Youth of the Poet and the Painter. [April,
road, and an avenue of elms leads to it. Around, you see ample fields, and a garden in the rear. I grasp the shovel, and imagine myself throwing up the earth. Over the cottage a mighty elm expands its green pavilion, and there the orioles build; sometimes I see their fiery breasts glowing through the leaves. I have called my cottage by your name. I know it sounds a little English perhaps,—“Hope Cottage”; but where I live, is it not also where you do. I think you will like this nest. It is an im-bowered place, rural enough, yet by no means rustic, tasteful, yet not sub-urban. It is true, that the inside of my little dwelling pleases me most. From the parlor where I now sit, with Frances by my side, I see the lofty range of mountains that encircles the valley, the lakes, the distant river, and many a roof of the husbandmen light in the beams of the sun; I see the calm, beautiful face of day.

It is like him, you will say, not a word of his wife. My wife! should we not make a very low bow to the judiciary for permitting us to have wives. And yet one hears of divorces.

I am sure you will like her singing, free and sweet, like herself. Are you not coming back to pass a day at my house?

"Bravo, Mr. Landlord."

Your friend, EDWARD.

1844.]

THE TWIN LOVES.

From out the sphere where ages I had moved,
With silent joy among the stars divine,
With sudden bound I started, for I loved
No longer their dim, silent, silvery shine.

Burning within me was a grief more dear
Than all the pleasures of that starry sphere,
That sprang from earth, yet ever looked toward heaven.

And that I loved more dearly, that I knew
That all its fire and its course uneven
Were born from other worlds, away from view,
Where demons wail, and yet where love is true.

Truer and fiercer than the quiet light
That shines eternal in our heavenly dome;
And if it spring from earth and care, and blight
With its dark fire the sweetness of its home,
Points yet toward highest heaven, whither nought else can come.

Forth sprang I from my cloudy seat above,
And towards the earth I beat my winged way;
And as I passed did from my brow remove
The diadem of time, that ages gray
Spent in that spheric life upon my head did lay.

Then from me passed remembrances and its grief,
From me went all the lore that I had learned,
So far away, that a faint dim belief
Of what had been before within me burned,
But vague and shadowy: all my strength was turned,
To weakness, and I wept:—as who would not,
Cast on this world’s cold shore, before him such sad lot.
Then when I raised my eyes, behold there sate
Two shadowy forms beside me. They did seem
Brothers in age and beauty, if their state
Were not beyond all age. "T was not a dream,
For these twin forms still on my pathway gleam,
Still light the dark sad path that I must go,
Still dry the tears that thou alone mayest know.

Like, yet dissimilar, their figures were;—
One like the Grecian Eros gazed on me
So statue-like, so earnest, so severe;
And his deep eyes seemed fixed tenderly
Not on the weeping child, but anxiously
To watch the swelling of the germ within,
Round which the body's veil, clustered full light and thin.

The other smiled upon my infant form,
Twined his warm fingers in my waving hair,
And said; "Oh come with me into the storm
Of this world's sadness; thee I'll shield from care;
I'll bid the blustering winds, they shall forbear,
And only sunny zephyrs dare to breathe
Within the magic circle that I'll wreath."

He sang to me of earthly love, and bright
Flooded the colors on his canvass then,
He sang to me of hopes and dear delight
Most fondly cherished by the sons of men;
He sang of home. — "Ah, child, thou too mayest gain
A portion in this paradise, with me
Wilt thou but sail over this summer sea."

Aye while he spoke dreamy enchantment fell
From his sweet lips, and I, entranced away,
Leant myself to the mastery of his spell,
As many soother had before that day.