that Klopstock may be one of those to whom I minister, and that he may know it is Meta who consoles him.

"Even this to a certain extent I have power to grant. Most pure, most holy were your lives; you taught one another only good things, and peculiarly are ye rewarded. Thou mayest occasionally manifest thyself to Klopstock, and answer his prayers with words, so long, she continued looking fixedly at me, 'as he shall continue true to himself and thee.'

"O my beloved, why zell thee what were my emotions at such a promise! — Ah! I must now leave thee, for dawn is bringing back the world's doings. Soon shall I visit thee again. Farewell; remember that thy every thought and deed will be known to me, and be happy."

She vanished.

THE TRUE IN DREAMS.

1833.

THE TRUE IN DREAMS.

I have dreamed, I have dreamed,
Under Beauty's star-lit sky,
With the love unquestioning
Of a Poet's eye:

I have roamed, I have roamed,
Under Beauty's morning smile,
Trees and fields and flowers and birds
With all the while;

Idle hours, idle hours
Lived I thus by night and day,
Yet such Truth did Beauty bring,
I could not say her nay.

I have pored, I have pored
Over books of high repute,
Filled with saws and arguments,
Sophists to refute;

I have digged, I have digged
In their Philistine soil,
Wide awake on winter nights,
Wasting all my oil,

Till I laughed, till I laughed
At the counterfeit uncouth,
Told me to my dreams, and saw
Beauty one with Truth.

C.

Source: The Dial (January 1841) pp. 298

THE MAGNOLIA OF LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

The true stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and, if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above. But man is a plant of slow growth, and great heat is required to bring out his leaves. He must be promised a boundless futurity, to induce him to use aright the present hour. In youth, fixing his eyes on those distant worlds of light, he promises himself to attain them, and there find the answer to all his wishes. His eye grows keener as he gazes, a voice from the earth calls it downward, and he finds all at his feet.

I was riding on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, musing on an old English expression, which I had only lately learned to interpret. "He was fulfilled of all nobleness." Words so significant charm us like a spell long before we know their meaning. This I had now learned to interpret. Life had ripened from the green bud, and I had seen the difference, wide as from earth to heaven, between nobleness, and the fulfillment of nobleness.

A fragrance beyond anything I had ever known came suddenly upon the air and interrupted my meditation. I looked around me, but saw no flower from which it could proceed. There is no word for it; exquisite and delicious have lost all meaning now. It was of a full and penetrating sweetness, too keen and delicate to be cloying. Unable to trace it, I rode on, but the remembrance of it pursued me. I had a feeling that I must forever regret my loss, my want, if I did not return and find the poet of the lake, which could utter such a voice. In earlier days I might have disregarded such a feeling; but now I have learned to prize the monitions of my nature as they deserve, and learn sometimes what is not for sale in the market-place. So I turned back and rode to and fro at the risk of abandoning the object of my ride.

I found her at last, the Queen of the South, singing to herself in her lonely bower. Such should a sovereign be, most regal when alone; for then there is no disturbance to prevent the full consciousness of power. All occasions limit, a kingdom is but an occasion, and no sun ever saw itself adequately reflected on sea or land.