

Scorner, of all thy toils the end declare!
 If pleasure, pleasure comes uncall'd to cheer
 The haunts of him who spends
 His hours in quiet thought.
 And happier he who can repress desire,
 Than they who seldom mourn a thwarted wish:
 The vassals they of fate,—
 The unbending conqueror he.
 And thou, blest Muse, though rudely strung thy lyre,
 Its tones can guile the dark and lonesome day,—
 Can smooth the wrinkled brow,
 And dry the sorrowing tear.
 Thine many a bliss,—O, many a solace thine!
 By thee upheld, the soul asserts her throne,
 The chastened passions sleep,
 And dove-eyed Peace prevails.
 And thou, fair Hope! when other comforts fail,—
 When night's thick mists descend,—thy beacon flames,
 Till grow the dark clouds round
 With beams of promised bliss.
 Thou failest not, when, mute the soothing lyre,
 Lives thy unfading solace: sweet to raise
 Thy eye, O quiet Hope,
 And greet a friend in heaven!—
 A friend, a brother, one whose awful throne
 In holy fear heaven's mightiest sons approach:
 Man's heart to feel for man,—
 To save him God's great power!
 Conqueror of death, joy of the accepted soul,
 O, wonders raise no doubt when told of thee!
 Thy way past finding out,
 Thy love, can tongue declare?
 Checked by thy smile, Peace dwells amid the storm;
 Held by thy hand, the floods assail in vain;
 With grief is blent a joy,
 And beams the vault of death.

Passing, in one of my walks this autumn, the cave in which I used to spend in boyhood so many happy hours with Finlay, I found in smoking, as of old, with a huge fire, and occupied by a wilder and more careless party than even my truant schoolfellows. It has been discovered and appropriated by a band of gipsies, who, attracted by the soot-stains on its roof and sides, and concluding that it had been inhabited by the gipsies of other days, had, without consulting factor or landlord,