

POETRY.

Original.

Mr. Editor:

I'll turn a stave a deuced short or long one,
Just as the humor prompts my minstrel labors;
I'll give my reason, which I count a strong one—
I sing to please my fancy, not my neighbors.
Just when I choose I'll fling my harp aside,
Or take it up, let who will praise or chide.

Perchance my strains as smooth as all my flow,
Or rough as waves when gusts the ruffling storm;
And if the critics on my stanzas blow,
Nothing I care for that in any form:
Unmov'd as fate, I'll chant my lyric story,
Because I never sing for coin of glory.

If on these vague conditions, Mr. Editor,
You'll please to give my random harpings birth,
I'll deem your liberal printer's ship one creditor,
Among the very few I have on earth.
But to delay you longer were a pity,
So I'll cut short the prelude to my ditty.

ENVY.

When winter's breeze with sullen cadence sighed,
And hoary drift came hovering on the blast;
With vacant gaze the parlor fire I ey'd,
And musing deeply o'er the ages past:
I thought on those sweet scenes, (describ'd so well
By Milton's muse,) ere our first partings fell,
And open'd the gates of sorrow, toil and death—
Of envy, slander, hatred's felon gloom,
And all those evils that beset our path,
From early boyhood to the closing tomb:
And how far different, were the few sweet hours
Our hapless parents spent in Eden's bowers.

Ere yet the fiend sped there in borrow'd guise,
Fair Eve to tempt with smooth seducing tongue;
Tipt with the venom of the slanderer's lies,
Though honey on his craft' accents hung:
Alas! too well the arch deluder sped,
And o'er the earth sin's foul contagion spread.

I also thought of that dread battle-field,
Where satan first Omnipotence defied,
And thunder-riven with his squadrons reel'd
Head-foremost down amid the blazing tide
Of that red lake whose adamantine walls
Close like a dome o'er grim sepulchral halls:

And how 'twas envy urg'd the traitor on
To war with heaven, and tempt mankind to ill;
Envy, the first-born sin of ages gone,
And fertile source of countless evils still—
Whose noxious branches overshadow the earth,
And give to every fiendish passion birth.

'Tis Envy sounds the war trumpet's horrid knell,
In poison steeped the phrenzied murderer's dart—
Rings the abhor'd traducer's tocsin bell,
And turns to gall the wretched miscreant's heart;
In love, in war, in trade with venom'd fangs,
She rends his felon soul with deadly pangs.

The wise and good her fell approaches spurn,
None but the evil-minded, lowly elf
Laments when fortune fills his neighbor's urn,
Or hates the man superior to himself;
Such crawling reptiles, on our race a l'bel,
Had better learn the precepts of the bible:

Envy, the bane and torment of his life,
Expels each noble feeling from his soul;
His days are spent in r'isery and strife—
Before his eyes the tics of passion roll.
At times, to gratify his fiendish malice,
The catiff foul with poison drugs the chalice.

The moody gloom of sullen discontent,
Stamps on his brow the mark of satan's brand;
But Virtue, beauteous handmaid of content,
Lights up a smile and knits the social band,
In ties so close each breast with pleasure glows,
And heart-felt joy that from affection flows.

Of earthly joy, but scanty is the measure
To man allotted since his parents fall;
Then why reject the stunted bowl of pleasure
To drain the overflowing cup of gall;
And like a senseless ninny still add more
To heap the bowl already flowing o'er.

Men reap such woe from Envy, 'tis most strange
They'd entertain a savage, treacherous guest
That heart and soul and reason doth estrange,
And heaps tho' coals of woe upon his breast—
Making her dupe the constant blowing horn,
Of fix'd disdain, contemptuous hate and scorn.

So let him pine, and like the adder, sting
Himself, until his worthless spirit flies.
To where the fiends their hateful vapors sing
In strains composed of malice, fraud and lies:
There with his kindred spirits let him dwell
His lot exchanging, for earth to him was hell.
February, 1833.

HORACE.

Original.

TO JEALOUSY.

Avant thou tyrant! count not me thy slave,
Thou art mankind's peevish, deadly foe;
Where love resides the path with thorns you pave,
Too oft thou chigest happiness to woe.

Begone fell monster, with thy galling chain,
Thy foul advice my heart did once ensnare—
I've burst thy bonds, and never more again
Will list thy tale or thy vile fetters wear.

Thy venom'd sting once taught me to rebel,
Against true love, unchanging ever kind,
But generous feeling toll'd thy dying knell,
And dug thy grave, thou phantom of the mind.

'Twas base in me to think that she could range,
As roves the sickle bee from flower to flower;
Ah, no! a heart like her's would scorn to change,
For all the glare of station, wealth or power.

What brought thee here from thy demonic haunts,
To sting my heart with keen and bitter woe;
To break my peace thy felon bosom pants,
Avant, thou fiend! to thy hot lair below.

Again my breast with love's soft passion burns,
Since jealousy's pale spectre's fled afar;
The ardent fondness of my heart returns,
And doubt no more our happiness shall mar.

Niagara, Jan. 1832.

REPENTANT.

Original.

THE YOUTHFUL VOYAGE.

How like an ocean voyage seems,
The changeful scenes of life;
The pleasant airs, the sunny beams,
The tempest and the strife.

In pleasure's bark with comrades gay,
We young adventurers start;
But ah! what flattering dreams betray,
The too confiding heart.

Our bark is wreck'd our hopes are gone,
Our faithless friends have fled;
A cloud upon our path is thrown,
The flowers of life are dead.

Yet link'd to some lone heart, remains
A charm no change can sever;

For when we're bound by true love's chains,
It binds us fast forever.

DONNA JULIA.

Original.

TO MARY.

When the low heart with grief is worn,
And tears are flowing fast;
When mem'ry bids our young hearts mourn,
O'er moments that are past.

Sweet to the soul the whispering
Of hope and promise, when
Fancy's soft fairy voices sing,
We part to meet again.

When souls are link'd in union sweet,
And sorrow laid to rest;
When radiant eyes in kindness meet
And friendly hands are prest.

O'er scenes like these should fortune fling,
The severing storm, oh! then
Hope's sweet enchanting voices sing,
We part to meet again.

JANE

Barton Cottage, Jan. 23, 1833.

PUBLISHED BY WYLLYS SMYTH.