

Secure, and see the last light on the wave
 Of Time, which wafts you silent to your grave ;
 Like the calm evening ray, that smiles serene
 Upon the tranquil Thames, and cheers the sinking scene.

A RUSTIC SEAT NEAR THE SEA.

To him, who, many a night upon the main,
 At mid-watch, from the bounding vessel's side,
 Shivering, has listened to the rocking tide,
 Oh, how delightful smile thy views again,
 Fair Land! the sheltered hut, and far-seen mill
 That safe sails round and round ; the tripping rill
 That o'er the gray sand glitters ; the clear sky,
 Beneath whose blue vault shines the village tower,
 That high elms, swaying in the wind, embower ;
 And hedge-rows, where the small birds' melody
 Solace the lithe and loitering peasant lad !
 O Stranger ! is thy pausing fancy sad
 At thought of many evils which do press
 On wide humanity !—Look up ; address
 The GOD who made the world ; but let thy heart
 Be thankful, though some heavy thoughts have part,
 That, sheltered from the human storms' career,
 Thou meetest innocence and quiet here.

WARDOUR CASTLE.

If rich designs of sumptuous art may please,
 Or Nature's loftier views, august and old,
 Stranger ! behold this spreading scene ;—behold
 This amphitheatre of aged trees,