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FOREIGN LEAVES.

In virgin beauty, man's estate, the earth

Emerges from chaos, from the North;

The Architect had weighed each element,

Had fixed the solid land, the seas had bent;

He ribbed with rocky bones the mountain's side;

Adjusted motion's swing, and chained the tide.

The heat and cold, the light and shade, the shower,

The lovely slant on buttressed columns rear.

In nice proportion blent, with silent power,

Obeyed the Voice which bade them clothe the hill.

And valley drains, with emblem of His skill.

The towering pines arose, the wind tossed wide

Their waving plumes, while whispering music sighed;

The royal oaks rejoiced in sturdy strength

Of quietly trunk, and massy arms of length;

The lovely slant on buttressed columns rear

Aloft their Gothic arches branching fair.

Amid the crags, the goodly cedars cool

With fairy wand the crystal stream and pool;

Superb in vernal green, or autumn dyes,

The gorgeous maple groves in masses rise;

The queenly silver birch in mirror bright

Of moonlit lake, enchants the wondering night.

The spirit of the woods designs their leaves,

Distills the incense rare the balsam breathes.

"Sublime the earth," Man's brutish ignorance

Destroys instead, and blindly trusts to chance;

With ax and fire he strips each mountain side;

The rivers shrink, the bubbling spring is dried;

The leafy reservoirs of life he drains

And vapors moist, the blinding snow thrust drains

New torrents rage and swell the inland seas;

The cyclone's vortex, reads calamity;

Then desolately, through smoky, blighting hail;

Unbalanced Nature groans, her prodigies fall;

The people faint for bread, the beasts must die;

Foul pestilence now reigns where valianters cry.

Faintly the sun on the pages ere

Of Time's great register, the story drew

Is told of wrecks of empires, nations' graves;

Spectral ruins, famine-battered caves;

Of Eden's curse, of Noah's ark, of Sodom's fate;

Of human sin, of God's just retributive hate.

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