

Of hard adversity, the approving look
Of its great Master ; whilst the conscious pride
Of wisdom, patient and content to brook
All ills to that sole Master's task applied,
Shall show before high heaven the unaltered mind,
Milton, though thou art poor, and old, and blind !

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON ACCIDENTLY MEETING AND PARTING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT, WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN FOR MANY YEARS, IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, MAY 1828.

SINCE last I saw that countenance so mild,
Slow-stealing age, and a faint line of care,
Had gently touched, methought, some features there ;
Yet looked the man as placid as a child,
And the same voice,—whilst mingled with the throng,
Unknowing, and unknown, we passed along,—
That voice, a share of the brief time beguiled !
That voice I ne'er may hear again, I sighed
At parting,—wheresoe'er our various way,
In this great world,—but from the banks of Tweed,
As slowly sink the shades of eventide,
Oh ! I shall hear the music of his reed,
Far off, and thinking of that voice, shall say,
A blessing rest upon thy locks of gray !

ELEGY WRITTEN AT THE HOTWELLS, BRISTOL,

JULY, 1789.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. W. HOWLEY.¹

- 1 THE morning wakes in shadowy mantle gray,
 The darksome woods their glimmering skirts unfold,
 Prone from the cliff the falcon wheels her way,
 And long and loud the bell's slow chime is tolled.
- 2 The reddening light gains fast upon the skies,
 And far away the glistening vapours sail,
 Down the rough steep the accustomed hedger hies,
 And the stream winds in brightness through the vale.
- 3 Mark how those riven rocks on either shore
 Uplift their bleak and furrowed fronts on high ;
 How proudly desolate their foreheads hoar,
 That meet the earliest sunbeams of the sky !
- 4 Bound for yon dusky mart,² with pennants gay,
 The tall bark, on the winding water's line,
 Between the riven cliffs slow plies her way,
 And peering on the sight the white sails shine.
- 5 Alas ! for those by drooping sickness worn,
 Who now come forth to meet the cheering ray ;
 And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
 Round their torn breasts and throbbing temples play!³

¹ Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. — ² Bristol. — ³ From a latin prize poem, by W. Jackson—

“ Et lacerum Pectus zephyri mulcere tepentes.”