OREGON SPECTATOR.

D. J. SCHNEBLY, EDITOR.] "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." [J. FLEMING & T. F. McELROY, PUB.

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POETRY.

For the Spectator.

A Theme for Thirty Days.

When coldness wraps the suffering clay;
Or whether wings the immortal mind,
It can not die—it cannot stay, but leaves its
Darkened dust behind

BYRON.

Ye Gods! accord me now a theme, prodigious,
Sublime, accord

BAY THE FIRST.

Immutable! comprehensive, powerful, yet strange!
Through my maddened ocean of thought to range!
Rushes waves tumultuous mad snow white foam,
The sea-gulls play ground, "Home, sweet home!"
Life's ocean alone a worlds of thought so dark!
My present self, for I have none selves, frailty's only bark,
I've rigg'd ship, weigh'd anchor, unfurl'd the sail, and;
Behold black clouds, and further, on behold th' rustling gale—
See! see! with lightning speed, the hurricane sweeps o'er the sea!
Welcome! those happy welcome! My ways of thought so free!

BAY THE SECOND.

This day is dark and dreary, The Heavens are scowling by!
The wind's like hurricane, the waves roll mountains high!
My wild imagination heeds not the tempest storm!
It smiles at the manner, heaves and in heart is alarm!
Has struck! 'tis past! the storm is o'er and away,
My bark, upon the shoulder the ocean heaved upon!
The calm succeeds, but my spirit's not calm!
Neither ripple nor a wave, but in the dead past dead!
Now the [illegible]
Each [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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