Is there any boat-song like this? any in which the harmony proceeds so manifestly from the poet's mind, giving to nature more than it receives? In the following stanzas the writer betrays a certain habitual worship of genius, which characterizes many pieces in the collection, breaking out sometimes into very abrupt expression.

**OCTOBER.**

Day leaves with yellow fern,—they are
Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star
Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air
Shivers in twinkling points
Of thin celestial hair,
And thus one side of heaven anoints.

I am beneath the moon's calm look
Most quiet in this sheltered nook
From trouble of the frosty wind
Which curlsthe yellow blade;
Though in my covered mind
A grateful sense of change is made.

To wandering men how dear this sight
Of a cold tranquil autumn night,
In its majestic deep repose;
Thus will their genius be
Not buried in high snows,
Though of as mute tranquility.

An anxious lifethey will not pass,
Nor, as the shadow on the grass,
Leave no impression there to stay;
To them all thingsare thought;
The blushing morn's decay,—
Our death,our life,by this is taught.

O find in every haze that shines,
A brief appearance without lines,
A single word,—no finitejoy;
For present is a Power
Which we may not annoy,
Yet love him stronger every hour.

I would not put this sense from me,
If I could some great sovereign be;
Yet not will task a fellow man
To feel the same glad sense.
For no one living can
Feel,— save his given influence.