

I see the dead, long, long forgot ;

I see them in their sleep.

A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,  
Save he who leagues his soul with death and woe."

The morning dawns, and its air blows fresh on him—the waves dance in silvery ripples in his sight—the sea-birds wheel and skim in the air and call aloud, but

"He doth not hear that joyous call ; he sees  
No beauty in the wave ; he feels no breeze."

His companions desert him—he wanders about under the scorching sun in misery of loneliness and despair. He is a wanderer like Cain, with the stamp of "murderer" on his brow. He seeks the abode of men—

— "where'er he comes,  
All shun him. Children peep and stare ;  
Then, frightened, seek their homes.

Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.  
They point and say : ' There goes the wicked man ! ' "

On the second anniversary, the same feat is repeated ; on the third, he rides again the spectre-horse . . . .

"They're seen no more, the night has shut them in,  
May heaven have pity on thee, man of sin ! "

"The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.  
O, whither on its waters rideth Lee ? "

From the extracts we have given, all will infer that "The Buccaneer" is no ephemeron—no work of a day. And surely it is not unpleasant or unprofitable to examine a poem which shows so conclusively that it is the fruit of long and deep meditation and *labor limæ*. In America, there is little time to spare, and writers become unfortunately addicted to the sin of *Impromptu-ism*, and hence their writings are crude and unsatisfactory. Perhaps, in due season, our American authors will spend more time in rearing their laurels, and produce, like Mr. Prescott, the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," an effect creditable to themselves and country. Surely, there is ample scope here for American genius. What says the amiable "Barry Cornwall," (Proctor,) in his preface to Willis' poems ? "The great land of America *must*," says he, "*of course*, produce great poets and eminent men. With the deeds of their bold fathers before them, with their boundless forests and savannahs, swarming with anecdotes of adventure ; with Niagara thundering in their ears, and the spirit of freedom hovering above them, it is clear that they do not lack materials for song."

It evidently requires no scanty allowance of judgment to be competent to form a correct opinion respecting the merits or demerits of a poem. However there may be general rules by which the uninitiated

ated or the unimaginative are assisted or guided to a correct decision. When we know what is absolutely required of a poet, we, or any one can, without difficulty, judge whether he have transgressed or fallen short of the standard so made and provided.\* WILLIAM WOODSWORTH, (no poor authority in matters of poetry,) in his able Preface to his Poetical Works, has established a good criterion, which it were beneficial for magazine and other poetasters to consider well : "The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first those of *observation* and *description*, i. e. the ability to observe with accuracy, things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer : whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time : as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the translator or engraver ought to be to his original. Secondly, *sensibility*—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions ; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves, and as reacted upon by our own minds. Thirdly, *Reflection*—which makes the poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts and feelings ; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. Fourthly, *Imagination* and *Fancy*—to modify, to create and to associate. Fifthly, *Invention*—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation ; whether of the poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature ; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments and passions, which the poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, *Judgment*—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted ; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater ; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition."

[Preface to Poetical Works, § 2.]

(To be continued.)

EXERCISE and amusement, combined, produce tonic effects—increasing all the secretions and powers of life.

\* The reader will, of course, be obliged to read the whole of "The Buccaneer," in order to be enabled to give a perfect judgment thereon.