

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,

That solemn wave above thee, and around
 Darken the towering hills! Dost thou complain
 That thou shouldst cope with penury or pain,
 Or sigh to think what pleasures might be found
 Amid such wide possessions!—Pause awhile;
 Imagine thou dost see the sick man smile;
 See the pale exiles, that in yonder dome,
 Safe from the wasteful storm, have found a home;¹
 And thank the Giver of all good, that lent
 To the humane, retired, beneficent,
 The power to bless. Nor lift thy heart elate,
 If such domains be thine; but emulate
 The fair example, and those deeds, that rise
 Like holy incense wafted to the skies;
 Those deeds that shall sustain the conscious soul,
 When all this empty world hath perished, like a scroll!

POLE-VELLUM, CORNWALL.

A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE AND GROUNDS BELONGING TO
 J. LEMON, ESQ.

STRANGER! mark this lovely scene,
 When the evening sets serene,
 And starting o'er the silent wood,
 The last pale sunshine streaks the flood,
 And the water gushing near
 Soothes, with ceaseless drip, thine ear;
 Then bid each passion sink to rest;—
 Should ev'n one wish rise in thy breast,
 One tender wish, as now in mine,
 That some such quiet spot were thine,

¹ French emigrants, chiefly supported by the bounty of Lord Arundel.