

That the deductive method should be common to poets and to women, may go to establish that the poetic nature embraces for its full perfection—the two opposite poles of human character,—the manly and the womanly in mutual interdependence.

I have spoken of the penetration of her gaze into the innermost relations of things; and I quote one example of the clearness of her insight into the relation of the different steps in the universe of the progress of man.

In Lady Geraldine's Courtship the Poet-lover says:

"Why, what is this patient entrance into nature's deep resources,
But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?
When we drive out, from the clouds of steam, majestic white horses,
Are we greater than the first men who lead black ones by the mane?"

Which might be paraphrased somewhat thus. The greatness of the advance is to be measured by its means. Thus, relatively to *it*, the step of a child is as great as the step of a giant; and we who boast of our progress must remember that, relatively to our means, it is not greater than that of those we laugh at, viz. the ancients. Each of our great discoveries is but a step, and for *us* to take a short uncertain step like them, would be for a man to walk like a child. Our greatness is natural, and therefore our obligation and not to be boasted of.

I would have discussed the *form* of her Poetry at greater length, but that the space at my disposal, has, I am afraid, already been more than filled. It combines great beauties with equally striking defects. They are to a great extent the natural result of some of the peculiar circumstances of her life. A pedantry of expression, a frequent obscurity, owing to allusion to classical and other subjects unfamiliar to the general reader, and the coining of new words by anglicising Greek or Latin roots:—these are the most obvious faults of her style. And in them lies much of her unpopularity. Yet they arose simply from a forgetfulness that she stood upon a height. The naturalness of an expression to her, made her forget its non-naturalness to the multitude. She did not remember that Apollo, when he taught men to sing, came *down* to them, and did not sing from heaven. And for the last peculiarity she has the less excuse to urge, for her command of the resources of her native tongue was very remarkable. Her choice of words showed a marvellous adaptation of language to the nature of the ideas to be expressed. Marsh, in his lectures upon the English Language, mentions as the proportion of Saxon words in "The Cry of the Children," 92 per cent.; in "Crowned and Buried," 88 per cent.; and in the "Lost Bower," 77 per cent. Yet we read such lines as:

"I do *volitent*, not obedient."

And,

"Crushing their echoes *reboant*."

And again; for the word "poplar" she uses "abele," a word which, in one dictionary that I consulted, was not given at all, and in another, was said to be a "botanical term."