

Ah! had not the arrows of death have beset him,
 Nor his youth in such waywardness been spent,
 There all had desired in his fame to have met him,
 And this song had not breath'd this lament.

'Tis said his mein was noble—a star in his art—
 He was granted the nerve for the same ;
 He was noble in his mind—humane in his heart,
 So far thro' the land ran his fame ;

But his memory may die, since not a record here
 He has left thro' the future to be read ;
 Then soon may some marble be rais'd o'er his bier,
 That strangers may know where they tread.

 THE POET'S EYE.

" Friend after friend is snatch'd away,"
 Ink spotted page thou tellest true ;
 But when thy whisper'd numbers say
 That one, the chosen one of few—
 With whom I braved Life's adverse morn,
 With fortune doom'd a war to wage,
 Is from me prematurely torn,
 What grief is mine truth telling page !

" In health we watch'd him sinking fast,
 And want and woe his heart assail ;
 Disease's signs were traced at last ;
 His manly brow grew cold and pale ;
 Consumption prey'd upon his frame,
 Nought could pain's repercussions lull ;
 His cheek's flush quickly went and came ;
 His eye at length grew glazed and dull."

That eye, Oh ! mournful tidings ! wont
 O'er others cheer and mirth to throw,