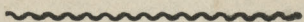


SYLVAN SHADES.

“Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale’s complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.”

SHAKSPEARE.



'TIS evening, and the sun's bright beams are fading in
the west;
'Tis now when charming Nature is in all her beauty drest;
Now all above and all below presents a placid scene,—
Above is the ethereal blue—below the verdant green.
Now is the time to haunt the grove, enchanting notes to
hear:
Though some may fly from solitude, to *me* it is most dear.
There I can take a retrospect of life's uncertain maze;
And, though my spirit be o'ercast, can hope for brighter
days.
There I can view the stately oak—my native country's
pride,—
On which, to conquer on the main, her gallant sailors ride.
There I can hear the nightingale, the bird of sweetest lay,
Pour forth her soft and plaintive notes, to hail the close
of day.
'Tis there the tender, anxious dove coo's fondly o'er its
mate,
And gives an emblem how to love, when in the wedded
state.
There I can muse on those dear friends whom death hath
from me torn;
But, as my loss may be their gain, I quickly cease to
mourn.
There I can view the num'rous shades of dark and lighter
And banish all my gloomy thoughts, enraptured with the
scene.
Then let me stray to sylvan shades, when placid eve draws
near;
Though some may fly from solitude, to *me* it is most dear.

CHARLES CLARK.

GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX.