

His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray;
 Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam,
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun
 And dog impatient, bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the Season desolate the fields.

Sunrise.

6. But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
 Rejoicing in the East. The less'ning cloud
 The kindling azure, and the mountains brow,
 Illum'd with fluid, his near approach,
 Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air.
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring streams,
 High gleaming from afar.

Reputation.

7. Good name in man and woman,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Evening Sounds.

8. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There as I pass'd with careless step and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.