

Whilst others rise almost to skies
 Upon the topmost bough,
 Yet when they fall they're scattered all
 Promiscuously below.

Thus 'tis with man, do all he can
 To elevate his head,
 In carth at last with millions past,
 He mingles with the dead.

Gay scenes adorn man's vernal morn,
 In fancy's pleasing views ;
 One object gained, another feigned,
 He ardently pursues.

Then come his cares in riper years,
 The summer of his day,
 With toil and strife, in future life,
 His labors to repay.

His end attained, fruition gained,
 His autumn more serene ;
 But wealth, nor ease, here long can please,
 For he must quit the scene.

As years prevail, his pleasures fail,
 His strength declines apace,
 And winter's bleak and chilling gale
 Shall end his mortal race.

Then pause, Oh, man ! An emblem see
 In every falling leaf,
 Of that frail body given to thee—
 Poulder, but not with grief.

Thy nobler part, thy heaven-born mind,
 If virtuous it be,
 Enjoys, when freed and unconfined,
 A blest eternity.

It is much to be regretted that one so competent with his pen, and possessing such extensive information, having lived through the most interesting period of Kentucky's history, and having the taste for literary work, did not write a volume about Kentucky. He had all the qualifications for such a work ; but, like many others, he allowed the opportunity to pass, and with his death there perished a