

much to claim richness of thought and fineness of finish for the sonnet work of our poet? Was not William Sharpe perfectly correct when he said, that Aubrey de Vere ranks amongst the foremost sonneteers of our time? That he is superior to all living poets who use the English tongue, as thinker, teacher, inspirer of thought and purifier of soul, is a proposition the affirmative of which will be denied by very few whose approval is worth having. Inexhaustible gentleness, imperturbable good sense, instinctive aversion to folly, affectation, meanness and untruth, ever mark Aubrey de Vere. Nothing like justice has yet been done to his power as philosopher, moralist and teacher. But, year by year, his work is growing more and more in favor, especially among the better-schooled classes of the reading public in England and America. Let us join in the hope that the moment is all but present when his thoughtful and polished writings will be recognized wherever genius and scholarship are cherished, as belonging to the foremost intellectual forces of our own time.

MAURICE CASEY.

ERRATA.

Owing to various causes, all entirely beyond the control of the writer, a vast number of errors crept into the first part of the article on "Aubrey de Vere as a Sonneteer." To correct all the mistakes would require more than a page, and is out of the question; but there are one or two I cannot suffer to pass unchallenged.

In the first place, I am made to say that there are only two legitimate variations of the sestet of the English sonnet; whereas there are more than two score of such variations. What I tried to say was, that, other things being equal, a sonnet written according to either of the formula given in my article, would nearest approach the English classical form.

Again, on page 3, Sir Thomas More is confounded with Thomas Moore, the Irish lyricist.

On page 6, "Archbishop French" is printed for Archbishop Trench, the well-known Dublin churchman, poet, and authority on the English language.

There are other mistakes equally serious, but I have neither leisure nor space to set them right.

In much the same way so many errors have intruded in my verses, "Dies Mirabilis,"—this time through fault of the printer, who did not incorporate the corrections made by me on his proofs—that I would only have to correct the lines to make the whole production look like quite another poem.

MAURICE CASEY.