

With a brief reference to that noble lyric, the "Battle of the Baltic," we bid adieu to Thomas Campbell, whose gift of language has proven as pregnant of glorious deeds as those very deeds carried into effect, wherever the British flag has flown, by other and more active members of his glorious clan. "The Battle of the Baltic" sings

Of Nelson and the North,  
And the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth,  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone :  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line ;  
It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleetest rush'd