thought. You may be right. But I am not yet ready.
I must examine fresh suggestions, that come to my tent-
door. They may be lepers to blast me with disease, but
they may be also angels in disguise.

WOODNOTES.

I.

For this present, hard
Is the fortune of the hard
Born out of time;
All his accomplishment
From nature's utmost treasure spent
Boothing not him,
When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walk,
To birds and trees he talks:
Caesar of his lazy Rome,
There the poet is at home,
He goes to the river side,—
Not hook nor line hath he:
He stands in the meadows wide,—
Nor gun nor scythe to see;
With none hath he to do,
And none seek him,
Nor men below,
Nor spirits dim.
Sure some god his eye enchanteth:
What he knows, nobody wants:
In the wood he travels glad
Without better fortune had,
Melancholy without bad.
Planter of celestial plants,
What he knows nobody wants;
What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest;
Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violets' petals,
Why nature loves the number five,
And why the star-form she repeats;—
Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets,

II.

And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ices,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tells its long descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in fair fields the orchids grew.
There are many events in the field,
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all she shows did nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thickets' gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

III.

In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberers' gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang,
He trod the unplanted forest floor wheresoever
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone:
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He saw beneath dim aisles in odorous beds
The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
And blessed the monument of the man of flowers,
Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.
The watercourses were my guide,
I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern the beaver's camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed;
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was polestar when the night was dark,
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food.
For nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When the sea and land refuse to feed me,
It will be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.

THE moaning waves speak of other lands,
Where men have walked in noble bands;
Ages have passed since they trod the earth,
Yet they too had fallen from their high birth.
Like us for the pure and right they fought;
Like us they longed and earnestly sought;
And they too found little with all their pride;
He was the noblest who nobly died;—
Not one of them all led a manly life;—
Alas for mankind with its ceaseless strife!

IV.
'Twas one of the charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow:
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear,
Or east, it smells like a clover farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant, lowly great
Beside the forest waters sat:
The rope-like pine roots crossed wise grown
Composed the network of his throne,
The wide lake edged with sand and grass
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene,
To hill and cloud his face was known,
It seemed the likeness of their own;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
You ask, he said, what guide
Me through trackless thickets led,
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide;
I found the water's bed.