

The mistress of the golden mean.  
 Now Generosity confin'd,  
 Perfectly easy in her mind,  
 Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,  
 Nor wishes to be free from Care.

SMART

## SECTION XXXI.

*The Slave.*

1. WIDE over the tremulous sea,  
 The moon spread her mantle of light ;  
 And the gale, gently dying away,  
 Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.
2. On the forecastle Maratan stood,  
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale ;  
 His tears fell unseen in the flood ;  
 His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.
3. " Ah wretch ! " in wild anguish, he cried,  
 " From country and liberty torn !  
 Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,  
 Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne !
4. " Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,  
 Love and hope made my bosom their home ;  
 There I talk'd with my favorite maid,  
 Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.
5. " From the thicket the man-hunter sprung ;  
 My cries echo'd loud through the air ;  
 There was fury and wrath on his tongue ;  
 He was deaf to the voice of despair.
6. " Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks, ever flow ;  
 Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart ;  
 And still may the sorrows of wo,  
 Drink deep of the stream of my heart.
7. " But hark ! o'er the silence of night  
 My Adila's accents I hear ;  
 And mournful, beneath the wan light,  
 I see her lov'd image appear.
8. " Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,  
 As the mist that hangs light on the wave  
 And fondly her partner she chides,  
 Who lingers so long from his grave.
9. " Oh, Maratan ! haste thee," she cries,  
 " Here the reign of oppression is o'er ;  
 The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,  
 And Adila sorrows no more.
10. " Now sinking amidst the dim ray,  
 Her form seems to fade on my view .  
 O ! stay thee, my Adila, stay !—  
 She beckons,—and I must pursue.
11. " To-morrow the white man, in vain,  
 Shall proudly account me his slave .