

Communings with Nature.

No. V.

AUTUMN WINDS.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

THE most casual observer of nature must, we think, have noticed the peculiar tones of melancholy wailing borne on the wings of the wind at the commencement or middle of autumn—not the wild terrific gusts of threatening winter, but a low sobbing wail, not loud enough to disturb or alarm, but just sufficient to impress its melancholy on the most thoughtless heart. Its wail having been one evening universally noticed, the following poem was the consequence :

Sad is thy voice, oh ! moaning wind ;
 Whence comes thy wailing tone ?
 Mourn'st the wreck thy pinions find—
 Leaves brown, and bare, and strewn ?
 That forest boughs are dark and drear,—
 That loveliest shrubs are bow'd and sear,
 And mother Earth a robe must wear
 Of bliss o'erthrown ?

Weep'st thou the buds, whose glistening bloom
 Hath passed away from earth ?
 That Nature is but one wide tomb
 O'er loveliness and mirth ?
 Mourn'st thou sweet Summer's early flight—
 That storm hath rush'd from mount and height,
 To whelm the flowers whose sunny light
 Smil'd o'er his birth ?

Weapest thou the laughing sunshine gone,
 The softly gleaming sky ?—
 Night's glistening dews—the starry zone—
 And the sweet scents floating by ?

Oh! check thy moanings; but awhile
Is hid sweet Nature's glowing smile:
'Twill wake again, and Earth beguile
Of tear and sigh!

The moaning blast rush'd by, but as it pass'd
Methought a low sweet voice the answer cast—

“I mourn not for the glory
A brief while pass'd away;
That lovely things and beautiful
Are tainted with decay.

“I mourn not for the flowers
Whose lovely smiles are dead;
That summer's sunlit hours,
All phantom-like, are fled.

“But there are lovelier blossoms,
Now shrin'd in love and mirth,
In whose rich smiles and silver laugh
No dream of wo hath birth.

“I see—I see them passing;
I mark the shrouding pall—
The loving and the blessing—
Like leaves, I see them fall!

“I weep the broken-hearted—
The spirits left to moan—
The bounding hope—the trusting love—
The springy joyance flown.

“I weep the young hopes blighted,
That may not bloom again;
The stars that love hath lighted,
Quench'd 'neath pale sorrow's rain.

“I mourn the heavy anguish
That winter's cold touch brings;
The fireless hearth—the scanty board—
The pangs that hunger wrings.

“The famish’d babe and mother—
 The strong man chafed to sin.
 Oh! help’d ye one another,
 Such woes had never been!”

And so the mournful wind went murmuring along,
 And thrilling truths were breathing in its sad and solemn song!

LINES,

UPON HEARING THAT IT WAS CUSTOMARY IN FALMOUTH, JAMAICA, TO SOUND A HORN
 ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE PACKET BEARING LETTERS.

THERE is no heart so senseless or so cold,
 That beats not with rapture, as the ear
 Dwells on the sound prolong’d which oft has told
 A world of hope, and calmed a world of fear,
 The horn! in that one joyful sound will come
 A thousand mingled feelings of delight!
 Fancy at once recalls each distant home,
 The loved, the absent, are before our sight.
 Ah! who can describe the ecstasy,
 The impetuous rush of thought, which quickly flows
 Across the soul? perchance a laugh of glee,
 Or tear of joy, are all we may disclose.
 Th’ excited moments o’er, every voice
 (Hushed in the stillness of expectancy)
 Waits but the letters duly ranged for choice
 To utter, half suppressed, the words “For me!”
 “For me, for me!” from every mouth is heard
 In tones of joy, or bursts of pride,
 As nature prompts, or hope, too long deferred,
 Now sees, at once, its wishes gratified.
 For parent, friend, or brother, each have claims
 Of tender ties; and all well pleased abide
 The rush—the crowd—the glancing over names,
 And all that fond impatience cannot hide.
 The long-expected treasure now is clasped
 With fervour—in the half-extended hand,