ANTHONY MILAN'S LAUNCH.

Ye who pretend to disbelieve
  In fixed degrees of fate,
Give, I beseech you, listening ear
  To what I now relate.

It is about the launching of
  A stately ship I tell,
And of a fearful accident
  That then and there befell

To one well known to all in town,
  A man of portly size,
Who carries watch seals in his fob
  And glasses in his eyes.

He holds a high position from
  His Majesty Britannic,
And claims to be a member
  Of the breed aristocratic.

He looks with sovereign contempt
  On those whose daily toil
Brings out in rich abundance
  The products of the soil.

He does not care a pin for him
  Who weareth not fine clothes,
And he uses linen cambric
  With which to wipe his nose.

He has no need for comb or brush,
  For his cheeks are rosy red,
And a microscopic lens can find
  No hair upon his head.

His boots are always polished bright,
  His beaver sleek as silk,
His ruffled shirt is clean and white
  As a bowl of new-skimmed milk.

But to our fate—the morning sun
  Shone bright upon that day,
When all our people through the streets
  Most gaily took their way

Down to the docks, where on the stocks
  The gallant ship was seen,
Decked out in brilliant colors
  Of blue and red and green.

A monstrous crowd was gathered there,
  In feverish excitement,
To see the ship glide off the ways
  Into the watery element.

The British consul with his glass
  Stuck in his nether eye,
Was there in force, for could the ship
  Be launched, and he not by?

She starts, she's off, a shout went up
  In one tumultuous roar,
That rolled o'er Eagles' Island and
  Was heard on Brunswick shore.

Full royally the ship slid down
  Towards the foaming tide,
While cheer on cheer from every lip
  Went up on every side.

She passed along towards the stream,
  Majestically grand—
When suddenly she stopped. Alas!
  She grounded in the sand.

And there she would have always stuck
  And never more have stirred,
Had not the scene I now relate
  Most happily occurred.

Just at that moment when she stopped,
  With many a shake and shiver,
The pompous British consul slipped
  And tumbled in the river.

The Cape Fear rose three feet or more
  As Anthony went under,
The waves they beat upon the shore
  In peals of living thunder.

The ship was lifted from the sand,
  And like the lightning's gleam,
She glided out into the deep,
  And floated in the stream.

"All honor then to Anthony!"
  Was heard on every side.
And should we build another ship
  And scant should be the tide,

May he be there, and gently drop
  His carcass in the sea;
That ship will float, it matters not
  How low the tide may be.