

POETRY.

HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL,
AS RENDERED BY SOME ENGLISH WRITERS.

*Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, mundula;
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.*

—Hadrian.

BYRON.

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless and forlorn.

PRIOR.

Poor little pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou preene thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

POPE. NO. I.

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire!
That long hath warmed my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire;
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
To what dark undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humor are no more.

POPE. NO. II.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister Spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sound seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

VARNO THE BRAVE:
A TALE OF THE
PICTS AND SCOTS.

BY THE LATE D. M., PERTH, N. B.

AT the time when Alpin, in his love for plunder and extended territory, first crossed the boundaries of Pictavia, young Varno was the foremost to offer his services in defence of the state. He was then a stripling, but of high promise, and brought to the field a numerous band of veteran retainers, who followed with enthusiasm the banner beneath which the sires of their chief had often led them to victory and honor. Elated, as patriotic warrior should, and a youthful soldier must ever be, when he is first called on to stand forward as the champion of his country's rights, Varno sought the battle field full of hope and earnestly longing for the signal to commence the strife of death. Nor did he wait long. In a few days the rival armies were in front of each other at Restenot, in Angus. He could have admired the stern pride of foe meeting foe; but the fury of the invaders gave little time for admiration, for like wolves rushing on their prey, and with yells which the hills repeated, the Scots burst through their thickest ranks like a midnight torrent. In vain did Pictish chieftain attempt to rally or try to cheer the fear-stricken hearts and disordered ranks of their countrymen. In vain did Varno rush where war was wildest; the claymore prevailed; he saw his country's bravest and best bite the ground, and the rabble flight, with death in their rear, scour across the corpse-strewn field. Sounding his horn, his thinned and nearly exhausted ranks drew off with levelled spears to the protection of a neighbouring forest, whilst the foe, in admiration of their gallant bearing, stood aloof or turned their blades on panting fugitives.

The disastrous issue of this day seemed to seal the fate of the Pictish dynasty. Feredeth, the king, was among the slain, and civil dissensions soon shook the kingdom from its utmost boundaries to the gates of the palace. Brudus was called to the throne, but was unable to calm or control the jealous madness that withered the feelings and fired the passions of his terror-stricken, trustless, disorganized subjects. Unresisted, the vengeful Scot passed through the land like a simoon, marking his tract with desolation. On every side the smoke of castles and cottages darkened the air, and nothing was heard but the shrieks of women and butchered babes, blended with the war-yell of the savage foe. The palace was filled with discontent, and the clamours of the populace seemed to shake its very battlements. Each looked to his fellow for aid, and all united in crying to the king for protection. It was in vain that he attempted to calm the fears of one, reason with another, and threaten a third: wisdom was drowned in a terror that despised threats and defied soothing. The spirit of anarchy was abroad, and would not, to all appearance, be appeased with aught less than a royal sacrifice.