

II.

In "Locksley Hall," the Laureate has this remarkably reasonable utterance in the midst of the jilted lover's rhapsody :

"Is it well to wish thee happy, having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine."

Open at the 1st act in Hamlet, scene 5th, and there is something very similar :

"And to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts
Were poor to those of mine."

Tennyson may have said here to the grim and grieving ghost, "I'll follow thee."

III.

In Tennyson's musical, metrical song, "Come into the garden Maud," this splendid antithesis occurs :

"Low on the sand and loud on the ledge."

This is a pearl in poetry. See how it shimmers in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. Running through "Paul Revere's Ride," the reader chances on,

"Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge."

An echo there, eh? Ah! yes, an echo surely.

In the year 1812, (the month being April) John Foster wrote an article in the "Eclectic," I think, entitled, "Lord Elgin's pursuits in Greece." While reading it years ago in Edinburgh, this splendid sentence was so relished that I remember it, and risk an appeal from my quotation (from memory) to the magazine itself.

"Their office (the artists employed by Elgin in Greece) was much like that of taking the portrait of a dying subject, for they found whatever was the most vulnerable and exquisite; the sculptures which had diffused over the marble structures a mimic life, by the richest forms and scenes of poetry; perishing, almost while they were looking at it, under the barbarism of the Turks." Let the reader, (always gentle) who has followed me so far, take down his copy of Byron and read the "Giaour." Speaking of Greece in decay, (Foster's subject) the much admired lines come in due order, beginning with the words,

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead," &c.

The whole passage is too long for quotation here, but on perusal the beautiful sentiment of Foster is discerned.

Poor, proud Byron was not so reduced as to steal from Foster; still the identity of expression remains. That Byron read the "Eclectic," is beyond doubt; it was just the spicy magazine he would enjoy. The article above alluded to was written in 1812; the "Giaour" was completed in 1813, *vide* the dedication of it to Rogers, the banker-poet. The literary character of those concerned in the foregoing samples of similarity forbids us saying the latter copied the former.

A letter dated 1868, Paris, from a dear brother, gives me an instance of undoubted theft in a man, whose *own* ideas are ever sweetly uttered. In answer to a query about Owen Meredith's last poems, the letter says, "I have not found time to read Morris. 'Chronicles