

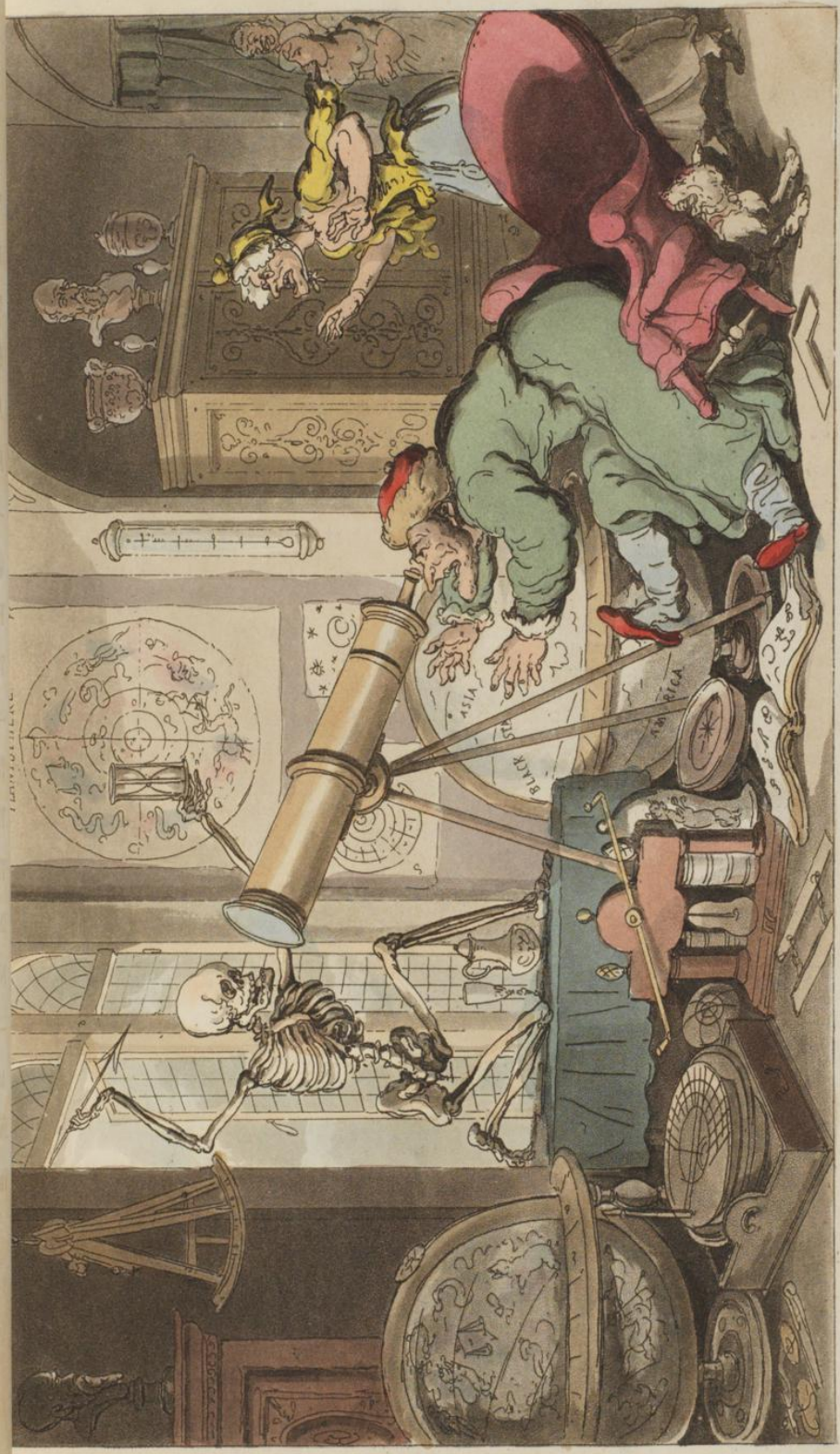
The Astronomer.

HE, who with care and much ado,
 Has chang'd one blade of grass to two;
 He, who an acre too has plough'd,
 And with good seed that acre sow'd;
 He, who to the Earth has given
 A Tree, to rear its boughs to Heaven,
 And, with a chaste and loving wife,
 Gives but a single babe to life:
 Has, as 'tis said, by one whose name
 Stands foremost on the roll of Fame,
 Perform'd, in philosophic view,
 All that a Man's requir'd to do:
 This done, each social claim is paid;
 And when in Earth his bones are laid,
 The sculptor'd stone may truly tell
 That he has liv'd and acted well.

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But what says Science to the Rule
Thus taught in simple Nature's school :
That Science which pursues her way,
Through gloomy night, or glaring day,
Creation's ev'ry work explores ;
Digs deep for all the hidden stores
Which the Earth's darksome caves contain,
And dives within the wat'ry main ;
Expatriates through the fields of air,
And sees the storms engender'd there ;
Or boldly bids her daring eye
Explore the wonders of the sky ;—
While Genius, to no spot confin'd,
That brightest offspring of the mind,
Ranges at will, through Space and Time,
In ev'ry age, in every clime ;
And, oft its glorious toil to crown,
Creates new Systems of its own.
—Such are the classes that embrace
Man's social, cultivated Race :
And, as each acts the part assign'd,
It helps, in due degree, to bind,

By harmonising, just controul,
The gen'ral order of the whole.

Now Master Senex, who was bred
To guide into the youthful head,
Not that poor Two and Two make Four,
Or that three Twenties form Threescore;
But the nice, calculating play
Of Decimals and Algebra;
With Problems and the curious store
That's found in Mathematic Lore.
He always felt himself at home
When 'mong the Stars he chose to roam.
And, for a frisk, would sometimes stray
Delighted in the Milky Way.
Would bask in the Meridian Noon,
And clamber Mountains in the Moon.
He would the Comet's course pursue,
And tell, with calculation due,
How many million miles it posted,
While a small Leg of Mutton roasted.
And how many a thousand years
Will pass before it re-appears.

—He never for one moment thought
But of the Sciences he taught :
Him never did the Fancy seize
Of ploughing land, or planting trees ;
Nor was the sober Sage beguil'd
To be the Father of a Child,
A Sister, an old saving Elf,
Who was as barren as himself,
Added a figure to the scene,
And dress'd his meat, and kept him clean.

One Evening, as he view'd the sky,
Through his best tube, with curious eye,
And 'mid the azure wilds of air,
Pursu'd the progress of a Star,
A Figure seem'd to intervene,
Which in the sky he ne'er had seen ;
But thought it some new planet given,
To dignify his views of Heaven.
“ O this will be a precious boon !
Herschell's Volcanos in the Moon,

Are nought to this," Old Senex said ;
 " My Fortune is for ever made."
 —" It is, indeed," a voice replied :
 The Old Man heard it—terrified ;
 And, as Fear threw him to the ground,
 Through the long tube Death gave the wound.

Though Senex died no thunder roll'd,
 No lightning flash'd, no tempests growl'd :
 Nor did the Pleiades descend,
 In rain, to weep their faithful friend :
 Nor would the Moon in sorrow shroud
 Her silver light within a cloud :
 Nay, not a single sigh was given
 By any Star that shines in Heaven.

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