

details into style. We have been civilizing very fast, building London and Paris, and now planting New England and India, New Holland and Oregon,—and it has not appeared in literature,—there has been no analogous expansion and recomposition in books. Carlyle's style is the first emergence of all this wealth and labor, with which the world has gone with child so long. London and Europe tunnelled, graded, corn-lawed, with trade-nobility, and east and west Indies for dependencies, and America, with the Rocky Hills in the horizon, have never before been conquered in literature. This is the first invasion and conquest. How like an air-balloon or bird of Jove does he seem to float over the continent, and stooping here and there pounce on a fact as a symbol which was never a symbol before. This is the first experiment; and something of rudeness and haste must be pardoned to so great an achievement. It will be done again and again, sharper, simpler, but fortunate is he who did it first, though never so giant-like and fabulous. This grandiose character pervades his wit and his imagination. We have never had anything in literature so like earthquakes, as the laughter of Carlyle. He "shakes with his mountain mirth." It is like the laughter of the genii in the horizon. These jokes shake down Parliament-house and Windsor Castle, Temple, and Tower, and the future shall echo the dangerous peals. The other particular of magnificence is in his rhymes. Carlyle is a poet who is altogether too burly in his frame and habit to submit to the limits of metre. Yet he is full of rhythm not only in the perpetual melody of his periods, but in the burdens, refrains, and grand returns of his sense and music. Whatever thought or motto has once appeared to him fraught with meaning, becomes an omen to him henceforward, and is sure to return with deeper tones and weightier import, now as promise, now as threat, now as confirmation, in gigantic reverberation, as if the hills, the horizon, and the next ages returned the sound.

AN OLD MAN.

HEAVY and drooping,
 By himself stooping,
 Half of his body left,
 Of all his mind bereft,
 Antiquate positive,
 Forgotten causative,—
 Yet he still picks the ground,
 Though his spade makes no sound,
 Thin fingers are weak,
 And elbows a-peak.

He talks to himself,
 Of what he remembers.
 Rakes over spent embers,
 Recoineth past pelf,
 Dreams backwards alone,
 Of time gnawing the bone.
 Too simple for folly,
 Too wise for content,
 Not brave melancholy,
 Or knave eminent,
 Slouched hat, and loose breeches,
 And gaping with twitches,—
 Old coin found a-ploughing,
 Curious but cloying,
 How he gropes in the sun,
 And spoils what he's done.