

and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.
The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moon-
rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realm of faerie."
The bird, the insect, flowers, the grass, the con-
stellations of heaven, the forests and hills, are his
familiar friends; portions of his own being it
would seem, with which he holds daily and
spiritual converse, and extracts wisdom from
their every phase.

The lines "To the Humble-Bee" transport us to
the cool depths of a wood, where in the heat of a
sultry noon, we have often watched the "zig-zag"
flight of this golden wanderer—now plunging
deep into the heart of a purple thistle, and now
hanging sated with sweets on the tall spike of the
golden-rod, or perchance, sailing thence

"With his mellow breezy bass,"

sounding in our ears, in a flight as irregular as is
the metre of these charming verses. In confir-
mation of our remarks we present them to our
readers:

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats, through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower bells,
Honeyed cells;—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and moon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—

Thou in summer solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot mid-summer's patted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Sardinian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue
And briar-roses dwelt among,
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep,
Wo and want thou canst out-sleep;
Want and wo which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

In conclusion, we have but to say of the short
poems given above, that brief as they are, they
evinced poetic genius of as high order as is ex-
hibited by many more elaborate productions,
and will perhaps fulfil a mission far more impor-
tant; for there are hundreds of hearts that would
not be stirred by the stately march of an epic,
which the sweet and graceful simplicity of these
minor lyrics will refresh and gladden with the
joy of renovated youth. "Such poems," to use
the words of an elegant writer of the present
day, "are indeed like the natural wild flowers of
a country, which rise from no exotic seed, but are
the growth of the spontaneous production of the
soil. They spring up along the way-side of
human life. Rooted in the human heart, the air
and sunshine of every day call them into bloom."

We wish to say one word in favor of the "Snow
Drop," the unpretending little Magazine for chil-
dren, which its Editors are endeavoring to render,
in all respects, useful and interesting to them. It
will now appear in an enlarged size, and embel-
lished with wood-cuts, which will give it new
attractions, and, we trust, attain for it a more
extended patronage. Parents who are desirous
to cultivate a love of reading in their children,
should not refuse to sustain the efforts of those
who are earnestly desirous to promote this object,
and are willing cheerfully to labor for it.