

Enough : 'twas Honour's voice that awful cried,
 Glory to him who for his country died !
 Yet dreary is her solitude who bends
 And mourns the best of husbands, fathers, friends !
 Oh ! when she wakes at midnight, but to shed
 Fresh tears of anguish on her lonely bed,
 Thinking on him who is not ; then restrain
 The tear, O God, and her sad heart sustain !

Giver of life, may she remember still
 Thy chastening hand, and to thy sovereign will
 Bow silently ; not hopeless, while her eye
 She raises to a bright futurity,
 And meekly trusts, in heaven, Thou wilt restore
 That happiness the world can give no more !

BATTLE OF CORRUNA.

THE tide of fate rolls on !—heart-pierced and pale,
 The gallant soldier lies,¹ nor aught avail,
 The shield, the sword, the spirit of the brave,
 From rapine's armed hand thy vales to save,
 Land of illustrious heroes, who, of yore,
 Drenched the same plains with the invader's gore,
 Stood frowning, in the front of death, and hurled
 Defiance to the conquerors² of the world !

Oh, when we hear the agonising tale
 Of those who, faint, and fugitive, and pale,
 Saw hourly, harassed through their long retreat,
 Some worn companion sinking at their feet,

¹ Sir John Moore. — ² “ Near Mount Medulio, the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage.”—*Southey's Travels in Spain and Portugal*.

Yet even in danger and from toil more bold,
Back on their gathering foes the tide of battle rolled ;—
While tears of pity mingle with applause,
On the dread scene in silence let us pause ;
Yes, pause, and ask, Is not thy awful hand
Stretched out, O God, o'er a devoted land,
Whose vales of beauty Nature spread in vain,
Where misery moaned on the uncultured plain,
Where Bigotry went by with jealous scowl,
Where Superstition muttered in his cowl ;
Whilst o'er the Inquisition's dismal holds,
Its horrid banner waved in bleeding folds !

And dost thou thus, Lord of all might, fulfil
With wreck and tempests thy eternal will,
Shatter the arms in which weak kingdoms trust,
And strew their scattered ensigns in the dust ?
Oh, if no human wisdom may withstand
The terrors, Lord, of thy uplifted hand ;
If the dark tide no prowess can control,
Yet nearer, charged with dread commission, roll ;
Still may my country's ark majestic ride,
Though sole, yet safe, on the conflicting tide ;
Till hushed be the wild rocking of the blast,
And the red storm of death be overpast !

SKETCH FROM BOWDEN HILL AFTER SICKNESS.

How cheering are thy prospects, airy hill,
To him who, pale and languid, on thy brow
Pauses, respiring, and bids hail again
The upland breeze, the comfortable sun,