

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Essays and Poems. By JONES VERY. Boston: C. C. Little and James Brown.

THIS little volume would have received an earlier notice, if we had been at all careful to proclaim our favorite books. The genius of this book is religious, and reaches an extraordinary depth of sentiment. The author, plainly a man of a pure and kindly temper, casts himself into the state of the high and transcendental obedience to the inward Spirit. He has apparently made up his mind to follow all its leadings, though he should be taxed with absurdity or even with insanity. In this enthusiasm he writes most of these verses, which rather flow through him than from him. There is no *composition*, no elaboration, no artifice in the structure of the rhyme, no variety in the imagery; in short, no pretension to literary merit, for this would be departure from his singleness, and followed by loss of insight. He is not at liberty even to correct these unpremeditated poems for the press; but if another will publish them, he offers no objection. In this way they have come into the world, and as yet have hardly begun to be known. With the exception of the few first poems, which appear to be of an earlier date, all these verses bear the unquestionable stamp of grandeur. They are the breathings of a certain entranced devotion, which one would say, should be received with affectionate and sympathizing curiosity by all men, as if no recent writer had so much to show them of what is most their own. They are as sincere a litany as the Hebrew songs of David or Isaiah, and only less than they, because indebted to the Hebrew muse for their tone and genius. This makes the singularity of the book, namely, that so pure an utterance of the most domestic and primitive of all sentiments should in this age of revolt and experiment use once more the popular religious language, and so show itself secondary and morbid. These sonnets have little range of topics, no extent of observation, no playfulness; there is even a certain torpidity in the concluding lines of some of them, which reminds one of church hymns; but, whilst they flow with great sweetness, they have the sublime unity of the Decalogue or the Code of Menu, and

if as monotonous, yet are they almost as pure as the sounds of Surrounding Nature. We gladly insert from a newspaper the following sonnet, which appeared since the volume was printed.

THE BARBERRY BUSH.

The bush that has most briars and bitter fruit,
Wait till the frost has turned its green leaves red,
Its sweetened berries will thy palate suit,
And thou may'st find e'en there a homely bread.
Upon the hills of Salem scattered wide,
Their yellow blossoms gain the eye in Spring;
And straggling e'en upon the turnpike's side,
Their ripened branches to your hand they bring,
I've plucked them oft in boyhood's early hour,
That then I gave such name, and thought it true;
But now I know that other fruit as sour
Grows on what now thou callest *Me and You*;
Yet, wilt thou wait the autumn that I see,
Will sweeter taste than these red berries be.

On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. 1841.

ALTHOUGH the name of Thomas Carlyle is rarely mentioned in the critical journals of this country, there is no living writer who is more sure of immediate attention from a large circle of readers, or who exercises a greater influence than he in these United States. Since the publication of his article on the characteristics of our time in the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterwards of the *Sartor*, this influence has been deepening and extending year by year, till now thousands turn an eager ear to the most distant note of his clarion. To *be* and not to *seem*; to know that nothing can become a man which is not manlike; that no silken trappings can dignify measures of mere expediency; and no hootings of a mob, albeit of critics and courtiers can shame the truth, or keep Heaven's dews from falling in the right place; that all conventions not founded on eternal law are valueless, and that the life of man, will he or no, must tally with the life of nature;—this creed indeed is none of the newest! No! but as old and as new as truth itself, and ever needing to be reënforced. It is so by Carlyle with that depth of "truthful earnestness" he appreciates so fully in his chosen heroes, as also with a sarcastic keenness, an overflow of genial wit, and a picturesque skill in the delineation of examples, rarely equalled in any age of English literature.