

And maidens are brown as the cocoa brown,
 And a life is a love and a love is a dream;
 Where the winds come in from the far cathay
 With odor of spices and balm and bay,
 And summer abideth for ever and aye,
 Nor comes in a tour with the stately June,
 And comes too late and returns too soon
 To the land of the sun and the summer's noon.

Now, this as a bit of description may please some, and we will allow them to be pleased with it without expressing much admiration for their taste, although the effects of the "sabre-stroke," "bolts of thunder," and "earthquakes" must have been as confusing in the canon as it is to our minds; but the putting of such language in the mouth of an uncultivated miner shows what outrages on art may escape condemnation by critics already satiated with the artistic. Not being art, they mistake it for nature, and hold it up for the admiration of the world. This is the punishment that follows the reception given to "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Bret Harte was applauded when he made his roughs talk sentiment, and now Joaquin Miller is permitted to follow with mock heroics in the mouth of a man who acknowledges his brutishness. There is no more likeness between the hero of "Arizonian" and the residents of Poker Flat and Roaring Camp, than there is between Cooper's indians and those of the plains. The Outcasts of Poker Flat attract us by giving utterance, wicked and depraved as they are, to natural human emotions which we too often fancy confined to the breasts of the good, while in the poem under consideration we find the same type of character uttering the lines which we have quoted—lines that need no condemnation from us because they condemn themselves when claiming to have been spoken by their reputed author. The entire poem is marked by the same incongruity. But considering it apart from this fundamental error, we find the incidents, or rather the incident—the drowning of the girl who shared with the miner

The cabin cover'd with thatches of palm—

it having but one, improbable when the character of the victim is considered. She was a child of the mountains, and knew them in their every mood. Ask a returned miner if a native could be caught in the bed of a stream by the flood from the mountains, and he will smile at your simplicity. Mr. Miller seems to have a paradoxical faculty for making her characters say and do and suffer the things most out of keeping with their characters and supposed knowledge and circumstances. The miner had aroused her jealousy by brutally declaring of a girl in his own land:

She is fairer and I loved her first
 And shall love her last come the worst to worst.

Then, instead of boiling a poisonous plant with his coffee, or stabbing him on the instant,

She turned from the door and down to the river,
 And mirrored her face in the whimsical tide,