

The glories that the frosts of autumn shed
O'er all the land by bounteous harvests fed;
And, more than all, the fearful majesty
Of the fierce storms that rend her wintry sky
Are dear unto my heart: I love the whole
With the deep pathos of an earnest soul.
My heart rejoices in the right to praise
That country as my own, in simple, homely lays.
I love to pour on youth's attentive ear,
The tales I from my father used to hear;
Traditions that his father treasured well
Of what his comrades and himself befel,
When the rich colonies impetuous broke
That sway they deemed a galling, iron yoke;
And when had ceased the fratricidal war,
And they (our fathers) reached this lonely shore;
Of their first meetings with their neighbors rude,
The red men of the forest solitude,
Whose numerous tribes then roamed New Brun-
wick through,
Though they are wasted to a handful now.
The tale was sad, and yet I loved it best,
That of his honored comrade Gabriel West.
When second George the righteous sceptre swayed,
And Pennsylvania his mild rule obeyed,
In that sweet sylvan land by Schuylkill's stream,
Gabriel first saw the light of morning beam;
He grew to manhood there ere noise of war
Came sounding inland from the Eastern shore.