

My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave !"²

SECTION XXXII.

The Swallows.

1. *ERE* yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,
The swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.
2. On Damon's roof a grave assembly sate,
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind :
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.
3. " Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid ;
Observe, and read the wondrous ways of heav'n !
With us through summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food and lodgings to their wants were giv'n.
4. " But now, through sacred prescience, well they know
The near approach of elemental strife ;
The blust'ring tempest and the chilly snow,
With ev'ry want and scourge of tender life.
5. " Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight ;
For this, e'en now, they prune their vig'rous wing ;
For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite ;
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.
6. " They feel a pow'r, an impulse, all divine !
That warns them hence ; they feel it and obey :
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.
7. " And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
Nor give us tidings of some happier clime ?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence,
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time ?
8. " Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless day ;
That bid our hearts nor death, nor anguish fear :
This, future transport ; that, to life the way.
9. " Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode ;
Obey the call, and trust the leader's care,
To bring us safe, through virtue's paths to God.
10. " Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh ;
No doubts divert our steady steps aside ;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die :
Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide."

JACO.

* It may not be improper to remind the young reader, that the anguish of the unhappy negroes, on being separated for ever from their country, and dearest connexions, with the dreadful prospect of perpetual slavery, frequently becomes so exquisite as to produce derangement of mind, and suicide.

THE END.