

What orator so well can plead,
For virtue suffering in distress?
None like the fair can intercede,
And none so soon obtain redress.

If man, by strength and bolder powers,
Is form'd to conquer and to toil,
A more delightful task is yours—
To lead all nature with a smile.

Partners thro' life, for ever dear,
Our earliest hours your cares engage;
You sweetly charm each growing year,
And animate declining age.

Your guardian hands our cradles spread
With roses of the loveliest blooms;
Plant myrtles as we onward tread,
And then with cypress deck our tombs.

V E R S E S

MADE AT SEA IN A HEAVY GALE.

HAPPY the man, who safe on shore,
Now trims, at home, his evening
fire;
Unmov'd, he hears the tempests roar,
That on the tufted groves expire:
Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble bark must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
All, all are blest but wretched we—
For doom'd a stranger to repose,
No rest th' unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss we roam,
Perhaps, what'er the pilots say,
We saw the sun's descending glow,
No more to see his rising ray,
But, bury'd low, by far too deep,
On coral beds unpy'd sleep!

But what a strange uncoasted strand
Is that where death permits no day!
No charts we have to mark that land,
No compass to direct that way.
What pilot shall explore that realm?
What new Columbus take the helm?

While death and darkness both surround,
And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendship can in tempests be?
What comforts on this angry sea?

The barque, accusom'd to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide,
Alone she proper her trackless way,
While mountains burst on every side,
Thus skill and science both must fail,
And ruin is the lot of all.

On the INHUMANITY of the SLAVE
TRADE.

[By Miss. Tarsley.]

I Know the crafty merchant will oppose
The plea of nature to my strain, and
urge

His tears are for his children: the soft plea
Dissolves my soul!—'but when I sell a son,
Thou God of nature, let it be my own!
Behold that Christian! see what horrid
joy

Lights up his moody features, while he
grasps
The with'd-for gold, purchase of human
blood!

Away, thou seller of mankind! Bring on
Thy daughter to this market! bring thy
wife!

Thine aged mother, though of little worth,
With all thy ruddy boys! Sell them, thou
wretch,
And swell the price of Luco! Why that
start?

Why gaze as thou wouldst fright me from
my challenge

With look of anguish? Is it Nature strains
Thine heart strings at the image? Yes, my
charge

Is full against her, and she rends thy soul,
While I but strike upon thy pitiless ear,
Fearing her rights are violated.—Speak,
Around the voice of Justice! bid thy tears
Melt the un pitying pow'r, while thus she
claims,

The pledges of thy love. Oh, throw thine
arm

Around thy little ones, and loudly plead
Thou canst not sell thy children.—Yet be-
ware

Lest Luco's groan be heard; should that
prevail,

Justice will scorn thee in her turn, and
hold

Thine act against thy pray'r. Why clasp,
she cries,

That blooming youth? Is it because thou
lov'st him?

Why Luco was belov'd: then wilt thou
feel,

Thou selfish Christian, for thy private we,
Yet cause such pangs to him that is a fa-
ther?

Whence