

I cannot better conclude these extracts, to which the term of unmitigated nonsense may be applied in its most unqualified sense, than by inserting the following lines from the pen of a certain noble author,* the beauty of whose ideas cannot fail to be admired:—

"Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green and many-tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The sound of armies thick'ning as they come,
The boom of cannon or the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisting sweep of human power,
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!
Oh may the waves that madden in thy deep
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep!
And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace."

* Earl of Carlisle.