

He nerved his might for one last spring, and  
as he sunk and died,  
Roft of an eye, his enemy fell groaning at his  
side.

Thus did he fall within the hall of Congress,  
that brave youth;  
The bowie-knife hath quenched his life of valor  
and of truth;  
And still among the statesmen throng at Wash-  
ington they tell  
How nobly Dollar gouged his man—how gai-  
lantly he fell!

Very wicked, but consumedly clever is  
this imitation of our friend Robert Montgo-  
mery:—

#### THE DEATH OF SPACE.

Eternity shall raise her funeral pile  
In the vast dungeon of the extinguish'd sky,  
And, clothed in dim barbaric splendour, smile,  
And murmur shouts of elegiac joy.

While those that dwell beyond the realms of  
space,

And those that people all that dreary void,  
When old Time's endless heir hath run his race,  
Shall live for aye, enjoying and enjoyed.

And 'mid the agony of unsullied bliss,  
Her Demogorgon's doom shall Sin bewail,  
The undying serpent at the spheres shall hiss,  
And lash the empyrean with his tail.

And Hell, inflated with supernal wrath,  
Shall open wide her thunder-bolted jaws,  
And shout into the dull cold ear of Death,  
That he must pay his debt to Nature's laws.

And when the King of Terrors breathes his last,  
Infinity shall creep into her shell,  
Cause and effect shall from their thrones be cast,  
And end their strife with suicidal yell.

While from their ashes, burnt with pomp of Kings  
'Mid incense floating to the vanished skies,  
Nonentity, on circumambient wings,  
An everlasting Phoenix shall arise.

For the especial delectation of our Celtic  
clients, we transfer to our pages the follow-  
ing North British lay. It professes to be a  
translation from the vernacular of Ossian,  
and we make no question but that it is as  
authentic as any of the fragments of the Erse  
muse, which James Macpherson rescued  
from oblivion:—

#### THE MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

##### I.

Fhairshon swore a feud  
Against the clan Mactavish;  
Marched into their land,  
To murder and to rafhish;  
For he did resolve  
To extirpate the vipers,  
With four-and-twenty men  
And five-and-thirty pipers.

##### II.

But when he had gone  
Half way down Strath Canaan,  
Of his fighting tail  
Just three were remaining.  
They were all he had,  
To back him in ta battle;  
All the rest had gone  
Off, to drive ta cattle.

##### III.

"Fery goot!" cried Fhairshon,  
"So my clan disgraced is;  
Lads, we'll need to fight  
Pefore we touch the peasties.  
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh  
Coming wi' his fassals,  
Gillies seventy-three,  
And sixty Dhuinewassails!"

##### IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir;  
Are you not ta Fhairshon?  
Was you coming here  
To visit any person?  
You are a plackguard, sir!  
It is now six hundred  
Coot long years, and more,  
Since my glen was plundered."

##### V.

"Fat is tat you say?  
Dare you cock your peaver?  
I will teach you, sir,  
Fat is coot behaviour!  
You shall not exist  
For another day more;  
I will shoot you, sir.  
Or stap you with my claymore!"

##### VI.

"I am fery glad  
Tolearn what you mention,  
Since I can prevent  
Any such intention."