

So sunlight, very warm,  
 On harvest fields and trees,  
 Could not more sweetly form  
 Rejoicing melodies  
 For these deep things, than Isabel for me;  
 I lay beneath her soul as a lit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt  
 Was all o'er mosses green;  
 I still forever felt  
 How nothing stands between  
 The soul and truth; why, starving poverty  
 Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread  
 Bent pleasantly away;  
 From her ne'er small birds fled,  
 But kept at their bright play,  
 Not fearing her; it was her endless motion,  
 Just a true swell upon a summer ocean.

Those who conveyed her home, —  
 I mean who led her where  
 The spirit does not roam, —  
 Had such small weight to bear,  
 They scarcely felt; how softly was thy knell  
 Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel.

I am no more below,  
 My life is raised on high;  
 My phantasy was slow  
 Ere Isabel could die;  
 It pressed me down; but now I sail away  
 Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I  
 Float on the red brown clouds,  
 That amply multiply  
 The very constant crowds  
 Of serene shapes. Play on Mortality!  
 Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The second of the two following verses is of such extreme beauty, that we do not remember anything more perfect in its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffaele's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed?

TO \*\*\*\*.

My mind obeys the power  
 That through all persons breathes;  
 And woods are murmuring,  
 And fields begin to sing,  
 And in me nature wreathes.

Thou too art with me here, —  
 The best of all design; —  
 Of that strong purity,  
 Which makes it joy to be  
 A distant thought of thine.

But here are verses in another vein — plain, ethical, human, such as in ancient lands legislators carved on stone tablets and monuments at the roadside, or in the precincts of temples. They remind us of the austere strain in which Milton celebrates the Hebrew prophets.

“In them is plainest taught and easiest learned  
 What makes a nation happy and keeps . . . so.”

I.

The Bible is a book worthy to read;  
 The life of those great Prophets was the life we need,  
 From all delusive seeming ever freed.

Be not afraid to utter what thou art;  
 'T is no disgrace to keep an open heart;  
 A soul free, frank, and loving friends to aid,  
 Not even does this harm a gentle maid.

Strive as thou canst, thou wilt not value o'er  
 Thy life. Thou standest on a lighted shore,  
 And from the waves of an unfathomed sea,  
 The noblest impulses flow tenderly to thee;  
 Feel them as they arise, and take them free.

Better live unknown,  
 No heart but thy own  
 Beating ever near,  
 To no mortal dear  
 In thy hemisphere,

Poor and wanting bread,  
 Steeped in poverty,  
 Than to be a dread,  
 Than to be afraid,  
 From thyself to flee;  
 For it is not living  
 To a soul believing,  
 To change each noble joy  
 Which our strength employs,  
 For a state half rotten  
 And a life of toys.  
 Better be forgotten  
 Than lose equipoise.

How shall I live? In earnestness.  
 What shall I do? Work earnestly.  
 What shall I give? A willingness.  
 What shall I gain? Tranquillity.  
 But do you mean a quietness  
 In which I act and no man bless?  
 Flash out in action infinite and free,  
 Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,  
 Resting upon the soul's true utterance,  
 And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

## II.

Life is too good to waste, enough to prize;  
 Keep looking round with clear unhooded eyes;  
 Love all thy brothers, and for them endure  
 Many privations; the reward is sure.

A little thing! There is no little thing;  
 Through all a joyful song is murmuring;  
 Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter drear  
 Has deepest meanings for an anxious ear.

Thou seest life is sad; the father mourns his wife and child;  
 Keep in the midst of heavy sorrows a fair aspect mild.

A howling fox, a shrieking owl,  
 A violent distracting Ghoul,  
 Forms of the most infuriate madness,—  
 These may not move thy heart to gladness,  
 But look within the dark outside,  
 Nought shalt thou hate and nought deride.

Thou meet'st a common man  
 With a delusive show of *can*.  
 His acts are petty forgeries of natural greatness,  
 That show a dreadful lateness  
 Of this life's mighty impulses; a want of truthful earnestness;

He seems, not does, and in that shows  
 No true nobility,—  
 A poor ductility,  
 That no proper office knows,  
 Not even estimation small of human woes.

Be not afraid,  
 His understanding aid  
 With thy own pure content,  
 On highest purpose bent.

Leave him not lonely,  
 For that his admiration  
 Fastens on self and seeming only;  
 Make a right dedication  
 Of all thy strength to keep  
 From swelling that so ample heap  
 Of lives abused, of virtue given for nought,  
 And thus it shall appear for all in nature hast thou wrought.  
 If thou unconsciously perform what's good,  
 Like nature's self thy proper mood.

A life well spent is like a flower,  
 That had bright sunshine its brief hour;  
 It flourished in pure willingness;  
 Discovered strongest earnestness;  
 Was fragrant for each lightest wind;  
 Was of its own particular kind;—  
 Nor knew a tone of discord sharp;  
 Breathed away like a silver harp;  
 And went to immortality  
 A very proper thing to die.

We will close our extracts from this rare file of blotted paper with a lighter strain, which, whilst it shows how gaily a poet can chide, gives us a new insight into his character and habits.

## T O R M E N T S .

Yes! they torment me  
 Most exceedingly:—  
 I would I could flee.  
 A breeze on a river—  
 I listen forever;  
 The yellowish heather  
 Under cool weather,—  
 These are pleasures to me.