, which is now definitely ready for early publication. It is something more than a book of translations (we have looked at some advance sheets); it is a book of poetry. The first name in the Index of Translators is Richard Aldington. Looking down the list Blunden catches our eye; and Bridges, Browning, Samuel Butler, Byron, Cowper, Fielding, Gladstone, Housman, Lawrence of Arabia, Louis MacNiece, Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, Humbert Wolfe—

And here, for a New Year's Wish is Herrick's translation of an anonymous Greek poem,

"The Four Best Things"

Health is the first good lent to men;
A gentle disposition then:
Next, to be rich by no by-wayes;
Lastly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.
The Oxonian.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Nocturne (Opus 3)

OFFEE disturbs digestion; it also acts

Strangely upon the nerves. You lie awake

Pondering the subtle rhythms of a snake, Or vaguely wondering about the curious facts

Of life, until gaunt daylight renews its pacts

With birds and street-cars. Shuddering wagons quake

Past with a loose sound of early wheels, to break

The fast of dreamers with sturdier digestive tracts.

Oblivion threatens just as the morning glitters;

But the whole world now echoes with falling boxes:

There are no words for milk purveyors in any lexicon.

Come quickly, sleep, now as the last ashman twitters—

Close, eyelids, as a couple of lurking emerald foxes

Begin to chant deliciously, in Mexican.
VINCENT STARRETT.

In his preface to the World's Classics edition of Selected Shelburne Essays Paul Elmer More told how, after giving up his job as teacher at Bryn Mawr, he rented "a dilapidated little farmhouse" near Shelburne, N. H. There, for three summers and two winters, P. E. M. lived as a literary hermit, joined in summer by his brother Professor Louis More (now Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Cincinnati) and there the famous Shelburne Essays were begun. During the summer just past, Dean More made pilgrimage—for the first time since he was there with his brother -to the little farmhouse, and was good enough to lend us a snapshot of it.

Paul Elmer More's last book is reviewed in this issue of the SRL., page 19.

We were heartily sorry to read of the death of Charles E. Lauriat, distinguished Boston bookseller, at the age of 62. He had directed Lauriat's well-known store since the death of his father, its founder, in 1920, and was in private an esteemed collector of prints and fine editions. It is well remembered that Mr. Lauriat was aboard the Lusitania when she was torpedoed and played a gallant part in the rescue of his fellow-passengers. TAmong prominent members of the Trade who got their early training in Lauriat's bookstore are Fred Melcher, editor of P.W., and Frank Henry of the J. B. Lippincott Company. Speaking of Mr. Melcher, last week he delivered the first strike of the new Caldecott Medal to the A. L. A. at their conference in Chicago. FThe Caldecott Medal for the most distinguished American picture book for children is to be awarded annually by the Children's and School Librarians Sections of the American Library Association. The medal is named



COTTAGE AT SHELBURNE, N. H. ONCE OCCUPIED BY P. E. MORE

for Randolph Caldecott who began a new era in picture books about seventyfive years ago. The medal will be struck in bronze each year and will be presented to the artist who has given us the best picture book of the year. It will be awarded simultaneously with the John Newbery Medal, now in its seventeenth year, which is given to the author of the most distinguished book for children published during the preceding year. The same book cannot compete for both medals. The Caldecott medal has been designed by René Chambellan, a New York sculptor who has done many of the distinguished medals of recent years, including the Newbery Medal.

The Pleasures of Publishing (Columbia University Press's sprightly hebdomad) with its usual alertness is first to spot an amusing printer's error in the index of the new Bartlett-where a quote Gordon's New Year greeting from her Hathaway House Bookshop at Wellesley: "The relationship betwen bookbuyer and bookseller is unique, for we know that we deal in intangibles, and the wares we offer often carry magic properties." We like Edward Kasner's story (in a lecture reprinted in Scripta Mathematica) of the Russian peasant who came to Moscow for the first time and saw the giraffes at the Zoo. He said: "Look what the Bolsheviks have done to our horses." As an amateur Chaucerian Old Q. was excited to learn (in a Christmas greeting from E. P. Kuhl of Iowa City) that there is preserved at Rugby, Tennessee, a baluster from the gallery of the ancient Tabard Inn—though not the original Tabard, which was burned about 1670. This relic is from the second Tabard Inn, which was demolished in the 1870's. The present inn at Rugby, Tenn., is dedicated to the memory of Chaucer; and the town of Rugby is so called because that region was settled by a group of Englishmen among whom Thomas Hughes (the author of Tom Brown) was a moving spirit.

⁽¹⁾ In the Oxford Shakespeare, \$1.00. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) \$2.50 a volume. (4) \$1.50 each. Write for list. (5) \$3.00. (8) \$5.00. (7) \$2.50. (8) Write for it. (9) \$3.00.