

My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scared owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

VIII.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye!

IX.

But if some pilgrim thro' the glade
Thy hallow'd bow'rs explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head;
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

X.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more,
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

A PANEGYRIC ON BRITAIN.

By DR. OGILVIE.

YET not o'er nature spread the general traits
Of imperfection. On some happier climes
The hand of Heav'n hath shower'd its
richest spoils,
Profuse of bounty. Though the juicy
grape
Tempt not the lip of luxury, the pine
Feels not the scorching sun, nor on the
bough
Hangs cloth'd in mantling gold, and ripe
to taste,
The mellow orange; yet their plains can
boast
A nobler produce. In Britain's blissful
isle
Gay plenty reigns!
Britannia hail! O! from the world
disjoin'd,

As nature's hand had form'd the soft
retreat
Of happiness and love! no severing sun
Blasts thy gay meads: no deep volcano
boils

With inward fire; nor thro' the cave be-
neath
Walks the dire earthquake. The tre-
mendous shock;
That from their loose base heaves the
works of man,
Just vibrates on thy bosom; as the voice
Of distant thunder moves the trembling
ground,
And murmurs in the air. Thy fields
rejoice

With cheerful Plenty. On yon waving
plain,
I see the goddess walk! her loosen'd
robe

Fleats on the gale redundant; on her
cheek,
In full luxuriance, swells the blushing
spring,
And scents her breath with myrrh. Mark
how she rears

Her horn aloft, and liberal o'er the field
Pours all her treasures. Man's enliven'd
soul

And all the groves are transport. Hark
the voice
Of music warbles from the bough! the
hind

Feels his heart leaping as he looks around,
And joy's bright ray bursts o'er the kind-
ling mind.

These are the blessing's Heaven's all
bounteous hand
Showers on her favourite isle: Thrice
happy they;

Who know their worth, and, kindling at
the view

With love, with gratitude, adore the
Power,

Who shap'd this wondrous frame, and
wrought its parts,

To such perfection. Nor less beauteous
form'd

His moral plan. But this to trace at large,
Requires a fitter season. The slow sun
Already sinks behind yon crimson'd cloud,
And gives the world to night.

W I N T E R.

By DR. JOHNSON.

NO more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

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