

THE following beautiful lines were written by the late Mr. RITCHIE, the accomplished African traveller, (the narrative of whose journey has just been published by his companion, Capt. Lyon) in the very situation described in the two first lines, when on board the vessel which conveyed him from England; upon the deck of which he long stood, with tears in his eyes, regarding, for the last time, the land of his nativity.

#### ADIEU TO ALBION.

Thy chalky cliffs are fading from my view,  
Our bark is dancing gaily o'er the sea;  
I sigh while yet I may, and say Adieu,  
ALBION, thou jewel of the earth! to thee,  
Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,  
Whose mountains were my boyhood's whole delight,  
Whose rock, and wood, and torrent were to me  
The food of my soul's youthful appetite;  
Were music to my ear—a blessing to my sight.

I never dreamt of beauty but behold!  
Straightway thy daughters flash'd upon my eye;  
I never mused on Valour, but the old  
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry  
Fill'd my expanding breast with ecstasy;  
And when I thought on Wisdom, and the crown  
The muses give, with exultation high  
I turn'd to those whom thou hast call'd thy own,  
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart in life's gay morning hour,  
At beauty's summons beat a wild alarm,  
Her voice came to me from an English bow'r,  
And English smiles they were that wrought the charm;  
And if, when lull'd asleep on fancy's arm,  
Visions of bliss my riper age have cheer'd—  
Of home, and Love's fireside, and greetings warm  
For one by absence, and long toil endear'd—  
The fabric of my hope on thee hath still been rear'd.

Peace to thy smiling hearths, when I am gone!  
And may'st thou still thy ancient dow'ry keep,  
To be a mark to guide the nations on,  
Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep!  
Long may'st thou bid the sorrower cease to weep,  
And shoot the beams of truth athwart the night  
That wraps a slumbering world; till, from their sleep,  
Starting, remotest nations see the light,  
And earth be blest beneath the buckler of thy might.

Strong in thy strength I go; and wheresoe'er  
My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget  
All that I owe to thee! and, oh! may ne'er  
My frailties tempt me to abjure the debt!  
And if, when far from thee my star must set,  
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear  
The tale, and some fair cheek that shall be wet,  
And some bright eye, in which the swelling tear  
Shall start for him who sleeps in Africa's deserts drear?

Yet will I not profane a charge like mine  
With melancholy bodings; nor believe  
That a voice, whispering ever in the shrine  
Of my own heart, spake, only to deceive.  
I trust its promise—that I go to weave  
A wreath of pains, entwined with many a sweet  
Perennial flower, which Time shall not bereave  
Of all its fragrance—that I yet shall greet  
Once more the Ocean Queen, and throw it at her feet.