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By Robert
Elegant Selections

IN VERSE:

FROM THE WORKS OF

SCOTT, BYRON, SOUTHEY,

AND OTHER

POPULAR POETS,

CHIEFLY OF

THE PRESENT AGE.

BY DAVID GRANT,

TEACHER OF ENGLISH, WRITING, &c.

IN ABERDEEN.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ,
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

HOR.

EDINBURGH:

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M. DCCC. XVIII.

1818

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present Work was originally designed for the benefit of the Compiler's own pupils; to be used as exercises in the reading and recitation of Poetry; —and the short Extracts at the beginning of the book, to be also employed in the course of communicating instruction in the art of Penmanship.

The splendid accessions which British Poetry has recently received from an illustrious constellation of contemporary Poets, enlarges and diversifies the materials from which a Selection may be made. Of an advantage so invaluable the Compiler has availed himself, and has endeavoured to enrich his Collection with the most admired passages which their authors, in their happiest moments, and highest flights of inspiration, have produced:—passages “with less of earth than Heaven:”—passages, so deeply impregnated with the fire of genius, and so instinct with living spirit, as are calculated to excite a creative power, and to awaken to eloquence and to poesy, master spirits that may yet lie concealed unconscious of their strength.

On the merits of the present Selection it would be unbecoming in the Compiler here to pronounce. This, however, he may be allowed to observe, that he has attempted to comprise in a narrow compass, some of the most brilliant and attractive gems of poetical creation; and, as far as a publication of this kind will admit, to preserve the same lustre which distinguished them when they shone among the less valuable and splendid materials with which they were surrounded.

Though the primary design of the volume was for the use of schools, the Compiler trusts, that the variety, beauty, and singular sublimity of the pieces, will recommend it to the attention of the admirers of poetical composition.

Aberdeen, 12th August 1818.

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Elegant Selections.

FORCE OF AFFECTION.

O! MANY a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the ^{GRATITUDE} never meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May sooth or wound a heart that's broken.

Scott.

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE, of all, avails the human kind,
For all beyond the grave are joys of mind.

Hogg.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

THAT thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

Cowper.

HUMANITY.

Oh! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain,
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

Ferdansi.

OBSCURITY.

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
 Thy death, with deep reflection !
 And when again he rising shines,
 Thy day of resurrection !

Cowper.

MORTALITY.

THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Gray.

PROVIDENCE.

THE Holy Power that clothes the senseless earth
 With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant grass,
 Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
 Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.

Rowe.

SEA VIEW.

THE fluctuating world of waters wide,
 In boundless magnitude, around us swells ;
 O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
 Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,

But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of night,
Millions of leagues aloft, Heaven's azure vault
Bends, over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted, clear circumference.

Dyer.

NATURE SUPERIOR TO ART.

Who can paint like Nature? can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, scenes like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

Thomson.

GRATITUDE.

What is Grandeur? what is Power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?—
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure sweet;
Sweet music's melting fall,—but sweeter far
The still small voice of Gratitude.

Gray.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

FRIENDSHIP, contracted with the wicked,
Decreases from hour to hour,
Like the early shadow of the morning;
But if Friendship be formed with the virtuous,
It will increase like the shadow of the evening,
Till the sun of life shall set.

Herder.

FRIENDSHIP.

II.

Is aught so fair

In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms,—is aught so fair
 As virtuous Friendship?—As the candid blush
 Of him who strives with Fortune to be just;—
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
 Or the mild majesty of private life?

Akenside.

EMINENCE.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils that to those summits led.

Byron.

RETIREMENT.

I.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Byron.

RETIREMENT.

II.

THRICE happy he who, far in Scottish glen
 Retired, (yet ready at his country's call,)
 Has left the restless emmet-hill of man!
 He never longs to read the saddening tale
 Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
 The tale of wo; and ere it reaches him,
 Rumour so loud when new, has died away
 Into a whisper, on the memory borne
 Of casual traveller:—As on the deep
 Far from the sight of land, when all around
 Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell
 That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
 Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

Graham.

TRUE DIGNITY.

TRUE Dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below;
 Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
 Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.

Beattie.

HOPE.

I.

WITH thee, sweet Hope! resides the Heavenly light,
 That pours remotest raptures on the sight:
 Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.

Campbell.

HOPE.

II.

WHATEVER cheerful and serene
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.
 Hence the most vital movement mortal feels
 Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
 It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
 Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
 Of rugged life, to lead us patient on:
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
 Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
 Is Hope—the last of all our evils, Fear.

HOPE.

III.

HOPE, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
 On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
 Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
 And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
 With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.

Cowper.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light;
 And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!—
 Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
 And such is Man; soon from his cell of clay
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

Rogers.

 THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
 No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks
 For others' wo, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

Darwin.

 SUBLIMITY.

WHO that, from heights aerial, sends his eye
 Around a wide horizon, and surveys
 Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
 Through mountains, plains, through spacious cities old,
 And regions dark with woods, will turn away
 To mark the path of some penurious rill
 Which murmureth at his feet?

Akenside.

REPUTATION.

WHO, that surveys this span of earth we press,
 This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities !
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name, that long should hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting place !

Moore.

 MARKS OF SUPREME POWER.

I.

IN the vast and the minute, we see
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

Cowper.

 MARKS OF SUPREME POWER.

II.

Go, mark the matchless workings of the Power,
 That shuts within the seed the future flower ;
 Bids these, in elegance of form excel,
 In colour those, and these delight the smell ;
 Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

Cowper.

 MUSIC.

I.

MUSIC has charms to sooth the savage breast,
 To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

Congreve.

MUSIC.

II.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
 Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born ?
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

Beattie.

ADVERSITY.

If ye would know
 How visitations of calamity
 Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there !
 Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
 Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
 The rolling moon ! I watched it as it came,
 And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams ;
 But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
 In waves of silver round, and clothes
 The orb with richer beauties than her own ;
 Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

Southey.

VARIATIONS OF THE SEASONS.

WHAT dignity, what beauty in the change,
 From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,
 Alternate and revolving ! How benign,
 How rich in animation and delight,
 How bountiful these elements—compared
 With aught as more desirable and fair,
 Devised by fancy for the golden age ;
 Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
 In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,
 Through the long year in constant quiet bound,
 Night hushed as night, and day serene as day.

Wordsworth.

TIME.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
 Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
 course, *Scott.*

 A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

I.

How beautiful is Night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is Night!

Southey.

 A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

II.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and Night
 Rode in her zenith; not a passing breeze
 Sighed to the groves, which in the midnight air
 Stood motionless, and in the peaceful floods
 Inverted hung: for now the billow slept
 Along the shore, nor heaved the deep, but spread
 A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
 Which, dim and waning, o'er the shadowy cliffs,
 The solemn woods, and spiry mountain-tops,
 Her glimmering faintness threw: Now every eye,
 Oppressed with toil, was drowned in deep repose;

Save that the unseen shepherd in his watch,
 Propt on his crook, stood listening by the fold,
 And gazed the starry vault and pendent moon;
 Nor voice nor sound broke on the deep serene,
 But the soft murmur of swift-gushing rills,
 Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep,
 Unheard till now, and now scarce heard, proclaimed
 All things at rest, and imaged the still voice
 Of Quiet whispering to the ear of Night. *Dr Browne.*

ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

HAIL, Night! pavilioned 'neath the rayless cope;
 I love thy solemn state profoundly dark;
 Thy sable pall; thy lurid throne of clouds,
 Viewless, save by the lightning's flash; thy crown,
 That boasts no starry gem; thy various voice,
 That to the heart, with eloquence divine,
 Now in soft whispers, now in thunder speaks.
 Nor undelightful is thy reign to him
 Who wakeful gilds, with reveries bright, thy gloom,
 Or listens to the music of the storm,
 And meditates on Him who sways its course. *Grahame.*

A MOON-LIGHT SCENE.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,
 The rising vapours catch the silver light:
 Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
 Passing the source of light; and thence away,
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
 For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
 (In a remoter sky, still more serene,
 Others, detached in ranges through the air,
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
 Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
 The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
 These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
 Their Mighty Shepherd's everlasting name. *Bloomfield.*

CHARMS OF NATURE.

OH! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
 Oh! how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgive

Beattie.

 INFLUENCE OF VIRTUE.

As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even,
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
 In the green trees; and kindling on all sides,
 Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
 Capacious and serene:—like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
 Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,
 From the incumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment,—nay, from guilt;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.

Wordsworth.

 SONNET.

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise! on the evening sky
 Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
 Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
 Delights to linger on thee; for the day,

Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds a while,
That deepened dark anon, and fell in rain :

But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.

Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

Southey.

PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

“ This is my own—my native land ? ”
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Scott.

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly ;
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;

But Love is indestructible :
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth :
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there. *Southey.*

 WAR.

I.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
 Respect the brethren of their birth,
 Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
 Less cruel chase to each assigned.
 The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
 Watches the wild-duck by the spring ;
 The slowhound wakes the fox's lair ;
 The grayhound presses on the hare ;
 The eagle pounces on the lamb ;
 The wolf devours the fleecy dam ;
 Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
 Their likeness and their lineage spare.
 Man, only, wars kind nature's plan,
 And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;
 Plying War's desultory trade,
 Incursion, flight, and ambushade,
 Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
 At first the bloody game begun. *Scott.*

 WAR.

II.

OH, War ! thou hast thy fierce delight,
 Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright !
 Such gleams as from thy polished shield
 Fly dazzling o'er thy battle-field !

Such transports wake, severe and high,
 Amid the pealing conquest cry ;
 Scarce less, when after battle lost,
 Muster the remnants of a host,
 And as each comrade's name they tell,
 Who in the well-fought battle fell,
 Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
 Vow to avenge them or to die !
 Warriors !—and where are warriors found,
 If not on martial Britain's ground ?
 And who, when waked with note of fire,
 Love more than they the British lyre ?—
 Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear !
 That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
 At which the heart-strings vibrate high,
 And wake the fountains of the eye ?

Scott.

BATTLE.

As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrents wildly streaming ;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood ;
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter rave ;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
 The lightnings of the waters flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar :
 Thus, as the stream and ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
 And fate and fury drive along.

Byron.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
 Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,

Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
 Did your eye brighten, when young lambs, at play,
 Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
 Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?
 Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
 At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
 If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
 Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
 In shades like these pursue your favourite joy—
 'Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.—
 A few begin a short but vigorous race,
 And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place:
 Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,
 From every side assembling playmates run;
 A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
 A starting crowd, impatient of delay.
 Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
 Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed:"
 Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
 The green turf trembling as they bound along;
 Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
 Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
 There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
 A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
 Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
 Scattering the wild-briar roses into snow,
 Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
 Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
 Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
 Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

Bloomfield.

A SEA STORM.

I.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth to hear
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And, with an eager and suspended soul,

Woo terror to delight us.—But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements ;—
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not ;—to look round, and only see
 The mountain-wave incumbent with its weight
 Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
 This is, indeed, a dread and awful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror, once,
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon ^{the} suffering mariner ! *Southey,*

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A SEA STORM.

II.

HIGH o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
 Uprolled in hills of fluctuating fire :
 Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
 Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan ;
 The ship's high battlements, to either side
 For ever rocking, drink the briny tide ;
 Her joints unhinged in palsied languors play,
 As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray ;
 The skies asunder torn, a deluge pour ;
 The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower ;
 High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
 Amid the gloom, portentous meteors blaze ;
 The ethereal dome, in mournful pomp arrayed,
 Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
 Now flashing round intolerable light,
 Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
 Such Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
 When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.
 It seemed the wrathful angel of the wind
 Had all the horrors of the skies combined,
 And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
 At once the dreadful magazine disclosed ;
 And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
 The inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings ;

Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks;
 Mad Chaos from the chains of death awakes:
 Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
 And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
 There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,
 While chill suspense and fear congealed their blood:
 Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
 And drear concussion rends th' ethereal frame;
 Sick earth, convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
 And nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar. *Falconer.*

THE SOLDIER

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-clo^{se} had lowered;
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When, reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my young mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn;—
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming-ear melted away

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields :
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar ;
 Now sweeps along beneath the polar star ;
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow.
 Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay,
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.—
 But Hope can *here* her moonlight vigils keep,
 And sing, to charm the spirit of the deep :
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
 His native hills, that rise in happier climes,
 The grot, that heard his song of other times,
 His lowly cot, his bark of slender sail,
 His glassy lake, and broom-wood blossomed vale,
 Rush on his thought—he sweeps before the wind,
 Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And flies at last to Helen's loved embrace ;
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
 While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
 His faithful dog salutes the welcome guest,
 Points to the master's eyes, where'er they roam,
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Campbell.

 THE AGED SEAMAN AND HIS WORN-OUT SHIP.

PENSIVE beneath yon solitary elm
 An aged seaman sits ; fixed is his eye
 On the refulgent stream that flows below ;
 Where the rich radiance, an impervious mist
 Of brilliant light, plays on the sparkling waves,
 And, with suffusive lustre, veils the scene.

His only arm o'ershades his aching sight,
 That pierces, anxious, through the dazzling air,
 And rests upon its object (scarcely seen,
 Yet known to the best feelings of his heart),
 The vessel that he fought in from his youth:
 She, on whose deck he often joined the shout
 Of battle and of victory,---she, whose sides,
 Enclosed the field of all his manly force,
 The scene of all his friendships;—not a plank
 But bears some mark of blood, which once he loved.
 On this side, by the foremost cannon fell
 His own right arm, when in pursuit she spread
 Her crowded sails, and on the dastard foe
 Bore down Britannia's thunder. Slowly now
 She drifts up heavily upon the tide;
 As when an eagle, wounded in mid air,
 On languid pinions motionless awhile,
 Floats on the aerial current, so she moves,
 A shattered burden on those very waves,
 That often with their sparkling spray have kissed
 Her welcome prow, and resonant have dashed
 Their silvery spume against her rapid sides.
 But ah! more swift than when the courted gales
 Swelled her expanded canvass, does the mind
 Of this poor mariner retrace her course
 On distant oceans:---by the tempest driven,
 He braves the mountain billows, or, involved
 In all the dreadful dissonance of fight,
 Rends down the colours of the boarded foe!
 On his rough brow remembrance fondly gleams;
 His brightened cheek through all its wrinkles smiles;
 While frequent 'cross his eye his moistened sleeve,
 Drawn hastily, wipes off some starting tear. *Noble.*

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest grace,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest ;
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 " Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?"
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
 Thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.—
 Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot, than all the rest.

Montgomery.

SONNET.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
 Long had I watched the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies. *Wilson.*

 WATERLOO.

LOOK forth, once more, with softened heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part ;
 Triumph and sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas ! what links of love that morn
 Has war's rude hand asunder torn !
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here, piled in common slaughter, sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep ;
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again ;
 The son, whom, on his native shore,
 The parent's voice shall bless no more ;

The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
 His blushing consort to his breast ;
 The husband, whom, through many a year
 Long love and mutual faith endear.
 Thou canst not name one tender tie,
 But here dissolved its reliques lie !
 O ! when thou see'st some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale ;
 Or mark'st the matron's bursting tears
 Stream when the stricken drum she hears ;
 Or see'st how manlier grief, suppressed,
 Is labouring in a father's breast,—
 With no inquiry vain pursue
 The cause, but think on Waterloo !

Scott.

THE TOWERS OF INTELLECT.

THE sun had gone down to his valleys of night,
 And evening arose in her sombre-hued vest ;
 Her zone with the rubies of ether was bright,
 Her hair shone with gold, and on zephyrs so light
 Waved lovely and fair in the west.

When, musing, I sauntered the sea-beach along,
 Where the cool balmy breezes give health as they pass ;
 The surge scarcely murmured the pebbles among,
 So still that I heard the small grasshopper's song
 On the cliffs, 'mid the sun-withered grass.

A calm, like the waves hushed to silence, there fell
 On the wild stream of fancy's tumultuous thought ;
 What stayed their mad current, that spirit can tell,
 Whose magic divine gave its birth to the spell,
 That so sweetly, yet mightily, wrought.

I bethought me on that secret Power which planned
 And reared all this wonderful structure of soul ;
 Where Reflection's clear skies o'er the prospect expand,
 Where Intellect's Towers impregnable stand,
 The glory and strength of the whole.

How mighty this bulwark ! exulting, I cried,
 Lo ! its turrets so lofty all fearless I climb ;
 Hence I gaze all around with superior pride,
 Hence abroad on the wings of Invention I ride,
 And scale all the ramparts of Time !

As I spoke, a poor maniac wandered that way ;
 O'er the steep he was led by a liveried groom ;
 In his eyes a dim spark of wild phrenzy there lay,
 But passion was dead, and had yielded her sway
 To Apathy's sovereign gloom.

All vacantly silent, one while he would gaze
 On the waters of ocean, unmoved with a wind ;
 Seemed pleased with the moon, as she rose in a blaze,
 Then again appeared lost in the dreariest maze
 Of the wilderness waste in his mind.

This sight checked the pinions which pride had just spread ;
 In a moment they shrunk, and my boastings were still
 In the ruins of Reason ; before me, I read,
 That he who had built this munition so dread,
 Might cast down its walls at his will.

And within me this oracle sprang to my ear ;
 ("Twas the small voice of Truth, by its wisdom confessed :)
 " Cease, mortal, to boast of security here,
 Human pride must be banished this dignified sphere ;
 I will bring thee a worthier guest.

" Thou hast seen how in ruins yon citadel lies ;
 Guard thine own, while it yet has no breach to repair ;
 There lift, where the Towers of Intellect rise,
 Religion's broad standard unfurled to the skies,
 And plant it immoveable there.

“ So from hence, by thine eyes, shall that path be descried,
 Which no vulture hath seen, where no lion hath trod ;
 Thou aloft on the wings of Devotion shalt ride,
 And, spurning the trappings and trammels of Pride,
 Shalt triumph alone in thy God.”

PICTURE OF A CLEAR FROSTY DAY.

Ruddy is now the dawning as in June,
 And clear and blue the vault of noon-tide sky ;
 Nor is the slanting orb of day unfelt.
 From sunward rocks, the icicle's faint drop,
 By lonely river side, is heard at times
 To break the silence deep : for now the stream
 Is mute, or faintly gurgles, far below
 Its frozen ceiling : silent stands the mill,
 The wheel immoveable, and shod with ice.
 The babling rivulet, at each little slope,
 Flows scantily beneath a lucid veil,
 And seems a pearly current liquified ;
 While, at the shelvy side, in thousand shapes
 Fantastical, the frostwork domes uprear
 Their tiny fabrics,—
 Spotless parterres, all freakt with snow-white flowers,
 Flowers that no architype in nature own ;
 Or spreads the spiky crystals into fields
 Of bearded grain, rustling in autumn breeze.

Grahame.

BENEVOLENCE.

SWEET is the joy when Science flings
 Her light on philosophic thought ;
 When Genius, with keen ardour, springs
 To grasp the lovely truth he sought.
 Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre ;
 When Liberty and Virtue roll
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the Poet's soul,
 That waft his flying bark through seas above the pole !

Sweet the delight, when the galled heart
 Feels Consolation's lenient hand
 Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart,
 With Friendship's life-supporting band !
 And sweeter still, and far above
 These fainter joys, when purest Love
 The soul his willing captive keeps ;
 When he in bliss the melting spirit steeps,
 Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he weeps.

But not the brightest joy, which arts
 In floods of mental light bestow ;
 Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
 Blest antidote of bitterest wo :
 Nor those that love's sweet hours dispense,
 Can equal the ecstatic sense,
 When, swelling to a fond excess,
 The grateful praises of relieved Distress,
 Re-echoed through the heart, the soul of Bounty bless.

Hayley.

THE EAGLE.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the ocean, such as sternly frowns
 On utmost Kilda's shore, his vigorous young
 The royal Eagle draws, resolving straight
 To try them at the sun. He marks their form,
 Strong pounced and ardent with paternal fire,
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own.
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 Through ages, of his empire. See, they rise,
 Wind up the clear blue sky, and, with fixed gaze,
 Drink in their native noon! the father king
 Clasps his glad pinions, and approves their birth.
 Behold him then resume, in lonely state,
 His promontory throne, whence many a league
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Thomson.

 THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
 His withered cheek and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day ;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry ;
 For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay ;
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door ;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp, a king had loved to hear.—
 Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
 And an uncertain warbling made—
 And oft he shook his hoary head.
 But when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
 And lightened up his faded eye
 With all a Poet's ecstasy !
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along ;
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
 Cold diffidence, and Age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost.
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,
 The Poet's glowing thought supplied ;
 And while his Harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. *Scott.*

THE CREATION REQUIRED TO PRAISE ITS
 AUTHOR.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay !
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name :
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair !
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid :
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode !
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who called yon worlds from night :
 " Ye shades, dispel,"—the Eternal said ;
 At once the involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow :
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice ;
 Ye thunders burst, with awful voice,
 To HIM who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,
 Your great Creator own ;
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale ;
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise ;
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To HIM who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ye, who the charms of grandeur please,
 Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne :
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
 O praise the eternal Source of Love,
 With youth's enlivening fire :
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blessed name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

PROVIDENCE, A SOURCE OF PLEASURE.

O NATURE ! all thy seasons please the eye
 Of him who sees a Deity in all.
 It is his presence that diffuses charms
 Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
 To think that He, who hears the heavenly choirs,
 Harkens complacent to the woodland song ;
 To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
 Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky ;
 To make His presence in the mighty bow
 That spans the clouds as in the tints minute
 Of tiniest flower ; to hear His awful voice
 In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale ;
 To know, and feel His care for all that lives ;—
 'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
 A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
 Yes ! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
 Where no sweet song is heard, the heath-bell there
 Would please my weary sight, and tell of Thee !
 There would my gratefully uplifted eye
 Survey the heavenly vault, by day, by night,
 When glows the firmament from pole to pole ;
 There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
 " The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
 The firmament shows forth his handy work !

Grahame,

 PICTURE OF A BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAY.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heaven ; the blessed sun alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
 How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
 The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,

Save where along the bending line of shore
 Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
 Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
 The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
 With long-protruded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
 It was a day that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling: even the insect swarms,
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 To sport through one day of existence more;
 The solitary primrose, on the bank
 Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
 Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
 The forest and the everlasting hills,
 Smiled in that joyful sunshine—they partook
 The universal blessing.

Southey.

TWILIGHT.

IT is the hour when, from the boughs,
 The nightingale's high note is heard;
 It is the hour when lover's vows,
 Seem sweet in every whispered word;
 And gentle winds, and waters near,
 Make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 And in the sky the stars are met,
 And on the wave is deeper blue,
 And on the leaf a browner hue,
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As Twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Byron.

ADDRESS TO TWILIGHT.

I LOVE thee, Twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
 Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
 I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
 When o'er the harp of thought, thy passing wind
 Awakens all the music of the mind,
 And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
 And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns.
 Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase,
 Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;
 Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
 Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
 Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
 A world of wonders in the poet's breast :
 Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll ;
 An awful vision opens on my soul.

Montgomery.

 A TWILIGHT SCENE IN ITALY.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; heaven is free
 From clouds, but all colours seem to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest !

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour, as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.
Byron.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drums beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
 And, rolling like the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's heights of crimsoned snow,
 And bloodier still the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ;—but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where fiery Frank, and furious Hun,
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens.—On, ye brave !
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
 And every sod beneath their feet
 Shall mark a soldier's cemetery.

Campbell.

EVENING.

METHINKS I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow-moving ; while the Night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man,
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day ;
 Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems ;

A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
 Suffices thee ; save that the Moon is thine
 No less than her's ; not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set,
 With modest grandeur, on thy purple zone ;
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

Cowper.

FRIENDSHIP.

—————WHAT gift of richest clime
 Ere drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
 Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back
 From Slander's poisonous tooth, a foe's renown ;
 Or crosseth Danger in his lion walk,
 A rival's life to rescue ? As the young
 Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,
 That his great father's body might not want
 A peaceful, humble tomb ! The Roman wife
 Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
 Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
 Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
 Their faithful love ?—Or is there in the abyss,
 Is there among the adamantine spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
 Aught that with half such majesty can fill
 The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
 Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
 Of Justice in his rapt astonished eye,
 And bade the father of his country, hail ?
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ! Thus through the paths

Of human life, in various pomp arrayed,
 Walks the wise daughter of the Judge of Heaven,
 Fair Virtue ! from her Father's throne supreme,
 Sent down to utter laws such as on earth
 Most apt he knew, most powerful, to promote
 The weal of all his works, the gracious end
 Of his dread empire. *Akenside.*

THE DEITY.

THERE is a power, all other powers above,
 Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love ;
 Who called the infant universe to light
 From central nothing and circumfluent night.
 On His great providence all worlds depend,
 As trembling atoms to their centre tend :
 In Nature's face His glory shines confest,
 She wears His sacred image on her breast ;
 His spirit breathes in every living soul ;
 His bounty feeds, His presence fills the whole ;
 Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown :
 All that exist, exist in Him alone.
 But who the wonders of His hand can trace
 Through the dread ocean of unfathomed space ?
 When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
 Where boundless scenes of godlike grandeur rise ;
 Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
 Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze !
 Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
 Eternal miracles of skill divine,
 These, and ten thousand more, are only still
 The shadow of His power, the transcript of His will.

Montgomery.

VIRTUE THE BEST ORNAMENT.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,
 And more attract our love and praise,
 Than beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in pity's eye
 Transcends the diamond's brightest beams ;
 And the soft blush of modesty
 More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
 May strike the sight with quick surprise ;
 But truth and innocence alone
 Can still engage the good and wise.

No glittering ornament or show
 Will aught avail in grief or pain ;
 Only from inward worth can flow
 Delight that ever shall remain.

Behold, ye fair, your lovely Queen !
 'Tis not her jewels, but her mind ;
 A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen ;
 It is her virtue charms mankind ! *Fordyce.*

 A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a hill ;
 A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear ;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point, with taper spire, to heaven. *Rogers.*

SONNET.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu !
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
 Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
 Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.
 With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide
 Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest,
 And shepherd girls, from eyes profane shall hide
 The gentle bird, who sings of Pity best :
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
 And still be dear to Sorrow and to Love ! *Smith.*

MELODIES OF MORNING.

I.

BUT who the melodies of Morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide.
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wake the universal grove.

The cottage-curl at early pilgrim bark;
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
 The whistling plowman stalks afield; and, hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

Beattie.

MELODIES OF MORNING.

II.

I HEAR the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull Night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dapple Dawn doth rise;

While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Off listening how the hounds and horns
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Milton.

SKETCH

OF A

WINTER MORNING, AND GLOOMY DECEMBER WEATHER.

THE Night unweened had passed away,
 And Dawning ushered in the Day,
 And lo, the Night in still profound,
 In fleece of heaven had clothed the ground ;
 And still her furs, so light and fair,
 Floated along the morning air.
 Low stooped the pine amid the wood,
 And the tall cliffs of Salisbury stood
 Like marble columns bent and riven,
 Propping a pale and frowning heaven.
 The lurid vapours, dense and stern,
 Unpierced save by the crusted cairn,
 In tenfold shroud the heavens deform ;
 While far within the moving storm,
 Travelled the sun in lonely blue,
 And noontide wore a twilight hue.
 The pendent clouds of deepest grain,
 Shed their dull twilight o'er the main.

Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime,
 Were hooded in the wreathy rime;
 And all, ere fell the murk of Even,
 Were lost within the folds of heaven.
 It seemed as if the welkin's breast
 Had bowed upon the world to rest;
 As heaven and earth to close began,
 And seal the destiny of man!

Hogg.

SABBATH MORNING.

How still the Morning of the hallowed Day!
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
 The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
 The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
 Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

Grahame.

IMMORTALITY.

SAY, dreams thy soul that God's eternal plan
 By man's frail life is bounded?—When the wing
 Of some bold eagle, wheeling on the wind,
 Triumphant bears him from the straining eye ;
 Deem'st thou the bird is lost ? or that his flight
 Just stops, when heaven's transparent azure veils
 The last dim speck?—Yet when its prison-bars
 Are loosed, and the freed soul all radiant springs
 Exulting o'er this rolling orb ; its flight
 Unseen ; its path, to thy contracted gaze,
 Lost in the viewless ether ; think'st thou then
 Its powers dissolved, because the death-set eye
 Points not the enlivening beam?—No—let thy mind
 Extend its view :—Behold the heavenly climes,
 Where virtue fears no chilling blast ; but reigns
 Sublime, and radiant in eternal day.

Ogilvie.

 PORTRAIT OF VIRTUE.

KNOW thou this truth, (enough for man to know,)
 Virtue alone is happiness below ;
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good, without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blessed in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so blessed ;
 And but more relished as the more distressed :

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place, acquired;
 For ever exercised, yet never tired;
 Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
 Never dejected, while another's blessed:
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain;
 Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.—
 For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on the soul;
 Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

Pope.

ON A MOUSE,

DROWNED IN A BASIN OF WATER.

(Original.)

ONE night a bold adventurous mouse,
 Its fortune to pursue,
 Forsook its hole, and ranged the house,
 As mice are wont to do.

It seized a share of all it passed,
 (And who the mouse could blame!)
 But still it roamed—until at last
 It to a basin came.

To venture o'er the edge (poor elf!)
 It thought a little matter—
 It ventured o'er—but found itself
 Up to the neck in water.

It struggled long, and scrambled round
 The edge—but all in vain :
 Poor mouse! it now had passed a bound
 'Twas ne'er to pass again ;

For after many a fruitless leap,
 Exhausted, down it fell ;
 Unable up its head to keep—
 And bade the world farewell !

Ill-fated mouse ! but worse, alas !
 Those thoughtless giddy youth,
 Who scruple not the bounds to pass
 Of rectitude and truth.

They roam for pleasure far and wide,
 Regardless of to-morrow,
 Till o'er a slippery brink they slide
 Into a sea of sorrow.

They struggle hard to reach the shore,
 But reach it they can never ;—
 The more they strive, they sink the more,
 Till down they sink for ever !

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Now night descends ;
 But not with night's approach the shepherd's toils
 Are ended ; through the deep and dreary glooms,
 Without one guiding star, he struggling wades
 The rising wreath ; till, quite o'erspent, compelled
 To leave his flock to time and chance, he turns

Homeward his weary and uncertain steps,
 Much doubting of his way, foreboding much.
 In vain he tries to find his wonted marks,—
 The hill-side fountain, with its little plat
 Of verdant sward around ; the well-known cairn ;
 The blasted branchless oak :
 In vain he lists to hear the rushing stream,
 Whose winding course would lead him to his home.
 O'ercome at last, yielding to treacherous rest,
 He sits him down, and folds within his plaid,
 In fond embrace, the sharer of his toils,
 The partner of his children's infant sports.
 His Children!—Thought of them wakes new resolves
 To make another, last, despairing effort.—
 Meanwhile, they, crouching round the blazing hearth,
 Oft ask their mother, when he will return.
 She on her rocking infant looks the while ;
 Or, starting, thinks she hears the lifted latch :
 And oft the drift comes sweeping o'er the floor,
 While anxiously she looks unto the storm ;
 Returning soon to stir the dying embers,
 That with their blaze her sinking hopes revive :
 Alas ! her hopes are transient as that blaze,
 And direful images her fancy crowd,—
 The dog returning, masterless ; the search
 By friends and kinsmen, wandering far o'er moss
 And moor ; the sad success—his body found
 Half-buried in a wreath—the opening door
 To let the bearers in !—The door *is* opened :
 Shook from Yarrow's fur, a sleety mist
 Is scattered round—and *in* his master steps !
 What joy ! what silent, tearful joy, pervades
 The late despairing group ! Round him they cling ;
 One doffs his stiffened plaid, and one his shoes ;
 Kneeling, one chafes his hands and feet, benumbed :
 The sleeping babe is roused to kiss its sire,
 Restored past hope ; and supper, long forgot,
 Crowns the glad board. Nor is their evening prayer
 This night omitted : fervent, full of thanks,
 From glowing hearts, in artless phrase, it flows !

Then, simply chanted by the parent pair,
 And by the lispng choir, the song of praise,
 Beneath the heath-roofed cottage in the wild,
 Ascends more grateful to the heavenly throne,
 Than pealing diapason. *Grahame.*

THE DYING BARD *.

DINAS EMLINN lament, for the moment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die :
 No more, by sweet Teivi, Cadwallon shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild-dashing wave !

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
 Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade ;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
 That viewed them with rapture—with rapture that sung !

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side ;
 But where is the harp shall give life to their name ?
 And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame ?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn ! thy daughters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair,
 What tuneful enthusiasts shall worship their eye,
 When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die ?

* *Note.*—A Welsh tradition says, that a Bard on his death-bed demanded his harp, and played the air to which these lines are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved scene,
 To join the dim choir of the bards who have been ;
 With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
 And sage Talliessen, high harping to hold.

And adieu ! Dinas Emlinn ! still green be thy shades,
 Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy maids !
 And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
 Farewell, my loved Harp ! my last treasure, farewell !

Scott.

THE FALL OF AUTUMN.

As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
 That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods
 A second blow of many flowers appears,
 Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
 But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
 That circles Autumn's brow : The ruddy haws
 Now clothe the half-leafed thorn ; the bramble bends
 Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
 With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
 That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
 The leaf-strewn banks :—Oft, statue-like, I gaze,
 In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
 And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
 Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest-sheaf,
 Borne rapidly down the dizzying flood.

Grahame.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely power! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
 When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
 When rigid fate derives the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flowery meads, can with that sigh compare;
 Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
 Seem half so beautiful as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
 Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
 No blood-stained traces mark thy blameless way;
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph, and range the meads with me,
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe;
 From strengthening snares the struggling bird to free;
 And stop the hand prepared to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
 And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
 Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care;
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
 And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief;
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
 To misery's moving cries to yield relief;
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
 And gild the close of life's eventful day.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

'Twas when the slow-declining ray
 Had tinged the cloud with evening gold ;
 No warbler poured the melting lay,
 No sound disturbed the sleeping fold :

When, by a murmuring rill reclined,
 Sat wrapt in thought a wandering swain ;
 Calm peace composed his musing mind,
 And thus he raised the flowing strain :

“ Hail, Innocence ! celestial maid !
 What joys thy blushing charms reveal :
 Sweet as the arbour's cooling shade,
 And milder than the vernal gale.

On thee attends a radiant choir,
 Soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest ;
 With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre ;
 And Hope, that soothes the throbbing breast.

Oh, sent from Heaven to haunt the grove,
 Where squinting Envy ne'er can come !
 Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
 Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

But spotless Beauty, robed in white,
 Sits on yon moss-grown hill inclined ;
 Serene as Heaven's unsullied light,
 And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

Grant, Heavenly Power ! thy peaceful sway
 May still my ruder thoughts control ;
 Thy hand to point my dubious way,
 Thy voice to sooth the melting soul.

Far in the shady sweet retreat
 Let thought beguile the lingering hour ;
 Let quiet court the mossy seat,
 And twining olives form the bower.

Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath bestow,
 And oft sit listening in the dale,
 While night's sweet warbler, from the bough,
 Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

Soft, as in Delia's snowy breast,
 Let each consenting passion move ;
 Let angels watch its silent rest,
 And all its blissful beams be love."

Ogilvie.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
 Attendant on the spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 When heaven is filled with music sweet
 Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering in the wood,
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale ;
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet Bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year.

O ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

Logan.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

“ Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and wo;
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
 But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
 O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
 Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half-extinguished her crescent displays:
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
 But Man's faded glory, what change shall renew!
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
 I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
 O! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

“ 'Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 O pity, great Father of Light,” then I cried,
 “ Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

" And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Beattie.

HELVELLYN,

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES GOUGH.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
 wide ;
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
 And, starting, around me the echoes replied.
 On the right Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
 And Cathedricam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was descending,
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain
 heather,
 Where the Pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay :
 Nor yet quite deserted though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
~~stand?~~ *start*

How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
 And oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him?
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him;
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
 Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
 gleaming,

In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam;
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gay plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Cathediam.

Scott.

THE ASCENT OF THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

HAVE ye dwelt in the land of the brave and the free?
 Have ye lived on the keen mountain air?
 Have ye loved the steep rock, and the torrent to see?
 Or to view the rough Alpine chasseur?

Have ye climbed the high mountains, and trod the deep
snow ?

Have ye wandered with joy o'er the plain ?
Or looked down on the foam of the waters below,
With delight softly mingled with pain ?

If Helvetia has seen you amidst her wild scenes,
Feel the pleasure that knows no alloy ;
And her mountains and forests, her rocks and ravines,
Have transported your senses with joy.

Then hasten with me to those scenes once again ;
We will clamber together the steep :
We will tread the rude path, and look down on the glen,
Where the torrent rolls rapid and deep.

The bright sunbeams are glancing amid the high trees,
And the forest has lost half its gloom :
O how sweet is the breath of the fresh mountain breeze,
And the sight of the valley in bloom !

Now winds the rough road o'er the rude one-arched
bridge,
Where the torrent rolls foaming below ;
And St Bernard, far towering above the high ridge,
Lifts his hoary old summit of snow.

Can the wanderer advance, without feelings of dread,
'Mid the scenes that now crowd on his sight ;
While the menacing clefts bend and frown o'er his head,
And the cataract pours on his right :

Where the pines of the forest are stunted and sear,
And the rugged road seldom is traced ;
Where the rocks are all barren, the mountain all drear,
And the valley all desert and waste :

Where no music is heard but the shrill Alpine blast,
And the roar of the cataract's fall ;
And the howl of the wolf for his savage repast,
And the echo that answers to all.

Then well here might the peasant, with Piety's hand,
 Plant aloft the bright sign of his faith :
 For the cross shall yet hallow this desolate land,
 And yet cheer the worn wanderer's path.

But the snows gather round, and the sun has long ceased
 To enliven the comfortless day ;
 And the mist on the mountain's high top is increased,
 And half-choked is the torrent's rough way.

See ! the Avalanche has fallen—it lies far and wide ;
 And how frightful the ruin it made !
 For it swept down in thunder the forest's high pride,
 And the rock-crag how prostrate it laid !

And it rolled on relentless, and buried the cot
 Which had sheltered the poor mountaineer ;
 Nor has left to kind pity a trace of the spot,
 Where the snow might dissolve with her tear.

But the pine-trees it shivered lie low in its wreck,
 And the crags it brought down in its fall,
 Have attempted in vain the wild torrent to check ;
 For it foamed, and broke over them all.

It is passed—but the scene is more frightful and drear—
 Not a pine rises over the snow ;
 Not a point of the gray granite rock can appear ;
 Not a floweret can flourish below.

And the traveller advances, with caution and dread,
 In his dubious and desolate way ;—
 For who knows but the Avalanche may burst o'er his
 head,
 Or the snow-covered gulph may betray.

Yet more steep is the mountain, more rude is the blast,
 More keen, more benumbing the air ;
 Vegetation long since feebly burgeoned her last,
 And around—all is death and despair.

Even frozen and hushed is the torrent's loud foam,
 And the cascade is dashing no more ;
 The wild chamois alone will here venture to roam,
 And the glacier yet dare to explore.

Every track is long lost of the steep narrow way,
 And how dreadful, how thrilling to think,
 That the traveller unknown might fatally stray
 Where the snow hides the precipice brink !

And his senses are numbed by the chill mountain air,
 And a stupor invites to repose ;
 But resist, weary pilgrim—'tis death lays the snare,
 And would sink thee a grave in the snows.

Labour on yet a while, and the danger is past,
 For St Bernard's black summit is nigh ;
 Where, while beats the dread tempest, and roars the loud
 blast,
 His white front looks unhurt to the sky.

The high summit is gained—and fair Charity's hand
 Has invited the wanderer in :
 Who would hope she could dwell in this desolate land,
 Where no creature, no comfort is seen !

But the mountain's high summit no longer is drear,
 By religion and charity blest !
 Hospitality ventures to smile even here,
 And to sooth the worn traveller to rest !

PLEASURES OF WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
 Delights to listen to the breeze,
 That lingers o'er the green wood shade,
 I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
 Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
 Pleasant the Autumnal winds that shake
 The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
 The silence of the wintry scene,
 When Nature shrouds her in a trance
 In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
 The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
 Not undelightful now to pace
 The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,
 And mark the moss of many a hue
 That varies the old tree's brown bark,
 Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

The clustered berries claim the eye
 O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves:
 The ivy round the leafless oak
 Clasps its full foilage close.

No Virtue, diffident of strength,
 Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
 And, by Religion's aid upheld,
 Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the Spring,
Whose waters, hid from Summer sun,
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare ;
The long grass bends in spear-like form ;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the floweret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
And bid the floweret bloom.

Southey.

PEACE.

HALT! ye legions, sheathe your steel :
Blood grows precious ; shed no more :
Cease your toils ; your wounds to heal,
Lo! beams of Mercy reach the shore !
From Realms of everlasting light
The favoured guest of Heaven is come :
Prostrate your Banners at the sight,
And bear the glorious tidings home.

The plunging corpse, with half-closed eyes,
No more shall stain the unconscious brine
Yon pendant gay, that streaming flies,
Around its idle staff shall twine.

Behold! along the ethereal sky
 Her beams o'er conquering Navies spread;
 "Peace! Peace!" the leaping sailors cry,
 With shouts that might arouse the dead.

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours;
 A vast reiterated sound!
 From line to line the cannon roars,
 And spreads the blazing joy around.
 Return, ye brave! your Country calls;
 Return; return, your task is done:
 While here the tear of transport falls;
 To grace your laurels nobly won.

Albion cliffs—from age to age,
 That bear the roaring storms of Heaven,
 Did ever fiercer warfare rage,
 Was ever Peace more timely given?
 Wake! sounds of joy; rouse, generous Isle;
 Let every patriot bosom glow:
 Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,
 And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

Boast, Britain, of thy glorious guests,
 Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own:
 Still on contented Labour rests
 The basis of a lasting throne.
 Shout, Poverty! 'tis Heaven that saves;
 Protected Wealth, the chorus raise,
 Ruler of War, of Winds, and Waves,
 Accept a prostrate Nation's praise!

Bloomfield.

THE HARP.

I WAS a wild and wayward boy,
 My childhood scorned each childish toy ;
 Retired from all, reserv'd and coy,
 To musing prone,
 I wooed my solitary joy,
 My Harp alone.

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,
 Despised the humble stream and wood
 Where my poor father's cottage stood,
 To fame unknown ;—
 What should my soaring views make good ?
 My Harp alone.

Love came with all his frantic fire,
 And wild romance of vain desire ;
 The Baron's daughter heard my lyre,
 And praised the tone ;—
 What could presumptuous hope inspire ?
 My Harp alone.

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
 And manhood's pride the vision curst,
 And all that had my folly nursed
 Love's sway to own ;
 Yet spared the spell that lulled me first,
 My Harp alone.

Wo came with war, and want with wo ;
 And it was mine to undergo
 Each outrage of the rebel foe ;—
 Can aught atone
 My fields made waste, my cot laid low ?
 My Harp alone !

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
 Have rued of penury the smart,
 Have felt of love the venom'd dart
 When hope was flown ;
 Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
 My Harp alone !

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
 My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still ;
 And when this life of want and ill
 Is well nigh gone,
 Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
 My Harp alone !

Scott.

HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
 And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,
 Turns, on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
 The dear abode of peace and privacy ;
 And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
 The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
 The village-common spotted with white sheep,
 The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep ;
 All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
 And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
 So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
 Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
 And, with the sons of science, wooed the gale,
 That rising swelled their strange expanse of sail ;
 So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
 Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
 And all his soul best loved, such tears he shed,
 While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled :

Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
 Long watched the streaming signal from the mast ;
 Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
 And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
 So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
 Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
 Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
 That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;
 But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
 Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :
 All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
 And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing !
Rogers.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent :
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue :
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound ;
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
 The goblet's tributary sound.

A theme to crowds that know them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot?
 Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined,
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In wo, that glory cannot quell,
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
 When cease to hear thy cherished name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more ;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

Byron.

THE SEA :

A SUMMER AND WINTER VIEW.

TURN to the Watery World ! but who to thee
 (A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint—the Sea ?
 Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
 When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
 Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun,
 Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
 Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
 In limpid blue and evanescent green ;
 And oft the foggy banks on Ocean lie,
 Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.

Be it the Summer-noon : a sandy space
 The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
 Then just the hot and stony beach above,
 Like twinkling streams in bright confusion move ;
 (For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
 And with the cooler in its fall contends)—
 Then the broad bosom of the Ocean keeps
 An equal motion ; swelling as it sleeps,
 Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,
 Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
 Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
 And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
 Ships in the calm seem anchored ; for they glide
 On the still Sea, urged solely by the tide ;
 Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
 Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
 And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more ?
 Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
 The quiet surface of the Ocean shake ;

As an awakened giant with a frown,
Might shew his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View now the Winter-storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud;
The unwieldy porpoise through the day before,
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid, and sometimes shewed his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells;
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then re-flowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

The Ocean too has Winter-views serene,
When all you see through densest fog is seen;
When you can hear the Fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or, half-concealed, some figure at the stern;
The view's all bounded, and from side to side
Your utmost prospect but a few ells wide;
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern Boatman growls his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.

'Tis pleasant then to see the nets float past,
Net after net till you have seen the last;

And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
 A boat comes gliding from an anchored ship,
 Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
 And their own tones, as labouring for the shore ;
 Those measured tones which with the scene agree,
 And give a sadness to serenity.

Crabbe.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

NEVER did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too, in hastier swell, to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had trained her pace,—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;
 E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
 Elastic from its airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
 The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid :
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.

And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair
 Mantled a plaid with modest care ;
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye :
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the banks in shapes more true,
 Than every free-born glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 Only one passion, unrevealed,
 With maiden pride the maid concealed ;
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
 O ! need I tell that passion's name ?

Scott.

THE BLIND BOY.

WHERE'S the blind Child, so admirably fair,
 With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
 That waves in every breeze?—he's often seen
 Beside yon cottage-wall, or on the green,
 With others matched in spirit and in size,
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes :

That full expanse of voice, to children dear,
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherished here :
 And hark ! that laugh is his—that jovial cry ;
 He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
 And runs the giddy course with all his might,
 A very child in every thing but sight ;
 With circumscribed, but not abated powers,—
 Play—the great object of his infant hours ;—
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,
 And shows the native gladness of his heart ;
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
 The new suggestion, and the quick assent ;
 The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest :
 Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
 And *one* companion leave—the Boy is blind !
 His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
 That childish fortitude awhile gives way,
 He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
 Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again ;
 Pondering how best his moments to employ,
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy,
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower ;
 Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
 He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;
 Along the homeward path then feels his way,
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

Bloomfield.

TO
THE MEMORY

OF
JAMES BEATTIE, L.L. D.

THE garish day-star sunk behind the hill,
And, matron-like, mild Eve stole down the vale ;
The mellow noon-beam glanced along the rill ;
The cheerful reaper whistled o'er the dale ;
In plaintive whispers breathed the western gale,
As through the weeping birch it gently played ;
While thus a peasant poured his artless wail,
From the deep bosom of a darkening shade,
While soft and slow the sad notes echoed o'er the glade :

“ Awake ! my pipe, pour forth a pensive strain,—
Even Night's dull ear shall open to your moan.
The sweetest Minstrel of dear Scotia's plain,
To fairer field, and brighter skies has flown,
And left his Edwin, wandering here alone
Through life's thick-tangled maze untaught to stray,
To weep for others woes—to feel his own,
Amidst a thoughtless race, for ever gay,
Who, careless in the summer sun-beams, ceaseless play.

“ And must the Muses' darling sink to rest ?
No parting requiem o'er his grave be sung ?
No sorrows warm the sympathetic breast,
To see his Harp on weeping willows hung ?
No more it echoes—silent and unstrung,
No more his pulse at Pity's note shall swell,—
Beneath the green turf lies his tuneful tongue,
That all ' the melodies of morn could tell,'
And dimmed in death that eye whence living lustre fell.

“ Come ye, who, long by meteor light beguil'd,
Beheld, with dread, life's darksome, weary way ;
Or, lost in Metaphysic's mazy wild,
Were, on her boundless shores, condemned to stray ;—
In grateful strains your pious sorrows pay.
He led you gently from these shades of night,
When Truth displayed her philosophic ray,
That pointed to the sacred source of light,
Where one eternal day shines forth in radiance bright.

“ Ye sportive train, who, lost in Fancy's dreams,
Now scorn ‘ the lore that deadens young desire ;’
Well pleased, who wander by Castalian streams,
And swell the song amidst Love's joyous choir ;
Breathe softer notes—with sadness strike the wire,
In solemn dirges o'er his ashes mourn :
His mouldering dust shall every breast inspire,
That sorrowing bends above his sacred urn,
Till the wrapt soul with Virtue's hallowed ardour burn.

“ Oft as I wander forth to meet the morn,
While wood-notes wild delight my ravished ear ;
Or, lingering late, beneath the scented thorn,
To mark the gloom of rocks and ruins drear ;
Still to my bosom shall his name be dear,
Whose potent song has many a care beguiled,
Has on mine eye restrained the starting tear,
And spread delight amidst life's gloomy wild,
Till suns resplendent shone, and all the prospect smiled.

“ Ye heath-clad mountains, towering to the storms,
Whose dark brows o'er the valley rise sublime ;
Let wintry fogs surround your stately forms,
To mourn the ravage of all-conquering Time :
Ye waters, winding through his native clime,
(Dear to his soul was each deep-pictured shore,)
In murmurs soft, as his melodious rhyme,
His absence from your flowing banks deplore,
Whose frequent foot shall trace your tufted haunts no more.

" Ye fertile fields, where Plenty seems to sing ;
 Ye summer breezes, breathing rich perfume
 To deck his grave, your varied treasures bring ;
 Ye verdant valleys spread your vernal bloom ;
 Ye twinkling stars, that cheer the midnight gloom ;
 Thou Queen of Night, slow-rising from the wave,
 Your brightest beams shed o'er his honoured tomb,
 Pure as the light Heaven to his bosom gave,
 And many an evening sun, shine sweetly on his grave !"

HOPE, AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the enchanting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds untravelled by the sun !
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !

While Nature hears with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss.
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
 Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
 Wild as the hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Campbell.

ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
 I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
 On the wind-shaken reeds that embosom the bower,
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree
 And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wondering, I found in my ruinous walk,
 By the dial-stone aged and green,
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
 To mark where a garden had been.
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
 All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
 From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace;
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart!
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;
 But patience shall never depart!
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combined,
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore!
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
 Yea! even the name I have worshipped in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD. *A.D. 1513*

fought in Northumberland. James V. was slain.

THE extraordinary energy of the following Extract will, it is presumed, be a sufficient apology for its length. "It is superior to all that this author has hitherto produced; and equal to any thing that has ever been written upon similar subjects. From the moment he gets in sight of Flodden Field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any Epic Bard that we can at present remember."

Edinburgh Review.

NEXT morn the Baron climbed the tower,
 To view afar the Scottish power,
 Encamped on Flodden edge:
 The white pavilions made a show
 Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.
 Long Marmion looked:—at length his eye
 Unusual movement might descry,
 Amid the shifting lines:
 The Scottish host drawn out appears,
 For, flashing on the hedge of spears
 The eastern sunbeam shines.
 Their front now deepening, now extending;
 Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
 Now drawing back, and now descending,
 The skilful Marmion well could know,
 They watched the motions of some foe,
 Who traversed on the plain below.
 Even so it was;—from Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watched them as they crossed
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile ;
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
 Troop after troop are disappearing ;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,

Upon the eastern bank you see.
 Still pouring down the rocky den,
 Where flows the sullen Till,
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,
 And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile ?
 What checks the fiery soul of James ?
 Why sits that champion of the dames

Inactive on his steed,
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead ?

What veils the vain Knight-errant's brand ?
 O Douglas, for thy leading wand !

Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
 And cry,—“ Saint Andrew and our right !”

Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne !
 The precious hour has passed in vain,
 And England's host has gained the plain ;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden-hill.

But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
 The Scóttish foe has fired his tent,
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
 Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke ;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march ; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.—
 Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close,—
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air.
 O life and death were in the shout,
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long looked the anxious squires, their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;
 But nought distinct they see :

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
 Spears shook, and faulchions flashed amain ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
 And stainless Tanstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight,
 Although against them come
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broad-sword plied :
 'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky :
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.
 Then to the fray Blount rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.

The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.
 With that, straight up the hill there rode,
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded Knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood, and sand.
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion!

The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—Stanley! was the cry;—
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!—"
 "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their King,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their King.
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging Knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though bill-men deal the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring;

James IV. was slain along with the flower of his nobility. Reynolds's Genealogical Chart.

The stubborn spear-men still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight ;—
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well,
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know ;
 Their King, their lords, their mightiest, low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swoln, and south winds blow
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail,
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field.
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield !

Scott.

HUMANITY.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has Humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 For they are all, the meanest things that are,
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to make them at the first,
 Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.

Cowper.

 ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

FAIREST of Beings! first created Light!
 Prime cause of Beauty! for from thee, alone,
 The sparkling gem,—the vegetable race,—
 The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
 The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,—
 From thy unfading source of splendour, draw!
 In thy pure rays, with transport, I survey
 This firmament, and those rolling worlds;—
 Their magnitudes and motions.

Mallet.

CONSTANCY.

THY rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determined to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
 On the smooth surface of a summer sea;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle and the tempests roar:
 No, Henry, no! one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

Prior.

 BRITAIN.

I.

A FAIRER Isle than Britain never sun
 Viewed in his wide career! a lovely spot
 For all that life can ask! salubrious! mild!
 Its hills are green; its woods and prospects fair;
 Its meadows fertile; and, to crown the whole,
 In one delightful word,—it is our Home—
 Our native Isle.

Cottle.

BRITAIN.

II.

BRITANNIA, hail ! hail, happy Isle !
 Where joys inhabit, pleasures smile ;
 Great nurse of heroes, seat of charms,
 Supreme in Arts, and first in Arms.

Trade, Arts, and Science, flourish here,
 And bless each fair revolving year ;
 Gay-smiling Plenty reigns around,
 And golden harvests load the ground !

BRITAIN.

III.

BEAUTEOUS Isle,
 And plenteous ! what though in thy atmosphere
 Float not the taintless luxury of light,
 The dazzling azure of the southern skies ;
 Around thee the rich orb of thy renown
 Spreads stainless, and unsullied by a cloud.
 Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
 And softer climes excel thee in the hue
 And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers,
 Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds ;
 Thou in the Soul of man, thy better wealth,
 Art richest : Nature's noblest produce thou,
 The immortal Mind in perfect height and strength,
 Bear'st with an opulence prodigal ; this thy right,
 Thy privilege of climate and of soil.

Milman.

BRITAIN.

IV.

THE Queen of Isles behold
 Sitting sublime, upon her rocky throne,
 The region of the storms!—She stretches forth,
 In her right hand—the sceptre of the sea;
 And in her left—the balance of the earth.
 The Guardian of the globe, she gives the law:
 She calls the winds, the winds obey her call;
 And bear the thunder of her power, to burst
 O'er the devoted lands; and carry fate
 To kings, to nations, and the subject world.
 Above the Grecian or the Roman name,
 Unlike the great destroyers of the globe,
 She fights and conquers in fair freedom's cause.
 Her song of victory, the nations sing:
 Her triumphs are the triumphs of mankind.

Logan.

 INSTRUCTION.

DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Thomson.

RESIGNATION.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around.

Thomson.

 ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

FATHER of Life and Light! thou good supreme!
 O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit; and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.

Thomson.

SUNRISE.

BUT see ! the flushed horizon flames intense
 With vivid red, in rich profusion streamed
 O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liveries ; these with silvery beams
 Fringed lovely ; splendid those in liquid gold,
 And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, behold !
 Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life !
 The King of Glory ! Round his head divine,
 Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow ;
 As o'er the Indian wave, up-rising fair,
 He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
 Where'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

Mallet.

 BENEVOLENCE.

FROM the low prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
 O, never, never turn away thine ear.
 Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !
 To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

Beattie.

IMMORTALITY.

I.

THAT there is life, beyond this mortal life,
 The willing world believes, and well believes.
 'Annihilation!' At that awful sound
 I start, and shudder. Can it be, that man,
 With all his mental energies, may die
 For ever? Shall the tomb enclose alike
 The frame corporeal and the thinking power,
 That lifts the soul to science and to God?
 Shall we have seen this living world in vain;
 Have idly caught a glimpse of Love Divine,
 And Wisdom infinite; have counted links,
 But for no good, in Truth's eternal chain?
 Calm Reason whispers hope, and answers—'No.'
Sir William Drummond.

IMMORTALITY.

II.

SHALL we be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?
 No; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
 And Man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

A WINTER NIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

How awful now appears Night's silent reign!
 Where lofty mountains bound the solemn scene:
 While Nature, wrapt in chilly bright disguise,
 And sunk in deep repose, unconscious lies;
 And through the pure cerulean vault above,
 In lucid order constellations move;
 The milky-way, conspicuous glows on high;
 Redoubled lustre sparkles through the sky;
 And rapid splendours, from the dark-blue North,
 In streams of brightness, pour incessant forth;
 While crusted mountain-snows reflect the light,
 And radiance decks the sable brows of Night.

Mrs Grant.

 A THUNDER STORM.

SUDDEN athwart the gloom the Lightning's glance,
 As quick reflected by the placid lake,
 With lucid air darts bright! Anon sublime,
 In awful majesty, the Thunder rolls;
 Onward it rolls, and louder roars,
 In bursting peals, successive heard afar;
 Re-echoed oft by rocks and caverns deep
 From all the neighbouring hills—till, circling round—
 Still gaining force, again it bursts a peal
 That stuns the ear. Rocks dashed on rocks are heard
 Rattling around. The stoutest heart appalled
 With wild dismay, scarce dares to eye the gloom,
 Deep-seamed with frequent streaks of moving fire,
 Darting, in rapid gleams from cloud to cloud!
 The clouds are seen in wildest tumults mixed:

And now—a mighty flash with fearful glare
 Wide opens half the sky! The heavy rain,
 Pouring in streams, resistless rushes down,
 Plows the red mould, and bears it to the main!
 Nature convulsed, the everlasting hills
 Appear to totter, and the total wreck
 Of all terrestrial objects seems at hand.

Cririe.

SCENE BEFORE BATTLE.

Now over either army silence hung,
 Silence long, heavy, deep, as every heart
 Were busied with Eternity; all thoughts
 Were bidding farewell to the Sun, whose rise
 They saw, whose setting they might never see;
 And all the heavens were thinly overdrawn
 With light and golden clouds, as though to couch
 The angels and the spirits floating there,
 While Heaven the lucid hierarchy poured forth
 To view that solemn spectacle beneath,—
 A battle waged for freedom and for faith.

Milman.

CHARITY.

I.

WHEN the fleet vanities of Life's brief day,
 Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
 Each act by Charity and Mercy done,
 High o'er the wrecks of Time, shall live alone,
 Immortal as the Heavens, and beauteous bloom
 In other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.

Bowles.

CHARITY.

II.

AN ardent spirit dwells with Christian Love,
 The eagle's vigour in the pitying dove ;
 'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
 That we the wants of pleading man supply ;
 That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
 Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal :
 Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and woe,
 The Christian spirit loves with aid to go ;
 Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
 But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the need ;
 Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
 And plans relief for coming miseries.

Crabbe.

 ADDRESS TO MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey ;
 And place and time are subject to thy sway !
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky :
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light ;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !

Rogers.

CONTENTMENT AND INDEPENDENCE.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her beauteous face.
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve ;
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave ;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Thomson.

 LOCH-NESS.

MAJESTIC Lake ! which rocky mountains bound,
 Or steepy heights, with yew and holly crowned ;
 Fed by thy tepid breath, each bordering tree,
 Still with reflected verdure shines in thee ;
 While wide the wintry blast in fury roves,
 And strips the graceful foliage from the groves ;
 And when each neighbouring lake is chilled to stone,
 Warmth, health, and beauty, dwell with thee alone :
 There birds disport, bedecked with plumage gay,
 And snowy swans their stately pride display ;
 The ruthless tyrant of the frozen year,
 Repelled, retiring, shuns thy bosom clear :
 Where downward skies are seen in azure dressed,
 Like Heaven's own image in the guiltless breast.

Mrs Grant.

PICTURE OF A CLEAR FROSTY DAY.

RUDDY is now the dawning as in June,
 And clear and blue the vault of noon-tide sky :
 Nor is the slanting orb of day unfelt,
 From sunward rocks the icicles faint drop,
 By lonely river-side, is heard, at times,
 To break the silence deep ; for now the stream
 Is mute, or faintly gurgles far below
 Its frozen cieling : silent stands the mill,
 The wheel immoveable, and shod with ice.
 The babbling rivulet, at each little slope,
 Flows scantily beneath a lucid veil,
 And seems a pearly current liquified ;
 While, at the shelvy side, in thousand shapes
 Fantastical, the frostwork domes uprear
 Their tiny fabrics, gorgeously superb
 With ornaments beyond the reach of art :
 Here vestibules of state, and colonnades ;
 There Gothic castles, grottos, heathen fanes,
 Rise in review, and quickly disappear ;
 Or through some fairy palace fancy roves,
 And studs, with ruby lamps, the fretted roof ;
 Or paints with every colour of the bow
 Spotless parterres, all freak't with snow-white flowers,
 Flowers that no architype in Nature own ;
 Or spreads the spiky crystals into fields,
 Of bearded grain, rustling in autumn breeze.

Grahame.

 MUSIC.

Of all the arts beneath the Heaven,
 That man has found, or God has given,
 None draws the soul so sweet away,
 As Music's melting, mystic lay ;
 Slight emblem of the bliss above,
 It soothes the spirit all to love.

Hogg.

PROVIDENCE.

ONE adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists, one only ;—an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate, howe'er
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting all to good.—
 The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat
 Of suffering hath been throughly fortified
 By acquiescence in the will Supreme
 For Time and for Eternity ; by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defence that lies in boundless love
 Of his perfections ; with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
 Impatiently ; ill-done, or left undone,
 To the dishonour of his holy name.

Wordsworth.

 LOVE.

IN peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.

Scott.

WAR.

WAR is honourable
 IN those who do their native rights maintain;
 IN those whose swords an iron barrier are
 Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
 But is in those who draw the offensive blade
 For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
 As meanest office of the worldly churl.

Miss Baillie.

FINIS.

*Oh bid them
 not too soon
 say*

Oliver & Boyd, Printers, Edinburgh.

W. B. ...

In those who do their duty with a cheerful
in those whose hearts are not in their work;
in those who are less content and the work;
but in those who have the offensive done
for which they are not paid, and in those who
do their duty with a cheerful heart.

W. B. ...

W. B. ...

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