

TREES.

BY MISS FRANCES BROWN.

Like the latest left of the battle-spears,
 In their ancient strength they stand ;
 And they tell us still of the sylvan years
 When the forest filled the land ;
 Ere ever a hunter tracked the wood,
 Or mariner ploughed the seas—
 But the isles were green in the solitude
 Of their old primeval trees.

They have survived the Druid's faith,
 And the Roman Eagle's fall,
 And the thrilling blast of the bugle's breath,
 From the Norman's knightly hall ;
 But the sun shines bright, and the showers descend,
 And the wild bird's home is made
 Where the ancient giants still extend,
 The green of their summer shade.

We have seen our early winters hang,
 Their pearls on each leafless bough ;
 And greeted the buds of the waking spring,
 With joy we know not now ;
 For life hath its winters cold and hoar—
 But their frosts can form no gem ;
 And the spring may breathe on our hearts no more,
 But it still returns to them.

They are waving o'er our hamlet roofs,
 They are bending o'er our dead—
 And the odours breathed from his native groves,
 On the exile's heart they shed ;
 Like him who gazed on his country's palm,
 By the palace-circled Seine,
 Till the Pagod arose in the wanderer's dream,
 And the Ganges rolled again.

How sweet in our childhood's ear they spoke—
 For we knew their voices well,
 When far in our western hills, they woke,
 Of the coming spring to tell ;
 But now they send us a sadder sound,
 On the winds of autumn eves—
 For it murmurs of wisdom more profound—
 But it tells of withered leaves.

Oh! such were the Dryad tones that rose,
 In the Grecian woods of old—
 And the voice from the Indian wilderness.
 That the Conqueror's fate forebode ;
 For many a minstrel's dream had birth
 In the sounds of leaf and breeze ;
 And the early oracles of earth
 Were the old complaining trees.

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Terrebonne, July, 1848.

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GEORGE SHEPHERD.

Montreal, May 30, 1848.

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