

were they, one is tempted to hope for the sake of the literary pretensions of the Irish at home and abroad, unknown? In either case it is, I think, time to introduce them to the younger, or recall them to the older of my readers

Introduction or reminder, in the case of such a voluminous writer as Aubrey de Vere, is too vast a task to be more than suggested within the cramped limits of a necessarily short article. In dealing with this author at all, we must, I believe, from the very outset, be aware that we are dealing with a striking personality and a great life work. De Vere is, indeed, a deep-lunged, a prolific and versatile poet. Six of his poems fill as many volumes, containing as they do many hundreds of lines each, and there are other poems, which, while not so lengthy, nevertheless contain far too much matter to be disposed of in a few paragraphs. Then, his themes are almost as diverse as the hues of the ocean that encircles the land of his birth. In such circumstances, all I aim at now is to glance at the mass of his poetry and briefly to enumerate his general characteristics, his leading merits and demerits as a poet.

For the purposes of a mere cursory review such as this, his verse, taken in the gross, if I may apply a materialistic term to poetry, may be divided into the rhymed and the blank. As to the first, it is almost invariably sweetly conceived, graceful, and musical. Many of the "Odes", especially those on Irish subjects, possess exceptional ease of movement and quite extraordinary grace of expression. There are other odes and lyrics—a limited class—that have few or any good qualities, except that of correct versification, truly no slight recommendation, since a poem that is badly versified, whatever else it may be, is by force of that one defect a bad poem. The fervor, and intensity of his Irish verses bear eloquent testimony to his patriotism. Like Davis' they are alive with warmth, like Mangan's they are rich in imagination, and unlike Moore's they are bright with hope. His robust patriotic love makes him also a lover of Irish scenery, although scenery painting seldom predominates in his poems, but when he turns his hand to such work his colors are true and his lines masterly. His love songs are tender and natural, but they are not joyous. In treating such themes he is frequently as