

The dead boat man.

The Arabash rools it, & careless tide,
And foams against the land
Nor heeds the stranger by its side
Enshrined beneath the sand,

Thy comrades left thee all alone
Only hover o'er thy head
Thy friends if such thou hast are gone
Thy anxious cares have fled.

Yet still me thinks some eye up lone
Looks out each passing day,
And counts the moments as they move
And chides thy long delay.

Alas! thy vigils are in vain,
She never more shall hear
Thy well known accents, once once again
Delight the listening ear.

Thy footsteps, neer again shall seek,
Nor in thy mansion move;
Or feel again upon thy cheek,
The tender kiss of love,

But kinder spirits will unite
In some congenial form,
And find ere long a new delight,
With holy raptures warm.

For sure a pure and ardent love
Though scathed and blighted here
May reunite in bliss above,
Beyond the reach of care.
B. Mr. Hall,

Note. The subject of the above lines
was a "hand" that died on board a
flat-boat, in the Wabash River, and
was buried in a sand bar.

F. H. Hall