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 ferns,—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 ansions.

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.

WILLINGNESS.

An unendeavoring flower,—how still
Itsgrowth from morn to eventime,
Nor signsof hasty anger fill
Itstender form from birthto prime
Of happy will.

And some, who think these simple things
Can bear no goodness to their minds,
May learn to feel how nature brings,
Around a quiet being winds,
And through us sings.

For present isa Power
Which we may not annoy,
Yet love him stronger every hour.

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

SONNETS.

The brook is eddying in the forest dell,
All full of untaught merriment,—the joy
Of breathinglife is this green wood’s employ.
The wind is feelingthrough his gentle bell;—
I and my flowers receivethismusic well.

Why will not man his naturallife enjoy?
Can he then with his ample spirit toy?
Are human thoughts as wares now baked to sell?
All up, all round, all down, a thrillingdeep,
A holy infinite salutes the sense,
And incommunicable praises leap,
Shooting the entire soul with love intense,
Throughout the All,—and can a man live on to weep?

II.

There never lived a man who with a heart
Resolved, bound up, concentrated in the good,
However low or high in rank he stood,
But when from him himself had chanced to start,
You felt how goodness alway maketh art;
And that an ever venerable mood
Of sanctity, like the deep worship of a wood,
Of its unconsciousness turns you a part.
Let us live amply in the joyous All;
We surely were not meant to ride the sea,
Skimming the wave in that so prisoned
Small,
Reposing our infinite faculties utterly.

Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall,
Humming to infinite abysses;—speak loud, speak free.

Hearts of eternity,—hearts of the deep!
Proclaim from land to sky your mighty fate;
How that for you no living comes too late;
How ye great harvests from small surface reap;
Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,
Like midnight winds that foam along the main,
And do all things rather than pause to weep.

A human heart knows naught of littleness,
Suspects no man, compares with no man's ways,
Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,
A recompense, a joy, a loveliness,
Like eaglet keen, shoots into azure far,
And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

LINES
WRITTEN IN THE EVENING OF A NOVEMBER DAY.

Tree, mild autumnal day,
I felt not for myself; the winds may steal
From any point, and seem to me alike
Reviving, soothing powers.

Like thee the contrast is
Of a new mood in a decaying man,
Whose idle mind is suddenly revived
With many pleasant thoughts.

Our earth was gratified;
Fresh grass, a stranger in this frosty time,
Peeped from the crumbling mould as welcome as
An unexpected friend.

How glowed the evening star,
As it delights to glow in summer's midst,
When out of ruddy boughs the twilight birds
Sing flowing harmony.

Peace was the will to-day,
Love in bewildering growth our joyous minds
Swept to their widest bounds; the worldly left
All hearts to sympathize.

I felt for thee,—for thee,
Whose inward, outward life completely moves,
Surrendered to the beauty of the soul
Of this creative day.

O U R B I R T H D A Y S .

I.
These are the solemnest days of our bright lives,
When memory and hope within exult
Delightful reign; when sympathy revives,
And that, which late was in the soul inert,
Grows warm and living, and to us alone
Are these a knowledge; nowise may they hurt,
Or cry aloud, or frighten out the tone,
Which we will strive to wear and as calm nature own.

II.
Whatever scene our eyes once gratified,—
Those landscapes couched around our early homes,
To which our tender, peaceful hearts replied,
To those our present happy feeling roams,
And takes a mightier joy than from the tomes
Of the pure scholar; those ten thousand sights
Of constant nature flow in us, as foams
The bubbling spring; these are the true delights
Wherewith this solemn world the sorrowful requites.

These are proper Manuscript inspirations, honest, great,
but crude. They have never been filled or decorated for
the eye that studies surface. The writer was not afraid to
write ill; he had a great meaning too much at heart to
stand for trifles, and wrote lordly for his peers alone.

This is the poetry
of hope.
Here is no French correctness,
but Hans Sachs and Chaucer rather. But the minstrel
can be sweet and tender also.
We select from the sheaf
one leaf, for which we predict a more general popularity.

A POET'S LOVE.

I can remember well
My very early youth,
My sunbeams Isabel,
Who was a girl of truth,
Of golden truth;—we do not often see
Those whose whole lives have only known to be.