

and not sure" does not commend itself to our understanding. We should not so much mind moving at the rate of a tortoise, or a bumboat, if we only knew when we were to move, but this is a gratification the Dartmouth Ferry does not condescend to afford. We don't know whether the ferry is a monopoly or not. If it is, we presume, it cannot monopolize the whole harbour, and we see no reason why a moderately fast and comfortable line of steamers should not be started from a contiguous wharf, and after performing the circuit of the basin, to avoid infringing any vested rights, arrive at Dartmouth in about the same time, and with much less danger than one of the present incongruities. Why the citizens of Halifax should endure such a state of things is more than we can understand, unless they think that to cross their unrivalled harbour they should have unrivalled boats: if such is their wish, they have cause to be thankful, for a ferry so pre-eminently bad would not be tolerated in any other place in the known world. It is strange now-a-days to find a flock of people so deaf to the voice of the almighty dollar, as we appear to be in this instance. We cannot help using the word "flock," as the whole business argues a state of Arcadian simplicity so unlooked for that we can't avoid thinking of shepherds and shepherdesses. With good boats and a decently managed ferry, living in Dartmouth, instead of being looked upon as a species of banishment would become common, and house property there would go up any amount per cent. this of course would react upon the ferry, proportionately increasing its receipts. This is merely stating a self-evident fact, but as long as this opportunity of, so to speak, bringing Dartmouth into Halifax, of virtually adding so much to the rise of the city is neglected, the less said of our "thriving, prosperous, citizens" and our "enterprising citizens" the better, as to verify such phrases, people are more apt to look to facts, than to our self-glorification. One of the daily papers the other day got into a prophetic state of mind, and in its traunce saw the North West Arm dotted with villas, and a steamboat coming round daily to take our merchants into town. Unless the Halifax School of Design, aided by the Halifax purse can start a better line of steamers for this purpose, than the Dartmouth ones, this vision is particularly unlikely to come true. Until some stranger steps in to buy up the ferry, reorganize it, and reap his reward in heaps of our dollars, Halifax we suppose must rest content to endure the stigma of possessing in her only steam ferry a set of boats that anywhere else would be instantly sold for firewood.

#### ENOCH ARDEN. \*

The Poet Laureate has at length favored the world with another volume. The time that has elapsed since Mr. Tennyson last came before the public in a book form, seems to justify the conclusion that he has for the present given up writing as a profession. That he no longer writes "to sell" is evident from some of the "experiments" which conclude the volume before us—experiments indeed which will afford the poet's hostile critics ample subject for mirth. Whether this mirth will be justified by public opinion and the judgment of posterity or not we will not now discuss but pass at once to a general consideration of the cluster of poems which have been vouchsafed us by, as we still think, the greatest poet of the age.

Of these the first, best, and longest, is Enoch Arden written in blank verse and comparable in all but the subject to the "Idylls of the King." The story is an old one, merely this—A woman having married a husband is separated from him by the sea for many years; despairing of his return she marries another who before her first wedding had aspired unsuccessfully to her heart. The first husband Enoch was of course alive and living a sad sad life on a desert island. He is picked up

\* Enoch Arden and other poems, by ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. London MOXON & Co.; Boston, TICKNOR & FIELDS.

at last by a ship and carried home. Arrived there he hears all sees his wife happy in her new home with a new baby, and resolves that by him her happiness shall never be interrupted. Then he dies. This is the whole story and the wonder is, that out of such common-place facts Mr. Tennyson has raised so beautiful a poem.

Describing Enoch's farewell to Annie on the eve of his departure to distant lands the following beautiful simile is introduced—but the whole passage is so fine that we will not mutilate it.

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On Providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke: 'O Enoch, you are wise;  
And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.  
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here,  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,  
Says out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,  
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
Cast all your care on God; that anchor holds.  
I'll be not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning; if I see to those  
Can I go from him? and the sea is His,  
The sea is his: He made it.'

Those who complain of excessive involution and obscurity in Mr. Tennyson's writings can surely not urge their case upon the passage we have quoted. Nothing can be simpler, the least educated can understand it and its only fault if there is one is an excess of homeliness intermingled with high thought. Those who can proclaim that humble life is incompatible with anything good or great can alone throw a sneer at such a passage as this.

The following description of what Enoch Arden saw, and what he did not see in his desert home on that tropical island whereon a hard fate had cast him, is full of beauty—and for word painting is unsurpassed by any of the poets previous composition.—

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lavas  
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvulus  
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran  
Up to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor even hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunshine broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
The hollow-hollow ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

The second poem Aylmers Field, has we confess disappointed us much, and taken as a whole, we think it the weakest long piece ever penned by the Laureate. The involution of words here extends to sentences, and many passages convey to the reader, the impression that what is really simple, has been tortured to appear difficult of comprehension. Take the following sentence as an example of what we mean—

And the Baronet yet had laid  
No bar between them: dull and self-involved,  
Tall and erect, but bending from his height  
With half-allowing smiles for all the world,