

Like thine Euphrates, ruin'd Babylon !
 What gain'd my quolers by my wrongs and fall ?
 Laws, prais'd in hell—not Draco's laws, but worse ;
 A mournful page, which history writes in gall ;
 A table without food—an empty purse :
 A name, become a byword and a curse,
 O'er every sea, to warn all nations, borne !"

v.

Was it the brightening gleam of heavenly morn,
 Beneath the shadow of his godlike brow ?
 Or, did a tear of grief, and rage, and scorn,
 Down his sad cheek of pride and trouble, flow ?
 He felt upon his cheek th' indignant glow,
 But shed no tear, not e'en a burning tear.
 The fire of sorrow in his bosom pent,
 He gaz'd on Milton, with an eye severe,
 On tranquil Pymm a look of sternness bent,
 Then, smiling on the humbled stranger, went
 To laugh with Cæsar tasking Hannibal.

SALMON FISHING.

From Noctes Ambrosiani. Blackwood's Magazine.

North. By the by, James, who won the salmon medal this season on the Tweed ?

Shepherd. Wha, think ye, could it be, you coof, but masel' ? I beat them a' by twa stape wecht. Oh, Mr North, but it wou'd hae done your heart gude to hae dauner'd along the banks wi' me on the 25th, and seen the slauchter. At the third thraw the snoot o' a famous fish sookit in ma flee—and for some seconds kepit steadfast in a sort o' eddy that gaed sullenly swirlin' at the tail o' yon pool—I needna name't—for the river had risen just to the proper pint, and was black as ink, accept when noo and then the sun struggled out frae atween the clud-chinks, and then the water was purple as heathermoss, in the season o' blae-berries. But that verra instant the flee began to bite him on the tongue, for by a jerk o' the wrist I had slichtly gi'en him the butt—and sunbeam never swifter sbot frae Heaven, than shot that saumon-beam doon, intil and oot o' the pool below, and along the sauch-shallows or you come to Juniper Bank. Clap—clap—clap—at the same instant played a couple o' cushats frae an aik aboon my head, at the purr o' the pirn, that let oot, in a twinkling, a hunner yards o' Mr. Phin's best, strang aneuch to haud a bill or a rhinoceros.

North. Incomparable tackle !

Shepherd. Far, far awa' doon the flood, see till him, sir—see