

## RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

*Antislavery Poems.* By JOHN PIERPONT. Boston: Oliver Johnson. 1843.

THESE poems are much the most readable of all the metrical pieces we have met with on the subject; indeed, it is strange how little poetry this old outrage of negro slavery has produced. Cowper's lines in the 'Task are still the best we have. Mr. Pierpont has a good deal of talent, and writes very spirited verses, full of point. He has no continuous meaning which enables him to write a long and equal poem, but every poem is a series of detached epigrams, some better, some worse. His taste is not always correct, and from the boldest flight he shall suddenly alight in very low places. Neither is the motive of the poem ever very high, so that they seem to be rather squibs than prophecies or imprecations; but for political satire, we think the "Word from a Petitioner" very strong, and the "Gag" the best piece of poetical indignation in America.

*Sonnets and other Poems.* By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Boston. 1843. pp. 96.

MR. GARRISON has won his palms in quite other fields than those of the lyric muse, and he is far more likely to be the subject than the author of good poems. He is rich enough in the earnestness and the success of his character to be patient with the very rapid withering of the poetic garlands he has snatched in passing. Yet though this volume contains little poetry, both the subjects and the sentiments will everywhere command respect. That piece in the volume, which pleased us most, was the address to his first-born child.

*America — an Ode; and other Poems.* By N. W. COFFIN. Boston: S. G. SIMPKINS.

OUR Mæcenæus shakes his head very doubtfully at this well-printed Ode, and only says, "An ode nowadays needs to be admirable to carry sail at all. Mr. Sprague's Centennial Ode, and Ode at the Shakspeare Jubilee, are the only American lyrics that we have prospered in reading,—if we dare still remember them." Yet he adds mercifully, "The good verses run like golden brooks through the dark forests of toil, rippling and musical, and undermine the heavy banks till they fall in and are borne away. Thirty-five pieces follow the the Ode, of which everything is neat, pretty, harmonious, tasteful, the sentiment pleasing, manful, if not inspired. If the poet have nothing else, he has a good ear."

*Poems by WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.* Boston. 1843.

WE have already expressed our faith in Mr. Channing's genius, which in some of the finest and rarest traits of the poet is without a rival in this country. This little volume has already become a sign of great hope and encouragement to the lovers of the muse. The refinement and the sincerity of his mind, not less than the originality and delicacy of the diction, are not merits to be suddenly apprehended, but are sure to find a cordial appreciation. Yet we would willingly invite any lover of poetry to read "The Earth-Spirit," "Reverence," "The Lover's Song," "Death," and "The Poet's Hope."