

passing from Tennyson's youthful to his finished style, is immensely increased. Since the work was not planned as it is now completed we must not, however, blame the poet with this as a fault of design.

In what does the Laureate's later style differ from what it was when he was nineteen? The structure of his blank verse has not varied much. The sentences are long and involved. At a first perusal the music of the line carries us with it, a more detailed investigation makes us half doubt the connection of its parts, and yet again a critical inquiry shows us that those doubts were unfounded. Such a sentence is that describing the death of Camilla's mother. It begins 'The sister of my mother——' and then no less than six lines are inserted before the sentence attempts to move again. Even then the attempt is a curious one, and consists simply of a repetition of the opening phrase 'my mother's sister,' &c., followed by five lines more before we are allowed to finish the sentence—'left her own life with it.' In a less marked manner this fault may be traced in Tennyson's later versification.

Already there is noticeable that attention to softness of sound and fitness of expression that has earned for Tennyson the reputation of the most highly finished of our poets. One example of his alliterations we have already given, and here is another—"the dappled dimplings of the wave." The imagery which describes the languishment caused by an oversweet fancy—

'As tho'
A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich star in the bosom of the rose'

is as voluptuous as any contained in the early poem he wrote on 'The Arabian Nights;' whilst the allegory of Love, Hope, and Memory, that closes the first part, reminds us somewhat of the quaint conceits, more clever than poetical, that are so common in Elizabethan literature.

There are two lines in 'The Golden Supper' that would in themselves suffice to betray the work of an older man. The speaker is describing how he met Julian 'at a hostel in a marsh,'

'And sitting down to such a base repast,
—It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning.'

It is not too much to say that the poet

of nineteen would have cut off his hand rather than introduce such an incident. Its presence is a proof of the desire Tennyson felt to enlarge the compass of his song, to heighten the poetic effect by a touch of gross materialism. In these touches, however, which are rarely interspersed in his poems, the Laureate is not very successful. His attempts to be a man of the world, a cynic capable of turning the seamy side of things towards us, such as Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, or that part of the 'Vision of Sin' in which he apostrophises the 'Bitter Barmaid,' always appeared to us forced and unnatural. Luckily the desire to write in this vein has not proved very strong with Tennyson, and we accordingly find little enough of it in his poems.

Thackeray, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—
Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. London: Macmillan & Co., 1879; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

It is a pleasant sign of milder manners when we find one man of letters able to discourse of another with a moderated criticism and an appreciation devoid of sneering. Especially is this noticeable when the biographer and his subject walked the same path in literature, and at so small a distance of time that they might almost be termed contemporaries. For there is no great credit in writing impartially about any one who is so very dead as Chaucer is for instance, unless indeed you had the chance of hitting some living poet through the mantle of deceased worth.

Mr. Trollope does not pretend to write a regular biography of the great novelist, and the reason he gives is a good one. It appears that shortly before his last illness, Thackeray had his keen sense of the proper shocked by some offending specimen of 'fulsome biography.' In consequence of this we are told that 'he begged of his girls that when he should have gone there should nothing of the sort be done with his name.' A request that has met with an attention unusual among men of letters, who are generally only too ready to strip their scarcely fallen comrade of his personality and sell it to the highest bidder in the biographical hide-market. Possibly, too, the very uneventful nature of Thackeray's life