

IN THE PALACE OF THE WOODS.

VENUES of brown mould
 To sylvan mansions sweeping;
 Carpet of red and gold,
 Where fallen leaves enfold
 Eternal rest, in cold
 Death and beauty sleeping.

Arches o'er arches built
 Of branches interlacing,
 Their banners green are gilt
 And blazon'd where atilt
 Heaven's blue and gold is spilt
 O'er them in splendid tracing.

The birch in white arrayed,
 A chaste Carrara column,
 Gleams 'gainst the maple's shade
 By elm and grey pine stayed,
 A stately colonnade
 Ornate and grand and solemn.

The bittersweet's blue frieze
 Adorns each royal chamber;
 The woodbine's draperies
 Sway in the vagrant breeze,
 Hung, as the sunbeams please,
 On shafts of molten amber.

Sweet fern sheds perfume
 In our conservatory;
 Lobelias are in bloom,
 The asters star-lit gloom,
 The golden rod's bright plume,
 The sumac's crimson glory.