

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WIDOW OF THE ROCK, AND OTHER POEMS, BY A LADY.

We have found this little volume on our table, among a mass of other publications, since our former number was issued; and as we would disclaim the blame of keeping a Lady waiting, we have given it the earliest possible attention. We are happy to say its perusal has afforded us some pleasure, which is no small tribute to its merit at the present day, when such hordes of poets are struggling on the road to "Fame's high temple." Besides, any thing in the shape of good poetry from a female is extremely rare. This remark is not made in the spirit of ill-natured criticism, nor as implying a want of talent in the gentler sex; on the contrary we have considered females for many reasons, as better qualified to write poetry than men. They possess many of the requisites for this task in a superior degree. They have in general more time, finer feelings, more vivid imaginations, and fancies more ingenious; and lastly, the sweet cords of sensibility which vibrate in their minds are far more susceptible of impressions from external objects and events, than in the obdurate breast of man. But for all this, "true it is, and pity 'tis it's true," for one good female poet we have twenty male. That they are capable of producing some good works in this line cannot be denied. The merits of the present volume, though not unmingled with defects, speak clearly that woman can, if she will, write good poetry.

The volume opens with an extremely well written modest preface, such as few readers of taste will peruse without feeling a wish for a farther acquaintance with the author. Then commences with what is to be sure the longest, but to our taste, not the best written piece in the book, "The Widow of the Rock," from whence the title is derived. It is a pretty enough story about the simple loves of Reuben and Lucy, and the Death of the former by a Rattlesnake, and so forth. In the preface the writer informs her readers that "she has read and admired much good poetry in her life time," it is not therefore to be wondered that she should fall into imitations occasionally. The following passage bears a close resemblance in idea to the account of the Hermit, in the Tragedy of Douglass:—

Calm is her mind as the subsided sea,
And settled is the sorrow in her eye:—
Oft by some devious brook, or mould'ring tree,
She sits indulging the unbidden sigh,
And sometimes turns, and talks to Reuben by,
Then will she start in terror,—and anon,
Dive in the woods, and wander farther on.—Page 29.

The whole volume is made up of detached pieces, apparently, written at different periods, and whose different degrees of merit mark the progressive improvement of the author. Where all possess beauties and defects, which is the case here, it becomes a difficult point to select one possessing the greatest degree of merit, but if a preference can be given, we should feel inclined to say, the lines "To the