

I feel more dispirited than before. Was it once thus with the masters of song? I should be glad, had they left the record of their experience in their mighty vocation, for I might then be better prepared to fail. There remains only their beautiful success, and it is impossible to believe they faded beneath these harrowing disappointments, under which I lie cold and sorrowful. I read the sublime strains dejected by my feeble trial to follow their daring footsteps, and have concluded many times, that I cannot be a poet. Again the desire comes, again I long to sing, and add a new thorn to my pillow in my failure.

You cannot think how singular it is, you should say I was born a poet. Your keen eyes, that usually search every secret, have been blinded by love. You do not see, with the impartiality of a stranger, of what in another, you call trifling with the muse, you think, because I send it, poetry. I lately wrote some verse which I send you, as I do not feel like writing more to-day.

E. A.

AUTUMN.

A VARIED wreath the autumn weaves
Of cold grey days, and sunny weather,
And strews gay flowers and withered leaves
Along my lonely path together.

I see the golden-rod shine bright,
As sun-showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
That robs the Day-god's splendid ray.

The aster's violet rays divide
The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
As moonlight floats across the sea.

I see the emerald woods prepare
To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm-trees spot the air
With yellow pictures softly o'er.

I saw an ash burn scarlet red
Beneath a pine's perpetual green,
And sighing birches hung their head,
Protected by a hemlock screen.

Yet light the verdant willow floats
Above the river's shining face,
And sheds its rain of hurried notes
With a swift shower's harmonious grace.

The petals of the cardinal
Fleck with their crimson drops the stream,
As spots of blood the banquet hall,
In some young knight's romantic dream.

No more the water lily's pride
In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue weed's clusters ride
And mock the heaven's element.

How speeds from in the river's thought
The spirit of the leaf that falls,
It's heaven in this calm bosom wrought,
As mine among those crimson walls.

From the dry bough it spins to greet
Its shadow in the placid river,
So might I my companion meet,
Nor roam the countless worlds forever.

Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
While fades my dream-like company.

Our skies glow purple, but the wind
Sobs chill through green trees and bright grass,
To-day shines fair, and lurk behind
The times that into winter pass.

So fair we seem, so cold we are,
So fast we hasten to decay,
Yet through our night glows many a star,
That still shall claim its sunny day.