

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.

And thou, recalling seasons fled,
 Couldst wake the slumbers of the dead,
 And bring back her you loved, to share
 With thee calm peace and comfort there ;—
 Oh, check the thought, but inly pray
 To HE, “who gives and takes away,”
 That many years this fair domain
 Its varied beauties may retain ;—
 So when some wanderer, who has lost
 His heart's best treasure, who has crossed
 In life bleak hills and passes rude,
 Should gain this lovely solitude ;
 Delighted he may pause a while,
 And when he marks the landscape smile,
 Leave with its willows, ere he part,
 The blessings of a softened heart.

JULY 1786.

ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING,

FORMING A COLD BATH, AT COOMBE, NEAR DONHEAD,
 BELONGING TO MY BROTHER, CHAS. BOWLES, ESQ.

FOUNTAIN, that sparklest through the shady place,
 Making a soft, sad murmur o'er the stones
 That strew thy lucid way ! Oh, if some guest
 Should haply wander near, with slow disease
 Smitten, may thy cold springs the rose of health
 Bring back, and the quick lustre to his eye !
 The ancient oaks that on thy margin wave,
 The song of birds, and through the rocky cave
 The clear stream gushing, their according sounds
 Should mingle, and, like some strange music, steal