

Then hear the piercing cry, the sob, the moan,
 The tramp, the surge, the rush, the fiendish yell,
 That bursts from devils in this raging hell
 As they gloat o'er their victim's dying groan
 Oh God! is man so vile, so wicked still
 That he will laugh his fellow's blood to spill.

See that old man just trembling o'er the tomb!
 The wretch, he falls beneath the rabble's tread:
 See that young maid coiled on her dusty bed
 She lately was a gem of sweetest bloom
 With eye once soft, but now of ghastly stare,
 With lips apart o'erstrewn with bloody hair.

Behold the mother from her home depart
 With grief depicted on her bloodless face!
 Her babe she fondly clasps with close embrace
 And tears descend, wrung from her feeble heart;
 The madden'd mob rush on; she fails for breath
 And trampled, sinks into the arms of death
 But death must come: why mourn its ruthless tread?
 In war's wild din, or plague's relentless sweep—
 It only takes us to our last long sleep;
 But still when men each other's blood will shed
 It makes the welkin ring with sorrows cries;
 And angels weep as the unholy dies

PINKERTON AND HIS WIFE.

"Dear wife, I'm sorry to see you look,
 So dreadfully like a string;
 It seems to me, if a trip you took,
 Away to a lovely spring,
 It would rest you out, and you'd grow fat
 And return a different thing.
 'I'll buy you a shawl to suit your taste,
 And a jaunty little hat;