

not say that all of Mr. Emerson's poetry is of the very highest order of merit, but "Brahma," "Rhodora,"—full of tender suggestion as it is—"Letters," "The Snow Storm," "The Humble Bee,"—which so many refused to listen to at first—"The Sea," "Heroism," and "The Boston Hymn," are poems which enrich the language, and I cannot help feeling that the world is better because they were written. Though a mystic, Emerson is not one quarter as unintelligible as Mr. Robert Browning, who gave us a few years ago a poem in two ponderous volumes which he called "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Browning, you know, is the gentleman who wrote "Sordello"—a work which was handed to Douglas Jerrold once, as he was recovering from an illness which had kept him indoors for several days. His wife had gone out to make a few purchases, and the wit sat by the fire with the book open before him. He read the pages over and over again. The perspiration stood in great beads upon his forehead. He laid the volume down and almost shrieked, "Good God! I am an idiot." His wife coming in just then he handed her the book; "read, read," he exclaimed wildly. Mrs. Jerrold read a few pages, and throwing the poem down, vexatiously said, "Bother the man, I can't understand a word he says." "Thank Heaven for that," cried Jerrold springing from his chair, "I thought it was my own reason which was going."

Emerson's poetry is admired by the few. He has a select but not a very large audience. One requires to read his poems often. They grow upon you as a beautiful picture does. Ripley, who is ever cautious in hazarding an opinion, thinks that it is Emerson's "subtle thinking and meditative wisdom which impart such a rich and substantial vitality to his verse." Emerson throws his whole soul into his work, and his poetry reveals a phase of his inner self. It is his heaviness of thought, if I might call it by that name for want of a better one, which prevents his poetry from