

his eyes and his brain. Such being the exceptional nature of Mr. Miller's subject-matter, the best way of obtaining some specific idea of his work, both in its beauties and in its defects—which latter no doubt are neither few nor insignificant—may be to give a brief account of his stories.

The first poem, named *Arizonian*, is the life-experience of a gold-washer from Arizona, which he relates to a friendly-disposed farmer. The gold-washer had in his youth been in love with a bright-haired Annette Macleod. He then went off to the gold region, and for about twenty-one years saw and heard nothing about Annette, but still cherished the thought of her with fervid affection. An Indian woman became his companion in gold ventures, and, it might be inferred, his concubine, were we not told that she was "as pure as a nun." One day she challenges him with his undying love for the beautiful blonde: he returns a short answer, and takes no very definite measures for shielding her from a raging storm which comes on over the canon on the instant. She, excited to a semi-suicidal frenzy, dies in the storm. The gold-washer, fencing with the horrid remorse at his heart, and keeping a vision of beautiful blonde hair before his mental eye, goes off to rediscover Annette Macleod. He sees the very image of her at a town-pump; but, when he calls her name, it turns out that this blooming damsel is but the daughter of the Annette of olden days, long since married. The gold-washer, thus drinking the dregs of bitterness from both his *affaires de cœur*, returns to his gold-finding, resolved to make of this the gorgeous and miserable work of his remaining years. He is a splendid personage in Mr. Miller's brilliant and bounding verses, and only "less than Archangel ruined." The second poem, *With Walker in Nicaragua*, appears to relate the author's own youthful experiences. Walker, whom we English have so frequently stigmatized as "the filibuster," is presented as a magnificent hero of the class to whom human laws form no obstacle. Mr. Miller is as loyal to his memory as was ever Jacobite to that of a Charles Edward, and probably with better reason. There is a wild, mysterious, exploratory splendor in this poem, a daring

sense of adventure, and a glorious richness of passion both for brown-skinned Montezuman maidenhood and for the intrepid military chief, which place the work very high indeed both among Mr. Miller's writings (we think it clearly the best of all, with the possible exception of *Arizonian*) and in the poetry of our time generally. Walker, of course, is seized and shot before the poem closes; and the Montezuman damsel comes to as deplorable an end as the gold-adventurers of the preceding poem. After a courtship the raptures of which are only paralleled by its purity, she makes frantic efforts to reach her lover, now retreating by sea, along with his fellows, after a military disaster. She follows in a canoe; brandishes in the eye of the steersman a dagger which her lover had given her as a token sure to be recognized; but somehow (we are not told why) no recognition ensues, the lover himself being lulled in uneasy slumbers, and the maiden topples over and is drowned. *Californian*, the next poem in the series, has very little story amid lavish tracts of description—or we might rather say of picture-writing, for Mr. Miller executes his work of this kind more by vivid flashes of portrayal and of imagery than by consecutive defining. A votary of the ancient Indian or Montezuman faith does any amount of confused miscellaneous fighting, and is slain; the woman who loves him casts herself into the beacon-fire. *The Last Taschastas* is another story of native valor and turmoil. An Indian chief of advanced age makes a raid upon the settlers: he is vanquished, seized, and put in a boat to be transported, with his beautiful daughter, to some remote region. While on the boat he darts a poisoned arrow at his principal adversary, and kills him: he is then shot down, and no further account of the fate of his daughter is vouchsafed. *The Tale of the Tall Alcalde*, which follows, has something which, according to Mr. Miller's standard, almost stimulates a plot. We are first introduced to an Alcalde in the town of Renalda, of abnormal stature, and of a dignified virtue equally abnormal. At a symposium in honor of the Annunciation, the Alcalde is induced—by a concerted and insidious plot, as it may be gathered, between an advocate and a