

But, Star of the West ! now forever farewell—

Thou art gone to illumine a happier sphere ;

Yet the light thou hast kindled shall still with us dwell,

And thy *name* to posterity ever be dear.

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STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

High throbs the heart with sorrows keenest swell,

While now a parting tribute friendship pays

To one long dearly loved, whose fun'ral knell

Strikes the sad ear with death's last obsequies.

And onward there, deep, melancholy, slow,

In solemn silence move the weeping train—

Where they consign, in all the gloom of woe,

Pale earth to earth, and dust to dust again.

This, this thy fate, just when the op'ning day

Of manhood beamed upon thy youthful brow,