

traditional connection of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* with the still unaltered village of Grendon; he sketches the vanished palaces and pleasaunces of the now vast city with masterful faithfulness; he shows us its laws and landmarks, even to the curious account of Income-tax assessment in 1598. He lingers, moreover, with fond familiarity over everything relative to Shakespeare's native resting-place, and reproduces Dowdall's curious description of it in 1693. In these days of Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, it is amusing to find that even at this period it was maintained that Marlowe was Shakespeare.

We lay down Mr. Elton's volume with a desire to peruse it again. We seem to have been wandering in a maze which is also a museum. Every object is in order, but the paths are devious. Our only lack is one of bright skies and warm colours; but of what avail are these when the structure of the landscape and the measurements of the perspective are awry?

This short review should not be closed without a tribute to Mr. Thompson's admirable editorship; the task of identifying so many and so many rare quotations must have been especially difficult. Nor should we omit a mention of Mr. A. Lang's graceful and appreciative memoir.

A Channel Passage and Other Poems. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.) The trite criticisms of Mr. Swinburne's style—its trained vehemence, its monotonous lilt of metre, and alliteration, its spasmodic frenzy of phrase—too often ignore the temperament of his poesy, and survey him wholly, as it were, from the outside. Mr. Swinburne is eminently the poet of moods and phases and sensations. It would be as vain to exact from him sustained passion, plastic creativeness, or subtle lights and shades of thought or feeling, as to demand outbursts from Wordsworth, dramatic power from Burns, philosophy from Byron, or fantasy from Pope. Mr. Swinburne is a lyrical poet, and as a lyrical poet he should be judged.

"Oh for a life of sensations instead of thoughts!" once