The Summer Rain.

As near beneath thy light
Will I outwear the night,
With mingled ray
Leading the westward way.
Still will I strive to be
As if thou Overt with me;
Whatever path I take,
It shall be for thy sake
Of gentle slope and wide,
As thou Overt by my side,
Without a root
To trip thy slender foot.
I'll walk with gentle pace,
And choose the smoothest place,
And careful dip the oar,
And shun the winding shore,
And gently steer my boat
Where water lilies float,
And cardinal flowers
Stand in their sylvan bowers.

THE SUMMER RAIN.
My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
And will not mind to hit their proper targe.
Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
Our Shakspeare's life was rich to live again,
What Plutarch read that was not good nor true,
Nor Shakspeare's books, unless his books were men.
Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
What care I for the Greeks, or for Troy town,
If greater battles are enacted now
Between the ants upon this hummock's crown.

The Artist.

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
If red or black the gods will favor most,
Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
Struggling to heave some rock against the host.
Tell Shakspeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower,—
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herdsgrass and wild oats was spread
Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use,
A clover tuft is pillow for my head,
And violets quite overtop my shoes.

And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,
And gently swells the wind to say all 's well,
The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,
Some in the pond, some in the lily bell.

Drip, drip the trees for all the country round,
And richness rare distils from every bough,
The wind alone it is makes every sound,
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so,
My dripping locks — they would become an elf
Who in a beaded coat does gaily go.

THE ARTIST.

He breathed the air of realms enchanted,
He bathed in seas of dreamy light,
And seeds within his soul were planted
That bore us flowers for use too bright,
Unless it were to stay some spirit's viewless flight.
The Artist.

With us he lived a common life,
And wore a plain familiar name,
And meekly dared the vulgar strife
That to inferior spirits came,
Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

A sky more soft than Italy's
A halcyon light around him spread;
And tones were his, and only his,
So sweetly floating o'er his head,—
None knew at what rich feast the favored guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why
He chose the ways of poverty;
They read no secret in his eye,
But scorned the holy mystery,
That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of sense
An inner meaning had for him;
And beauty loved in innocence,
Not sought in passion or in whim,
Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull or dim.

And in this vision did he toil,
And in this Beauty lived and died;
And think not that he left our soil
By no fruit-offerings sanctified:
In olden times he might have been his country's pride:

And yet may be—though he hath gone;
For spirits of so fine a mould
Lose not the glory they have won;
Their memory turns not pale and cold;
While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

C. P. C.

Source: The Dial (October 1842) pp. 225-226

ENGLISH REFORMERS.

WHILEST Mr. Sparks visits England to explore the manuscripts of the Colonial Office, and Dr. Waagen on a mission of Art, Mr. Alcott, whose genius and efforts in the great art of Education have been more appreciated in England than in America, has now been spending some months in that country, with the aim to confer with the most eminent Educators and philanthropists, in the hope to exchange intelligence, and import into this country whatever hints have been struck out there, on the subject of literature and the First Philosophy. The design was worthy, and its first results have already reached us. Mr. Alcott was received with great cordiality of joy and respect by his friends in London, and presently found himself domesticated at an institution, managed on his own methods and called after his name, the School of Mr. Wright at Alcott House, Ham, Surrey. He was introduced to many men of literary and philanthropic distinction, and his arrival was made the occasion of meetings for public conversation on the great ethical questions of the day.

Mr. Alcott's mission, beside making us acquainted with the character and labors of some excellent persons, has loaded our table with a pile of English books, pamphlets, periodicals, flying prospectuses, and advertisements, proceeding from a class very little known in this country, and on many accounts important, the party, namely, who represent Social Reform. Here are Educational Circulars, and Communist Apostles; Aists; Plans for Syncretic Associations, and Pestalozzian Societies, Self-supporting Institutions, Experimental Normal Schools, Hydropathic and Philosophical Associations, Health Unions and Phalansterian Gazettes, Paradises within the reach of all men, Appeals of Man to Woman, and Necessities of Internal Marriage illustrated by Phrenological Diagrams. These papers have many sins to answer for. There is an abundance of superficiality, of pedantry, of inflation, and of want of thought. It seems as if these sanguine schemers rushed to the press with every notion that danced before their brain, and clothed it in the most clumsily compounded and terminated words, for want of time to find the right one. But although