

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,

And all the landscape's hues ! Upon the point
Of the descending steep I stand.

How rich,
How mantling in the gay and gorgeous tints
Of summer ! far beneath me, sweeping on,
From field to field, from vale to cultured vale,
The prospect spreads its crowded beauties wide !
Long lines of sunshine, and of shadow, streak
The farthest distance ; where the passing light
Alternate falls, 'mid undistinguished trees,
White dots of gleamy domes, and peeping towers,
As from the painter's instant touch, appear.

As thus the eye ranges from hill to hill,
Here white with passing sunshine, there with trees
Innumerable shaded, clustering more,
As the long vale retires, the ample scene,
Warm with new grace and beauty, seems to live.

Lives ! all is animation ! beauty ! hope !
Snatched from the dark and dreamless grave, so late,
Shall I pass silent, now first issuing forth,
To feel again thy fragrance, to respire
Thy breath, to hail thy look, thy living look,
O Nature !

Let me the deep joy contrast,
Which now the inmost heart like music fills,
With the sick chamber's sorrows, oft from morn,
Silent, till lingering eve, save when the sound
Of whispers steal, and bodings breathed more low,
As friends approach the pillow : so awaked
From deadly trance, the sick man lifts his eyes,
Then in despondence closes them on all,
All earth's fond wishes ! Oh, how changed are now
His thoughts ! he sees rich nature glowing round,
He feels her influence ! languid with delight,

And whilst his eye is filled with transient fire,
 He almost thinks he hears her gently say,
 Live, live! O Nature, thee, in the soft winds,
 Thee, in the soothing sound of summer leaves,
 When the still earth lies sultry; thee, methinks,
 Ev'n now I hear bid welcome to thy vales
 And woods again!

And I will welcome them,
 And pour, as erst, the song of heartfelt praise.
 From yonder line, where fade the farthest hills
 Which bound the blue lap of the swelling vale,
 On whose last line, seen like a beacon, hangs
 Thy tower,¹ benevolent, accomplished Hoare,
 To where I stand, how wide the interval!
 Yet instantaneous, to the hurrying eye
 Displayed; though peeping towers and villages
 Thick scattered, 'mid the intermingling elms,
 And towns remotely marked by hovering smoke,
 And grass-green pastures with their herds, and seats
 Of rural beauty, cottages and farms,
 Unnumbered as the hedgerows, lie between!

Roaming at large to where the gray sky bends,
 The eye scarce knows to rest, till back recalled
 By yonder ivied cloisters² in the plain,
 Whose turret, peeping pale above the shade,
 Smiles in the venerable grace of years.
 As the few threads of age's silver hairs,
 Just sprinkled o'er the forehead, lend a grace
 Of saintly reverence, seemly, though compared
 With blooming Mary's tresses like the morn;
 So the gray weather-stained towers yet wear
 A secret charm impressive, though opposed
 To views in verdure flourishing, the woods,

¹ Sir Richard Hoare's tower at Stourhead. — ² Lacock Abbey.

And scenes of Attic taste, that glitter near.¹
 O venerable pile,² though now no more
 The pensive passenger, at evening, hears
 The slowly-chanted vesper ; or the sounds
 Of "Miserere," die along the vale ;
 Yet piety and honoured age³ retired,
 There hold their blameless sojourn, ere the bowl
 Be broken, or the silver chord be loosed.

Nor can I pass, snatched from untimely fate,
 Without a secret prayer, that so my age,
 When many a circling season has declined,
 In charity and peace may wait its close.

Yet still be with me, O delightful friend,
 Soothing companion of my vacant hours,
 Oh, still be with me, Spirit of the Muse !
 Not to subdue, or hold in moody spell,
 The erring senses, but to animate
 And warm my heart, where'er the prospect smiles,
 With Nature's fairest views ; not to display
 Vain ostentations of a poet's art,
 But silent, and associate of my joys
 Or sorrows, to infuse a tenderness,
 A thought, that seems to mingle, as I gaze,
 With all the works of GOD. So cheer my path,
 From youth to sober manhood, till the light
 Of evening smile upon the fading scene.

And though no pealing clarion swell my fame,
 When all my days are gone ; let me not pass,
 Like the forgotten clouds of yesterday,
 Nor unremembered by the fatherless
 Of the loved village where my bones are laid.

¹ Bowood, Mr Dickenson's and Mr Methuen's magnificent mansion.—² La-
 cock Abbey.—³ The venerable Catholic Countess, who resides in the abbey.