

“ As when upon a racking night, the wind  
Draws the pale curtain of the vapoury clouds,  
And shews those wonderful mysterious voids,  
Throbbing with stars—like pulses.”

And as he first apostrophizes the moon, his strain has a lofty tone :

“ Sorrowful moon—seeming so drowned in woe,  
A queen whom some grand battle day has left  
Unkingdomed, and a widow, while the stars,  
Thy handmaidens are standing back in awe,  
Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief !  
All men have loved thee for thy beauty, moon !  
Adam has turned from Eve's fair face to thine,  
And drunk thy beauty with his serene eyes.  
Anthony once, when seated with his queen,  
Worth all the Earth, a moment gazed at thee.”

Then again comes a striking line :

“ Soul is a moon, love is its loveliest phase.”

And in quick succession, on the very same page, we have, in speaking of a scholar, the passage :

“ His soul was rich,  
And this his book unveils it as the night  
Her panting wealth of stars.”  
“ When the dark, dumb Earth,  
Lay on her back and watched the shining stars,  
A soul from its warm body shuddered out  
To the dim air, and trembled with the cold ;  
Through the waste air it passed, as swift and still  
As a dream passes through the land of sleep.”

In the next page, while describing the same student he again draws in his favorite simile, but in such bad taste that poetry and common sense fly back abashed :

“ Lady! he was as far 'bove common men  
As a SUN-STEED, WILD-EYED and METEOR MANED,  
NEIGHING THE REELING STARS, is 'bove a hack  
With sluggish veins of mud.”

And so on through a hundred windings and tortuous streams, the never ending theme of the stars and moon, with their train of suggestive thoughts, is brought forward until we feel, to say the least, the author is taking unwarrantable liberties with things far beyond his comprehension, and exhausting the patience of his readers with regard to himself and his vagaries.

It is not because we wish to throw discredit upon Mr. Smith's abilities, for we believe him to be a clever man, with a true poetic soul, that we dwell so long upon the faults which deface an otherwise beautiful composition, but to shew those in our own land, who, thinking themselves inspired because they can make 'breeze' and 'seas' rhyme, and therefore that every subject is within their comprehension and treatment, rush into manuscript, and from thence seek an entrance into the pages of the 'Provincial,' as distinguished lyrists of the New World, that poetry has a standard by which we will abide, and that however others may praise or detract we will still assert even while reviewing the productions of one who has had nerve to face the opinion of the literary tribunal of England, our appreciation of the true and beautiful, and our aversion of the false and unprofitable, come it from what quarter it may. Far be it from us to say that Mr. Smith has not conceived his drama in the true