

O'er many a weary waste the traveller passed,
 And hoped to find some resting-place at last,
 Beneath some branchy shade, his journey done,
 To shelter from the desert and the sun;
 And haply some green spot the pilgrim found,
 And hailed and blessed the stream's delicious sound.
 When on his ear the well-known ditty stole,
 That, as it melted, passed into his soul,—
 'Oh, Bothwell bank!'—each thrilling sound conveyed
 The Scottish landscape to the palm-tree shade;
 No more Damascus' streams his spirit held,
 No more its minarets his eye beheld;
 Pharphar and Abana unheeded glide,—
 He hears in dreams the music of the Clyde;
 And Bothwell's banks, amid o'er-arching trees,
 Echoes the bleat of flocks, the hum of bees.
 With less keen rapture on the Syrian shore,
 Beneath the shadow of the sycamore,
 His eye had turned amid the burst of day,
 Tadmor's gigantic columns to survey,
 That sullenly their length of shadows throw
 On sons of earth, who trembling gaze below.
 'Twas thus when to Quebec's proud heights afar,
 Wolfe's chivalry rolled on the tide of war,
 The hardy Highlander, so fierce before,
 Languidly lifted up the huge claymore.
 To him the bugle's mellow notes were dumb,
 And even the rousing thunders of the drum,
 Till the loud *pibroch* sounded in the van,
 And led to battle forth each dauntless clan.
 On rush the brave, the plaided chiefs advance
 The line resounds, 'Lochiel's awa' to France!
 With vigorous arm the falchion lift on high,
 Fight as their fathers fought, and like their fathers die."

Long as our extract is, there are, we suppose, few of our readers who will deem it too long. Independently, too, of its exquisite vein, it illustrates better both the merits and the defects of Lord Jeffrey's theory of beauty than any other passage in the round of our literature with which we are acquainted. For there are scores whose degree of musical taste compels them to hold that there is a beauty in "simple