

THE BLUE GROTTO. ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL. London. 2*d*.

IT is monstrous and iniquitous that a person, however bearded, however resembling Bernard Shaw in name and form, should purport to translate a Rune Stone dealing with the Phrygian Mysteries—and scan Pandion wrong. The masterpiece of this anonymous author is full of false quantities, but I don't care if it is, for he has some very beautiful lines and a sense of the musical value of words. He writes:

"The lovers of a night appear
In the unravell'd atmosphere.
Phantasmagoria crisp to gold
Under Apollo. . . ."

And again:

"Caduceator for thy knees'
Ophidian caryatides."

And again:

"And the red ibis in thy grove
Feeds poison to the sucking dove."

And again:

"Under the brown sea-furbelow
Anguilla slimes;"

He tells us:

". . . Crassicornis seeks to grab
The streamers of the coral-crab."

He says:

"I hear the triton-music swell
Love-laden in the vulva-shell."

And speaks of:

“. . . Corybantes o' the storm
Leaping coruscant-capriform.”

I could hardly have done better myself, and Shelley would have been put to it to do it as well.

If the ingenious though fatuous author of “The Blue Grotto” will get a big idea and work it largely out, he will indubitably produce a worthy contribution to the language whose poverty he now enriches with so many admirable new words.

A. C.