

WE BELIEVE we are correct in saying that 'The Afternoon Landscape' (1) is Col. Higginson's first volume of verse. It is thirty-six years since he in company with Mr. Samuel Longfellow edited 'Thalatta: a Book for the Seaside,' and it is to that little brown-covered book that we must go to find the fruits of his poesy which ripened before his long season of prose set in. During these thirty years we have come to know him as the writer of delightful essays, appearing occasionally in the magazines and regularly in *Harper's Bazar* to which they lend the chief literary charm. Only in the last five or six years has he renewed his attentions to the lyric Muse, and the best things in the present collection are the outcome of this second courtship. Reading his verses one cannot help feeling that the author has written only when he has had something to say, and, as we know, when he says anything it is worth the saying. The work in this dainty volume is characterized by a sincere thoughtfulness, a beauty of expression, and a delicate finish which are rarely found so evenly blended. Among the best things are 'A Jar of Rose-Leaves,' 'Waiting for the Bugle,' 'The Baby Sorceress,' 'The Lesson of the Leaves,' all of which have lately been seen in the magazines, and some of the renderings of Petrarch. Col. Higginson is evidently a sonnet-lover, and that he understands the use of the sonnet is shown in his examples, which are full of feeling and admirably balanced. Read this, 'To the Memory of H. H.':

O soul of fire within a woman's clay!
 Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,
 Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,
 And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way,—
 What shali thy place be in the realm of day?
 What disembodied world can hold thee long,
 Binding thy turbulent pulse with spell more strong?
 Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may,
 Or with ethereal women (born of air
 And poet's dreams) dost live in ecstasy,
 Teach new love-thoughts to Shakspeare's Juliet fair,
 New moods to Cleopatra? Then, set free,
 The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,
 Or weep with poor Rosetti's Rose Mary.

Poet, publisher and printer have combined to make this poetical afternoon landscape glow with loveliness.

A sumptuous piece of book-making,—handmade paper, large type, generous margins, and with a fine portrait of the

* 1. The Afternoon Landscape. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. \$1. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2. Poems and Translations. By W. J. Linton. London: J. C. Nimmo. \$5. New York: Scribner & Welford. 3. Poems. By Arthur Hugh Clough. \$2. New York: Macmillan & Co. 4. Mastor: a Drama. By John Ruse Larus. \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. Echoes from the Blarney Stone, and Other Rhymes. By W. C. R. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 6. Vibrations of my Soul. By Rev. Sipko Rederus. Brattleboro, Vt.: Frank E. Housh & Co. 7. Forward Forever. By William J. Shaw. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 8. Song of a Century. By W. T. W. Barbe. Parkersburg: White & Baker. 9. Selections from Tennyson. By Profs. Rowe and Webb. 75 cts. New York: Macmillan & Co.

artist-and-poet author,—is Mr. W. J. Linton's 'Poems and Translations' (2), of which only a limited edition has been printed and the type distributed. As the publishers tell us, this volume includes nearly all the poems in the author's previous books, which were 'Claribel, and Other Poems' and 'Love-Lore,' together with many translations, in the original metres, from the French, heretofore unpublished. It is as a wood-engraver that Mr. Linton is best known: as a literary man he is remembered as joint editor with Mr. Stoddard of those excellent volumes of 'English Verse' which appeared a few years ago. The verses in this new volume show that Mr. Linton has a pleasing fancy and an agreeable felicity of expression. Many of them possess a grace and simplicity that are refreshing, none more so than 'Love's Blindness,' which is, perhaps, a fair type of all. This and 'Love and Youth' were quoted in our notice of 'Love-Lore,' Oct. 29, 1887. We make room now for 'Faint Heart':

Faint heart wins not lady fair:
Victory smiles on those who dare.
There is but one way to woo:
Think thy Mistress willing too;
Leave her never chance to choose,
Hold her powerless to refuse!

If she answer thee with No,
Wilt thou bow and let her go?
When, most like, her No is meant
But to make more sweet consent:
So thy suit may longer be,
For so much she liketh thee.

Never heed her pretty airs!
He's no lover who despairs;
He's no warrior whom a frown
Drives from his beleaguere'd town;
And no hunter he who stops
Till his stricken quarry drops.

Aim as certain not to miss;
Take her as thou wouldst a kiss!
Or ask once, and if in vain,
Ask her twice, and thrice again:
Sure of this when all is said,—
They lose most who are afraid.

Of the translations, which are often excellent, there are many,—something from nearly every one of the French poets. One of the best is from Théodore de Banville's 'L'eau dans les Grands Lacs Bleus.' The book is divided into three parts, 'Love-Lore,' 'Early Poems' and 'Translations'; the first title would be appropriate to the whole, for it is love that has made the author's heart and head go round.

The admirers of Arthur Hugh Clough's poetry will be glad to have the new and revised edition of his 'Poems' (3) which has just been published. Convenient in size, typographically neat and clear, and embellished by a steel portrait of the author, it is altogether the most satisfactory edition we know. All who have read the 'Bothie of Tober-na-Voulich' or 'Mari Magno,' know what delight there is to be found in this book, and for the sake of these poems alone we would commend it to all lovers of poetry. To those who are yet unfamiliar with the writings of Clough we would say that the charm of the author lies in his refined sentiment and poetic interpretation of philosophical and metaphysical questions. What he says interests and stimulates one. His poems are the product of a thoughtful and scholarly mind gifted with a happy power of expression in poetic form. We know of few poems that can give to the reader so great a feeling of exhilaration and such a keen sense of enjoyment as the 'Bothie,'—it is like a walk on the hills in the freshness of morning: while the short poems like 'Qua Cursum Ventus' and 'The Wishing Gate' have a quiet beauty about them that makes the author dear to his readers.

'Mastor' (4), by Mr. John Ruse Larus, is a long and tiresome drama wherein the characters converse in blank-verse, and occasionally dip into rhyme. They are Mastor,

Lucifer, Knowledge, Theodora, Faustina, sundry Prophets, and a full choir of Angels. Mr. Larus lets Mastor get as far as the sixth heaven and there leaves him: by this time the reader—if he have gone so far—is ready for either the seventh above or below.

'Echoes from the Blarney Stone' (5) are principally in dialect, 'and Other Poems' are principally nonsense. 'Vibrations of my Soul' (6) is by the Rev. Sipko Rederus. (What's in a name!) Listen to this 'vibration':

My uncle had a daughter,
A good, sweet child was she,
I loved his little daughter,
The little girl loved me.

She was a goose: Sipko is—a gander. 'Forward Forever' (7) is a reply to 'Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After,' which we are sure neither the Laureate nor his readers will take the trouble to read. 'Song of a Century' (8) is a Centennial Ode which was read at Morgantown, W. Va. We have read odes that were better.

Ably edited and carefully printed is the volume of 'Selections from Tennyson' (9) which Profs. Rowe and Webb, of Presidency College, Calcutta, have prepared for the Macmillan Series of English Classics for Indian Students. The brief introduction which is prefixed is an admirable setting-forth of the chief peculiarities and qualities of the poet's work; the thirteen selections which follow are fairly representative; and the eighty pages of notes are very complete and fully explanatory of the words and passages to which they refer. The editors have succeeded in making a text-book suited not only to Indian students, but to all students of English literature.