hand, that men of genius are often more incapable than others of that elaborate execution which criticism exacts. Men of genius in general are, more than others, incapable of any perfect exhibition, because however agreeable it may be to them to act on the public, it is always a secondary aim. They are humble, self-accusing, moody men, whose worship is toward the Ideal Beauty, which chooses to be courted not so often in perfect hymns, as in wild ear-piercing ejaculations, or in silent musings. Their face is forward, and their heart is in this heaven. By so much are they disqualified for a perfect success in any particular performance to which they can give only a divided affection. But the man of talents has every advantage in the competition. He can give that cool and commanding attention to the thing to be done, that shall secure its just performance. Yet are the failures of genius better than the victories of talent; and we are sure that some crude manuscript poems have yielded us a more sustaining and a more stimulating diet, than many elaborated and classic productions.

We have been led to these thoughts by reading some verses, which were lately put into our hands by a friend with the remark, that they were the production of a youth, who had long passed out of the mood in which he wrote them, so that they had become quite dead to him. Our first feeling on reading them was a lively joy. So then the Muse is neither dead nor dumb, but has found a voice in these cold Cisatlantic States. Here is poetry which asks no aid of magnitude or number, of blood or crime, but finds theatre enough in the first field or brookside, breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-repose, which to our mind is stabler than the Pyramids; here is self-respect which leads a man to date from his heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is love which sees through surface, and adores the gentle nature and not the costume. Here is religion, which is not of the Church of England, nor of the Church of Boston. Here is the good wise heart, which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness. In an age too which tends with so strong an inclination to the philosophical muse, here is poetry more purely intellectual than any American verses we have yet seen, distinguished from all competi-

**BOAT SONG.**

_The River calmly flows,_
_Through shining banks, through lonely glen,_
_Where the owl shrieks, though ne'er the cheer of men_
_Has stirred its mute repose,_
_Still if you should walk there, you would go there again._

_The stream is well alive;_
_Another passive world you see,_
_Where downward grows the form of every tree;_
_Like soft light clouds they thrive;_
_Like them let us in our pure loves reflected be._

_A yellow gleam is thrown_
_Into the secrets of that maze_
_Of tangled trees, which late shut out our gaze,_
_Refusing to be known;_
_It must its privacy unclose,—its glories blaze._

_Sweet falls the summer air_
_Over her frame who sails with me;_
_Her way like that is beautifully free,_
_Her nature far more rare,_
_And is her constant heart of virgin purity._

_A quivering star is seen_
_Keeper his watch above the hill,_
_Though from the sun's retreat small light is still_
_Poured on earth's saddening mien:—_
_We all are tranquilly obeying Evening's will._

_Thus ever love the Power;_
_To simplest thoughts dispose the mind;_
_In each obscure event a worship find_
_Like that of this dim hour,—_
_In lights, and airs, and trees, and in all human kind._

_We smoothly glide below_
_The faintly glimmering worlds of light:_
_Day has a charm, and this deceptive night_
_Brings a mysterious show;—_
_He shadows our dear earth,—but his cool stars are white._