

gory. He has contributed much graceful, pleasant writing, both in poetry and prose, to the literature of his country, and his flashes of wit are the real *Simon Pure*. He is not only smart, he is sensible also, and writes well and to the purpose on nearly every subject. Saxe is a genuine joker, his poems in the comic style contain a mine of fun; many of them would hold no unworthy place in a collection with Hood's. His 'Rape of the Rock,' the 'Briefless Barrister,' and others, carry one away by their spirit of fun and humour. More practice and experience will make this young writer a credit to his country.

There are many others in the great Republic who have contributed much to the treasury of humour, but we have not space to enumerate them. We are not merely gossiping of the wits and punsters of our age, but about the literary in every department. We have alluded to the humourists first, because, as we said before, they form the most popular class of writers, and we have endeavoured to shew how far their popularity has been merited. We will now pass to their gentler brethren of the quill—the poets—with whom the humourists often claim close relation.

We are told, and truly so, that the present era is too practical for poetry, and yet perhaps at no period of the world have there been more who follow it as a vocation. The European and American presses issue volumes of metre daily, which are applauded and read by a large circle interested in the various authors, and yet we say and know that this is not an age of poetry. There are some who have drunk deeply of the living waters and thrilled the soul with their touches of exquisite harmony, but notwithstanding all this there is no master spirit now. Longfellow is in our opinion the poet of the day, though weak beside those who preceded him—Byron, Moore, Shelley, Coleridge and others. He is more truthful than original, more graceful than profound, but he is a sweet writer—he touches the chords of human feeling and makes them vibrate to his simple strain. He has his own especial province in domestic events and tender teaching. He fails if he leaves this peculiar walk. When he attempts the mystical or imposing, as in the *Golden Legend*, he is ridiculous, but when he appeals to the energy and intellect of man he is sublime. We need give no better evidence for the last assertion than a reference to his 'Psalm of Life.' Earnest, onward verses are these, speaking to man's better nature, rousing him to the consciousness of his own dignity and end. Household treasures of sorrow have in him a beautiful expounder. 'The Reaper,' 'Resignation,' and many others, make us love the man, and establish without contradiction his genuine claim to the name of poet. His 'Sea-side' and 'Fire-side,' contain many noble, stirring poems, ringing out like trumpet voices to the heart. Of Longfellow's poems in general it may be said that while many are defective as a whole there are none altogether inferior. Each has one line or more to tell that its writer has genius, sympathy and benevo-