

patches" we have pinned together in this article, will show that it is only within a few years, so great an improvement has been effected in the Roads of Great Britain; and from hence we may gather courage to keep us from sinking into the "Slough of Despond," when contemplating the seas of mud through

which we are obliged to pilot our laborious way, moreover, when we happen to stick fast, it will be some consolation to reflect, that a King of Spain, little more than a century ago, was nearly battered into a jelly when travelling and *travailing* on an English highway.

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THE STARS.

YE Spirits clear and bright,  
 Who throng the field of Night,  
 Winking on mortals from your heights afar—  
 Ye Vestals pure and fair,  
 Who wave your golden hair,  
 Scatt'ring the dews each from her trackless car :—  
 Oh speak ! — Are ye the same ?  
 Ye ! — the bright hosts that came,  
 Striking their harps when GOD'S fair work was done,—  
 When the vault of heaven rang,  
 Angels in concert sang,  
 And virgin Spheres first danced around their Sun.  
 Saw ye, with look intense,  
 Man in his innocence ? —  
 Saw ye round Eden flame the fiery guard ? —  
 Have ye seen two on Earth  
 Without sin from their birth ? —  
 Alas ! did ye behold GOD'S image marr'd ? —  
 Are ye the Powers who aim'd  
 The death-wing'd shafts that maim'd  
 The heathen Sisera warring in his pride,—  
 When GOD for Israel fought,  
 And their deliverance wrought,  
 When on His Name the contrite people cried ?  
 Did ye your faces veil,  
 When ye saw Nature quail,  
 As on the awful Mount the holy SAVIOUR gasp'd,  
 When Earth's recesses groan'd,  
 The Grave its Conqueror own'd,  
 And Love and Justice round the cursed tree clasp'd ?  
 Yes ! ye your rays have cast  
 O'er all strange things long past,  
 Which Time hath shadow'd now with darkling pall ;  
 Ye 've seen the ebb and flow  
 Of a world's joy and woe,  
 Men's births and deaths, and nations rise and fall.  
 Worlds change, but ye endure,  
 Bright, stainless, — yet not pure  
 To Him, to whom the Seraph veils his brow—  
 So thick your sunless host,  
 We miss not one when lost—  
 O ! think then what an atom, haughty man, art thou ?

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