

X.

But neither the tornado's chilling roar,
Bursting at midnight with appalling swell,
Nor the rude foe upon the conquered shore,
Hoisting his banner, 'mid war's furious yell,
Nor yet the oft repeated funeral knell,
Can waken pangs so touching to the heart
As sound of female woe! No tongue can tell,
Nor language paint, the sympathizing smart
When lovely woman weeps—stung by so keen a
dart.

XI.

Hail! Temperance, hail! fair daughter of the
skies ;
Thy influence benign has chased away
From our abode those chilling scenes : as flies
The mists of darkness, when the orb of day
Ascends his golden car, so hastes away
The frightened tyrant and his hateful train.
Fair spirit rise, and with more potent ray
Thy pristine influence o'er our race regain ;
That nations yet unborn may hail thy joyous reign.