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**A GREEN GARLAND\***

Poetry is the blossom of many minds, the fruit of few. Whether the fruit of Mr. Victor B. Neuburg's matured intelligence will take the shape of verse or not, it would be rash to prophesy. Whether the author of this little book will become a great poet like Byron, a writer of philosophy, or a provider of lyrics for musical comedy, such as Mr. Adrian Ross (who in his salad days at the University published a volume of serious poems full of promise), it is impossible to tell. Of one thing, however, one is certain: the existence of promise in this book. There is something in it; something which makes one feel certain that there is more to come, whatever form it may take. As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable: there is beauty not only of thought and invention—but also of expression and rhythm, especially rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg's poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse. He has, perhaps, not yet found the right things to sing about. A poem called "Young Summer" has a taking, captivating beauty, makes the heart sing, and suggests the sights and sounds of youth, of spring, of first love, and the joy and the brightness of the springtime of love—lines like these:

And the bloom is on the clover, and the speedwell in the shade.

Life and love have drawn us onward; on the open road we fare,

And the mighty hills grow taller, and we linger here and there

To catch the breath of panting day, hot breathed beneath the sun.

And the world spreads wide around us, and the battle's almost won!

The sunlight brings the thrushes' song; the hidden cuckoos call:

The Spring's white veil is cast aside, life enters love's own hall,

exemplify the qualities indicated above. In the poem called

"Between the Spheres" there is imagination of a striking kind. In nearly all Mr. Neuburg's verses the rhythm and the lilt are strong enough to seize the reader's pleased attention. The sonnets are less satisfactory. One notices throughout the influence of Shelley, and in some degree that of Walt Whitman: this inclines one to believe in the promise of Mr. Neuburg's poetic gifts, since there is no poet who did not begin by singing like someone else. The faults of the book are the faults of youth, and those are good faults. For instance, in Mr. Neuburg's poem on Rome, in honour of the Free Thought Congress held there in 1904, the thought, which is manifestly sincere, makes one feel inclined to smile. "Yesterday Rome, to-morrow truth," sings the poet. Rome has outlived many things, and one must be very young if one seriously believes that it will not outlive the Free Thought Congress held there in September, 1904!

\*A Green Garland. By Victor B. Neuburg. Probsthain and Co.