

Whose humble youth in gentle peace delight,
 Yet bear the death shock in the doubtful fight;
 If there's a Land where Love with all his Art
 Can fail to wound a second time the heart:
 A Land where thoughts—and mind—and love descends
 Connecting Men—their friends and fathers' friends;
 Where sorrow does not guard the sufferers' bounds,
 But from one cottage walks the village rounds,
 Where many a kind—uncostly Night
 Old joys—old friends—old tunes unite?—
 If there is such? O bear me o'er the tide
 To seek it through the world—on every ocean side,
 To stormy island—or to desert sand
 In vain—'Tis ALBION—'tis my native Land.

Perhaps Nationality requires some moderation; but if it is an error, it arises from hearts that can sympathize with that of others. But may not there be countries to whom Fate has destined happier Fame? May not the Scottish Exile indulge in those remembrances which to him spread a light over distant lands? May he not recall those names which have consecrated his Country in the eyes of all Nations. May he not in Song feel a new access of sorrow when he hears the voice of the Heathen lament "the poor white Man who came and sat under their Tree"—when he hears of the grey hairs of Abercrombie wept by Infidels amidst the deserts of Egypt—or the name of Graham made the cry of victory on the walls of Seringapatam, which two thousand years before had affrighted the Roman Eagles from the banks of the Clyde!

My subject has irresistably led me to the Hills and although I do not at present wish to enter on the subject of local influence, I think it necessary, before proceeding to moral causes, to allude to that state of sensation which exists amidst the solitude of Mountains. It is there alone the Ear enjoys the whole scale of sound, from the deep repose of summer, when as Ossian describes it, "mid-day is all on flames and silence over all the hills," to the "giant Anthem" of the Midnight storm. Pliny if I remember has mentioned in one of his Letters the influence of the extremes of sound on the mind, in standing by the shore when the sea is agitated, or in profound stillness. I have no wish to look down on the softer tenants of the vale; I shall yet have occasion to make peace with them when I join the mirth and share the milder Ale of Old England—nor shall I forget its brave and industrious Kindred of Holland who, as Mirabeau said, have triumphed both over Nature and Tyrants,—nor even pass without a tribute, the Dutch Skipper who hangs a May-Garland on his Main-top-gallant Stay, on the Morning of Love.

But if we turn our attention to that mode of existence which prevails amongst simple and remote nations, it is impossible not to feel that amidst their humble toils they have preserved feelings lost the world. "Men of Glaris and Unterwalden" says a Swiss writer, "ye are left as the Monuments of ages gone by—of habits, effaced—of virtues, unknown." Is it not then fair to take our stand in those scenes which are forgot by History, or only recalled as a figure of speech—in those Countries who can show the most numerous and interesting proofs of affection for their native Land—who equalling any in their patriotic