

thought, as travelers gather richly sculptured marbles and mutilated statuary from the ruined temples of antiquity—fragments indeed, but more valuable than the unbroken works of later ages. So passed away the swift years, until the 25th July, 1834, when

"..... every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvelous source."

He had written his own epitaph in these words:

"Stop, Christian passer by: stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Pound death in life, may here find life in death.
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

Requiescat in pace. Lamb mourned the death of his early friend with intense sorrow. "Coleridge is dead," he would break forth at intervals. But in a little more than two years his lonely pilgrimage closed, and he was summoned to pass the portals of the Silent Land.

Still a few years longer, and the overtaken brain of Southey began to give way. Memory grew feeble, and his recollection of things receded farther and farther toward the days of his childhood. His conversation grew wandering and unconnected. Slowly and reluctantly he ceased from his wonted labors, dreaming, long after the power of execution was extinct, of completing his unfinished works, and ever planning new ones. He ceased to write; but still continued mechanically to read, after the faculty of comprehension had gone; and when unable to read even, he still loved to wander vacantly among the long files of his beloved volumes, gazing dreamily at them. Thus for three years the veil grew closer and darker, until the closing year, during which all knowledge of outward things seemed to have vanished. So it was with joy rather than sorrow that on the 21st day of March, 1843, his loving friends saw the thread of life loosed, and knew that he had passed from the darkness of this world into the brightness of the Life Beyond.

Among the few who followed the remains of Southey to the grave, was a calm-eyed man whose tall form was scarcely bent by the weight of more than three-score years and ten. It was Wordsworth, who had walked over the hills that wild and stormy March morning, in reverence for an unbroken friendship of half a century.

Yet a few years more, and he, the greatest—greatest in performance, though not greatest in capability—the eldest-born of that great triumvirate of poets, and the survivor of them all, having rounded the full circle of four-score years, joined on the 23d of April, 1850, the still throng of the Immortals.

As we write these concluding lines, intelligence comes to us across the Atlantic, that Mr. Cottle, the firm and faithful friend of Coleridge, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and Lamb, has rejoined their companionship beyond the portals of time.

THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

ON a green knoll, in yonder field of graves,
Where the rank grass o'er mound and tablet waves,
A granite shaft allures the vagrant eye
To where the ashes of a hero lie.
This briny air, in its perennial sweep,
Nerved his young frame to conquer on the deep;
Around these shores, a boy, with sportive ease,
He trimmed his shallop to the wayward breeze;
A fearless athlete, in his summer play,
He clove the surf of this unrivaled bay;
Trode the lone cliff where storm-lashed billows roll,
To see the rocks their baffled rage control,
Or watch their serried ranks majestic pour
A ceaseless tribute on his native shore;
The snowy fringes on each leaping surge,
Like victors' wreaths, heroic purpose urge;
In their wild roar the deadly charge he hears,
Feels in their spray a nation's grateful tears;
The mellow sunsets, whose emblazoned crest
With purple radiance flushes all the west,
Like glory's banner, to his vision spread,
To guide the living, consecrate the dead!

His boyhood thus by winds and waves beguiled,
Here Nature cradled her intrepid child;
Won his clear gaze to scan the horizon wall,
His heart with ocean's heart to rise and fall,
His ear to drink the music of the gale,
His pulse to leap with the careering sail,
His brow the landscape's open look to wear,
His eye to freshen in this crystal air;
Braced by her rigors, melted by her smile,
She reared the hero of her peerless isle.

Then went he forth—not like a knight of old,
Armed at all points, with veterans enrolled,
But in the strength of a devoted will,
A martyr's patience and a patriot's skill:
No fleet was his whose guns and pennons bore
The tested might of conquests won of yore;
The trees whose shadow played o'er Erie's wave,
Were felled and launched—a rampart for the brave;
The oak that stretched its leafy branches there,
And dallied lightly with the autumn air,
One morn, a sturdy bulwark of the free,
Floated the empress of that inland sea!
No gray survivors of the battle's wreck
Manned the rude ports of her unpolished deck;
Destined to grapple with a practiced foe,
The will to fight is all her champions know.

Sublime the pause when down the gleaming tide,
The virgin galleys to the conflict glide;
The very wind, as if in awe or grief,
Scarce wakes a ripple, or disturbs a leaf;
The lighted brand, the piles of iron hail,
The boatswain's whistle and the fluttering sail,
The thick-strewn sand beneath their noiseless tread,
To drink the gallant blood as yet unshed,
The long-drawn breath, the glance of mutual cheer,
Eager with hope, oblivious of fear,
Valor's stern mood, affection's pensive sigh,
Alone declare relentless havoc nigh.
Behold her chieftain's glad, prophetic smile,
As a new banner he unrolls the while;
Hear the gay shout of his elated crew
When the dear watchword hovers to their view,
And Lawrence, silent in the arms of death,
Bequeaths defiance with his latest breath.¹

Why to one point turns every graceful prow?
What scares the eagle from his lonely bough?

A bugle note far through the welkin rings,
 From ship to ship its airy challenge flings;
 Then round each hull the murky war clouds loom,
 Her lightnings glare, her sullen thunders boom;
 Peal follows peal, and with each lurid flash,
 The tall masts shiver and the bulwarks crash;
 The shrouds hang loose, the decks are wet with gore,
 And dying shrieks resound along the shore;
 As fall the bleeding victims, one by one,
 Their messmates rally to the smoking gun,
 As the maimed forms are sadly borne away
 From the fierce carnage of that murderous fray,
 A fitful joy lights up each drooping eye
 To see the starry banner floating high,
 Or mark their unharmed leader's dauntless air
 (His life enfolded in his loved-one's prayer).²
 Pity and high resolve his bosom rend,
 'Not o'er my head shall that bright flag descend!'
 With brief monition, from the hulk he springs,
 To a fresh deck his rapid transit wings,
 Back to the strife exultant shapes his way,
 Again to test the fortunes of the day:

As bears the noble consort slowly down,
 Portentous now her teeming cannon frown;
 List to the volleys that incessant break
 The ancient silence of that border lake!
 As lifts the smoke, what tongue can fitly tell
 The transports which those manly bosoms swell,
 When Britain's ensign down the reeling mast
 Sinks to proclaim the desperate struggle past!
 Electric cheers along the shattered fleet,
 With rapturous hail, her youthful hero greet;
 Meek in his triumph, as in danger calm,
 With reverent hand he takes the victor's palm;
 His wreath of conquest on Faith's altar lays,³
 To his brave comrades yields the meed of praise;
 With mercy's balm allays the captive's woe,
 And wrings oblation from his vanquished foe!

While Erie's currents lave her winding shore
 Or down the crags a rushing torrent pour,
 While floats Columbia's standard to the breeze,
 No blight shall wither laurels such as these!

¹ Just before the action a flag, with the motto—"Don't give up the ship!" was hoisted.

² Perry said, after his miraculous escape, that he owed his life to his wife's prayers.

³ "It has pleased the Almighty to grant to the arms of the United States a signal victory." &c.—*Perry's Dispatch*.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 10, 1853.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

OR, THE CROWING OF THE NOBLE COCK
 BENEVENTANO.

IN all parts of the world many high-spirited
 I revolve from rascally despotisms had of late
 been knocked on the head; many dreadful casual-
 ties, by locomotive and steamer, had likewise
 knocked hundreds of high-spirited travelers on
 the head (I lost a dear friend in one of them);
 my own private affairs were also full of despot-
 isms, casualties, and knockings on the head,
 when early one morning in Spring, being too
 full of hypos to sleep, I sallied out to walk on
 my hill-side pasture.

It was a cool and misty, damp, disagreeable
 air. The country looked underdone, its raw
 juices squirting out all round. I buttoned out
 this squitchy air as well as I could with my lean,

double-breasted dress-coat—my over-coat being
 so long-skirted I only used it in my wagon—
 and spitefully thrusting my crab-stick into the
 oozy sod, bent my blue form to the steep ascent
 of the hill. This toiling posture brought my
 head pretty well earthward, as if I were in the
 act of butting it against the world. I marked
 the fact, but only grinned at it with a ghastly
 grin.

All round me were tokens of a divided empire.
 The old grass and the new grass were striving
 together. In the low wet swales the verdure
 peeped out in vivid green; beyond, on the mount-
 ains, lay light patches of snow, strangely re-
 lieved against their russet sides; all the humped
 hills looked like brindled kine in the shivers.
 The woods were strewn with dry dead boughs,
 snapped off by the riotous winds of March, while
 the young trees skirting the woods were just be-
 ginning to show the first yellowish tinge of the
 nascent spray.

I sat down for a moment on a great rotting
 log nigh the top of the hill, my back to a heavy
 grove, my face presented toward a wide sweep-
 ing circuit of mountains enclosing a rolling, di-
 versified country. Along the base of one long
 range of heights ran a lagging, fever-and-agueish
 river, over which was a duplicate stream of
 dripping mist, exactly corresponding in every
 meander with its parent water below. Low
 down, here and there, shreds of vapor listlessly
 wandered in the air, like abandoned or helmless
 nations or ships—or very soaked towels hung on
 criss-cross clothes-lines to dry. Afar, over a
 distant village lying in a bay of the plain formed
 by the mountains, there rested a great flat can-
 opy of haze, like a pall. It was the condensed
 smoke of the chimneys, with the condensed, ex-
 haled breath of the villagers, prevented from dis-
 persion by the imprisoning hills. It was too
 heavy and lifeless to mount of itself; so there
 it lay, between the village and the sky, doubt-
 less hiding many a man with the mumps, and
 many a queasy child.

My eye ranged over the capacious rolling
 country, and over the mountains, and over the
 village, and over a farm-house here and there,
 and over woods, groves, streams, rocks, fells—
 and I thought to myself, what a slight mark,
 after all, does man make on this huge great earth.
 Yet the earth makes a mark on him. What a
 horrid accident was that on the Ohio, where my
 good friend and thirty other good fellows were
 sloped into eternity at the bidding of a thick-
 headed engineer, who knew not a valve from a
 flue. And that crash on the railroad just over
 yon mountains there, where two infatuate trains
 ran pell-mell into each other, and climbed and
 clawed each other's backs; and one locomotive
 was found fairly shelled, like a chick, inside
 of a passenger car in the antagonist train; and
 near a score of noble hearts, a bride and her
 groom, and an innocent little infant, were all
 disembarked into the grim hulk of Charon, who
 ferried them over, all baggageless, to some
 clinkered iron-foundry country or other. Yet

VOL. VIII.—No. 43.—F