

TRANSACTION OF A LATIN POEM

BY THE REV. NEWTON OGLE, DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

OH thou, that prattling on thy pebbled way
 Through my paternal vale dost stray,
 Working thy shallow passage to the sea!
 Oh, stream, thou speedest on
 The same as many seasons gone ;
 But not, alas, to me
 Remain the feelings that beguiled
 My early road, when, careless and content,
 (Losing the hours in pastimes innocent)
 Upon thy banks I strayed a playful child ; 10
 Whether the pebbles that thy margin strew,
 Collecting, heedlessly I threw ;
 Or loved in thy translucent wave
 My tender shrinking feet to lave ;
 Or else ensnared your little fry,
 And thought how wondrous skilled was I !
 So passed my boyish days, unknown to pain,
 Days that will ne'er return again.
 It seems but yesterday
 I was a child, to-morrow to be gray ! 20
 So years succeeding years steal silently away.
 Not fleeter thy own current, hurrying thee,
 Rolls down to the great sea.
 Thither oh carry these sad thoughts ; the deep
 Bury them !—thou, meantime, thy tenor keep,
 And winding through the green-wood, cheer,
 As erst, my native, peaceful pastures here.

ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD SOMERS.

WHILE summer airs scarce breathe along the tide,
 Oft pausing, up the mountain's craggy side
 We climb, how beautiful, how still, how clear,
 The scenes that stretch around! The rocks that rear
 Their shapes, in rich fantastic colours dressed;
 The hill-tops, where the softest shadows rest;
 The long-retiring bay, the level sand,
 The fading sea-line, and the furthest land,
 That seems, as low it lessens from the eye,
 To steal away beneath the cloudless sky! 10

But yesterday, the misty morn was spread
 In dreariness on the bleak mountain's head;
 No glittering prospect from the upland smiled,
 The driving squall came dark, the sea heaved wild,
 And, lost and lonely, the wayfarer sighed,
 Wet with the hoar spray of the flashing tide.
 How changed is now the circling scene! The deep
 Stirs not; the glancing roofs and white towers peep
 Along the margin of the lucid bay;
 The sails, descried far in the offing gray, 20
 Hang motionless, and the pale headland's height
 Is touched as with sweet gleams of fairy light!

Oh, lives there on earth's busy-stirring scene,
 Whom Nature's tranquil charms, her airs serene,
 Her seas, her skies, her sunbeams, fail to move
 With stealing tenderness and grateful love!
 Go, thankless man, to Misery's cave—behold
 Captivity, stretched in her dungeon cold!
 Or think on those who, in yon dreary mine,¹
 Sunk fathoms deep beneath the rolling brine, 30

¹ A mine called the Wherry-Mine, beneath the surface of the sea near Penzance.