

Self-dubb'd philosopher!—the mob's delight!  
 Thy looming Science like thy mammoth's bones  
 From quiet earth shall ne'er be dragged to light.  
 Then pray (if thou canst pray) in humble tones,  
 That trying Death who no distinction owns  
 From Freedom's shore may sweep thy coward name,  
 And save Columbia such blot of shame!  
 For thee no patriot lyre shall e'er be strung,  
 Foul stain of Liberty! the rabble's choice!  
 Not e'en thy bombast from the chair that rung  
 Shall live in future generations' voice,—  
 Thy baleful slang no more make fools rejoice:  
 For who would sound the blessings of thy reign,  
 Confed'rate vile of Atheists and Tom Paine.—page 122.

At the end of the work there are some Poems said to be written by an American Gentleman, and in the preface we are informed they are presented to the public "as a relief to the tedium of her own performances, and as affording something at least deserving of criticisms." We have not left space to allow of long extracts or many remarks upon these additional pieces, but have observed they are not equal to those of the Lady in merit. The Negro's benevolence is the first of them, and contains a description of a man being lost in the forest, and an account of his being found by a Negro who brought him to his home. The whole zest of it is contained in the conclusion, and all the pleasure derived from the *dénouement* of the plot does not repay the trouble of wading through forty-six stanzas of heavy prosing stuff.

The following is a specimen of this author's luminous talents:—

"Oft'neath the shade the tall magnolia cast,  
 Pleas'd with the view, he whiled the hours away  
 What time the sun her middle arch has pass'd,  
 And nature blithe, to want his zenith ray."

Now it will puzzle our readers to find out what is the author's meaning here. If the pronoun *her* refers to the shade, where is the middle of a shade. If it refers to the magnolia, it is a violation of grammar, a school-boy would be whipt for—as the verb "cast" indicates that magnolia is in the plural. And again if the word *her* refers to the sun, we are in doubt if "the blessed sun" should be arrayed in the garb of a male or a female; for in the next line he talks of "*his zenith ray*." By the bye, this is the first time we have seen the word zenith used as an adjective, and we wish the American Gentleman joy of his new discovery. The epithet "blithe." Good sir, the word is never employed as here. The *blitheness* of nature comes on when the sun rises, never as he declines. There is an abundance of silly weak lines. What can be worse than the following description of the fall of a stately oak, where, "*sheer through the tall trees had his huge bulk driven*." Here is a fine example of the bathos,—only to be equalled by the Knight who

"Gallantly threaded the wood in his flight  
 Like a squirrel running through a fence by moon-light."!!

\* See Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.