

Sylvan scenes; with other poems

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Philadelphia, Haswell, Barrington & Haswell, 1838.

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*J. R. Chandler, Esq.
with the respects of
the Author.*

SYLVAN SCENES;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.



BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Philadelphia :
HASWELL, BARRINGTON & HASWELL.

.....
1838

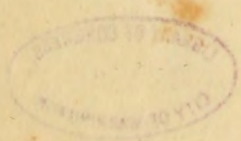
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SYLVAN SCENES

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OTHER FOR MS



BY JAMES M. SMITH

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TO

DANIEL BRYAN, ESQ.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

This Volume is Inscribed,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM OF

THE AUTHOR.

TO

DANIEL BRYAN, ESQ.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

His Volume is Inscribed

IN TESTIMONY OF THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM OF

THE AUTHOR.

267

P R E F A C E .

THE pages within presented to the reader, though few in themselves, have nevertheless extended considerably, both in space and variety, beyond what was intended in the incipiency of the design. The author, having it in immediate contemplation to revisit, after an absence of some years, the localities alluded to in the first Poem, prepared it for the press, merely as a reminiscent accompaniment in renewing their acquaintance, without intending, at the time, the annexation of any other matter ; but why he has beguiled himself into the continuance of a miscellany to the fiftieth folio, he can give no more adequate reason, than that the materials were convenient, and time and circumstance not unfavourable to their adoption. The friendly reader may recognize one or two pieces in the collection as having hitherto been published, which are presented here, from a sense of their appropriateness in their places, and partly to add a little diversity to what was found to be assuming the size of a volume rather than the few

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pages set apart in the outset for the production which now forms the first of a series.

PREPARE

The paper within presented to the reader though few in number have nevertheless extended considerably, both in space and variety, beyond that which is usual in the treatment of the subject. The author having it in his mind to publish a series of papers on this subject, the following is intended to be the first. It is prepared for the press, merely as a preliminary to the more extensive work which will follow. At the time the execution of any other matter, but will be put forward himself into the hands of a publisher to the public, he can give no more definite promise than that the material will be ready, and that the circumstances not unfavourable to their adoption. The friendly reader may regard also one or two papers in the collection as being intended for publication, which are presented here, from a sense of their appropriateness in their place, and partly to see if the diversity to which was found to be wanting the size of a volume rather than the few

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SYLVAN SCENES.

SWEET memory of my youthful home!
How oft the heart reverts to thee,
As from the scenes I lov'd to roam,
Each early charm comes back to me:
There Life erewhile was flush'd and young,
And Pleasure form'd the mind's employ,
While Fancy, like a Syren, sung
The world as full of light and joy.

Each lonesome and frequented place
Within that fair and sylvan land,
In visions wild I oft retrace,
While Memory waves her wizard wand:
There not a nook in youth I knew,
Has lost its verdure or its fame;
And not a flower that sweetly grew,
The wild-field perfume of its name.

The wood-bound hill—the waving plain—
 Each charm of sight, each spell of sound,
 That mark that wide and fair domain
 Of field, and lawn, and stream, and mound,
 Are cherish'd themes of by-gone times,
 O'er which the light of Nature plays,
 As when in thoughts of glorious climes
 The muse the captive spirit sways.

The sombre wood—the lonely glen—
 The cot embower'd in verdant shade,
 Far from the bustling haunts of men,
 And all the stirring hum of trade,—
 To me are lov'd as erst they were,
 When, luring not the heedless throng,
 They breath'd a soft, enchanted air,
 And echoed to the blythe bird's song.

The bridge, the brook, the bluff, the shore,
 The ardent glance is quick to see,
 With rival weeds they gaily wore,
 And many a curv'd and gnarly tree.
 E'en now the voice of mingling streams
 Is murmuring low in Memory's ear,
 And every wave by Vernon gleams,
 As bright as when I linger'd near.

How oft beneath some branching oak,
 I wooed the cool, extended shade,
 When nought the rural stillness broke,
 That reign'd along the winding glade;

Or round the walls that tottering stood,
 To Ruin's hands a mouldering prey,
 Have mark'd the mountain's sweeping flood,
 Roll on its wide, majestic way.

When sunlight bath'd the hillock's side,
 And panting Life was tir'd and warm,
 And Toil the lagging cloud would chide,
 And vainly pray the moist'ning storm,—
 How sweet the green-wood's margin shade,
 Where harvest-hay its fragrance threw,
 And Summer's breath o'er field-flowers stray'd,
 While Verdure robed the boundless view.

Where spread the thick and hunted wood,
 The dog would trace the fallen game,
 And startle forth the feathery brood,
 To share alike the deadly aim.
 Along the steep-shelv'd river's side,
 The quick line claim'd its angled prey;
 Or where the drag-net swept the tide,
 The captur'd shad and rock-fish lay.

When Leisure loos'd the flock from school,
 To waste the dull, unstudious hours,
 How Pleasure joy'd o'er absent Rule,
 And stray'd in search of fruit or flowers,—
 And o'er the fields in whistling glee,
 From fence to fence without a fear,
 Would skip the mound, or climb a tree,
 Till all some teeming spot were near,—

Then shake aloose each dewy gem,
 Upon the grass, with showery sound,
 While spheral berries bow'd the stem,
 In luscious fulness to the ground,—
 And o'er the basket's yawning brim,
 Together flung the gather'd spoil,
 Till day apace descending dim,
 Recall'd them from their cheerful toil.

The orchard, weigh'd with ripening fruit,
 Whose cluster'd boughs the tree betray'd—
 The herd that brows'd the meadows mute,
 And slow at sundown homeward stray'd,—
 The mansion and the farm-house nigh,
 'Mid rustling fields of bending corn,
 Where tower'd the poplar's branches high,
 Are fresh as in Life's early morn.

The teams and herds of Loudoun's vales,
 That wended down the dusty way,
 By gentle heights and smiling dales,
 Through many a devious path astray,—
 The olden academic pile,
 Where Youth more lov'd to frisk than learn,
 Nor unremember'd with a smile,
 The rod that made the dunce discern,—

The whirling mill that caught the wind,
 Till torn and shatter'd by the storm,
 It ceas'd to turn its wheels, or grind
 Through winters cold or summers warm,—

The fountain that, anigh the town,
 Was long retriev'd by wood and stone,
 Till rudely foul'd and trampled down,
 The brutes resum'd it as their own,—

The bubbling rill—the gurgling spring—
 The mossy seat beside the way—
 The birds on Morning's wakeful wing,
 That sang the break of welcome day—
 The boat that curl'd the river's face—
 The swimmers sporting on the strand,—
 Doth fostering Memory oft retrace,
 Though erst in youth but idly scann'd.

Then oft I hail'd the healthful morn,
 Ere drank the sun the shining dew,
 As peal'd the bird its vocal horn,
 And forth with warbling anthems flew;
 And from the fount delighted quaff'd,
 The nectar'd stream's delicious flow,
 Whose ever cool and crystal draught,
 Purl'd down the hill-side soft and slow.

Or sauntering, as the day declin'd,
 Along the heath and round the vale,
 Through still green paths at moonlight twin'd,
 And sbar'd the South's refreshing gale;—
 There read the sky's resplendent scroll,
 Whose letters blaze in worlds of light,
 And felt their beams inform the soul,
 And awe its heaven-observing sight.

I seem to view the grave-yard's sod,—
 The gravell'd walk and burial ground,
 Where peer'd the spire and gleaming rod,
 And toll'd the bell its solemn sound ;—
 To hear the clock that Labour heeds,
 With blasts from Evening's watchful horn,
 And trampling hoofs of travelling steeds,
 Whose rumbling wheels came whirling on.

When pal'd the moon-beams o'er the cliff,
 And parting clouds career'd between,
 There lightly skimm'd the fisher's skiff,
 As splash'd the sturgeon round his seine ;
 And harbour'd barks at anchor lay,
 Or lin'd the wharf, or sail'd the wave,
 When nightfall clos'd the town's display,
 And stars their trembling radiance gave.

Where sweeps the creek its lazy flood,
 To swell the river's mightier course,
 I trode the beach or tangled wood,
 And watch'd the tide's contending force ;
 Or from the bluff survey'd the dome,
 That towers refulgent o'er the plain,
 Where Freedom claims her classic home,
 And rears her glorious shrines again.

Oh ! for the charms those scenes that spread,
 Like azure o'er the realms of day—
 The smiles that cheer'd, the Love that led,
 And brighten'd all with Beauty's ray ;

When Youth, with gay or pensive eye,
 Made silent vows with early Time,
 Or turn'd to heave the orphan sigh,
 Beneath that fair elysian clime.

Then all was new, and strange, and bright,
 And Pleasure spread her frolic wings,
 And bent her course, in fearless flight
 To skim the flowery waste of things:—
 Then rang the song of Mirth and Joy,
 And Gladness tripp'd the lightsome dance,
 Till stealthy Death came in to cloy,
 And dim the reign of young Romance.

Then Fancy dar'd her earliest flight,
 As free of thought and wild of eye,
 As birds that sing in orient light,
 Enchanted with their native sky:
 Then Beauty won the wayward flame,
 And rainbow'd each bewildering hour;
 And softly fell the voice of Fame,
 Like dew-drops on the blushing flower.

But where are those that Boyhood led,
 The lamps of Life's uncertain way—
 The friends belov'd—the kindred dead,
 Whose smiles illum'd each changeful day?
 Their homes have lost the forms they knew—
 Their tenants to their graves have gone,
 And strangers now unmindful view,
 What I should sigh to look upon.

Say, ye that rove, does Memory cling,
 Enchain'd to naught ye left behind?
 Is there no name whose sound can bring,
 A spell to fix the wandering mind?
 Has earth a land to thee like home,
 When weal or woe thy steps betide,
 Nor wish'd thy heart to cease to roam,
 And share its pleasures ere it died?

Though Feeling deems it hallow'd ground,
 Where bled the free, or died the brave,
 So charm'd a place she never found,
 As Boyhood's landscape, sky, and wave.
 In search of Fame the mind may stray,
 And Earth's immortal relics scan;
 But Glory's love shall fade away,
 While home survives its wreck in man.

Fair scenery of that southern plain!
 Whose verdant walks are far from me,—
 Long may thy haunts their hues retain,
 And happy homes be found in thee:
 There, while the light of Freedom glows,
 Embosom'd in thy borders green,
 May Time a noble race disclose,
 And Nature's fairest charms be seen.

THE PARCÆ.

[There were no divinities of the pagan world who had a more absolute power than the PARCÆ. Mistresses of human lot, they regulated its destinies. Plato represents them in the midst of the celestial spheres, in white robes bespangled with stars, wearing crowns upon their heads, and seated upon thrones effulgent with light, where they attuned their voices to the songs of the Syrens. There, says he, Lachesis sung past events, Clotho those which are the product of the present moment, and Atropos such as still lie hid in the womb of futurity.]

SONG OF LACHESIS.

THE PAST.

IN the regions of glory,
 Of light and of joy,
 We sing the sad story
 Of earthly alloy;
 And spin for the living
 The threads of their doom,
 Aye taking and giving
 The fruits of the womb.

I garner decay,
 Chaotic and cold—
 The child of to-day
 With sleepers of old:
 No mourner comes there,
 But sullen as stone
 Is the silence they share
 Who thither have flown.

Low shadowy pinions,
 There sweepingly soar,
 O'er the dusky dominions
 Of ages no more,
 Where fearful and solemn,
 The fallen have fled,
 And temple and column
 Are mournfully spread.

There slumbereth Life,
 From its perilous throes,
 And darkness is rife
 With death and repose:
 There planet and clime
 Have memories dim,
 And the spectres of Time
 Move ghastly and grim.

There th' hum and commotion
 Of Passion is pass'd,
 And Life's troubled ocean
 Is tranquil at last:—
 Like the sleep of the billow
 That breaks on the shore,
 There th' dead find a pillow,
 And waken no more.

There all the departed
 Have gone from the earth,
 With world's that have started
 From Chaos to birth;

And the charms of creation
 Are dimm'd by the breath
 Of cold Desolation,
 And Silence, and Death.

Ho! Ye who are dancing
 Like bubbles on waves,
 And forward advancing,
 In haste to your graves—
 There soon, without number,
 With all that has been,
 Your ashes shall slumber—
 Your spirits convene.

SONG OF CLOTHO.

THE PRESENT.

BEINGS of Earth! From your births to your graves,
 For the spirit that frees, and the flesh that enslaves,
 With the scenes that are fleeting before ye I send,
 The voice of my presence, thy steps to befriend.

I come like the sunburst, or go like a dream,
 Or the shadow that flits o'er the lawn and the stream;
 And in pain or in pleasure, 'tis thine to possess
 The ill that may curse, or the good that may bless.

I come for thy joy, or I come for thy woe,
 As thy wisdom may list, or thy folly may know;
 And 'tis thine to elect, and 'tis mine to impart,
 The choice of thy soul, and the claims of thy heart.

From the womb of the Future I fly to the Past,
 Where before me the signs of my coming are cast—
 Where in silence thy numberless millions have flown,
 With things unremember'd, undream'd, and unknown.

Ye number my steps as I noiselessly pass,
 By the click of the clock, or the sands of the glass,
 That bring to thy hearing the warnings, whose chime
 Is the measure of Life, and the language of Time.

As the planets are specks in all-limitless space,
 So are ye but as atoms in Nature's embrace—
 To brighten whose orbits, and gladden thy soul,
 Her systems and suns through the Universe roll.

There is beauty around ye, and glory above,
 In the promise of Hope and the rapture of Love,
 And a monitor's voice that may guide ye, and claim
 To whisper thy blessing, or thunder thy shame.

Each moment but hastens thy dust to its urn,—
 Now thine,—it has pass'd—and can never return;
 Then seize as it glides, in the grasp of thy soul,
 The action that speaks the reward and the goal.

The zest of all life with the Present is found,
 In the hues of each scene, and the tones of each sound—
 In the quivers of Touch—in the reachings of Thought,
 And the sweets of existence to ecstasy wrought.

Then read its revealings, and learn to grow wise
 In the Truth that awaits ye, and bids ye arise
 From the sloth that degrades, and the vice that depraves,
 And in peace for your guerdon go down to your graves.

SONG OF ATROPOS.

THE FUTURE.

BORNE along in radiant flight,
 Through the realms of upper light,
 Whence from orb create ne'er came,
 Aught but pure, serenest flame—
 Thron'd above sublime and high,
 Where immortal Hope would fly,
 Which to see, unquench'd aspire
 Hidden wish and fond desire,
 Yet in dread of what may come,
 When the flesh is cold and dumb,—
 Where nor height, nor depth, nor bound,
 Marks nor shapes the bright profound,—
 Knowing all in woof or womb,
 Mortals! here I read thy doom.

As from deeds of ages flown,
 Fancy dreams of those unknown—
 As from all that pass'd before,
 Reason hoards her meagre lore,—
 Thus from aught ye know and see,
 Judge of that which yet may be.

High above and deep below,
 Shadows come and shadows go,
 Emblems vague of scenes of Time,
 Link'd with peace, or trac'd in crime:

Joys of bless'd and glorious life—
 Woes of guilt and marring strife—
 Love for rancorous Hate exchange'd—
 Feuds of friends from Truth estrang'd—
 Kith against their kin combin'd,
 Warp'd in heart and rack'd in mind—
 Earth-convulsions wild and dire—
 Flood of wave, and rage of fire;—
 These shall come, and these shall be—
 Woe to those who live to see!

But in change for strife and gloom,
 Joy shall cheer, and light relume—
 Then a race of men shall rise,
 In the lore of angels wise,
 And the voice of millions free,
 Sing their ransom's jubilee,—
 Then shall Peace the world possess,
 Rul'd in lasting blessedness;—
 This shall come, and this shall be—
 Happy those who live to see!

But whate'er to man shall come,
 'Tis not his to grasp the sum
 Of Creation's vast design,
 Fashion'd fair by hands divine:
 Thought expands its search in vain,
 Owning, from its errand blind,—
 Nature cannot God explain,
 Man is happiest when resign'd.

THE FOREST WALK.

HERE falls the woodland's cooling shade,
 And Peace the quiet tread demands,
 Where Solitude her home has made,
 And Nature's architecture stands:
 Here, from the strife and hum that wakes
 Amid the crowd-contending mart,
 Elated Thought exultant breaks
 The drowsy ties of irksome Art.

This is the bird's sequester'd wild—
 The pheasant's roost—the rabbit's home—
 Where feather'd throngs their nests have pil'd,
 And made the leaves their verdant dome,—
 Where wayward weed and tangling vine,
 The wide o'er-arching trees embrace,
 Whose friendly boughs together twine,
 And shield the forest's sylvan race.

Yon moss-grown rock and heaving mound,
 When warriors rul'd these wilds of yore,
 Perchance in rugged grandeur frown'd,
 'Mid scenes that smok'd with savage gore:

Or there the mournful Indian laid,
 The lov'd ones of his roaming band,
 When, thinn'd before the whiteman's blade,
 He ceas'd to rule his father land.

I thread the maze with careless feet,
 Where erst the growling panther trod,
 And huntsmen sought the dim retreat,
 To fell him on the harden'd clod;
 But all is now secure and free—
 The forest-paths are still and green,
 Where pensive Thought awhile may flee,
 And grow enamour'd with the scene.

These lordly trees like giants stand,
 Majestic tenants of the ground,
 And hold their lease from Nature's hand,
 To spread the welcome umbrage round;
 But there the storm-careering blast,
 Has met the oak's too lofty swell,
 And o'er its strength unsparing pass'd,
 Till down its crashing branches fell.

'Tis here the bats at twilight rise,
 When tinkling herds are saunt'ring home—
 The stealthy fox his covert flies—
 The owl the brushwood leaves to roam;
 But now the deer and startled fawn,
 Dart out from 'neath the dingle's shades,
 As sounds the hunter's searching horn,
 Adown the wild, sequester'd glades.

How sweetly swells yon warbler's song,
 Melodious through the soft'ning gloom,
 Where oft its feathery kindred throng,
 Their wild-wood accents to resume.
 Hark! Distant peals the cheerful shout
 Of reaper's wending o'er the plain,
 Drawn in resounding echoes out,—
 Now lost—reviv'd!—now lost again.

These shades a charm'd sereneness wear,
 Where Summer's trembling verdure clings,
 And hymning leaves to Heaven declare
 The homage of created things;
 And through their branches, thickly pil'd,
 The sunbeam's glance has gently striven,
 Till Twilight, o'er the breezy wild,
 Is settling with the dews of Even.

The woods were man's primeval home,
 Till Art began his steps to train,
 Ere Science plann'd the vaulted dome,
 Or cities spread the water'd plain;
 And where the forest's branches wave,
 He feels that ancient Presence still,
 That o'er the world dominion gave,
 And bow'd its tenants to his will.

THE BELOVED AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

THEIR features beam with beauties mild,
 Since Eden's sin rehears'd and sung—
 Their voices breathe bewitchings wild,
 The music of the tempting tongue;
 And all the tales of Syrens told,
 Of Venus and her sportive boy,
 From woman's charms did Fancy mould,
 And blend with scenes of gloom or joy.

'Tis theirs the mind, with nameless art,
 To rule with Beauty's gentler sway,
 And weave a spell around the heart,
 That steals it from itself away:
 'Tis theirs to wake each kindlier power,
 The soul before had kept unknown,
 As Summer draws from bird and flower,
 Each lovely tint, each joyful tone.

The Stoic's crabb'd and prudish mind,
 In stately rigour wean'd from joy,
 With rules by frigid thought defin'd,
 Would Cupid's blander sports destroy;

But what cares he for Cynic's frown?

He does not shoot a dart the less;
But warms the sage, the saint, and clown,
To bow to woman's loveliness.

The cottage maid has more to boast,
Within her green and pastoral home,
Than she who shares the courtly toast,
In princely hall, or regal dome:
She dwells beyond their guilty glare,
Embower'd in scenes of peace and joy,
Where Health imbues the rural air,
And happy thoughts the heart employ.

'Tis not the gemm'd and jewell'd show
Of flaunting dress, ornately gay,
But eyes that beam, and cheeks that glow,
As fresh as stars and skies in May,—
And modest looks, and thoughtful brows,
With grace of form, and ease of air,
And smiles that cheer, with tones that rouse,
That loveliest make the lovely fair.

Oh, woman! when thy form was made,
The glory of this earthly plan,
The savage world was softly sway'd,
As Beauty touch'd the heart of man;
But when he saw together meet,
The peerless face, the gentle mind,
His partial bliss became complete,
And all his nature grew refin'd.

THE STRANGER OF THE SPHERES.

WHEN forth the stars from Chaos sprung,
 Careering in their boundless way,
 The hand that form'd, around them flung
 The radiance of eternal day,
 And bade them hold, through realms of light,
 Their course along the ethereal main,
 Rul'd by the laws that plann'd their flight,
 Till to their source compell'd again.

'Mid worlds that gemm'd the depths of heaven,
 The wonder of the shining throng,
 Soon as the great behest was given,
 The Comet's length was trail'd along;
 And quickly on its fearful flight,
 Emblaz'd in space, was swift to fly,
 And feed the stars with warmth and light,
 In dazzling grandeur through the sky.

Where worlds on worlds their circuits keep,
 And suns their beaming signs display—
 Where systems roll, and planets sweep,
 While Splendour circles round their way,

Its meteor-orb sublimely flew,
 A torch of fire 'mid stars of flame,
 And cours'd that deep and stainless blue,
 Nor jarr'd Creation's wondrous frame.

While yon great sun is seen to shine,
 And bathe in light his spangled train,
 The Comet glows, by laws divine,
 Safe link'd in that unbroken chain;
 But when its trailings earthward sweep,
 The awe of trembling myriads rise,
 Who mark the radiant omen leap,
 And dream Destruction from the skies.

Eternal Wanderer! 'Mid the spheres,
 Upon thy circuit bright and free,
 With human hopes, and human fears,
 We see thee nigh—we see thee flee;
 And ask, with truth-imploing eyes,
 On what strange errand thus array'd?
 While Nature, from the stars, replies—
 'Tis God's alone to be obeyed!

THE CALL OF SPRING.

Come forth to the sky,
 All lovely and green,
 And greet the glad eye,
 In beautiful sheen,
 Ye blossoms that fell
 In still autumn-graves,
 When Summer's death-knell
 Swept over the waves.

Come dew with the dawn,
 Refreshing the plain—
 Come grass to the lawn,
 With wild weeds again:
 Ye trees of the wood,
 Your verdure display,
 O'er the still solitude,
 And foot-trodden way.

Let the land and the sea,
 The air and the sky,
 Be fresh and as free
 As in summers gone by—

And the bellying sail
 O'er the glad billows sweep,
 As the gentle south gale
 Goes out to the deep.

Come warmth to the stream—
 Come balm to the air;—
 On the Sun's fervid beam,
 Ye light zephyrs bear
 The scent of the flower,
 When sweetly reveal'd,
 From the loveliest flower,
 And loneliest field.

Let valley and plain,
 With moisture expand,
 As clouds from the main,
 Sweep over the land;—
 Let Pleasure and Mirth,
 In joyance unite,
 O'er the green-cover'd earth,
 With Health and Delight.

Let the fallow-field glow,
 The harvest-grain bloom,
 And the wild-flower throw
 The breath of perfume
 On the far-sweeping gales,
 Away through the sky,
 And tell tell the glad vales,
 That Summer is nigh.

SUMMER'S LAST SIGH.

THE winds were warm and the evening nigh,
 And the blossoms clos'd their cups to sleep,
 As they lingered yet for the autumn sky,
 To fade in the dews her night-shades steep:
 And her tears fell cold on the leaves around,
 And chill'd the waves of the scented air,
 And bow'd their stems to the dampen'd ground,
 As the soft winds breath'd their dirge out there.

'Twas a sweet sad song, as it roll'd away
 O'er glades of green and beds of flowers—
 The hymn of the summer-buds' decay,
 And the pensive close of bright, glad hours:
 It told of death in the sylvan shade—
 Of yellow'd scenes in the sun's decline,—
 That the vernal robe of the earth must fade,
 And its fair sheen cease awhile to shine.

It came as soft as the swan's death-tune,
 As sweetly drear, and as sadly wild,
 While the mellow rays of the queenly moon,
 Were veil'd from the place where late she smil'd;

And the lone night-bird came forth to swell,
 The mournful dirge of the sadden'd winds,
 And her song in lengthen'd pauses fell,
 On the echoing dells and the mountain pines.

A low sob rose by the purling stream—
 The willow wav'd as the tone swept on,
 And the fire-fly flash'd a farewell gleam,
 As Summer sigh'd that her charms were gone.
 When the funeral song of the flowers was sung,
 They linger'd brief in the autumn sky,
 And a changeful pall o'er the fields was flung,
 As one by one they were seen to die.

THE HUES OF AUTUMN.

THE wreath has gone from Summer's brow,
And droops and fades in Autumn's hand,
Who spreads, in mournful glory now,
Her gorgeous drapery round the land.

O'er wood and walk the eyes behold,
With countless colours undefin'd,
The trees their crimson leaves infold,
With pale and purple intertwin'd.

Where blew the winds their chilling breath,
They left the leaves to change and die,
And these are now the hues of death,
That sadden while they charm the eye.

In varying shades immingled blend,
The green, the russet, brown, and blue,
Where Nature's azure boundaries lend,
Their milder sunlight to the view.

'Tis Verdure's latest lingering hour,
Whose wither'd shroud will soon be on,
To hide the hue of leaf and flower,
Till Summer's slightest trace is gone.

Their glowing tints profusely gleam,
 O'er fields of death in triumph spread,
 As Victory's signs in battle stream,
 Around the dying warrior's head.

Thus Autumn ever loves to wear,
 A garb of glory in decay,
 As gay as Spring and Summer share,
 To strew their green and flowery way.

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

THE woods, in Autumn's southern sun,
 Are fading from their verdant hue,
 And bath'd in crimson, gold, and dun,
 The leaves the ground in myriads strew—
 Or fluttering wild o'er hill and vale,
 From field to field together fly,
 As light as downy thistles sail,
 Beneath the storm-encumber'd sky.

In redd'ning rays they brightly glow,
 And Verdure's dying splendours wear,
 And wave above, or float below,
 Like banners on the boundless air;
 And where each hue extends its lines,
 Th' insidious crisp of Death is seen,
 Whose reign displays its dreary signs,
 In bloomless fields of blighted green.

There dwells a sadness in the air,
 That heralds Life's advancing sleep,
 And these dead leaves the fate declare,
 That comes to all we fain would keep:

And yet they share a beauty too,
 For Autumn blushes as she dies,
 And courts Decay in every hue
 That wastes its freshness in the skies.

How gaily looks yon mantling oak,
 As by the frost its limbs are shorn,
 And down beneath the chilling stroke,
 Its careless leaves are loosely borne;
 There with its wither'd laurels bound,
 It stands in bold, majestic pride,
 And shakes the trophies to the ground,
 That Summer's stronger gusts defied.

They hold in air their sportive race,
 Till gently lodged along the plain,
 Like snow-flakes round the hillock's base,
 That rise in drifts, then fall again:
 And with the nut and acorn's shell,
 They rustle 'neath the squirrel's leap,
 In every nook and winding dell,
 O'er which the fitful breezes sweep.

How, leaf by leaf, till all are gone,
 They slowly fade and softly fall,
 While every limb, of verdure shorn,
 Implores Spring's reviving call.
 Like trophies borne in battle down,
 They sink beneath a warring sky,
 Whose rivers freeze, whose tempests frown,
 While Death and Beauty round them lie.

Though but a brief and glorious hour,
 The world is rob'd in raiment gay,
 With hue of leaf, and scent of flower,
 To cheer us on our pilgrim way—
 Its charms but set again to rise,
 To bless our earthly travell'd bourne,
 With blander airs, and brighter skies,
 When all their freshness shall return.

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a sadd'ning beauty dwells in Autumn's latest hour,
 When every leaf has wither'd grown, and scentless every flower,
 When from the south a cooling breeze is swelling through the skies—
 The parting sigh that Summer gives to verdure as it dies.

A thousand hues the woodland wears, immingled with its green,
 A motley dress but wantonly thrown o'er a dying scene,
 As varied as the lovely tints that deck the months of flowers,
 When leaves are thick upon the fields, and blossoms in the bowers.

A mellow'd light pervades the air, as wanes the autumn sun,
 To stream his rays o'er southern lands he loves to shine upon ;
 And slowly creeps the voiceful wind around the forest's brow,
 Where, sparely leav'd, the fading trees their friendless branches bow.

No wood-bird sends his tuneful song in gladsome sign of praise,
 Nor stays to pluck his beamy wings beneath the noontide's rays ;
 But leaves the vales where, lately loud, he trill'd his numbers free,
 And warbled out a sweet farewell in sound-exhausting glee.

Here Summer wore her vernal charms beneath delightful skies,
 Till Nature doff'd the cheerful dress for one of Tyrian dyes,
 And now retakes her mantle pied with purple, red, and green,
 To share a mild and hazy clime till Winter's bleaker scene.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

As the leaves of Autumn fall,
 Nipp'd by frosty weather,
 So at Nature's funeral call,
 Down they sink together,
 In that still and lasting sleep,
 O'er which Love is sighing,—
 In the lonely-cavern'd deep,
 Or the green earth lying.

Some afar in stranger-lands—
 Some beneath the billow—
 Some where join'd their youthful hands,
 Find the mould'ring pillow,—
 All in common slumber laid,
 Loose the ties that bound them,
 When the hearts they warm'd and sway'd,
 Hung delighted round them.

Like some fondly cherish'd lute,
 When its strings are broken,
 Every silvery sound is mute,
 Once so sweetly spoken ;

But the eyes that shone so bright—
 Hearts that beat sincerely—
 Forms that gladden'd scenes of light—
 Are remember'd dearly.

With the unrecounted train,
 Who have gone before them,
 They are free from mortal pain—
 Peace is reigning o'er them.
 Beauteous be the skies above,
 Soft their beds below them;—
 Never be the names we love,
 Denied the praise we owe them.

THE GRAVE OF KEATS.*

"To that high capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal."—SHELLEY.

HE sleeps in Rome, where Desolation sits
And frowns, defying Art and man in scorn.
He sought the bright scenes of her classic skies,
To view the land whose mighty habitants
Alternate shook and rul'd the world with arms;
And as the far sun lit her crumbling walls,
Her pillar'd temples, columns, shafts, and shrines,
Amidst grey ruins, learn'd her modern power,
And trac'd the story of her ancient fame.

* JOHN KEATS died at Rome of a consumption, aged 24, 24th Feb, 1821, and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy towers and walls, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.—
Preface to Adonais.

He drank the sweet breath of th' Italian winds,
 But Health danc'd on while he stood drooping by,
 Marr'd in his loves, and fragile as a child,
 Waiting the chill voice of commanding doom.
 He meekly hoarded all he heard and saw,
 Till like the young tree, canker'd in the bud,
 He fell amidst the glories of the hills,
 And ceas'd to be their worshipper.

His fame is blooming in the realms of song,
 And like the fresh flowers on his classic grave,
 Its perfume scents his native English skies.

WHO MOURNS FOR THE INDIAN?

OCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN.

Who mourns for the Indian?
 The grass and the trees,
 The murmuring stream,
 And wandering breeze;—
 His tribe and his years,
 And his name were unknown,
 And no brother can weep
 Where he lyeth alone.

Who mourns for the Indian?
 The bird in his song,
 At twilight and eve,
 Will sadly prolong
 A requiem strain,
 In the dim solitude,
 In grief for the fall
 Of the child of the wood.

Who mourns for the Indian?

The dew-drop, at night,
Will steal from the sky,
Unbroken and bright;
And the rays of the moon,
And gleam of the star,
Will glide to his mound,
From the zenith afar.

Who mourns for the Indian?

The billow shall break,
With a passionate roar,
And the sea-caverns quake,
As it rolls to the shore,—
And the winds of the deep
Shall whistle and yell
To the place of his sleep.

Who mourns for the Indian?

The cloud shall let fall
The tears that it weeps
O'er the slumbers of all;
And men as they pass,
Shall pause to descry,
The place where the bones
Of the lone sleeper lie.

THE LOVELY ONE.

I BEHELD on her cheek the soft hues of the blossom,
 When giving its scent to the sun and the air,
 While eyes that betoken'd the love-hallow'd bosom,
 Shone dewy and bright under dark-curling hair ;
 And I saw on her face the red blushes of Morning,
 When sunlight is warming the breast of the wave,
 As fairer and brighter, her features adorning,
 They rose in their beauty the heart to enslave.

Her soul was endued with a gentle devotion,
 In Goodness and Love ever pure and sincere,
 And glow'd with the zest of delighted emotion,
 That made her to Friendship more cherish'd and dear.
 The light of her spirit serenely advancing,
 Enliven'd the graces and charms of her form,
 And around her there hover'd a sweetness, entrancing
 The mind that was free, and the heart that was warm.

In her bright home of peace, in her loveliness smiling,
 She blended the thoughtful, the pensive, and gay,
 And with Duty and Pleasure her girlhood beguiling,
 Youth merrily roll'd its bright tenour away.

When years from the maiden her freshness was stealing,
 She clung to the joys that could bless and allure ;
 While Innocence linger'd and gladden'd each feeling
 That knew not a pang to regret or deplore.

Oh, deem not that Fancy's bright hues have dissembled
 The image she pictures in colours so fair,
 For no pencil that e'er to the canvass has trembled,
 Has left her resemblance in loveliness there.
 She rul'd in her beauty, earth's fairest of daughters,
 And homage no heart to her charms could deny ;
 And as stars of the skies, or as gems of the waters,
 Was the love-klindling orb of her soul-beaming eye.

ON A WOODEN IDOL,

FROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

THY monsters, Ignorance! teem in every clime,
Still new, despite what ancient Error saw,
And mingle darkly with lamented Crime,
Grotesque and vile as hideous Art can draw.
This is thy offspring! Hewn by pagan hands,
And lov'd, and bless'd, and sought in savage prayer—
God of their tribes, and guardian of their lands,
Who rul'd their isles, and feign'd to conquer there.
When to the temple turn'd their heathen feet,
To give dull homage round the rugged shrine,
Each spectral dream, and strangely crude conceit,
Were thoughts, to them, importing will divine;
And this rough block, with jagg'd, forbidding face,
Mov'd their rude hearts, and aw'd their grovelling race.

THE SHADES OF EVENING.

SHADES of Evening! Soft and cooling
 Fleet thy breezes through the sky,
 Air with grateful freshness ruling,
 While the stars look out on high.
 When thy haze is sweeping o'er us,
 Trembling on the verge of day,
 Slumber spreads her couch before us,
 Bidding all our cares away.

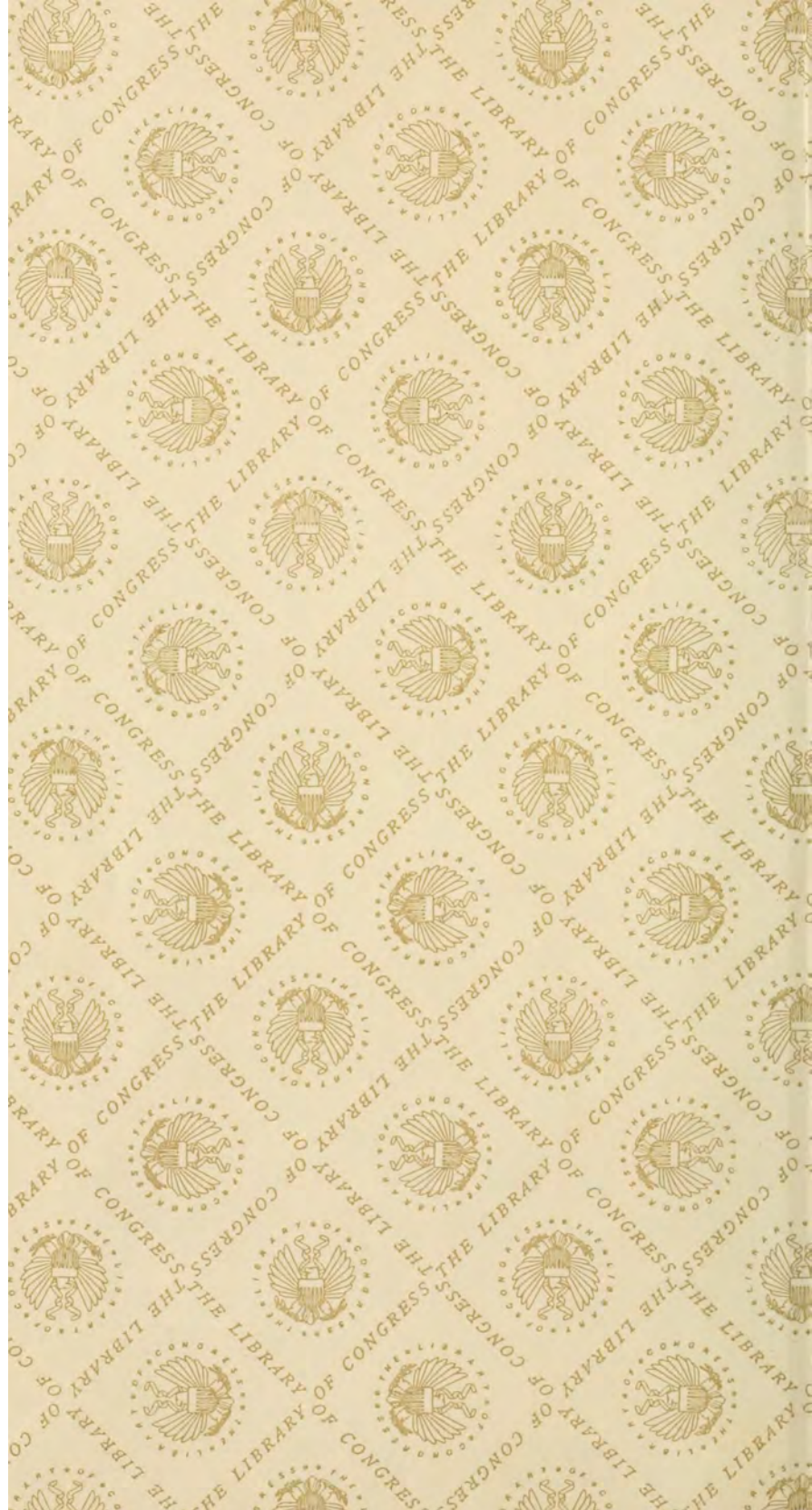
Shades of Evening! Dear to Feeling
 Is thy calm and friendly gloom,
 When, thy quiet round us stealing,
 Memory can her spell resume:
 Then, the things of Life reposing,
 Fancy's pinions are unfurl'd,
 All the luring scenes disclosing,
 In her bright and teeming world.

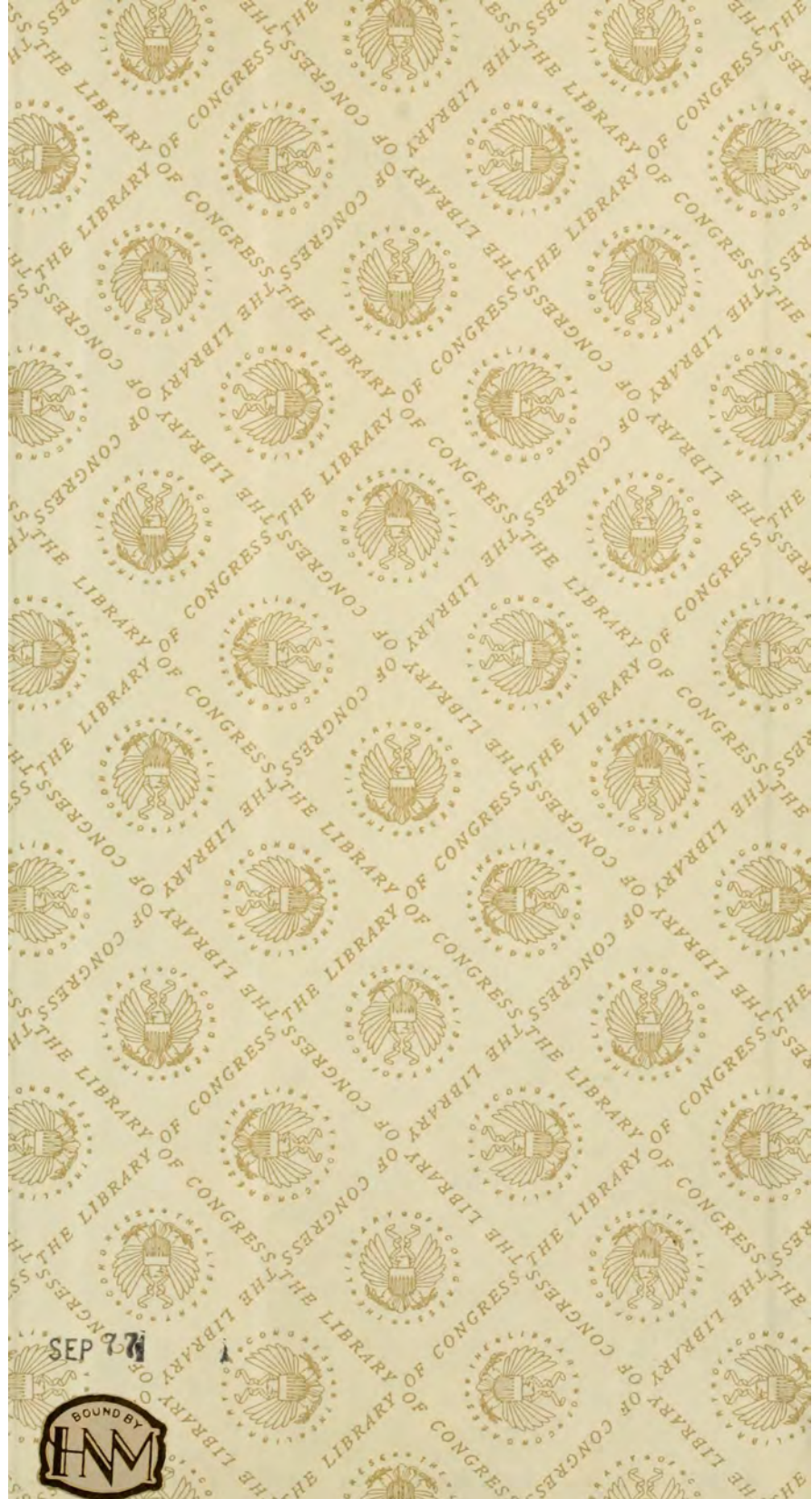
Shades of Evening! Oft in turning
 Back to past and cherish'd time,
 Memory all its charms discerning,
 Would review the youthful clime,

Where upon the green I gamboll'd,
 Through the fields, and round the wood,
 And with happy playmates rambled,
 In the wildest, merriest mood.

And if e'er my feet should clamber
 Up those verdant cliffs again,
 There I'd watch the Sun's bright chamber,
 O'er the rock-ridg'd mountain's chain,—
 There await thy dim dominion,
 While he clos'd his high career,
 Borne on Fancy's lifting pinion—
 Rapt in Boyhood's memories dear.

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