

slator has endeavoured to give rather the general meaning of the tragedian than an exact rendering; and in this, with here and there an exception, he has admirably succeeded. Of late the older dramatists have received so much the greater share of attention that we are glad to see the beauties and peculiarities of the younger poet so faithfully represented. In a few instances, however, the care of the translator to render the sense evident has prevented him from preserving the exquisite melody and beauty of the original.

"Black flows the source of every sacred stream,
And justice, like all else, is turned aside."

Is but a faint reflex of the opening lines of that sublime chorus in *Medea* :

*ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν
χωρὸν παγαί,
καὶ δίκαι καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.*

Whatever may be the fluctuation in other classes of literary productions, the monthly number of poetic publications continues undiminished. The love-sick knights of the middle ages never sang with greater pertinacity than do the innumerable poetasters of the present day. No subject is so humble, no theme so lofty, but that it must suffer the infliction of rhymes, oftener feeble and discordant, than even melodious; and, interspersed with endless nonentities, or, what is worse, with endless fallacies, be despatched, as the latest remarkable production of Mr. Such-an-one, whose only titles to fame are a set of incongruities in imitation of the eccentricities of a certain literary man of the past, who enjoyed a comfortable reputation, to the thousand and one poetically inclined people, who exist in every country. From the numerous volumes of verse at our command we select the following only as worthy of notice.

Mr. Irwin has given us a great deal of exquisite poetry in his modest little volume. * He is a genuine dreamer, whose temperament inclines him to pore over the past rather than the present, or, future, and to sympathize rather with the sentiment than the action of nature. How vividly are these lines.

"Lone clouds that move at set of sun,
Like pilgrims to some sacred star;
Long moonlight hosts that seem to bear
White banners through the waste of air;
Like steeled crusaders marching on
Through deserts to some field of war."

Does he represent, by the tone and colouring of his landscape, the impressions which associations arising from the spiritual relation in the picturesque, leave upon the mind? In his handling of the artificial picturesque his delineations are always consistent with the natural; and in the "Night on the Lagunes," one might easily imagine the poet musing from his moon-lighted casement in Venice.

"While o'er the blue waves flow,
A bacchant group below,
Quaff wine at leafy windows in the moon's autumnal glow."

* Poems by Cauldfield Irwin. Dublin: McGloshan & Gill, 1866.