

solatory : "I am glad when one of these fellows dies, because then one has his works complete on one's shelf and there is an end to him." Age has wrought small change in our poet. What Edmund Clarence Stedman asseverated of Walter Savage Landor applies almost letter for letter to Aubrey de Vere ; he was as artistically conservative in youth as he ever grew to be, and as fiery and forward in age as in youth. To say that "The Foray of Queen Meave" exhibits the poet at his very best is surely not to say too much; and, relying on my own far from infallible judgment, *quantum valent*, I am disposed to add, no other work of his surpasses it in grandeur of conception, order and harmony of execution, transcending aptness of expression, or majesty or sonorousness of diction. I am in possession of no data indicative of the time spent by the author in the composition and polishing of the work, but that it took time in its growth I have no doubt, and it is well known that, barring some sonnets, he has published no important work subsequent to this one. Moreover, a study of it serves admirably as an introduction to such kindred poems by the same author as "The Sons of Usnach" and the "Bard Ethell," consequently it seems to me proper to take it in hand before any other of his bardic effusions, and why those should be considered in advance of the Christian poems obvious chronological reasons will, I think, fully explain. As I have just remarked, the criticism expressed in this paper has a wide application. More or less of what I shall feel called upon to say concerning "The Foray of Queen Meave" of course holds good of some others of his lengthy narrative poems. Furthermore, such things as can be said here must be said concisely and in brief. In speaking of poetry one should not allow one's self to be, as it were, overwhelmed and drowned in a shoreless ocean of prose. I have seen such accidents to happen more than once, and I dread them accordingly. Finally, I shall not hesitate to credit the reader with some previous knowledge of the poet gleaned from the dutiful perusal of the author's works, though in so doing, particularly if the reader happen to be Irish, I feel I am subjecting my credit to a severe strain. After I had given a copy of my former paper on the poetry of Aubrey de Vere to an intelligent young Irish friend, and he had read it, he confessed it was "all