

Pause, looker over these pages, pause -

For here men write their dates and names,
And some, that win but faint applause,
And some, whose echoed note is Fame's.

My name, the humblest of the throng,

Is here inscribed the fish, you see,
It may not fill a place in song,

Yet live in some fond memory!

Clark Benjamin

New York November 5. 1855.