

Age hath not quell'd his strength, nor quench'd desire
 Of generous deed, nor chill'd his bosom's glow ;
 Yet to a better world his hopes aspire.
 Ah! this must sure be thee! All hail my honored Sire!

Alas! thy latest voyage draws near a close,
 For Death broods voiceless in the darkening sky;
 Subsides the breeze; th' untroubled waves repose;
 The scene is peaceful all. Can Death be nigh,
 When thus, mute and unarmed, his vassals lie?
 Mark ye that cloud! There toils the imprisoned gale;
 E'en now it comes, with voice uplifted high;
 Resound the shores, harsh screams the rending sail,
 And roars th' amazed wave, and bursts the thunder peal

Three days the tempest raged; on Scotia's shore
 Wreck piled on wreck, and corse o'er corse was thrown;
 Her rugged cliffs were red with clotted gore;
 Her dark caves echoed back the expiring moan;
 And luckless maidens mourned their lovers gone;
 And friendless orphans cried in vain for bread;
 And widow'd mothers wandered forth alone;—
 Restore, O wave, they cried,—restore our dead!
 And then the breast they bar'd, and beat the unshelter'd head.

Of thee, my Sire, what mortal tongue can tell!
 No friendly bay thy shattered bark received;
 Ev'n when thy dust repos'd in ocean cell,
 Strange baseless tales of hope thy friends deceived;
 Which oft they doubted sad, or gay believed.
 At length, when deeper, darker waxed the gloom,
 Hopeless they grieved, but 'twas in vain they grieved:
 If God be truth, 'tis sure no voice of doom,
 That bids the accepted soul its robes of joy assume."

I had been sent, previous to my father's death, to a dame's school, where I was taught to pronounce my letters to such effect in the old Scottish mode, that still, when I attempt spelling a word aloud, which is not often,—for I find the process a very perilous one,—the *aa's* and *ee's*, and *uhs* and *vaus*, return upon me, and I have to translate them with no little hesitation, as I go along, into the more modish sounds. A knowledge of the letters themselves I had already acquired by studying the sign-posts of the place,—rare works of art, that excited my utmost admiration, with jugs, and glasses, and bottles,