

**DANTE.**

BUT who the Alpine monarch reigns?  
 Who like Mont Blanc may soar?  
 Who clothes his thought in robes of snow,  
 Severely chaste and hoar?  
 Who, but my Dante? — Morning breaks. —  
 The inaccessible sun,  
 With rays of light the singer crowns,  
 Whose thought and word are one.

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**A SKETCH.**

BESIDE me sat one of the few, one gifted  
 To draw some keen rays from the sun of Truth,  
 And guide them to the freezing hearts of men,  
 Whose mind, full, ardent, to his race o'erflowing,  
 And by vocation given to heavenly themes,  
 Asked but one genial touch to wake to music,  
 And sing, like Memnon, of a fairer morning,  
 Which knows no cloud nor leads to sultry noon.

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**A SKETCH.**

SHE is a thing, all grace, all loveliness,  
 A fragrant flower nursed in an arid waste,  
 A many-toned and ever-winning melody,  
 A fine-wrought vase, filled with enchanted wine,  
 A living, speaking book of Poesy,  
 The shape revealed to Wordsworth in a dream  
 From our lost star the only gladdening beam.

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DID you never admire anything your friend did merely because he  
 did it? Never! — you always had a better reason. Wise man, you  
 never knew what it is to love.