

And can that *something* each man calls "HIMSELF,"
 Miltst this wide miracle of earth and sky,
 Waste the swift moments in the toil for self,—
 Nor raise one thought to Nature's Majesty?

On the globe's surface creep, a grov'ling worm!
 Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold,—
 Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the storm,—
 But think existence relative to gold.

Ah! since this awful Now remains for me,
 To think, to breathe, to wonder at the whole,
 To move, to touch, to taste, to hear, to see,
 To deem the mystic consciousness, *my Soul*;

Fain would I seek a-while the sportive shade,
 Ere the scene close upon this doubtful state;
 Catch every painted phantom ere it fade,
 And leave the vast Uncertainty to fate.

But GRIEF IS MINE—yet can I quit the crew
 Whose bosoms burn with avarice and pride,
 In yon blue vault to quench my thirsty view,
 Or tell my feelings to the boist'rous tide.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,
 With pilgrim step thro' an unfriendly vale,
 Oppression, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,
 And do not Falsehood's venom'd shafts assail?

Were it not nobler far, with social love,
 As fellow-trav'lers in a rugged road,
 That each the other's evils should remove,
 And with joint force sustain the gen'ral load?

O while such *fancied* happiness I trace,
 A glow of gladness runs through ev'ry vein,
 Rapture's warm tear steals silent down my face,
 And thus I wake the philanthropic strain.

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Isle be blest
 With foreign fame, domestic joy's increase;
 At ev'ry Insult, shake the warlike Crest;
 Then weave her laurels in the bow'r of Peace!

Blest be her Sons in hardy valour bold,
 And all who haunt meek Learning's sacred shade;
 Th' aspiring Young; and the reposing Old;
 The modest Matron; and th' enchanting Maid.

And blest be those whose wisdom rules the land;
 Who cherish Freedom with a fost'ring wing!
 All who obey; and all who give command;

BRUNSWICK's fam'd House; and Albion's PATRIOT KING!

DELLA CRUSCA.

CHRONICLE.