

army of readers only knew her by the initials H. H. Her book was announced simply. There was no ostentatious advertising or pushing. The "Verses by H. H.," came out in a modest unpretentious little volume, printed and bound in the square 18 mo., cloth, red edges style. In this age of poets and poetry, and of so much good poetry, too, one must have genius to enlist attention and find readers. Mrs. Hunt gained both. Her book contained her best things and as new editions were published fresh poems were added. Her verses held a place distinctively their own, among the poetry of to-day. In pathos, in tenderness, in sweetness, and in delicacy they are unequalled by any living American poet of her sex.

Her prose writings enriched our literature. *Bits of Travel* was issued in 1872. It is an account of a year's tour on the continent of Europe, and its gossipy and quaint description as well as subtle colouring, impart to it all the charm and beauty of a romance. It was followed in 1873 by *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*—an admirable book for family reading. The picture of children in Nova Scotia, that "country of gracious surprises," and fertile meadows, is written with rare power and freshness, and exhibits Mrs. Hunt's pleasant manner very strikingly. The other chapters in the book discuss, with more or less vigour, home life and character, home affections, home rulings and home matters generally.

The latest volume of *Bits* is entitled, "*Bits of Travel at Home*," and it is a worthy companion to its fellows. We are not quite sure that it is not the better one of the series. It is fuller in description and more complete in narrative. It is richer, too, in that quaint humour, which first shone through the chapters in the former book devoted to European travel. It is riper in fun, not loud and boisterous, but that quiet fun which brings the smile to the face, and is all the more enjoyable, because

it is not bold and noisy. It is more picturesque, and the traveller dwells more lovingly on the spots she describes so well, because perhaps, she is describing the characters and characteristics of her own country. She is describing the undescribed. She is painting new pictures. The wonderful scenery which rises up before her at every turn is new and startling, and beautiful and grand. Her fancy is enlisted. Her eye searches out the gorgeous things which nestle on the waters, repose in the valleys and ravines, and lie almost hidden on the tops of mountains. No flower is too tiny to escape her watchful gaze, no incident is too trifling for mention in her chronicles. She takes the cars at Chicago, and the account of her journey is a new revelation. It is full of surprises for the reader. All along the journey to Ogden, she finds material worthy of print, and one is astonished and amused at the range of her powers and the terseness of her narrative. Salt Lake City is described with a freshness, which is positively delicious. The Tabernacle with its huge, weird dome and the great lake are also effectively portrayed. Let us quote a passage here of clever description:

"Fancy a roof, smooth, glistening, gray, and of a faultless oval, large enough to shelter seventeen thousand persons, comfortably seated. If it surmounted anything that could be properly called a building, it would be as grand as St. Peter's; but it is placed on low, straight brick walls, and the whole effect, near at hand, is like nothing more nor less than half of a gigantic egg, split lengthwise. However, into all the distant views of the city it enters well, and seems strangely in keeping with the long slopes of the mountain bases. Beyond the gray alkali plains lies the shining lake, full of mountain islands; beyond the shining lake and the mountain islands rise snow-topped mountain ranges, running to the north and to the south as far as the eye can see. The sun sets behind