

"*Atalanta in Calydon* was produced, he has infinitely departed in his poems and ballads from its true spirit. Disregarding the evident moderation of those poetic masters, the divine spirit of whose art he would fain have us to believe he has thoroughly conceived, he revels in a profusion and gorgeousness of colours, which howsoever fascinating, are neither classical nor natural. The primary objection, however, we would urge against Mr. Swinburne's poems, presents itself in the character of the subjects he has chosen for delineation. He has in no wise attempted to revive the old pagan conception of joy, but to exhibit in the fierce glow of passionate language those nameless abominations, from the very mention of which the human heart recoils, and to elevate to the seat of dethroned reason the sickly pleasures of sense. The habits of Pasiphaë and Faustina furnish him with food for poetic reflection, and make up the only version of the dreams of fair women he is capable of appreciating. Page after page he gloats upon a single subject, the most shameful and depraved qualities of human nature, and embellishes it with all the adornments of poetic art. Yet in the midst of all this immorality there are occasional passages of singular beauty and purity of thought, that leave it to be regretted that a genius so remarkable should grovel down amongst the abominations which inspire in it such frenzied delight. There is, also, a rapidity, a variety, and a revelling in power, which fasten upon the attention of the reader, and carry it along even to the end of the subject with unflagging impetuosity. Nor can we better conclude than by giving a short extract from the "*Song in Time of Revolution*," which may confirm our preceding statement.

"The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high priest covers his head;
For this is the song of the quick that is heard in the ears of the dead:
The poor and the halt and the blind are keen and mighty and fleet;
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of their feet.

Dr. Anster of Dublin has published a translation of the second part of Goëthe's great poem, *Faust*.* It is prefaced by an essay on German literature, and forms the best possible introduction to an acquaintance with the writings of Goëthe. We hope in a future number to present our readers with a review of Dr. Anster's rendering of *Faust*, parts 1 and 2; and, therefore, we shall say nothing more respecting it, at present, than to heartily recommend it to the attention of all who feel interested in German writings.

NEPTUNE'S RETURN.

I.

Cold falls the night on starless seas and skies:
Stretched on the waves the weary north wind lies;
With cracked and shrieking voice he shouts and sings
The maddest yarns about the maddest things,—

* Goëthe's *Faust*, Part II. A Translation. By Dr. Anster of Dublin. London: Longman & Co., 1866.