

lence. His is the melody of the heart speaking to the heart, and though he will never stir or electrify a world, he will soften and regenerate many an individual heart. The mourner, the young, the hopeful, and the resigned, call him their poet. This alone is high witness to his genuineness and ability.

Tennyson, the poet laureate, is much admired by a certain class—those who venerate mysticism and a straining after the unreal. He is no favourite of ours, though we are ready to acknowledge that his ‘Queen of the May’ is one of the most touching poems that ever drew tears from sympathy. None but a poet could have written that ballad, none but one who has a right to that sacred name. ‘Locksley Hall’ is also a fine poem, and some of his minor odes are very beautiful; but taking him in his general aspect as a writer we have little appreciation of him, and could not read through all that he has written even for a compensation. His story called ‘the Princess, a Medley,’ is perhaps one of the most tiresome productions we ever perused—having neither beauty, sublimity, or common sense—unnatural in its plot, absurd in its complication, and ungraceful in its language—we marvel to hear reviewers and others commending it. ‘In Memoriam’ again though containing many fine passages of tenderness and beauty, as a whole strikes us as overstrained and mawkish. We do not like its metre or its sameness, and had it been published without the influential name of Tennyson, would have laid it down after a mere glance. He is too finical and formal for our taste, too mystical and pompous for our appreciation; now and then the true untrammelled spirit flashes out in a ringing ode, but generally he seems bound by some old mannerism or formality which clouds his genius and makes him unappreciated.

Caroline Norton is a sweet poetess, nay more, she is one who has laboured to improve the moral and mental welfare of her kind, and she has not been without reward. ‘The Child of the Islands’ stands without a rival. No contemporary poet of the last fifteen years has produced a parallel poem. Beautiful in superstructure and design, noble in its sentiments and most benevolent in its end, it gave its authoress a high place among the poets of Britain. She had long been favourably received; the ‘Undying One,’ and smaller lyrics, proved her right to the appellation of poetess. Her peculiar attributes are tenderness and earnestness; her woman’s heart has been tried, and she has poured forth its experience in song. She is earnest too for the elevation of her race. With the peculiar zeal and eloquence of all her gifted family, she bends her whole energies to the accomplishment of the end she has in view. Boldly she assails the wrong and battles for the right; with aristocratic tendencies and prejudices, she looks upon all as brethren, beautifully contending that sorrow is the great link that binds together the lofty and the low, and that sympathy and aid is in the power of all to distribute. We admire this noble hearted woman for her independence and genius, and regret that she does not oftener give expression to the spirit dwelling within than she has recently