

Original.

THE FOREST LEAVES.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

ART sorry for the forest-leaves ?

That all neglected, sere and dry,
Partake no renovating gale,
No drop of mercy from the sky !

So late, upon the airy bough,
In beauty, health, and pride elate,
They leap'd, they danc'd, they woo'd the breeze,
Euxulting in their high estate.

They drank the shower, they caught the beam,
They inly thrill'd with rapture's sigh,
As music from the warbling train,
Their minstrel-tenants, floated by.

November came—they shuddering fell,
The plague-spot mark'd them, deep and sore.—
Thrust like the leprous mourner forth,
To see their greenwood home no more.—

Sweet friends we've had—who made the tree
Of life, as beautiful, and fair;
Bright sparkling in the dews of youth,
And all untouch'd by pain or care.

They pal'd! They fell! Deploring Love
Beheld them vanish as a dream,
And Music how'd upon her harp,
And wept like those by Babel's stream.

Yet fell they not to rise again ?
Thro' Him who hath the power to save,
Thro' Him who for his followers rent
The bondage of the insatiate grave !

He will not break the bruised leaf
Wild eddying o'er the frost-bound plain,
Nor cast away the contrite soul,
Joy! joy! they died to live again.

Original.

TURN THE PAGE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

STUDENT, by the lamp's pale light,
Turn the page—what greets thy sight ?
Dogmas new of earthly lore,
Wisdom—never scanned before.

Poet! o'er thy page of snow
Mournful strains, like tear drops, flow;
Hope would fain thy woes assuage
Change thine hand and turn the page.

Reader of historic lore,
Dark the events thou connest o'er,
Deeds of blood and deeds of pain !
Turn the page and break the chain.

Maiden, while thine eye doth rove
O'er some magic tale of love,
Now in hope and now despair
Turn the page—what see'st thou there ?

Man of mammon, ever seen
O'er thy ledger poring keen,
Life and soul thou'st given for gain,
Turn the page—thou'st read in vain.

Man, before whose thoughtful eyes
Earth and time go sweeping by,
Thou hast turned another page
In the volume of thine age.

Every year that fades and dies
Leaves a lesson for the wise,
And from every page they turn
Truth and wisdom deep they learn.

Original.

TO THE HUDSON.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

The writer's first passage up the Hudson was on a tranquil night at the close of summer, a clear moonshine making the stars pale in the deep sky. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the scene, as doubling point after point, the river at each turn revealed a new aspect of beauty. It was no longer the majestic Hudson, sweeping its proud waters to the ocean, bearing a fleet upon its bosom, and making a grand highway for wealth and luxury; but a graceful, sentient creature, with an onward purpose, gliding amid the hills, and smiling as it overcame the obstacles in its path.

Oh! river, gently as a wayward child
I saw thee 'mid the moonlight hills at rest—
Capricious thing, with thine own beauty wild,
How did't thou still the throbbings of thy breast?
Rude headlands were about thee, stooping round
As if amid the hills to hold thy stay;
But thou did'st bear the far-off ocean sound,
Inviting thee from hill and vale away
To mingle thy deep waters with its own;
And, at that voice, thy steps did onward glide,
Onward from echoing hill and valley lone;
Like thine, oh, be my course—nor turned aside,
While listening to the soundings of a land,
That like the ocean call invites me to its strand.

MONEY, being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight;
Money is the sov'reign power,
That all mankind falls down before:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all,
That men divine and sacred call;
For what's the worth of any thing,
But so much money as t'will bring.—*Hudibras.*