

Sweet as the tones which flow from music's numbers,
 Which o'er the waters mellow all its sound,
 Calm as the zephyr when all nature slumbers,
 Chaste as Diana's orb in azure bound,
 Pure as the vestal, whom no guilt encumbers,
 Bright as the vision of fairy ground,
 Soft as the sunny radiance of the skies
 And as the essence sweet that never dies.

We shall only recite another quotation for the purpose of versifying in more accurate language than we can possibly express it, and above every other passage in the poem, the poetic powers of the author; as well as the opinion which we have formed of the production before us. It is contained in an Apostrophe to Woman; and with regard to this figure in poetry, however much it may have been cast in the shade by some writers, we are for our own part of opinion, that it is here, and here alone that the most feeling, natural, and touching passages are to be found throughout the wide Empire of poetry. In proof of this we could quote many of the sublimest passages in ancient and modern verse; but we shall content ourselves with two short and simple ones which have just occurred to us:

Hinc Daprani me portus et illætabilis ora
 Accipit. Hic, palagi tot tempestatibus actus,
 Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ casusque levamen,
 Amitto Anchisen: *hic me pater optime, fessum*
Deseris, heu! tantis nequidquam erepte periclis,
 Nec vates Helenus, quum multa horrenda moneret,
 Hos mihi prædixit luctus; non dira Celæno.

ÆNEID III. 707.

Strike the harp in praise of Bragela, whom I left in the isle of mist the spouse of my love. Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the soils of Cuchullin? The sea is rolling far distant, and its white foam shall deceive the foraging sails. Retire for it is night, my love, and the dark winds sigh in thy hair.—Retire to the hall of feasts, and think of the times that are past; for I will not return till the storm of war is gone. O Connal, speak of wars and arms, and send her from my mind, for lovely with her raven hair is the white bosomed daughter of Sorglan.

FINGAL, B. 1.

Oh, woman thou wert form'd for love,—and love
 Nurtur'd for thee;—thy very looks enthroned
 A symbol and a charm of those above
 Whose attributes of being, are thine own;
 The air, that stirs around, where thou dost move
 Is fraught with incense,—as the heavenly zone
 Which our first parents witness'd at their birth
 For thou hast here, imparadis'd the Earth.—

Thou art the fountain of our purest pleasure
 As the fair altar of our warmest praise,
 Thy tender love, the heart's exhaustless treasure,
 From which man draws, the sunshine of his days,—
 Thy glowing charms, surpassing far, the measure
 Of word, or thought, to paint,—tho' Fancy's rays
 Soar'd to the heavens,—where it alone could find
 A charm of grace,—eclipsing womankind.—