

## THE SAILOR'S BURIAL.

THE boatswain's pipe calls us around  
A brother sailor's bier;  
Hark! mess-mates, 't is a warning sound  
That breaks upon the ear.

The sands of life are running fast,  
Our voyage will soon be o'er;  
And we our anchor too must cast  
On Death's dark, dreary shore.

Mess-mates, upon our brother's breast  
We 'll pile no mouldering earth;  
No stone shall mark his place of rest,  
Nor chronicle his worth.

The sea! the sea! the boundless sea!  
We 'll make our brother's grave;  
And peaceful will his slumbers be  
Beneath the emerald wave.

The mighty billows, as they sweep,  
The tempest's awful roar,  
For him a fitting dirge shall keep  
Till time shall be no more.

Hark! hark! 't is done: deep sinks the corse  
Beneath the briny wave,  
While onward speeds our gallant bark,  
In gladness from the grave.

Her flowing canvas courts the wind  
That waits her on her way;  
Proudly she ploughs the mountain wave,  
And dashes through the spray.

So o'er life's sea we glide along,  
While pleasure swells the sail,  
While Hope breathes forth her syren song  
Upon the fragrant gale.

But ah! when Hope's bright star grows dim,  
When cares and griefs arise;  
When foundering 'neath the weight of sin,  
Upward we turn our eyes:

Ungrateful, while the world can cheer,  
We seek not Heaven by prayer;  
But when the hour of death draws near  
We ask for mercy there.

ROBERT T. MACCOWN.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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FUDGE DOINGS: being TONY FUDGE's Record of the Same. In Forty Chapters. By IK MARVEL. In two volumes: pp. 492. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

OUR readers, who have followed the '*Fudge Doings*' through successive numbers of this Magazine will not expect, nor need, any extended reference to the volumes before us. We have but to say that they are well printed, and embellished with portraits, by DARLEY, of old SOLOMON and young WASHINGTON FUDGE, which, to their very signatures, are faithful illustrations of their characters, as drawn by the author. As showing Mr. MITCHELL's purpose in the work, we annex the 'Letter of Dedication' to Dr. B. FORDYCE BARKER, a metropolitan physician and surgeon of rare professional merit and fast-rising fame:

'MY DEAR DOCTOR: When I began the papers which make up these volumes, I had no intention of giving them the form of a story; I purposed only a short series of sketches, in the course of which I hoped to set forth some of the harms and hazards of living too fast — whether on the Avenue, or in Paris; and some of the advantages of an old-fashioned country rearing.

'It seemed to me that there was an American disposition to trust in Counts and Coal-stocks, in genealogies and idle gentlemen, which might come to work harm; and which would safely bear the touch of a little good-natured raillery. By the advice of my publisher — who thinks, like most people now-a-days, that the old-fashioned race of essay-readers is nearly extinct — I worked into my papers the shadow of a plot, and have followed it up, in a somewhat shuffling manner, to the close.

'The whole affair touches upon matters of money and of morals, which we have frequently talked over by your fire-side, with a good deal of unanimity of opinion. I think you will agree with most of my sentiments, and only disapprove of the way in which I have set them down. Indeed, I wish as much as you that the book had been better made, with more currency of incident and more careful management of characters. But it has been written, you know, under a thousand interruptions; some chapters date from a country home-stead, others from your own hospitable roof; still others have been thrown together in the intervals of travel through Italy, Switzerland, and France. I have seen no 'proofs;' and have trusted very much (and very fortunately) to the kind corrections of my friend Mr. CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. I know it is a pitiful thing for a writer to make excuses for his own neglect; and I do it now, less in the hope of gaining a hearing from the public, than of winning your private charity.

'Such as the volumes are, however, I dedicate them to you.

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