

To the purely pictorial or musical effects of the following charming poem, entitled "Galatea and Urania," no one claiming the slightest culture can be either blind or deaf :

Dread venerable Goddess, whom I fear,
Gaze not upon me from thy starry height !
I fear thy levelled shafts of ruthless light,
Thine unfamiliar radiance and severe :
Thy sceptre bends not ! stern, defined, and clear
Thy Laws : thy face intolerantly bright :
Thine is the empire of the Ruled and Right ;
Never hadst thou a part in smile or tear !
I love the curving of the wind-arched billow ;
The dying flute-tone, sweeter for its dying :
To me less dear the Pine tree than the Willow,
The mountain than the shadow o'er it flying,
Thus Galatea sang, whilst o'er the waters
Urania leant ; and covered 'mid Ocean's foam-white daughters.

Once more that over-syllabled last line. I am beginning to lose temper with these heavy-brigade endings. I hold them to be far too frequent in the sonnets. Aubrey de Vere was not compelled to use a complex form, but when chosen, its laws should be obeyed to the letter, if success is to be obtained.

Archbishop Trench, in the course of a valuable lecture on "The History of the English Sonnet," to which I am somewhat indebted, well remarks that this form of poem, like the Grecian temple, may be limited in its scope, but, like the temple, if successful, the sonnet is altogether perfect. This charming comparison will be recalled by every one who peruses the following magnificent sonnet on "The Sun God," a veritable marvel of clearness and energy :

" I saw the master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright ;
An Archer of immeasurable might :
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load ;
Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountains glowed ;
Forward his eagle eye, and brow of light
He bent ; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.
No wings profaned that god-like form : around
His neck high-held an ever moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening : while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' ethereal dome