

longer look green, and the little stubble that remains is almost colorless. The stately trees, so bare, hold their heads upward. How rugged are their branches, destitute of foliage—everywhere proofs of the decay of nature. The wind so keen, so icy, means and howls, as if howling in tones of anguish the disolation around. The poor leaves are whirled about in all directions by the blast. They cannot find a resting place. The cruel wind makes merry with their feebleness, and drives them about in clouds. How like our hopes, withered, and our desires, the sport of a remorseless fate. The mountain is clothed with a sable garment, and looks like a large, dark, grim giant, rising in the distance; and masses of mists gather around it. The shadows are gathering very fast, for the day wanes, and night is coming apace, "and all the air a solemn stillness holds," save the ruffling sound of a stream of water, the dashing and gurgling of which falls sweetly on my ear. This, heeding not the decay around, unmindful of the desolation everywhere, proceeds on its uninterrupted course, pleasing the ear with its soft music, and so it will continue to murmur till frost penetrates its limpid waters, and changes them to one mass of ice. Now I hear a cart rumbling along, slowly, very slowly—it proceeds. The horse, wearied and lazy, pushes forward at an inert sluggish pace, as if the heaviness and dreariness around influenced its motions. And now shadows deepen, and I must not soloquize any longer, but hasten homewards. Faintly the lights of the city gleam in the distance, and the pale glimmering is a relief to me. I once more mix with the throng, and hastily pace the well lighted streets.

I have taken a farewell look at

the country, for who knows but that snow may change its appearance when next I pay it a visit. How much has been said and written about autumn, so poetically and sweetly called the fall of the year. What food for reflection! What a theme for the gifted, the thoughtful and the observing mind. Associating the decay of nature to man's own crumbling and uncertain existence, the dying year cannot but make our hearts sad, but when we know that all will revive again, the heart is glad.

ISIDORE.

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