

While others affirm we were never designed
 By nature to cope with the masculine mind ;
 But, whatever the issue may be, let us cleave
 To the rights we inherit as daughters of Eve.
 Of these I will only allude to the chief,
 Designed to afford our pent feelings relief,
 The right that we women possess to defame
 Our husbands at will, spite of honor and shame ;
 But this little truth to our credit be said,
 We brook from each other nor pity nor aid.



To Josephine in Heaven.

A SONG.

We sat on the bank of the Wisconsin River,
 On a high, frowning bluff that hangs over the
 stream ;
 Could the rapturous spell have continued forever
 I had sung an adieu to futurity's dream.

And now were it thus that a wish could endow me
 A ravishing scene of the past to restore,
 Should all, except heaven and thee, disavow me,
 I would meet thee again on that wild rocky
 shore.