

WOODSPRING ABBEY, 1836.¹

THESE walls were built by men who did a deed
 Of blood :—terrific conscience, day by day,
 Followed, where'er their shadow seemed to stay,
 And still in thought they saw their victim bleed,
 Before God's altar shrieking : pangs succeed,
 As dire upon their heart the deep sin lay,
 No tears of agony could wash away :
 Hence ! to the land's remotest limit, speed !
 These walls are raised in vain, as vainly flows
 Contrition's tear : Earth, hide them, and thou, Sea,
 Which round the lone isle, where their bones repose,
 Dost sound for ever, their sad requiem be,
 In fancy's ear, at pensive evening's close,
 Still mumuring MISERERE, DOMINE.

LACOCK NUNNERY.

JUNE 24, 1837.

I STOOD upon the stone where ELA lay,
 The widowed founder of these ancient walls,
 Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,
 Marking the ivied arch, and turret gray—
 For her soul's rest—eternal rest—to pray ;¹
 Where visionary nuns yet seem to tread,
 A pale dim troop, the cloisters of the dead,
 Though twice three hundred years have flown away !

¹ Three mailed men, in Canterbury Cathedral, rushed on the Archbishop of Canterbury, and murdered him before the altar. Conscience-stricken, they fled and built Woodspring Abbey, in the remote corner of Somersetshire, near Weston Super Mare, where the land looks on the Atlantic sea. There are three unknown graves on the Flat Holms.—² “ Eternam Requiem dona.”

But when, with silent step and pensive mien,
 In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,
 The mistress of this lone monastic scene
 Came ; and I heard her voice's tender tone,
 I said, Though centuries have rolled between,
 One gentle, beauteous nun is left, on earth, alone.

ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

BEAUTIFUL landscape ! I could look on thee
 For hours, unmindful of the storm and strife,
 And mingled murmurs of tumultuous life.
 Here, all is still as fair ; the stream, the tree,
 The wood, the sunshine on the bank : no tear,
 No thought of Time's swift wing, or closing night,
 That comes to steal away the long sweet light—
 No sighs of sad humanity are here.
 Here is no tint of mortal change ; the day,—
 Beneath whose light the dog and peasant-boy
 Gambol, with look, and almost bark, of joy,—
 Still seems, though centuries have passed, to stay.
 Then gaze again, that shadowed scenes may teach
 Lessons of peace and love, beyond all speech.

ART AND NATURE.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CLIFTON AND LEIGH WOODS.

Frown ever opposite, the angel cried,
 Who, with an earthquake's might and giant hand,
 Severed these riven rocks, and bade them stand
 Severed for ever ! The vast ocean-tide,