THE AMERICAN UNION COMPLETED.

'TIS done! 'Tis finished! 'tis done! the UNION binds,
In voluntary bands, a Nation's mind.
Behold the DOME complete; the PILLARS rise—
Earth for the BASIS, for the ARCH the skies!
Now, the new world shall mighty scenes unfold—
Shall rise the imperial Rival of the old:

And Roman Freedom reign the Western Soil,
And a new States in the Desert smile.

O happy part!—O ever-cursed Dome
Where P 시간, our INDEPENDENCE own their home:
COMM'CY's, PILLARS, hail the Queen of Marts
The Altar of Art, the residence of Arts.