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Upon the gasping nations tread,
 Whilst he thy name defies,
 Trusting in Thee alone, we hope to quell
 His furious might, his purpose fell ;
 And as the ensigns of his baffled pride
 O'er the seas are scattered wide,
 We will take up a joyous strain and cry—
 Shout ! for the Lord hath triumphed gloriously !

A GARDEN-SEAT AT HOME.

OH, no ; I would not leave thee, my sweet home,
 Decked with the mantling woodbine and the rose,
 And slender woods that the still scene inclose,
 For yon magnificent and ample dome¹
 That glitters in my sight ! yet I can praise
 Thee, Arundel, who, shunning the thronged ways
 Of glittering vice, silently dost dispense
 The blessings of retired munificence.
 Me, a sequestered cottage, on the verge
 Of thy outstretched domain, delights ; and here
 I wind my walks, and sometimes drop a tear
 O'er Harriet's urn, scarce wishing to emerge
 Into the troubled ocean of that life,
 Where all is turbulence, and toil, and strife.
 Calm roll the seasons o'er my shaded niche ;
 I dip the brush, or touch the tuneful string,
 Or hear at eve the unscared blackbirds sing ;
 Enough if, from their loftier sphere, the rich
 Deign my abode to visit, and the poor
 Depart not, cold and hungry, from my door.

DONHEAD, *Oct.* 12, 1798.

¹ Wardour Castle.