

Steele were the improvers, instead of being, as they assuredly were, the arch corruptors of the pomp and buskined solemnity of the natural English tongue. There is something indeed in the lace and ruffles of that French style which the reign of Anne introduced, both in our verse and prose, eminently hostile to the religious spirit which, naturally venturous and unrestrained, moves with the air of an Abbe, through the clipped little periods, all shorn and precise which the writings of the Spectator brought into fashion.

The dim and the vast are the necessary elements of the poetical religious feeling. Wrapt in its sacred and awful dreams, the soul forgets itself, egotism vanishes in the sense of the Universal—the Eternal. We have no identity save with the Great Whole; or if for one moment we wake to our own cabined and minute existence, it is as Milton wakes in the openings of his mighty poem, with an overborne and hushed sense of loneliness, with a sentiment of corporeal pain, with a recollection of fleshly ills, with a rushing and solemn desire again to escape from earth, and “draw empyreal air.” This is the true spirit of Religious Poetry.

ABBOTSFORD.

DAY springs from distant ocean; calm and bright
 Winds, like a glittering snake, the lovely Tweed;
 Rocks—dewy forests catch the rosy light,
 The early bee is humming o'er the mead;
 O'er ivied cots the smoke is trailing fair,
 And the bird sings, and flow'rs scent all the air.

The shepherd resting on his crook, the line
 Of Cheviot mountains distant; dim and blue;
 The waters murmuring as they flow and shine;
 Tall spires the summer foliage glancing through,
 Enchant the gazer, till he dreams he be
 In Tempe's vale, or Pan's own Arcady.

And here stands Abbotsford—romantic dome!
 Attracting more than all this lovely scene:
 For glorious genius here hath made a home—
 Its turrets whitening o'er the wood of green,
 Slopes, larches, to the small forget-me-not,
 A magic breathe and tell of fame and SCOTT.

Peace, Abbotsford, to thee! and him whose fame
 Hath halloed thee with interest ne'er to die;
 Linked with his immortality, thy name
 With Petrarch's venerated piic shall vie.*
 Pilgrims from southern land, and o'er the sea,
 When we are dust, shall fondly bow to thee.

* The villa of Petrarch still stands at Arquato, and, with the tomb, receives during the year the homage of thousands.