

The mighty have fallen, their weapons have perish'd !  
And, slain in high places, so low lies the brave ;  
No more I shall gaze on the face that I cherish'd,  
O Jonathan, brother, now cold in thy grave.

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## THE DIAMOND AND THE PEBBLE.

WHY value ye the diamond, and  
The pearl from Ceylon's balmy shore,  
When stones unnumber'd strew the land,  
And in the sea are millions more ?  
Why treasure ye each silver bar,  
And watch, with Argus eye, your gold,  
When lead and iron, near and far,  
Are strewn beneath the rocks and mould.

Ye prize those shining gems, because  
Their sparkling beauty cheers the eye,  
And, by the force of nature's laws,  
They never in profusion lie.  
Could we, Aladdin like, descend  
Into a place where diamonds grow,  
Our minds would then most surely tend  
To value diamonds very low.

The emerald's or diamond's shine,  
Is valued not for that alone,  
But for its absence in the mine,  
Where thousands lie, of common stone.  
And thus, within the world of thought,  
The pebble and the lead abound,  
But real pearls are seldom brought,  
And gold or silver rarely found.

We all have thoughts, we speak them, too,  
The world is fill'd with words of men,