

POETRY.

Poems. By Mary Hunt McCaleb. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.]

A Dream of the Adirondacks. By Helen Hinsdale Rich. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.]

Melodies of Verse. By Bayard Taylor. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.]

The Peril of the Republic. By George Macdonald Major. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.]

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Many volumes of current verse would receive justice if they were classed with books "printed, not published." Intended for special occasions, dedicated to private friends, and wholly personal in character and interest, they may be worth printing, but should be reserved for readers who can interpret them through individual acquaintance and sympathy. The critic, or the general reader, when these productions are spread before him, feels as if he were intruding upon another's privacy, or breaking the seals of a correspondence marked "strictly personal." Of this character are the verses of Mrs. McCaleb. A few of the poems in it are more general in topic, and a few, upon her children, by their simplicity and truthfulness rise to a level of interest. But in the main they are the record of private joys and sorrows, the outgrowth of a changeful and saddened life, interspersed with a few false notes of unreal sentiment. Bridal offerings, birthday tributes, and memorial lines make up the larger number, and the personal poems are better in form and contents than the more ambitious attempts. The rhythm is generally fairly musical, the tone now passionate, now pathetic, now plaintive, and the pieces are well suited to the occasions that gave them birth.

The poems by Mrs. Helen Hinsdale Rich are only a few of the flowers that have sprung up by the wayside in a busy life, full of private and public ministries of love and service. Though free from dreary and formal moralizing, have a cheery, helpful tone, and are inspired with noble purpose. Within her modest but charming range the poet's touch is true and tender. Her narra-

tive pieces, "Little Phil," "The Engineer's Story," "Only a Woman," and above all "Justice in Leadville," are written with force and pathos. Her tributes to Peter Cooper, to whose memory the volume is inscribed, to Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Emerson, are fresh and thoughtful, and her verses upon "The Music of Labor" and "Wanted—Men," are vigorous and stirring. But the best of her songs are such as come from home and its affections, or from nature and its quiet aspects. A wilderness of flowers greets us in her lines, and each is fitted with its appropriate epithet or figure, from the "saintly lilies" to the many varieties of roses for which her feeling rises almost into a passion. And certainly the depth of a mother's love has seldom found better expression than in such poems as "Home-Light" and "Silent Mothers," from the last of which we quote this closing verse:

I think the sting of death must be
Resigning love's sweet mastery;
To bid our little ones "Good Night,"
To turn from home and its delight,—
Even with all of heaven in sight.

Bayard Taylor's poetical works are accessible in complete collections: the *Melodies of Verse* now presented in a dainty little parchment covered sixteenmo seem to be a handful of choice selections merely, culled by a loving and sympathetic hand, just as samples of the flowers which grow in the larger gardens. Nine lyrics from "Prince Deucalion" are included, and a dozen or so independent pieces, which show the lamented and versatile author, whose published life we but yesterday sketched, in the tenderest and sweetest of his musical moods.

Mr. Macdonald Major's collection, which is sumptuously printed in small quarto form, on laid paper, with wide margins and rough edges, include religious poems, foreign themes, sonnets, and a miscellaneous remainder. In one of the earlier stanzas of the title poem Mr. Major committed a bad heterophemy, writing "Medusa" for Minerva; but this is corrected in the "Errata." A great deal of poetry in Mr. Major's poems we do not find.

Nor do we in a dozen or more other volumes, the slow accumulation of the summer, which have been patiently waiting attention, and now must "move on" with only a few words for each. Mr. Charles H. Collins's *Echoes from the Highland Hills* are such as find their way usually to the country newspapers, and have this local interest—perhaps importance—that they are chiefly on Ohio themes that at least have definiteness. [Peter G. Thomson. \$1.25.]—Mr. Jasper B. Cowdin's *New Christiad* is a Miltonic flight of excellent intention, in which Satan, Israfil, Elijah, Michael, and other personages figure. The Rev. W. H. Boole, we are informed in an accompanying recommendation, "pronounces it a very fine thing." [Brooklyn: J. B. Cowdin. \$1.00.]—Somewhat better than the average are Herbert Wolcott Bowen's *Verses*, which, in measures often very sweetly rhythmical, embody not unfrequently sentiment that is pure and pleasing. [Cupples, Upham & Co.]—Mr. S. H. M. Byers's *Happy Isles and other Poems* touch on an agreeable range of topics that lie near human hearts, but do not stir the reader very deeply. [Cupples, Upham & Co. \$1.25.]—Mr. H. F. McDermott's *Blind Canary* is simply a second, revised, and enlarged edition of a collection of verse that first appeared several years ago. [G. P. Putnam's

Sons.]—In *The Pleasures of Home* Mr. David Newport makes an offering of halting verses "toward a recompense and right adjustment of life;" the ideas in which are better than their expression. [J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1.00.]—Similar faults of measure and accent disfigure Annie Armstrong's *Threads of Thought*. [Brentano Brothers. 75c.]—Sentimentalism, pure and simple, has full possession of Barry Straton's *Lays of Love*. [St. John, N. B.: J. & A. McMillan.]—Mr. George Ambrose Dennison begs the muse of his *Songs and Lyrics* to lead him by waters clear and sweet, where tones of liquid harmony arise, where forms of woodland beauty charm his eyes, and changing light and shade his glances meet; but, to continue the figure, we do not see that she does. [G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.]—Mr. Robert C. Adams has written a *History of the United States in Rhyme*, which has at least the merit of ingenuity and the charm of novelty. [D. Lothrop & Co. 60c.]—Similarly Mr. Augustine L. Taveau has put the history of the Aztecs into an heroic poem entitled "Montezuma," adding thereto enough miscellaneous *Poems* to make a collection of 160 pages. He, like Mr. Adams, has a musical ear for the historical facts. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]—Respectable poetic forms, too, are to be found in Mr. Thomas C. Harbaugh's *Maple Leaves*, with some touches of true poetic feeling.

Raymond Eshobel's dramatic poem, *How Much I Loved Thee*, deserves a little more attention than we can give it now, and we shall reserve it for the future. [Washington.]