

Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hushed, save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordingz' side!
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valour and her charms!

John Gibson Lockhart and Thomas Babbington Macaulay might toss up for the paternity of the subjoined chivalric ballad. It narrates a "passage at arms" by no means uncommon in the Congress of the contiguous Democracy:—

THE DEATH OF JABEZ DOLLAR.

The Congress met, the day was wet, Van Buren took the chair,
On either side, the statesman pride of far Kentucky was there.

With moody frown, there sat Calhoun, and slowly in his cheek
His quid he thrust, and slaked the dust, as Webster rose to speak.

Upon that day, near gifted Clay, a youthful member sat,
And like a free American upon the floor he spat;
Then turning round to Clay, he said, and wiped his manly chin,
"What kind of Locofoco's that, as wears the painter's skin?"

"Young man," quoth Clay, "avoid the way of Slick of Tennessee;
Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest gouger he.

He chews and spits as there he sits, and whittles at the chairs,
And in his hand, for deadly strife, a bowie-knife he bears.

"Avoid that knife! In frequent strife its blade, so long and thin,
Has found itself a resting-place his rival's ribs within."

But coward fear came never near young Jabez Dollar's heart,

"Were he an alligator, I would rile him pretty smart!"

Then up he rose, and cleared his nose, and looked toward the chair,
He saw the stately stripes and stars—our country's flag was there!
His heart beat high, with savage cry upon the floor he sprang,
Then raised his wrist, and shook his fist, and spoke his first harangue:

"Who sold the nutmegs made of wood—the clocks that wouldn't figure?
Who grained the bark off gum trees dark—the everlasting nigger?

For twenty cents, ye Congress gents, through 'tarnity I'll kick

That man, I guess, though nothing less than 'coon-faced Colonel Slick!"

The colonel smiled, with frenzy wild, his very beard waxed blue,
His shirt it could not hold him, so wrathily riled he grew;

He foams and frets, his knife he whets upon seat below—
He sharpens it on either side, and whittles at his toe.

"Oh! waken, snakes, and walk your chalks!" he cried, with ire irate;

"Darn my old mother, but I will in wild cats whip my weight!

Oh! 'tarnal death, I'll spoil your breath, young Dollar, and your chaffing,
Look to your ribs, for here is that will tickle them without laughing!"

His knife he raised, with fury crazed, he sprang across the hall—

He cut a caper in the air, he stood before them all;

He never stopped to look or think if he the deed should do,

But spinning sent the President, and on young Dollar flew.

They met, they closed, they sunk, they rose, in vain young Dollar strove—

For, like a streak of lightning greased, the infuriate colonel drove

His bowie blade deep in his side, and to the ground they rolled,

And drenched in gore, wheeled o'er and o'er, locked in each other's hold.

With fury dumb, with nail and thumb, they struggled and they thrust;

The red blood ran from Dollar's side, like rain upon the dust;