

of Fenimore Cooper and our childhood. "The Stonies are exceptionally faithful; they cannot be tempted to steal; they are true to their word, and, more incredible still, they have an abhorrence of alcohol." They are also renowned in war, marvellous on the trail, friendly to the white man, fond of learning, religious and contented; and—rare and happy climax—they appear to be actually increasing slightly in numbers.

Deirdre Wed. By Herbert Trench. (Methuen. 5s.)—We have, it seems, one more poet than we knew—maker or finder of an Irish legend, which he tells in varied and masculine verse. Deirdre, a captive from the elf-mounds, was to wed the great king Connachar, but fled an hour before with young Naois, one of the sons of Usnach:

Look now outside thy door, O Connachar!
The black oak with the vision-dripping boughs
Whose foot is in thy fathers' blood of pride
Stagger'd as I came up in the night-blast.
In vain it stretches anger to the sky:
It cannot keep the white moon from escape
To sail the tempest; nor O King canst thou!

The fourth canto is the story of their wedding on the islet:

The slender hazels ask'd the Yew like night
Beside the river-green of Lisnacaun,
"Who is this woman beautiful as light
Sitting in dolour on thy branchèd lawn;
With sun-red hair, entangled as with flight,
Sheening the knees up to her bosom drawn?
What horses mud-besprent so thirstily
Belying the hush pools with their nostrils wide?"
And the Yew, old as the long mountain side,
Answer'd, "I saw her hither with Clan Usnach ride."

From here to the end all is beautiful, and we could quote from every page. But those who love romantic and heroic poetry will read for themselves.