

elevation being about thirty feet. About the middle is Lake Drummond, which is formed from the drainings of this vast tract of useless land. For centuries undisturbed by man, the lake is crowded with fish of great size and variety. Surrounded by lofty trees, it is unruffled by the wind, and so transparent, that its numberless inhabitants are seen in shoals by those who have resolution and perseverance sufficient to visit them. Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, and author of *Little's Poems*, who recently visited America, has, in a volume of his compositions, published since his return, given a beautiful little ballad on the subject of a story which he says is current in this neighborhood, though I must confess that it never came within the circle of my observation. It is entitled "THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP." "In the neighborhood of this dreary track," says Mr. Moore, "which lies about twelve miles distant from Norfolk, in America, the inhabitants have the following story, which forms the subject of this ballad:— A young man losing his senses upon the death of a lady, to whom he paid his addresses, imagined that she still lived upon the above lake; thither he repaired, and probably perished in some of its dreadful morasses, as he was never heard of afterwards by his family."

## BALLAD.

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp  
 " For a soul so warm and true ;  
 " And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
 " Where all night long, by a fire-fly \* lamp,  
 " She paddles her white canoe.

" And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,  
 " And her paddle I soon shall hear ;  
 " Long and loving our life shall be,  
 " And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,  
 " When the footstep of death is near !"

\* The fire-fly is an insect common in this part of the country. In its flight, at short intervals, it sheds a beam of apparent fire, or lightning—brighter than the glow-worm. It is so perfectly harmless, that children amuse themselves in following and catching it.