

Mrs. Juliette H. Beach, in a review of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," makes some frank avowals: "I am not at all squeamish," she says. "Not easily shocked either. I adore the beautiful, and grow impassioned as I drink in the voluptuous in art or p<sub>o</sub>esy. Amorous poetry, so far from being to me offensive, is delightful, and the soft liquid lines of tender love, and the deep strains of a burning passion seem to me alike fit hymns for man to offer up." As for Whitman, however, it is her candid opinion that "he certainly has not soul enough to be saved; I hardly think he has enough to be damned."