

a little it has accomplished. If it has not produced brilliant poems, it has at least produced pointed stanzas and pleasing stories, narrated in easy and elegant verse. We greatly question whether Hayley was born a poet; but his "Triumphs of Temper," though they triumphed over the temper of Byron, certainly did not triumph over ours. On the contrary, we found the piece, in its character as a metrical tale, at least as readable as if it had been written in good prose; and there are even some of its stanzas which we still remember. The few lines in which the father of the heroine is described may not be poetry, but they are nearly as good as if they were. There are not many characters better hit off in a few lines, in the whole round of English verse, than that of

"The good Sir Gilbert, to his country true,  
A faithful Whig, who, zealous for the State,  
In freedom's service led the loud debate;  
Yet every day, by transmutation rare,  
Turn'd to a Tory in his elbow chair,  
And made his daughter pay, howe'er absurd,  
Passive obedience to his sovereign word."

But of all the achievements of the prose men in the province of verse, that of Swift is the greatest. Dryden was quite in the right when he said that the young clergyman was no poet; and yet the "no poet" has so fixed his name in the poesy of the country, that in no general biography of the English poets do we find his Life omitted, and in no general collection of English poetry do we fail to find his verses. The works of a class of writers not certainly so devoid of poetry as Swift and Hayley, but who were rather men of fine taste and vigorous intellect than of high poetic genius, represent in large measure the common staple of English poesy during the earlier and middle part of the last century. Not only the Broomes, Fentons, and Lytteltons, but even the Armstrongs and Akensides, belonged to this class. The