

LINES.

Thou hast learned the woes of all the world
 From thine own longings and lone tears,
 And now thy broad sails are unfurled,
 And all men hail thee with loud cheers.

The flowing sunlight is thy home,
 The billows of the sea are thine,
 To all the nations shalt thou roam,
 Through every heart thy love shall shine.

The subtlest thought that finds its goal
 Far, far beyond the horizon's verge,
 Oh, shoot it forth on arrows bold,
 The thoughts of men, on, on to urge.

Toil not to free the slave from chains,
 Think not to give the laborer rest;
 Unless rich beauty fills the plains,
 The free man wanders still unblest.

All men can dig, and hew rude stone,
 But thou must carve the frieze above;
 And columned high, through thee alone,
 Shall rise our frescoed homes of love.

THE MODERN DRAMA.*

A TRAGEDY in five acts!—what student of poetry,—(for, admire, O Posterity, the strange fact, these days of book-craft produce not only inspired singers, and enchanted listeners, but students of poetry,)—what student in this strange sort, I say, has not felt his eye rivetted to this title, as if it were written in letters of fire? has not heard it whispered in his secret breast?—In this form alone canst thou express thy thought in the liveliness of life, this success alone should satisfy thy ambition!

Were all these ardors caught from a genuine fire, such as, in favoring eras, led the master geniuses by their successive efforts to perfect this form, till it afforded the greatest advantages in the smallest space, we should be glad to warm and cheer us at a very small blaze. But it is not so. The drama, at least the English drama of our day, shows a reflected light, not a spreading fire. It is not because the touch of genius has roused genius to production, but because the admiration of genius has made talent ambitious, that the harvest is still so abundant.

This is not an observation to which there are no exceptions, some we shall proceed to specify, but those who have, with any care, watched this ambition in their own minds, or analyzed its results in the works of others, cannot but feel, that the drama is not a growth native to this age, and that the numerous grafts produce little fruit, worthy the toil they cost.

'T is, indeed, hard to believe that the drama, once invented, should cease to be a habitual and healthy expression of the mind. It satisfies so fully the wants both of sense and soul, supplying both deep and light excitements, simple, comprehensive, and various, adapted either

* The Patrician's Daughter, a tragedy, in five acts, by J. Westland Marston; London; C. Mitchel, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, 1841.

Athelwold, a tragedy in five acts, by W. Smith, Esq.; William Blackwood and Sons. London and Edinburgh, 1842.

Strafford, a tragedy, by John Sterling. London; Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1843.