

With careless hand, and here I bid farewell 329
 To Fancy's fading pictures, and farewell
 The ideal spirit that abides unseen
 'Mid rocks, and woods, and solitudes. I hail
 Rather the steps of Culture, that ascend
 The precipice's side. She bids the wild
 Bloom, and adorns with beauty not its own
 The ridged mountain's tract ; she speaks, and lo !
 The yellow harvest nods upon the slope ;
 And through the dark and matted moss upshoots
 The bursting clover, smiling to the sun.
 These are thy offspring, Culture ! the green herb 340
 Is thine, that decks with rich luxuriance
 The pasture's lawny range ; the yellow corn,
 That waves upon the upland ridge, is thine ;
 Thine too the elegant abode, that smiles
 Amidst the rocky scene, and wakes the thought,
 The tender thought, of all life's charities.
 And senseless were my heart, could I look back
 Upon the varied way my feet have trod,
 Without a silent prayer that health and joy,
 And love and happiness, may long abide 350
 In the romantic vale where Ellen winds.

SUMMER EVENING AT HOME.

COME, lovely Evening ! with thy smile of peace
 Visit my humble dwelling ; welcomed in,
 Not with loud shouts, and the thronged city's din,
 But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
 Of the sick heart ; the grasshopper's faint pipe
 Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,

The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
 Heard indistinctly from the village green,
 The bird's last twitter, from the hedge-row seen,
 Where, just before, the scattered crumbs I strewed,
 To pay him for his farewell song ;—all these
 Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
 The stilly-stirring fancies. Though my hours
 (For I have drooped beneath life's early showers)
 Pass lonely oft, and oft my heart is sad,
 Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
 To meet thee, Evening, here ; here my own hand
 Has decked with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
 And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fanned,
 Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
 That seems to say : Forget the transient tear
 Thy pale youth shed—Repose and Peace are here.

WINTER EVENING AT HOME.

FAIR MOON, that at the chilly day's decline
 Of sharp December through my cottage pane
 Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane !
 In thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
 Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
 Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way ;
 And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
 Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
 Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
 Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night !
 Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
 Shines calm and clear without ; and whilst I gaze,