

SUNBURY AMERICAN AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Poetry.

The following poem, from the *Chess Magazine*, will be found interesting to the general reader, but the chess-player only can fully appreciate its beauties:

The Battle of Jen.

AN ELEGY.—BY J. N.

On gloomy field is seen Napoleon's army,
And at his side, his prowess Josephine;
In front, arrayed, the British army stand.
At their other hand
A bishop-majestic stands in state;
And next, a knight, of ev'ryday's flower;
Wants the shadow of a London tower.
The guard exerts before them as a shield.
Then moves the sun but not enough of it!

We have seen the sun but not enough of it.
We have seen the sun but not enough of it.

In like array the Poles' warlike train
Dey the white plumed legions in the plain;

The softer nerves his in plaid coat,

Swift at the striking, draws his blithe

sword;

Darts through the host, and at the frontiers

To bore the heart of the host to bands.

At this a Russian hastens to the place;

A! finds his rival rial face to face;

But vainly vainly night fight against a foe;

The guard can only deal a stinging blow;

Yet this their glories though with scaly.

They cannot; or they risk or stand and die.

Fair Josephine one stately soldier sends,

Who to her lord's bidding points him, 4

When from the Polish legions springs a knight;

And valiant white to black, from Black

to white;

While others only march in open ground,

He spans all horizons with impetuous bound;

Napoleon's soldier soon becomes his prey;

Whom from the field is lifless born away;

But just as his sword his place to go to;

And by his stinging thrust the knight is slain.

Earth gilds a bishop in an angle's range,

Ton to his colors, though all others change;

Attacks the Emperor, who magnates a sword,

And with a cutting shout his throne demands;

But at the word, a soldier steps between;

The badged bishop turns to despatch;

But she, who can like him, though angles

glory,

And more can sweep the ranks from side to

side;

Confirms him proudly drives him from the

field;

And seeks the king, who stands without a

shield;

The game is over, while aiming at his breast,

Forsooth! he stands and flies him to his brest;

And in place of rearing wave at hand—

His protectress comes to me, a lance in hand;

On the assailant could be shot by none;

That moment had the field been lost and won.

Not thus as yet, the Prussian monarch's fate;

He sees a place of refuge still awaiting;

Our step to thine, for kings are only gods;

Our step to most to show a stroke a blow;

But weak his shield—with resistless spear

A knight assails at once both queen and

king;

With shield and lance the king resums his

right;

And I see his queen to the triumphant knight;

Flushed with such shame, he groves not that

to rule;

England's sons, beneath a castle's walls,

Whose holly gods are shaded far and near

And menace right and left, in front and rear;

And now Napoleon deems his troops require

The like protection of a castle's fire;

He bids a noble banner bend him round;

Then turns and enters at the other hand;

But vain would be the effort to repel

The many changes of this thickened fight;

Sunless for the past to poison;

The last achievements of that field of fame;

Now one of the imperial guard, no more

The普ussian bane, directs his onward

course;

The Prussians hasten in fury and dismay,

But vain their efforts to impede his way;

Scut to the royal tent the soldier flies;

To scatter the dirum, his joyous prize;

With torn diadem and mantic mid;

He grasps the dreaded spear of Josephine;

Then turns to my the Prussian band

To fall or fly before his conquering hand.

His troops dispersed or slain, are breathless

host;

The Prussian king retreats, with aids

and allies, to repel the foe;

The troops of allies and dealers a valiant line;

And still he hopes that the in too longer day

May in a snare the victor traps,

Or capture;

Put all to waste; his rival mocks his wiles;

Under his bane, and cleaves his every poit;

No shelter left, deprived of sword and shield;

He falls, as kings should fall—upon the

field.

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10. The taste only power that can keep off this

disease.

11. After taking a pawn to queen, nothing can be more

deserving and exciting than the struggle to win.

12. When passing half-past nine, have such an

intensity of pain as to prevent his going to bed.

13. The king never quits the field till it is won.

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