

He *liv'd* to maintain it,—now nobles agree ;
 Entomb'd, there is not a more noble than he.
 The noblest must come to "earth's narrowest
 room !"

Observe but that group at the Patriot's tomb ;
 Mid fashion full-blown and festivity gay,
 By the glare of the lamp and the light of the day,
 On! on, they have sported!—a galaxy bright!—
 Forgetting the past in the present delight,
 While viol and lute have proclaim'd their advance,
 And quicken'd their steps in the maze of the dance.
 See! now they have come to the shrine of the
 dead,—

How chang'd is their manner! how alter'd their
 tread!

In view of the sepulchre gayety flies,—
 No place *that* for *trifling* where Washington lies!
 Great Britain concedes the respect which is due,—
 The son of her Queen, and her noblemen too,
 Observing, in silence, mortality's doom,
 Now stand all uncover'd at Washington's tomb!

VALENTINE ADDRESSED TO MISS C—D—,
 FEBRUARY 14TH, 1845.

To the high and accomplish'd, the blooming and fair,
 Lady, Sovereign of Blank and the castles of air:
 This humble petition which, postage-paid, goeth
 Of Peter Van Puff Pipe, respectfully sheweth,—