

T H E W O O D S .

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

Who with a trusting heart doth walk as Nature leads,
 Shall see the secret of her lore on every hand revealed;
 Her wildest method hath no startling mystery now;
 Each change succeeding, new and other friends disclose.
 The wintry sleet and winds but feign the powers of death and chill;
 For the future yet enfoldeth gardens bright with vernal bloom.
 The rage of storm and ocean-blast doth sweet caresses hide,
 Foreboding still another rest, another deeper calm.
 No sorrow falls, though Spring forgets to put her garb of promise on;
 No blackening doubt corrodeth prayer when summer is not glad;
 Nor sick despair enfeebles faith if autumn's stores are few.
 Completion weaves her golden thread through signs of grief and woe;
 Clouds are but mist when thickest gathering o'er our eyes,
 And still the stars above us gleam, to all their glory true.
 Would'st know, O friend! wherefore so oft I seek the depths of forests dim,
 In hours of peace, in times of joy, and ever when my soul is sad?
 Why with a longing comfort full I greet the elm, and birch, and pine,
 And claim the daily gifts of hope from oak, and fir, and linden-tree?
 The maple, ash, and chestnut high, why cease they ne'er my heart to stay?
 Or pensive locust, or the willow mild, how may I their friendship know?
 Wherefore the beech with blessing rare saluteth me, his wayward child?
 Or, witching as thy promised maid, the graceful cedar bows her love.
 No lowly alder-pied or guléd laurel sees me coldly pass them by;
 The dog-wood and the wild-grape, nor yet the humble thorn is dumb.
 Each tree is tuneful, hath a blessed lay, and thus the sylvan chorus swells:

'We are children who in other guise were sent to dwell on earth with thee,
 And pass the shapes of life and death to God, who doth all fate include.
 We seek no sorrow, but awake with light, and stream, and thoughtless bird to joy
 In what betides therein we dwell and trust our given nature full.
 With spring, through love, we haste, and all our bloom display:
 The maple red, the feathered elm, the freshly glistening pine,
 The bronzed oak, the browning birch, and generous chestnut, gaily plumed;
 White-blooming locust and lindens sweet intoxicate each gale;
 And with her bridal coronet the dog-wood lures the amorous vine.
 Ivy beams throughout the sun-light; we braid no distant care therein;
 The robin's nuptial song awakes no hidden dream of fear.
 Love and to-day suffice the coming of our wondrous sheen:
 Each leaflet as a votive prayer, each bud a high exultant hymn.

'The past prepares — wise future mouldeth well as summer hath her sway;
 Spring's flowers yield to bursting leaves, and the fair attains the high.
 Thus wail we not dead hours passed, but don broad robes of grandeur full.
 Oh! ask not why this majesty, e'en let thy heart therein be glad,
 And well mayest thou within our bosky depths now linger slow,
 Where seas of emerald shade shall lave thy fevered soul,
 And Peace embrace thy stricken heart, as with a mother's loving arms.
 Here dwell the tender winds, who woo the frolic, laughing leaves
 To minstrel forth one happy lay of long and dear content.
 The linnet from the sycamore sings but of hope fulfilled;
 Wild roses light the hemlock's gloom, and smile his frown away;
 Fair Dryads of the fore-time eld still haunt the rugged oak,
 For more than mortal comeliness his silent truth attests.

The streamlet's merry glee no bitter pang of envy brings,
 And fitting shadows, while they go, ne'er wane to pale unrest.
 We are one with all those dearest thoughts each holy heart contains,
 Assured amid the saddest doom that beauty hides away.
 Though night enshrouds dear day, and worshipped stars must pale with dawn,
 We wait the work of pregnant time, in calm, serene repose.

'An endless change proves endless care, and Time doth not fold his silent wings.
 New hours lead fresh wonders on, for yesterday hath wrought her lot,
 And now the trophied conqueror, imperial Autumn, comes.
 Spring's gentle voice no tidings told of gorgeousness like this;
 Or knew the blissful summer-time what unseen splendor filled her-train.
 Announced but by his victory this king proclaims his throne,
 And binds the earth, a captive glad, with jewelled chains of rarest hue.
 Huge oaks he decks with ruby, wrung from morning's reddest glow;
 In gold resplendent as high noon the beech astonished stands;
 A quivering robe of rainbow tint adorns the chestnut high;
 And purple gleam of moon-lit cloud is o'er the lonely hemlock thrown.
 With argent from old ocean borne, the maple flasheth brave;
 All sun-set's burnished hues enwrap the stately sycamore.
 The melting veil of dying morn upon the elm is staid,
 And glad with star-bright garniture the hazel seeks thine eye.

Enchantment, fairer than thy dreams of youth, o'ertakes each bough and spray,
 And lapped in amber autumn air, we tempt thy soul as heaven nigh.
 Wherefore, this glory came, and whither hath its mystic goal?
 Believe: it were not meet to question high fulfilment thus.
 The days of earth must onward ever, through Being's ebb and flow.
 Wherefore we are, and whither wend, our reason hath no call to seek:
 To us doth faith dispense a beauty charmed, and love, and joy,
 Who halleth all beseeching good, unstung by lawless wisdom's fang;
 Immortal guides to strength and peace, they know no weakness or dismay,
 But usher our appointed in with welcome now and welcome ever more.

'Mysterious change, through endless form, avails her guise in life or death;
 Twin foes unite, who chase one round, to meet at last one parent eye.
 The vanished flowers of earlier suns were but the seed for goodlier fruit,
 Awaiting harvests yet unripe, yet by OMNISCIENCE meetly sown.
 Bright yesterday hath wrought her lot, her cadence still exalts thine ear,
 While sorrow's cup rests on thy lip, for winter speaks and death obeys;
 Wild winds, and snow, and crushing blasts, he looseth on our ranks.
 Affrighted e'en the sun grows pale, with beam no longer true;
 Black storm, and ice, and riving shock, they rend sweet life away.
 Ensanguined are our snowy feet, as fast the gory garlands fall;
 No more the roses smile, or doth sweet whip-poor-will complain;
 The winsome streamlet too is dumb, and desolation reigns alone.

With trunk and bough all grey and bare, our moan appals thy weeping heart,
 A requiem of death supreme, a dirge of ever-closing tomb.
 Yet vain are tears bewailing us, but for thyself, oh! bid them swifter flow;
 For grief shall wash the craven spirit's ghastly night away,
 Where fear bestrides all comeliness, and strength is but a dire mis-shape.
 For ever speaks each change, with fuller word, that beauty shall not die,
 And 'midst fell tempest roar of death, behold the pine is dauntless still!
 No sense hath compass of that weal, fore-closing Being's royal way;
 Through shape Protean, 'mid varied theme across a tideless sea of days,
 Resigned we wait the vernal hour whence spring shall break again, if meet,
 And when her sweet embrace shall fail, a nobler seed sleeps in our fruit,
 To ripen for a garnering, whereof completion holds good ward.
 To peace our voice beseecheth, and thou art dearer far than we:
 There speaks thy fate clear angel-tones, and Peace bids thee, O child, be still.'

East-Creek, (N. J.)

T W O W I S E M E N O F G O T H A M .

WITH THEIR REMARKABLE SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

— 'I do love
 To note and to observe: though I live out,
 Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
 The currents and the passages of things,
 For mine own private use.'

WHAT was the nature of the train of thought in which I was indulging last Sunday morning, I really cannot pretend to say, but my pen had been dawdling along by itself over the sheet of paper spread before me; probably it was a letter — possibly a love-letter — possibly not. The date was fairly written out; 'Dear,' and a portion of a flourishing capital, plain enough before my eyes whenever they chanced to turn in that direction; but so far as I am conscious of having done any thing at all, I was intently gazing into our own and the neighboring backyards, where a miniature deluge, worthy of a pigmy Pyrrha and Deucalion, was being visibly enacted. An antediluvian Shanghai, having curtailed himself of nearly one-half of that portion of his person above high-water mark, was gazing with the remainder in stupefied despair over the waste of waters about him. My pretty little bantam-rooster, his stockings all down at the heel, and his toilet in sad confusion, rolled himself all up in his tumbled white feathers, till there was neither form nor comeliness to him, and crowded close up to his shivering Biddy for comfort. Even glorious old chanticleer had forgotten to sound his clarion that morning. Poor fellow! — there he stood on one leg for a full half-hour, never once thinking of his fine flowing tail-feathers dragging in the muddy waters, nor of his golden-red plumage that used to glance so in the sun, now all ruffled, and be-draggled, and torn; nor yet could he muster up spirit to toss aloft his drooping, blood-red crest; but he drew in his humbled head as far as he could get it, into the bristling row of neck-feathers, and ruefully nestled up to his old enemy the Shanghai, and the coquettish little bantam-hen aforesaid. But Shanghai had been in terribly bad humor the whole morning; for his gouty toe was not materially benefited by the hydropathic treatment, and he had been swearing audibly in excellent Chinese at the villainous customs of the outside barbarian land; and now he drew up the afflicted member with extraordinary care, and lifting it high above the raging flood, strutted off with a degree of pomp and importance extremely at variance with his actual condition and appearance. But the soggy bricks and spongy sod could afford but little consolation in his comfortless plight, and little to soothe his injured pride; so after marching with stately tread, like an opera-hero under difficulties, up and down his narrow domain, he was fain to creep back, dispirited and woe-begone, to the sorry group he had left, and ill could his craven