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THE

WIDOW OF THE ROCK,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

A LADY.

[Bienerhasset, Margaret (Agnew)]

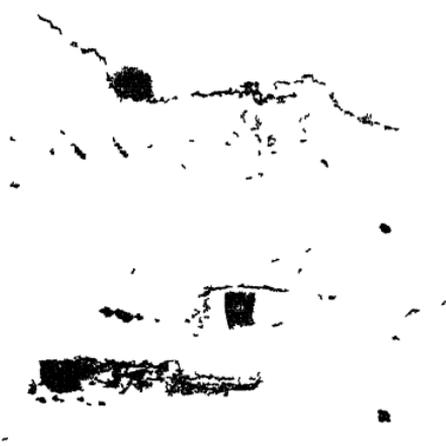
Ne cherchez point, dan' ce récit,
L' esprit, le brillant, l' eloquence,—
Je sens bien plus que Je le pense.

(Demouster)

MONTREAL,

J. V. SPARHAWK, PRINTER.

1824.



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PREFACE.

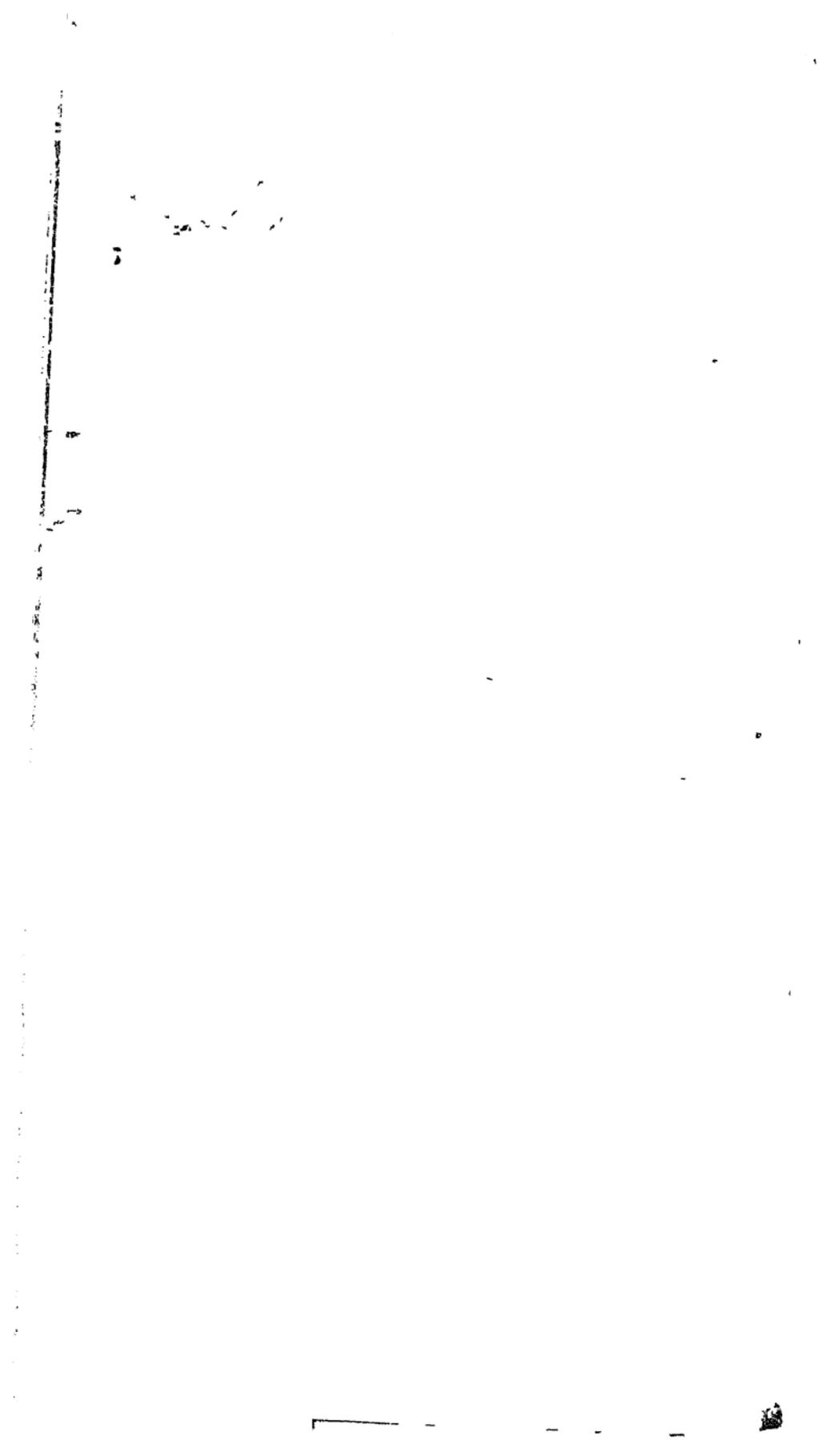
THE generosity already manifested by the public in so extensively subscribing to a work of the merits of which, nothing was given whereby to form an estimate, at the same time that it indicates a favourable impression towards the author, which can not but be highly gratifying, renders doubly painful the consciousness, that she has nothing to offer more worthy of the excited expectations—it however encourages her to hope, that a corresponding liberality will be exerted in extenuation of its demerits. It has been observed, "That for a man of rank and fortune to write verses at all is some merit"—and, consequently, exempts him from a portion of that severity which they must expect who write only for bread, and who have no other claim to notice but their talents to please the public.—The author begs leave to request from her judges of the opposite sex, whose strictures she has most reason to dread, that they will, out of pure gallantry, extend the same exemption to another species of the Scribbling Tribe, which for many reasons is equally deserving of the claim, and allow—"That it is some merit also, for a female to write verses at all."

Having read and admired much good poetry in her lifetime, the author is competent to appreciate the merit of her own attempts, and consequently aware, that they cannot escape the lash of criticism. She has voluntarily subjected herself to the ordeal of public opinion, and, as the only alternative, it behoves her to submit to it with the best possible grace. If there be any, (tho' the author is very unwilling to indulge the suspicion) who have placed their names for the purpose of indulging their own acuteness of judgement, at the expence of her imprudence, she will only say to them in the words of a much greater poet than herself "Qu'on me critique, mais qu'on me lise," and then sit down, regardless of their admonitions as uncensured by their malignity.

Notwithstanding that the hackneyed expressions of—"These fugitive pieces, were composed at odd moments, merely by way of relaxation from severer engagements, and confided only to a few intimate friends, at whose urgent entreaties they are now offered to the public, &c."—have become so proverbially dis-reputable for being adopted to usher into light the crude effusions of half-pay officers, bachelors on short commons, and blue-stocking poetesses, that it may be considered trite even to notice their unpopularity, it is none other but this identical form of apology that she begs leave to use in her own behalf—if indeed apology be necessary. In publishing those pieces where she is made the chief object of light and shade in the picture, the author is willing to incur the charge of *egotism*, provided, according to her own estimation, and agreeably to the maxim—"That what we feel most we express best," they be thought to contain the most favourable specimen of her poor abilities

At the end of the volume are published, with the author's permission, "A NEGRO'S BENEVOLENCE," and other poems, by an American gentleman, whose talents, though they may be inadequate to do away the obloquy so un-paringly cast upon the Transatlantic Muses, will be found, it is hoped, to exhibit not a few symptoms of the dawn of better taste, and more vivid imagination. She is happy in being able to present them to the public as a relief to the tedium of her own performances, and as affording something at least *deserving* of criticism.

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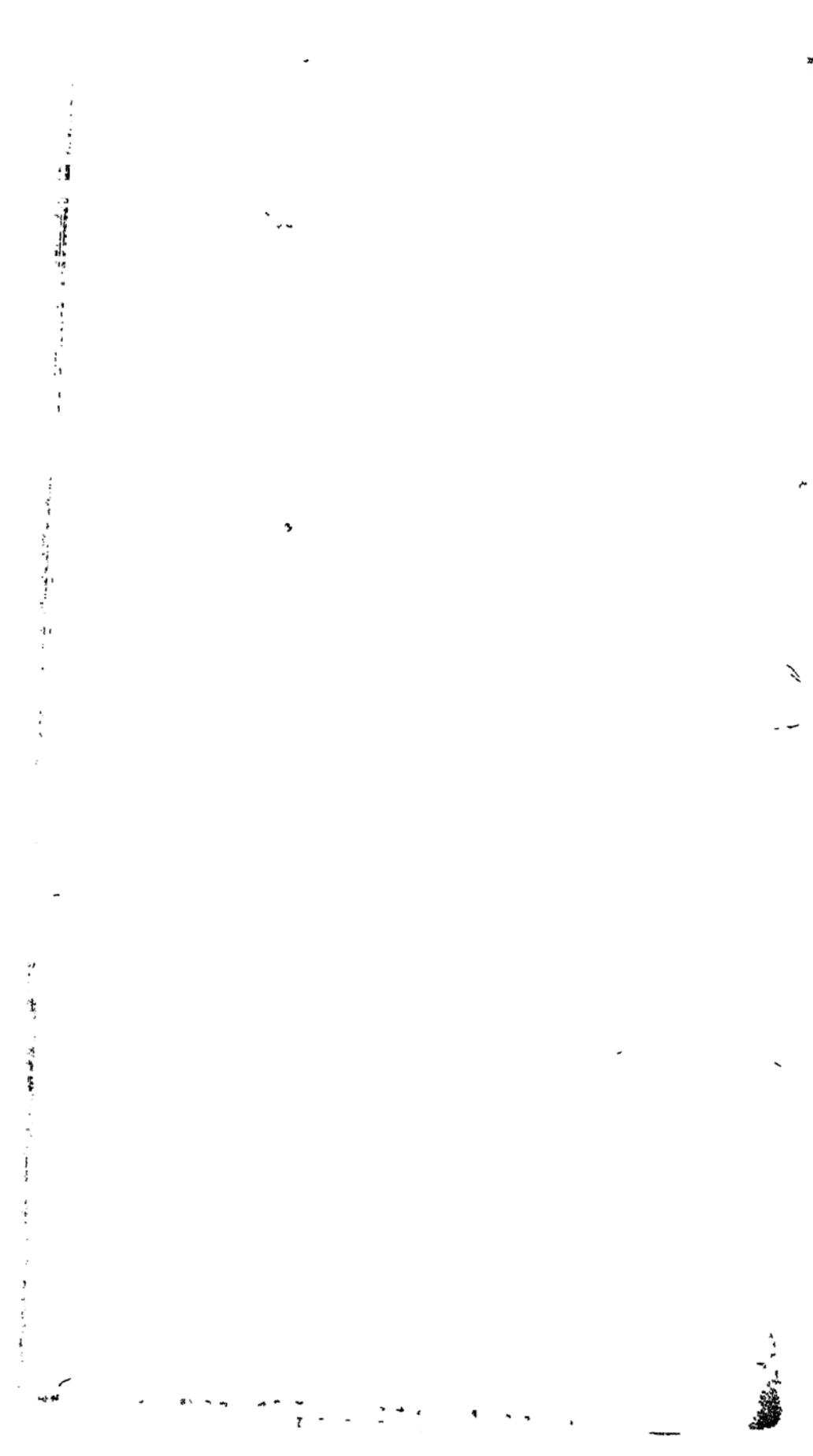
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WIDOW OF THE ROCK.



THE
WIDOW OF THE ROCK.

(From A Real Occurrence.)

I.

YOUNG Lucy, fairest flower of Springfield plains,
Was fresh as blossom of the young may-morn ;
And Reuben, blithest of the village swains,
For Lucy and for love alone seem'd born :—
To them joy-wing'd was every hour's return,
While sorrow, that on true love ever waits,
Lay ambush'd ready to obey the Fates.

Their infant years were spent together,—oft

Link'd hand in hand, so fondly they were seen,

Ranging the fields when spring's young blossoms, soft

And tender in their dress of new-born green

With fragrant life and love imbued the scene.

Lost in each other all the livelong day,

Life was to them but one full hour of play.

III.

At times their little heads were seen to shoot,

And move half-lost amid the tangling grass ;

Bearing aloft the richly-cluster'd fruit,

To add it proudly to the growing mass,—

While mutual praises on the pile they pass,

Heap'd up for younger urchins,—num'rous fry

Who met it ever with devouring eye.

Then might you see them by some bank alone,
Tearing wild flowers, to strew them on the ground,
Or pulling out the balls of thistle-down,
To call them birds, and chase them round and round,
Laughing till echo caught the jovial sound,
To hill and dale repeating as she went,
The native strains of youthful merriment.

V

And often when the wood at rosy dawn,
Wak'd its wild harmony and dropt its dew,
Stealing out silent o'er the drizzling lawn,
Their search the cat-bird's lowly nest pursues,—
She, every step with painful flutt'ring views :—
They peep into it, "but they would not touch
"Those pretty eggs,—the old birds loved so much."

B

VI.

Two farms at friendly distance were their homes,
 Whence every day, or to some fav'rite knowl,*
 Or under some old tree, still constant comes,
 That which from little task the earliest stole —
 Ah' but the hours too swiftly o'er them roll,
 Thrown on the green, night finds them unawares,
 Mocking the night-hawk,—pointing at the stars.

VII.

Whole hours again, all by some noisy brook,
 Gath'ring white pebbles—white and crystalline,—
 Or, thread for line, and crooked pin for hook,
 Scouting horn'd-daces, with a vain design :—
 Their sinless thoughts an undiminish'd mine,

* Obsolete in England, but still used in America to denote a little hill.

Which threw supreme delight o'er every scene,
As vivid clouds adorn the blue serene.

VIII.

In such pure joys the happy seasons flow,
Years now roll on,—light labour is assign'd
And Reuben with his Lucy loves to go
Thro' every little task,—one heart, one mind,
Their pleasure with their duty so combin'd,
That Labor e'en their happiness increas'd,
As the brown west sets off the golden east.

IX.

Thrice happy childhood ' still we turn to thee,
In every period of declining life,
To mark thy face of unabated glee,
Thy heart still beating in continual strife,
With present things, thy thoughts thy feelings rife.

Soon as the noon of life begins to wane,
 We turn and wish to live it o'er again.

X.

--Thrice happy childhood! tho' thy sad return
 More dread than death the human heart affrights?
 To light the first, hope's gayest flambeaux burn,
 Shewing its ever coming new delights,
 But second childhood, led by borrow'd lights,
 Sinking midst beings of a second age,
 May envy those swept off in life's first stage.

XI.

Alas! that happiness is like a flower,
 It buds in beauty, and in beauty blooms,
 In beauty blooms and then forgets her power,—
 In one profusion sheds its rich perfumes,
 Then to dishonour all its glory dooms;

Its fragile leaves the rude blast sweeps away
 And such is happiness,—so short its stay.

XII.

Unmark'd the years roll on,—in wedlock join'd,
 Behold our lovers happy as the pair
 Who love with new-born innocence combined,
 Ere sin crept in with selfish earthborn care;—
 Which more or less is now each mortal's share—
 True-love disgusted with the chains of art,
 Long fled from courts, dwells in the peasant's heart.

XIII

When thro' the frontier, savage war no more
 Inspires a kindred people to contend,
 From every state the tides of settlers pour,
 As hives in June their colonies forth-send,—
 Now on their own exertions to depend —

Reuben with Lucy (all his fortune) blest,
Sought out the land of promise with the rest.

XIV.

But oft his purpose falter'd,—what could move
To quit the spot by early youth ador'd ?—
When every hill confess'd a tale of love,
And every tree with some dear thought was stor'd ?
No other spot could e'er such thoughts afford,—
Still would his Lucy be with him,—and where
His Lucy was, all scenes alike were fair.

XV.

When first this wilderness explor'd, began
To prove the all-subduing energy
That gives the civiliz'd o'er savage man
In forest and in field the mastery,
United on Columbia's shores we see

What thro' the ancient world time brings to bear,
The three mark'd epochs of man's hist'ry—where,

XVI.

The chase, the shepherd's care, the farmer's toil,
All flourish simultaneous beneath
A fertile sky,—where plenty's sunny smile
Reigns o'er the farm, the forest and the heath,
There now the settler binds the harvest wreath.
Now thro' the snows, the lessening game pursues,
And thus supplies what yet his fields refuse.

XVII.

Deep in the wild on Susquehanna's stream,
The farm he chose of rich and varied soil,
And clear'd a passage to the sunny gleam,
Which ne'er before had reach'd its cheering smile.
Hope nerv'd his arm, and love smooth'd every toil.—

Then near a babbling brook mark'd out the spot,
 And fell'd the trees to build his humble cot

XVIII.

Back from the stream a tow'ring rock upheaves
 Its steep and spacious front into the air ,
 And at its base a level surface leaves,
 Where anxious Reuben purposes to rear
 A roof adapted to his present care,
 His sturdy stroke rung through the woods around,
 Scatt'ring the lofty trees upon the ground.

XIX.

It was a lone retreat into the wild,
 Where Nature reign'd in undisturb'd repose —
 There Lucy—(on her breast an infant child,)
 Would often come at lovely evening's close
 To see his toil, and how the pile arose ,

Then future plans employ their happy minds,
Till night the lovers in their wandering finds.

XX.

Sweet are the works we wholly call our own,
They seem a portion of ourselves, and yield
A pure delight in foreign things unknown.—
How swells the settler's breast to view the field
Whose charms by his own hands have been reveal'd
Where feudal rights no menial toil command,
Nor tyrants suck the fatness of the land!—

XXI.

Chill winter whetens o'er the leafless wood,
And clears a passage to the northern blast,—
But now against the rock his cabin stood,
Built of rude logs, with elm bark overcast,—
Of days of toil to-morrow is the last

Then to his Lucy home at eve he went,
 T' indulge in their reciprocal content.

XXII.

Blest in each other, swiftly past the hours;
 Their infant loves they all recounted o'er,—
 And still from every spot reviving flowers
 Love pull'd, and from them fragrant freshness bore;
 This blissful joyance nought could sweeten more
 At dawn returning to his pleasant task,—
 Deep threatening clouds the face of morning mask.

XXIII.

And now from all their mirky folds they pour,
 Confusedly the silent-falling snow,—
 The trees are white,—the ground is seen no more,
 The loaded hemlock boughs are bending low,
 Or spring elastic, and their burden throw.—

The scene of gloom the squirrel only broke,
 Startling the boughs, and hiding in the smoke.

XXVI.

At length his task is finish'd—night is come,
 But ah! the lowering clouds too thickly drive,
 He fain would bear the joyful tidings home,
 And spend that night the happiest man alive,
 But it were madness with the storm to strive—
 He lights a fire against the rock's rough side,
 And throws his limbs upon the soft bear's hide,

XXV.

That fatal fire, (alas! how like the sun!)
 For good and evil shed its cheering beams,
 Which soon of evil the dread work begun,
 While lulling Reuben in delightful dreams,
 (In which his Lucy's form still smiling seems)•

Rous'd from beneath the rock the vip'rous nest,
 With eyes of fire and death-menacing crest.

XXVI.

Swift to their victim fly the furious train,
 Coil round his neck, and plant the venom'd sting,
 Curdled with fear, and writhing in his pain,
 He feels the hissing tribe around him cling,
 And in each vein their cureless venom fling,—
 He seeks the door—resistance all too late,
 Dives in the snow, and yields him to his fate.

XXVII.

The hardy woodsman that thro' hill and brake,
 Pursues the wolf the panther and the bear,
 Yet trembles at the hissing rattlesnake,—
 Avoids his boding hiss with conscious care
 Nor dares to rouse the reptile from his lair :—

Quicken'd from torpor, with their bags distent,
 On him who gave them life their rage they vent

XXVIII.

In distant village Lucy past that night,
 Her tender bosom torn with boding fear,—
 Ah! wherefore did not Reuben bless her sight—
 She looks—but sees no pitch-pine torch appear,
 Yet long ere this her heart it used to cheer,—
 And dread, prophetic dread was in her thought,
 That somehow at the wood mishap was wrought.

XXIX.

She lists the screech-owl's cry amid the blast,
 The bear-dog's howl appals her sinking heart,
 And every legend of their warnings past,
 Darts thro' her mind.—How could she ever part
 One moment from her love?—Did not the start

That thrill'd her breast, when from her longing sight,
 He went this morn, presage all was not right ?

XXX.

The weary night is past in restlessness;
 At every blast that sweeps, she lifts her head,
 Hope for a moment quiets her distress,—
 In every noise she hears his welcome tread ;
 And soon as stormy night is vanished,
 Her steady purpose cannot be withstood,
 She seeks her Reuben in the snowy wood.

XXXI.

In his breast still life holds a feeble sway,
 With half formed accents mov'd his swollen tongue
 "Ah ! Could I see thee, Lucy!" he would say,
 She sees him,—(one wild shriek of horror rung,)
 Flies to his arms and round him lifeless hung.—

“My Reuben” all she said,—and Reuben, cried
 The echoing woods, as in her arms he died.

XXXII.

The dusk now slowly vanish'd from the wood,
 When early riflemen pursu'd their way,—
 But safe the game, for now assembled stood
 Around the rock, in pity and dismay
 The crowd, where pale in death two lovers lay .--
 But Lucy's fainting form restor'd to life,
 With waning reason held the doubtful strife

XXXIII.

Gone,—gone forever was that artless mind,
 Which light and life from fond affection drew,
 While rustic skill, with tender pity join'd,
 In vain essay'd each remedy it knew,
 And bore her lifeless off, e'er the sad view,

Of her dear Reuben should again recall,
 The anguish'd thought which work'd her reason's fall.

XXXIV.

Yet, wherefore mourn ye, kind and gentle hearts,
 All unsophisticated by the world?
 Has woe, that but in punishment imparts,
 Her lessons, ne'er to you her page unfurl'd,
 To teach, that reason from her seat when hurl'd
 By misery, t'were cruel to recal?
 Death only can release from madness' thrall.

XXXV.

The Widow of the Rock"—Ah! woeful name.
 That the once gay—once happy Lucy bears!
 While madness adds a more appalling claim,
 To pity, that but mocks the grief she wears —
 As neath the trees by moonlight she appears

Her form bent over Reubens' early grave,

No more her griefs in wild distraction rave.

XXXVI.

Calm is her mind as the subsided sea,

And settled is the sorrow in her eye —

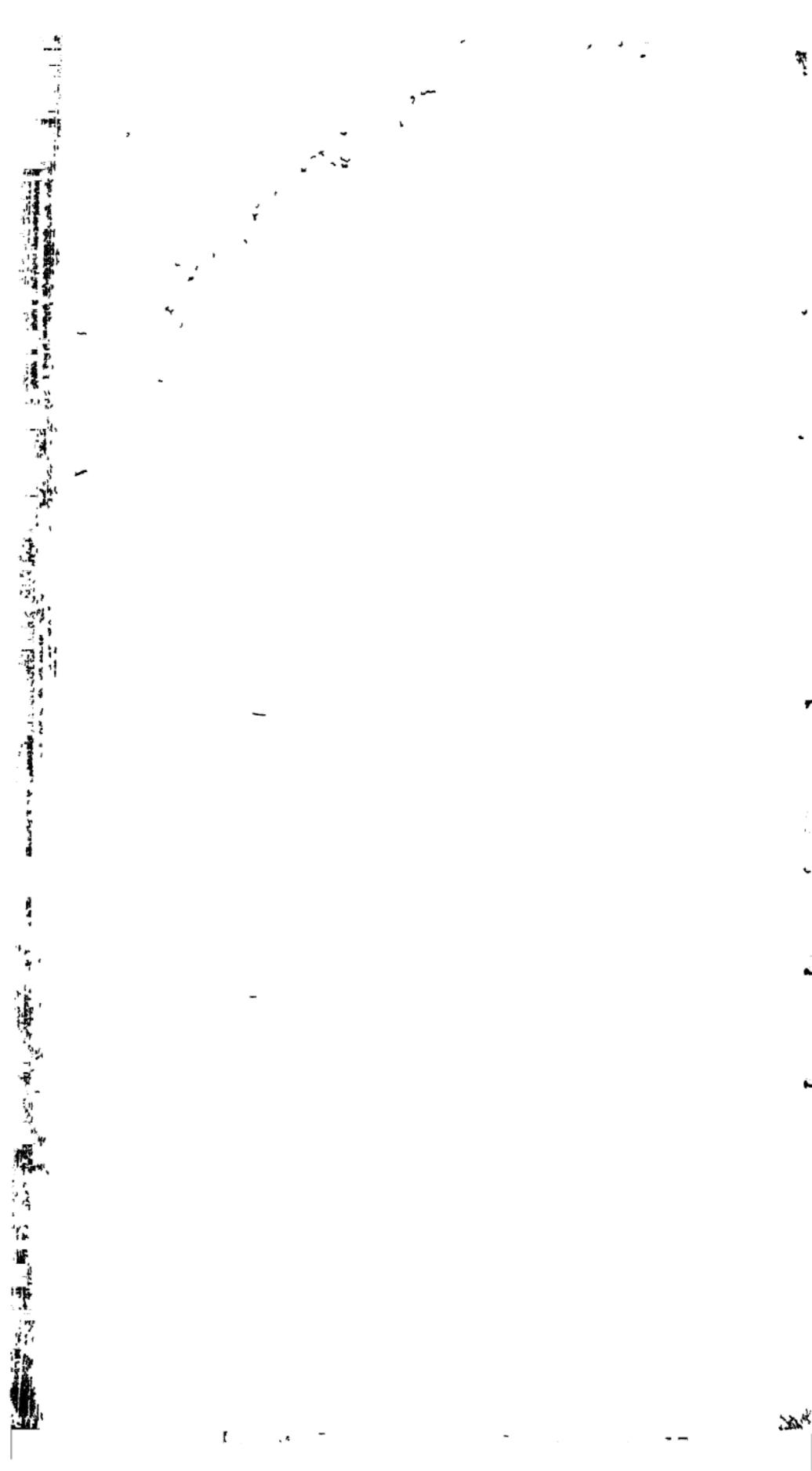
Soft by some devious brook, or mould'ring tree,

She sits indulging the unbidden sigh,

And sometimes turns, and talks to Reuben by,

Then will she start in terror,—and anon,

Dive in the woods, and wander farther on.



TO THE MEMORY OF

GEN. AGNEW.

THE struggle of freedom has past like the swell
Of the mountain-heav'd billow that swallows the shore;
Pease reigns where the brave and the mighty once fell,
And the yell and the scalping-knife's terrors are o'er.

Shall the heroes who sunk be forgot?—and their praise
Be doom'd in the grave of oblivion to lie?

Shall no kindred effusion awaken to raise

To their mem'ry the tribute that never can die?

Oh ! would that my fire and my verse were as strong
 As the spirit that dared, and the arm that achiev'd,
 To thy mem'ry, my ancestor, both should belong,
 And no more of its glory thy name be bereav'd.

Thy ashes are hid by th' inglorious sod,
 Their place 'mong the graves of the humble past o'er,
 By the foot of the foeman unheedingly trod,
 The courage that fired them regarded no more.

Yet thy bravery *was* known—and thy deeds cannot fail,
 In the record of glory thy name ever lives,
 Where envy in vain shall attempt to assail
 The ne'er-fading wreath that posterity gives !

The warrior firm when mad faction had spread,
 Rebellion's red flag, mark'd with Liberty's call,
 His life for his country was foremost to shed ;
 By the dark hand of treachery at last doom'd to fall.

No funeral honours were paid o'er thy grave,
 The strife of the combat for these gave no room,
 Yet the soldier's rough tear was wiped off for the brave,
 And e'en foemen were sad o'er the warrior's tomb.

Though no storied relievos above it are wrought,
 To point where affection may bend o'er and weep,
 Yet a record more noble more dear is thy lot,—
 Wan age that with three generations doth creep,

Perception a blur,—and sensation a void.

With gratitude still loves to throw back the veil
 Of the past,—while remembrance is feebly employ'd,
 And to tell 'mid the fortune of war's sad entail

“There was *One*, who protected the sons of the soil,
 “Their rights made his own, & their injuries his care,
 ‘ He crav'd not of power but his en'mies to foil,
 “Once conquer'd, he strove the defenceless to spare.”

The tear of the widow proclaims to thy boast,
Such virtue as never aspersion can taint,
Tho' no trophy be rais'd, tho' thy mem'ry were lost,
This speaks more than marble sepulchral can paint.
For this my heart's warmest devotion be paid,
To thy virtues my praise—my affection belong,
And the daughter for this, to her grandfather's grave,
Sole offering she can, pays the tribute of song.

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF MY DAUGHTER
FOR THE LAST TIME.

'Tis the pale moon of midnight my sad spirit hails,

I see its dim gleams thro' the tall waving trees:—

Earth slumbers,—solemnity's silence prevails

I alone break the swell of the wide-sweeping breeze,

It is not the moon in the pride of her power,

Nor the soothing relief of the calm midnight shade,

That leads me to wander alone at this hour,—

'Tis the moon-lighted hill where my daughter is laid.

There—there is my heart.—'Midst the forests wild
gloom,

Sleeps the babe that once smiling I fondly caress'd.—

How I watch'd o'er its beauties and mark'd its young
bloom ,

Oh ! yet the remembrance is dear to my breast

This lonely retreat doth the moaning-dove choose

To pour forth her melting funereal dole .

While list'ning her notes oft my footstep I lose,

As for thee pours her dirge, it is sweet to my soul '

And yet happier for thee, that so soon thou hast fled

From the tempest of passion, the trials of life,

Than live thro' the mazes of love to be led,

And like me feel the pangs of maternity's strife.

Years have past away since, but I cannot forget thee,

Sweet germ of my hopes, tho' thy sorrows are o'er ,

Thou art happy my daughter !—why should I regret
thee ?

Tho' thy mother must weep,—thou wilt never weep
more !

Thy spirit escap'd ere thou knewest to frame

One thought or one wish that could mem'ry load ;

Ere the dawnings of reason or sentiment came,—

While existence was fresh from the hand of its God.

Yet I lov'd thee my daughter!—I lov'd thee' how dear-
ly,

The bitterness now of my anguish may shew 't

Time has not effac'd thy young image, nor nearly

Preval'd o'er the bitter excess of my woe.

As I linger in sadness, it pleases to think

That thy fond spirit hovers around me the while :

Ah ' why dearest babe from thy mother thus shrink ?

Thro' the thin air thou glidest away with a smile.

Stay—stay little darling '—thy mother would follow,

But the cares and the duties of life interpose ;

Still longer this spot with thy dear presence hallow,

Nor suffer the night-mists thy shade to enclose.

But even this solace will soon be denied,

For distant from thee is my destiny cast ;

Yet never my grief for thee babe shall subside

Fare thee well darling hope ! my sole daughter ?—my
last !

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ON CREDULITY.

Credulity '—weakness that worldlings abuse,

I hail thee the test of ingenuous hearts !

The pleasures thou givest let stiff Prudence refuse,

And smile in derision, where'er she imparts,

Her cold heartless pleasures, if such they can be

That externals can yield without ent'ring the soul ;—

Far better to brave all the ills caus'd by thee

Than submit to the bonds that good feelings control.

Oh ! what the enjoyments this world can bestow,

When we've liv'd to discover that nothing is new^{er}

Society '—only deception to shew

How *ennui* to kill, or hide folly from view

And hence the delight that the poet can give,
 Who, scorning deception, from truth only draws,—
 Tears off the false mask, like a Byron, to live
 In the heart, while the tongue dares deny nature's
 laws.

Come Wit that to Dulness alone gives offence '
 Poor Wit ' whose light tresses are cruelly torn,
 By dunces with bram-pans like oyster-shells dense,
 (Their contents, if they've any, Wit stoops not to
 scorn ')

And Satire ' to Wit that's so nearly allied,—
 Twin sisters,—both shann'd yet supporting each
 other.

Bear up ' for without you would pedantry ride
 All rough-shod o'er talent and merit together
 While Vulgarity stuff'd with the offals of gain,
 Ines airs of gentility unfounded in worth.

Affectation o'er Genius triumphant would reign.

And Vanity make up for Meanness of Birth.

Credulity '—thou injured theme of my song,

So despis'd by the worldly, the proud, the self-wise,

That a poet alone may thy praises prolong,

Tho' thou plumest the wing that would soar to the
skies.

And descend like heaven's dews sprinkled over the
flower,

Refreshing the heart by sad care long oppress'd

With genial attraction in mis'ry's dark hour.

That invites to disburthen the labouring breast.

And admitting that wisdom sometimes is in fault,

When with virtues congenial untried we invest

Those beings whose cold hearts our warm ones have
caught

At moments when mis'ry in vain sought for rest,

Do we therefore of folly the miner accuse,

Who digs for the ore where with dross 'tis combin'd ?

No surely,—yet treasures of her nobler use

Are not deem'd worth the trouble of seeking to find

THE CONSOLATIONS OF POETRY.

The poet's wild Fancy may rove in a dream,
And sport with bright visions the world cannot know;
And dim is the glow of her varying beam,
If sentinel Reason she cannot lay low.

Then now for the moment this guardian reposes,
With her may the losses, the crosses of life
Be forgotten, while stript of their thorns be the roses
That hide and embellish its pitiful strife.

To gather these roses a long retrograde
Must mem'ry fatigued and depress'd undergo;
While travelling a tedious journey thro' shade,
To reach the bright regions of bliss where they grow.

While Prudence says, "Turn to the past and remember,

"Woe pursues and will catch thee, forbear then to
go,

Nor the products of May try to pluck in December.

"Thy path chill'd and hid beneath life's winter snow,

"Rather turn thee, and hasten the last gleam to catch,

"That shining from far like a beacon doth seem

"A spark may yet linger within that can match

"The ray that may light up life's last fading beam !

That ray to the poet unfolds a bright world

With visions that please when life's joys are decay'd,

There his eye is still fix'd on a standard unfurl'd,

The standard of glory whose hues never fade.

AN IMITATION.

Let Eloquence tell of her power to persuade.

Her lightnings that flash and her thunders that roll;

But the converse of lovers requires not her aid.

'Tis the language of *looks* that speaks home to the
soul.

Let Harmony vain of her influence boast,

How hearts to exalt to depress, to entrance

But let eyes meet in concert, *her* magic is lost,

And the music of spheres is subdu'd by a glance.

Let poets from heaven their numbers derive,

Let Byron's wild strains be still prais'd by the throng.

But the eyes of the poets fair theme when alive,

Would (trust me) have lock'd what had vanquish'd
the song.

ON FINDING MY BOWER COVERED WITH
WORMS AFTER A RAIN.

Foul crawlers begone! nor presume
These flowers ere their time to impair;
The Sun shall awaken their bloom,
And the moisture dispel from the air.

Get you gone to the mouldering clay,
That beauty with life hath forsaken;
There fatten at will on your prey,
The prey that destruction hath taken.

Come not to the cheerful day-light,
Your noisome remains to disperse
Hide away in the bosom of night,
And feed on the death-stricken corpse.

If the miser while eyeing his chest,

Saw the worm crawl o'er each piece of gold,

Or the lover with happiness blest,

O'er the lov'd one should feel it creep cold,

The shuddering heart, the short breath,

The horrible thrill of the soul,

Joy's sunshine o'ershadow'd by death,

Might prove the worm's reign o'er the whole.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"BLEST happiness ! is it thy shadow that flies,

"O'er this heart but so lately depress'd ?

"Or is it the radiant glance of those eyes

"That rekindles thy form in this breast ?

"Base deceiver begone ! for thy flattering power

"Sinks from the real'ty of woe ;

"And Hope that my love gave to bloom like a flower,

"Now wither'd, that love must forego.

"While the smile that gave life to it once in my heart,

"For another is destin'd by heaven,

"May its brightness endure and may it impart,

"Those joys that from me are all riven,"

Thus sang a lone maiden, whose beautiful form

Flush'd up at life's last fading ray.

Like the glow of the sky that succeeds to the storm.

When the sun beams "farewell" on the day.

For long ere meridian lustre had shed

O'er her beauty its mellowing charm,

Her full-matur'd heart in Love's snare had been led,

While she deem'd that with friendship 'twas warm.

Those affections one object forever possess'd,

Until truth brought its warning too late,—

When his vows to another stood fully confess'd.

She in secret succumbs to her fate

Grief's ne'er-dying worm unrelenting and sure.

Crops the blossom of nature's fair child,

Whose love like the scent of the rose is most pure.

When its bloom wastes away on the wild.

ON A LADY WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE
SUFFERED SHIPWRECK.

To wake up with the early dawn,
And hail the coming day ;
To ramble o'er the dewy lawn,
With hearts then young and gay,
Was ours.—ah ! what a soul was thine,
Shade of departed worth !
Never did cultur'd nature shine
More pure upon this earth !
For thine was every outward grace,
With every virtue fraught ;—
Thy bosom was a resting place,
For love not to be bought.

But thou art gone,—with thee is fled

All hope again to find

Another that like thee could shed

Peace o'er the woe-worn mind.

And now I wander all alone,

Nor heed the balmy breeze,

But list the ring dove's tender moan,

And think upon the seas.

The wind that rushes through the wood,

Has swept the fatal waves,—

Far—far beneath the briny flood,

Deep—deep in ocean's caves

Thou liest?—ah! no—thou art not there,

Thou soar'st in amber bight,

Perhaps e'en now, in tender care,

Thy looks on me may light!

And could that form return—no dread,
But joy sublime for me,
To view thy bright celestial shade,
Once more to look on thee!

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ON SEEING TWO FUNERALS PASS BY

Alas ' for man '—Few sympathetic tears
Embalm those dead borne by on sep'rate biers '
Behold them by the thoughtless crowd convey'd;
Without e'en mimic woe's decorous aid '
With heartless apathy I see the throng,
Each in himself absorb'd, pass light along.
Returning each, his thoughtless tribute paid,
T' oblivion dooms his friends' departed shade.
No moral lesson here drawn from the tomb,
To teach the soul to startle at its doom,
The crimes of man to picture with disgust,
And bid him draw his wisdom from the dust,
Impress the heart with fear and point to heaven,
Where thro' this narrow vale the road to life is g'v'n.

DESERTED FLOWER GARDEN.

These flowers left alone, seem to droop with regret
Shewing sympathy more than from mankind we meet.
The garden's fair ornaments once might look gay,
But the form which then cheer'd them is now far away
And the visions of fancy that flit o'er the heart,
Recalling past scenes, animation impart
To those emblems of nature, to which tis allow'd
As they sigh in the brecse, of that care to be proud
Which nurs'd them so kindly, but left them to mourn
In their prime to be pluck'd vulgar breasts to adorn

Yet woman alas ! may well sympathize there,—
This garden's the type of her own prospects drear,
When rest of protection she vainly would shun

The blast of the world,—like the blight of the sun
 Which withers the soonest the bloom of that rose
 Whose delicate sweetness pre-eminent shews,—

Tho' yesterday honour'd the pride of the bower,
 Now yielding in charms to the lowliest flower.

Of these flowers let me hasten, while some yet remain,

A garland untarnish'd for thee to obtain,

And keep, till we meet in the temperate sphere

Of friendship unsullied, where no clouds appear

To darken the glow thy remembrance impresses

On a heart long a stranger to warmer excesses.

ON CUPID.

“Not Argus with his hundred eyes can find

“Where Cupid goes, tho’ he, poor child, is blind.”

Yet that he never sleeps the odds I take,
Because for mischief he is wide awake.
His wicked arts have gods themselves subdu’d,
Then who resists them? Who—except the prude.
Ere danger’s warded, it must be foreseen,
And various forms the urchin wears I ween;
Perhaps not twice in the same shape appears,
A Proteus prov’d these many thousand years,
From Contradiction and from Folly sprung,
For Venus only nuis’d him when quite young.
Sometimes ’tis nature arms him, sometimes art;

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Sometimes 'tis faults that wing his keenest dart.

For neither common sense, nor that of schools.

Can save his victims from becoming fools.

Tho' in his favour this must be confess'd,

That poets (always wise) describe him best

Without his pranks alas ! what could *they* do? →

His sports *they* may enjoy and never rue.

Ev'n tho' in plaintive mood they may deplore

What Cupid always was and will be evermore.

THE LOVESICK LADY.

Lightly Zephyr pass not by,

That face attractive—form divine!

But bear to him the tender sigh

Of heart alas! no longer mine!

Thou canst fan him in the shade,

With sweets of spring thy pinions load,

Bid every flower lend its aid,

To charm the sense of love's abode.

Bear not words—for *they* are vain,

Let raptur'd feelings fill his soul!

Words may try to paint the pain,

The joys of love they can't unroll

And seize the moment when he sleeps,
That dreams may lend their magic power,--
To every breeze that o'er him sweeps,
Give force to speed the blissful hour.

Yet ah ! perhaps 'tis not for me
I'd thus imagination move !
Another now more bless'd may be,
With all that woman dreams of love.

Let silence then my portion be,
For vain the effort thus to trace
The conflict caus'd by loving thee,--
Yet vainer still that love to chase.

Be gone then Hope ! no longer lead
A heart no other food can cheer,--
Despair at least excuse may plead,
For sighs bestowed on one too dear.

WARNING TO A LAP-DOG.

My pretty Rosa ' tell me why
That plaintive look—that heavy eye.
Hast thou my frail one been deceived,—
Thy spotted lover's tale believ'd ?
Tale, which whisper'd in thine ear,
Alas ' were perilous to hear ?
Ah ' Rose beware ' discard the thought
Of foppish love too dearly bought.
Or if of single life thou'rt tir'd,
Choose not a beau so much admir'd
For many lessons he has learn'd,
That to thy ruin may be turn'd,—
Too much the world he's rang'd around
Too many Roses he has found

'Too much he apes the high renown
 (Of hero's doffing laurel crown,
 For myrtle's sweeter—softer far
 When Cupid chains "the dogs of war")
 Then Rose, believe thy wiser friend,
 And shun the danger that must end
 In woe that thou alone must bear.—
 While, shifting like the ambient air,
 The faithless sighs of faithless swain,
 Each breeze sweeps lightly o'er the plain,
 To be inhaled by every one.
 His spots may dazzle—but I've done.
 So, take thy crust, and be content,
 Such roving love can but torment.

SENT TO A GENTLEMEN WITH A FEATHER-FAN

On which Roses were depicted.

Go, light, fantastic, airy thing,
By Fancy pluck'd from Cupid's wing,
Thy pencil'd Roses gaily blowing,
(The work of nymph, alas! unknowing,
What mischief here might lurk unseen,
Should Zephyr take Apollo's mein,
And lightly fanning thoughtless fur
Excite a flame not cool'd by air.)
But might this gift to friendship be,
The pledge of friendly courtesy,
No mischief hence could e'er ensue,—
More harmless roses never grew.

'AS THINE THE LOVE THAT NE'ER DISDAINS,'

A PASTORAL

As thine the love that ne'er disdains
The simple lay—the shepherds strains,
Awake my love, and come with me '
The rising sun hath rous'd the bee,
The soaring lark now tunes her lay,
Arise my love, and come away '
Together let us range the mead,
Where daisies spring, and lambkins feed,
Wand'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
To taste the freshness of the dawn
Before the sultry heat of day,
Delay not, love, but come away.'

Thus Edwin to his Anna sung,—
 His dulcet notes the echo rung,
 While deep impress'd on Anna's heart
 The love, where interest bore no part,
 The love, disdainng worldly pride,
 The love, ne'er felt by courtly bride,
 But that which in itself, compris'd,
 All earthly bliss that Anna priz'd.
 And Edwin, happiest of the swans,
 Of cold reserve no more complains,
 When Anne, fairer than the dawn,
 And fleetier than the bounding tawn,
 Springs forth, with joy her love to meet
 This morn'g of all to her most sweet,—
 To stray where Cupid gaily leads,
 Heedless of every hour that speeds.
 This day's the last of maiden life,
 Tomorrow dooms her Edwards' wife.

ON A LADY'S EXPRESSING HER PREFERENCE OF THE
SCARLET UNIFORM TO THE GREEN.

Tho' cypress the colour that decks those gay forms,
Yet guard well your heart, for beneath them are charms
There's a *couleur de rose*, that with scarlet may vie
Lurking under the green, which may draw forth
sigh
And ah! think not the colour that catches the sight,
Like the glow in the bosom your love can excite,
But true to the maxim that bright honour teaches,
Beware no false colour your heart ever reaches.
Tho' dipt in the rainbow, the heart of coquette
Is clad but in hues of a transient date.
And, (trust me) the tongue that thus pertly can rail,
A passion at heart may yet strive to conceal.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHOSE SEAL BORE THE DEVICE OF A
HEART TRANSFIXED BY A DART, WITH THE MOTTO

"Je ne change qu'en mourant."

"Je ne change qu'en mourant."—This motto *peut-être*
Impress'd in thy heart would not variant my satire
But sceptic the Fancy that dictates the verse
When Mars ' of thy children the praise she'd rehearse,
Tho' aware that exceptions establish a rule,
Drawing rules from exceptions would stamp her a fool
And doubt must remain where professions we see,
Which call forth a question that had remain'd free
But should virtuoso such rare thing require,
Let him constancy seek in the heart *you* inspire

TO A GENTLEMAN SATYRIZING THE FEMALE CHARACTER
WHILE READING THE PIRATES

The spirits of the northern blast,
--Disturbers of the mighty deep,
My magic spell have o'er thee cast!--
But, Norna bids thy terrors sleep

Great Norna of the Fitful Head
The Fitful Heart now deigns to greet,
Yet not the heart of mystic lead,
But human frailty's mystic seat

This woe-worn Norna roving wild,
Disdains the scoffing scorn of man,
With worldly self-conceit defil'd
That woman's heart would seek to scan

Then youthful hero quickly tell
 Why thus in unpropitious hour,
 Unaw'd by virtue's potent spell,
 Unchan'd by beauty's softer power;

Thou deem'dst thy slander could avail
 One half thy species to condemn ?
 Know harsh abuse shall ne'er prevail
 Nor harm,—for magic dwells with them

Ah! dread the vengeance of a witch,
 Nor draw her wrathful curses down !
 Her weapons dire may overmatch
 Man's lordly arrogating frown.

Behold my dwarf ! That hideous form
 Once stately—beauteous charm'd the eye ;
 A tow'ring pine that brav'd the storm,
 A blaze that warm'd 'neath Jetland's sky.

Behold him now '—the monster fell

No more his hideous shape conceal,

His punishment he cannot tell,

No tongue his malice now reveals

Then trifle not with Norna's wrath,

To friend-his still her heart is free,

And pities those whom reason hath

Deserted, as it now does thee.

Full well she knows the healing art,

Of balm and worm-wood proves the use,

The first, to soothe the bleeding heart,

The last, to check wits' foul abuse.

ON A SUPPOSED COURTSHIP.

If the Naiads of old were for beauty ador'd
When love reign'd both ardent and free,—
If the Ancients each stream with its Deity stor'd,
Love's fav'rites—then why should not we ?
Where three tribute floods pour their waves to one
stream,
Dwells a maiden surpassing in grace,
That stream reigns o'er all other waters supreme,
That nymph—the queen-nymph of the place.
While the moments all gaily and joyously fly,
To love and to pleasure resign'd,
And Cupid, (young urchin) the wicked and sly,
Bids time with his cares lag behind.

Receive from the Muse that on beauty's smile lives

The lay that would strive to combine

With thy fate all that love to the human heart gives,

E'en to that which dares scoff at his shrine.

Most glory each system—each sect ever reaps

From proselytes newly converted,

The bird which he's found hard to catch the boy keeps,

By its struggles for freedom diverted.

Yet hard 'tis to tame it, since never again

Must it flutter from flower to flower,

The joy of possession is subject to pain,

And dread lest it fly from his power.

Then maiden ' with watchful solicitude keep,

A captive consign'd to thy care,

Lull his heart on Love's softest rose-pillow to sleep.

'T is a truant if thorns linger there.

TO A BELOVED OBJECT.

Ye lovers and rhymers your folly beware !

Attend to full proof, for such here can be given,
That love may burn brightly without Cupid's care,
Tho' the flame may not come as suppos'd just from
heaven.

For as the volcano supplied from below,

Refuses to burn by the rays of the sun ;

Or as steam comes from fountains whose boilings, o'er-
flow

With health to the weak and the sick as they run.

So the heat that now warms and relaxes the frame,

And leaves it to drowsiness, languor and ease,

May light up the blush and awaken the flame,

And love may creep in and prevail by degrees.

'Tis not the mad passion that beauty inspires,—

No animate object engages this love,—

The *fire* warms my heart with reciprocal fires,

My attachment is great—but 'tis all for *my stove*.

ON A GENTLEMAN'S GIVING AWAY A
FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

Relentless the impulse, and grievous the theme,
That with painful reverse bids me turn from the dream
That else might have pictur'd thee all that was good,
Hid under the guize of each fanciful mood,
As from the delusion I painfully start,
To pause on fidelity thrown from thy heart.

Poor Prince! not a sigh nor a tear shed for thee,
Comes to hallow the tie from which now thou art free;
In the hall of the stranger alas! thou must feed,
At the call of the stranger thy footsteps must speed.
The voice that seem'd music no more shalt thou hear,
No longer caress'd by the hand that was dear,

And long will the whistle's remember'd note shrill
On thy ear, as the dudge of thy happiness thrill,
—Thy happiness!—all that by heaven above
Is granted to mortals,—*permission to love*
But this man denies except in his own way.
And spurns the devotion a poor dog can pay.

Ah! different far from the world's adulation,
The love that increases for pain's consolation,—
That self can quite banish from every reflection,
And leave but the impulse that springs from affection

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S ADVICE TO HIS SON
ON
THE SUBJECT OF MATRIMONY.

{ Versified from Campbell's Magazine }

SINCE Horace sung, and long before,
Has woman felt man's tyrant power.
"False" and "fickle" are slight charges
When disappointed man enlarges,
On weak woman's many failings,
While *he*, quite just in all his railings,
For truth and constancy renoun'd,
Her perfect contrast would be found.
But,—just by way of illustration,
A wise man once, in lofty station,
Bequeathed his son a legacy
Of good advice to keep him free

From all the turmoil care and strife
That wait upon a wedded life.

“My son,” he said, “love on—but think
Tis better far to love than *link*
“Real thy years,—bethink thee when
“A sucking child, what thou didst then.
“—Didst love thy wet-nurse with affection
“Till wean’d thou mad’st a new election,
Thy dry-nurse then suffic’d thy heart,
“Quite willing from the first to part.
“To boyhood grown say didst thou grieve,
“—Thy second favorite to leave?
“—The fate of these thy first two loves,
(“Their care no longer needful) proves.
“That so ’twill be in after years,
“When beauty thy young heart ensnares
“With ardour first the flame will burn,

' And all to one thy liking turn,
 "A second will that first supplant,
 "Then for a third thy heart will pant,
 "And so 'twill be with many more,
 'From one—two—three—up to a score."

Thus sung (or said) Sir Walter Raleigh.

A knight for crafty wisdom fam'd ;
 But sailors' hearts are somewhat squally;
 To dove-like constancy not tam'd.

Thus men, of woman's power jealous,
 Endeav'ring to degrade the fair,
 (For their *prerogative* quite zealous)
 Asperse what they should guard with care.

Blind to her charms her faults they chide,
 Nor give to nature's weakness lenience ;

Their *wife* is but the slave of pride,

Or sort of household-stuff convenience:

A wretched life we must confess,

The Indian has a better mode

His Squaw—his slave,—no more—nor less,—

To pound his corn—to lug his load

LINKS ON THE MLDALITION HEAD OF TRIADNE¹¹⁴

Parodied.

And why should woman never love²

Throwing her chance away,

—Her only chance to share,

When youthful years decay.³

Look into each old history,

And scan each Gossip tale,

They'll tell how spinsters' spleen has made

Their furrow'd cheeks turn pale.

Their selfishness, a noxious weed

With'ring with very spite ;

* See Notes.

A squeamish plant that leaves no seed

Posterity to blight.

Look down into the silent grave,—

How much like death the doom

Of hearts that love has never warm'd —

Their hearts a living tomb

Look on't in hours of solitude —

How many lonely hours

When neither wife's nor mother's cares

Engage the soul's best powers ?

Mark that grim face 'ah ! never blush

Has pass'd o'er such a charl,

And never o'er a sterner brow

Has wav'd a barber's curl.

And mark how carefully those wreaths

Of curls are rang'd around,

While cautiously her spite she breathes

'Gainst beauty in love bound

'Tis she despis'd ! what greater proof

Of woman's destin'd lot ?

Their happiest doom, queen Nature's dow~~er~~^{er}

Is envied—not forgot.

Heart wither'd—self-love tortured,

A life might pity move,

A path of thorns—these are hate's gifts,

Then woman, why not love ?

SOLILOQUY OF SAPPHO.

BEFORE PRECIPITATING HERSELF FROM THE
ROCK OF LEUCADIA.

(From the French of Demoustier)

May the cold wave that now will receive me

From this burning bosom efface

All remembrance of grief, now I leave thee!

Great Neptune receive love's last trace!

Thy cold arms at last I will brave,

Great Cupid! thy victim no more!

My last tears shall blend with the wave,

But oh! I shall then love no more!

Love no more!—what! no more shall his view

With transport enrapture my soul?

No more see him with joy ever new

That thrills beyond mortal control?

Must this fancy ne'er picture again,

The smile that bids happiness live ?

And this heart never sigh, not *in vain*

For the bliss that he only can give ?

On the desolate shore shall I never—

More wander the long day alone,

And at night return sadder than ever

For him that still causes my moan ?

Farewell then dear Hope ! fond Illusion !

Farewell Love ! thy soft spell could impart

While indulging the tender effusion,

The sole solace to this widow'd heart.

Ah ! cruel one ! still I adore thee !

Despite all thy heart-rending scorn,

And that for which most I deplore me.

Ingrate ! is from Thee to be torn.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not' sweet little flower,
Thou wert christen'd in that happy hour,
When blooming like thee, the young spring
Of life could such confidence fling,
O'er the heart as could make it forget
That like thee 'tis the victim of Fate'—
—That like thee tho' it bloom for a while
Neath the sunlight of Hope's fairy smile,
Yet Inconstancy's merciless blast
May blight all its dear visions at last.
As the breeze dashes thee on the thorn,
The young heart by the arrows of scorn
Transfix'd, in keen anguish may bleed.

H

And its fragrance in loneliness shed
 More happy the flowret that blooms
 In the wilderness, tho' its perfumes
 Unheeded must waste on the gale,
 While the forest's protection doth veil
 Its sweets from vulgarity's eyes,
 Which know not thy beauties to prize.

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TO THE SAME.

Forget me not ' yes, lovely flower thou'rt forgotten.

Thy charms were too flimsy not soon to decay,—

The south-wind has scorched thee,—the noon-ray has
shot in

The deepest recess where thy choicest sweets lay

Has rifled thy fragrance, and drunk up thy juices,

And left thy parch'd tendrils to moulder in the dust

The rose-bud perks o'er thee with little abuses,

To thy charms she succeeds—to thy fortune she mus.

Ev'n now the bland Zepher too fondly is revelling,

Her bosom proud-heav'd of its blooms to bereave

The ruthless marauder still boastful is travelling

To rifle new beauties,—new flowers to deceive

Then envy her not—tho' thy glory is wasted.

Just emblem of nature a lesson is thine ,

Like the ravishing zephyr Old Time when he's tasted

The sweets of all things shall not heed their decline

PETITION OF A LINNET CAUGHT IN A LIMITED TRAP

While here my weary wings I beat

With idle unavailing rage,

And strive in vain my prison'd feet

From cruel snares to disengage,

Oh you ' who walk at large below,

And rove at will yon verdant field,

Have pity in a fellows woe,

And succour to the helpless yield '

If e'er you scorn'd the arts of fraud,

Release me from a villain's chain,

If e'er your breast with freedom glow'd

Give me my liberty again '

H^o

On yonder spray my true-love sits

And wonders why so long I roam —

Hark' how the broken lay she twits,

And calls in vain her ward'ner home

Beneath her near my infant brood

With loud and unavailing cry,

Importunate demand the food

I hear captive father can't supply

Woe can you feel a lover's flame

Oh' let me to my love repair,

If e'er you prov'd a parent's name

Ah' listen to a parent's pray'r!

And do not strive with barb'rous art

To force from me the captive's strain

Nor vainly think the freeborn heart

Can carrol blithe beneath its chain

But save me from oppressive force,

And give me to my native air,

And so may angels guard your course,

And save you from each hidden snare

For thus each morn at dawn I'll rise,

With softest notes your sleep prolong,

Or chase the tyrant from your eyes,

And wake you with a grateful song

"THE JOYFUL COMING OF BIRDS."

From yonder copse too thin for shade,
And faintly clad in green,
Why burst such notes to cheer the glade,
And praise the season's queen?

Each breeze and flower that glids the sense,
To us new raptures bring,
But do those warblers learn from hence
To hail the coming spring?

Ah no! they little mark the flower,—
They little heed the breeze;
Nor early beam—nor genial shower
Call forth such strains as these

But with their annual passion mov'd

'Tis love that bids them sing,

And still to love and be belov'd,

Is all they know of spring.

Shall man then life's chill winter fear

Whose bliss no seasons bound ?

Shall he who loves throughout the year

One hour in grief be found ?

THE SPARROW.

A Sparrow long before the time

That birds are wont to pair,

Of winter tir'd in northern clime,

Few forth to take the air.

She plum'd her wing's and look'd around

In hopes, her life to cheer,

A little mate might now be found,

To whom she might be dear.

But cold and dreary still did blow

The wind which made her rue

That unprotected from below

The thatch she ever flew

For many days she flutter'd round,

In sad and doleful plight ;

Her scanty food pick'd from the ground,

And lonely past each night.

But what the evils we endure,

That love don't soon forget ?

Or what the pains it cannot cure,

When hearts in one are knit ?

The season now advanc'd, proclaims

From ev'ry bough and spray,

That love's and nature's tender claims,

Are all that birds obey.

No more the little wand'rer now,

Is doom'd to hop alone,

No more in helpless state to bow,—

She loves—her cares are flown.

For love alone see now she lives
Nor joy can taste unshar'd ,
Yet this pure bliss that nature gives
Soon leaves her unprepar'd.

The summer months pass blithely on,
From glad hearts time fast goes,
Their broad as rear'd—their cares are flown
The reign of love must close.

For winter, like the close of life,
Their longer bliss denies,—
Cuts short love's little day of strife,
And breaks the parents' ties,

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Among the thick magnolia groves,
The Mock-bird tunes her lay,
Of ev'ry strain the sweetness proves,
And sings her life away.

'Tis now the lark, and now the thrush,
And now the red-bird's tones,
And ev'ry note in field or brush
Her saucy talent owns.

And she tho' in the forest bred,
Seeks out the haunts of man,
From his hand freely takes the bread,
And seems his tones to scan.

Then from this little social bird,

Let mankind learn the bliss

Of mutual benefits conferr'd

In such a world as this.

Nor dread the little playful wit

That sometimes may deride,—

“There is no blot until 'tis hit,”

And fear speaks much to hide.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

(The first seen by the Author in Canada.)

Little bird why thus visit my bower ?

Like its owner 'tis desolate all,

The guest that but seeks the gay flower,

At the bower of pleasure should call.

The hum of thy gossamer wing

In the summer's short triumph display'd,

More welcome than thousands that sing

Unmark'd in the thick southern shade.

Go—go never more to return,

To the climes of the south fly away ;

There mayst thou still fearless sojourn.

Nor winter thy flutt'rings betray.'

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

The distant thunder deep rebounding,
Nature's voice in grandeur sounding,
Strikes a chord that's like her own
With sympathy to fools unknown.
While thoughtless mirth gives way to fear,
And weakness sheds the coward tear,
Woe dignified can list the storm
That nurture brings ev'n to the worm.
The lightning's flash can rouse the spark
'That shews our mind alas ' how dark,
Or if a ray can enter there,
'Tis but to strike with dumb despair
The tow'ring pride that seeks to scan

"The great first cause" by mortal plan,
Ah! if the human mind could know,
E'en how the blade of grass doth grow,
'T were time enough to scan the power
That blesses it with sun and shower,
The storm that rends the sturdy oak,
If sent by him whom they invoke,
Unscath'd had left the guiltless tree,
But not man's arrogance go free.

ON TAKING LEAVE OF A RESPECTED FRIEND.

(Written on board the Steam-Boat Phoenix)

Adieu to the stranger whose manifest worth
Bespeaks his descent from my own native shore
His the greatness without the presumption of birth,—
The charms of society—from flattery pure.

There's a sympathy lent to congenial minds,
Like fire drawn from heaven that enters the heart
Which looks not to country but closer still binds,
'Midst the turmoil of prejudice passion and art.

Then let me the flattering thought still indulge,
That ascribes not this meeting to fortune alone,
But that Fate her decrees who will never divulge,
Thus in willing thy kindness has shewn me her own.

And long will those int'resting moments remain

Heart-impress'd while I grieve that so soon they
have fled,

The sad was one subject,—(yet prov'd not in vain,)

**Her* talents and virtues when you mourn'd the dead

While mem'ry arous'd from her shadowy cell,

In brightness transcendant a moment reviews

That *Being* so short time permitted to dwell

In a world where my tribute she would not refuse.

Oh! shade of my friend grant me tho'ts to adore thee!

Deign to hover a moment!—Thy eloquence once

Could bewitch every heart,—grant me words to de-
plore thee!

To struggle like thee with the ills that enhance

Life's few fleeting pleasures,—on thee to look back.

To dwell on thy virtues,—thy greatness of mind,

*See Notes.

That a prey to the horrors of Ocean's wild wreck,
 Thro' Death's shadows triumphant a passage could
 find.

That still unappal'd tho' thy grief for a father
 Must embitter the joy that thy trials were past '
 While panic-struck beings around thee would gather,
 And see thy soft frame braving death to the last.

Tho' no dirge has been sung and no monument rais'd,
 Columbia has mourn'd as if shorn of her beams,
 This star of the north, thro' her union that blaz'd,—
 That shone on her mountains and gilded her streams.

As south east and west like a sylph when she roam'd
 Exploring her country—its wonders—its powers,
 Attracted by science, Ohio was doom'd

The scene of her studies—those halcyon hours
 Which ne'er can return.—tho' now hopeless the heart,

And feeble the hand that here fain would unrol

Past scenes, for they go like a dream when we start,

They come like night's meteor o'er Ossian's dark
soul.

And now borne on the wave which was erewhile the
scene

Of the battle's red tide,—of war's murdering blast,

When Brittons despising o'er Ocean to reign,

Forsaking *his* realm from *his* favour were cast,

No more to return to their own wide domain,

Here perished those warriors noble and brave,—

From each shore has re-echo'd the knell of the slain,

As a kindred contending have sunk in the wave

Whose broad-bosom'd current, tranquilly flowing,

Regardless of man's slender line in its course,

To both rival nations an emblem is shewing

Of the blessings of union in friendship and force.

Then long may continue the concord that reigns,
On the shores of the rich-mantling forest around,
That again I with joy may revisit those plains,
Where generous friendship and kindness abound,
Again meet the friend I've so recently found,

LINES TO GENERAL D*****.

From Chimborazo's monarch brow

Fame spreads her wings for distant flight,

A hero's name she echo's now,

Each patriot bosom to delight.

O Thou ! who 'mid fate adverse shone,

When exil'd from thy native land,

With Erin's virtues all thine own,—

Virtues that every heart command.

And, tow'ring o'er the "little Great,"

Chastis'd the arrogating pride

Of upstart with that name elate,

Which Europe in her strength defied †

Thy worth in private life was known '
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The friend devoted—heart sincere ;—
 And thence, tho' now thy star has shone,
 Thy mem'ry most to me is dear.

Thy name now Fortune ushers forth,
 Which conscious Fame long since had spread ,
 But that she knew thy modest worth
 Distrusted her capricious aid.

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On Andes' top thy form is bright,
 In Quito's walls thy name resounds
 Thy country's claims thou goest to plight
 With Kingdom's of earth's utmost bounds.

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And from "the Children of the Sun"
 To those who dwell in frosty night
 Proclaim the mighty work begun
 Which man restores to his birthright.

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And as thou goest,—approving thought
Shall cheer thy way o'er desert snows ;
The end that's by thy country sought
The only wish thy bosom knows,
While silent now the snaky thongue,
And venomless the baleful breath
Of calumny that would have strung
Thine with the names deserving death,
For still in every hardship tried,
Soaring above that skulking fiend,
In open day to blast the pride
Of tyrants was thy aim—now gain'd
Great D***** receive the will,
Which for the deed would fain express,
The memory that lingers still
Of former scenes that on it press.

Had I but skill to string the lyre,

Call'd forth for thee my voice should rise

Triumphant, sped by friendship's fire,

And sound thy praises to the skies.

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TO A YOUNG POET.

(*On hearing him recite for the first time*)

Thy youthful lyre rings strong and sweet,

From high Parnassus's brow,

But vainly would my *feeble feet*,

Sustain me there to bow.

Far distant now the sound I hear.

With admiration true,

Foreboding the applauding cheer,

The world reserves for you,

When Byron's mantle round thee waves

In folds of chaster form,

And critic wit that talent braves

In thee may dread the storm

Think not this flatt'ry Far from *mé*

That paltry trade of art,—

'Tis instinct bids the poet see

The fount whence flows his *part*.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

Of present woe and future care,

My heart the anxious tho'ts forego"

Tho' pleasure's moments be but rare,

Bid Fancy gild them as they flow

Her magic wing can lightly soar,

Too high for grovelling care to reach.—

Despite life's tempest win the shore,

Where Joy sports on the flow'ry beach.

Come then potent charm'—for never,

To mortal was thy form more dear ;

And be thy dress more bright than ever,

Thine accents those youth lov'd to hear ?

And come 'Thou Memory'—Fancy's friend'

For where she fails, thy kindly aid
Can call up visions without end,
Come both! nor be my trust betray'd

Oh! bear me to the flowery vale,
Where flows Ohio's beauteous stream
From woodland and from cultur'd dale
Recal of youth the fairy dream.

Bring back the mocking-bird's sweet song,
The gentle moaning-dove's complaint
The red-bird's sprightly note prolong,
And whip-poor-will so loud and quaint

And wisdom's bird, whose iron sway
The choristers instinctive shun;
Tho' even here the chatt'ring jay
Is all the go for mirth and fun.

And give me back to scent the flowers
That glisten with a thousand dyes,
'Neath April suns and April showers,
Rewarding zephyrs constant sighs.

And let the soft and murm'ring flow
Of long-lov'd *La Belle Riviere*,
Awake the enthusiastic glow
That mantled o'er my heart when there.

Rouse latent taste to view its grand
Majestic overwhelming sweep,
When its once glassy bosom bland
Breaks forth a proud and mighty deep.

But Fancy fails me here,—the theme
Requires the mind's gigantic swell;
And grandeur felt but as a dream,
The muse no more vouchsafes to tell.

THE
DESERT ISLE.



I.

Like mournful echo from the silent tomb
That pines away upon the midnight air,
Whilst the pale moon breaks out with fitful gloom,
Fond memory turns, with sad but welcome care
To scenes of desolation and despair,—
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

II.

To the fair Isle ' reverts the pleasing dream,
 Again thou risest in thy green attire ,
 Fresh as at first thy blooming graces seem,
 Thy groves, thy fields their wonted sweets respire,—
 Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire —
 Oh ' why dear Isle art thou not still my own ?
 Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone.

III.

The stranger that descends Ohio's stream,
 Charm'd with the beauteous prospects that arise,
 Marks the soft Isles that 'neath the glist'ning beam
 Dance in the wave and mingle with the skies,
 Sees also *One* that now in ruin lies,
 Which erst, like fairy queen tow' red o'er the rest,
 In every native charm by culture dress'd

IV.

There rose the seat where once, in pride of life
 My eye could mark the queen of rivers flow,
 In summer's calmness or in winter's strife,
 Swol'n with the rains or baffling with the snow,
 —Never again my heart such joy shall know :—
 Havoc and Ruin and rampant War have past
 Over that Isle with their destroying blast.

V.

The black'ning fire has swept throughout her halls,
 The winds fly, whistling thro' them, and the wave
 No more in spring-flood o'er the sand-beach crawls.
 But furious drowns in one o'erwhelming grave
 The hallow'd haunts it water'd as a slave :—
 Drive on destructive flood ! and ne'er again
 On that devoted Isle let man remain !

VI.

Too many blissful moments there I've known,
 Too many hopes have there met their decay,—
 Too many feelings now forever gone
 To wish that thou would'st e'er again display
 The joyful colouring of thy prime array —
 Buried with thee let them remain a blot,—
 With thee their sweets, their bitterness forgot ;

VII.

And oh ! That I could wholly wipe away
 The memory of the ills that work'd thy fall —
 The memory of that all-eventful day
 When I return'd and found my own fair hall
 Held by the infuriate populace in thrall,—
 My own fireside blockaded by a band
 That once found food and shelter at my hand !

VIII.

My children ' (Ah ' a mother's pangs forbear,
 Nor strike again that arrow thro' my soul ')
 Claspng the ruffians in suppliant prayer
 To free their mother from unjust controul,
 While with false crimes and imputations foul,
 The wretches—vilest refuse of the earth
 Mock-jurisdiction held around my hearth !

IX.

Sweet Isle ! methinks I see thy bosom torn,
 Again behold the ruthless rabble throng
 That wrought destruction taste must ever mourn
 Alas ! I see thee now—shall see thee long
 Yet ne'er shall bitter feeling urge the wrong
 That to a mob would give the censure due
 To those who arm'd the plunder-greedy crew,

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X.

Tyrants of *Liberty*' (name so ador'd
 By crowds to lawless demagogues a prey,
 Who, cheated by the ever-echoing word,
 Feel not *their* liberties are filch'd away,
 Themselves the tools of base Ambition's sway,)
 'Twas yours to loose "the dogs of war," and cry
 "On—On the *Traitors*! Strike for Liberty."

XI.

Thy shores are warm'd with bounteous suns in vain,
 Columbia! if spite and envy spring,
 To blast the beauty of mild nature's reign :—
 The European stranger who would fling
 O'er tangled woods refinements' polishing,
 May find (expended every plan of taste)
 His works by ruffians render'd doubly waste.

XII.

'Self-dubb'd philosopher'—the mob's delight !

Thy **looming* Science like thy mammoth's bones
From quiet earth shall ne'er be dragg'd 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 !

XIII.

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* !

*See Jefferson's notes on Virginia.

XIV.

Great shade of laurel'd Washington arise !

Methinks I see thy halo'd frowning brow, →

Indignant see thee turn thy piercing eyes,

Thy voice exclaims—"Where are the heroes now

"Who bled for Freedom, that the rabble low

"Dare thus uncurb'd, on Freedom's sacred shore,

"Their vengeance on defenceless woman pour."

XV

Thine was the soul that knew no base intent

By cringing arts to win the mob's applause ;

Thy purpose on thy country's welfare bent,

In arms thou'rt foremost to maintain her cause,

And having freed establish'd her with laws .→

How must thou weep illustrious shade !—to see

Thy plans perverted by Democracy !

XVI.

Freedom no more—wild Anarchy restrains,
With-jarring interests the levelling throng,
Busy Ambition every effort strains,
The fangs of tyranny to plant among
The very mob by whom his curse is rung.
Spare—spare me from that phantom of *equality*.
That *equals* men in knavery and brutality!

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HOW THE SONG WAS MADE.

Sambo.—Ah! Massa Jontan, dat bery fine song you gib me. When you go'n to make dat song bout dee President an all dee peoples, an all dee tings what you promise noder day?—Massa Jemmy go'n to N——putty soon,—I no hab time to wait for em.

Jonathan.—Whaugh; I do'ne know Sambo, I hant ges got abayout it yit, but I inten' teu, some rainy day or nother when we git done hayin.

Sam.—Dat dee ber ting—I come down nex' rainy day—fetch my banjo—play him all de times when you makin him.

Jon.—Well—I guess nayow, that would be a purty good plan Sambo—for, some-hayow-or-nother, I'm not very 'cute bayout makin varses only when I know the teune,—so I awlus has to git my weman, or somebody 's got a good voice to sing the lines over as I go on, to see ef they're of the right lenth. Nayow, ef you'll est bring dayown that'are gourd-fiddle, a' your'n, you can play over the words as fast 's I make'em, and when they git long enough for the teune, I'll put the rhymes teu 'em.—I'm proper good at makin rhymes, you know Sambo. that's awlus the hardest part on't.

Sam.—You man a' great larnin Massa Jontan—I want to know why dey always hab to make 'em rhyme in de song ?

Jon —Whaigh Sambo, I *have* got purty considerable good larnin, though I never love to brag on't.—I got it most all on't myself teu. I went to school four wintels to old Major Beechem, but I use to have to come home every aternoon to cut wood and fodder cattle.—Howsomdever old Major Beechem use teu say, I was the smartest scholar he ever know'd in all his life. I use to have a proper good memory, so't I know'd the Spelling-Book all by heart, from eend to eend, the secoud time we went threu it.

Sam.—But, Massa Jontan, what dee reason o' dee rhyme ?

Jon.—Whaigh Sambo, I guess you never studded much into the nater of the thing, or else you'd understand it 's quick's a wink. Whaigh, that's a part of the teune Sambo,— the song would'nt sing at all withayout the rhyme.

Sam.—Why Massa Jontan, you man a great larnin, dat for sartin,—you make him so plain, I understand him so plain 's neber nigger can do. I don't tunk Massa Jemmy know him half's well. What teune you go'ne to make President's song, Massa Jontan ?

Jon.—Whaigh, I thought abayout makin it to yankee-doodle, like that one you see'd tother day. That's the teune I know the best, but I guess it's ruther teu old nayow ; an they say the Canada-folks are beginnin' to mock us abayout it.

Sam.—Ah! Massa Jontan, I tell 'u good tune. "Possum up dee gum tree"—drefful good tune—all dee fashion wi' dee high peoples—Missa ***** tell de nigger-fiddler play him in dee great Ball at Awlecons.

Jon.—But Sambo, money's a purty scace article nayow-a-days, an I han't got no good paper to write it ontu.

Sam.—Neber care for dat—I tell Massa Jemmy we go'ne to make song bout dee President—he gib us plenty paper—tell ns plenty tings bout dee President—all bout he life.—He be dee hero Eh' Massa Jontan?—Massa Jemmy say dey always write bout dee *hero*—he great man always dat are *hero*—he almost big as gen'al.

Jon.—Whaigh—you don't say so Sambo. Ef so be 't he will, I shall be quite chirk abayout it.

Sam.—Oh! Massa Jemmy know all bout de President—he lib close to Massa Jemmy's house—I know all he black peoples.

Jon.—I vags' that'll be gest the thing Sambo—an mebbly your master'll show it to the President—an then, ef he laughs abayout it, he'll mebbly make us a present a somethin'. I've ben thinkin on another plan but you mus'nt tell on't to no-body Sambo—I've got kin of a notion the President 'll be comin this way nex' summer—so I'll be watchin when he passes an' hail him,—then, when he stops to shake hands, I'll ges make a present teu him of the *varses*.

Sam.—Ah! Massa Jontan—I tell you noder ting bes' of all--when dee President come to Mass Jemmy's house

nex' winter—I go to brush he coat—put dee song in he pocket.

Jon.—Well—I'm rally somethin' of a notion that will be the best way ater all But I guess it's abayout time for me to go an' grind my scythe on the grindstun—Mind you bring the paper Sambo '

Sam.—Neber fear dee nigger

Jon.—Stay,—Oh ' wife ' I'm afear'd that are ink-stun's all dried up—You must send Nathan ater some sof-maple bark to make plenty ginst the next rainy day—an' I han't got no good goosequills nother.

Sam.—I tell 'u where 'u git em,—I see some geoses toder day down by dee mill-pond—I tink em drop some fedders dare.

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THE
JACKAL PRESIDENT.

To the Tune of—"POSSUM UP DEE GUM-TREE."

(With Classical Annotations by Sambo.)



*"Possum up dee gum-tree—Racoon in dee hollow,
"Figiny reels le'ss dance dayown—let all dee varnunts follow."*

Yankee-doodle's not the teune—a Jackal's in the chair,
So guessin' folks from Gayougin' folks had or't to keep em clare
We calculate the notion nayow, of bein' nation free,
And Broad-horns must be darn'd, or bayow to Buckskin Tennes-
see.

While ye of neighb'rn' mushroom growth come neigh to the Dic-
tator,

No more to kick or flap your tails—half-hoss half-alligator ;
But either gallop sink or swim t' obey the voice o' thunder,
That shakes the States as if'twould splrt 'em eeny most assunder.
Whose oaths an' threats like earthquakes shake great Kantuck's
slippery *Clay*,*

* Ah ! Massa Jontan dat bery hard line—I no able play em —
He no good no how Old Kantuck—hab too much dat'are *Clay*.

But that's no sawign—for I allayow "Each dog must have his day "

*Den possum up dee gum-tree—Racoon in de hollow,
From Tuckehoe to Mississip, let all deè Jack-knives follow.*

Yet savage beasts can coax an crayouch—like lambs appear quite good.

An' some soft moments still are felt by *painter* in the wood ;
Lookin' quite soft, when Pluto-like he snatch'd his Proserpine,*
Tho She poor *shoat* ambition lack'd a Queen in Hell teu shine ;
But Love alone then "rul'd the roast," when leavin' steupid spay-
ouse,

A buxom dame quite frisky grown, she seoff'd at Hymen's†
vayows ,

While her rantin' roarin' hero nayow *totes* her below the line,
Long known to sever all restraint—where rogues alone may shut
An' ghidn' dayown the muddy stream—reposin' it is said,
Not on Love's softest roses sweet—but on a quick-lime bed ;
Til' Cupid,‡ *takin' a bad turn*, the Furies gave in charge.
Ten guard their chosen favourite and safely steer the barge,

* Massa Pro-s-pine ber putty gal—Massa Pluto run away wid her cause she so putty—He big man dat are *Pluto*—Massa Jem my say he president too.

† Who dat Hymen Massa Jontan ? Whaigh Sambo I guess you or't to know that—Hymen was a priest that use to marry 'em with a broom-stick lighted at one end Did'nt you never hear 'em talk abayout "jnmpan' over the broom-stick?"—That means when they don't git married by Hymen

‡ Ah! Massa Jontan, stop a little—I play you little song bout dat are Cupid—Massa Jemmy larn him tu me

"Cupid little hunter-boy—he shoot 'em in dee heart,
"Dey tink he ne'er go away—O-! so bad he smart ;—
"Cupid laugh to see he arrow gib 'em drefful pain,
"Den he pull he arrow out—an neber come again."

When hissin' time the heat keeps up first fann'd by Cupid's care,
An' manly oaths the place supply of vayows to soothe the fair.

Pleas'd full as well remain'd ashore the husband all forsaken,
Another help-mate there teu find for her by hero taken,*
The Fates decreeing then no dayoubt a lesson very pure,
That Liberty should cherish still the flaws it cannot cure.

*Den possum up dee gum-tree—Racoon in dee hollow,
De Jackal got hun wife boys '—let all dee varmints follow †*

The Jackal with his rough brayown hide, once fill'd with goof-
den Burrs,

Whose out-stretch'd paw on other brutes importance high con-
fers,

By rifle law the rank he holds no more to be disputed,
'The forest nayow he roams at large to cut an' slay deputed,
So ye true sons of Liberty ' and beastin' high renayown,
The Feds no more shall skeer ye nayow—their notions we'll pull
dayown,

Henceforth shall ayour Columbia all other nations shayme,
Embassydors obsequious shall bayow bevore ayour dayme,
And gravely eye the no el scene, delighted with the fun,
Who never see'd sich sights afore they came to Washington.
I guess they'll find we beat 'em all w'hen they see Fed'ral City,

* He no care about he wife like Miss Prospine ma' care for she
datter She go ebery where—all over de world—look—look—
look for she datter—ask ebery-body if dey see Miss Prospine—
Den she git pair wings—go 'way up in dee sky, higher 'n all dee
clouds, an' all de mount'ains in dee world She no find Miss Pros-
pine dare Den she git big pine light—dig deep hole in dee ground
—go way down—down deeper 'n all dee seas—look—look for
Miss Prospine—When he wife run 'way in dee lone boat—he
neber look for her 't all—he git noder in dee woods do ges's well'

† An git he wife teu.

If they don't think it mighty nice—why nayow—it is a pity .—

We sarting cut all nations ayout with ayour inventions—cause in
Ayour city there's no noise nor fuss—gest built to make the laws in.
And here you'll find *equality* of every plan the basis,

And all the public buildin's put for this in sep'rate places .—
Which gives us all a chance you see—I awlus thought 'twas pity
They did'n't make America all intu one great city.

And in ayour city they may larn from Buckskin King and Queen,
Who keep their levees every night as grand as e'er you seen,
To dance all sorts a' dances, and tu dress as rich as goold,—

—By Missis Jackal up an' dayown "the Figure a four" is rul'd
And there you'll see the Embassydors from every foreign land,
With bayow and scrape so mighty slick—come up to take her
hand .

Nayow hands across—move right an left—start straight dayown
threu the middle

Lah'd a massy on us ' an't it fine ?—I vayow I loves the fiddle !

*Play possum up dee gum-trec—Racoon in dee hollow,
While missis Jackal leads the dance—let none but varmints fol-
low.*

Nayow—go to London, France an' Span—an' all the for'm na-
tions,

You'll see their lords an' cayounts an' deukes a stickin' in their sta-
tions

As stiff as wax-work all the while,—tarnation take their pride!
An' no poor man presumes to dare to come anear their side,
Or if they should the soldiers, Sir, would quicker make'em fly,
With bagonets they'd stick'em threu a quick 's you'd wink your
eye

But blessins on ayour Liberty !—we've ne sich things to scare us.
Of red-coats—drums an' guns, an' guards—a multitude nefarious!

We han't no need of sich restramts ayour actions teu encompass;
 It wa'nt but 'tother day the Embassydors kick'd up a rumpus,
 Because, when crowdin' on to see the President's levée,
 We happen'd to shove—for want a guards—their lordships
 ayout o' the way.

With us nayow—every sober decent clever man can go,
 To ball or levée—'mongst the best his head straight up to shew;—
 Nayow—ef John Bull should see a farmer walkin' on before him
 Who offer'd him his hornv fist—he'd scourge his *indecorum*,*
 But here *we* say (in Liberty's most free and happy land)
 "Hayow are you Mr. President?" an' shake him by the hand
Den possum up dee gum-tree—Racoon in dee hollow,
Let eb'ry nation larn from dis equality to follow.

An' nayow—ef I had tume to show, or you had tume to hear me,
 I'd tell bayout ayour inventions—which, says my uncle Jeremy,
 Beat other nations all teu snuff"—There's first that grand con-
 trivance

States-prison where rogues ne'er git ayout when they deu there
 arrive once,

But there they stick teu drudge an' delve till they are honest
 felluz,

Wheras John Bull would hang a man for stealin' twenty dullaz,
 in awful shame '—while nayow with us—for every crime pro-
 portion'd,

so many years we clap'em in jail, which makes States-prison
 more shunn'd

"han twenty hangin's, tho' some folks declare that many a sinner
 Would steal a hoss, or coneac ges teu git safely in there,

*Dat 'a c long word mean *bad hair in*— Massa Jemmy tell me
 'he ben to Yale-College— he bring home a cap long words—
 'e bes' larnin in all dee world— Massa Jemmy!

Then there's ayour gun-boats and ayour Steam-boats—wi.
but we e'er tho't

To make the water carry us when the wind blows or not?
And as for fightin' last war shows, an' teu all ages will,
Hayow ayour inventions "bore the bush" from Captain Bobadil
I guess the British boys 'd a fayound, by killing each his man-a
day,

Ef Boney had'nt ben froze up, we'd soon a taken Canada.
An' then for larnin',—every one must sartingly acknowledge
What other people only git by twenty years at College,
We larn in teu-three years at least, teu a boy that's purty smart
By gittin' Webster's Spellin-Book an' the Grammar books by
heart.

When these grayound-works are well put in, (which no man
need'nt dayoubt to gain,)

There's litle dawnger as I think, that they will e'er git ayout-
gain,—

Tor that's the very wedge an' beetle which threu all will drive,
An' heavy skulls an' empty skulls by it will *equal* thrive.
By it ayour litle gars are taught Bellettre's at the school,
And at pathetic parts are made to sigh an' cry by reule.
An' that's the reason; I opine, why we're so well infawm'd,
As 'tis confess'd by every one who threu ayour land has roam'd.
An' fuddermore, with us you'll find the best a' English spoken,
Of ayour fine edducasheon a most convincin' token,—
Look at ayour Congress-orators,—what most purdigious
speeches,

An' hayow each priest in meetin'-hayouse, an' at tea-table
preaches

The first know all the ticklin'-strings by which teu twitch the
nation,

The last deal ayout the biggest dose of—Essence of Salvation.

An' then for poems—Romances an' all sich works of Genus,
 Whaigh ' tho' we men to makin' varses seldom deu demean us,
 (Leavin' sich things as cuttin' up words intu rhymes an' measures,
 As only fit for little boys' an' women-folkses pleasures,
 But yit we've writt enugh teu show the world we leave all far
 low,

Videlicet *Columbiad* by *Poet Joel Barlow*.

Nayow, I preseume you've larn't enugh—so, fear you'll think
 me reude,

I guess, I b'lieve, I calculate,—I reckon I'll conclude

But first, should any critter think this is in ridicule,

I'll tell him tea his face an' eyes, he is a 'turnal fool'

*Den porst m up de gum-tre —Raroon ra dec hollow,
 Let eb'ry varmint larn from dis—dec Jackal King to follow*

SO THE NAVY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Once more, my little lyre of humble choice,
What tho' thy untun'd chords are feeble all
Unwilling oft to give the feeling voice
Or when for grief or when for love I call.
Yet once a bolder note vouchsafe '—the theme
Too venturous I own for thee to achieve,
But quit thyself as lyre it doth beseem,
And then to long repose thy strings I leave.
Strike to the Lords of Ocean! Let me raise
The tribute due to naval gallantry,
Wherever England's peerless flag displays
Its proud dominion o'er the subject sea!

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would not tell of countless thousands fall'n

Whelm'd by her thunders into ocean's caves,

While the sear'd sea with the red tide was swoll'n, --

Sleep *they* in peace beneath the briny waves.

'Tis the renown for honour which her sons

Spread thro' the world the herald of their name, --

The spirit of bravery which thro' them runs

They still surpass by chivalrous acclaim.

Death to the proud—protection to the weak--

A heart for gentleness—a hand for war--

Glorious the only guerdon which they seek, --

These are the triumphs of a British tar.

Nurs'd on the boundless deep, their hearts are free, --

Long prov'd in hardihood their wills are bold,

Open and warm to generosity,

To interest and baseness only cold.

It may be, that the air which they inhale
 Is purer, freer than the landsman breathes.
 And that Old Ocean weighs in loftier scale
 The hearts of those whom with his crown he
 wreathes,
 It may be—that uprooted from the earth,
 Torn from its ties, and toss'd the world around
 Their fortunes' rudeness brings to light their worth
 As wave-worn pebbles are more polish'd found.
 I know not—but, for every grace that warms
 With generous impulses the manly soul,
 For all that dignifies—exalts—disarms
 Of selfishness and grovelling control.
 —For native nobleness unwarp'd by art,
 Give me—(I speak disdainng adulation)
 Give me the seaman's rough but genuine heart
 And it shall have my warmest admiration.

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Page 32—line 16.

“By the dark head of treachery at last doom'd to fall.”

Gen Agnew, who took Germantown, during the American Revolution, was treacherously shot by an unknown hand while engaged in a consultation with his officers on the approach of the American forces. The brigade, which he commanded being forced to retreat, he was buried on the spot. His grave is still shewn with gratitude and affection by a superannuated old woman who remembers his kindness to the inhabitants of Germantown among the most endeared incidents of her early years.

Page 80—line 1.

LINES ON THE MEDALLIAN HEAD OF ARIADNE

Oh' why should woman ever love,

Throwing her chance away,

Her little chance of shine

Upon a rainbow ray?

Look back on each old history,

Each fresh remember'd tale,

They'll tell how often love has made

The cheek of woman pale.

Her unrequited love a flower,
 Dying for air and light
 Her love betray'd, another flower
 Wither'd before a blight !

Look down within the silent grave,
 How much of breath and bloom
 Have wasted passion's sacrifice
 Offer'd to the silent tomb !

Look on her hour of solitude,
 How many bitter cares
 Began the smile with which the lip
 Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face ! Ah never blush
 Has past o'er one more fair,
 And never o'er a brighter brow
 Has wander'd raven hair

And mark how carelessly those wreaths
 Of curl are flung behind,
 And mark how pensively the brow
 Leans on the hand reclined

'Tis she of Crete—another proof
 Of woman's weary lot,
 Their Apollonian doom of sun and shower
 To Love,—then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured,

A sky of storm above,

A path of thorns—these are love's gifts,

Ah! why must woman love!

Page 103—line 4 —“*Her talents, &c.*”

Alluding to the death of an American Lady, universally admired and esteemed for her many acquirements and correct classical taste. She was supposed to have been ship-wrecked, as the vessel in which she had embarked at Charleston to come to New York, was never heard of.

Page 104—line 10 —“That shone on her mountain, &c.”

This lady was celebrated for her chemical and mineral researches and studies in natural history.

Page 121—line 1 —“*Tyrants of Liberty &c*”

The disgraceful outrages here alluded to, committed in the year 1307, under the pretext of suppressing treason,—on private property and a helpless family in the absence of its protector, by a band of undisciplined and unprincipled militia, at the instigation of those who then held the reins of government, are too well known to those who have taken any concern in the history of that period, to need any comment.

Page 129—line 6 —“*Broad-horns.*”

A term given by the Virginians to the inhabitants of the New-England states from their using oxen. The Virginians use horses,

Page 129—line 6 —“*Buckskin,*”

A name applied to the back-woodsmen or hunters on the American frontiers from their using the deer-skin as an article of clothing.

Page 129—line 8 —“Half-hoss, half-aligator,”

The Kentuckians are so called from the principal staple of the country being horses and from their possessing in the early settlement of the state the almost exclusive trade of the Mississippi, where alligators abound.

Page 130—line 10.—“*Totes* her below the line,”

The line here alluded to is Ellicots line, as it was called, that formerly separated the Mississippi Territory from the Spanish dominions—“*To tote*,” signifies to carry—as they say in the Southern States—“a negro *totes* a pail of water on his head.

Page 133—line 4,—“Clever” is used for *goodnatured*.

Page 134—line 16.

“And at pathetic parts are made to sigh an’ cry by reule.”

A certain Miss—of boarding-school memory much countenanced at one time at L—— in the United States, taught the young ladies in her charge, while reading, to hold their pocket-andkerchiefs in readiness to be applied to the fountains of tears such parts as her own delicate sensibility should dictate to be most pathetic

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A NEGRO'S BENEVOLENCE.

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A NEGRO'S BENEVOLENCE



I.

Man's ever right in his own eyes :—whate'er
You shew him excellent in other men,
Humane, benevolent, upright, sincere,—
If they be counted pure—without a stain
Of earthly dregs, and Passion's self restrain
From blinding impulse,—in his breast he'll find
A sample of their virtues :—nay, 'tis plain,
Theirs are but counterfeit—of spurious kind,
While his are gold—pure gold, sprung from a spotless
mind.

II.

"The world by love of gain and praise is rul'd,—
 " 'Tis to the motive we should look alone—
 "The greatest sages have at times—been fool'd
 "By vicious men, to sin and passion prone,—
 "The dress they wore, so much like virtues' own,
 "E'en Scrutiny himself it might deceive,
 "Till touch'd by time the cloak fell instant down,
 "And core of rottenness was seen to leave
 "Men should examine well before they credence give.

III.

As he, who living at the farthest bound
 Of a proud street long and magnificent,
 In humble cottage, next, and deck'd around
 With small conveniences that yield content
 To his confined desires, should represent
 The domes and palaces that distant rise,
 (In the perspective all their grandeur spent,)
 As too fantastic, and of low emprise,
 Not for convenience made but for rude gazer's eyes

IV.

Thus mortals reason :—Each, in his own breast,
 And the felicities he finds there lost,
 Will measure in perspective all the rest —
 The veriest wight by whom your path is cross'd
 Would shew (if you but knew what's *in* him most,) t
 That even the lowest of the human race
 By naked Want, and vagrant Misery toss'd,
 Thinks if for man's desert heaven dealt each place
 Himself it would upraise and others all debase. t

V.

Search distant regions—from the Hindoo priest
 To him—the naked wanderer that hunts
 Thro' northern snows, and picks the uncertain feast,
 Now from the beaver's tail—now hap'ly stunts
 His appetite to husky skins and runts
 Of d varfish roots torn up with eager greed,
 That hides his ignorance—the other blunts,
 With the same *salvo* all the ills of need,—
 Each damns all other ways and hugs his father's creed. t

VI.

Empires, and systems, nations, sects and casts,
 With every differing age in *this* agree,—
 To love themselves —Each one his form contrasts,
 In what 'tis beautiful, from blemish free.
 With what awry in others he may see,
 And thence concludes from *certain* premises
 That his the fairest form of all should be —
 In him alone the sunlight perfect is,
 The others only beam reflected radiences.

VII.

And so, where Grey-beard Education long
 With birchen law has plied the ductile mind,
 (Even by its self-abasement rendered strong)
 And all its subtle energies confined
 In intellectual mazes, undefined
 To wits untutored in her school's stiff Pride,
 With matchless arrogance, says heaven designed
 Her head alone for Reason's ruling tide,—
 To those without her pale even common sense denied.

VIII.

Thus, when the naked savage they harangue

With their inventions, and the powers of Art,

He who knows nothing but the bow to twang,

With arrow whizzing to the panther's heart,

Nor other powers but those his nerves impart ;

Firm-braced by toil and hardy enterprize,

Tells them he knows the nimble deer to start,

And other arts and knowledge can despise :

They call him "*Savage*—scarce above the brute that
dies."

IX.

They bid him fell the trees 'mong which are cast

His father's bones, and reap the fruits of toil,—

To build a shelter that may fend the blast,

And guard the sweat-earn'd tribute of the soil.—

—"Give me my native hills, and of the spoil

"Of beasts that range free as myself possessed,

"I scorn the sordid heaps for which you broil ;

"And, free from care, with nature's bounty blessed,

"Flung me at night upon my healthy snows to rest.

X.

Borne in a bark that seemed a moving isle,
 (By skill traditional not instinct wrought)
 The frizzled African unknowing guile,
 The sons of art with cruel purpose sought ;
 They found him simple, free, in fraud untaught,—
 The victim of his own benevolence,
 Decoyed by friendship's garb in snares they caught,
 And, bleeding from his home, distraught of sense,
 To toil beneath the lash they bore him o'er the immense.

XI.

And why ? It chanced his skin's fair crystalline
 Was thickened by the sun's prevailing ray,
 And that his heart untutored was a shrine
 For strong affection more than reason's sway ;—
 His life in joys primeval past away,
 Free from ambition and from lust of gain :—
 There music breathed her rude impassioned lay,
 Her rousing notes o'er nerves alone obtain,
 With unsymphonious loudness tearing out her strain.

XII.

They found his mind unlettered.—What avail
 To him the masked mysteries of things ?
 Nature on him pour'd fourth in full entail
 All the delights that science with her wings
 Expansive soaring from her mazes brings
 Of deep research and demonstration.—Blest
 With the sun's light—the shadow of the vale,
 He spent the flying hours as seem'd him best,
 By care of wealth unvex'd, by rapine undistress'd.

XIII.

His brain unracked by study—this pretence
 Doth Education take to call him “void
 ‘Of man's distinguishing pre-eminence,—
 “His soul with something baser is alloyed ;
 “Or if 'twas bright,—its brightness is destroy'd
 “By ignorance and degradation vile,
 “'Tis doubtful that his frame is not employed
 • In mock'ry of our own by Satan's wile,
 “Slave !—he shall slake our vengeance doomed to
 stripes and toil.’

XIV.

Ashamed to own him brother when his hue
 Would wound their pride, his guiltless heart they
 brand,
 With foul aspersions,—“he is base,—untrue,—
 “A faithless coward in his native land,
 “And here his service fears alone command;
 “Low wishes rule him—passions unsubdued
 “Beyond the power of reason to withstand,
 “His breast is void of sentiment and rude,—
 ‘The blooded lash alone can tame his savage mood.’”

XV.

But what can colour? Is the soul allied
 To yellow, green,—to orange, flesh, or pink?
 Colour is fancy—with the self-same pride
 On his black plume the raven loves to link,
 As on his white the swan—(along the brink
 Of rushy stream, sailing with high-arched neck)
 Nor do we call that brute a higher link
 Whose hide is white, unblemished by a speck,
 Than that whose colour's red, roan, brownish, dun or
 black.

XVI,

Unless perchance the highly-lettered mind
 By deep-extracted simile shall say,
 "Black still's the baser colour—for we find
 "The diamond which gathers every ray
 "And seems to emulate the sparkling day
 "Is the same substance as the filthy coal
 "Prized only for the sparks it flings away,
 "For use designed—thus may the Negro's soul
 "Tho' like our own, be but a portion of the whole."

XVII.

Yet is the Negro's heart ; however bowed
 By crushing slavery, and grovelling fear,
 With human nature's sympathies endowed,
 As bright, as pure, magnanimous, sincere,
 As those which in our own loved skin appear,
 Lost to my tale, from truth is drawn its source,
 (Be that its praise —Fancy can never rear
 The structure fraught with native truth's full force,)
 It shews the Negro's heart *benevolent*, tho' coarse.

XVIII.

A tale that may be told around the hearth
 On which the up-blazing flame glows white and blue,
 Some winter's night, when all replete with mirth,
 On foreign ills may spend a thought or two,
 (In other circumstance men seldom do),
 Or if perchance too vulgar you opine,
 The open laughter-loving fireside ;—*you*
 May tell the same at table where you dine,
 When other subjects fail, over a glass of wine.

XIX.

Browned by the sun, and battered by the blast
 Of keen adversity,—his best days spent,
 Homeless, and friendless, on the wide world cast,
 Far from the rugged hills where erst he spent
 His youthful years in pleasant merriment,
 A hardy son of Scotia—one of those
 Who seek in other climes emolument,
 By fortune driven among his country's foes,
 Had come on Mississippi's banks his life to close.

XX.

Full hard for him to brook the bitter taunt
 Of heated democratic insolence,
 And longed he much their boastings vain to flaunt,
 With England's flag, and put their high pretence
 For martial skill to stricter evidence.
 He loved his country,—Scotchmen always do,
 Where'er they wander bear the same high sense
 Of Patriotism :—Tho' bleak their country,—few,
 Like Scotchmen to their country's weal prove true.

XXI.

For he had fought in foreign climes,—in Spain,
 And by the far-off plague-engendering Nile,
 'Neath Abercrombie's standard, and again
 With Wellington pursued the man of guile
 Who late in Europe wrought full many a wile,—
 Had borne the brunt of many a bitter fight,
 And trod with measured step full many a mile,
 For courage proved,—for skill and martial might,
 Doubt not their boastings pierced his British mettle
 quite.

XXII.

He fled their scoffings :—and the wilds among
 Sought out a resting place, where he at will
 Might muse, unvexed with factions rancorous tongue,
 Which even from looks vile treason can distil,—
 Where he might wander by the pleasant rill,
 Indulging Memory's delusive dream,
 Or at the closing day, slow time to kill,
 Chat with the swains as meetly doth beseem
 Those who their rough-cast thoughts not unamusing
 deem.

XXIII.

One grief was left.—He saw from day to day,
 The human cattle driven to the toil,
 Gored with the lash by men more brutes than they,
 —He saw the flesh back from the lash-wounds coil,
 And 'neath the cruel sun the gashes broil,—
 He cursed the unfeeling wretches for the deed,
 Cursed too the fruits thus plundered from the soul,
 Rather that man the bread of life should need,
 Than taste the sweets for which his fellow-creature
 bleed.

XXIV.

Not distant far—a summer-evening's walk,

Uprose Palmyra, from that ancient seat

Ucleped, whose ruins once the common talk,

(By Volney rescued from oblivion

To found the ruin of his creed upon,)

Thro' witless herds had spread the levelling flame,

For Reason Reason's bulwarks to pull down.—

They both are like, in colour, as in name,

Bronze—one with age, and one with wooden huts the
same.

XXV.

Hither MacDonald oft would stray—(I'm bound

To tell the truth—even to the very name,

And therefore tho' the muse reject the sound,

As all too modern and of low acclaim,

Against her ear for once I'll risk my fame,

And, as his fathers call'd him, so must she,)

Picking amusement from whatever came,

To charm the eye as wending carelessly

He conquered furrowed vale, brown hill and road-side
tree.

XXVI.

Mild is the clime, and fair the prospect "preads,
 With fields in fields most beautifully lost,
 Stretching in broad expanse their wavy beds,
 By negros' huts and by-roads frequent cross'd.
 Afar the Mississippi pours his host
 Of mighty waters rolling to the main,
 With tufts of trees and grassy isles embossed,
 Along its banks extends the golden plain,
 Where grow the silky cotton and the sugary cane.

XXVII.

Oft 'neath the shade the tall magnolia cast,
 Pleased with the view, he whiled the hours away.
 What time the sun her middle arch had pass'd,
 And nature blithe, to want his zenith ray,
 Awakening from the sultry dumb decay,
 With cooler breath 'gan robe her limbs in dew.—
 The lawn around with opening flowers was gay,
 Their drooping wings the warbling choir renew,
 Unfrequent first, then fast, along the glade they flew.

XXVIII.

Beyond him stretched the interminable waste,
 Impervious to the sun e'er since the flood,
 With the luxuriant cane so interlaced,
 His fiercest noon-tide ray it had withstood —
 Thick-tangling here and there the underwood
 For the dire monster built the effective screen,
 There crouched the panther in his ireful mood,
 There lounged the bear of senatorial mein,
 And there the fat opossum chose his lair to yearn

XXIX.

In native pride the fir-tree reared his cone,
 The elm and maple heaved their heads to heaven,
 The ash, that ne'er with hollow-echoing groan
 By sacrilegious woodman had been riven,
 The oak, that long with all the winds had striven
 Torn up at length lay stretched upon the ground,
 Sheer through the tall trees had his huge hulk driven,
 Their hanging splinters owned the dreadful wound,—
 The hare and partridge in its levelled top about

XXX.

Here he who erst his native hills among,
 At morning starting from his heathery bed,
 From brae to brae with lightsome heart had sprung,
 And over fell and moor and mountain sped.
 To rouse the dun-deer from his covert shed,
 Still loved to range in memory of the past,
 While yet nor strength nor youth were wholly fled,
 The wilds where all magnificent and vast
 Proclaimed that nature here profused her grandest cast

XXXI.

Oft would he wander when the rosy sun
 Spread out his first soft fleecy folds of light,
 Over a glowing prospect, and begun
 That course which soon with hour-increasing might,
 Shall drink up all the dewy moisture quite.—
 Fair is the sun on Mississippi's wave,
 Her mists he seems to drink with pure delight,
 Fair is the land those dark-brown waters lave,
 To Scotland's musing exile sweet the tho'ts they gave

XXXII.

The bright-haired sun was up—the smile of June
 O'er all the scene a verdant flush had thrown,
 From every bush pourd forth the joyous tune,
 The elastic boughs with dew hung heavy down,
 Forth fared he gay-hearted and alone :—
 Never was morning half so glorious seen,
 Never had scene so bright—so lustrous sh one,
 So lovely was the summer's leafy sheen,
 Seemed it as if in glorious Fairy-land he'd been.

XXXIII.

With frequent pause, the still continuous plain
 He trod, inhaling of the balmy air
 'That, charged with sweetness from the fields of cane,
 Fluttered along as if afraid to mar
 The spell of beauty that was every where
 Infused with such a charm of new delight,
 Ne eye of man saw ever ought so fair,—
 Such sweetness, and such melting colours bright.
 At length the peerless sun attained more powerful
 height.—

XXXIV.

The dewy balm yvanished,—sweltering
 Poured down the searching floods of liquid heat,
 The little birds let fall the wearied wing,
 --Hushed was the warbling of their voices sweet,--
 The lowing herds o'ercome refuse to eat .
 --Amid the forest's thick-inwoven shade
 Sought he the cool sequestered retreat,
 Seizing what path the browsing herd had made
 Where through the thick-set canes the sunbeams faint'y
 played.

XXXV.

Musing he wandered on,—in full review
 Came up the motley movements of his life,
 Back to the hour when first his young heart knew,
 With all the dreams of inexperience rife
 The pleasing anxiousness of love's fond strife --
 --'Twas thus in sylvan bower Mariah stood
 And heard him plight his faith to make her wife :
 Against a tree he leaned in pensive mood,
 While dear-remembered thoughts came o'er him like a
 flood.

XXXVI

'Twas thus she clasped him in her arms and said,
 "Ah! wherefore wander? stay--thou hast at home
 'All the delights that peace and virtue shed
 "Upon the heart of innocence,—thou wilt roam
 "A round of pleasures cold and wearisome,—
 "Honour and glory say thou wilt obtain,
 "Will these reward thee for a foreign tomb?
 "Thou art full as dear to me my humble swain—
 "Oh then! forget thy purpose and with me remain!"

XXXVII.

One blissful tear escaped.—Why had he not
 Obeyed his loved Mariah's dear request?
 Then had he tasted in his narrow lot,
 The sweetest cares of man--the fondest--happiest--
 Of all of life that life is worth, possessed.—
 Ah! he would give a world for the dear press
 With which she strained him to her tortured breast
 Her artless mind dissolved in deep distress,—
 Naught he had known sweet as Mariah's last caress.

XXXVIII.

Slow past he on, while nothing came to break
 The current of his mental revelling,
 Save that, at times the bough would start and shake,
 And vengeful stroke upon the intruder fling ;
 Or the scared bird lift up the drooping wing
 For partial flight,—then settle down again .—
 A gloominess to thought most nourishing
 And the cool freshness of the shade restrain
 His mind from all desire to seek the sultry plain.

XXXIX.

So wrapt in meditation was he,—lost
 In the oblivious reading of the past,
 Ne roused him 'till the sun had crossed
 The arch of heaven, and, sailing westward fast
 A level ray upon the forest cast,—
 The cane-leaves spread around the obstructive
 hedge,
 He saw one ray and knew it was the last,
 Twinkling upon a high leaf's golden edge,
 Of other glorious career that gave the pledge.

XL.

Surprised he stood bethinking of his case,—

“He could not from his path have wandered far,”

—Then seizing straight his homeward steps to trace

A transverse course that seemed directed where

That morn he had estrayed him void of care,

Nor doubting once he led his steps aright,

Briskly he bounded onward till a star,

Shot through the leaves, proclaimed the young twilight,

—In double darkness down came brooding silent night.

XLI.

Startled—confounded, still he wandered on,

And saw in prospect still the opening plain,

And now the dim twilight more clearly shone,

And now the shout of herd-compelling swain

Rung in his ears and urged him on to strain

His utmost nerve —the sweat from every pore

Washed—while all issue still he sought in vain —

He wandered till his limbs would yield no more,

Then sunk exhausted down and all his hopes gave o'er.

XLII.

Long time he lay and in his mind resolved
 The imprudent wish that led his steps astray,
 —Saw all his happiness in woe dissolved,—
 A plaintive voice that treacherous winds convey.
 —He starts with joy and bends his steps that way,
 With cry responsive all the echoes rent,—
 —It was the *panther's moan*,—in wild dismay
 One scream of terror through the woods he sent,
 Bristled with fear,—then sunk in languishment.

XLIII.

—Fair as the visions of the "world unknown,"
 And sweet as music in the heavenly spheres,
 With the sun's sleepy ray the forest shone,
 In every bush the wakened choir appears,—
 —From dread and dreams dclerious uprears
 His anguished head.—"Stay dear Mariah—stay
 "Didst thou not rescue me—I feel thy tears
 "Fresh on my cheek—ah no! it is the spray
 "That dropples down, I am left bewildered in my way."

XLIV.

"Me thought among "Vich-Alpine's" hills I roved,
 "To spring the tender pheasant-hen for thee,—
 "Climbing the steep my treacherous foothold moved,
 "Down—down I sink in endless jeopardy,
 "Below me still a monster dire I see,
 "With jaws wide-opened raging to devour,—
 "Then shrined in beauty thou didst come to free,
 "And snatch me from Destruction's scapeless power,
 "And that thou hadst me safe I felt thy teary shower "

XLV.

Again the sun in his array is dressed,
 Bathes him in dew and cools him in the streams ;
 Yet long he lingers on Aurora's breast,
 And calls the clouds to hide his amorous beams ;
 Love-chained behind their virgin veils, he seems
 Soft-slumbering scarce to feel his radiance .—
 —Such morn is beautiful like to the dreams
 That laughing play on youthful Innocence,
 Sprinkling from odorous flower-cups' healing-redolence.

XLVI.

—Fair though the morn, to him it springs in vain,
 The sun he sees not nor the lighted scene ;
 His rolling eye the sylvan shades restrain,
 He scarce may see the sky the leaves between ;—
 His onward ken the thickening arbours screen,
 The drizzling dews down-splash in drenching rills,—
 Wet his attire as he in flood had been,
 Cold—damp dejection forward prospects chills,
 And fear of springing monster, him with horror fills.

XLVII.

Again he pierced the path-bewildered wood,
 And sought (in vain) some champagne-issuing vent:
 The mournful silence of the solitude,
 Fell with unwelcome boding as he went,
 Upon his spirit with fear and fasting spent,—
 The thirsty Noon was panting for his breath,—
 The boughs no more with dewy drops besprent,
 Hushed was all nature like the smile of death,
 Or like the pause which bodes the tempest's gathering
 wrath.

XLVIII.

Again the little birds their evening hymn

From all the quivering boughs in concert pour.

And nature in serene and cheerful trim,

Seemed as all things she would again restore

To that calm innocence which erst they bore

In Paradise :—Such evening he had seen

Among his native hills oft time before,

After a sportive day thrown on the green.

To watch the sun depart—the stars come twinkling o'er.

XLIX.

His eye,—his soul could never look unmoved

On the fair face of nature.—Even now,

Spent as he was with all that he had proved

Of dark incertitude and stress of woe,

A smile played faintly on his palid brow,

—Such pleasant fragrance in the stirless air,

Such strain of music thrilling to and fro,

Charmed for a moment all the weight of care,—

Sweeter that moment's charm thus rescued from de-part

L

He gazed in sad delight —An old rough elm
 Pond'rous with years, frown'd grimly o'er the wood
 He knew the tree,—fresh sorrows overwhelm
 His failing heart,—There yesterday he stood
 And of his life's unblest vicissitude
 Counted what bade at numerous pauses weep ;—
 Again for his Mariah poured the flood, &
 —For her, and all his other griefs, till sleep,
 Grief's bitterness in rest, came gently on to steep.

LI.

A troublous scene between each sigh's deep spasm
 Led him a wild interminable maze,—
 Now swells a topless steep,—now yawns a chasm.
 —Enveloped in Cimmerian night he strays,
 While every step the sliding ground betrays —
 —Sudden broke out a pure and holy light,—
 Mariah circled in a radiant blaze,
 Offered her aid with angel look,—the night
 Engulphed her in his jaws,—he screamed with mad-
 dening fright

LII

He woke—The air was roaring with his voice,
 From thousand trees struck back the dreadful cry,
 Night with her sister Silence—at the noise
 Startled, and bade her echoes all reply.—
 The little birds in stupid wonder fly,
 Scared at the unwonted sound from bush to bush,
 Their flight they could not by the moon descry,—
 The hare and squirrel through the thick leaves rush
 Confusion ceased at last and all the grove was hush

LIII.

'Twas at the hour when midnight holds her court
 Of most serene and solemn stillness,—not
 A single breeze durst carry the report
 That Nature's pulse was beating,—so full-wrought
 The pause,—the swell of waters faintly caught
 Seemed but a whisper from the eternal tomb,
 To which all living things must sure be brought
 (Thence to be quickened into second bloom)
 —The moon half-shewed her dusky face out to increase
 the gloom.

LIV.

At length dull Night resumed her ebon car,
 And slowly—sullenly forsook her throne
 A frowning duskiness she cast afar
 As up the east the peerless sunbeam shone,
 The partridge whurred his muster-roll alone ;
 The barking foxes all the grove molest
 In rallery of watch-dog's deep-mouthed tone,
 The dozy owl flew hooting off to rest,—
 And all was life and noise in open day confessed.

LV.

With failing strength, again, and fainting heart,
 The now despondent task he must renew,
 And try (in vain) if fortune would impart
 Some happier path the dreary labyrinth through,
 From roots and herbs what sustenance he drew
 (Pernicious oft) uncertain force supplied,
 His only drink the little cups of dew
 That in the hollow-leaved magnolia's hide,—
 From day to day, his strength, his hopes, his life, subside

LVI.

Twelve days he wandered,—on the thirteenth, spent,
 His limbs no more the wonted aid supply,—
 Still with the last faint ray of hope he bent
 His every nerve if yet he might descry
 Some door of refuge,—one short, feeble cry,—
 One groan that pined distressfully away,
 And down he flung him in despair to die :—
 The turkey-buzzards gather in array,
 As soon as life departs to pounce upon their prey.

LVII.

It chanced,—denounced for some obnoxious strife,
 (Curse on the laws that leave man free to kill
 His brother man,—that render human life
 The uncertain tenure of a tyrant's will)
 Fled from the wretch who sought his blood to spill,
 There came that way a hunted Negro slave,—
 He doubted not his lord would soon fulfil
 His bloody purpose,—and his life to save
 He fled ;—'t were vain he knew for lenience to crave.

XVIII.

From swamp to swamp in jeopardy he went,
 A slave—an exiled wretch—a vile outcast --
 One day he came, where deadly pale, and spent.
 A white man lay, in death relaxing fast ;—
 Patient he seemed,—all hope of succour past,
 Waiting from remnant life to be unbound
 —The shrivelled cheek—the hollow eye agl^oast,
 The clenching teeth—the quivering lips around,
 All in the Negro's heart a vein of pity found.

LIX.

What think'st thou ?—In his mind did there arise
 A storm of thoughts,—a scruple—balancing
 Between his heart, and the contingencies
 Of punishment his tenderness might bring ?—
 Perhaps he did exult to see the sting
 Of death on one of his destroyers brought ;
 Or yet—perchance it was but pondering
 On rich reward that moved his heart—*Believe it not !*

LX.

He saw a *fellow-creature* in distress,—

Enough he *saw*, nor *could* his heart misgive

The warmth of its benevolence—the press

Of sympathies that urged him to relieve —

(Blest are those sympathies' Blest,—I believe
Above all that the moral page pretends)

A *human being* at life's last stage to leave

-He could not brook — Even though his life depends
Upon the step, he bore him to his home—his friend



SHE DIED AT THE FALL OF THE LEAF



At the foot of a hill, on the Green-Mountain's side,
Lived Elmira, her mother's sole solace and pride,
Their wants and their cares a few acres supplied,
 They were happy and lived all alone ;
Like a little bird's nest in the midst of a bough
Their hut of round logs as the tall trees allow
That wave round the hill and look down from its brow
 In modest concealment was shewn.

While the flowers were all dripping her garden she dressed,
And so artless the change by her culture impressed
That nature well-pleas'd the improvement confessed,
 And copied its charms from the maid.
The hue of her cheek by the apple was worn,
Her locks were the silks of the tasseling corn,
Her breath on the gale with her rose-trees' was borne,
 That grew by the house in the shade.

As she went to fetch water at noon from the spring
 The Zephyr would quicken his fluttering wing,
 And, wafting cool odours around her would fling
 The freshness that breathed in the wild ;
 As she wandered and listened the sound of the bell
 When the shadows of night on the deep forest fell,
 The grove pour'd its song all its fondness to tell,
 And the sun-set more blushingly smiled.

As nature arrays, through her limpid mind pass
 The fair copies of things ; or, if bodings harrass
 Unninnocent—soon as the air from the glass
 Wipes the mist—breaks the burden of thought,
 Yet sometimes bewildered her steps she will lose,
 And as all the scene in its richness she views,
 On something unknown she will suddenly muse,
 And sigh tho' she knows not for what.

Not far from the road on the hill-side arose
 A waste which the loose rock disorderly strews,—
 The blackberry there in wild nakedness grows
 And alone to the scene gives relief.—
 The sun the last remnant of day was delivering,
 The jay's dismal scream thro' the dead air was quivering,
 The maples were crimsoned the beech-trees were shivering,
 It was just at the fall of the leaf.

A little bark-basket was hung round her arm,
 To the winds flowed her locks in array of alarm,
 From a rock to the fruit as bent forward her form.

The statue of beauty she stood ;
 —A rustling is heard in the bramble-dell near,
 Her crimson fades fast at the impulse of fear,
 Then rallying back thick the blushes appear,
 As a stranger steps forth from the wood.

The free-moulded form with the shoulder of might,
 The bold mountain-step energetic and light,
 The men independent asserting its right,
 The American axman declare ,
 A-picking black-berries as nearer he came,
 The maiden has hushed all her fears, but a flame,
 Starts—trembles—and bustles all over her frame,
 As the thunder-light plays in the air.

While the largest and blackest the bushes supplied
 He picked, and to give them came up to her side,
 "I have come to hire out for the season," he cried,
 "Do you know any one who would hire ?"
 "My Mother, Sir, lives at the foot of the hill,—
 "We are left all alone thro' the winter so chill,
 "We have no one to go with our corn to the mill,
 "Or to fetch us home wood for the fire."

The log-heap is piled of the maple and beech,
 See the bursting chips far in the driven snows reach,
 The back-log and fore-stick are severed off each,

While the distant woods echo the din ;
 The snow-bank may grow and the frost chain the night,
 And the forest oft crack with the conqueror's might,
 With clay and with moss every chink is made tight,
 And three happy hearts are within.

The snow slinks away at the breathing of Spring,
 The pioneer crows are now seen on the wing,
 His axe it is time for the woodman to swing,

And Elnathan goes forth to his chopping ;
 As he tracks out the snow-path and welcomes the breeze,
 Where bristle and threaten the age-secure trees,
 Future corn-fields already in prospect he sees,
 With pumpkins thick here and there dropping.

The line is marked out and the aim is addressed,
 Twenty giants at once to the ground shall be pressed,
 'Tis the scene which the axman of all loves the best,

The fury—the roar of the “slashing ;”—
 It is noon, and the signal is heard far and near,
 —A shrill melting voice it were music to hear,—
 But the stroke rests awhile from its murderous career,
 And her voice is now lost in the crashing.

It crashes—it crashes—the roar will not cease,
 —Now it thunders no more and its echoes are less,

She pauses—She listens—a shriek of distress,

—“Oh Mother!—I hear him—he’s dying!”

—The soft snow receives her,—alas! that its bed
 To a life of despair should recal from the dead,
 She revives as the plough-mangled flower lifts its head,
 Stem-broken—its brittle leaves lying.

But the Spring has return’d in her mantle of green,
 The earth puts forth blossoms to welcome the queen,

Alas! that her charms should be wasted unseen,

Since her date like Elmira’s is brief,

Her garden last year like Elmira was gay,

Like her garden Elmira’s now withering away,

If she weeps with her mother—’tis only to say,

“I shall die at the fall of the Leaf”

“Oh! bring my bark basket, dear mother”—she cried

“In my wedding-gown dress, me all fit for a bride,

’On the black-berry heath he will come to my side,—

“He is there and already a-picking,”

She marked not the yellow clouds shading the Sun.

Nor the leaves from the trees falling one after one,

She hears not the boisterous blast thro’ the trees run

Nor the blue-jay her funeral shrieking

She returns—but already the death-dew has stricken,
Her eyes fade in languor—her cheeks fade and sicken,—
No cordial the dim rays of beauty can quicken,

She yields to the poison of grief,
“Oh Mother ! I cannot live longer”—she cried,
“This world has no beauty—why should I abide”
“Elnathan is gone—then she faltered and died.”—
—She died at the fall of the leaf.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTH IS A SIGH.

Youth '—of every season sweetest,
Youth '—I love thee and regret thee '
—I would not for the world forget thee.
Wheresoe'er thou Memory meetest,
By the tree—or by the brook
Revisited when long forsook,
There thou art with rosy face,
Eye of glee, and heart uncumbered,
Sporting in thy day of grace,
Running round thy busy race,
With a hope that has not slumbered.
Scattering flowery joys unnumbered ?
What is knowledge—thought—experience '—
These in age will waste away,
As an old tree's boughs decay ,
But, while nature has adherence
In the heart—the will—the mind,
As at the old tree's root we find
Tiny infant shoots up-springing,
Round the withered parent clinging

Youth shall still bloom up afresh
 Through the memory of the past,—
 —A thing to bless—a thing to last,
 With all the life of breathing flesh.
 Free from struggle—pure from passion,
 Is the thought of days gone by,
 When we strive to form and fashion
 What we *were*,—I might the eye
 Recal the fire—the youthful hue,
 And all the grace of limbs renew.

If in age—about thy dwelling
 Thou goest lone—companionless,
 While every ancient thing is telling
 “All is fled that once could bless ”—
 —Sit thee down—indulge thy sorrow !
 Let Memory fill the vacancy !
 She from travelled climes can borrow
 New delights,—and thou mayest see
 With all thine infant earnestness,
 Lucid gleams of brightness flitting,
 Busy schemes that crowd and press,
 Hopes new plans of life begetting,
 Ending all in nothingness ;
 Like the swimming shapes that mock

The straining eye-ball in the dark,
 While we chase the dancing flock,
 They melt away and leave no mark.

Is there in thy heart no feeling?
 All its kindly warmth decayed,—
 —It holds—tho' in its depth concealing,
 One halcyon spot that cannot fade.
 Like the Widow's cruise of oil
 Is the sigh for youthful days;
 Tho' men have made thy heart a spoil
 That sigh is left—the last which stays.
 Tho' thy heart be as the rock
 Let youthful memory on it rush,
 —It shall own the magic shock,
 And streams of former joys shall gush.
 Thou wilt sigh,—but oh! think not
 'The sorrow of that sigh is bitter'
 Or when youth *can* be forgot,
 To bless its flight for age is fitter!
 That sigh shall from her grave unbind
 Fancy of the wanton wing,—
 She again those seats shall find
 Where thy young heart she used to bring;
 And o'er thy aged vision blind,

The tints of rosy youth shall fling,
 And to thy half-believing mind,
 The very notes of youth shall sing.
 As the full-toned Autumn-wind,
 Chaunts the requiem of the Spring

If in thy heart one ray is left,
 As morning fresh—as dew-fall calm,—
 One drop the world has not bereft
 Of all its gust—of all its balm ;
 If thou canst think and feel as when
 Thy cup of joy was yet unprimed,
 And all thy thoughts of things and men
 To Fancy's foot alone were timed;
 —When thou couldst life drink from the eye;
 And blush for conscious blush return,
 Nor deem the glow could ever die,
 The fire of feeling cease to burn ;
 If still thy breast that form enfold,
 Which Love's young hand has sculptured there ;
 Tho' its likeness now is cold,
 Buried in the grave—despair ;
 And Oh! if Love thy flower of spring,
 Has hailed to blight and not to bless,
 For rifled joys has left his sting,—

Left thee cold and comfortless ;—
 —Then with me thou hast confessed
 Of the yeats to me allotted,
 Youth is far the happiest,
 And with fewest sorows spotted.
 Is there a whisper thrilling yet,
 At times when nature can't dissemble
 And now and then will blushes flit,
 And the heart-pulses start and tremble ?
 —That whisper is the voice of *love*,
 The sweetest voice thou e'er hast known,
 Till life is run thy heart shall move
 Exultant to that stirring tone.
 And is there sometimes in the air,
 A balmy breath—a rosy dew,
 A sunlight more serenely fair,
 A sky of deeper heavenlier hue ?
 —Thus looked the sunny fields—the sky,
 The perfume of the air the same,
 What time abundant youth thine eye,
 Filled with Love's delighted flame.
 And after mirth all unexpected,
 While there steal a dear—dear sigh,
 That shews though slumbering and neglected;

Love can never wholly die ?
 Of buried hopes that sigh's the knell,
 Of youthful pleasures faded fast,
 The only record left to tell,
 The spirit of the happy past,
 And dost thou still delight to wander,
 O'er the scenes of Infancy,
 And upon those thoughts to ponder,
 That once could fill thy heart with glee ?
 And when thy heart these things remembers,
 Is there yet a gleam that flashes,
 Like the spark of mouldering embers,
 Dying in their shroud of ashes ?—
 Dost thou think that heart can ever
 Beat again as once it did ?
 Or when age and sorrow sever,
 Joy can wanton as 'tis lid ?
 Then if in thy latter day,
 When age thy remnant joys is riving,
 Thou shouldst mark absorbed in play,
 Youth with all its ardour trifling,
 Will not a tear unbidden stray,
 And roll resentful of thy stifling ?

Like the raindrop's pattering sound,
 On the dozy fire-heap cast,
 Are the stings of the wound,
 That marks the *unreturning, past.*

Ah! think with me and say of youth
 That 'tis the only time of bliss!
 'Tis then we full with feeling's truth,
 With passion all but its excess.

When the tender mind untought,
 Sipped the flow of Innocence,
 From crimeless heart—from sinless thought,
 That was Joy's Omnipotence.

Is not the shoot which rises pure,
 From out twin lobes so delicate,

As beautiful in miniature,

As is the tree of lordliest state?

Does not babbling rill that gushes,

Clear as crystal down the rock,

Please as well as that which rushes

On to meet the Ocean's shock?

Is not the first blush of morning

Beautiful as blaze of day?

Do we love mild Spring's returning.

Less than Summer's ardent sway?
 Age may boast a diadem
 Of dazzling bright magnificence:—
 Youth 'tis true, has but *one* gem,
 But that's the pearl of Innocence!
 Tho' the fickle mind and tender,
 No fixed character express,
 Yet we love the young offender,
 For its very artlessness.

 Never can the witching play
 Which youth's vacant moments stole,
 Fancy—wheeled all the day,
 E'er be blotted from the soul!
 Those youthful kissings of the eye,
 That the inmost soul detect,
 As the Sun in tropic sky,
 His rays returning meets direct,
 Never in the heart can die,
 Nor their memory be checked,

 Until Reason's self shall fail,
 And the mind forget her order,
 Youth's prime of sweetness shall prevail,
 —A spring of everlasting verdure!

