

The Pearl Diver

"I go to risk, for a muscle's shell,  
The worth of my mortal breath;  
To take the life in its quiet cell,  
I plunge to the gates of death.

I take my breast, with its vital spark,  
Far under the booming tide,  
To grope for gems in the fearful dark,  
To kindle the eye of pride.

Thou peaceful child of a noisy deep!  
Thou must bid thy home farewell,  
Or he who dives must sleep the sleep  
Of death, for a muscle's shell.

But the goodly pearl that the merchant-bought,  
And for which his all he gave,  
Is a purer one than will e'er be bought  
From under the foaming wave.

'Twill still be bright, when the forms that wore  
The treasures I sought today,  
With their beauty and wealth, to be seen no more.  
Have faded and passed away.

Its lustre will far outlast the sight  
Of every mortal eye!  
When the sun and the stars have last -their lights,  
'Twill shine in the upper sky!

And those who are wise, and seek to know  
The worth of this stainless gem,  
They never will ask me, thus, to throw  
Myself in the deep for them.

H F. Gould"

R. Buffum

Poem by Hannh F. Gould.

Page 51

When time a shadowing **reil** [sic] has cast  
O'er many a year, flower fast away!  
And memory of the joyous past  
Sweetens the bitter of to-day;-  
Is there a thought, sad sorrow healing,  
Which can awhile your grief suspend?  
Yes! there's a sweet, a holy: feeling  
'Tis the remembrance of a friend!

**SLC**

Page 58

Engraving by A.B. Durand  
Printed by T. Cole  
Titled: WINNIPISEOGEE LAKE  
[Published by \_\_\_\_\_ New York]

Page 65

The following sweet and touching lines were by George  
Tucker of Virginia on being solicited why he ceased to court the poetical muse

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;  
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;  
Eyes of my youth! ye keen light is no more;  
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;  
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;  
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown;  
Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;  
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;  
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;  
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears ye have been;  
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray,  
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay;  
Days of my age! ye will shortly be passed;  
Pains of my age! yet awhile can ye last;  
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;  
Eyes of my age! be religion your light,  
Thoughts of my age! dread yet not the cold **sod**;  
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

Phila 1839

Lydia A B[ustill]