

We are, however, none the less persuaded that the hexameter verse can never become popular as a means of expressing poetic thought. There is attached to it an insurmountable monotony which gradually wearies the patience of the reader until he thrusts aside his mental feast rather than endure the feeling of aversion it occasions. We believe there is more true poetry in one of Poe's lyrics, wherein the idea is interwoven with an indescribable rhythmic melody and harmony of rhyme, than in a score of pages of blank verse.

In Mr. Tremenheere's translation of Pindar * we look in vain for any trace of the force and spirit of the original. In his hands the Pindaric fire becomes a mere rushlight. Horace's celebrated simile,

"Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,"

is entirely meaningless when applied to the Grecian poet as he appears in this rather diluted and prosaic version. Who, for instance, would recognize in these didactic sentences,—

"Great as the gift of water to the world,
More valued than a treasure of pure gold,"—

the admirable brevity and vivid force of the original,—

"ἄριστον μὲν ἕδωρ, ὃ δὲ χρυσὸς ἀθάμνον πῦρ."

It is just such a rendering as we would expect from the sedate and prosy Tupper, whose commonplace philosophy bears no mark of Grecian inspiration. We trust if Mr. Tremenheere has done nothing more, he has at least convinced himself, and the world in general, that Pindaric spirit and blank verse are quite incompatible.

Miss Cary appears most to advantage in her treatment of rural subjects.† She sings of fields and flowers, of groves and vines, with all the facility and sweetness of one possessed of a thorough knowledge and appreciation of Nature. To her a "yellow primrose" is not merely a flower and nothing more.—it is something instinct with subtle and holy being. It utters a language full of inspiration, a language which expresses a continued sympathy with the varied phases of her inner life. An idle and passive dreamer she thus muses through the long warm summer days:—

"I heard the gay spring coming,
I saw the clover blooming,
Red and white along the meadows,
Red and white along the streams;
I heard the blue bird singing,
I saw the green grass springing,
All as I lay a-dreaming,
A-dreaming idle dreams."

* Translations from Pindar into English Blank Verse. By Hugh Tremenheere, M. A. London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

† Ballads, Lyrics and Hymns. By Alice Cary. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866.

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