







## POETRY.

From the Journal of Commerce, April 1.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH.

Sing, mighty bells; from out thy airy towers!

A hundred-ton voices answer,

I peal for peal, from trembling lead to wet!

Wine, in two-fold response, shall echo home;

Huzza! long live the free! a

The jubilant Fourth, the glorious Fourth!

Do speak, ye voices! Who can tell

What voices age, well nigh stilled,

To sounds of joy or fear.

The car shall wake the eye shall gleam,

With memory's lustrous ray!

The sail shall roll, the drum shall beat,

With glowing thoughts of day!

The glorious Fourth, in the grand, full

Of freedom's earnest—hatred of might;

Oppression has the smile of might;

That strike her triple blow, but she

Ocean hath quelled the bounding sound—

She is free!

She is free!