



OCTOBER.

How bright, and blue, and calm and clear,
Appears the unclouded atmosphere !
About the mountain's viewless head
The morn in wreathed folds was spread,
And vainly strained the inquiring eye
For stream or hedge, for earth or sky.
But, lo ! withdrawn the misty screen,
The far-off landscape smiles serene,
And not a speck I see impair
The pureness of the bright blue air,
Yet remnants of that misty screen
Still linger on the meadows green,
On coppice bow'r, and hedgerow spray,
That flaunting skirts the amaiso way.
The spider there her mazy line
Suspends, how delicately fine !
Besprent with many a sparkling gem,
From blade to blade, from stem to stem ;
Like pleasant thoughts that wait behind,
The bright memorials to the mind
Of ills, that o'er its prospect cast
An early gloom, now clear'd and past !
Climb we yon path, and rest awhile
Inclining on the upland stile !
How deep the stillness all around !
How clearly comes each distant sound !
The schoolboy's shout now mounts the hill ;
And now the ploughman's whistle shrill,
Hark ! 'tis the crowing cock ! and hark !
'Tis now the lonely sheepdog's bark !
Or woodquest's solemn coo ; or cry
Harsh-grating of the watchful pie ;
Or gabbling geese from elmy grange,
That o'er the late-shorn stubble range !
Or flocks, that crowd the new-turn'd ground,
Or seek the wood with croaking sound.
Such simple sounds, that please the ear
In nature's ample theatre,
Find echoes in the feeling heart
More pure than richest strains of art.
Nor wholly is the thicket mute :
Perch'd by the hawthorn's serjet fruit,
Or the tall poplar's leaves among,
The redbreast trills his cheerful song.
And oft I pause with thee to note,
Though not like thee of tuneful throat,
Or breast of ruddy plumage, him
The bird of graceful figure slim*
And robe, and vest, and kerchief pied,
As to and fro, from side to side,
With quivering tail and forward head,
Quick runs he o'er the dewy mead,
And darts upon his insect prey —
Or mark the flocks of linnets grey
Start from the sheltering hedges beneath,
And flutter o'er the furze-clad heath.
See from their white-plum'd fronts are fled,
And dusky throats, the flaming red,
Till spring again with love illum'd
The lustre of each blood-bright plume
But stay ! O'er yonder lake the white
What bird, about that wooded isle,
With pendent feet, and pinions slow,
Is seen his ponderous length to row ?
'Tis the tall heron's awkward flight ;
His crest of black, and neck of white ;
Deep sunk his pale blue wings between ;
And giant legs of merky green.
His tribe is seaward far away :
Batho remains, as peasants say,
About a faithful guard to roam,
Till genial April call them home,
On their lov'd oaks' wide spreading crown
Aloft to build their close-set town.

* The Pied Wagtail, or Dish-washer.

So without words, by secret sign,
Speaks to their sense the voice divine !
And see, alarm'd, with upward wing,
As near we draw, the wild-ducks spring,
And through the sky tumultuous stream,
With out stretch'd neck, and noisy scream.
With silent flight across the pool
On wing and foot the gallinule
For safety flits to lowly bush,
Or lurks within the sheltering rush
Thus nature prompts diverging ways :
Some soar expos'd to public gaze ;
More safe to others, as more sweet,
The secret path, the close retreat !
And lo, what a dives the hungry coot !
I know him by his soles suit,
Streak'd with his pinion's border white,
And o'er his bill the frontlet bright.
Again he dives : you well might know,
There's store of finny prey below,
E'en heard you not the frequent dash
Broak the still lake with sudden splash ;
What time, emerging from the deep,
The fish with spring elastic leap ;
Nor saw the rippling motion pass
In circles o'er the wavy glass.

The wavy glass is smooth again :
And mark, nor wrinkle low, nor stain,
Disturbs the crystal mirror's face ;
Where in illusive traits we trace,
Complete as limner's brush can show,
The sun bright sky's cerulean glow.
The margin, that the waters lave,
The flags that on their margin wave,
The sheep, and cows, and pastures green,
And circling hills are pictur'd seen :
Seen is the hill's o'ershadowing pride,
In all its tints diversified.
Which Autumn's glowing touch induces
With richest robe of thousand hues.
Alas ! those thousand hues declare
Corruption's work is busy there,
Forerunners they of winter's gloom .
A victim garnish'd for the tomb.

Too true, too true ! For as we tread
The woodland path, behold, o'erspread
With leaves is all the slippery way,
Unseen consumption's early prey
Nor slow'r is left to glad the sight :
Save that its streaks of pink and white
The cranebill here and there displays ;
And mushrooms spread their gill-like rays,
Dispersing wide the powdery seed,
Past by the crowd with little heed ;
While curious eyes admiring view
Their structure, and their varied hue.
Or red, or yellow, white, or brown,
The club-like stem, the pent-house crown,
No mine through nature's wide domain,
But yields, when wrought, a precious vein.

Still ruin spreads. Ev'n now a blast
Has o'er the lingering foliage past,
And round our steps the forest pours
Its gorgeous dress in frequent show'rs,
As full and frequent as the rain,
Which threatens soon to fall amain,
And with a veil the landscape shroud,
Impervious as the morning cloud.
Such oft is life's brief day ! At first
'Tis wrapt in gloom, but that disperst,
All radiant does its poontide shine ;
In gloom its evening hours decline.
O, for those days, from morn till night,
When all is gladness, all is light !

Enough : behoves we homeward haste,
Content and grateful to have past
Not pleasureless, throughout our way,
Nor useless, this October day.
Blest, who can soften care, or find
Employment for the vacant mind,
In nature's scenes ! Thrice blest is he,
Who onward casts his eyes to see,

In all that through the waters move,
In earth beneath, and heav'n above,
The Sovereign Pow'r who nature made,
The Author in his works display'd !
Field Naturalist's Magazine.

Habit of Completion.—One of the most valuable habits of life is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are, perhaps, more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can really be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone or it is become encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind to a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will be inevitably one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any single undertaking, will hang over him like a spell and paralyze all his energies ; and he will at last believe that, however fair may be his prospects and however feasible his plans, he is fated never to succeed.

March of Intellect.—The following announcement has appeared for several days on the door of a domicile in Wheeler-street, Spitalfields:—"To the lovers of nature and science.—On Tuesday evening, will be delivered by Brother Jack, a lecture on anomalous and vigitable matter, and their influence on nature when frustrated by deborcherie, and the taking in of too excessive liberations of strong drink. Hafter the lectur, a discourse, in which Brother Bowen will pint out the destructive consequences of gin-drinking, when not properly and regularly defined. All intilligent beings are expected to attend. N. B. These lecturs will be continued every week till funder notis. By horder, J. Owen, Sec. Admittance one penny." Surely after this all men may venture to go from "what now" to "what next."

Common sense is like flour—the other sort of sense is like sugar, and gilding, and all the rest of those things—beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish *patisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments—now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread.

A great man commands the affections of the people ; a prudent man does not complain that he has lost them.

BLANKS.

Seamen's Articles (under the new Act,) Bills Lading, Outward and Inward Reports, &c. &c. for sale at this Office.