

NIGHT-PIECE.

TIS night, and storms the forests shake,
Dark roll the billows on the lake;
The whirlwind speeds, descends the rain,
The torrents echo to the plain.

Here sounds an oak, there spreads a plain,
Above, the rock defends the rain;
The murmuring rill o'er pebbles flies,
The wind along the bramble sighs.
A fox is howling on the rock,
A screech-owl on a blasted oak.
The passing meteor lights the vale,
A spirit whispers in the gale,
Or, beck'ning, longs to breathe its care,
And ghastly horror rides the air.

A ruin!—'twas of old the seat
Of heroes, now resign'd to fate;
Where often mirth relax'd the soul,
And midnight crown'd the rosy bowl;
Where brightly music swell'd the sound,
While blooming beauty tript around.
With every blast the fragments fall,
The winds are blust'ring in the hall,

Go, on the stone inscribe thy name,
And to the marble trust thy fame:
Bid half the mountain form thy tomb,
The wonder of the times to come!
The mound shall sink, the stones decay,
The sculptur'd figure wear away.
The bust that proudly speaks thy praise,
Some shepherd's future cot may raise;
While smiling round, his infant son
Admires the figures on the stone.

A tomb its dreary honours shows,
Three stones exalt their heads of moss;
A bust half sunk in earth appears,
The rude remains of former years;
Dry tufts of grass around it rise,
The wind along the brushwood sighs:
Now peeping from the cloudy pole,
The moon has silver'd o'er the whole.

H O R A C E Book II. ODE X.

IMITATED.

Reflius vivet, &c.

YOU'LL safer be, my friend, to keep
Not always in the open deep;
Yet cautious you must shun
The dang'rous shore: when storms arise;
And dismal clouds obscure the skies,
And hide the cheering sun,

Whoe'er hits on the golden mean,
Enjoys a mind calm and serene,
Nor prides himself on show;
His modest roof no pomp displays;
His gilded domes no envy raise,
Nor round their lustre throw.

The tow'ring pine stretched to the sky,
Feels more the blast 'cause it is high;
Proud turrets soonest fall;
And mountains first feel the effects,
When awful thunder roaring breaks,
Around this earthly ball.

The mind prepar'd for either state,
Shews prudent fear, however great,
And hope in midst of ills;
Winter, we see at heaven's command,
Appear—soon quit the gladd'ned land,
Then spring her dew distills.

Tho' fortune now mayn't on us smile,
Have patience——wait a little while;
A change no doubt you'll see;
Sometimes Apollo tunes his lyre,
Unbends his bow and lends his fire,
To such as you and me.

Tho' with misfortunes sore oppress'd,
Be steady still—and do your best;
And when mid'st prosperous gales,
Against the absent storm prepare;
Whate'er the wind—however fair,
Be sure to reef your sails.

THE LARK.

[By Maria Falconer, sixteen years of age.]

THE rising sun's enlivening ray
Dispell'd the gloom of night;
Each verdant field and flowery spray
With dew drops twinkled bright.

The earliest of the feather'd throng,
As round all nature smil'd,
A woodlark tun'd his matin song,
In strains divinely wild.

O say ye soft-harmonious train,
Ye warblers of the grove,
Who taught you thus to pour that strain,
Or tune your voice to love.

The sweetest bird that e'er could sing,
Or flower that e'er could blow,
Alike to Heaven's eternal King,
Their bloom and music owe.