

POETRY AND VERSE

Carnes—The Argonauts of Immortality. By Mason Carnes. Brentano's. \$1.00.

There are some poetic thoughts in this Paris-printed volume of English verse, touchingly dedicated by the author to the memory of his wife. Occasionally an idea is happily expressed, as in "A Lily Song," but too often the evolution is labored and involved. The writer must be lamentably lacking in humor, or he would never have allowed the lines labelled "Micro-Cosmos" to be put in type.

Shedd—The Oceanides. Poems and Translations. By Percy W. Shedd. Grafton Press. \$1.00.

There is something encyclopædic about this volume of "Poems and Translations," of which the translations are from the Danish, the Spanish, the Russian, the German, the French, the Italian, etc., with *magna pars* from "Ibsen" (that frigid and discouraging muse!). But Mr. Shedd has well done his self-allotted task, and, besides welcoming into hospitable English the stranger of various nationalities, has struck some creditable notes of his own, though, as it seems to us, generally with a bias towards Germanic motives and methods, as in the songs entitled, "My Little Sisters Are the Flowers," and "The Adamantine Gates." And while Mr. Shedd can produce so

fresh and sweet a lyric as "Amoris Anima," why should he, elsewhere, bewail, in rather banal fashion,

"What's the use o' being poet?
All 's been said, and we all know it."

Stanton—Up from Georgia. By Frank L. Stanton. Appleton. \$1.00.

Mr. Stanton's lyre (should we say banjo?) is an instrument easily tuned. He is never at a loss for a catch, or glee, or negro ditty to match his music. If there is little depth to the song, there is in it, on the other hand, a marching optimism,—a rollicking wholesomeness. It is the product of a natural minstrel.

Watson—Selected Poems. By William Watson. Lane. \$1.00.

It is comforting to those who still hold fast to all that is noblest in the traditions of English song to note that most of the volumes which Mr. William Watson has issued have passed through several editions. Putting Mr. Swinburne aside, there is no poet now living in Great Britain so worthy to wear the bays of the great dead as Mr. Watson, and in the volume of selections before us we have the choicest flower of his genius, from the opening "Ode in May" to the closing "Lachrymæ Musarum," an elegy which is worthy to stand among the most noble in the English tongue.