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DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

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THE JOURNAL.
Monday, May 5, 1845.

Whatever doubts or misgivings some of our friends may have entertained as to the course Texas would adopt in regard to the Joint Resolutions, passed at the last session of our Congress, must, we think, now give place to feelings of confident rejoicing. Our readers will remember that we have all along said that the people of Texas were as anxious as ourselves, and even more so, for the Union of the two Republics—that it was only some few of the presses and office-holders, who, no doubt, were influenced in their hostility towards annexation by the meddling interference of Great Britain and France, who were opposed to the measure. We have always said that when the question came before the people of Texas, they would not only accede to our overtures, but that they would receive them with enthusiasm. Public opinion—in other words the clearly expressed will of the people—in Texas has had its desired effect; and we see that Anson Jones, the President of the Republic, has, under its influence, and much against his own will, as we believe, been compelled to call an Extra session of the Texan Congress for the purpose of acting on the ultimatum of the United States. But we forbear any further remarks of our own. We copy the following article from the New Orleans Picayune of the 25th ult:

By the arrival at a late hour last night of the steam ship John S. McKim, Capt. Lewis, 73 hours from Galveston, we are in receipt of full files of Houston and Galveston papers. The President has issued his proclamation convening Congress on Monday, the 16th day of June next. We learn from the proclamation that the Government of the United States has selected the first and second sections of the resolutions (Brown's) as the basis for consummating the proposed union. The enthusiasm of the friends of Annexation is bearing down all opposition. The people have taken the measure in their own hands. At a meeting held in Washington county, strong resolutions were passed in favor of immediate annexation, "without reference to the wishes or concurrence of any foreign or European power;" and calling on the President to convene Congress immediately. The meeting also recommended to the citizens of the Republic, in case the President did not convene Congress, to meet as soon as possible in Convention to ratify the Joint Resolu-

tions and form a State Constitution. Mr. E. Allen, Attorney General, who was present, objected to the tone of the resolutions. Mr. Scurry, in reply, intimated that the citizens of the Republic might yet become still more impatient of the delay of the President in convening Congress, and adopt measures much more violent than those recommended in the resolutions. The resolutions were unanimously adopted. Gen. M. Hunt, Dr. J. C. Chalmers; Judge Ewing, R. W. Williamson, J. B. Wilkins, and other prominent gentlemen participated in the proceedings. The President issued his proclamation on the following day.

We find the resolutions alluded to in the above article, in the New Orleans Bulletin of the same date, and think, that by copying them, in full, we will give our readers a better idea of the feelings of the people of Texas than by any editorial. Here they are:

Be it Resolved, That this meeting approves of the Annexation of Texas to the United States on the basis of the joint resolutions passed by the Congress of that country.

Be it Resolved, That the Executive be requested to use all means within his power, to effect the annexation of Texas to the United States, upon the basis of the joint resolutions aforesaid, with the utmost promptness.

Be it Resolved, That inasmuch as the Government of the United States has given its sanction to this subject, that secrecy on the part of the Executive tends only to embarrass this subject, without producing any beneficial effect.

Be it Resolved, That if the President of the Republic does not convene the Congress on or before the fourth Monday in June next, we, a portion of the people of Texas, recommend to the counties throughout the Republic, to meet as soon as practicable, at any point that may be designated, in convention to ratify said Joint Resolution and form a State constitution.

Be it Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting it is the duty of the President of this Republic, to consummate the measure of Annexation to the United States, without reference to the wishes or concurrence of any foreign or European power.

These resolutions were passed in the face of a speech made against them by E. Allen, the Attorney of the Republic, and in the absence of Ashbel Smith, the acting Secretary of State. These resolutions, too, may be considered expressing the sentiments of the whole people of Texas. But on this point we subjoin the following article from the *Houston Telegraph*, of the 16th ult:

The Whirlwind Sweeps Onward.—From every section of the Republic, (says the *Houston Telegraph*, of the 16th ult.) we hear but the continued roar of plaudits as the people assemble in county after county to testify their approbation of the terms of annexation offered by the American government. The thunders of applause resound on every side. The whirlwind of public opinion has swept down all opposition, and the few opponents of annexation have turned with dismay from the contest, if contest it could be called, when the opponents of this great measure only looked around them once to survey the field, and cry "all is lost." In Jasper and Jefferson, it is said there is scarcely one man opposed to the measure. In Robertson, only five or six. In the great counties of San Augustine, Nacogdoches and Montgomery, it is estimated that the majority in favor of annexation exceeds two thousand. Along the whole line of the counties on the Brazos, Colorado, and Guadalupe, there is scarcely a dissenting voice, except in the little hamlet of Washington. Even the officers of government now declare that the torrent of public opinion is irresistible, and they are bending beneath it. We have learned with pleasure that the Secretary of the Treasury has stated that he is in favor of annexation, and is willing to accept the propositions of Mr. Brown. The Secretary of State, we are told, has written back to the President and informed him that it is useless to delay the measure, and that the popular enthusiasm is irresistible. Even the *Washington Register* is compelled to change its course and veer about to the popular current. It is now reported that an extra session of Congress will be held on the 1st of June. Long before that time the people in each of the counties of the Republic will have expressed their entire assent to the terms offered by the American government. Since it is now admitted by every officer of the government that it is impossible to prevent the consummation of this great measure, why should there be any delay? Cannot Congress act upon this subject by the middle of May, as well as on the first of June? We have yet confidence in the President that he will not resort at this crisis to any procrastinating policy to defeat the measure. The die is cast. It is the decree of destiny that this great work shall be consummated; and the puny hand of man might as well be uplifted to turn back the clouds as to turn back public opinion on this question. We shall indulge in no forebodings. We rejoice that the President and Cabinet have determined to carry out the will of the people. All parties can now unite with cordiality in advancing this great measure. The people will act with the government and the government will act with the people. Harmony, order and good feeling will prevail on every side, and we will have the proud satisfaction that we shall return as a band of brothers to our "FATHER-LAND."

The *Picayune* says that Aahbell Smith has been re-appointed Charge d'Affairs to France and England, and that when he passed through to New York some days ago, he was on his way to assume the duties of his office. The Hon. Ebenezer Allen, how Attorney General will take his place in the State department. Should any thing later arrive before Friday, we shall notice it.

Patent Office.—The Hon. Edmund Burk, of New Hampshire, has been called by the President to take charge of the Patent office, vice Mr. Ellsworth resigned.

Pittsburgh Fire.

It was at first estimated that the amount of property destroyed by the great fire in Pittsburgh, was over ten millions of dollars worth. It has been ascertained, by the careful investigation of a committee appointed by the City Councils, that the total loss is about three millions and a half. We are glad to see that the large cities, in all parts of the Union, are coming forward and subscribing liberal donations for the relief of the sufferers.

Mr. Buchanan has sent on \$500. We are glad to see this liberality displayed by those who possess the means. It is a high evidence that the citizens of this country, possess the feelings of sympathy in an eminent degree.

From the Fayetteville Observer, April 20.

The Town of Wilmington.

Whenever we visit our neighboring town, as we had occasion to do last week, we find new and abundant evidence of her rapid advance in business, wealth, and population. In every quarter we found elegant dwellings, some of which would make a handsome appearance on Broadway or Chestnut streets, going up or recently erected; and though a great many dwellings, of humbler appearance, have been erected in the heretofore neglected suburbs, they are still in demand, and, as a consequence, rents are high, and some building lots in the suburbs have risen 20 or 3000 per cent.—that is, they are worth 20 or 30 times as much as they were a few years ago. The burnt districts also have been vastly improved, by the erection of handsome fire proof brick stores, of two, three, and four stories. Several new Steam Saw Mills and Turpentine Distilleries have been recently put in operation, and all have done a good business. Indeed, we learned, with great pleasure, that every interest in the community is in a high state of prosperity.

In 1830, the population of Wilmington was 2,686. In 1840, it was 4,268. And now, we heard it estimated as high as 8,000, and by none at less than 6,000.

This extraordinary change in the condition of Wilmington—most extraordinary when we look in vain for another Southern town which has trebled its population in 15 years—undoubtedly had its origin in that enterprise, the like of which, no community of similar means and extent ever undertook or accomplished, the Wilmington Rail Road. More than half a million of dollars were sunk, as it was supposed, in that work, and yet, instead of prostrating, it has built up the town, trebled its population, quadrupled its business, and to all appearance greatly added to its substantial wealth.

The business of the Road has so increased, that we even heard some talk of dividends—in *futuro*, of course.

Wilmington has nobly earned her honors and her prosperity, and we trust they will long be enjoyed and constantly increased, until we shall have in North Carolina, at least one town of great commercial importance.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Peculiar Institutions of the South.

We could not if we would, and we would not if we could, deny to the "Universal Yankee Nation" the possession of shrewdness, sagacity and intelligence—properties of mind which, by general consent, are characteristic of them as a people. While we, therefore, admit the general principle, we trust that when we cite a particular exception—which we are about to do—in which a New Englander showed himself *sans* shrewdness, *sans* sagacity—no credulous believer in the superior sagacity & non-com-over-able-ness of all Yankees, will exclaim, "Pshaw! it's no such thing—he wasn't a Yankee; if he were, he could not be 'sawed' that way." To all such we reply, he was a Yankee, and that, in this instance at least, a soft spot was found in the cranium of one of the genus. And improbable as the thing may appear, we think it is two much to assert that it is impossible. Do not some naturalists say that there have been seen white black-birds: may not there be also, to however limited an extent, green Yankees. Some, we know, may assert that, like the Unicorn, he is a foolish animal; but we mean to show from authenticated facts, that he has a real, *bona fide* existence—and thus we prove it:

About 11 o'clock yesterday, an individual wearing a high-crowned hat, which inclined rather backwards off his forehead, a coat of domestic cloth, with very short body and very long skirts, pantaloons wide in the thighs, but not descending far below the knees, and a pair of pegged boots that met his pantaloons in friendly conjunction, was to be seen standing in the centre of St. Charles street, opposite the hotel of that name, the magnificent dimensions of which and its architectural beauties he seemed to be intently admiring. He was a "Down-Easter."

"our meetin' house ain't no more to that ar than a clam is to a codfish—I swon it ain't."

"You are admiring the St. Charles hotel, I perceive, sir," said a person, well dressed and of affable address, going over to him.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "I've just a been a thinkin' what a tarnation feller might make if he could take it through the country with him, and let it be seen at two cents a head, just as they exhibit the hog with two heads, or the man wots got no hands and plays the fiddle with his big toe—why it 'ud be a greater sight than any of 'em, I tell yer."

"A vewy peculiar ideaw—vewy, 'pon my 'onaw," said the well-dressed individual, who was, or affected to be, a dandy. "But won't you walk in and take some refreshments?" he added.

"Wal, I guess I will, stranger," said the Yankee; "for I feel pickish, that a fact."

"Aw pickish," said the dandy; "that's a peculiar ideaw—capital phrase is pickish—capital."

In they walked, and up to the counter, where the lunch was spread. The dandy called for a plate of soup and some roast beef for his newly-formed friend, and selected some cold chicken for himself.

The Yankee "swon't" he was one of the most decentest fellers he'd a met with since he left the old Bay State, and said he should take something. The dandy assented, called for a julep, and remarked that it was a capital ideaw—a peculiar conception—to call a julep "something." The Yankee drew out a ten dollar bill to pay for the drinks. The dandy would not let him change it; said it would be a peculiar ideaw, indeed, to change a ten dollar bill to pay for two drinks; called him aside, and cautioned him against having anything to do with bank notes while in the South—there were so many of them bad—and as he was just going to the bank, proposed to take the ten dollar bill from him, and give him in exchange two gold five dollar pieces.

The Yankee assented, made the exchange, and the dandy bade him a polite good-bye, telling him he should hasten to the bank, as he had a peculiar aversion to holding paper money in his possession.

It was not long till the Yankee found out that his two "gold" pieces were nothing but brass, except a thin coating of gold put on by galvanism, and that the generous dandy, thinking it, no doubt, a peculiar ideaw—to use his own favorite expression—had decided him. He made his way to the Recorder, and before that functionary he thus made his complaint:

"Squire, I'm explicated—used up—done brown; but if I wonst gets to hum out of this cussed Louisiana, may I be a mack'el if I'm ever caught here agin."

"What's the matter?" said the Recorder; "if you have any complaint to make, proceed with it."

Yankee.—"Wal, I guess I have a complaint to make, squire, and a right smart chance of a one at that. Won't Patience be riley when she hears on't? She'll be out of all patience for me makin' such a tarnation fool on myself—she will."

Recorder.—"It would seem you mean to make a fool of me. State your complaint, or withdraw."

Yankee.—"Just hold on to the track line for a minnet, squire, and I'll get a go-in directly."

Recorder.—"Proceed, then."

Yankee.—"Well, the fact is, I came down here South with a few 'notions' on speculation, 'tendin' to clear out afore yer fever time, and if it weren't for what happened me to-day, I'd a made somethin' handsome by the concern."

Recorder.—"Then what did happen to you to-day?"

Here the Yankee gave the Recorder a prolix narrative of all that passed between himself and the gentleman with the "peculiar" ideas, from the time they met in St. Charles street till he passed the two five dollar counterfeit pieces on him.

After listening to him a long time, the Recorder asked, "but what was his name?"

"His name!" said the Yankee, scratching his head; "cuss him, I forgot to ask him; but as everything was with him 'peculiar' this and 'peculiar' that, I guess he must be one on those 'peculiar institutions of the South' the newspapers speak so often of."

The Recorder, smiling, told him that would do; and the Yankee withdrew, inveighing against the day he came to Louisiana.

The Boston Post furnishes the following epigram on a dandy:—

A dandy is a nice chap that would be a young lady if he could; But as he can't do all he can To show the world he's not a man.

A poor Irish labourer in Dubuque District, Wisconsin, digging in search of lead on a small patch of ground which he owned, fell suddenly in a deep cavern, and on looking round found the sides covered with pure lead, being the richest mine ever discovered.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

BY T. HOOD.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Beaulac—whom knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolumaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallow water, revealed successively the neck and shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leandering distance, from which the unknown might have swam. Meanwhile the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features, at least as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of 'fortin voice,' such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahony.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Devil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course, what I am!"

"Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I am only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimping fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'-Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he learn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, sky-blue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Matthew's."

"Begad, that's true," exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repale?"

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favor in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murder alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honor's tail!"

"That's very same," said the Merman. "Hereditary bondsmen know ye not who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself.

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly thro' the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully,—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself, "Devil a bit of a Repale without that!"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-colored paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain, said Mike, but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

The Birds.—The New Haven (Conn.)

Courier relates the following interesting incident, which occurred a few years since in one of the villages of Connecticut:

"A young lady, confined to the house by protracted indisposition, was in the habit of feeding a sparrow, which had a nest on a tree near the door, with crumbs of bread. The little creature had a warm heart under her homely dress, and soon learned to love her patron, became exceedingly tame, and would hop about the table while the family were at their meals. This was repeated whenever the door was open, till at last her mate was induced to accompany her, and both would pick up the scraps which their fair entertainer, as she lay upon a sofa, scattered near her upon the carpet. In the fall one of them flew against the window and tried to get in, but the lady was too feeble to expose herself to the air, and so could not admit her visitor to a farewell interview. Next spring they both came again, as docile as ever. In the course of a few weeks, as the lady lay upon the sofa, upon a Sunday morning, being too unwell to go to Church, the house was perfectly still, and the door open, she heard a great chirping and twittering on the steps. Looking about for the cause, she espied her tame sparrow entering the apartment, followed by several of her progeny, and the partner of her toils bringing up the rear. They all remained with her for half an hour, perfectly fearless and at home, till having satisfied their appetites with the morsels that were strewn for them, and expressed their obligations with sweet, wild music, they retired to the shrubbery."

An "Original."—We cut the following gooa one from the St. Louis Reveille of the 13th: "Odd characters are by no means rare in this part of the country. You are aware how abominably low steamboat patronage has fallen of late. I think I can give you an instance that will exhibit the pinching necessities of passengers, in the last and highest degree. At a woody place somewhere along the Iowa shore, there rode up, on a sorry looking nag, one of the reddest, rawest, raggedest, queerest, most unsophisticated and comical looking pieces of half-way humanity, that nature ever did leave unfinished. After staring at the boat some time he at last ventured on the plank, got on board, and enquired for the Captain. Upon meeting Commander Littleton, just imagine what the man wanted! He had never seen a steamboat before, and now just to try the strange craft, and travel on a 'fine canoe,' he desired to be taken down stream about four or five miles, and brought back again! While his old horse would stay till the tree till he returned; and he would be willing to pay for the operation as high as fifty cents—in wolf-skins."

Washington Irving.—The Washington National Intelligencer relates the following interesting anecdote of our distinguished countryman:

Mr. Irving is beloved wherever he is known, for his amenity of manners and kindness of heart, and his reputation might be almost termed universal. He is not only popular and admired in the gorgeous halls or palaces, but his writings have reached the hearts of the common soldier in his barracks, and the poor man in his cabin. We have heard an anecdote which illustrates the truth of the latter part of this remark. Upon his last visit to the south of Spain, Mr. Irving took Gibraltar in his way. It is one of the regulations of that military post that no one shall be admitted within the gates after a particular hour in the evening. The vessel in which Mr. Irving was a passenger, had dropped anchor in the harbor after this hour, but being wholly unacquainted with the above mentioned rule, and anxious to leave the narrow limits in which he had been so long pent up, and tread once more upon the glad earth, he landed and asked for admittance of the soldier upon duty. The sentinel politely but decidedly refused; whereupon Mr. Irving handed him his card, with the request that it might be left with the proper authorities, so that in the morning no delay might occur in admitting him. The soldier looked upon the card, and then raising his hat, "Sir," said he, "are you *Washington Irving of America*; are you the author of the 'Sketch Book,' and the 'Tales of the Alhambra'?" Mr. Irving replied, with some surprise, "I am." "Then," said the sentinel, "you may enter. I know that I shall be pardoned for admitting you."

A Short Name.—The newly-born fourth daughter of the Queen of Portugal was baptised on the 23d ult., in the chapel of the palace at Berlin, by the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon. The little princess received the names of *Antonia Maria Fernanda Micaela Gabriela Rafaela de Assis Gonzaga Sileeria Julia Augusta de Braganza e Bourbon-Sajonia-Coburg-Gotha*.—*Boston Statesman.*

From the St. Louis Reveille.

FUTURITY.

BY PHAZMA.

O, tell me, tell me, ye upsoaring winds,
Upon your viewless pinions sweeping by,
Whence this eternal wand'ring of men's minds
To the far azure of the star-wrought sky?
From the first dawn of reason till we die—
Thus, with a silent questioning we scan
The depth unsearchable of Heaven high,
Trembling and hoping, wondering for man.
It is the inborn craving of the soul
When clay is summon'd by the funeral knoll,
To mount and dwell where stars and planets roll.
'Tis the immortal spirit, yearning, burning
To read upon the page of human learning
News of that land from whence there's no return-

THE STAR OF LOVE.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenade for thee.
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are dead till thou appear
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon;
Through with a milder ray;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on the way.
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exact their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.