

THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER, 1852.

THE MONTH—OCTOBER.

THE month has arrived,

“When all the woods are hung with many tints,”

ripe, mellow, decaying October. The earth has put off her summer raiment; the fresh flowers glisten no longer in the silver dew; and the forest chambers seldom echo to the voice of melody—

“Now a soft haze is hanging o'er the hill,
Tinged with a purple light—how beautiful,
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on
By sad October.”

The blossoms and foliage of sunny July have passed away. August with its scented hay-fields and blushing forests has laid down its sceptre. September with its golden harvest, and overflowing garner, has gathered its luxuriant stores, and faded from our presence, leaving but its blessings and its bounty behind. And now October has come, which Bryant calls,

“Heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf;
And suns grow meek, and the meek sun grows brief,
And the year smiles as drawing near its death.”

And, truly, despite the shadow of decay, which lingers on all, this is a lovely season. The sky has lost its summer brilliance, but there is a softness in its blue depths, which compensates for the glittering hue. The mellow sunshine gives an enchantment to the landscape, unseen in previous months, while the old woods hang out their changeful colours, like a bannered army, on the day of victory. How beautiful and how brilliant are the many hues which attract and chain the eye. Every variety of tint, from the rich victor scarlet, to the sad, melancholy brown. Nature is ever lovely in her waving trees, but she lavishes her beauty on them in October.

The charm of the decaying foliage is more peculiar to North America than any other region. The change is so gradual here, that the beholder is prepared for the dreariness of winter by the shadows on the leaves. As the bright hectic on the invalid's cheek, whispers of the pallor of death, so does the