
LETTER THE FOURTH.

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LLOUD howls the sarly blast, and storms severe
Tell the last struggle of the closing year.

Such outlines fit the scenes I have to trace,
Painting the outrage of this cruel race.
Nor will I blame, unmerited, a foe,
And though my lines with indignation glow,
The cause is mighty—e'en the cloudy ray
Of baneful prejudice, I drive away,
Truth shall irradiate each rustic line ;
The light and shade be her's, the pencil mine.

I've shown already—the consuming brand,
Spread by these people, with a ruthless hand ;
Altho' to trust them—when *they* tell *the tale*,
Vice cannot any way their souls assail.