

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to the battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand;
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line;
 It was ten of April morn by the ehime
 As they drifted on their path;
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.