

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.¹

ITCHIN! when I behold thy banks again,
 Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
 On which the self-same tints still seem to rest,
 Why feels my heart a shivering sense of pain!
 Is it, that many a summer's day has past
 Since, in life's morn, I carolled on thy side!
 Is it, that oft since then my heart has sighed,
 As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast!
 Is it, that those who gathered on thy shore,
 Companions of my youth, now meet no more!
 Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
 Sorrowing; yet feel such solace at my heart,
 As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
 From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

 ON RESIGNING A SCHOLARSHIP OF TRINITY
 COLLEGE, OXFORD,

AND RETIRING TO A COUNTRY CURACY.

FAREWELL! a long farewell! O Poverty,
 Affection's fondest dream how hast thou reft!
 But though, on thy stern brow no trace is left
 Of youthful joys, that on the cold heart die,
 With thee a sad companionship I seek,
 Content, if poor;—for patient wretchedness,
 Tearful, but uncomplaining of distress,
 Who turns to the rude storm her faded cheek;
 And Piety, who never told her wrong;
 And calm Content, whose griefs no more rebel;

¹ The Itchin is a river running from Winchester to Southampton, the banks of which have been the scene of many a *holiday sport*. The lines were composed on an evening in a journey from Oxford to Southampton, the first time I had seen the Itchin since I left school.

And Genius, warbling sweet, his saddest song,
 When evening listens to some village knell,—
 Long banished from the world's insulting throng ;—
 With thee, and thy unfriended children dwell.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
 Uprear their shadowing heads, and at their feet
 Hear not the surge that has for ages beat,
 How many a lonely wanderer has stood !
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow ; of the friends he loved most dear ;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part !
 Oh ! if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
 'The World his country, and his GOD his guide.

ON LANDING AT OSTEND.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar ;—
 From yonder azure track, emerging white,
 The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
 And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore.
 Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies :
 Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmoved,
 Like one for ever torn from all he loved,
 Back o'er the deep I turn my longing eyes,