

lowing anecdote of Henry Brougham, the school boy, which is found in Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time." "Brougham made his first explosion while in Frazer's class (at the High School of Edinburgh). He dared to differ from Frazer, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham re-appeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to confess that he was wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him."

EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou
hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy
faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must
be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first
keep school.
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck
places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sus-
tains it;—so

Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education. Patience, Love, and
Hope,—

Methinks, I see them grouped in seem-
ly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the
palms aslope,
And robes that touching, as adown
they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed
in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate
lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof
derive
From her own life that Hope is yet
alive;
And, bending o'er with soul-transfus-
ing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother
dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half
supplies:—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope
first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load
give way.
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's
strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, no-
thing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of
both,
Coleridge,

REVIEWS.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson has never yet been, in the common accep-
tation of the phrase, "a people's poet." He has always appeared to us to appeal to the sympathies of the very select, and has paid the penalty in the narrow-
ing of his literary fame. His *May Queen* and *Charge of the Six Hundred* however, warmed the popular heart towards him; and this, his last and best work, has raised him to the zenith of his popularity. The theme is one well suited to his peculiar forte; combining opportunities for that chivalresque devotion to knightly scenes which he had shown in his *Morte d'Arthur*, &c., as well as for the vein of exquisite tenderness which in *Memoriam* proves him to possess. The *Idylls* have their

blemishes, doubtless; but some of the passages seem to us unequalled by those of any living poet. The dramatic interest is well sustained throughout—the three best being intimately connected both in their actors and action, and the only one of the four which presents any very salient points to the eye of the critic being apart in subject from the rest which would indeed be more nearly perfect without it. To our taste the second and fourth are the best of the series. The verse, though monotonous, is very musical; and richly studded with rare and startling imagery. The gentle Laureate has fully atoned for his poor maudlin Maude, by blotting out the memory of her crazy snatches of rhyme with these