

the Editors of which Journal seem to have taken the Author under their especial protection. Now while we are willing to accord to Mr. Smith the possession of a rich and exuberant fancy, great force of expression, with a deep reverence and love for the true spirit of song, we cannot yield to him the indiscriminate praise, which so many of his English admirers seem anxious to bestow upon him. We did not read Mr. Smith's poems in a critical or unworthy spirit, but took it up with the eager expectation of unsealing a fount of great beauty and sweetness, whose every drop would prove a gem, pure and unsullied. We must confess we were disappointed, instead of finding the work an eloquent and finished performance, we found it hurried and slovenly in composition, deficient in definiteness of idea, and wanting many of the characteristics which are required to constitute good poetry. All these defects might be overlooked or excused in one who gives his work to the press in a humble, modest spirit, but not in him who thunders his diction with the air of one who can enlighten and regenerate a world.

Mr. Smith's poetry has all the faults peculiar to the composition of young writers, there is a haste and want of finish about every paragraph, which is not complimentary to his readers, or a proof of his willingness to labor to please them. He might at least correct his careless fancies before he ushers them into the presence of a public, familiar with the lofty thoughts of the most mighty minds that ever swayed the pen of genius. But the Author of 'The Life Drama, and other poems,' is so far too reliant on his own powers; and judicious criticism, even if severe, coming from sources which his mind must respect, would be productive of great benefit to him in any future literary effort. His comparisons at times are very striking and powerful, at others they are overstrained and strangely unpoetical, as in the line:

"He was the sun, I was that squab the Earth."

Or again,

"Were she plain Night, I'd pack her with my stars."

which, savouring of originality, are also bordering on vulgarity. But he casts aside all the usual variety of imagery, with which other writers have adorned and illustrated their fancies, and rides one peculiar train of metaphor to very death. The moon and the stars,—those lesser, though beautiful lights of nature, are his illustrations for every idea, his point to every image. There is scarcely one page, in the compass of the two hundred and twenty-eight, which make up the volume, that has not some allusion to the moon and her attendant train of stars; he satiates us with their beauty, lonesome, and immensity; the very firmament falls upon us as we read; the old familiar lights we have loved from childhood, suddenly imbibe the disagreeable complexion which a friend will at times assume, when one whom we dislike is surrounding him with fulsome praise. His first allusion to the stars is certainly very novel and beautiful: