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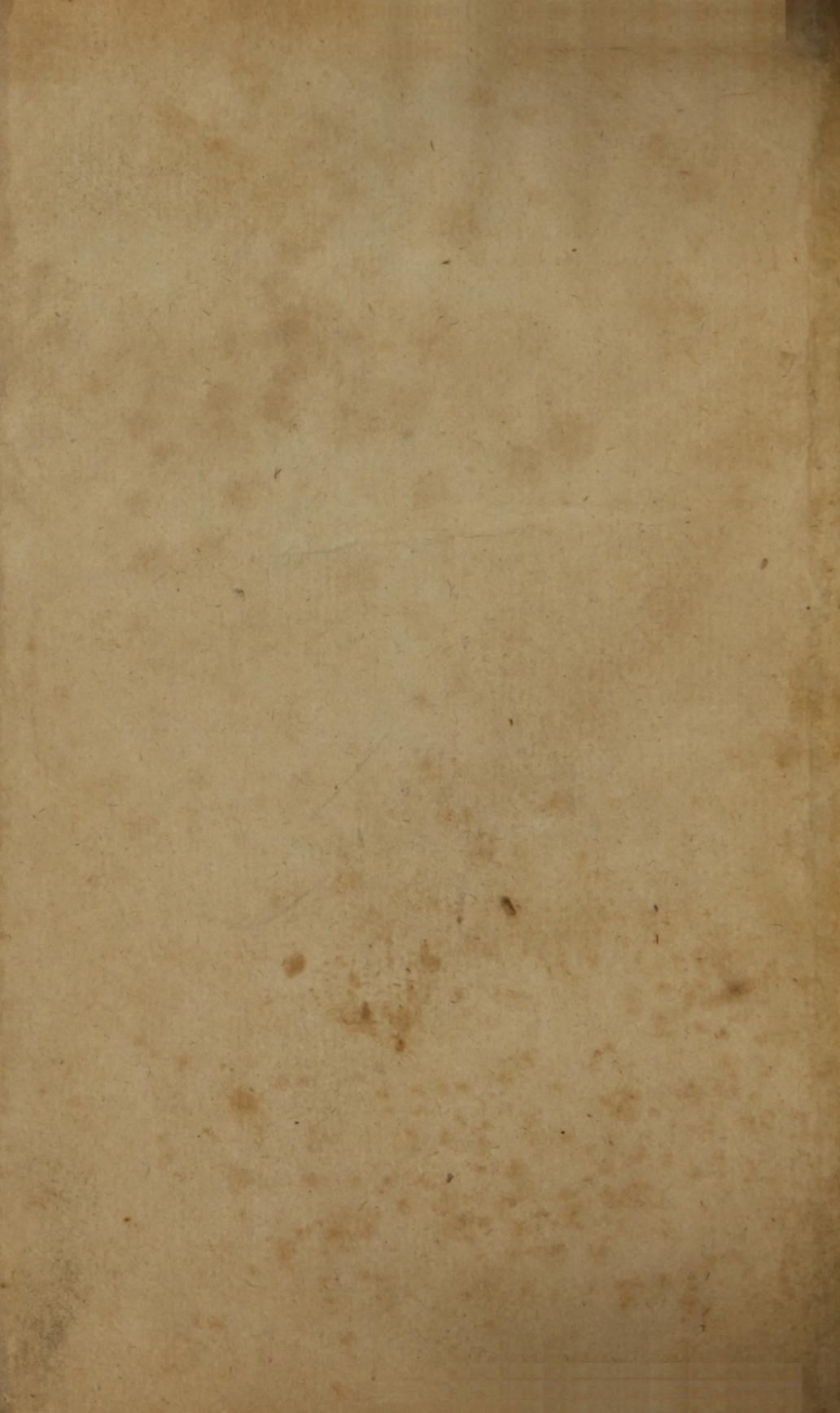
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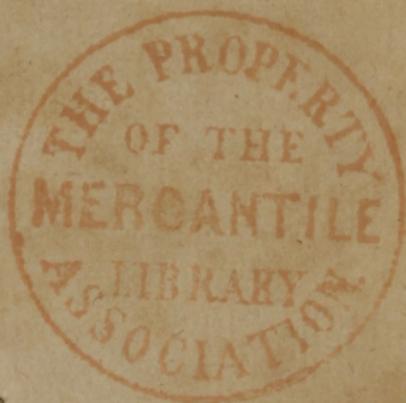
Dr. Walter R. Steiner, Hartford,
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AMERICAN POEMS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.

*[Edited by Oliver Hubbard Smith
✓ [1771-98].*



VOL. I.



7763.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the following pages, the Public, according to the promise of the Publishers, is presented with a Volume of American Poems; partly Selected, and partly Original. In undertaking this Work, they have been actuated by a variety of motives, and drawn onward by a number of objects. When looking round them, they saw many Poems, written by the most eminent American Authors, from the loose manner of their publication, known only to a few of their particular acquaintance, and unheard of by the generality of their Countrymen. The value of the performances, and the regard which authors generally feel for their literary offspring, left them no room to doubt, but that, at some future period, each person would think it not unworth the while to collect what he had scattered. But this period was uncertain; and the publishers tho't that it would not be rendering an unacceptable service to the Public, if they undertook the business of collecting, and arranging each Author's productions in a volume, which from its size should claim a more universal attention.—Beside the smaller Poems of Gentlemen, distinguish'd for their poetical talents, many others, of very great merit, have appeared in the different Periodical publications of the United States. Performances of this kind, falling from the pens of persons not intent on literary fame; or intent on reputation different from poetical reputation; or whose names have not yet been dignified by national applause; especial-

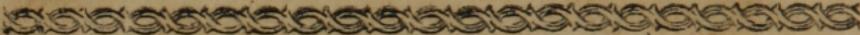
ly as many of them are adapted to particular and local occasions; notwithstanding their desert, are constantly liable to be forgotten and lost. And the publishers have observed it to be a matter of much regret, among persons of reading and taste, that the frail security of an obscure newspaper, was the only one they had for some of the handsomest specimens of American Poetry. To afford a stronger, and more durable security, is one of the objects of this Publication.—Among other things, it did not appear to be a matter altogether destitute of usefulness, to bring together, in one view, the several poetical productions of the different States. By this means a more certain estimation can be made of the comparative merit of their various writers; a more thorough acquaintance may be obtained of the state of the belles-lettres in the individual parts of the Union; and hereby will be promoted a more intimate combination of literary interests.—It especially seemed a matter of importance, to draw forth, for the amusement of the lovers of poetry, those Poems which, for want of a Repository of this kind, alone, were withheld from the Public. It was easy to foresee, that many persons, acting with a proper regard to the worth of their own writings, would readily give up that advantage, which newspapers bestow, of having them known to every body; if they could by means of a Work like the present one, secure them a certain conveyance to the attention of the scientific and refined. It was likewise the wish of the Publishers, to excite the attention of those possessed of talents and leisure, to similar pursuits; by holding out to them a Work where, united with the like performances of the most celebrated among their Countrymen, their Poems may be equally se-

cure of preservation and notice.—These have been the intentions of the Publishers. How far their design is accomplished, is not for them to determine. That it should be completely so, was not to be expected. This is but the beginning of an Undertaking; and they hope, not an unpromising one. The Public alone, have the power to countenance and support them in its accomplishment.—Should the Volume, now published, meet with that success which the value of the Poems it contains seems to warrant, it is the intention of the Publishers to add another; and to continue the Collection as long as the *present supply* of Materials, and *that* for which, in future, they may be indebted to the generosity of the literarty, will enable them.

They have, now, only to return, to their subscribers, their most unfeignedly grateful acknowledgments for the generous support which they have afforded them; and to express a hope, that tho' the publication owing to some unfortunate circumstances, has been delayed longer than their first purpose, no other expectation, which they have held forth, may be disappointed on a careful examination of the Work.

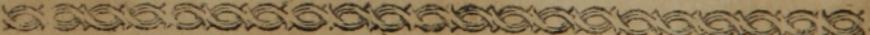
Litchfield (Connecticut) June 1793.





POSTSCRIPT.

IT is the intention of the Editors, as mentioned in the Preface, to pursue their design; and, should sufficient encouragement appear, to publish a Second Volume, in the course of the next two years.—Many disappointments, the ill health of one of the Editors, and other circumstances, too complicated and painful to mention, have contributed to render their part of this Work less perfect than their expectations, and promises. They intend to finish the succeeding Volume, or Volumes, in a more elegant manner; and, if a second edition of the present volume should be called for, it is their further intention to make it equal, in beauty, to the others; to all of which suitable, and well-executed decorations shall be added.



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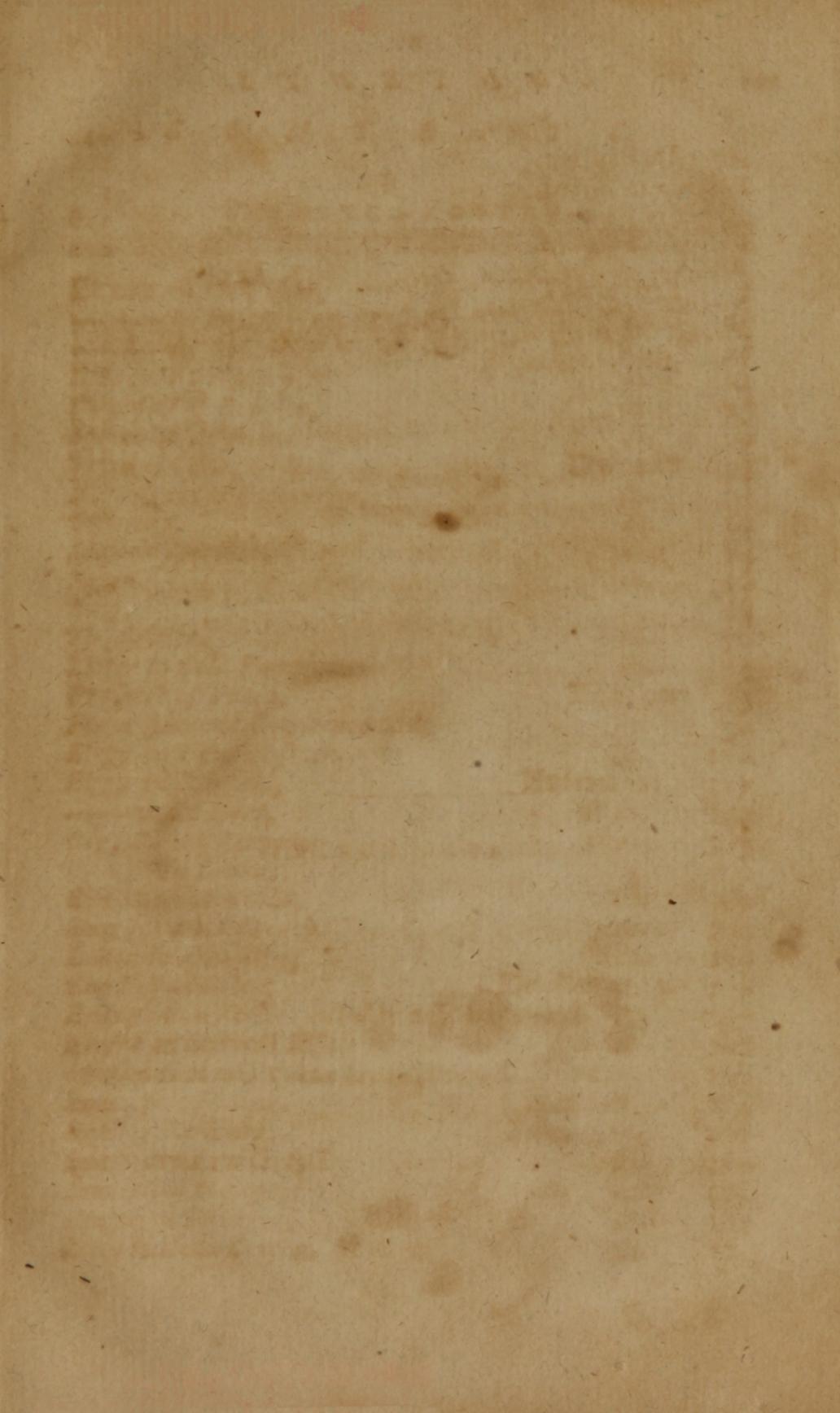
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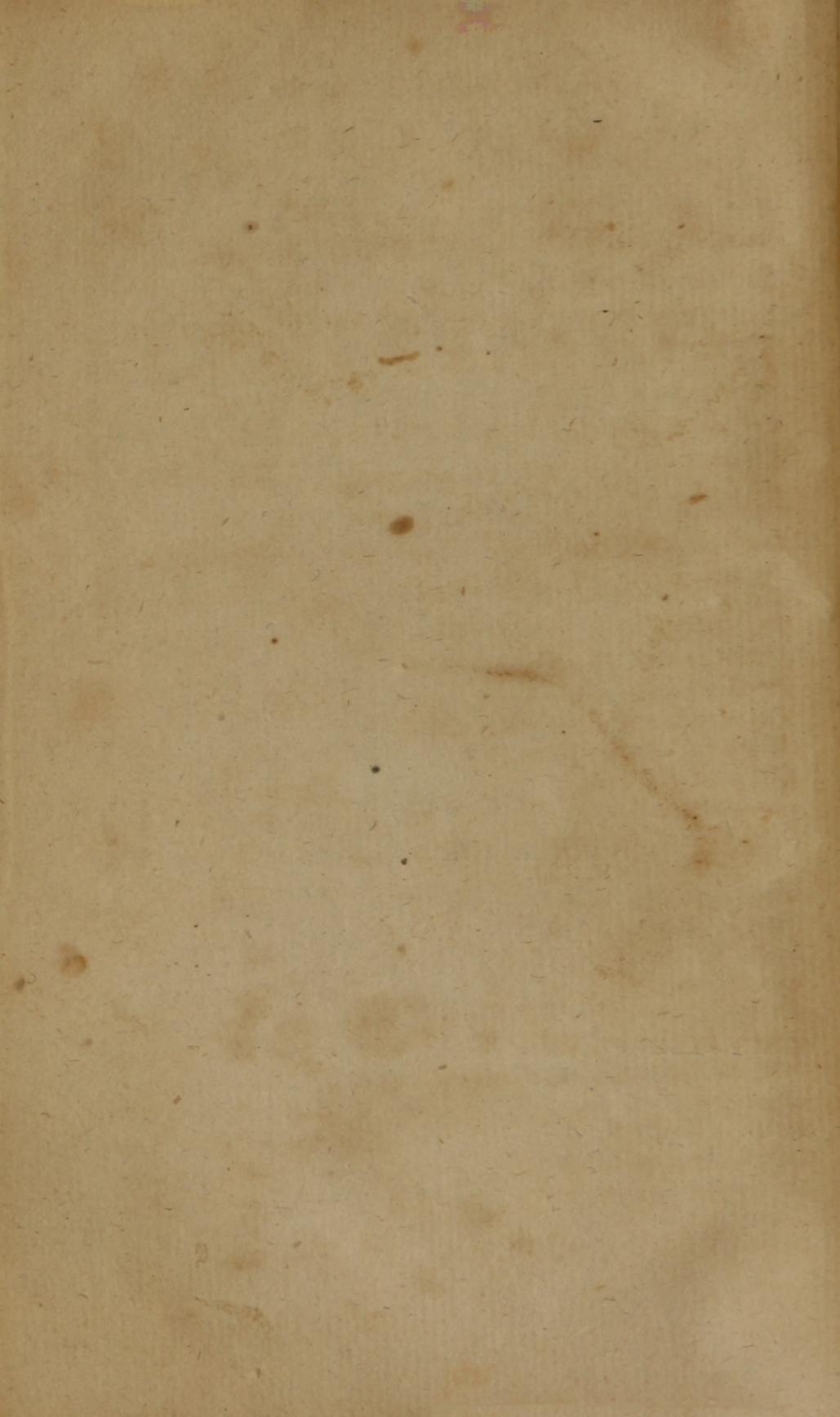
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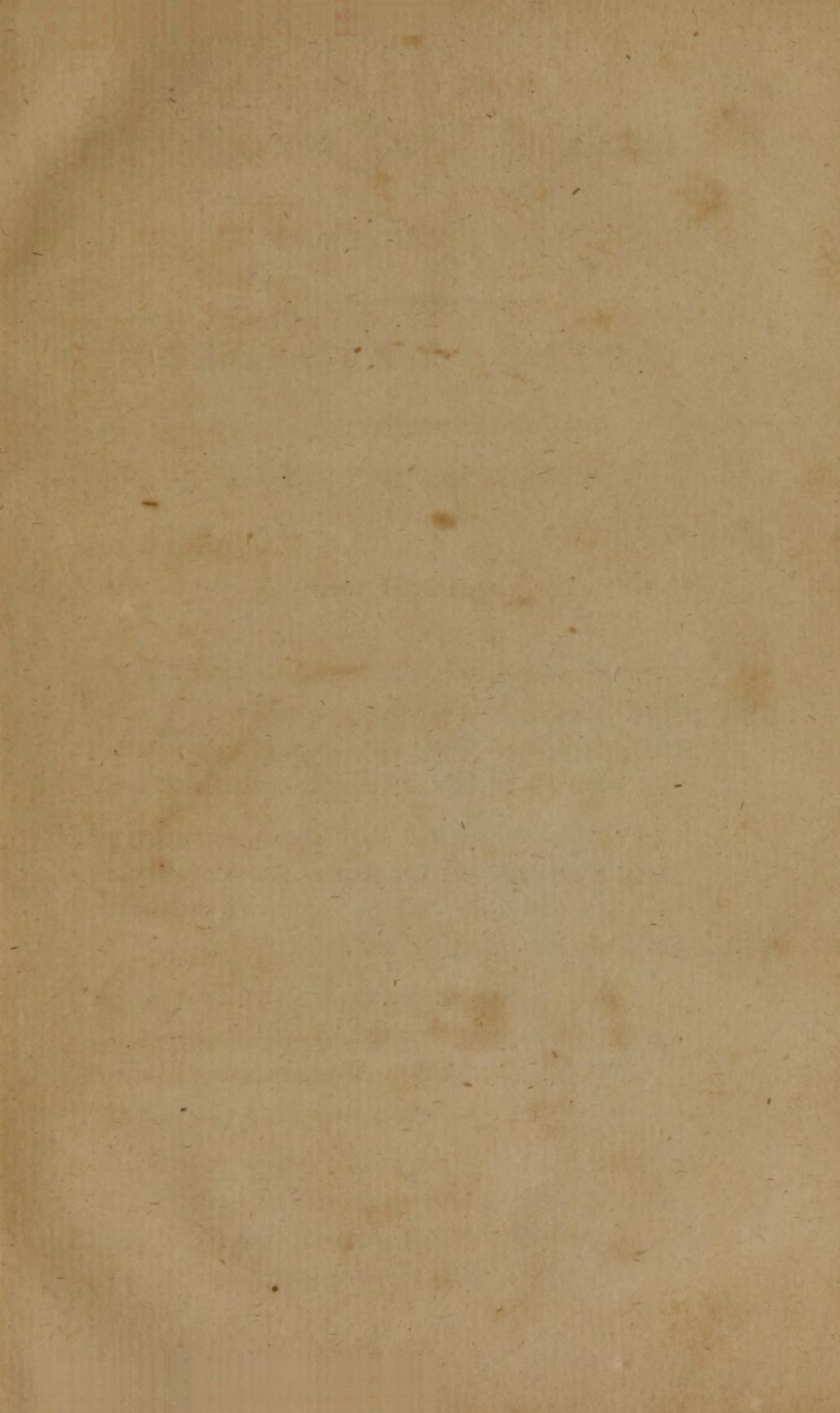
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AMERICAN POEMS.

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGY ON THE TIMES.

First printed at BOSTON, Sept. 20th, 1774.

By JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq.

OH BOSTON! late with ev'ry pleasure crown'd,
Where Commerce triumph'd on the favoring gales,
And each pleas'd eye, that rov'd in prospect round,
Hail'd thy bright spires and blest'd thy op'ning sails!
Thy plenteous marts with rich profusion smil'd;
The gay throng crowd'd in thy spacious streets;
From either IND thy chearful stores were fill'd;
Thy ports were gladden'd with unnumber'd fleets.
For there more fair than in their native vales,
Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride;
The waves were whiten'd by the swelling sails,
And plenty wafted on the neighb'ring tide.
Alas, how chang'd! the swelling sails no more
Catch the fair winds and wanton in the sky;
But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,
And pointed thunders all access deny.

Where the bold Cape its warning forehead rears,
 Where tyrant Vengeance waved her magic wand,
 Far from the fight each friendly vessel veers,
 Calls the kind gales and flies the fatal strand.

The ruin'd Merchant turns his mournful eyes
 From the drear shore and desolated way ;
 Thy silent marts unusual glooms surprize,
 And through thy streets the sons of rapine stray.

Such the dread stillness of the desert night,
 When brooding horror settles on the groves ;
 While powers of darkness claim their hateful right,
 And fierce for prey the savage tyger roves.

Along thy fields, which late in beauty shone
 With lowing herds and grassy vesture fair,
 The insulting tents of barbarous troops are strown,
 And bloody standards stain the peaceful air.

Are these thy deeds, oh Britain? this the praise,
 That points the growing lustre of thy name?
 These glorious works that in thy latter days,
 Gild the bright period of thine early fame?

Shall thy strong fleets, with awful sails unfurl'd,
 On Freedom's shrines the unhallow'd vengeance bend?
 And leave forlorn the desolated world,
 Crush'd—every foe, and ruin'd—every friend!

And damp'd alas! thy soul-inspiring ray,
 Where Virtue prompted and where Genius soar'd,
 Or quench'd in darkness, and the gloomy sway
 Of Senates venal and the liveried Lord!

There shame sits blazon'd on the unmeaning brow,
And o'er the scene thy factious Nobles wait,
Prompt the mixt tumult of the noisy show,
Guide the blind vote and rule the mock debate.

To these how vain, in weary woes forlorn,
With fearful hands the fond complaint to raise,
Lift fruitless offerings to the ear of Scorn—
Of servile vows and well-dissembled praise!

Will the grim savage of the nightly fold
Learn from their cries the blameless flock to spare?
Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,
Bless the dup'd hand, that spreads the prostrate prayer?

With what pleas'd hope before the face of Pride,
We rear'd our suppliant eyes with filial awe;
While loud Disdain with ruffian voice reply'd,
And Injury triumph'd in the garb of Law!

While Peers enraptur'd hail the unmanly wrong,
See Ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame,
Stretch the brib'd hand and prompt the venal tongue,
To blast the laurels of a FRANKLIN'S fame!

But will the Sage, whose philosophic soul,
Controul'd the lightning in its fierce career,
Hear'd unappal'd the aerial thunders roll,
And taught the bolts of vengeance where to steer;—

Will he, while echoing to his just renown
The voice of kingdoms swells the loud applause;
Heed the weak malice of a Courtier's frown,
Or dread the coward insolence of laws?

See envying Britain rends the sacred bays ;
 Illuded Justice pens the mock decree ;
 While Infamy her darling scroll displays,
 And points well pleas'd, oh, WEDDERBURNE, to thee !

For nought avails the virtues of the heart,
 The vengeful bolt no Muse's laurels ward ;
 From Britain's rage, and death's relentless dart,
 No worth can save us, and no fame can guard.

O'er hallow'd bounds see dire Oppression roll ;
 Fair Freedom buried in the whelming flood ;
 Nor charter'd rights the tyrant course controul,
 Though seal'd by Kings and witness'd in our blood.

No more shall Justice with unbiass'd hand,
 From lawless Rapine snatch her trembling prey,
 While in her balance by *supreme* command
 Hang the dead weights of ministerial sway.

(For taught by pain, our injur'd bosoms feel
 The potent claims whence all our woes began,
 And own *supreme* the power, that could repeal,
 Those laws of heaven, that guard the rights of man.)

In vain we hope from Britain's haughty pride
 An hand to save us, or an heart to bless ;
 'Tis strength, our own, must stem the rushing tide,
 And our own virtue yield the wish'd success.

But, oh, my friends, the arm of blood* restrain !
 (No rage intemperate aids the public weal)
 Nor basely blend (too daring, but in vain)
 The assassin's madness with the patriot's zeal.

[For the Note, see next page.]

Shall the fields blush, with vital crimson stain'd,
 When blind resentment marks the victim'd breast?
 Will reeking life, by vengeful hands prophan'd,
 Our wrongs relieve, or charm our woes to rest?

Ours be the manly firmness of the sage,
 From shameless foes the ungrateful wounds to bear;
 Alike remov'd from baseness and from rage,
 The flames of faction, and the chills of fear.

Check the vast torrent of commercial gain,
 That buys our ruin at a price so rare;
 And while we scorn Britannia's servile chain,
 Disdain the livery of her marts to wear.

For shall the lust of fashions and of show,
 The curst idolatry of silks and lace,
 Bid our proud robes insult our Country's woe,
 And welcome Slav'ry in the glare of drets?

Will the blind dupe, in liveried tinsel gay,
 Boast the shamed trappings, that adorn the slave?
 Will the fond mourner change his sad array,
 To attend in gorgeous pomp a parent's grave?

** This is not meant as a caution against defending our rights with our blood, if we should be driven to that extremity; but only against the impolitic zeal of those, who seem desirous to let loose the rage of popular resentment, and bring matters immediately to a crisis in this Province.*

No! the rich produce of our fertile soil,
 Shall cloath the neatness of our chearful train,
 While heaven-born virtues blefs the pious toil,
 And gild the humble vestures of the plain.

No foreign labour in the Asian field
 Shall weave her silks to deck the wanton age,
 But, as in Rome, the furrow'd vale shall yield
 The unvanquish'd Chieftain and paternal Sage.

And ye, whose heaven in ermin'd pomp to shine,
 To run with joy the vain, luxurious round,
 Blefs the full banquet with the charms of wine,
 And roll the thundering chariot o'er the ground!

For this, while guis'd in sycophantic smile,
 With hearts all mindless of your country's pain,
 Your flattering falsehoods feed the ears of Guile,
 And barter freedom for the dreams of gain!

Are these the joys, on vassal'd climes that wait—
 In downs of ease luxuriant to repose,
 Quaff streams nectareous in the domes of state,
 And blaze in splendor of imperial shows?

No—the hard hand, the tortur'd brow of Care,
 The thatch-roof'd hamlet and defenceless shed,
 The tatter'd garb, that meets the inclement air,
 The famish'd table, and the matted bed.—

These are their fate—In vain the arm of toil
 With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain;
 In vain glad Summer prompts the genial soil,
 And Spring dissolves in softening showers in vain;

There savage Power extends his dismal shade,
And chill Oppression, with her frosts severe,
Sheds her dire blastings o'er the springing blade,
And robs the expecting labours of the year.

So must we sink?—and at the stern command
That bears the terrors of a tyrant's word,
Bend the crouch'd knee and raise the suppliant hand,
The scorn'd, dependant, vassals of a Lord?

The wintry ravage of the storm to meet,
Brave the scorch'd vapours of the autumnal air,
Then pour the hard-earn'd harvest at his feet,
And beg some pittance from our pains to share?

But not for this, by heaven and virtue led,
From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,
From slavish chains our injur'd fathers fled,
And follow'd freedom on the advent'rous tide;

Dar'd the wild horrors of these climes unknown,
The insidious savage, and the crimson'd plain,
To us bequeath'd the prize, their woes had won,
Nor deem'd they suffer'd, or they bled in vain.

And think'st thou, NORTH, the sons of such a race,
Where beams of glory blest their purpled morn,
Will shrink unnerv'd before a tyrant's face,
Nor meet thy luring insolence with scorn?

Look thro' the circuit of the extended shore,
That checks the surges of the Atlantic deep!
What weak eye trembles at the frowns of pow'r?
What leaden soul invites the bands of sleep?

How Goodness warms each heaven-illumin'd heart!

What generous gifts the woes of want assuage,
And sympathetic tears of pity start,
To aid the destin'd victims of thy rage!

No clamorous faction with unhallow'd zeal

To wayward madness wakes the impassion'd throng;
No thoughtless furies sheath their breasts with steel,
Or call the sword to avenge the oppressive wrong.

Fraternal bands with vows accordant join;

One guardian Genius, one enrapturing Soul
Nerves the bold arm, inflames the just design,
Combines, inspirits, and illumines, the whole.

Now meet the Fathers of this western clime;

Nor names more noble graced the rolls of fame,
When Spartan firmness brav'd the wrecks of time,
Or Rome's bold virtues fann'd the heroic flame.

Not deeper thought th' immortal Sage inspir'd,

On Solon's lips when Grecian senates hung;
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fir'd,
When genius thunder'd from the Athenian tongue.

And hopes thy pride to match the patriot strain

By the brib'd slave in pension'd lists enroll'd;
Or awe their councils by the voice prophane,
That wakes to utterance at the calls of gold?

Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,

Where guilt is stranger to the ingenuous heart?
Or Craft illude, where godlike Science sheds
The beams of knowledge and the gifts of art?

Go, raise thy hand, and with its magic pow'r
 Pencil with night the sun's ascending ray,
 Bid the broad veil eclipse the noon-tide hour,
 And damps of stygian darkness shroud the day.—

(Such night as lours o'er Britain's fated land,
 Where rayless shades the darken'd throne surround;
 Nor deeper glooms at Moses' waving wand,
 Pour'd their thick horrors o'er the Memphian ground.)

Bid heav'n's dread thunders at thy voice expire,
 Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves;
 Then hope thy breath can chill th' eternal fire,
 And free souls pinion with the bonds of slaves.

Thou canst not hope—Attend the flight of days,
 View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age,
 Where Time's strong arm, that rules the mighty maze,
 Shifts the proud actors on this earthly stage!

Then tell us, NORTH,—for thou art sure to know;
 For have not Kings and fortune made thee great?
 Or lurks not genius in th' ennobled brow,
 And dwells not wisdom in the robes of state?

Tell how the pow'rs of luxury and pride,
 Taint thy pure zephyrs with their poison'd breath;
 How dark Corruption spreads th' envenom'd tide,
 And Britain trembles on the verge of death.

And tell how, rapt by Freedom's deathless flame,
 And fost'ring influence of the fav'ring skies,
 This Western World, the last recess of fame,
 Sees in her wilds a new-born empire rise:

A new-born Empire, whose ascendant hour
 Defies the foes, that would its life destroy,
 And like Alcides, with its infant power
 Shall crush those serpents, who its rest annoy.

Then look thro' time, and with extended eye,
 Pierce the deep veil of fate's obscure domain!
 The morning dawns, th' effulgent star is nigh,
 And crimson'd glories deck her rising reign!

Behold afar beneath the cloud of days,
 Where rest the wonders of ascending fame;
 What Heroes rise, immortal heirs of praise!
 What fields of death with conq'ring standards flame!

See her throng'd cities' warlike gates unfold!
 What tow'ring armies stretch their banners wide,
 Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,
 Or far Altama's silver waters glide!

Lo from the groves, th' aspiring cliffs that shade,
 Ascending pines the surging ocean brave,
 Rise in tall masts, the floating canvas spread,
 And rule the dread dominions of the wave!

Where her clear rivers pour the mazy tide,
 The laughing lawns in full luxuriance bloom,
 The golden harvest spreads her wanton pride,
 The flow'ry garden breathes a glad perfume.

Her potent voice shall hush the storms of fate,
 Where the meads blossom or the billows roar;
 And cities, gay with sumptuous domes of state,
 Stretch their bright turrets on the founding shore.

There mark that Coast, which seats of wealth surround,
That haven, rich with many a flowing sail,
Where mighty ships, from earth's remotest bound,
Float on the chearly pinions of the gale.

There BOSTON smiles, no more the sport of scorn,
And meanly prison'd by thy fleets no more ;
And far as ocean's billowy tides are borne,
Lifts her fear'd ensigns of imperial power.

So smile the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,
(Whose floods fair YORK and proud ALBANIA lave)
Or PHILADELPHIA's happier clime surveys
Her glist'ring spires in Schuylkyll's lucid wave.

Or southward far extend thy wond'ring eyes,
Where fertile streams the garden'd vales divide ;
And mid the peopled fields distinguish'd rise
Virginian tow'rs, and Charlestown's spiry pride.

Genius of arts, of manners and of arms,
See deck'd with glory and the blooms of grace,
This Virgin-clime unfolds her brighter charms,
And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace !

Hark, from the glades, and ev'ry list'ning spray,
What heav'n-born Muses wake th' enraptur'd song !
The vocal shades attune th' enchanting lay,
And echoing vales harmonious strains prolong.

Thro' the vast series of descending years,
That lose their currents in th' eternal wave,
Till heav'n's last trump shall rend th' affrighted spheres,
And ope each empire's everlasting grave ;

Propitious skies the joyous field shall crown,
 And robe her vallies in perpetual prime,
 And ages blest of undisturb'd renown,
 Beam their mild radiance o'er th' imperial clime.

And where is BRITAIN?—In the skirt of day,
 Where stormy Neptune rolls his utmost tide,
 Where suns oblique diffuse a feeble ray,
 And lonely waves the fated coasts divide;

Seest thou yon Isle, whose desert landscape yields
 The mournful traces of the fame she bore;
 Where matted thorns oppress the cultur'd fields,
 And piles of ruin choak the dreary shore?—

From those lov'd seats, the Virtues sad withdrew,
 From fell Corruption's bold and venal hand;
 Reluctant Freedom wav'd her last adieu,
 And Devastation swept the vassal'd land.

On her white cliffs, the pillars once of fame,
 Her melancholy Genius sits to wail;
 Drops the fond tear, and o'er her latest shame,
 Bids dark Oblivion draw her sable veil.



AN ELEGY,

*On the death of Mr. BUCKINGHAM ST. JOHN; who was
drowned in his passage from New-Haven to Norwalk,
May 5th, 1771.*

=====
BY THE SAME.
=====

THE world now yeilds to night's returning sway;
The deeper glooms lead on the solemn hour,
And call my steps, beneath the moon's pale ray,
To roam in SADNESS on the sea-beat shore.

Now glide the inconstant shadows o'er the plain,
The broad moon swimming thro the broken clouds,
The gleam of waters brightens on the main,
And anchor'd navies lift their wavering shrouds.

Deep silence reigns; save on the moory ground,
The long reed rustling to the passing gales,
The noise of dashing waves, and hallow sound
Of rushing winds, that murmur thro the sails.]

Far hence, ye pleasures of a mind at ease,
The sprightly joys, that rural scenes can yeild,
When spring, led jocund by the softening breeze,
Wakes the glad morn, and robes the dewy field †

Far be the giddy raptures of the gay,
The midnight joys licentious youth can share,
When ruin, smiling o'er her destin'd prey,
In sweet allurements hides the deadly snare.

Mine be the music of the rolling wave,
 The moonlight shadows and surrounding gloom ;
 Mine the dread haunts of contemplation grave,
 That lift the soul to scenes beyond the tomb.

Here while deep midnight holds her silent reign,
 And fancy bears the ravish'd thought along,
 Dark melancholy spreads her airy train,
 And friendship calls, and grief inspires the song.

As thro' these mournful glooms I stretch'd my sight,
 Mid sounds of death, that bid the soul attend,
 Mid empty forms, and fleeting shapes of night,
 Slowly I view a white-rob'd shade ascend,

That says—" I once was St. John ! from the bounds
 Of unknown realms beneath the dreary wave,
 Where ever-restless floods, in nightly rounds,
 Roll their dark surges o'er my watry grave ;

From seats, which ne'er to mortal sight display'd,
 The gates of dread eternity surround,
 In night conceal'd, and death's impervious shade,
 My voice ascends : attend the warning sound !

Oh thou, attend ! who flush'd with early bloom,
 In life's new spring, and vernal sweetness gay,
 Heedless of fate, that must thy branch entomb,
 Spread'st thy green blossoms to the morning ray.

With thee how late, how like, alas ! to thee ;
 To mortal joys, by opening youth beguil'd,
 I stretch'd my airy wish, and follow'd free,
 Where pleasure triumph'd, and where fancy smil'd.

Then, while fond hope her glittering pinions spread,
* Pointing to climes beyond the distant wave,
Even then, unnotic'd, o'er my destin'd head,
Hung death's dire form, and seal'd me for the grave.

How vain the thought for many a joyous morn,
To taste of raptures unallay'd by woe!
At once from life and every pleasure torn,
From all I wish'd, and all I lov'd below.

The faithless morning, on our opening sails,
Smil'd out serene, and smooch'd our gliding way,
While the gay vessel, fann'd by breathing gales,
Play'd on the placid bosom of the sea.

When lo, descending on the darkening wind,
Burst the dire storm,—and feeble to sustain
The rushing blasts, in warring fury join'd,
The frail skiff sinks beneath the surging main.

And see, afar the oarless boat conveys
The trembling sailors to the distant shore;
Alone, of aid bereft, with one last gaze,
I sunk in deeps: and sunk to rise no more.

In that sad hour, what fearful scenes arise,
What pangs distress, what unknown fears dismay!
When future worlds disclosing on our eyes,
The trembling soul forsakes the kindred day!

* *Mr. St. John was meditating a voyage to Europe.*

Before the awful bar, the Almighty throne,
 In dread I've stood the Eternal Judge to see,
 And fix'd in bliss, or doom'd to endless moan,
 Have heard the long, the unrevok'd decree :

Nor earth must know the rest."——Where art thou now,
 In youthful joys my partner and my friend ;
 Of those blest hours thy fortune gave below,
 Of all our hopes is this the fatal end ?

Ah what avail'd that energy of mind,
 The heights of science, and of arts to explore,
 That early led where genius unconfin'd,
 Spreads her glad feast, and opes her classic store !

Ah what avail'd, in earthly bliss so frail,
 The fame gay-dawning on thy rising years !
 Ah what avail'd,—for what could then avail ?—
 Thy friend's deep sorrows, or thy country's tears !

In pleasure's paths, by vivid fancy led,
 Mid every hope that blooming worth could raise,
 The wings of death with fatal horror spread,
 Blank'd the bright promise of thy future days.

So, from the lowering west, the darken'd clouds
 Rush on the sun and dim his orient ray,
 And hateful night in glooms untimely shrouds
 The ascending glories of the vernal day.

Adieu, my friend, so dear in vain, adieu,
 Till some short days their fleeting courses roll ;
 Soon shall our steps thine earlier fate pursue,
 Mov'd in the race, and crowding to the goal.

The approaching hour shall see the sun no more,
 Wheel his long course, or spread his golden ray;
 Soon the vain dream of mortal life be o'er,
 The brightness dawning of celestial day.

Then join'd in bliss, as once in friendship join'd,
 May pitying Heaven our purer spirits raise,
 Each crime atton'd, each virtue well refin'd,
 To pass a blest eternity of praise!—

A M B I T I O N.

AN ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE, gaudy Flattery, with thy siren song,
 Thy fading laurels, and thy trump of praise,
 Thy magic glass, that cheats the wondering throng,
 And bids vain men, grow vainer, while they gaze.

For what the gain, tho nature have supplied
 A tender soul, to feel the sting of pain?
 That fame how poor, that lifts our baseless pride,
 And shews the heights our steps must ne'er attain!

How vain those thoughts that thro' creation rove,
Returning fraught with images of woe!
Those gifts how vain that please not those we love!
With grief oppress'd, how small the gain to know!

And oh, that fate, in life's sequester'd shade,
Had fix'd the limits of my silent way,
Far from the scenes in noisy pomp array'd,
Where hope and fame but flatter to betray.

The lark had call'd me at the birth of dawn,
My cheerful toils and rural sports to share;
Nor, when mild evening glimmer'd on the lawn,
Had sleep been frighted at the voice of care.

So the soft flocks in harmless pleasure stray,
Or sport in rapture on the flowery mead,
Enjoy the beauties of the vernal day,
And no sad prescience tells them they must bleed.

Then wild ambition ne'er had swell'd my heart,
Nor had my steps pursued the road to fame;
Then ne'er had slander rais'd the envenom'd dart,
Nor hung in vengeance o'er my hated name.

Nor views of bliss that never must be mine,
Urg'd the fond tear, or swell'd the bursting sigh;
Nor tenderest pangs had bid my soul repine,
Nor torture warn'd me that my hopes must die.

Farewell, ye glittering phantoms of the mind,
The golden vision, or ambitious dream,
The fickle forms by fairy fancy join'd,
The pride of laurels and the muse's theme.

Vain hope, adieu! thou dear deluding cheat,
Whose magic charm can burst the bonds of pain;
By thee decoy'd, we clasp the gay deceit,
And plan the scenes of future joys in vain.

Come Sadness! come, mild sister of Despair,
The helpless sufferer's last support and friend,
Lead to those scenes that sooth the wretch's care,
Where life's false joys, and life itself, must end!

Well pleas'd, I wander o'er the solemn ground,
Where Death in horror holds his dread domain,
While night fits gloomy in the etherial round,
And swimming vapors cloud the dreary plain.

Ye ghosts, the tenants of the evening skies,
That sweep in sadness o'er the dusky vale,
Enrob'd in mists, I see your forms arise;
I hear your voices sounding in the gale!

Of life ye speak, and life's fantastic toys,
How vain the wish, that grasps at things below!
How disappointment lours on all our joys,
And hope bequeaths the legacy of woe!

Ye too, perhaps, while youth supplied its beam,
On fancy's pinions soaring to the sky,
Fed your deluded thoughts with many a dream,
Of love and fame, and future scenes of joy.

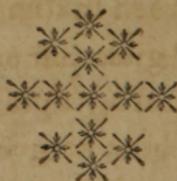
Like your's how soon our empty years shall fade,
Past, like the vapors that in clouds decay,
Past, like the forms that flit along the shade,
Ourselves as worthless, and as vain as they!

Here the kind haven greets our weary sail,
When the rude voyage of troubled life is o'er,
Safe from the stormy blast, the faithless gale,
The gulphs that threaten, and the waves that roar.

The heart no more the pains of love shall share,
Nor torturing grief the wayward mind enslave,
Thro toil-worn years fatigued with restless care,
Peace, sought in vain, awaits us in the grave.

Nor peace alone ! death breaks the fullen gloom,
That dims the portals of eternal day,
Bids the freed soul her nobler powers assume,
And wing from woes her heaven-directed way.

Fly hence ye shades ! ye brighter scenes arise !
Ye joys celestial, opening on my view !
Vanish, ye griefs, that dwell beneath the skies,
Ye streaming tears, ye fond complaints, adieu !



THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

*Numbers: Chap. xxiii. 24.**An IRREGULAR ODE. Written, Anno 1773.*

 BY THE SAME.

I

ON lofty Peor's brow,
 That rears its forehead to the sky,
 And sees the airy vapours fly,
 And clouds in bright expansion sail below,
 Sublime the Prophet stood.
 Beneath its pine-clad side,
 The distant world her various landscape yeilds;
 Winding vales and lengthening fields,
 Streams in funny maze that flow'd;
 Stretch'd immense in prospect wide
 Forests green in summer's pride;
 Waving glory gilds the main,
 The dazzling sun ascending high;
 While earth's blue verge at distance dimly seen,
 Spreads from the aching sight, and fades into the sky.

II.

Beneath his feet along the level plain,
 The host of Israel stretch'd in deep array;
 Their tents rose frequent on the enamell'd green;
 Bright to the winds the colour'd streamers play.

Red from the slaughter of their foes,
 In awful steel the embattled heroes stood;
 High o'er the shaded ark in terror rose
 The cloud, the dark pavilion of their God.
 Before the Seer's unwilling eyes,
 The years unborn ascend in sight.
 He saw their opening morn arise,
 Bright in the sun shine of the favoring skies;
 While from the unsufferable light,
 Fled the dire demons of opposing night.
 No more, elate with Stygian aid,
 He waves the wand's enchanted power,
 And baleful thro the hallow'd glade,
 His magic footsteps rove no more.
 Fill'd with prophetic fire, he lifts his hand,
 O'er the dim host in deep array;
 And aw'd by Heaven's supreme command,
 Pours forth the rapture of the living lay.

III.

Fair, oh Israel, are thy tents!
 Blest the banners of thy fame!
 Blest the dwelling of the saints,
 Where their God displays his name!
 Fair as these vales, that stretch their lawns so wide,
 As gardens smile, in flowery meadows fair,
 As rising cedars on the streamlet's side,
 That lift their branches to the fragrant air!
 Vain is magic's deadly force,
 Vain the dire enchanter's spell,
 Waving wand, or charmed curse,
 Vain the pride, the rage of hell!

From Peor's lofty brow,
 I see the eternal powers reveal'd,
 And all the lengthen'd plains below
 O'ershrouded by the Almighty shield!
 God, their guardian God, descends,
 And o'er the favor'd host Omnipotence extends.

IV.

And see, bright Judah's star ascending
 Fires the east with crimson day,
 Aweful o'er his foes impending,
 Pours wide the lightning of his ray,
 And flames destruction on the opposing world!
 Death's broad banners, dark, unfurl'd,
 Wave o'er his blood-encircled way!
 Scepter'd king of Moab, hear,
 Deeds, that future times await,
 Deadly triumph, war severe,
 Israel's pride, and Moab's fate!
 What echoing terrors burst upon my ear!
 What aweful forms in ghastly horror rise!
 Empurpled rage, pale ruin, heart-struck fear,
 In scenes of blood ascend, and skim before my eyes!

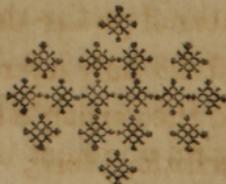
V.

Dimly on the skirt of night
 O'er thy sons the cloud impends,
 Louring storm with wild affright
 Loud the astonish'd ether rends.
 Long hosts, emblaz'd with sun-bright shields appear,
 And victory severe

Sits on their lightening swords : along the shores,
 Arm'd with the bolts of fate,
 Impending navies wait ;
 Above, around, the shout of ruin roars.
 For nought avails, that clad in spiry pride,
 Thy rising cities glitter'd on the day ;
 The vengeful arms wave devastation wide,
 And give thy pompous domes to mouldering flames a prey.

VI.

Edom bows her lofty head ;
 Seer submits her vanquish'd bands ;
 Amalek, of hosts the dread,
 Sinks beneath their wasting hands.
 See, whelm'd in smoky heaps, the ruin'd walls,
 Rise o'er thy sons' unhappy grave ;
 Low their blasted glory falls ;
 Vain the pride that could not save !
 Israel's swords arrest their prey ;
 Back to swift fate thy frightened standards turn ;
 Black desolation rolls along their way ;
 War sweeps in front, and flames behind them burn :
 And death, and dire dismay,
 Unfold their universal grave, and ope the mighty urn.



THE DOWNFALL OF BABYLON.

*An Imitation of sundry passages in the thirteenth and fourteenth
Chapters of the Prophecy of Isaiab, and the eighteenth
Chapter of the Revelations of St. John.*

Written, anno 1775.

BY THE SAME.

T WAS now the day, devote to blest repose,
From realms of darkness, when the Saviour rose,
In Patmos's Isle, with sacred light inspir'd,
The great Apostle from the world retir'd;
Before his eyes eternal wonders roll,
And future visions open on his soul,
Unfolding skies the scenes of fate display,
And Heaven descending in the beam of day.

He saw with joy the promis'd Church arise,
Fam'd thro the earth, and favor'd from the skies;
A starry crown invests her radiant head,
Around her form the solar glories spread,
Her power, her grace, by circling realms approv'd,
By angels guarded, and by Heaven below'd:
Till mystic Babel, with blaspheming pride,
For idol forms the eternal power defied;
Then martyr'd blood the holy offering seal'd,
And persecution dyed the carnag'd field,
Religion sunk in superstitious lore,
And Heaven-built temples swam with fainted gore.

But not in rest, till virtue should expire,
 Slept the just vengeance of eternal ire.
 The Seer beheld, till God's avenging hand
 Smote the proud foe, and swept the guilty land;
 Then pious rapture triumph'd on his tongue,
 And inspiration breath'd the exulting song.

“ What sudden fall hath dimm'd thy boasted ray,
 Son of the Morn! bright Phosphor of the day!
 How sunk in death, a victim of the grave,
 Thy pride so vaunting, and thy arm so brave!
 Where now the haughty boast?” Above the skies,
 O'er the starr'd arch my towering steps shall rise,
 To Heaven's high walls my glories shall ascend,
 My throne be 'stablish'd, and my power extend,
 O'er the wide world to stretch my arm abroad;
 A God in splendor, and in might a God.”

Behold from rage the bold oppressor ceas'd;
 Thy glory wan, and all thy treasures waste!
 Eternal wrath, awaken'd o'er thy land,
 Tears the weak sceptre from the injurious hand;
 Heaven gives its captive sons a kind release,
 And earth smiles, joyous, at the songs of peace.

Lo, at thy fall, in realms of night below,
 Hell greets thine entrance to the worlds of woe!
 See from their thrones, along the infernal shade,
 Rise the dark spectres of the mighty dead,
 Friends to thy sway, and partners in thy crimes,
 Kings once on earth, and tyrants in their times!
 “ And art thou fall'n?”—their looks of wonder crave—
 “ Swept, undistinguish'd, to the darksome grave?”

O'er thy pale cheek funereal damps are spread,
And shrouds of fable wrap thee with the dead ;
What aw'd the world oblivion's shadows hide,
And glad worms revel on the wrecks of pride.

Is this the Power, whose once tremendous eye
Shook the wide earth, and dar'd the avenging sky,
Opposing kingdoms from their sceptres hurl'd,
And spread sad ruin o'er the vanquish'd world ?
Is this the Power, that rose in boasted state,
Proud judge of thrones, and arbiter of fate ?
The Power, whose forceries, us'd in every clime,
Stain'd the dark annals of recording time,
While persecution taught the infernal lore,
And zeal was fated with the martyr's gore ?—
Lo ! clos'd thine eyes that wont the Heavens to brave,
Expos'd thou ly'st, an outcast from the grave ;
No splendid urn thy funeral dust contains,
Nor one kind turf conceals thy sad remains ;
For thee no marble lifts its tablet high,
Where kings deceas'd in mournful glory lie ;
For just renown divides thee from the blest,
Nor decks the clods that lull thy bones to rest."

And see Destruction from the Almighty hand,
Sweeps her broad besom o'er thy guilty land ;
Careering flames attend her dreadful way,
And rising darkness intercepts the day ;
The dim sun sinks in fearful shades of night,
The moon and planets veil their trembling light,
O'er thy doom'd walls the louring storms ascend,
And fate's dread omens mark thy hastening end.

See mid the o'erarching canopy of shade,
 An angel-form, in robes of blood array'd,
 Lifts his red arm, that bids the tempest rise,
 Wing'd with the ethereal vengeance of the skies;
 And calls the wintry winds, that all around,
 Roll on the storms, and sweep the delug'd ground,
 And far beneath, where direful earthquakes sleep,
 Bursts the dark chambers of the affrighted deep!
 Lo! Heaven avenging pours the fiery tide;
 Thy whelm'd walls sink, thy tottering turrets slide,
 Thy glittering domes sulphureous torrents lave,
 And doom thy seats, a desert and a grave!

For there no more shall gay assemblies meet,
 Crowd thy full marts, and throng thy spacious street;
 No more the bridegroom's cheerful voice shall call
 The viol, sprightly in the founding hall;
 No more the lamp shall yeild her cheerful light,
 Gild thy lone roofs and sparkle thro the night.
 Each morn shall view thy desolated ground,
 With falling domes and shatter'd spires around,
 And clad in weeds, in wild confusion thrown,
 The marble trophy, and the sculptur'd stone.
 No future age thy glories shall recall,
 Thy turrets list, or build thy desert wall;
 Where the gilt palace pierc'd the admiring skies,
 The owl shall stun thee with funereal cries,
 The baleful dragon thro thy gardens rove,
 And wolves usurp the consecrated grove.
 No shepherd there the wandering flock shall spread,
 Nor, tir'd, repose beneath the tented shed;

No stranger there with devious footsteps stray,
 Where circling horrors guard the fated way ;
 Eternal Ruin rears her standard wide,
 And vengeance triumphs o'er the realms of pride."

THE SPEECH OF
 PROTEUS TO ARISTÆUS,
 CONTAINING THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE ;
Translated from the fourth Book of Virgil's Georgics.

A Collegiate Exercise : Written, Anno 1770.

BY THE SAME.

A GOD pursues thee with immortal hate,
 By crimes provok'd that prompt the wrath of fate.
 In guiltless woe the hapless Orpheus died,
 And calls the powers to avenge his injur'd bride.

Along the streams, with flying steps she strove,
 To shun the fury of thy lawless love ;
 Unhappy fair ! nor on the fated way
 Saw the dire snake that ambush'd for her prey.

Her sister Dryades wail'd the fatal wound ;
 The lofty hills their melting cries resound ;
 Then wept the rocks of Rhodope, the towers
 Of high Pangæus, and the Rhesian shores ;
 The mournful sounds the Attic lands convey,
 And Hebrus rolls in sadden'd waves away.

He, on his lyre, essay'd with tuneful art,
 To sooth the ceaseless anguish of his heart ;
 Thee, his fair bride, to lonely grief a prey,
 Thee sung at rising, and at falling day :
 Then sought the realms of death and Stygian Jove,
 Thro black'ning horrors of the infernal grove,
 Mid direful ghosts, and powers of deep despair,
 Unknown to pity, and unmov'd by prayer.
 From hell's dark shores, to Orpheus' melting song,
 On every side the gloomy nations throng ;
 Thin, airy shades, pale spectres void of light,
 Like fancied forms that glide athwart the night.
 As flitting birds in summer's chequer'd shade,
 Dance on the boughs, and flutter thro the glade,
 Or seek the woods when night descends amain,
 And pours in storms along the wintry plain :
 Men, matrons, round the sweet musician press'd,
 The spouseless maidens, and the youths unblest,
 Snatch'd from their parents' eyes, or doom'd to yeild
 To war's dire combats on the bloody field ;
 Whom the deep fens, that drain the moory ground,
 And black Cocytus reedy lake surround,
 Where baleful Styx her mournful margin laves,
 And deadly Lethe rolls the oblivious waves.

Hell heard the song ; and fix'd in deep amaze,
 On the sweet bard the snaky Furies gaze ;
 Grim Cerberus hung entranc'd ; and ceas'd to reel
 The giddy circle of Ixion's wheel.

These dangers 'scap'd, he seeks the upper air,
 Elate with joy, and follow'd by the fair :

Such law the Fates impos'd : but doom'd to prove
 The sudden madness of ill-omen'd love !
 Could fate relent, or melt at human woe,
 A venial crime, were venial aught below !
 Light gleam'd at hand ; the Stygian shades retire ;
 With withes wild, and vanquish'd with desire,
 His fears forgot, he turn'd ; his lovely bride
 Given to his hope, with trembling glance espy'd.
 There end his joys, and vanish'd into air
 His fancied raptures and his fruitless care,-
 Broke is the league--and thrice tremendous roars
 The distant thunder on the infernal shores.

What rage, she cried, hath dash'd our joys again,
 Pair'd in sad fates, and doom'd to endless pain.
 I hear the voice that calls me back to woes,
 My swimming eyes eternal-slumbers close.
 A last farewell ! the infernal glooms arise,
 And, wrapt in night, my parting spirit flies ;
 Vain my weak arms, extended to restore
 The bridal hand, that must be thine no more.

She said, and vanish'd instant from his eye,
 Like melting smoke that mingles with the sky.
 No kind embrace, his deepening grief to allay,
 No farewell word, tho' much he wish'd to say,
 Nor hope remain'd. Stern Charon now no more
 Consents to waft him to the infernal shore.
 Forever snatch'd from all his soul could love,
 What prayers, what tears, what songs, the Fates could move ?
 Her, breathless, pale, to mansions of the grave,
 The bark bore floating on the Stygian wave.

In gelid caves, with horrid glooms array'd,
 Where cloud-topt hills project an awful shade,
 Along the margin of the desert shore,
 Where lovely Strymon's rushing waters roar,
 Seven hapless months he wail'd his fatal love,
 His ravish'd bride, and blam'd the hand of Jove.
 Stern tygers soften'd at the tuneful sound,
 The thickets move, the forests dance around :
 So in some poplar's shade, with soothing song,
 Sad Philomela mourns her captive young ;
 When some rude swain hath found the unfeather'd prey,
 Her nest despoil'd, and borne the prize away ;
 Thro the long night she breathes her plaintive strain,
 The slow, deep moan resounds, and echoes o'er the plain.

Pleasure no more his soul estrang'd could move,
 The charms of beauty, or the joys of love.
 Alone he stray'd, where wintry Tanais flows,
 Thro deserts whiten'd with eternal snows.
 Mourn'd his lost bride, the infernal powers' deceit,
 And curs'd the vain, illusive, gifts of fate.

When Bacchus' Orgies stain'd the midnight skies,
 Their proffers scorn'd, the Thracian matrons rise ;
 Their hopeless rage the bleeding victim tore,
 His sever'd limbs are scatter'd on the shore ;
 Rent from his breathless corse, swift Hebrus sweeps
 His gory visage to the distant deeps.

Yet when cold death fate trembling on his tongue,
 With fainting soul, Euridice he sung,
 Ah dear, ah lost Euridice, he cries,
 Euridice, the echoing shore replies.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.*

 BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

 PART I.
 DANIEL, CHAP. I.

BENEATH the dawn, o'er Babel's fruitful plain,
 In proud effulgence mov'd the conquering train.
 Full on the sun's broad beam their buckler's ray
 Streak'd the glad fields, and gave a mimic day.

 G

* THIS Poem is reprinted from the New-Haven Gazette, and the Connecticut Magazine, published by Meigs and Dana, for the year 1786;—where it forms three Numbers of a Periodical Paper, undertaken by Dr. Dwight—and is introduced by the following Preface, viz.—“ The
 ‘ inclosed Poem is handed you for publication. I have
 ‘ long thought that the Bible furnished many subjects for
 ‘ poetry, far more deserving the ambition and efforts of
 ‘ genius, than those to which it is commonly dedicated. I
 ‘ do not mean merely that they are subjects more friendly
 ‘ to virtue, but to poetry. They are more sublime, novel,
 ‘ beautiful, agreeable, and in every way interesting.—
 ‘ Perhaps this experiment may not have been so happily
 ‘ made, as to elucidate the truth of this opinion. But as
 ‘ it is, it is submitted to the judgment of your readers.
 ‘ Should it have the happy influence to induce even one
 ‘ person of poetical talents, to apply those talents to this
 ‘ method of ornamenting his own character, and that of
 ‘ his country, I shall think my labours not unhappily di-
 ‘ rected.”

With spiry splendor varying standards glow'd ;
 In pomp sublime majestic chieftains rode ;
 The silver clarions gave a solemn sound,
 And cars unnumber'd, thundering shook the ground.

There JUDAH's spoils in proud display were borne ;
 There purple vesture mock'd the rising morn ;
 There sacred vessels, rich from Ophir's mine,
 Beam'd their strong light, and imag'd art divine ;
 There mov'd the prince, the queen, the lord, the sage,
 And hapless captive throngs of every age.

High-thron'd, the monarch from his golden car,
 Survey'd the trophies of successful war.
 Majestic, tall, the mighty hero rose,
 Born to command, and dreadful to his foes :
 His lofty limbs, enrob'd in rich attire
 Of steel, and gold, were circled round with fire :
 His pride, his soul, expanded at the sight,
 And his glad eye-balls warm'd with living light.

As o'er the captive train he cast his eyes,
 And heard, unmov'd, their mingled groans and cries,
 Four youths, companions, silent pass'd along,
 By form distinguish'd from the vulgar throng.
 Fair o'er them trembled beauty's purple flame ;
 Their eyes, as angels', cast a sunny beam ;
 Sublime their port ; serene their solemn look ;
 By fear unaw'd, by heaviest woes unbroke ;
 To ills superior ; earth and time above ;
 But touch'd with kindred woe, and yearning love.
 The monarch gaz'd.—His fierce and hardy mind
 Then first with sweet and tender thoughts refin'd ;

He felt each nerve with strange emotion thrill,
 And down each cheek new tears in silence steal.
 No more the host, no more the spoils appear'd ;
 No more the trump's inspiring voice was heard ;
 Fix'd as he gaz'd, to soft compassion won,
 The pomp was buried, and the triumph gone.

To ARIOCH then, his favor'd, faithful slave,
 The turning prince his sovereign pleasure gave :
 " Seest thou, my ARIOCH, those bright youthful forms ;
 " What grace surrounds them, and what beauty warms !
 " With what fair pride, magnificently great,
 " They move superior to their humble fate !
 " For arms, for empire, not for bondage made,
 " They win my soul, and claim imperial aid.
 " Go then, my ARIOCH, go, their steps pursue ;
 " With gentle sympathy their souls subdue ;
 " Their monarch's favour to their hearts ensure ;
 " Win them from grief ; disrobe their rags impure ;
 " Their course immediate to the palace bend ;
 " Let faithful ASHPENAZ their steps attend ;
 " Superior far to all in every grace,
 " Among the chosen youths appoint the place."

The monarch spake. The faithful chief obey'd,
 And to the palace strait the youths convey'd.
 There ASHPENAZ, the eunuch's prince, receiv'd,
 To hope restor'd them, and from want reliev'd.
 Cheer'd with kind words, their every wish obey'd,
 And thus, with soft and tender accent, said :—

" All-lovely youths! attir'd with every grace,
 ' The best, and brightest, of your hapless race,

‘ Think not, from war’s dire scenes, the Assyrian mind,
 ‘ To love imp rvious, or to misery blind.
 ‘ Even the great prince, our mighty realm who sways,
 ‘ Train’d in fierce wars, and nurs’d in bloody ways,
 ‘ Though proudly borne on Conquest’s lofty wings,
 ‘ Lord of a world, and king of countless kings,
 ‘ Yet bade me kindly every want supply,
 ‘ No hope extinguish, and no joy deny.

‘ By his command, on kingly dainties fed,
 ‘ Serv’d by his slaves, and in his palace bred,
 ‘ In every art, in every mystery train’d,
 ‘ By lords approv’d, by royal love sustain’d.
 ‘ Your lives, in peace serene, shall glide away,
 ‘ New joys returning with returning day.

‘ For me, my bosom, not of stubborn steel,
 ‘ Well knows to love, and long has learn’d to feel.
 ‘ Your woes, O Youths, your nation’s fate severe,
 ‘ Pierce my sad soul, and prompt the tender tear.
 ‘ Each gentle act, that marks a parent’s hand,
 ‘ From faithful ASHPENAZ assur’d command ;
 ‘ From earliest years, to youths a constant guide,
 ‘ ’Tis joy to bless them, and to serve is pride.”

Thus spoke the prince. With meek, but solemn grace,
 The elder youth return’d this sad address :

‘ O Prince of Eunuchs, soothing friend of woe !
 ‘ Thy gentle solace bids our sorrows flow :
 ‘ With love, with gratitude, our bosoms burn,
 ‘ But, pierc’d with grief, our hapless nation mourn.
 ‘ For ah ! her sons, of every good forlorn,
 ‘ Waste with dire want, or shrink from piercing scorn ;

‘ Or rage, in slaughter bids them weltering roll ;
 ‘ Or gloomy slavery blasts the wither’d soul ;
 ‘ Her childless mothers spread the reeking ground ;
 ‘ Her babes, unpitied, glut the hungry hound ;
 ‘ Levell’d in dust, her heaven-built Temple lies,
 ‘ And SALEM’s smoking ruins fill the skies.
 ‘ More dread these splendors shew the fearful doom,
 ‘ As day more deeply shades the darksome tomb :
 ‘ Then, mid all joys, permit our hearts to mourn,
 ‘ Nor think thy goodness meets a base return.”

He spoke. The prince, to chambers proud and fair,
 Led the sad youths, and sooth’d their rising care,
 Their graceful forms in splendid garments dress’d,
 And kindly cheer’d their troubled minds to rest.

As now all-fragrant spread the rich repast,
 Cates of all climes, and wines of every taste ;
 Deep cares revolving in his troubled breast,
 His chosen friends the elder youth address’d :——

“ O youths, refin’d in fierce affliction’s flame,
 ‘ Like gold, refulgent with undrossy beam !
 ‘ Now new alarms your virtuous minds assail,
 ‘ New dangers tempt, and untried foes prevail,
 ‘ As icy rocks, by winter beat in vain,
 ‘ Yeild to mild suns, and melt in vernal rain,
 ‘ So the firm heart, no cruelty could move,
 ‘ May lose each virtue in the beams of love.
 ‘ Those cates, compos’d of all things rich and rare,
 ‘ Cull’d with nice art, and dress’d with skilful care,
 ‘ From truth’s fair path our footsteps softly charm,
 ‘ Our prayers enfeeble, and our faith disarm.

- ‘ To purest food the sacred law confin’d,
 ‘ The taste luxurious, and the wandering mind.
 ‘ Fix’d be our hearts its high behests to obey,
 ‘ Nor let vain banquets lure our feet astray.
 ‘ From humble pulse serenest peace shall spring,
 ‘ Health nerve the limbs, and lift the mental wing;
 ‘ The soul, the form, with health and beauty bloom,
 ‘ And heaven complacent grant a milder doom.”

Thus spoke the youth. With smiles of pure delight,
 In duty’s path the assenting friends unite,
 To heaven the feast, the roving wish resign’d,
 And gain’d the banquet of the obedient mind.

The courteous prince, by soft intreaties led,
 Indulg’d their prayer, and gave the humble bread.
 Heaven blest’d its sons.—As mid the inferior grove,
 Four beauteous pines ascend the clouds above,
 Mid heats, and droughts, and storms, and frost, and snow,
 Through the full year with living verdure grow,
 O’er every wood, with pride majestic, reign,
 And wave exulting round the adjacent plain:
 In port, in stature, thus, with thoughts sublime,
 And worth, superior to the assaults of time,
 Their gentle manners, great beyond disguise,
 Friendly to man, and faithful to the skies,
 The favour’d captives grew, and learn’d to soar
 Through all the mysteries of Chaldean lore;
 Learn’d how the stars in solemn splendor roll;
 How countless realms compose one mighty whole;
 What arts, what mazes, through the system run;
 How hosts are marshall’d, and how fields are won.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

BY THE SAME.

PART II.

DANIEL, CHAP. II.

THUS rose the youths, by lords and kings approv'd,
By earth exalted, and by Heaven belov'd,
When, lost in slumbers as the sovereign lay,
What time fair Phosphor sings the approach of day,
Full to his eyes a vision rose sublime,
Big with dread mysteries of ascending time.
Alarm'd, awak'd, he left the thorny bed;
His sleep all vanish'd, and the vision fled:
In vain he tried the wonders to restore,
The fledged phantom met his eyes no more.

Then deep convulsions shook his stormy mind,
That knew no crosses, and no wish resign'd.
At once he summon'd all the learn'd and wise,
Skill'd to explain, and artful to disguise,
Practis'd to bode, in words of soothing guile,
New feats, new triumphs, and new realms of spoil.
And thus the king — “ Let every sage and seer,
Dreamer of dreams, and star-taught prophet hear!
This night, as sunk in sleep, your monarch lay,
When truth's clear dreams attend approaching day,

Before my eyes a solemn vision rose,
 Clear, full, distinct, as morn's full splendor glows;
 Fill'd with dread scenes, with acts of mighty name,
 With change of empires, and with years of fame.
 I wak'd—I rose—but all the events of night
 Fled from my view, and took their final flight.
 Then hear, ye sages; borne by skill sublime,
 Thro' the dark ages of ascending time,
 Explore the vision, make the wonders known;
 And tell what changes wait the Assyrian throne."

The Hero spoke. Around the spacious room
 The strange command diffus'd a solemn gloom;
 When thus a hoary sage—"O king divine,
 Be endless life, and power, and honour thine!
 Thy high behests our hearts delight to obey;
 We own thy glory, and we bless thy sway.
 But, O dread Prince, thy visions to reveal,
 Transcends the efforts of terrestrial skill.
 Couldst thou, by memory's aid, the scenes restore,
 Easy thy seers the mystery would explore;
 Would teach, for thee what crowns of triumph bloom,
 Or what new nations meet the general doom.
 The Gods alone, to whose unbounded eye
 Spread, in clear sight, all realms beneath the sky,
 In obvious view the stars immensely roll,
 Or on fleet pinions roves the wandering soul,
 Can bid the eventful scenes of night return,
 Or ope the vanish'd visions of the morn.
 A new command, a labour yet undone,
 Thy will enjoins us, and thy voice makes known,

Nor lord requir'd, nor prophet e'er divin'd,
The secret motions of the mazy mind."

The monarch heard. With sudden anger bright,
From his fierce eye-balls flash'd a withering light:
Sternly he cried,—"Base, impious wretches, hear
What wrath betides you, and what fate is near.
If, taught by heaven, your hearts the dream divine,
Wealth waits your steps, and crowns before you shine:
Prophets of truth, your race shall then be seen,
Lov'd by the Gods, and precious gifts to men.
But if this feat your purblind skill denies,
Each wretch, who soils the robe of wisdom, dies.
Mock'd by your boasts, my soul, no longer tame,
Shall rouse to sense, and bid just vengeance flame;
Each pamper'd carcase this right hand shall tear,
Glut the rob'd wolves, and feast the fowls of air.
Your hosts, your houses, give to flames a prey,
And sweep the nuisance from the world away."

He spoke: the seers withdrew.—The realm around,
From voice to voice diffus'd the dismal sound.
From ARIOCH, ASHPENAZ the tidings knew!
With thoughts all anxious to the youths he flew,
Rehears'd the tale—and "You, by worth betray'd,
Must soon," he cried, "be number'd with the dead."
"Fear not, O Prince,"—the elder youth reply'd:
"While heaven commands no ills the just betide.
Virtue refines, beneath affliction's power,
As gold runs beauteous from dissolving ore.
To light the dream shall rise, or, if the sky
Ordains our death, 'tis highest gain to die.

Unmov'd, our hearts, that thousand deaths have known
 In Judah's woes, will meet the pangs of one ;
 From toil, and grief, and shame, unpinion'd rise,
 And mix with angels in their native skies.
 But haste, ah haste, and faithful ARIOCH bring,
 E're he commence the vengeance of the king ;
 This night, shall Heaven the vanish'd scenes restore,
 And save the prophets from vindictive power."

The Prince to ARIOCH flew, and, bath'd in tears,
 Rehears'd the tale of mingled hopes, and fears.
 He came : And pleas'd to stay the monarch's rage,
 Led to the throne the young, unbearded sage.
 With mild regard, the softening sovereign view'd,
 While worth, and beauty, half his wrath subdued,
 Heard him, with modest mien, his hope propose,
 That Heaven, ere morn, the vision would disclose,
 And bade glad ARIOCH vengeance dire delay,
 'Till the wish'd hour should ope the promis'd day.

Those hours, the youths consum'd in fasts severe,
 And the pure fervence of effectual prayer.
 The God of worlds, to whom, with beam divine,
 Fairer than morn the sons of Zion shine,
 With love all bounteous bade the vision rise,
 Dread, full, and clear, to DANIEL's slumbering eyes.

At earliest dawn, the youths, in bright array,
 Toward the new palace bent their early way ;
 Through rows of lords, and rows of kings they pass'd,
 While eyes of wonder thousands on them cast ;
 For round the court had spread the fearful doom,
 That mark'd the guiltless Magi to the tomb.

Before the throne the beardless prophets stood ;
 Round their fair forms the grace of virtue glow'd ;
 Pleas'd, the great monarch view'd : With softer ray,
 His eye-balls smil'd their fiercer flames away ;
 His settling visage lost its wrathful form,
 As Spring looks fair behind a wintery storm.

“ O KING of kings ? ” the elder youth began—
 “ Thy dread request transcends the power of man.
 In vain thy seers the vision would regain ;
 Like ours, their wishes, toils, and tears, are vain.
 'Tis God alone the wonders can display,
 The God, who form'd the heaven, the earth, and sea ;
 Naked, and clear, before whose searching eye,
 The soul, the thoughts, and deep affections lie ;
 He brought the eventful vision to thy sight,
 And he again commands it into light.

“ What time the dew of peace around thy bed
 The silent slumbers of the morning spread,
 Dread to thine eyes a wonderous image shone,
 Awful in form, in splendor like the sun.
 Its head of flaming gold, its arms and breast,
 Of silver fair, inferior worth confess'd ;
 Its thighs and belly glow'd with brazen light ;
 Its legs, of iron, mark'd resistless might ;
 Its iron feet, commix'd with miry clay,
 Display'd unsolid power, to time a prey.
 When lo ! spontaneous, from the mountains rent,
 A stone came thundering down, with swift descent ;
 Full on the form, with mighty force it burst,
 Crush'd all its limbs, and ground its frame to dust ;

Borne by the winds, thou saw'st its ruins fly,
 Like chaff, when whirlwinds sweep the summer sky.
 And as a rising cloud, but just beheld,
 Approaching, widens o'er the aerial field,
 Expands, ascends, and, slow thro' ether driven,
 Sails thro' the immense, and fills the bounds of heaven :
 So the small cliff to rise, and swell, began,
 Spread thro' the fields, the neighbouring groves o'er-ran,
 O'er towns, o'er realms, o'er mountains, left the eye,
 Uprose beyond the clouds, and heav'd the boundless sky.

“ 'Tis thus, O king ! the Lord of Heaven declares,
 What scenes roll onward with the tide of years.
 By us, his sovereign voice to thee makes known,
 And tells what changes wait the Assyrian throne.

“ Thou art this head of gold : Thy power sublime,
 Rules thousand kings, and spreads thro' every clime.
 But soon thy glory hastens to decay,
 Soon the bright arms commence a humbler sway :
 That too shall fail ; the brazen kingdom rise,
 Like ocean, spreading to surrounding skies.
 As iron then an empire strong shall spring,
 Subdue each realm, and vanquish every king :
 Beneath its wondrous power, all nature yields,
 Europe's lone wilds, and Asia's cultur'd fields.
 Hence various kings, to art, and force, a prey,
 As iron potent, yet dissolv'd like clay :
 Unsound, unsolid, shall their empire rise,
 Varying, as clouds their changes in the skies.
 In those far distant days, o'er every land,
 Shall God's dread sceptre rear its high command :

Before its power, resisting powers decay ;
 Nations, and kings, and empires, melt away ;
 Through unknown wilds the vast dominion roll,
 Extend its conquering force from pole to pole ;
 From morn's far regions reach the shores of even,
 Fill earth, and time, and rear its pomp to heaven.
 Thus, King of kings ! the heavens thy dream restore,
 And teach the changes of terrestrial power."

The monarch heard, and look'd, when heavenly flame,
 Round the fair youths should cast a golden beam ;
 Or o'er their limbs instinctive lightnings run ;
 Or rainbow'd pinions lift them to the sun.
 Prostrate to earth he fell : and,—“ Oh !” he cries,
 “ Your God is Lord of gods, and worlds, and skies :
 He, only he, could make these visions known ;
 Let praise, and glory, wait his heavenly throne.”

To DANIEL, then the raptur'd hero bade
 Incense be fir'd, and rich oblations paid ;
 O'er his prime lords his favourite place ordain'd,
 A prince to every king, and every land :
 While, high o'er BABEL's realm, his partners fate
 In kingly favour, and judicial state.

Where'er they pass'd, pursuing wonder came ;
 The Magi blest'd, the children lisp'd their name ;
 To them were Judah's prayers and blessings given,
 And the poor mark'd them as the sons of Heaven.



THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

 BY THE SAME.

PART III.

DANIEL, CHAP. III.

AND now once more, the spacious empire round,
 War's fearful clarion ceas'd its shrilling sound;
 Her voice harmonious, on subsiding gales,
 Sweet peace resounded through the gladd'ning vales:
 When lo, new fears the faithful friends await,
 And other trials lour'd approaching fate.
 Long through the monarch's soul the project ran,
 (Grateful to proud and heaven-dethroning man)
 To bind the soul, the conscience to enchain,
 And force one worship through his wide domain.
 Fir'd with the fond design, an image fair,
 Rich with pure gold, and gem'd with many a star.
 He form'd, fair image of the morning sun,
 Acknowledg'd guardian of th' Assyrian throne.
 To this, his soul decreed mankind should bow,
 Each victim burn, and rise each sacred vow,
 And bade his mighty lords direct their way
 To meet their sovereign, on th' appointed day.
 North of proud Babel's walls, from sky to sky,
 The plain of Dura left the labouring eye:

There willows wav'd o'er Tygris flowery side :
 There broad Euphrates roll'd his mighty tide.
 This the dread scene the monarch's will ordain'd ;
 And hither throng'd the lords of many a land.
 As now the destin'd morn her lustre shed,
 Here o'er the fields a host immensely spread ;
 Kings, nobles, chieftains, every sage and feer,
 And hosts of slaves, and warriors gather'd here.

Bright rose, in pomp divine, the imperial sun ;
 Light, life, and joy danc'd round his golden throne ;
 The heavens unclouded smil'd a fairer blue ;
 Reviving beauty cloath'd the world anew ;
 As on old ocean glows the sun's broad ray,
 And lights his glassy fields with mimic day ;
 So, kindled by his beams, around the plain,
 A new morn trembled o'er the unnumber'd train ;
 From helms, and shields, and steeds, and cars, aspires
 A general glory of immingling fires :
 The Tygris brighten'd in the golden beam,
 And sweeter murmurs soften'd o'er the stream.
 On a tall pedestal, before them shone
 The sacred image of the rising sun ;
 In solemn pomp, a hero rose sublime,
 His eye deep piercing through the scenes of time.
 When first the orb, ascending from the main,
 Cast his far level'd beams along the plain,
 The form superb with every splendor shone,
 Streak'd the gay fields, and seem'd another sun.
 There the deep ruby pour'd a crimson ray ;
 The sunny topaz shed a rival day :

Of every hue the mimic rainbow came,
 And join'd its varied lights in one transcendant flame.
 Far round the plain the throng unnumber'd stood,
 And gaz'd in silence on the imag'd god,
 When thus the heralds cried, " With reverent ear
 Your Monarch's voice, ye kings and nations, hear,
 What time the notes of mingled music roll,
 With magic influence on th' enraptur'd soul,
 Before yon golden form, ye suppliants all
 Prostrate on earth, with sacred homage, fall.

They spoke : as, borne thro' some far winding vale,
 The voice of ocean leads the springing gale ;
 More loud, more solemn from the distant shore,
 The slow, deep murmurs rise, and swell, and roar ;
 Propp'd on his staff, the hoary seaman stands,
 And calls back happier times, and other lands ;
 Through his limbs thrills the youth-renewing charm,
 And skies, and winds, and waves, his bosom warm :
 So sudden, from ten thousand pipes and strings,
 Loud, full and clear, the voice of music springs :
 O'er the glad plain, the breathing sounds exhale,
 And swell, and wanton in the rising gale ;
 Now deep, majestic in dread pomp they roll ;
 Now softly languish on the yeilding soul ;
 Now solemn awe, now lively zeal inspire,
 Wake heavenly dreams, and light romantic fire :
 Now sunk on earth, the unnumber'd suppliants lie,
 And smoking altars cloud the fragrant sky.

'Mid the vast throng, the friends of Daniel stood,
 Nor bent the knee before the golden god.

Alone they stood ; for at the palace gate,
 So the king bade, in judgement Daniel fate,
 The Magi saw, and straight, by envy led,
 Flew to the king, and thus impatient said ——
 (For tho' the youths preserv'd from death their race,
 Their bosoms sicken'd at their rivals' place)
 O prince ! regardless of thy dread decree,
 The Jews, so honor'd, lov'd and bless'd by thee,
 Before yon golden God refuse to bow,
 Present the prayer, or pay the solemn vow.
 They slight thy gods, despise thy glorious name,
 Nor heed the vengeance of the fearful flame.

Fir'd at the tale, before their sovereign king
 He bade fierce guards the sons of Judah bring.
 Serene they came. And dare your hearts, he cries,
 Against the terrors of my anger rise?
 Dare ye refuse before yon god to bow,
 Present the prayer, and pay the solemn vow?
 Then know from me, vain youths, repenting know,
 Before you flames of fearful vengeance glow.
 Nor hope to 'scape. What man, what god can save,
 When I command you to the burning grave?
 Be warn'd ; be wise, your monarch's god adore ;
 Nor tempt the dangers of resistless power.

He spoke. As cherubs, dress'd in robes of light,
 To earth, on heaven's high errands, wing their flight,
 With solemn, sweet, complacent smile appear,
 And blossom in immortal beauty here :
 So, rosy splendor purpling o'er his face,
 With meekly dignity and matchless grace,

Whilst on the king he cast a heavenly look,
 That half revers'd the sentence ere he spoke.
 His lifted eye serene with solemn pride,
 With gentle voice, the elder* youth replied,
 Well pleas'd, O prince! our hearts confess thy sway,
 And all thy just commands with joy obey;
 Faithful and patient, every toil sustain,
 Unaw'd by danger, and unmov'd by pain.
 But the great GOD who form'd the earth and seas,
 First claims our homage, first demands our praise:
 To him alone our knees in worship bend;
 To him our praises and our prayers ascend;
 His mighty arm his faithful sons shall save
 From all the terrors of the burning grave;
 Or bid the flames with harmless fury glow;
 Or crown with endless bliss the transient woe.
 But know, Assyrian prince! should ills most dire
 Rend our rack'd hearts, and bid our lives expire;
 Should virtue yeild to unrelenting power,
 And heaven forsake us in the dreadful hour;
 Still to his throne our sacred thoughts shall rise,
 Nor heed the gods that dwell beneath the skies.

He spoke: Again, with ecstasies of ire,
 The king's full visage flash'd infernal fire;
 Fiercely he bade his guards the offenders bind,
 And bear them forth, their feet and arms confin'd,
 Through the wide host their guilt and fate proclaim,
 And light the furnace with a seven-fold flame.

* SHADRACH.

The guards obey'd. As near the seat of woe,
Their eyes beheld the fearful vengeance glow,
They claim'd, with fervent prayers, the pitying sky,
And fix'd their souls to suffer and to die.

Serene, they saw the dark and dreadful fires,
Felt the fierce heat, and ey'd the gloomy spires;
Serene, they heard the long, deep murmurs roar,
As distant, rising whirlwinds rend the shore.

Forth to the flames the unfriended youths they cast;
Nor 'scap'd the eager guards the scorching blast:
Far round them shot a long, infolding spire,
And wrap'd them helpless in the mantling fire.

Mean time the king, the storm of vengeance o'er,
His wrath provok'd, his will oppos'd no more,
Felt other thoughts, and passions more refin'd
Compose the settling tumult of his mind.
Softening, he thought on all their conduct past,
Their virtue spotless, and their wisdom vast,
The wondrous dream, to them, with Daniel, given,
And all their pillar'd confidence in heaven.
His will they brav'd, of pains nor death afraid;
But still with mildest meekness disobey'd;
With such firm truth, such peaceful words denied,
As spoke the soul of virtue, not of pride.
Who knows, he whisper'd, but their well taught mind,
Serves nobler gods, with worship more refin'd?
Who knows but he who could the dream restore,
May save his favourites from the furnace' power?

As thus he spoke, with wand'ring course and slow,
He turn'd his footsteps towards the seat of woe:

'Till, with unguided, heedless feet he came
 Where full before him burn'd the dismal flame.
 When lo, dread scenes amaz'd his wilder'd sight:
 The youths walk'd peaceful through the horrid light:
 Harmless around them climb'd the circling spires,
 And mild as zephyrs play'd the lambent fires.
 Hymns of sweet praise the adoring prophets sung,
 And mid hoarse murmurs raptur'd warblings rung.

He gaz'd: at once, with light and beauty new,
 Through the dread cavern sudden splendor flew;
 A new dawn brighten'd o'er the dreary tomb,
 Drown'd the dark flames and quench'd the fullen gloom.
 So when the morn's bright face, in fair attire,
 Through orient windows strikes the wintry fire,
 The red flames wither in the ethereal ray,
 And all their earthly lustre dies away.

He gaz'd; when lo! a form of bodied light,
 Sprung from the sun and like the parent bright,
 In flow and stately grandeur, trod the scene,
 And the dread cavern smil'd, a Heaven within.
 Fair stars his wondrous crown, his strange attire
 The lucid rainbow's many-colour'd fire;
 Like threads of burnish'd silver, round his head,
 His twinkling locks in solemn glory play'd;
 In pomp divine above his shoulders borne,
 And dipt in roseate beams of rising morn,
 His long wings waving, fell: beneath his feet,
 The unnumber'd streams of springing light'nings meet.
 Full on the friends he beam'd a sun-bright smile,
 Transcendent meed of all their faith and toil!

Complacence pure, all thoughts, all minds above,
 That op'd the yearnings of redeeming love.
 Such smiles salute th' unbodied soul forgiven;
 Such smiles improve the fainted race of Heaven;
 Such smiles serene, with unextinguish'd ray,
 Purpled the opening morn of endless day.
 At once soft sounds of gratulation rung;
 Strange music play'd, unseen musicians sung;
 The solemn sounds with more than mortal fire,
 Wav'd with mild warblings, o'er th' etherial lyre:
 Marbled, on earth the prostrate monarch lay,
 And swoon'd his vanquish'd sense and soul away.

At length resummon'd from the gloomy dead,
 His opening eyes beheld the vision fled.
 With strong, but plaintive voice, amaz'd he cried,
 Sons of the sky and earth's transcendent pride!
 Forth from those dreary flames triumphant come,
 And quit the mansions of the destin'd tomb.

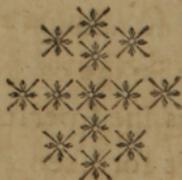
Forth came the youths; unsing'd their fair attire,
 Their limbs unconscious of the potent fire;
 The king, the nobles mark'd with solemn gaze,
 And sighs and silence own'd their deep amaze.

Round the wide plain the saddening pomp decay'd;
 The music died, the vast assembly fled;
 The knee unbent, the image ceas'd to adore;
 The extinguish'd altars shed perfumes no more;
 The golden form apart forsaken stood,
 And not a suppliant hail'd the slighted god:
 Round the wide circuit brooding silence lay,
 And clouds of deepest gloom o'ercastr'd the day.

Then through his boundless empire Heaven's great name,
 The humbl'd monarch bade his criers proclaim.
 To Heaven's great God, they cried, your honors pay,
 Let kings and nations own his sovereign sway ;
 With power divine to earth his angel came,
 And sav'd his prophets from the sevenfold flame.

To Babel's walls return'd the royal train :
 Their wonted honors cloth'd the youths again.
 With transport, Daniel heard his friends relate
 Their glorious triumph o'er the destin'd fate ;
 The flames by heavenly power innoxious made ;
 The solemn glories on the angel shed ;
 In dreams the labor'd pomp forever gone ;
 The tyrant vanquish'd and his god o'erthrown.

Belov'd, rever'd, the sons of virtue shin'd,
 Heirs of the skies, and patrons of mankind.
 Through all th' Assyrian world their bounty spread ;
 All Judah triumph'd ; all oppression fled ;
 Their glad approach, instinctive homage bless'd ;
 Crouds bent before them, lords and kings carefs'd ;
 To them the songs of every realm were given,
 And ceaseless round them glow'd the light of heaven.



A D D R E S S

OF THE

G E N I U S O F C O L U M B I A,

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONTINENTAL CONVENTION.

BY THE SAME.

FROM western skies, a cloud of glory came,
A small, dim spot, a torch of lambent flame;
Ascending, widening, slow the skirts unroll'd,
Rainbow'd with fire, and warm'd with glowing gold.
There, borne by summon'd winds, in pomp sublime,
His look far-piercing down the vast of time,
Where the long, narrowing vale deserts the eye,
Unbosom'd dimly on the eternal sky,
The Genius fate. He saw, when faction spent,
No more with war his darling kingdom rent,
The stream of kindred blood forbore to flow,
And morn faint trembled o'er the night of woe,
Call'd from each sister realm, the wise and great,
In Penn's fair walls, and awful council fate;
Pois'd in their hands, Columbia's mighty sway,
And tottering laws, and rights, and freedom, lay.

He saw, when fairer than the glow of even,
And bright as visions of disclosing heaven,
Full in his face a sacred splendor shone,
And the west kindled with another sun.

"All hail, my sons," he cried, "my voice attend,
 Your country's genius, guardian, guide, and friend:
 The counsels mark, that faithful friend supplies,
 Attend, and learn the dictates of the skies.
 Before you, lo! what scenes of glory spread,
 The fairest, brightest, noblest, heaven has made:
 Their home, where freedom, science, virtue, find,
 The last recesses of oppress'd mankind.
 The immense of empire here, amaz'd, descry,
 Where realms are lost, and hidden oceans lie;
 Where Persia's vast would sink in shades conceal'd,
 And Rome's proud world diminish to a field.
 See, from the pole, where frozen fountains rise,
 And pour their waters under torrid skies,
 Where Rhines and Danubes, rills and streamlets play,
 To swell the pomp of Mississippi's sea;
 Where a zone's breadth majestic woods extend,
 And other Andes o'er the storms ascend;
 Where meadows bound the morn and evening rays;
 Where plains are kingdoms, and where lakes are seas.

See thro' all climes the unmeasur'd empire run,
 And drink each influence from the lingering sun;
 Pure skies unbosom'd, days serenest roll,
 And gales of health, from Darien fan the pole.

In each bless'd clime, to crown industrious toil,
 See every product spring from every soil,
 Here the fur whitens in the frozen shade;
 Here flocks unnumber'd crowd the pastur'd glade;
 Here threatening famine double harvests scorn—
 Europe's rich grains, and India's useful corn—

Virginia's fragrant pride, huge fleets convey,
And fields of rice float cumbrous o'er the sea,
While all its wealth, the world of waters yields,
And treasures fill the subterranean fields.
These goods to waft where'er expands the wind,
To bless and to sustain the human kind,
See, stretch'd immense from Cancer to the pole,
On either side contending oceans roll ;
O'er this, all Europe wings her haughty sails ;
O'er that, all India wafts on spicy gales ;
While bays, and streams, and lakes, her realms explore,
And land each product at each happy door.

To fill these realms, a generous race behold,
Of happiest genius, and of firmest mould ;
In thoughts, in arts, in life, in language join'd,
One faith, one worship, one politic mind,
Patient, serene, in toils and dangers dire,
Their nerves of iron, and their souls of fire :
Call'd from all realms, these chosen sons have join'd
Expansive manners, and a genial mind,
The liberal sentiment, the adventurous thought,
With greatness teeming, and with goodness fraught ;
Chain'd to no party ; by no system bound ;
Confining merit to no speck of ground ;
Nor Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, Swifs, or Huns,
Of earth the natives, and of heaven the sons,
Regarding, loving, all the great and good,
Of every rank, clime, party, sect, and blood.

The swain, with bliss to Europe's climes unknown,
 His wife, his house, his lands, his flock, his own,
 Treads, independent, on the subject soil,
 Prepar'd for every danger, every toil ;
 Prepar'd to see antarctic oceans roll,
 To circle earth, and search the lonely pole ;
 Or thro' the immense of science wind his way ;
 Or lift poetic wings beyond the day ;
 The ridgy front of death for freedom dare,
 Or, round all regions, hush the voice of war.

Heaven from all climes this happy realm conceal'd,
 While wolves and Indians roam'd the bloody field,
 Till human rule a soft'ning aspect wore,
 Till war's black chariot ceas'd to roll in gore,
 Till bigot zeal resign'd his scarlet sway,
 And his dread thunders puff'd in smoke away.

Thus oh how bless'd the era of her fate,
 How bright the morning, and how long the date !
 For now each fair improvement of the mind,
 Each nobler effort lifts the human kind ;
 Vast means of bliss mechanic arts combine ;
 All liberal arts the rugged soul refine ;
 Freedom, and right, and law, their reign assume,
 Stern Power resist, and cheer the world's sad doom ;
 On nature's ocean, science lifts her sails,
 Finds other stars, and catches nobler gales ;
 While dawning virtue beams from yonder sky,
 And brighter suns arise on human joy.

Such scenes of bliss, ye sages, bless your eyes :
 For men, for realms like these, your plans devise.

Be then your counsels, as your subject, great,
A world their sphere, and time's long reign their date.

Each party-view, each private good, disclaim,
Each petty maxim, each colonial aim ;
Let all Columbia's weal your views expand,
A mighty system rule a mighty land ;
Yourselfes her genuine sons let Europe own,
Not the small agents of a paltry town.

Learn, cautious, what to alter, where to mend ;
See to what close projected measures tend.
From pressing wants the mind averting still,
Thinks good remotest from the present ill :
From feuds anarchial to oppression's throne,
Misguided nations hence for safety run ;
And through the miseries of a thousand years,
Their fatal folly mourn in bloody tears.

Ten thousand follies thro Columbia spread ;
Ten thousand wars her darling realms invade.
The private interest of each jealous state ;
Of rule the impatience, and of law the hate.
But ah ! from narrow springs these evils flow,
A few base wretches mingle general woe.
Still the same mind her manly race pervades,
Still the same virtues haunt the hallow'd shades.
But when the peals of war her center shook,
All private aims the anxious mind forsook.
In danger's iron-bond her race was one :
Each separate good, each little view unknown.
Now rule, unsystem'd, drives the mind astray ;
Now private interest points the downward way :

Hence civil discord pours her muddy stream,
 And fools and villains float upon the brim ;
 O'er all, the sad spectator casts his eye,
 And wonders where the gems and minerals lie.

But ne'er of freedom, glory, blifs, despond :
 Uplift your eyes those little clouds beyond ;
 See there returning suns, with gladdening ray,
 Roll on fair spring to chase this wintry day.

'Tis yours to bid those days of Eden shine :
 First, then, and last, the federal bands entwine :
 To this your every aim and effort bend :
 Let all your efforts here commence and end.

O'er state concerns, let every state preside ;
 Its private tax controul ; its justice guide ;
 Religion aid ; the morals to secure ;
 And bid each private right thro time endure.

Columbia's interests public sway demand,
 Her commerce, impost, unlocated land ;
 Her war, her peace, her military power ;
 Treaties to seal with every distant shore ;

To bid contending states their discord cease ;
 To send thro all the calumet of peace ;
 Science to wing thro every noble flight ;
 And lift desponding genius into light.

Thro every state to spread each public law,
 Interest must animate, and force must awe.
 Persuasive dictates realms will ne'er obey ;
 Sway, uncoercive, is the shade of sway.

Be then your task to alter, aid, amend ;
The weak to strengthen, and the rigid bend ;
The prurient lop ; what's wanted to supply ;
And graft new scions from each friendly sky.

Slow, by degrees, politic systems rise ;
Age still refines them, and experience tries.
This, this alone consolidates, improves ;
Their sinews strengthens ; their defects removes ;
Gives that consistence time alone can give ;
Habituates men by law and right to live ;
To gray-hair'd rules increasing reverence draws ;
And wins the slave to love e'en tyrant laws.
But should Columbia, with distracted eyes,
See o'er her ruins one proud monarch rise ;
Should vain partitions her fair realms divide,
And rival empires float on faction's tide ;
Lo fix'd opinions 'gainst the fabric rage !
What wars, fierce passions with fierce passions wage !
From Cancer's glowing wilds, to Brunswick's shore, |
Hark, how the alarms of civil discord roar !
" To arms," the trump of kindled warfare cries,
And kindred blood smokes upward to the skies.
As Persia, Greece, so Europe bids her flame,
And smiles with eye malignant, o'er her shame.
Seize then, oh ! seize Columbia's golden hour ;
Perfect her federal system, public power ;
For this stupendous realm, this chosen race,
With all the improvements of all lands its base,
The glorious structure build ; its breadth extend ;
Its columns lift, its mighty arches bend !

Or freedom, science, arts, its stories shine,
 Unshaken pillars of a frame divine ;
 Far o'er the Atlantic wild its beams aspire,
 The world approves it, and the heavens admire ;
 O'er clouds, and suns, and stars, its splendors rise,
 Till the bright top-stone vanish in the skies."

C O L U M B I A.

BY THE SAME.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and child of the skies !
 Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
 Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.
 To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire ;
 Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
 A world is thy realm : for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
 On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrival'd shall soar
To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtue's bright image, instamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yeild their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;

Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung :
 " Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

BY THE SAME.

BEHOLD the changes of the skies,
 And see the circling seasons rise ;
 Hence, let the moral truth refin'd,
 Improve the beauty of the mind.

Winter, late with dreary reign,
 Rul'd the wide, unjoyous plain ;
 Gloomy forms with solemn roar
 Shook the hoarse, resounding shore.

Sorrow cast her sadness round,
 Life and joy forsook the ground,
 Death, with wild imperious sway,
 Bade the expiring world decay.

Now cast around thy raptur'd eyes,
 And see the beauteous spring arise ;
 See, flow'rs invest the hills again,
 And streams re-murmur o'er the plains.

Hark, hark, the joy-inspiring grove
Echoes to the voice of love ;
Balmy gales the sound prolong,
Wafting round the woodland song.

Such the scenes our life displays,
Swiftly fleet our rapid days ;
The hour that rolls forever on,
Tells us our years must soon be gone.

Sullen Death, with mournful gloom
Sweeps us downwards to the tomb ;
Life, and health, and joy decay,
Nature sinks, and dies away.

But the soul in gayest bloom,
Disdains the bondage of the tomb ;
Ascends above the clouds of even,
And, raptur'd, hails her native heaven.

Youth, and peace, and beauty there
Forever dance around the year ;
An endless joy invests the pole,
And streams of ceaseless pleasure roll.

Light, and joy, and grace divine
With bright and lasting glory shine :
Jehovah's smiles, with heav'nly ray,
Diffuse a clear, unbounded day.

K



A H Y M N,

Sung at the PUBLIC EXHIBITION of the SCHOLARS, belonging to the Academy in Greenfield, May 2d, 1788.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL child of light, returning Spring,
Fair image, foretaste sweet, of heaven!

In thee our hearts thy Maker sing,
By whose blest bounty thou wast given.

From thee the wintry glooms retire,
The skies their purest beams display,
And winds, and showers, and suns conspire,
To clothe the world with life and May.

Hail knowlege, hail, the moral spring
That wakes the verdure of the mind!
To man, thy rays indulgent bring
All fragrant flowers, and fruits refin'd.

Thy progress with the morn began,
Before thee every region smil'd;
The savage brighten'd into man,
And gardens blossom'd in the wild.

All hail fair Virtue, noblest good,
The bliss and beauty of the skies!
By whom, to yonder blest abode,
The humble, and the faithful rise.

While here fair Learning smiles benign,
And Spring leads on the genial year,
From realms of life and peace divine,
Descend, and bloom, and flourish here.

And O thou fount of good supreme,
The sun that lights eternal spring,
At once of knowledge source and theme,
Thee first, and last, our voices sing!

Virtue, in every charm array'd,
For this dark world, thy sufferings won;
Those charms thy matchless life display'd,
When here the incarnate splendor shone.

As dews refresh, as suns revive,
When clear and cloudless shines the day,
Command our rising race to live,
And win them from the world away.

With thee, the source of every grace,
Our song shall end, as it began;
Our hope, our trust, our joy, and praise,
The Saviour, and the Friend of Man.



A S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

LOOK, lovely maid, on yonder flow'r,
And see that busy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly moves,
And wantons in the sun,
His little life in joy improves,
And lives, before 'tis gone.

From this instinctive wisdom, learn,
The present hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern,
'Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, canst thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'st thou, if cloudless skies will shine,
Or heaven be wrapt in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows, his momentary play
Must end, before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim;
The past are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer then, fair maid, delay

The promis'd scenes of bliss;

Nor idly give another day,

The joys assign'd to this.

If *then* my breast can soothe thy care,

'Twill *now* that care allay;

If joy this hand can yield, my fair,

'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit! thou lovely maid,

Thy bashful, virgin pride;

To-day the happy plot be laid,

The bands, to-morrow, tied!

The purest joys shall be our own,

That e'er to man were giv'n;

And those bright scenes, on earth begun,

Shall brighter shine in heaven.



THE CRITICS.*

A FABLE.

Written September 1785.

'To every general rule there are exceptions.'—Common Sense.

 BY THE SAME.

TIS said of every dog that's found,
 Of mongrel, spaniel, cur, and hound;
 That each sustains a doggish mind,
 And hates the new, sublime, refin'd.
 'Tis hence the wretches bay the moon,
 In beauty throned at highest noon;
 Hence every nobler brute they bite,
 And hunt the stranger-dog with spite;
 And hence, the nose's dictates parrying,
 They fly from meat to feed on carrion.
 'Tis also said, the curriish soul
 The critic race possesses whole;
 As near they come, in tho'ts and natures,
 As two legg'd can, to four legg'd creatures;
 Alike the things they love and blame,
 Their voice, and language, much the same.

* This Poem is reprinted from *The Gazette of the United States*, of July 13, 1791; where it was first published.

The Muse this subject made her theme,
 And told me in a morning dream.
 Such dreams you fages may decry ;
 But Muses know they never lie.
 Then hear, from me, in grave narration,
 Of these strange facts, the strange occasion.

In Greece Cynethe's village lay,
 Well known to all, who went that way,
 For dogs of every kindred famed,
 And from true doggish manners named.
 One morn, a greyhound pass'd the street ;
 At once the foul-mouth'd conclave met,
 Huddling around the stranger ran,
 And thus their smart *review* began.
 "What tramper" with a grinning sneer,
 Bark'd out the clumsy cur, "is here ?
 No native of the town, I see ;
 Some foreign whelp of base degree.
 I'd shew, but that the record's torn,
 We true Welsh curs are better born.
 His coat is smooth ; but longer hair
 Would more become a dog by far.
 His slender ear, how strait and sloping !
 While ours is much improved by *cropping*."

"Right," cried the blood-hound, "that strait ear
 Seems made for nothing, but to hear ;
 'Tis long agreed, thro' all the town,
 That handsome ears, like mine, hang down ;
 And tho' his body's gaunt, and round,
 'Tis no true rawboned gaunt of hound.

How high his nose the creature carries !
 As if on bugs, and flies, his fare is ;
 I'll teach this strutting stupid log,
 To smell's the business of a dog."

" Baugh-waugh !" the shaggy spaniel cried,
 " What wretched covering on his hide !
 I wonder where he lives in winter ;
 His strait, sleek legs too, out of joint are ;
 I hope the vagrant will not dare
 His fledging with my fleece compare.
 He never plung'd in pond or river,
 To search for wounded duck and diver ;
 By kicks would soon be fet a skipping,
 Nor take, one half so well a whipping."

" Rat me," the lap-dog yelp'd, " thro' nature,
 Was ever seen so coarse a creature ?
 I hope no lady's sad mishap
 E'er led the booby to her lap ;
 He'd fright PRIMRILLA into fits,
 And rob FOOLERIA of her wits ;
 A mere barbarian, Indian whelp !
 How clownish, countryish, sounds his yelp !
 He never tasted bread and butter,
 Nor play'd the petty squirm and flutter ;
 Nor e'er, like me, has learn'd to fatten,
 On kisses sweet, and softest patting."

" Some parson's dog, I vow," whined puppy ;
 " His rusty coat how sun-burnt ! stop ye !"
 The beagle call'd him to the wood.
 The bull-dog bellowed, " Zounds ! and blood !"

The wolf-dog and the mastiff were,
 The Muse says, an exception here ;
 Superior both to such foul play,
 They wish'd the stranger well away.

From *spleen* the *strictures* rose to *fury*,
 " Villain," growl'd one, " I can't endure you."
 " Let's seize the truant," snarl'd another,
 Encored by every foul-mouth'd brother.
 "'Tis done," bark'd all, " we'll mob the creature,
 And sacrifice him to ill-nature."

The greyhound, who despised their breath,
 Still tho't it best to shun their teeth.
 Easy he wing'd his rapid flight,
 And left the scoundrels out of sight.

Good JUNO, by the ancients holden,
 The genuine *notre-dame* of scolding,
 Sate pleas'd, because there'd such a fuss been,
 And in the hound's place wish'd her husband ;
 For here, even pleasure bade her own,
 Her ladyship was once out-done.
 " Hail dogs," she cried, " of every kind !
 Retain ye still this snarling mind,
 Hate all that's good, and fair, and new,
 And I'll a goddess be to you.

Nor this the only good you prove ;
 Learn what the fruits of JUNO's love.
 Your souls, from forms, that creep all four on,
 I'll raise, by system Pythagorean,

To animate the human frame,
 And gain my favorite tribe a name.
 Be ye henceforth (so I ordain)
 Critics, the genuine curs of men.
 To snarl be still your highest bliss,
 And all your criticism like this.
 Whate'er is great, or just, in nature,
 Of graceful form, or lovely feature ;
 Whate'er adorns the ennobled mind,
 Sublime, inventive, and refin'd ;
 With spleen, and spite, forever blame,
 And load with every dirty name.
 All things of noblest kind and use,
 To your own standard vile reduce,
 And all in wild confusion blend,
 Nor heed the *subject, scope, or end.*
 But chief, when *modest young beginners,*
 'Gainst *critic laws, by nature sinners,*
 Peep out in verse, and dare to run,
 Thro' towns and villages your own,
 Hunt them, as when yon stranger dog
 Set all your growling crew agog ;
 Till stunn'd, and scared, they hide from view,
 And leave the country clear for you."

This said, the goddess kind caressing,
 Gave every cur a double blessing.
 Each doggish mind, tho' grown no bigger,
 Henceforth assumed the human figure,
 The body walk'd on two ; the mind
 To four, still chose to be confin'd ;

Still creeps on earth, still scents out foes,
 Is still led onward by the nose;
 Hates all the good, it used to hate,
 The lofty, beauteous, new, and great;
 The stranger hunts with spite quintessent,
 And snarls, from that day to the present.

EPISTLE TO COL. HUMPHRYES.

GREENFIELD, 1785.

 BY THE SAME.

FROM realms, where nature sports in youthful prime,
 Where Hesper lingers o'er his darling clime,
 Where sunny genius lights his sacred flame,
 Where rising science casts her morning beam,
 Where empire's final throne in pomp ascends,
 Where pilgrim freedom finds her vanish'd friends,
 The world renews, and man from eastern fires,
 Phœnix divine, again to Heaven aspires,
 Health to my friend this happy verse conveys,
 His fond attendant o'er the Atlantic seas.

Health to my friend let every wish prolong;
 Be this the burden of each artless song;
 This in the prayer of every morn arise;
 Thou angel guardian, waft it to the skies!

His devious course let fostering Heaven survey ;
Nor ills betide, nor foes arrest his way.

Nor health alone——may blifs thy path attend ;
May truth direct thee, and may peace befriend ;
From virtue's fount thy taintless actions flow ;
The shield of conscience blunt the dart of woe ;
To rising blifs refin'd above alloy,
Where budding wishes blossom into joy,
Where glory dwells, where saints and seraphs sing,
Let Heaven, in prospect, tempt thy lifted wing.

Me the same views, the same soft tide of cares,
Bear gently onward down the stream of years,
Still the same duties call my course along ;
Still grows, at times, the pain-deluding song ;
Still scenes domestic earthly joys refine,
Where blest Maria mingles cares with mine ;
The same fond circle still my life endears,
Where Fairfield's elms, or Stamford's groupe appears ;
Or where, in rural guise, around me smile
Mansions of peace, and Greenfield's beauteous hill ;
Still to my cot the friend delighted hies,
And one lov'd parent waits beneath the skies.

To thee, far summon'd from each native scene,
With half the breadth of this wide world between,
How blest'd the news my happy verse conveys,
Of friends, divided by interfluent seas?
Health, peace, and competence, their walks surround,
On the bright margin of yon beauteous Sound ;
Where Hartford sees the first of waters glide,
Or where thy Avon winds his silver tide.

Yet thou must mourn a friend,* a brother dear,
And o'er departed merit drop a tear.
Him sense illum'd, the hero's warmth inspir'd,
Grace taught to please, and patriot virtue fir'd;
Alike in peace, in war, at home, abroad,
Worth gain'd him honor, where his footsteps trode;
Yet all in vain: his laurel'd garlands bloom;
But waste their beauty on the untimely tomb.

Meantime, invited o'er the Atlantic tide,
Where arts refin'd allure thy feet aside,
May'st thou, unmov'd by splendor's painted charms,
And steel'd, when pleasure smiling spreads her arms,
The great simplicity of soul retain,
The humble fear of Heaven, and love of man.
When round thy course temptations sweetly throng,
When warbling sirens chant the luscious song,
When wealth's fair bubble beams its hues afar,
When grandeur calls thee to her golden car,
When pleasure opes the bosom bright of joy,
And the dy'd serpent gazes to destroy;
Oh! may the heavenly Guide thy passions warm,
Up virtue's hills thy feet resistless charm,
Shew thee what crowns reward the glorious strife,
And quicken fainting duty into life.

Oft has thine eyes, with glance indignant seen
Columbia's youths, unfolding into men,

* Major Elijah Humphreys, brother to Col. Humphreys,
who died in the West-Indies, in 1785.

Their minds to improve, their manners to adorn,
 To Europe's climes by fond indulgence borne ;
 Oft hast thou seen those youths, at custom's shrine,
 Victims to pride, to folly, and to sin,
 Of worth bereft, of real sense forlorn,
 Their land forget, their friends, their freedom spurn ;
 Each noble cause, each solid good desert,
 For splendor happiness, and truth for art ;
 The plain, frank manners of their race despise,
 Fair without fraud, and great without disguise ;
 Where, thro the life the heart uncover'd ran,
 And spoke the native dignity of man.

For these, the gain let Virtue blush to hear,
 And each sad parent drop the plaintive tear !
 Train'd in foul stews, impoison'd by the stage,
 Hoyl'd into gaming, Keyser'd into age,
 To smooth hypocrisy by Stanhope led,
 To truth an alien, and to virtue dead,
 Swoln with an English butcher's sour disdain,
 Or to a Fribble dwindled from a man,
 Homeward again behold the jackdaw run,
 And yield his fire the ruins of a son !

What tho' his mind no thought has e'er perplex'd,
 Converse illum'd, or observations vex'd ;
 Yet here, in each debate, a judge he shines,
 Of all, that man enlarges, or refines ;
 Religion, science, politics, and song ;
 A prodigy his parts ; an oracle his tongue.
 Hift ! hift ! ye mere Americans, attend ;
 Ope wide your mouths ; your knees in homage bend ;

While Curl discloses to the raptur'd view
 What Peter, Paul, and Moses, never knew;
 The light of new-born wisdom sheds abroad,
 And adds a * leanto to the word of God.
 What Creole wretch shall dare, with home-made foils,
 Attack opinions, brought three thousand miles;
 Sense, in no common way to mortals given,
 But on Atlantic travellers breath'd by Heaven;
 A head, *en queue*, by Monsieur Frizzle dress'd;
 Manners, a Paris Taylor's arts invest;
 Pure criticism, form'd from *acted* plays;
 And graces, that would even a Stanhope grace?
 Commercial wisdom, merchants here inhale
 From him, whose eye hath seen the unfinish'd bale;
 Whose feet have pass'd the shop, where pins were sold,
 The wire was silver'd, and the heads were roll'd!
 Conven'd, ye lawyers, make your humblest leg!
 Here stands the man has seen Lord Mansfield's wig!
 Physicians hush'd, hear Galen's lips distil,
 From Buchan's contents, all the Art to heal!
 Divines, with reverence cease your scripture whims,
 And learn this male Minerva's moral schemes;
 Schemes theologic found in Drury-lane,
 That prove the bible false, and virtue vain!
 Heavens! shall a child in learning, and in wit,
 O'er Europe's climes, a bird of passage flit;

* An awkward addition to a dwelling-house, very common in New-England.

There, as at home, his stripling self unknown,
 By novel wonders stupified to stone,
 Shut from the wise, and by no converse taught,
 No well-read day, nor hour of serious thought,
 His head by pleasure, vice, and hurry, turn'd,
 All prudence trampled, all improvements spurn'd;
 Shall he, with less of Europe in his cap,
 Than satchell'd school-boy guesles from the map,
 On every subject strutingly decree,
 Ken the far shore, and search the unfathom'd sea,
 Where learning has her lamp for ages oil'd,
 Where Newton ponders, and where Berkeley toil'd?
 Of all the plagues, that rise in human shape,
 Good Heaven, preserve us from the travell'd Ape!
 * "Peace to all such:" but were there one, whose mind
 Bold genius wing'd, and converse pure, refin'd,
 By nature prompted science' realms to roam,
 And both her Indies bring with rapture home;
 Who men, and manners, search'd with eagle eye,
 Exact to weigh, and curious to descry;
 Himself who burnish'd with the hand of care,
 Till kings might boast so bright a gem to wear;
 Should he, deep plung'd in Circe's sensual bowl,
 Imbrue his native manliness of soul,
 With eye estrang'd, from fair Columbia turn,
 Her youth, her innocence, and beauty scorn;
 To that foul harlot, Europe, yield his mind,
 Witch'd by her smiles, and to her snares resign'd;

* Pope's prologue to the Satires.

To nature's bloom prefer the rouge of art,
A tinsel'd outside to a golden heart,
Show, to the bliss by simple freedom given,
To virtue, Stanhope, and Voltaire to Heaven;
Who but must wish, the apostate youth to see?
Who but must agonize, were Humphreys he?
But all thy soul shall 'scape, the escape to aid,
Fair to thy view be every motive spread.
Of each gay cause the dire effects survey,
And bring the painted tomb disclos'd to day.
Tho' there proud pomp uprears his throne on high;
Tho' there the golden palace lights the sky;
Tho' wealth unfolds her gay, Edenian seats,
Her walk of grandeur, and her wild of sweets;
The stage, the park, the ring, the dance, the feast,
Charm the pall'd eye, and lure the loathing taste;
Yet there fierce war unceasing sounds alarms;
Pride blows the trump, and millions rush to arms;
See steel and fire extinguish human good!
See realms manur'd with corsees, and with blood!
At slaughter's shrine expires the new-born-joy,
And all Jehovah's bounty fiends destroy.
See the huge jail in gloomy grandeur rise,
Low'r o'er mankind, and mock the tempted skies!
Hear the chain clank! the bursting groan attend!
And mark the neighboring gibbet's pride ascend.
See earth's fair face insatiate luxury spoils!
For one poor tyrant, lo, a province toils!
To brothels, half the female world is driven,
Lost to themselves, and reprobates of heaven.

There too refinement glances o'er the mind ;
 And nought but vice, and outside, is refin'd ;
 To vice auspicious, brilliant manners blend,
 The waxen faint, and sinner, foe and friend,
 Melt from the soul each virtue, as they shine,
 And warm the imposon'd blossom into sin.
 In fair Columbia's realms, how chang'd the plan ;
 Where all things bloom, but, first of all things, man !
 Lord of himself, the independent swain,
 Sees no superior stalk the happy plain :
 His house, his herd, his harvest, all his own ;
 His farm a kingdom, and his chair a throne.
 Unblench'd by foul hypocrisy, the soul
 Speaks in her face, and bids his accents roll ;
 (Her wings unclipp'd) with fire instinctive warms ;
 Strong pulses feels, and bold conceptions forms ;
 At noblest objects aims her flight supreme,
 The purpose vast, and enterprize extreme.
 Hence round the pole her sons exalt the sail,
 Search southern seas, and rouse the Falkland whale ;
 Or on bold pinions hail the Asian skies,
 And bid new stars in spicy oceans rise.
 Hence in bright arms her chiefs superior flame,
 Even now triumphant on the steep of fame,
 Where Vernon's Hero mounts the throne sublime,
 And sees no rival grace the reign of time.
 Hence countless honours rising Med'cine claims ;
 Hence Law presents her constellated names ;
 The Sacred Science sees her concave bright
 Instarr'd, and beauteous, with the sons of light ;

Hence Edwards cheer'd the world with moral day,
And Franklin walk'd, unhurt, the realms where lightnings
Mechanic genius hence exalts his eye, [play-
All powers to measure, and all scenes descry,
Bids Rittenhouse the heavenly system feign,
And Bushnell search the chambers of the main.
Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,
Ascending bards begin the immortal song :
Let glowing friendship wake the cheerful lyre,
Blest to commend, and pleas'd to catch the fire.
Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given !
To fill with worth the part assign'd by Heaven ;
Distinguish'd actors on life's busy stage,
Lov'd by mankind, and useful to the age ;
While science round them twines her vernal bays,
And sense directs, and genius fires their lays.
While this fair land commands thy feet to roam,
And, all Columbian, still thou plan'st for home,
From those bright sages, with whose mission join'd,
Thou seek'st to build the interests of mankind,
Experience, wisdom, honour, may'st thou gain,
The zeal for country, and the love of man.
There thro' the civil science may'st thou run ;
There learn how empires are preserv'd, or won ;
How arts politic wide dominions sway ;
How well-train'd navies bid the world obey ;
How war's imperial car commands the plain,
Or rolls majestic o'er the subject main ;
Thro' earth, how commerce spreads a softer sway,
And Gallia's sons negotiate realms away.

Then, crown'd with every gift, and grace, return,
 To add new glories to the western morn;
 With sages, heroes, bards, her charms display,
 Her arts, arms, virtues, and her happy sway;
 Bid o'er the world her constellation rise,
 The brightest splendor in the unmeasur'd skies,
 Her genial influence thro' all nations roll,
 And hush the sound of war from pole to pole.

And oh, may he, who still'd the stormy main,
 And lightly wing'd thee o'er the glassy plain,
 Thro' life's rough-billow'd sea, with kinder gales,
 With skies serener, and with happier sails,
 Each shoal escap'd, afar each tempest driven,
 And nought but raptures round the enchanted Heaven,
 To bliss, fair shore, thy prosperous course convey,
 And join my peaceful bark, companion of thy way.



THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.*

BY JOEL BARLOW, ESQUIRE.

THE closing scenes of Tyrants' fruitless rage,
The opening prospects of a golden age,
The dread events that crown th' important year,
Wake the glad song, and claim th' attentive ear.

Long has Columbia rung with dire alarms,
While Freedom call'd her injur'd sons to arms;
While various fortune fir'd th' embattled field,
Conquest delay'd, and victory stood conceal'd;
While closing legions mark'd their dreadful way,
And millions trembled for the dubious day.

In this grand conflict heaven's Eternal Sire,
At whose dread frown the sons of guilt expire,
Bade vengeance rise, with sacred fury driven,
On those who war with Innocence and Heaven.

Behold, where late the trembling squadrons fled,
Hosts bow'd in chains, and hapless numbers bled,
In different fields our numerous heroes rouse,
To crop the wreath from Britain's impious brows.

* This Poem is reprinted from the 12mo edition, printed by Thomas and Samuel Green, New-Haven, 1788,—and was delivered, by the Author, in Yale-College, at the Public Examination of the Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts; July 23, 1778.

Age following age shall these events relate
 'Till Time's old empire yield to destin'd Fate;
 Historic truth our guardian chiefs proclaim,
 Their worth, their actions, and their deathless fame;
 Admiring crouds their life-touch'd forms behold
 In breathing canvass, or in sculptur'd gold,
 And hail the Leader of the favorite throng,
 The rapt'rous theme of some heroic song.

And soon, emerging from the orient skies,
 The blissful morn in glorious pomp shall rise,
 Wafting fair Peace from Europe's fated coast;
 Where wand'ring long, in mazy factions lost,
 From realm to realm, by rage and discord driven,
 She seem'd resolv'd to reascend her heaven.

This LEWIS view'd, and reach'd a friendly hand,
 Pointing her flight to this far-distant land;
 Bade her extend her empire o'er the West,
 And Europe's balance tremble on her crest!

Now, see the Goddess mounting on the day,
 To these fair climes direct her circling way,
 Willing to seek, once more, an earthly throne,
 To cheer the globe, and emulate the sun.
 With placid look she eyes the blissful shore,
 Bids the loud-thundering cannon cease to roar;
 Bids British navies from these ports be tost,
 And hostile keels no more insult the coast:
 Bids private feuds her sacred vengeance feel,
 And bow submissive to the public weal;
 Bids long, calm years adorn the happy clime,
 And roll down blessings to remotest time.

Hail! heaven-born Peace, fair Nurse of Virtue hail!
Here, fix thy sceptre and exalt thy scale;
Hence, thro' the earth extend thy late domain,
'Till Heaven's own splendor shall absorb thy reign!

What scenes arise! what glories we behold!
See a broad realm its various charms unfold;
See crowds of patriots bless the happy land,
A godlike senate and a warlike band;
One friendly Genius fires the numerous whole,
From glowing Georgia to the frozen pole.

Along these shores, amid these flowery vales,
The woodland shout the joyous ear assails;
Industrious crowds in different labours toil,
Those ply the arts, and these improve the soil.
Here the fond merchant counts his rising gain,
There strides the rustic o'er the furrow'd plain,
Here walks the statesman, pensive and serene,
And there the school boys gambol round the green.

See ripening harvests gild the smiling plains,
Kind Nature's bounty and the pride of swains;
Luxuriant vines their curling tendrils shoot,
And bow their heads to drop the clustering fruit;
In the gay fields, with rich profusion strow'd,
The orchard bends beneath its yellow load,
The lofty boughs their annual burden pour,
And juicy harvests swell th' autumnal store.

These are the blessings of impartial heaven,
To each fond heart in just proportion given.
No grasping lord shall grind the neighbouring poor,
Starve numerous vassals to increase his store;

No cringing slave shall at his presence bend,
 Shrink at his frown, and at his nod attend;
 Afric's unhappy children, now no more
 Shall feel the cruel chains they felt before,
 But every State in this just mean agree,
 To bless mankind, and set th' oppressed free.
 Then, rapt in transport, each exulting slave
 Shall taste that Boon which God and nature gave;
 And, fir'd with virtue, join the common cause,
 Protect our freedom and enjoy our laws.

At this calm period, see, in pleasing view,
 Art vies with Art, and Nature smiles anew:
 On the long, winding strand that meets the tide,
 Unnumber'd cities lift their spiry pride;
 Gay, flowery walks salute th' inraptur'd eyes,
 Tall, beauteous domes in dazzling prospect rise;
 There thronging navies stretch their wanton sails,
 Tempt the broad main and catch the driving gales;
 There commerce swells from each remotest shore,
 And wafts in plenty to the smiling store.

To these throng'd seats the country wide resorts,
 And rolls her treasures to the op'ning ports;
 While, far remote, gay health and pleasure flow,
 And calm retirement cheers the laboring brow.
 No din of arms the peaceful patriot hears,
 No parting sigh the tender matron fears,
 No field of fame invites the youth to rove,
 Nor virgins know a harsher sound than love.

Fair Science then her laurel'd beauty rears,
 And soars with Genius to the radiant stars.
 Her glimmering dawn from Gothic darkness rose,
 And nations saw her shadowy veil disclose ;
 She cheer'd fair Europe with her rising smiles,
 Beam'd a bright morning o'er the British isles,
 Now soaring reaches her meridian height,
 And blest Columbia hails the dazzling light !

Here, rapt in tho't, the philosophic soul
 Shall look thro' Nature's parts and grasp the whole ;
 See Genius kindling at a FRANKLIN's fame,
 See unborn sages catch th' electric flame,
 Bid hovering clouds the threatening blast expire,
 Curb the fierce stream and hold th' imprison'd fire !

See the pleas'd youth, with anxious study, rove,
 In orbs excentric thro' the realms above,
 No more perplex'd, while RITTENHOUSE appears
 To grace the museum with the rolling spheres.

See that young Genius, that inventive soul,
 Whose laws the jarring elements control :
 Who guides the vengeance of mechanic power,
 To blast the watery world and guard the peaceful shore ;

And where's the rising Sage, the unknown name,
 That new advent'rer in the lists of fame,
 To find the cause, in secret nature bound,
 The unknown cause, and various charms of sound ?
 What subtil medium leads the devious way ;
 Why different tensions different sounds convey ;

Why harsh, rough tones in grating discord roll,
Or mingling concert charms th' enraptur'd soul.

And tell the cause why fluggish vapors rise,
And wave, exalted, thro' the genial skies ;
What strange contrivance nature forms to bear
The ponderous burden thro' the lighter air.

These last Displays the curious mind engage,
And fire the genius of the rising age ;
While moral tho'ts the pleas'd attention claim,
Swell the warm soul, and wake the virtuous flame ;
While Metaphysics soar a boundless height,
And launch with EDWARDS to the realms of light.

See the blest Muses hail their roseate bowers,
Their mansions blooming with poetic flowers ;
See listening Seraphs join the epic throng,
And unborn JOSUAS rise in future song.

Satire attends at Virtue's wakening call,
And Pride and Coquetry and Dulness fall.

Unnumber'd bards shall string the heavenly lyre,
To those blest strains which heavenly themes inspire ;
Sing the rich Grace on mortal Man bestow'd,
The Virgin's Offspring and the *filial* God ;
What love descends from heaven when JESUS dies !
What shouts attend him rising thro' the skies !

See Science now in lovelier charms appear,
Grac'd with new garlands from the blooming Fair.
See laurel'd nymphs in polish'd pages shine,
And Sapphic sweetness glow in every line.

No more the rougher Muse shall dare disgrace
 The radiant charms that deck the blushing face;
 But rising Beauties scorn the tinsel show,
 The powder'd coxcomb and the flaunting beau;
 While humble Merit, void of flattering wiles,
 Claims the soft glance, and wakes th' enlivening smiles.
 The opening lustre of an angel-mind,
 Beauty's bright charms with sense superior join'd,
 Bid Virtue shine, bid Truth and Goodness rise,
 Melt from the voice, and sparkle from the eyes;
 While the pleas'd Muse the gentle bosom warms,
 The first in genius, as the first in charms.
 Thus age and youth a smiling aspect wear,
 Aw'd into virtue by the leading Fair;
 While the bright offspring, rising to the stage,
 Conveys the blessings to the future age.

THESE are the views that Freedom's cause attend;
 THESE shall endure 'till Time and Nature end.
 With Science crown'd, shall Peace and Virtue shine,
 And blest Religion beam a light divine.
 Here the pure Church, descending from her God,
 Shall fix on earth her long and last abode;
 Zion arise, in radiant splendors dress'd,
 By Saints admir'd, by Infidels confess'd;
 Her opening courts, in dazzling glory, blaze,
 Her walls salvation, and her portals praise.

From each far corner of th' extended earth,
 Her gathering sons shall claim their promis'd birth.
 Thro' the drear wastes, beneath the setting day,
 Where prowling natives haunt the wood for prey,

The swarthy Millions lift their wond'ring eyes,
 And smile to see the Gospel morning rise:
 Those who, thro' time, in savage darkness lay,
 Wake to new light, and hail the glorious day!
 In those dark regions, those uncultur'd wilds,
 Fresh blooms the rose, the peaceful lilly smiles;
 On the tall cliffs unnumber'd *Carmels* rise,
 And in each vale some beauteous *Sharon* lies.

From this fair Mount th' excinded stone shall roll,
 Reach the far East and spread from pole to pole;
 From one small Stock shall countless nations rise,
 The world replenish and adorn the skies.
 Earth's blood-stain'd empires, with their Guide the Sun,
 From orient climes their gradual progress run;
 And circling far, reach every western shore,
 'Till earth-born empires rise and fall no more.
 But see th' imperial GUIDE from heaven descend,
 Whose beams are Peace, whose kingdom knows no end;
 From calm Vesperia, thro' th' etherial way,
 Back sweep the shades before th' effulgent day;
 Thro' the broad East, the brightening splendor driven,
 Reverses Nature and illumines heaven;
 Astonish'd regions bless the gladdening sight,
 And Suns and Systems own superior light.

As when th' astitial blaze o'er Beth'lem stood,
 Which mark'd the birth-place of th' incarnate God;
 When eastern priests the heavenly splendor view'd,
 And numerous crouds the wonderous sign pursu'd;
 So eastern kings shall view th' unclouded day
 Rise in the West and streak its golden way:

That signal spoke a Savior's humble birth,
This speaks his long and glorious reign on earth!

THEN Love shall rule, and Innocence adore,
 Discord shall cease, and Tyrants be no more;
 'Till yon bright orb, and those celestial spheres,
 In radiant circles, mark a thousand years;
 'Till the grand *fiat* burst th' etherial frames,
 Worlds crush on worlds, and Nature sink in flames!
 The Church elect, from smouldering ruins, rise,
 And sail triumphant thro' the yielding skies,
 Hail'd by the Bridegroom! to the Father given,
 The Joy of Angels, and the Queen of Heaven!



A P O E M,*

Spoken at the PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT at YALE-COLLEGE, in NEW-HAVEN, Sept. 12, 1781.

BY THE SAME.

ONCE more, thou sacred Seat, the changing year
 Hath circled heaven and bid the day appear,
 That opes thy portals, gilds thy spiry dome,
 And calls thy children from their joyous home.

* This Poem is reprinted from the Hartford Edition; to which the following Advertisement was prefixed.—
 “ It may not be amiss to inform the subscribers for the
 “ following performance, that a copy was not given at
 “ the time it was requested, on account of its containing
 “ several passages taken from a larger work which the au-
 “ thor has by him, unfinished. Upon farther considera-
 “ tion however, it is thought not improper to present to
 “ the Public a specimen of that work, in this incorrect
 “ manner, that a conjecture may be formed what success
 “ it may meet, when the whole shall make its appearance.
 “ The passages are those that respect the affairs of America
 “ at large, and the future progress of Society. As to the
 “ other parts of the Poem which are confined to the state
 “ of education in Connecticut, although the subject may
 “ be thought too particular to be relished beyond the lim-
 “ its of a Commencement Auditory, yet if they should
 “ serve to turn the attention of any part of the Public to
 “ the real situation of Yale College, it may justify the
 “ publication.”

Thro' seven long years hath war's terrific power
Rang'd every town and crimson'd every shore,
Pursu'd fair Science from each happy seat,
Rav'd in her domes and forc'd her last retreat,
And oft, Yalensia, doom'd thy final fall,
While thy sad Genius trembled for thy wall.
Now see, at last, the venerable train,
Thine elder sons ascend thy courts again!
We joy the reverend, happy throng to see,
We wake thy own blest Muse, and bid her sing to thee.

Long have we liv'd beneath thy nurturing care,
And joy and friendship crown'd our labors there;
No more within those blissful haunts we dwell,
To all thy train we bid a long farewell;
One gentle grasp, one silent, sorrowing tear,
And joys and friends forever disappear;
Fate calls us hence the world's broad stage to tread,
Act a short part, and mingle with the dead.
We go—but may thy glory still ascend,
Thy fame, thy virtues thro' the world extend;
Thy future sons, a calm, delightful throng,
As following years shall lead their steps along,
To peace, to happiness, to glory rise,
Shine thro' the earth and brighten in the skies.
No ruffian force that treads the distant shore,
Shall dare invade thy peaceful labors more;
While the proud foes beneath our standards yield,
And our brave brethren claim the crimson field,
Within thy courts shall pride and slaughter cease,
And genius dignify the walks of peace.

And oh! may some blest hand regard thy cries,
 Some great, some liberal benefactor rise,
 Whose soul awakes at thy inspiring call,
 To lift thy spires, enlarge thy scanty wall,
 Who joys to aid the Muse's feeble voice,
 And bid bright learning in her sons rejoice,
 Bid wealth and dignity thy steps attend,
 And rival arts and rival virtues blend,
 O'er all the happy land thy beauties shine,
 And every joy, and every wish be thine.

Ye patriot worthies, whom these strains assail,
 Ye Reverend Sires, and all ye Sons of Yale,
 Behold our seat, by former bounty given,
 Pride of our land and favorite child of heaven,
 Whence liberal arts and liberal thoughts ye drew,
 When few her children and her wants were few;
 Now see, the narrow bounds can scarce contain
 Half the throng'd numbers of her joyous train,
 While every friend averts the unconscious eye,
 And power, and interest, pass unheeding by.

As late, when war's grim terrors fought repose,
 And evening mists and distant fires arose,
 Far in a gloomy grove I pensive stray'd,
 Where death's pale phantoms walk'd the midnight shade,
 Thin clouds of sickening damps, o'er ether driven,
 Obscur'd the stars and shut the eye from heaven;
 Unwonted sighs within my bosom rose,
 Cities o'erturn'd and all my country's woes
 Pour'd on my heart; but chief thy feeble cries,
 Neglected Science, bade my griefs arise,

I saw, from Briton's Isle, thy genius flown,
 In these fair climes to fix a nobler throne,
 While here thy sons the peaceful myrtle yield,
 To pluck the crimson laurel of the field.
 I saw thy seats to scenes of slaughter turn'd,
 Thy walls defac'd, thy fairest labours burn'd;
 E'en Yale, thy lovliest handmaid, now no more,
 Knew the gay smiles of youth she knew before,
 Her funds decreas'd, her strength, her int'rest fled,
 Her friends neglected, and her HOSMER dead.

Now a calm splendor burst the saddening gloom,
 And gales ethereal breath'd a glad perfume,
 Mild in the midst a form celestial shone,
 Rob'd in the vestments of the rising sun;
 Tall rose his stature, dignity and grace
 Mov'd in his limbs and wanton'd in his face,
 His folding mantle flow'd in easy pride,
 His harp divine lay usefess by his side,
 His locks in curls from myrtle chaplets hung,
 And sounds melodious melted from his tongue.

“ Mortal, attend, behold before thee stand
 Learning's bright Genius, guardian of the land;
 Let grief no more awake the piteous strain,
 Nor think fair Science left her heaven in vain.
 Awhile my skill must guide the wild affray,
 Range the red field and sweep thy foes away,
 Soon shall this arm a milder sceptre bear,
 And blest Yalensia prove my favorite care.
 Mean time her friends her glory shall attend,
 Enlarge her stores and bid her walls ascend;

Bid every art from that pure fountain flow,
 All that the Muse can sing or man can know;
 The various branches various teachers claim,
 And universal knowledge lift her fame.

And see! ere long in that delightful seat,
 Her sons and friends, a numerous concourse, meet;
 Once more to view her, greet her youthful train,
 And hear her feeble, saddening voice complain.
 Go thou, in pride of youth attend them there,
 And these commands in strains melodious bear.
 Say 'tis for them to stretch the liberal hand,
 While war's dread tumults yet involve the land,
 Sustain her drooping, rear her radiant eyes,
 And bid her future fame begin to rise.
 Tell them the wild commotions soon shall cease,
 And blest Columbia hail the charms of peace,
 Where rest the future deeds on earth design'd
 To raise, to dignify and bless mankind.

While Europe's numerous courts my cause attend,
 And mutual interest fix the mutual friend,
 Behold, from each far realm, what glories shine!
 Their power, their commerce and their science mine.
 And here, what roving views before them spread!
 Where this new empire lifts her daring head!
 What wide extent her waving ensigns claim!
 Lands yet unknown and streams without a name.
 Where the deep gulph unfolds Florida's shore,
 To where Ontario bids hoarse Laurence roar;
 Where Mississippi's waves their sources boast,
 Where groves and floods and realms and climes are lost,

To where the mild Atlantic's length'ning tide,
 Laves numerous towns, and swells their naval pride.
 And see! by nature's hand o'er all bestow'd,
 The last pure polish of the forming God.
 What various grandeur strikes the gladdening eyes!
 Bays stretch their arms and mountains lift the skies;
 The lakes, unfolding, point the streams their way,
 The plains, the hills their lengthening skirts display,
 The vales draw forth, fair wave the glimmering wilds,
 And all the majesty of nature smiles.

On this broad theatre, unbounded spread,
 In different scenes, what countless throngs must tread!
 Soon as the new form'd empire, rising fair,
 Calms her brave sons now breathing from the war,
 Unfolds her harbours, spreads the genial soil,
 And welcomes freemen to the chearful toil.
 What numerous sages must exalt her name!
 What numerous bards must tell the world her fame!
 What numerous chiefs beneath my forming care,
 Must blaze in arms and ward the waste of war!
 While every art and all the graces meet,
 To form her thousands to the cares of State,
 To heal pale sickness, bid diseases cease,
 And sound the tidings of eternal peace.

Those must arise the present age to lead,
 And following millions hail the paths they tread.

Such gladdening views will ope the bounteous store,
 The grasp of interest and the pride of power,
 Yalenfia's friends shall thus attend her call,
 And youths unnumber'd bless the favorite wall.

And tho' thou teest the rage of slaughter roll,
And different views thy wayward race controul,
Tho' still oppos'd their interest, and their laws,
And every sceptre leads a different cause,
Yet thro' the whole the same progressive plan,
Which draws, for mutual succour, man to man,
From men to tribes, from tribes to nations spreads,
And private ties to public compact leads,
Shall rise by slow degrees, and still extend,
Their power, their interest, and their passions, blend;
Their wars grow milder, policies enlarge,
Increasing nations feel the general charge,
Form broad alliances for mutual aid,
Mingle their manners and extend their trade,
Till each remotest realm, by friendship join'd,
Link in the chain and harmonize mankind,
The union'd banner be at last unfurl'd,
And wave triumphant round the accordant world.

Already now commencing glories rise,
The work begins beneath yon northern skies;
The Russian forests to the deep advance,
The ports unfold, the glimmering navies dance,
For commerce arm'd, the different powers combine,
And heaven approving aids the blest design.
Tho' rival regions still the combat wage,
And hold in bickering strife the unsettled age,
Yet no rude war, that sweeps the crimson plain,
Shall dare disturb the labors of the main;
For heaven, impartial to the earth born race,
Bade one broad circling deep their shores embrace,

Spread to all realms the fame wide, watry way,
Liberal as air and unconfin'd as day,
That every distant land the wealth might share,
Exchange their wants and fill their treasures there,
Their speech assimilate, their empires blend,
And laws and mildness thro' the world extend.
Raise now thine eye, the hastening years shall roll,
And these glad scenes delight thy rising soul."

We then beheld, 'till where in lonely pride,
The far, blue Baltic pours his laboring tide ;
At once in gathering squadrons, from the north,
The mingling streamers lead the nations forth ;
From different shores unnumber'd masts arise,
And wave their peaceful curtains to the skies ;
Broader and broader still the wings unfold,
All Europe's coasts the streaming pomp behold,
From Gallia's ports, from Albion's hoary height,
United flags are pointed into fight ;
Where broad Hispania's strand two oceans lave,
And the rich Tagus mingles with the wave,
The countless navies lift their banners wide,
And stream their glories o'er the foamy tide ;
While thro' the glimmering Strait, in long array,
Pour'd from the fleets that croud the midland sea,
The sails look forth and swell their beauteous pride,
With wider waves and bolder barks to glide ;
While far, far distant, where the watry way
Spreads the blue borders of descending day,
The misty sails advance in lengthening sweep,
Pride of the western world and daughters of the deep.

From all the bounds that meet the Atlantic wave,
 While to our view the crowded squadrons heave,
 In sign of union, each advancing line,
 Leads a calm nation, bids their banners join,
 Till far as pole from pole, the cloudlike train
 Skirts the dim heavens and shades the whitening main.

We saw, in other seas and other skies,
 With equal pomp unnumber'd streamers rise ;
 Where Asia's isles and utmost shores extend,
 Like rising suns the sheeted masts ascend,
 Sweep from all ports that cleave the orient strand,
 Load every ocean, compass every land,
 For peaceful commerce join the friendly train,
 No more to combat on the watry plain.

We saw new barks to new discoveries roll,
 Where unknown waves salute each distant pole ;
 Far in the north, where seas Pacific pour,
 And ope Columbia from the Asian shore,
 The daring sails th' unmeasur'd flight pursue,
 And isles and countless nations rise to view.
 While some bold Sage, Columbus like, design'd
 By other stars and waves to lead mankind,
 With conscious pride and philosophic eye,
 Treads the lone borders of the southern sky,
 With persevering toil the deeps explores, [shores.
 Till there a new found world extends her length'ning

We saw, from each new realm, new arts ascend,
 New manners rise, new wealth and power extend,
 Allure the hero, feed the enquiring sage,
 Enlarge the genius, dignify the age,

Till laws and empires swell their rising reign,
And their own navies whiten on the main.

Such views around us spread, when thus the guide,
“ These are my works that load the sweeping tide ;
Nor less my power the walks of science claim,
In this fair land to raise her noblest name.
No more shall war disturb her peaceful reign,
And call to fields of death her youthful train,
No more her views by wealth and power immur’d,
To rage alone and scenes of blood inur’d,
To teach the lance to thirst for human gore,
To teach pale Avarice to swell the store,
To teach the milder arts the prize to yield,
Teach her own muse the clangor of the field,
From ruin’d regions fill the voice of fame,
And call celestial fire to blaze a tyrant’s name.
No more in bolder breasts, to dwell confin’d,
And hold her seat in half the human mind,
O’er gentler passions spread a harsh controul,
And light the glare of grandeur in the soul ;
But softer virtues now demand her care,
And her own laurels grace the rising fair.
Each rival sex to rival arts aspires,
Each aids alike the universal quires ;
This bids bold commerce load the laboring main,
Or rear the peaceful harvest of the plain ;
That leads the hours of calm domestic toil,
And cheers the household with an evening smile,
To each fond heart an equal task assign’d,
And equal virtues raise the mutual mind.

While daring thoughts and deeper tracts of truth
Thro' philosophic mazes lead the youth,
The softer arts demand a softer care,
And loves and graces dignify the fair.
While states and empires, policies and laws,
Lure the firm patriot in the bolder cause,
To stem the tide of power or ward the war,
Like me to suffer and like me to dare.
Behold, with equal dignity and grace,
The matron virtues guide her peaceful race ;
A pleasing task her tender bosom warms,
The infant care now smiling in her arms,
Now ripening features, as the form improves,
Speak the dear image of the man she loves ;
She lures the rising wish to thoughts refin'd,
And her own virtues swell the opening mind,
The prattling throng to lisping reason grown,
To ape her loveliness improve their own ;
The sire beholds the living beauties bloom,
Pride of his life and hope of years to come,
Aids every virtue taught by her to rise,
Joins the delightful task, and trains them for the skies.

Thus different arts their kindred cares employ,
In fields of action or domestic joy,
Then, rising from the useful to the fine,
Their mingling souls with rival glory shine.
From each pure taste consenting graces blend,
When the tall pillars of the dome ascend,
The walls heave stately, arches bend on high,
And full proportion meets the roving eye.

Or when the garden to the impassion'd heart,
Unfinish'd lies and asks the rural art,
With just design their equal fancies play,
From each alike the rambling beauties stray,
Till thro' the whole the different scenes prevail,
Here flows the fountain and there draws the dale,
The laughing lawn, the frowning footless grove,
And all the seats of innocence and love.

Nor less their power the living canvas warms,
And breathes the pencil'd passion into charms;
Heroes and beauties hear the wakening call,
And distant ages fill the storied wall.

Two kindred arts the swelling statue heave,
Wake the dead wax and teach the stone to live;
The daring chissel claims the bolder strife,
To rouse the sceptred marble into life,
While fairer hands the livelier fire controul,
And into softer figures shed the soul.
In hearts attun'd the voice of music dwells,
Steals o'er the lip and into passion swells,
Swept by th' alternate hand the living lyre,
To mutual rapture wakes the floating fire,
Till all the magic melody of sound,
Pours in delightful harmony around.

And when the breath of heaven from Angel quires,
With life divine the joyous Muse inspires,
In rival bosoms, see the Goddess glow!
And bind her bays on each consenting brow,

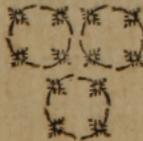
The soaring bard awakes the trembling string,
 Virtues and loves and heavenly themes to sing;
 No more of vengeful chiefs and bickering Gods,
 Where ocean crimsons and Olympus nods,
 Or heavens, convulsing rend the dark profound,
 To chain fierce Titans to the groaning ground,
 But, fir'd by milder themes, and charms refin'd,
 Beam'd from the beauties of the fair one's mind,
 His soul awakes the peace inspiring song,
 And life and happiness the strain prolong;
 To moral beauties bids the world attend,
 And jarring realms in social compact blend;
 Bids laws extend and commerce stretch the wing,
 Far distant shores their barter'd tributes bring;
 He sees the nations join, their bliss increase,
 (Leagu'd in his lays) and sings them into peace.
 While pleas'd, the Muse divides her equal care,
 And the same ardor warms the listening fair;
 From his pure breath she lights a bolder flame,
 The same her genius and her flight the same,
 In mutual smiles the borrow'd graces play,
 In mutual sweetness slide the hours away,
 In mutual aid the borrow'd numbers roll,
 And swell'd to rapture breathes the mutual soul.

From their own loves, thus soften'd and refin'd,
 The general wish extends to all mankind,
 The neighbour's cares, the family, the friend
 Pour on the heart, and in the bosom blend;
 The poor, the stranger find a welcome home,
 The vagrant foot is pointed where to roam,

The eye of anguish, when no help is near,
Looks the fond wish and finds the mingling tear ;
E'en to their foes their equal goodness bends,
And hostile minds are soften'd into friends.

And when their lays have pour'd the bounteous mind,
In warm benevolence, to all their kind,
They lift the bolder note, the raptures glow,
To loves pure source whence all her streamlets flow.
Rapt into vision of the bright abode,
From angel harps they catch th' inspiring God ;
Thro' heavens, o'er-canopy'd by heavens, they soar,
Where floods of light in boundless beauty pour,
Seraphs and system'd worlds innumerable move,
Link'd in the chain of harmonizing love ;
Thence following down, th' effulgent glory trace,
Which brought salvation to their kindred race.

Thus, on the stream of life, with gentle sweep,
They roll delightful to the welcome deep,
Where, unconfin'd, their spirits gently sail,
View happier climes and taste a purer gale ;
Thro' ether's boundless realms together rise,
And claim their kindred mansions in the skies ;
There fill the rapture of th' adoring throng,
Whose lays on earth prelude the heavenly song."



A N E L E G Y

On the late honorable TITUS HOSMER, Esq. one of the Counsellors of the State of Connecticut, a Member of Congress, and a Judge of the Maritime Court of Appeals for the United States of America.

INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. LYDIA HOSMER,

Relict of the late honorable TITUS HOSMER, Esq.

As a testimony of the Author's veneration for the many amiable virtues which rendered her the delight and ornament of so worthy a Consort, and still render her an honour to a very numerous and respectable acquaintance.

BY THE SAME.

COME to my soul, O shade of HOSMER, come,
 Tho' doubting senates ask thy aid in vain;
 Attend the drooping virtues round thy tomb,
 And hear a while the orphan'd Muse complain.

The Muse which thy indulgence bade aspire,
 And dare pursue thy distant steps to fame;
 At thy command she first assum'd the lyre,
 And hop'd a future laurel from thy name.

How did thy smiles awake her infant song!
 How did thy virtues animate the lay!
 Still shall thy fate the dying strain prolong,
 And bear her voice with thy lost form away.

Come to my soul thou venerable Sage,
In all the sheeted majesty of night,
Snatch the bold quill, control the noble rage,
And seize the raptur'd fancy in her flight.

Come in the form that shadowy spirits dress,
When death's dim veil hath shrouded all their pride,
While yon tall cloud but emulates thy face,
Where the lone moon-beam trembles thro' its side.

Come on the gale that listening midnight heaves,
When glare-ey'd phantoms, bending with a bier,
Stalk thro' the mist, ascend the founding graves,
And wake wild wonders in the startled ear.

In this dread scene no more the wonted fires
Kindle my breast, or open a wish within,
The soul, distracted, from herself retires,
And sighs to mingle and to soar with thine.

And where, thou blest immortal, art thou flown!
Can these deep shades detain thy willing ear?
Canst thou from loaded breezes hear a groan?
Or stain thy spotless mantle with a tear!

Can ought on earth thy flight hath left behind,
Borne in the music of a once lov'd strain,
Approach the unbody'd mansion of the mind?
Or bend one pitying look to earth again?

Can thence no thought to that fair seat descend?
The seat once joyous in thy joys below,
Where robes of sable sadness now depend,
And all the still solemnities of woe.

Can the dear partner of thy tender years,
Sad as the misty fading face of even,
With all the wasted treasure of her tears,
Avert no smile nor bribe a care from heaven?

While that young throng, that dear deserted train,
Where thy lov'd image soften'd sweetness wears,
Swell with new tenderness each following pain,
And add unnumber'd, undivided cares.

Around the fair one see their beauties bloom,
(Or wilt thou not the moving fair one heed?)
How their keen anguish points the distant tomb,
Where all their joys and every hope is fled!

So lonely Cynthia, on her evening throne,
And all her young-ey'd planetary train,
In languid lustre seek their fire the sun,
Down the still chambers of the western main.

Yet that broad splendor from his nightly race,
With rising radiance shall the day restore;
Another spring renews fair nature's face,
And years and ages die to waken more.

But thou, alas! no more on earth wilt tread,
Nor one short hour thy blest employments leave,
Tho' the sad knell, that hail'd thee to the dead,
Had doom'd thy helpless country to her grave.

Thy country, whose still supplicating moan,
Implores thy counsels with an infant cry;
And loads the same stern Angel with a groan,
Which bore thy kindling spirit to the sky.

Wilt thou (since nothing here can bribe thy stay,
And nothing here can tempt thee from on high,
Since tears of innocence must idly stray,
And grateful millions breathe the fruitless sigh;

Since every tender tie that mortals prize,
And all that fame's immortal children gain,
Yield to the untimely mandate of the skies,
And ask thy kind continuance still in vain :)

Wilt thou in seats of blessedness above,
Where cares of empire claim the eternal ear,
Among thy country's guardian seraphs prove
The hand to cherish and the heart to hear?

There, while the dread sublimity of soul
O'er all the star-ey'd heaven exalts thy throne,
While worlds beneath immeasurably roll,
And shew the well-known circuit of thine own,

Wilt thou remark the bluey-bending shore?
Where hills and champaigns stretch abroad their pride,
Where opening streams their lengthiest currents pour,
And heaps of heroes swell the crimson tide.

Wilt thou recognize that confus'd uproar?
Towns curl'd in smoaky columns mounting high,
Mix'd with the clarion's desolating roar;
Rending and purpling all the nether sky.

Amid the tumult, wilt thou see afar
Our laurel'd heroes striving for the day?
While clouds, unfolding, ope the wings of war,
Where the grim legions sweep the foes away.

And while their deeds thy blest approvance claim,
While crouds of rival chiefs thy guidance share,
Behold that first, that finish'd heir of fame,
And be the best of heroes still thy care.

That hero whose illuminating sword
Lights death and victory through the darken'd field,
Bids realms and ages waken at his word,
Their fire, their soul, their faviour and their shield.

Behold that Senate, whose delightful ear
With thy bold eloquence hath often rung,
Where trembling realms, for many a doubtful year,
Have learnt their sure salvation from thy tongue.

While cares of empires sit upon their brow,
And all th' increasing counsels of an age,
Demand, alike, bold virtue's warmest glow,
And the wide walks of science in the sage ;

Let thy own wisdom's ever beaming light
Illume their well-known dignity of soul,
Let thy benevolence their hearts unite,
And every voice, and every wish controul.

Lift the deep curtain from the vale of time,
Where unborn years their future circles wind,
Where the broad interests of a growing clime
Spread to all realms and regulate mankind.

Unfold to their keen penetrating view,
What to the infant empire should be known,
That worlds' and ages' happiness or woe,
Hang on th' important issue of their own.

And sure thou wilt that honor'd realm revere,
Where first thine early steps began their fame,
Where thy lov'd memory, ever doubly dear,
Awakes a tenderer tribute to thy name.

Canst thou forget, when youthful years began,
Where opening science kindled every grace,
And smil'd to see, ascending in the man,
The friend, the pride, the glory, of his race?

Where civil rights, the dignity of men,
And all the extensive privilege of laws,
Roll'd from thy voice or brighten'd from thy pen,
Compel'd attention and secur'd applause.

Where rising worth thine early name enroll'd
Among the first fam'd fathers of the age,
And bade the untarnish'd characters of gold
Flame in the front of glory's deathless page.

Attentive still to virtue's noble aim,
And greatly strenuous to advance her cause,
Lead thou her counsels, animate her flame,
Sire of her sons, and guardian of her laws.

And see! aloft in that sublime retreat,
Where injur'd rights obtain their last appeal,
How pensive justice o'er thy vacant seat,
With faltering hand suspends her turning scale.

If chance some Hofmer, with an even eye,
And skill'd like thee to poize the trembling weight,
Should cheer the nymph, thine honor'd place supply,
And bless the nations with a longer date;

When from all bounds of this extensive land,
Or where wide oceans spread their coasts abroad,
Dark causes rise, demanding from his hand,
Th' impartial deep discernment of a god ;

Then in his breast may all thy virtues rise,
And all thy dignity around him shine,
Then drop thy own blest mantle from the skies,
And make the person as the place divine.

He will, my friends——th' unbodied life above,
With every virtue brighten'd and refin'd,
That glow'd below, with patriotic love,
The love of happiness and human kind,

Will burn serener in a purer sky,
Where broader views and bolder thoughts unroll,
Where universal Being fills the eye,
And swells the unbounded wishes of the soul.

No tender thought by heaven's own breath inspir'd,
Which taught the gentle bosom here to glow,
Which the warm breast with patriot ardor fir'd,
Or stole the secret tear for silent woe ;

No tender thought by heaven's own will approv'd,
Can e'er forsake the mansion first assign'd ;
But reaches still the object once lov'd,
And lives immortal in th' immortal mind.

Fix'd in a brighter sphere, with surer aim,
Tho' greater scenes his growing views employ,
Yet Hosmer kindles with an Hosmer's flame,
And his dear country feeds his noblest joy.

He sees our rising, all-involving cause,
Spread like the morn to every distant clime,
Awake the mild magnificence of laws,
And roll down blessings on the stream of time.

Nor think, O hapless fair one, tho' awhile,
From thy fond arms his happier spirit rove,
That soaring innocence can cease to smile,
Or his Seraphic bosom cease to love.

In Heaven's own breast the self-existent fires,
E'er time began, illum'd th' eternal flame,
Lit from the beam, the Archangellic quires
Preserve th' unchanging ardor still the same.

And shall the heaven-born spirit after death,
Robb'd of its virtues from its nature fly,
Or lose in climes of bliss the aspiring breath,
Which wing'd its passage to its kindred sky?

Think, in the chambers of eternal morn,
Where beauty blooms along the vernal vale,
Where loves and virtues every smile adorn,
And hymns of Angels swell the floating gale;

Think how his well-known sympathy of soul
Views every pain thy tenderness can know;
Counts the full tears in silence as they roll,
And learns the tale of every speaking woe.

Thou know'st, while here, he joy'd to give relief,
To call dark merit to the eye of day,
To rob the silent orphan of her grief,
And breathe the sigh from innocence away.

How did the trembling visage of the poor,
 With grateful glow embolden at his smile!
 And learn, well pleas'd, within his wonted door,
 Its joys to cherish, and its cares beguile.

Thou know'st his early wish began to prize
 The bliss that wayward mortals seldom find,
 That lifts the frequent suppliant to the skies,
 While answering blessings fill the raptur'd mind.

Know then, fair mourner, from the climes of day,
 (While these drear shades of solitude you tread)
 His unseen hand companion of thy way,
 Thro' the dark paths thy wandering steps shall lead.

While all thy virtues rise before the throne,
 And all thy griefs be number'd in his fight,
 Those shall refine and ripen with his own,
 And these be hush'd in everlasting night.

Thy children too, his images below,
 Fair as young plants, and smiling as the morn,
 With thy own loveliness shall learn to glow,
 And all thy graces brighten and adorn.

Short is the date that virtue from its home,
 In these deep shades, can suffer and refine;
 And when kind heaven relieves it from the doom,
 Ours be the choice to tremble and resign.

Vain were the talk, the daring thought were vain,
 To check the sun's bold circuit as he flies;
 Nor think the cling of fondness can detain
 The soaring seraph from his kindred skies.

Then cease, fond partner of his earthly joys,
 And leave behind each unavailing care ;
 Think what a scene his happier flight employs,
 And haste to meet him and to mingle there.

A N E L E G Y

On the burning of FAIRFIELD, in CONNECTICUT.

Written on the spot,—anno 1779.

BY COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

YE smoking ruins, marks of hostile ire,
 Ye ashes warm, which drink the tears that flow,
 Ye desolated plains my voice inspire,
 And give soft music to the song of woe !

How pleasant, Fairfield, on th' enraptur'd sight
 Rose thy tall spires, and op'd thy social halls !
 How oft my bosom beat with pure delight,
 At yonder spot, where stand the darken'd walls !

But there the voice of mirth resounds no more,
 A silent sadness through the streets prevails,
 The distant main alone is heard to roar,
 And hollow chimnies hum with fullen gales ;
 Save where scorch'd elms th' untimely foliage shed,
 Which rustling hovers round the faded green ;
 Save where at twilight mourners frequent tread,
 'Mid recent graves o'er desolation's scene.

How chang'd the blissful prospect, when compar'd
 These glooms funereal with thy former bloom :
 Thy hospitable rights when Tryon shar'd,
 Long ere he seal'd thy melancholly doom.

That impious wretch, with coward voice decreed
 Defenceless domes and hallow'd fanes to dust,
 Beheld with sneering smile the wounded bleed,
 And spurr'd his bands to rapine, blood and lust.

Vain was the widow's, vain the orphan's cry,
 To touch his feelings or to sooth his rage ;
 Vain the fair drop that roll'd from beauty's eye,
 Vain the dumb grief of supplicating age.

Could Tryon hope to quench the patriot flame,
 Or make his deeds survive in glory's page ?
 Could Britons seek of savages the fame,
 Or deem it conquest thus the war to wage ?

Yes, Britons scorn the councils of the skies,
 Extend wide havoc, spurn the insulted foes !
 Th' insulted foes to tenfold vengeance rise,
 Resistance growing as the danger grows.

Red in their wounds and pointing to the plain,
 The visionary shapes before me stand ;
 The thunder bursts, the battle burns again,
 And kindling fires encrimson all the strand.—

Long dusky wreaths of smoke, reluctant driven,
 In blackening volumes o'er the landscape bend ;
 Here the broad splendor blazes high to heaven,
 There umber'd streams in purple pomp ascend.

In fiery eddies round the tott'ring walls,
Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly ;
With frightful crash the burning mansion falls,
The works of years in glowing embers lye.

Tryon ! behold thy sanguine flames aspire,
Clouds ting'd with dyes intolerably bright !
Behold well pleas'd the village wrap'd in fire ;
Let one wide ruin glut thy ravish'd fight !

Ere fades the grateful scene, indulge thine eye,
See age and sickness tremulously flow,
Creep from the flames—see babes in torture dye—
And mothers swoon in agonies of woe.

Go, gaze, enraptured with the mother's tear,
The infant's terror, and the captive's pain,
Where no bold bands can check thy curst career ;
Mix fire with blood on each unguarded plain.

These be thy triumphs ! this thy boasted fame !
Daughters of mem'ry, raise the deathless songs !
Repeat through endless years his hated name,
Embalm his crimes and teach the world our wrongs !



AN ELEGY
ON LIEUTENANT DE HART,*

Vol. Aid to Gen. Wayne.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN autumn all humid and drear
 With darkness and storms in his train
 Announcing the death of the year,
 De spoil'd of its verdure the plain :
 When horror congenial prevail'd,
 Where graves are with fearfulness trod,
 De Hart by his sister was wail'd,
 His sister thus sigh'd o'er his sod :

- “ Near Hudson, a fort, on these banks,
 “ Its flag of defiance unfurl'd :
 “ He led to the storm the first ranks ;
 “ On them, iron tempests were hurl'd.
 “ Transpierc'd was his breast with a ball—
 “ His breast a red fountain supply'd,
 “ Which, gushing in waves still and small,
 “ Distain'd his white bosom and side.
 “ His visage was ghastly in death,
 “ His hair, that so lavishly curl'd,
 “ I saw, as he lay on the heath,
 “ In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.

* This young warrior was killed in the attack on the block-house, near Fort Lee, 1780.

- “ How dumb is the tongue, that could speak
“ Whate’er could engage and delight !
“ How faded the rose on his cheek !
“ Those eyes, how envelop’d in night !
“ Those eyes, that illumin’d each soul,
“ All darken’d to us are now grown :
“ In far other orbits they roll,
“ Like stars to new systems when gone.
“ My brother, the pride of the plain,
“ In vain did the graces adorn ;
“ His blossom unfolded in vain,
“ To die like the blossom of morn.
“ Oh war, thou hast wasted our clime,
“ And tortur’d my bosom with sighs :
“ My brother, who fell ere his prime,
“ Forever is torn from my eyes.
“ To me, how distracting the storm,
“ That blasted the youth in his bloom !
“ Alas, was so finish’d a form
“ Design’d for so early a tomb ?
“ How bright were the prospects that shone !
“ Their ruin ’tis mine to deplore—
“ Health, beauty, and youth were his own,
“ Health, beauty, and youth are no more.
“ No blessings of nature and art,
“ Nor music that charm’d in the song,
“ Nor virtues that glow’d in the heart,
“ Dear youth, could thy moments prolong !

- " Thrice six times the spring had renew'd
 " Its youth and its charms for the boy ;
 " With rapture all nature he view'd,
 " For nature he knew to enjoy.
 " But chiefly his country could charm :
 " He felt—'twas a generous heat—
 " With drums and the trumpet's alarm,
 " His pulses in consonance beat.
 " Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,
 " Come weep o'er this sorrowful urn,
 " Come ease the full heart with a tear—
 " My hero will never return :
 " He died in the dawn of applause,
 " His country demanded his breath ;
 " Go, heroes, defend the same cause,
 " Avenge with your country his death."

So sung on the top of the rocks,
 The virgin in sorrow more fair ;
 In tears her blue eyes ; and her locks
 Of auburn flew loose on the air.
 I heard, as pass'd down the stream ;
 The guards of the foe were in view :—
 To enterprize fir'd by the theme,
 I bade the sweet mourner adieu.



MOUNT VERNON:

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

BY broad Potowmack's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallow'd wish invades,
Retir'd from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or squench'd its spreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which wav'd the blade of high command,
And hew'd the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
A nation sav'd, and conquest's charms:
Posterity shall hear,
'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's courts,
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
And sooth his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong:
Thy happy feat inspires my song,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whose bow'ry wilderness of sweets
The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
 Here latest on the leafless sprays,
 The plummy people sing;
 The vernal show'r, the rip'ning year,
 Th' autumnal store, the winter drear,
 For thee new pleasures bring.

Here lapp'd in philosophic ease,
 Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
 Amidst thine ample farms,
 No vulgar converse heroes hold,
 But past or future scenes unfold,
 Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wond'rous era have we seen,
 Plac'd on this isthmus, half between
 A rude and polish'd state!
 We saw the war tempestuous rise,
 In arms a world, in blood the skies,
 In doubt and empire's fate.

The storm is calm'd, seren'd the heav'n,
 And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n,
 Expands th' imperial day:

“ O God, the source of light supreme,
 “ Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 “ To guide our doubtful way!

“ Restrain, dread pow'r, our land from crimes!
 “ What seeks, tho' blest beyond all times,
 “ So querulous an age?

“ What means to freedom such disgust,
 “ Of change, of anarchy the lust,
 “ The fickleness and rage?”

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise

The legacy he gave—

And half he fear'd his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercaft his mind:

Yet, still on providence reclin'd,

The patriot fond believ'd,

That pow'r benign too much had done,

To leave an empire's talk begun,

Imperfectly achiev'd.

Thus buoy'd with hope, with virtue blest,

Of ev'ry human bliss possess'd,

He meets the happier hours;

His skies assume a lovelier blue,

His prospects brighter rise to view,

And fairer bloom his flow'rs.



A N O D E.

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

 BY THE SAME.

O H, lovely Laura, may a youth,
 Inspir'd by beauty, urg'd by truth,
 Disclose the heart's alarms,
 The fire in raptur'd breasts that glows,
 Th' impassion'd pang on love that grows,
 And dare to sing thy charms !

Enough with war my lay has rung ;
 A softer theme awakes my tongue ;
 'Tis beauty's force divine :

Can I resist that air, that grace,
 The harmony of form and face ?
 For ev'ry charm is thine.

Of health, of youth th' expanding flush,
 Of virgin fear the flying blush,
 With crimfon stain thy cheek :

The bee such nectar never sips,
 As yield the rose-buds of thy lips,
 When sweetly thou dost speak.

'Tis thine the heaviest heart to cheer,
 Those accents, drank with eager ear,
 So musically roll :

Where swells the breast, the snow-white skin
Scarce hides the secret thoughts within,
Nor needs disguise that soul.

With thee, of cloudness days I dream;
Thy eyes, in morning splendors, beam
So exquisitely fair—

What taste! as o'er thy back and breast,
In light-brown ringlets neatly drest
Devolves a length of hair.

Unblam'd, oh, let me gaze and gaze,
While love-sick fancy fondly strays,
And feasts on many a kiss;—
For us let tides of rapture roll,
And may we mingle soul with soul,
In extacies of bliss!

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

A S O N G.

Tune,—The watry God, &c.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE spirits dwell and shad'wy forms,
On Andes' cliffs mid black'ning storms,
With livid lightnings curl'd:
The awful genius of our clime,
In thunder rais'd his voice sublime,
And hush'd the list'ning world.

- " In lonely waves and wastes of earth,
 " A mighty empire claims its birth,
 " And heav'n asserts the claim ;
 " The sails that hang in yon dim sky,
 " Proclaim the promis'd era nigh,
 " Which wakes a world to fame.
 " Hail ye first bounding barks that roam,
 " Blue-rumbling billows topp'd with foam,
 " Which keel ne'er plough'd before !
 " Here suns perform their usefess round,
 " Here rove the naked tribes embrown'd,
 " Who feed on living gore.
 " To midnight orgies, off'ring dire,
 " The human sacrifice on fire,
 " A heav'nly light succeeds—
 " But, lo ! what horrors intervene,
 " The toils severe, the carnag'd scene,
 " And more than mortal deeds !
 " Ye FATHERS, spread your fame afar,
 " 'Tis yours to still the fouds of war,
 " And bid the slaughter cease ;
 " The peopling hamlets wide extend,
 " The harvests spring, the spires ascend,
 " Mid grateful songs of peace.
 " Shall steed to steed, and man to man,
 " With discord thund'ring in the van,
 " Again destroy the bliss ?
 " Enough my mystic words reveal,
 " The rest the shades of night conceal,
 " In fate's profound abyfs."

AN EPISTLE TO DR. DWIGHT.*

On board the *Courier de l'Europe*, July 30, 1784.

 BY THE SAME.

FROM the wide watry waste, where nought but skies
 And mingling waves salute the aching eyes;
 Where the same moving circle bounds the view,
 And paints with vap'ry tints the billows blue;
 To thee, my early friend! to thee, dear Dwight!
 Fond recollection turns, while thus I write;
 While I reflect, no change of time or place,
 The impressions of our friendship can efface;
 Nor peace, nor war, tho' chang'd for us the scene,
 Tho' mountains rise, or oceans roll between;
 Too deep that sacred passion was imprest
 On my young heart, too deep it mark'd your breast;
 Your breast which asks the feelings of your friend,
 What chance betides him, or what toils attend?
 Then hear the muse, in sea-born numbers tell
 In mind how cheerful, and in health how well;
 And ev'n that muse will deign to let you know,
 What things concur to make and keep him so.

 T.

* For Dr. Dwight's letter to Col. Humphreys, see page 75.

We go, protected by supernal care,
 With cloudless skies, and suns serenely fair;
 While o'er the unruffled main the gentle gale
 Consenting breathes, and fills each swelling sail;
 Conscious of safety in the self-same hand,
 Which guides us on the ocean or the land.

Of thee, fair bark! the muse prophetic sings,
 "Europe's swift Messenger! expand thy wings,
 "Rear thy tall masts, extend thine ample arms,
 "Catch the light breeze, nor dread impending harms.
 "Full oft shalt thou, if aught the muse avails,
 "Wing the broad deep with such delightful gales;
 "Full oft to either world announce glad news,
 "Of allied realms promote the friendly views;
 "So shall each distant age assert thy claim,
 "And Europe's Messenger be known to fame!"

What tho' this plain so uniform and vast,
 Illimitably spreads its dreary waste;
 What tho' no isles, nor vales, nor hills, nor groves,
 Meet the tired eye that round the horizon roves;
 Yet, still collected in a narrow bound,
 Ten thousand little pleasures may be found.

Here we enjoy accommodations good,
 With pleasant liquors, and well-flavor'd food,
 Meats nicely fatten'd in Columbian fields,
 And luscious wines, that Gallia's vintage yields,
 On which you bards ('twas so in former days)
 Might feast your wit, and lavish all your praise.

Within our ship, well-furnish'd, roomy, clean,
 Come see the uses of each different scene.

Far in the prow, for culinary use,
 Fires, not poetic, much good cheer produce;
 The ovens there our daily bread afford,
 And thence the viands load our plenteous board.

See various landscapes shade our dining hall,
 Where mimic nature wantons round the wall,
 There no vain pomp appears, there all is neat,
 And there cool zephyrs fanning, as we eat,
 Avert the fervors of the noon-tide ray,
 And give the mildness of the vernal day.

See the great cabin nigh, its doors unfold,
 Shew fleeting forms from mirrors fix'd in gold!
 O'er painted ceilings brighter prospects rise,
 And rural scenes again delight our eyes:
 There oft from converse or from social sports,
 We drink delight less dash'd than that of courts.

But when more sober cares the hour requires,
 Each to his cell of solitude retires;
 His bed, his books, his paper, pen and ink,
 Present the choice, to rest, to read, or think.

Yet what would all avail to prompt the smile,
 Cheer the sad breast, or the dull hour beguile;
 If well-bred passengers, discreet and free,
 Were not at hand to mix in social glee?
 Such my companions,—such the muse shall tell,
 Him first, whom once you knew in war so well,
 Our Polish friend,* whose name still sounds so hard,
 To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;

* General Kosciuszko.

That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
 For virtue, science, arts, and arms, renown'd.
 Next him, behold, to grace our watry scene,
 An honest German lifts his generous mien ;
 Him Carolina sends to Europe's shore,
 Canals and inland waters to explore ;
 From thence return'd, she hopes to see her tide,
 In commerce rich, thro' ampler channels glide.
 Next comes the bleak Quebec's well-natured son ;
 And last our naval chief, the friend of fun ;
 Whose plain, frank manners, form'd on fickle seas,
 Are cheerful still, and always aim to please :
 Nor less the other chiefs their zeal display,
 To make us happy as themselves are gay.

Sever'd from all society but this,
 Half way from either world we plough the abyfs :
 Save the small sea-bird and the fish that flies,
 On yon blue waves no object meets my eyes.
 Nor has the insidious hook, with lures, beguil'd
 Of peopled ocean scarce a single child.
 Yet luckless Dolphin, erst to Arion † true,
 Nought could avail thy beauteous, transient hue ;
 As o'er the deck, in dying pang you roll'd,
 Wrapt in gay rain-bows and pellucid gold.

Now see that wand'rer bird, fatigued with flight
 O'er many a watry league, is forc'd to light

† Ille sedet, citharamque tenet, pretiumque vehendi
 Cantat, et æquoreas carmine mulcet aquas.

High on the mast,—the bird our seamen take,
 Tho' fear'd, too tir'd its refuge to forsake:
 Fear not sweet bird, nor judge our motives ill,
 No barb'rous man, now means thy blood to spill,
 Or hold thee cag'd; soon as we reach the shore,
 Free shalt thou fly, and gaily sing and soar!

Another grateful sight now cheers the eye,
 At first a snow-white spot in yon clear sky;
 Then thro' the optic tube a ship appears,
 And now distinct athwart the billows veers:
 Daughter of ocean, made to bless mankind!
 Go, range wide waters on the wings of wind;
 With friendly intercourse far climes explore,
 Their produce barter, and increase their store;
 Ne'er saw my eye so fair a pageant swim,
 As thou appear'st, in all thy gallant trim!

Amus'd with trivial things, reclin'd at ease,
 While the swift bark divides the summer seas;
 Your bard (for past neglect to make amends)
 Now writes to you, anon to other friends.

Anon the scene, in Europe's polish'd climes,
 Will give new themes for philosophic rhymes,
 Ope broader fields for reason to explore,
 Improvements vast of scientific lore!

•Thro' nations blest with peace, but strong in arms,
 Refin'd in arts, and apt for social charms,
 Your friend will stray, and strive, with studious care,
 To mark whate'er is useful, great, or rare;

Search the small shades of manners in their lives,
 What policy prevails, how commerce thrives ;
 How morals form of happiness the base,
 How others differ from Columbia's race ;
 And, gleaning knowledge from the realms he rov'd,
 Bring home a patriot heart, enlarg'd, improv'd.

A S O N G.

Translated from the French.

BY THE SAME.

IT rains, it rains, my fair,
 Come drive your white sheep fast :
 To shelter quick repair,
 Haste, shepherds, make haste.

I hear—the water pours,
 With patt'ring on the vines :
 See here ! see here ! it lours—
 See there the lightning shines.

The thunder dost thou hear ?
 Loud roars the rushing storm :
 Take (while we run, my dear)
 Protection from my arm.

I see our cot, ah hold!
Mama and sifter Nance,
To open our sheep-fold,
Most cheerily advance.

God bless my mother dear,
My sifter Nancy too!

I bring my sweet-heart here,
To sleep to night with you.

Go, dry yourself, my friend,
And make yourself at home—

Sister, on her attend:
Come in, sweet lambkins, come.

Mama, let's take good care
Of all her pretty sheep;
Her little lamb we'll spare
More straw whereon to sleep.

'Tis done—now let us haste
To her;—you here, my fair!
Undress'd, oh what a waist!
My mother, look you there.

Let's sup; come take this place,
You shall be next to me;
This pine-knot's cheerful blaze
Shall shine direct on thee.

Come taste this cream so sweet,
This syllabub so warm;

Alas! you do not eat:
You feel ev'n yet the storm.

'Twas wrong—I prefs'd too much

Your steps, when on the way :

But here, see here your couch—

There sleep till dawn of day

With gold the mountain tips :—

Good night, good night, my dove :

Now let me on your lips,

Imprint one kiss of love.

Mama and I will come,

When morn begins to shine,

To see my sweet-heart home,

And ask her hand for mine.



E P I T A P H

On a Patient killed by a Cancer Quack.

BY DR. LEMUEL HOPKINS.

HERE lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a Cancer Quack;
Who lost his money and his life,
By plaister, caustic, and by knife.
The case was this—a pimple rose,
South-east a little of his nose;
Which daily reden'd and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigour:
A score of gossips soon ensure
Full three score different modes of cure;
But yet the full-fed pimple still
Defied all petticoated skill;
When fortune led him to peruse
A hand-bill in the weekly news;
Sign'd by six fools of different sorts,
All cur'd of cancers made of warts;
Who recommend, with due submission,
This cancer-monger as magician;
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack;
But on his way he found another,—
A second advertising brother:

U

But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl ;
Whose fame had rais'd as broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog :
Who us'd a still more magic plaister,
That sweat forsooth, and cur'd the faster.
This doctor view'd, with moony eyes
And scowl'd up face, the pimple's size ;
Then christen'd it in solemn answer,
And cried, " This pimple's name is CANCER."'
" But courage, friend, I see you're pale,
" My sweating plaisters never fail ;
" I've sweated hundreds out with ease,
" With roots as long as maple trees ;
" And never fail'd in all my trials—
" Behold these samples here in vials !
" Preserv'd to shew my wond'rous merits,
" Just as my liver is—in spirits.
" For twenty joes the cure is done—"
The bargain struck, the plaister on,
Which gnaw'd the cancer at its leisure,
And pain'd his face above all measure.
But still the pimple spread the faster,
And swell'd, like toad that meets disaster.
Thus foil'd, the doctor gravely swore,
It was a right rose-cancer sore ;
Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
And shew'd them where the leaves appear'd ;
And rais'd the patient's drooping spirits,
By praising up the plaister's merits.—

Quoth he, " The roots now scarcely flick—
 " I'll fetch her out like crab or tick ;
 " And make it rendezvous, next trial,
 " With six more plagues, in my old vial."
 Then purg'd him pale with jalap drastic,
 And next applies th' infernal caustic.
 But yet, this semblance bright of hell
 Serv'd but to make the patient yell ;
 And, gnawing on with fiery pace,
 Devour'd one broadside of his face—
 ' Courage, 'tis done,' the doctor cried,
 And quick th' incision knife applied :
 That with three cuts made such a hole,
 Out flew the patient's tortur'd soul !

Go, readers, gentle, eke and simple,
 If you have wart, or corn, or pimple ;
 To quack infallible apply ;
 Here's room enough for you to lie.
 His skill triumphant still prevails,
 For DEATH's a cure that never fails.

THE HYPOCRITE'S HOPE.

BY THE SAME.

BLEST is the man, who from the womb,
 To faintship him betakes,
 And when too soon his child shall come,
 A long confession makes.

When next in Broad Church-alley, he
Shall take his former place,
Relates his past iniquity,
And consequential grace.

Declares how long by Satan vex'd,
From truth he did depart,
And tells the time, and tells the text,
That smote his flinty heart.

He stands in half-way-cov'nant sure ;
Full five long years or more,
One foot in church's pale secure,
The other out of door.

Then riper grown in gifts and grace,
With ev'ry rite complies,
And deeper lengthens down his face,
And higher rolls his eyes.

He tones like Pharisee sublime,
Two lengthy prayers a day,
The same that he from early prime,
Had heard his father say.

Each Sunday perch'd on bench of pew,
To passing priest he bows,
Then loudly 'mid the quav'ring crew,
Attunes his vocal nose.

With awful look then rises slow,
And pray'rful visage frow,
More fit to fright the apostate foe,
Then seek a pard'ning power.

Then nodding hears the sermon next,
From priest haranguing loud ;
And doubles down each quoted text,
From Genesis to Jude.

And when the priest holds forth address,
To old ones born anew,
With holy pride and wrinkled face,
He rises in his pew.

Good works he careth nought about,
But *faith* alone will seek,
While Sunday's pieties blot out
The knaveries of the week.

He makes the poor his daily pray'r,
Yet drives them from his board :
And though to his own good he swear,
Thro' habit breaks his word.

This man advancing fresh and fair,
Shall all his race complete ;
And wave at last his hoary hair,
Arrived in Deacon's feat.

There shall he all church honours have,
By joyous brethren given—
Till priest in fun'ral sermon grave,
Shall send him straight to heaven.



ON GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN.

BY THE SAME.

LO Allen 'scaped from British jails,
His tusshes broke by biting nails.
Appears in hyperborean skies,
To tell the world the bible lies.
See him on green hills north afar
Glow like a self-enkindled star,
Prepar'd (with mob-collecting club
Black from the forge of Belzebub,
And grim with metaphysic scowl,
With quill just pluck'd from wing of owl)
As rage or reason rise or sink
To shed his blood, or shed his ink.
Behold inspired from Vermont dens,
The seer of Antichrist descends,
To feed new mobs with Hell-born manna
In Gentile lands of Susquehanna;
And teach the Pennsylvania quaker
High blasphemies against his maker.
Behold him move ye staunch divines!
His tall head bustling through the pines;
All front he seems like wall of brass,
And brays tremendous as an ass;
One hand is clench'd to batter noses,
While t'other scrawls 'gainst Paul and Moses.

AN ORATION,

Which might have been delivered to the Students in Anatomy, on the late Rupture between the two Schools in this city.*

 THE ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS—the folly and danger of dissention—the Orator enumerates the enemies of the fraternity—reminds them of a late unseasonable interruption—a night scene in the Potter's Field—he laments the want of true zeal in the brotherhood --and boasts of his own---the force of a ruling passion---the earth considered as a great animal---the passion of love not the same in a true son of Esculapius as in other men---his own amour---a picture of his mistress in high taste---shews his learning in the description of her mouth, arm and hand---his mistress dies---his grief---and extraordinary consolation---his unparallel'd fidelity---he apologizes for giving this history of his amour---the great difficulties Anatomists have to encounter in the present times, arising from false delicacy, prejudice and ignorance---a strong instance in proof that it was not so formerly---curious argument to prove the inconsistency of the present opinions respecting the practice---he mentions many obstacles in the road to science---and reproaches them for their intestine broils, at a time when not only popular clamour is loud, but even the powers of government are exerted against them---he then encourages his brethren with hopes of better times, founded on the establishment of the College of Physicians---is inspired with the idea of the future glory of that institution---and prophesies great things.

FRRIENDS and associates! lend a patient ear,
 Suspend intestine broils and reason hear.
 Ye followers of F—— your wrath forbear—
 Ye sons of S—— your invectives spare;

* This Poem is ascribed to the late Hon. Francis Hopkinson, Esq. L. L. D. Federal Judge for the District of Penn.

The fierce dissention your high minds pursue
Is sport for others—ruinous to you.

Surely some fatal influenza reigns,
Some epidemic *rabies* turns your brains—
Is this a time for brethren to engage
In public contest and in party rage?
Fell discord triumphs in your doubtful strife
And, smiling, whets her anatomic knife;
Prepar'd to cut our precious limbs away
And leave the bleeding body to decay.—

Seek ye for foes!—alas, my friends, look round,
In ev'ry street, see num'rous foes abound!
Methinks I hear them cry, in varied tones,
“ Give us our father's,—brother's,—sister's bones.”
Methinks I see a mob of sailor's rife—
Revenge!—Revenge! they cry—and damn their eyes—

NOTE,---continued.

sylvania, &c. &c.—The occasion of its being written, was this: A Dispute arose between the Medical Students who had attached themselves to two Anatomical Professors, in the city of Philadelphia. This Dispute was carried on for a considerable time, and with great violence. Resolutions of Committees,—Journals of Meetings,—&c. &c. were printed; and the town was threatened with a deluge of uninteresting publications. In this situation of affairs, Dr. Hopkinson took up the pen; and by the well-tim'd raillery of the following Poem, silenced the contending parties, restored peace to the Schools, and agreeably entertained the Lovers of Poetry and Humour.—This Poem is reprinted from the 4th edition, published by T. Dobson and T. Lang, February 1789.

Revenge for comrade Jack, whose flesh, they say,
 You minc'd to morsels and then threw away.
 Methinks I see a black infernal train—
 The genuine offspring of accursed *Cain*—
 Fiercely on you their angry looks are bent,
 They grin and gibber dangerous discontent,
 And seem to say,—“ Is there not meat enough?
 “ Ah! massa cannibal, why eat poor CUFF?”
 Ev'n hostile watchmen stand in strong array
 And o'er our heads their threat'ning staves display,
 Howl hideous discord thro' the noon of night,
 And shake their dreadful lanthorns in our sight.

Say, are not these sufficient to engage
 Your high wrought souls eternal war to wage?
 Combine your strength these monsters to subdue
 No friends of science, and sworn foes to you;
 On these,—on these your wordy vengeance pour,
 And strive our fading glory to restore.

Ah! think how, late, our mutilated rites
 And midnight orgies, were by sudden frights
 And loud alarms profan'd—the sacrifice,
 Stretch'd on a board before our eager eyes,
 All naked lay—ev'n when our chieftain stood
 Like a high priest, prepar'd for shedding blood;
 Prepar'd, with wondrous skill, to cut or slash
 The gentle sliiver or the deep drawn gash;
 Prepar'd to plunge ev'n elbow deep in gore
 Nature and nature's secrets to explore—
 Then a tumultuous cry—a sudden fear—
 Proclaim'd the foe—the enraged foe is near—

In some dark hole the hard got corse was laid,
And we, in wild confusion, fled dismay'd.

Think how, like brethren, we have shar'd the toil,
When in the Potter's Field* we fought for spoil;
Did midnight ghosts, and death, and horror, brave,
To delve for science in the dreary grave.

Shall I remind you of that awful night
When our compacted band maintain'd the fight
Against an armed host?—fierce was the fray,
And yet we bore our sheeted prize away.
Firm on a horse's back the corse was laid,
High blowing winds the winding sheet display'd;
Swift flew the steed—but still his burthen bore—
Fear made him fleet, who ne'er was fleet before;
O'er tombs and funken graves he cours'd around,
Nor ought respected consecrated ground.
Mean time the battle rag'd—so loud the strife,
The dead were almost frighten'd into life;
Tho' not victorious, yet we scorn'd to yield,
Retook our prize, and left the doubtful field.

In this degen'rate age, alas! how few
The paths of science with true zeal pursue?
Some trifling contest, some delusive joy,
Too oft the unsteady minds of youth employ.
For me—whom ESCULAPIUS hath inspir'd—
I boast a soul with love of science fir'd;
By one great object is my heart possess'd;
One ruling passion quite absorbs the rest;

* The Negro burial ground.

In this bright point my hopes and fears unite,
And one pursuit alone can give delight.

To me things are not as to vulgar eyes,
I would all nature's works anatomize :
This world a living monster seems, to me,
Rolling and sporting in the aerial sea ;
The soil encompasses her rocks and stones
As flesh in animals encircles bones.
I see vast ocean, like a heart in play,
Pant *systole* and *diastole* ev'ry day,
And by unnumber'd *venus* streams supply'd
Up her broad rivers force the *arterial* tide.
The world's great lungs, monsoons and trade-winds shew
From east to west, from west to east they blow
Alternate respiration——
The hills are pimples which earth's face defile,
And burning *Ætna*, an eruptive boil :
On her high mountains *hairy* forests grow,
And *downy* grass o'erspreads the vales below ;
From her vast body perspirations rise,
Condense in clouds and float beneath the skies.
Thus fancy, faithful servant of the heart,
Transforms all nature by her magic art.

Ev'n mighty LOVE, whose power all power controuls,
Is not, in me, like love in other souls ;
Yet I have lov'd---and CUPID's subtle dart
Hath thro' my *pericardium* pierc'd my heart.
Brown CADAVERA did my soul ensnare,
Was all my thought by night, and daily care ;
I long'd to clasp, in her transcendent charms,
A living skeleton within my arms.

Long, lank and lean, my *CADAVERA* stood,
 Like the tall pine, the glory of the wood ;
 Ofttimes I gaz'd, with learned skill to trace
 The sharp edg'd beauties of her bony face :
 There rose *Os frontis* prominent and bold,
 In deep sunk *orbits* two large eye-balls roll'd,
 Beneath those eye-balls, two arch'd bones were seen,
 Whereon two flabby cheeks hung loose and lean ;
 Between those cheeks, protuberant arose,
 In form triangular, her lovely nose,
 Like *EGYPT*'s pyramid it seem'd to rise,
 Scorn earth, and bid defiance to the skies ;
 Thin were her lips, and of a fallow hue,
 Her open mouth expos'd her teeth to view ;
 Projecting strong, protuberant and wide
 Stood *incisores*---and on either side
 The *canine* rang'd, with many a beauteous flaw,
 And last the *grinders*, to fill up the jaw ;
 All in their *alveoli* fix'd secure,
 Articulated by *gomphosis* sure.
 Around her mouth perpetual smiles had made
 Wrinkles wherein the loves and graces play'd ;
 There, stretch'd and rigid by continual strain,
 Appear'd the *zygomatic* muscles plain,
 And broad *montanus* o'er her pecked chin
 Extended, to support the heavenly grin.
 In amorous dalliance oft I stroak'd her arm,
 Each rising muscle was a rising charm.
 O'er the *flexores* my fond fingers play'd,
 I found instruction with delight convey'd ;

There *carpus*, *cubitus* and *radius* too
 Were plainly felt and manifest to view.
 No muscles on her lovely hand were seen,
 But only bones envelop'd by a skin.
 Long were her fingers and her knuckles bare,
 Much like the claw-foot of a walnut chair.
 So plain was complex *matacarpus* shewn,
 It might be fairly counted bone by bone.
 Her slender *phalanxes* were well defin'd,
 And each with each by *ginglymus* combin'd.
 Such were the charms that did my fancy fire,
 And love---chaste scientific love inspire.

At length my *CADAVERA* fell beneath
 The fatal stroke of all subduing death:
 Three days in grief---three nights in tears I spent,
 And sighs incessant gave my sorrows vent.

Few are the examples of a love so true---
 Ev'n from her death I consolation drew,
 And in a secret hour approach'd her grave,
 Resolv'd her precious corse from worms to save;
 With active haste remov'd the incumbent clay,
 Seiz'd the rich prize and bore my love away.

Her naked charms now lay before my sight,
 I gaz'd with rapture and supreme delight,
 Nor could forbear, in extasy, to cry---
 Beneath that shrivell'd skin what treasures lie!
 Then feasted to the full my amorous soul,
 And skinn'd, and cut, and slash'd without controul.

'Twas then I saw, what long I'd wish'd to see,
 That heart which panted oft for love and me---

In detail view'd the form I once ador'd,
And nature's hidden mysteries explor'd.

Alas! too truly did the wise man say
That flesh is grass, and subject to decay :
Not so the bones ; of substance firm and hard,
Long they remain the Anatomist's reward.
Wise nature, in her providential care,
Did, kindly, bones from vile corruption spare,
That sons their fathers' skeletons might have,
And heaven-born science triumph o'er the grave.

My true love's bones I boil'd---from fat and lean
These hands industrious scrap'd them fair and clean,
And ev'ry bone did to its place restore,
As Nature's hand had plac'd them long before :
These fingers twisted ev'ry pliant wire
With patient skill, urg'd on by strong desire.
Now what remains of *CADAVERA*'s mine,
Securely hanging in a case of pine.

Ofttimes I sit and contemplate her charms,
Her nodding skull and her long dangling arms,
'Till quite inflam'd with passion for the dead,
I take her beauteous skeleton to bed ;
There stretch'd, at length, close to my faithful side
She lies all night,---a lovely, grinning bride.---

Excuse, my friends, this detail of my love,
You must the intent, if not the tale, approve ;
By facts exemplary I meant to shew
To what extent a genuine zeal will go.

A mind, so fix'd, will not be drawn aside
 By vain dissentions or a partial pride ;
 But ev'ry hostile sentiment subdued,
 And keep the ruling passion still in view.

False delicacy---prejudices strong,
 Which no distinctions know 'twixt right and wrong,
 Against our noble science spend their rage,
 And mark the ignorance of this vulgar age.

Time was, when men their living flesh would spare,
 And to the knife their quiv'ring *nates* bare,
 That skilful surgeons† noses might obtain
 For noses lost---and cut and come again ;---
 But now the *living* churlishly refuse
 To give their dead relations to our use ;
 Talk of decorum---and a thousand whims---
 Whene'er we hack their wives' or daughters' limbs ;
 And yet their tables daily they supply
 With the rich fruits of sad mortality ;
 Will pick, and gut, and cook a chicken's corse,
 Dissect and eat it up, without remorse ;
 Devouring fish, flesh, fowl, whatever comes,
 Nor fear the ghosts of murder'd hecatombs.

Now where's the difference ?---to the impartial eye
 A leg of mutton and a human thigh
 Are just the same : for surely all must own
 Flesh is but flesh, and bone is only bone ;
 And tho' indeed, some flesh and bone may grow
 To make a monkey---some to make a beau,
 Still the materials are the same, we know. }

* TALIACOTIUS.

Nor can our anatomic knowledge trace
Internal marks distinctive of our race....

Whence, then, these loud complaints---these hosts of foes
Combin'd, our useful labours to oppose?
How long shall foolish prejudices reign?
And when shall reason her just empire gain?

Ah! full of danger is the up-hill road,
That leads the youth to learning's high abode:
His way thick mists of vulgar errors blind,
And sneering satire follows close behind;
Sour envy strews the rugged path with thorns,
And lazy ignorance his labour scorns.

Is this a time, ye brethren of the knife,
For civil contest and internal strife?
When loud against us gen'ral clamours cry,
And persecution lifts her lash on high?
When government---that many headed beast---
Against our practice rears her horrid crest,
And, our nocturnal access to oppose,
Around the dead a penal barrier* throws?
To crush our schools her awful pow'r applies,
And ev'n forbids the gibbet's just supplies.†

Yet in this night of darkness, storms and fears,
Behold one bright benignant star‡ appears---

* A Law pass'd at New-York, making it penal to steal bodies from the burial ground.

† The wheel-barrow law of Pennsylvania.

‡ The Medical College.

Long may it shine, and, e'er it's course is run,
 Increase, in size and splendour, to a sun!--
 Methinks I see this sun of future days,
 Spread far abroad his *diplomatic* rays---
 See life and health submit to his controul,
 And, like a planet, *death* around him roll.

Methinks I see a stately fabric rise,
 Rear'd on the skulls of these our enemies ;
 I see the bones of our inver'rate foes
 Hang round it's walls in scientific rows.
There solemn sit the learned of the day
 Dispensing death with uncontrouled sway,
 And by *prescription* regulate with ease
 The sudden crisis or the slow disease.

Then shall physicians their millennium find,
 And reign the real sov'reigns of mankind :
 Then shall the face of this vile world be chang'd,
 And nature's healthful laws all new arrang'd---
 In min'ral powders all her dust shall rise,
 And all her insects shall be Spanish flies :
 In medicated potions streams shall flow,
 Pills fall in hail-storms, and sharp salts in snow ;
 In ev'ry quagmire bolusses be found,
 And slimy cataplasms spread the ground---
 Nature herself assume the chymist's part,
 And furnish poisons unsublim'd by art.

Then to our schools shall wealth in currents flow,
 Our theatres no want of subjects know ;
 Nor laws nor mobs th' Anatomist shall dread,
 For graves shall freely render up their dead.

PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE.

 BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, ESQ.

Late Governor of the State of New-Jersey, &c. &c.

LET ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
 Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms ;
 To shining palaces let fools resort,
 And dunces cringe, to be esteem'd at court :
 Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
 From noise remote, and ignorant of strife ;
 Far from the painted belle, and white-glov'd beau,
 The lawless masquerade, and midnight show :
 From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
 Fops, fidlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

Full in the centre of some shady grove,
 By nature form'd for solitude and love ;
 On banks array'd with ever-blooming flowers,
 Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers,
 My neat, but simple mansion I would raise,
 Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days ;
 Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness form'd,
 With savage game, and glossy shells adorn'd.

No costly furniture should grace my hall ;
 But curling vines ascend against the wall,
 Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
 While purple clusters swell'd with future wine :
 To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distil
 From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.

Along my mansion, spiry firs should grow,
 And gloomy yews extend the shady row :
 The cedars flourish, and the poplars rise,
 Sublimely tall, and shoot into the skies :
 Among the leaves, refreshing zephyrs play,
 And crowding trees exclude the noon-tide ray ;
 Whereon the birds their downy nests should form,
 Securely shelter'd from the battering storm ;
 And to melodious notes their choir apply,
 Soon as Aurora blush'd along the sky :
 While all around th' enchanting music rings,
 And ev'ry vocal grove responsive sings.

Me to sequester'd scenes ye muses guide,
 Where nature wantons in her virgin pride ;
 To mossy banks, edg'd round with op'ning flowers,
 Elysian fields and amaranthine bowers,
 To ambrosial founts, and sleep-inspiring rills,
 To herbag'd vales, gay lawns, and sunny hills.

Welcome, ye shades ! all hail, ye vernal blooms !
 Ye bow'ry thickets, and prophetic glooms !
 Ye forests, hail ! ye solitary woods !
 Love-whispering groves, and silver-streaming floods :
 Ye meads, that aromatic sweets exhale !
 Ye birds, and all ye sylvan beauties, hail !
 Oh how I long with you to spend my days,
 Invoke the muse, and try the rural lays !

No trumpets there with martial clangor sound,
 No prostrate heroes strew the crimson ground ;
 No groves of lances glitter in the air,
 Nor thund'ring drums provoke the sanguine war :

But white-rob'd Peace, and universal Love
 Smile in the field, and brighten ev'ry grove :
 There all the beauties of the circling year,
 In native ornamental pride appear.
 Gay, rosy-bosom'd Spring, and April show'rs,
 Wake, from the womb of earth, the rising flow'rs :
 In deeper verdure, Summer clothes the plain,
 And Autumn bends beneath the golden grain ;
 The trees weep amber ; and the whispering gales
 Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales :
 The flow'ry tribes in gay confusion bloom,
 Profuse with sweets, and fragrant with perfume ;
 On blossoms blossoms, fruits on fruits arise,
 And varied prospects glad the wand'ring eyes.
 In these fair seats, I'd pass the joyous day,
 Where meadows flourish, and where fields look gay ;
 From bliss to bliss with endless pleasure rove,
 Seek crystal streams, or haunt the vernal grove,
 Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields, or shades,
 Aerial mountains, or subjacent glades.
 There from the polish'd fetters of the great,
 Triumphal piles, and gilded rooms of state---
 Prime ministers, and sycophantic knaves,
 Illustrious villains, and illustrious slaves,
 From all the vain formality of fools,
 And odious task of arbitrary rules ;
 The rustling cares, which the vex'd soul annoy,
 The wealth the rich possess, but not enjoy,
 The visionary bliss the world can lend,
 Th' insidious foe, and false, designing friend,
 The seven-fold fury of Xantippe's soul,
 And S.——'s rage, that burns without controul :

I'd live retir'd, contented, and serene,
Forgot, unknown, unenvied, and unseen.

Yet not a real hermitage I'd choose,
Nor wish to live from all the world reclusé;
But with a friend sometimes unbend the soul,
In social converse, o'er the sprightly bowl.
With cheerful W——, serene and wisely gay,
I'd often pass the dancing hours away:
He, skill'd alike to profit and to please,
Politely talks with unaffected ease;
Sage in debate, and faithful to his trust,
Mature in science, and severely just;
Of soul diffusive, vast and unconfined,
Breathing benevolence to all mankind;
Cautious to censure, ready to commend,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted friend;
In early youth, fair wisdom's paths he trod,
In early youth, a minister of God,
Each pupil lov'd him, when at Yale he shone,
And ev'ry bleeding bosom weeps him gone.
Dear A—— too, should grace my rural seat,
Forever welcome to the green retreat:
Heav'n for the cause of righteousness design'd
His florid genius, and capacious mind:
Oft have I heard, amidst th' adorning throng,
Celestial truths devolving from his tongue:
High o'er the list'ning audience seen him stand,
Divinely speak, and graceful stretch his hand;
With such becoming grace and pompous sound,
With long-rob'd senators encircled round,

Before the Roman bar, while Rome was free,
 Not bow'd to Cæsar's throne the fervile knee,
 Immortal Tulley plead the patriot cause,
 While ev'ry tongue refounded his applause.
 Next round my board should candid S—— appear,
 Of manners gentle, and a friend sincere,
 Averse to discord, party-rage and strife,
 He sails serenely down the stream of life.
 With these three friends, beneath a spreading shade,
 Where silver fountains murmur thro' the glade;
 Or in cool grotts, perfum'd with native flow'rs,
 In harmless mirth, I'd spend the circling hours;
 Or gravely talk, or innocently sing,
 Or, in harmonious concert, strike the trembling string.

Amid sequester'd bow'rs, near gliding streams,
 Druids and bards enjoy'd serenest dreams.
 Such was the seat where courtly Horace sung,
 And his bold harp immortal Maro strung:
 Where tuneful Orpheus' unresisted lay
 Made rapid tigers bear their rage away:
 While groves, attentive to th' extatic sound,
 Burst from their roots, and, raptur'd, danc'd around.
 Such seats the venerable seers of old
 (When blissful years in golden circles roll'd)
 Chose and admir'd: e'en goddeses and gods
 (As poets feign) were fond of such abodes:
 Th' imperial consort of fictitious Jove
 For fount-full Ide forsook the realms above.
 Oft to Idalia, on a golden cloud,
 Veil'd in a mist of fragrance, Venus rode:

There num'rous altars to the queen were rear'd,
And love-sick youths their am'rous vows prefer'd,
While fair-hair'd damsels (a lascivious train)
With wanton rites ador'd her gentle reign.
The silver-shaft'd huntress of the woods,
Sought pendant shades, and bath'd in cooling floods.
In palmy Delos by Scamander's side,
Or where Cajister roll'd his silver tide,
Melodious Phœbus sang; the muses round
Alternate warbling to the heavenly sound.
E'en the feign'd monarch of heav'n's bright abode,
High thron'd in gold, of gods the sov'reign god,
Of time prefer'd the shade of Ida's grove
To all th' ambrosial feasts, and nectar'd cups above.

Behold, the rosy-finger'd morning dawn,
In saffron robb'd, and blushing o'er the lawn!
Reflected from the clouds, a radiant stream
Tips with ethereal dew the mountain's brim.
Th' unfolding roses, and the op'ning flow'rs
Imbibe the dew, and strew the varied bow'rs,
Diffuse nectareous sweets around, and glow
With all the colours of the show'ry bow.
Th' industrious bees their balmy toil renew,
Buz o'er the field, and sip the rosy dew.
But yonder comes th' illustrious god of day,
Invests the east, and gilds th' ethereal way;
The groves rejoice, the feather'd nations sing,
Echo the mountains, and the vallies ring.

Hail, orb! array'd with majesty and fire,
That bids each fable shade of night retire!

Fountain of light ! with burning glory crown'd,
 Darting a deluge of effulgence round !
 Wak'd by thy genial and prolific ray,
 Nature resumes her verdure, and looks gay :
 Fresh blooms the rose, the drooping plants revive,
 The groves reffourish, and the forests live.
 Deep in the teeming earth, the rip'ning ore
 Confesses thy consolidating pow'r ;
 Hence Labour draws her tools, and artists mould
 The fusile silver and the ductile gold ;
 Hence war is furnish'd ; and the regal shield
 Like light'ning flashes o'er th' illumin'd field.
 If thou so fair with delegated light,
 That all heav'n's splendors vanish at thy sight ;
 With what effulgence must the ocean glow,
 From which thy borrow'd beams incessant flow !
 Th' exhaustless source whose single smile supplies
 Th' unnumber'd orbs that gild the spangled skies !

Oft' would I view, in admiration lost,
 Heav'n's sumptuous canopy, and starry host ;
 With level'd tube, and astronomic eye,
 Pursue the planets whirling thro' the sky :
 Immeasurable vault ! where thunders roll,
 And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole.
 Say, railing infidel ! canst thou survey
 Yon globe of fire, that gives the golden day,
 The harmonious structure of this vast machine,
 And not confess its architect divine !
 Then go, vain wretch ! tho' deathless be thy soul,
 Go, swell the riot, and exhaust the bowl ;

Plunge into vice—humanity resign—
Go fill the stie—and brittle into swine!

None but a pow'r omnipotent and wise
Could frame this earth, or spread the boundless skies;
He made the whole; at his omnific call,
From formless chaos rose this spacious ball,
And one Almighty God is seen in all. }
By him our cup is crown'd, our table spread
With luscious wine, and life-sustaining bread.
What countless wonders doth the earth contain!
What countless wonders the unfathom'd main!
Bedrop'd with gold, there scaly nations shine,
Haunt coral groves, or lash the foaming brine.
Jehovah's glories blaze all nature round,
In heaven, on earth, and in the deeps profound;
Ambitious of his name, the warblers sing,
And praise their maker, while they hail the spring;
The zephyrs breathe it; and the thunders roar,
While surge to surge, and shore resounds to shore.
But man, endu'd with an immortal mind,
His Maker's image, and for heaven design'd,
To loftier notes his raptur'd voice should raise,
And chaunt sublimer hymns to his Creator's praise.

When rising Phœbus ushers in the morn,
And golden beams th' impurpled skies adorn;
Wak'd by the gentle-murmur of the floods,
Or the soft music of the waving woods;
Rising from sleep with the melodious quire,
To solemn sounds I'd tune the hallow'd lyre.

Thy name, O God! should tremble on my tongue,
 Till ev'ry grove prov'd vocal to my song:
 (Delightful task! with dawning light to sing
 Triumphant hymns to heav'n's eternal king.)
 Some courteous angel should my breast inspire,
 Attune my lips, and guide the warbled wire,
 While sportive echoes catch the sacred sound,
 Swell ev'ry note, and bear the music round;
 While mazy streams meand'ring to the main,
 Hang in suspense to hear the heav'nly strain,
 And, hush'd to silence, all the feather'd throng
 Attentive listen to the tuneful song.

Father of light! exhaustless source of good!
 Supreme, eternal, self-existent God!
 Before the beamy sun dispens'd a ray,
 Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day;
 Before the glimm'ring moon, with borrow'd light,
 Shone queen amid the silver host of night;
 High in the heav'ns, thou reign'dst superior Lord,
 By suppliant angels worship'd and ador'd.
 With the celestial choir then let me join
 In cheerful praises to the pow'r divine.
 To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire
 A mortal breast with more than mortal fire:
 In dreadful majesty thou sit'st enthron'd,
 With light encircled, and with glory crown'd;
 Thro' all infinitude extends thy reign,
 For thee, nor heav'n, nor heav'n of heav'ns contain;
 But tho' thy throne is fix'd above the sky,
 Thy omnipresence fills immensity.

Saints, rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radiant martyrs hallelujahs sing :
Heaven's universal host their voices raise
In one eternal chorus, to thy praise ;
And, round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing, holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice, from ancient night,
Sprang smiling beauty, and yon worlds of light :
Thou spak'st—the planetary chorus roll'd,
And all th' expanse was starr'd with beamy gold ;
Let there be light, said God—light instant shone,
And from the orient, burst the golden sun ;
Heav'n's gazing hierarchs, with glad surprize,
Saw the first morn invest the recent skies,
And strait th' exulting troops thy throne surround
With thousand thousand harps of heav'nly sound :
Thrones, powers, dominions, (ever shining trains !)
Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains :
Great are thy works, they sing ; and, all around,
Great are thy works, the echoing heav'ns resound.
The effulgent sun, insufferably bright,
Is but a beam of thy o'erflowing light ;
The tempest is thy breath : the thunder hurl'd,
Tremendous roars thy vengeance o'er the world ;
Thou bow'st the heav'ns, the smoking mountains nod,
Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God ;
Pale tyrants shrink, the atheist stands aghast,
And impious kings in horror breathe their last.
To this great God alternately I'd pay
The ev'ning anthem, and the morning lay.

For sov'reign gold I never would repine,
Nor with the glitt'ring dust of monarchs mine.
What tho' high columns heave into the skies,
Gay cielings shine, and vaulted arches rise?
Tho' fretted gold the sculptur'd roof adorn,
The rubies redden, and the jaspers burn!
O what, alas! avails the gay attire
To wretched man, who breathes but to expire!
Oft' on the vilest, riches are bestow'd,
To show their meanness in the sight of God.
High from a dunghill, see a Dives rise,
And, Titan-like, insult th' avenging skies:
The crowd, in adulation, calls him Lord,
By thousands courted, flatter'd and ador'd:
In riot plung'd, and drunk with earthly joys,
No higher thought his grov'ling soul employs:
The poor he scourges with an iron rod,
And from his bosom banishes his God.
But oft' in height of wealth and beauty's bloom,
Deluded man is fated to the tomb!
For, lo! he sickens; swift his colour flies,
And rising mists obscure his swimming eyes:
Around his bed his weeping friends bemoan,
Extort the unwilling tear, and wish him gone;
His sorrowing heir augments the tender show'r,
Deplores his death—yet hails the dying hour.
Ah bitter comfort! Sad relief! to die,
Tho' sunk in down, beneath the canopy!
His eyes no more shall see the cheerful light,
Weigh'd down by death in everlasting night,
And now the great, the rich, the proud, the gay,
Lie breathless, cold—unanimated clay!

He, that just now was flatter'd by the crowd
With high applause, and acclamations loud—
That steel'd his bosom to the orphan's cries,
And drew down torrents from the widow's eyes—
Whom, like a God, the rabble did adore—
Regard him now—and, lo! he is no more.

My eyes no dazzling vestments should behold,
With gems instarr'd, and stiff with woven gold;
But the tall ram his downy fleece afford,
To clothe, in modest garb, his frugal lord.
Thus the great Father of mankind was dress'd,
When shaggy hides compos'd his flowing vest;
Doom'd to the cumbrous load, for his offence,
When clothes supply'd the want of innocence:
But now his sons (forgetful whence they came)
Glitter in gems, and glory in their shame.

Oft' would I wander thro' the dewy field,
Where clust'ring roses balmy fragrance yield:
Or in lone grotts, for contemplation made,
Converse with angels and the mighty dead;
For all around unnumber'd spirits fly,
Waft on the breeze, or walk the liquid sky,
Inspire the poet with repeated dreams,
Who gives his hallow'd muse to sacred themes,
Protect the just, serene their gloomy hours,
Becalm their slumbers, and refresh their pow'rs.
Methinks I see th' immortal beings fly,
And swiftly shoot athwart the streaming sky:
Hark! a melodious voice I seem to hear,
And heav'nly sounds invade my list'ning ear!

" Be not afraid of us, innoxious band,
 " Thy cell furrounding by divine command ;
 " Ere while, like thee, we led our lives below,
 " (Sad lives of pain, of misery, and woe !)
 " Long by affliction's boist'rous tempests tost,
 " We reach'd at length the ever blissful coast :
 " Now in th' embow'ring groves, and lawns above,
 " We taste the raptures of immortal love,
 " Attune the golden harp in roseate bow'rs,
 " Or bind our temples with unfading flow'rs.
 " Oft' on kind errands bent, we cut the air,
 " To guard the righteous, heav'n's peculiar care !
 " Avert impending harms, their minds compose,
 " Inspire gay dreams, and prompt their soft repose.
 " When from thy tongue divine hosannas roll,
 " And sacred raptures swell thy rising soul,
 " To heav'n we bear thy pray'rs, like rich perfumes ;
 " Where, by the throne, the golden censer fumes ;
 " And when with age thy head is silver'd o'er,
 " And, cold in death, thy bosom beats no more,
 " Thy soul, exulting, shall desert its clay,
 " And mount, triumphant, to eternal day."

But to improve the intellectual mind,
 Reading should be to contemplation join'd.
 First I'd collect from the Parnassian spring,
 What muses dictate, and what poets sing.—
 Virgil, as prince, shou'd wear the laurel'd crown,
 And other bards pay homage to his throne ;
 The blood of heroes now effus'd so long,
 Will run forever purple thro' his song,

See ! how he mounts toward the blest abodes,
On planets rides, and talks with demigods !
How do our ravish'd spirits melt away,
When in his song Sicilian shepherds play !
But what a splendor strikes the dazzled eye,
When Dido shines in awful majesty !
Embroidered purple clad the Tyrian queen,
Her motion graceful, and august-her mien ;
A golden zone her royal limbs embrac'd,
A golden quiver rattled by her waist.
See her proud steed majestically prance,
Contemn the trumpet, and deride the lance !
In crimson trappings, glorious to behold,
Confus'dly gay with interwoven gold !
He champs the bit, and throws the foam around,
Impatient paws, and tears the solid ground.
How stern Æneas thunders thro' the field !
With tow'ring helmet, and refulgent shield !
Courfers o'erturn'd, and mighty warriors slain,
Deform'd with gore, lie welt'ring on the plain,
Struck through with wounds, ill-fated chieftains lie,
Frown e'en in death, and threaten as they die.
Thro' the thick squadrons see the hero bound !
(His helmet flashes, and his arms resound !)
All grim with rage, he frowns o'er Turnus' head,
(Re-kindled ire ! for blooming Pallas dead)
Then in his bosom plung'd the shining blade—
The soul indignant fought the Stygian shade !

The far-fam'd bards that grac'd Britannia's isle,
Should next compose the venerable pile.

Great Milton first, for tow'ring thought renown'd,
Parent of song, and fam'd the world around!
His glowing breast divine Urania fir'd,
Or God himself th' immortal bard inspir'd,
Borne on triumphant wings he takes his flight,
Explores all heaven, and treads the realms of light:
In martial pomp he clothes th' angelic train,
While warring myriads shake the etherial plain.
First Michael stalks, high tow'ring o'er the rest,
With heav'nly plumage nodding on his crest:
Impenetrable arms his limbs infold,
Eternal adamant, and burning gold!
Sparkling in fiery mail, with dire delight,
Rebellious Satan animates the fight:
Armipotent they sink in rolling smoke,
All heav'n resounding, to its centre shook.
To crush his foes, and quell the dire alarms,
Messiah sparkled in refulgent arms:
In radiant panoply divinely bright,
His limbs incas'd, he flash'd devouring light:
On burning wheels, o'er heav'n's crystalline road
Thunder'd the chariot of the filial God;
The burning wheels on golden axles turn'd,
With flaming gems the golden axles burn'd.
Lo! the apostate host, with terror struck,
Roll back by millions! Th' empyrean shook!
Sceptres, and orb'd shields, and crowns of gold,
Cherubs and seraphs in confusion roll'd;
Till from his hand the triple thunder hurl'd,
Compell'd them, head-long, to th' infernal world.

Then tuneful Pope, whom all the nine inspire,
 With sapphic sweetness, and pindaric fire,
 Father of verse ! melodious and divine !
 Next peerless Milton should distinguish'd shine.
 Smooth flow his numbers, when he paints the grove,
 Th' enraptur'd virgins list'ning into love.
 But when the night, and hoarse-resounding storm
 Rush on the deep, and Neptune's face deform,
 Rough runs the verse, the son'rous numbers roar,
 Like the hoarse surge that thunders on the shore.
 But when he sings th' exhilarated swains,
 Th' embow'ring groves, and Windsor's blissful plains,
 Our eyes are ravish'd with the sylvan scene,
 Embroider'd fields, and groves in living green ;
 His lays the verdure of the meads prolong,
 And wither'd forests blossom in his song.
 Thames' silver streams his flowing verse admire,
 And cease to murmur while he tunes his lyre.

Next should appear great Dryden's lofty muse,
 For who would Dryden's polish'd verse refuse ?
 His lips were moisten'd in Parnassus' spring,
 And Phœbus taught his laureat son to sing.
 How long did Virgil untranslatèd moan,
 His beauties fading, and his flights unknown ;
 Till Dryden rose, and, in exalted strain,
 Re-sang the fortune of the god-like man !
 Again the Trojan prince, with dire delight,
 Dreadful in arms, demands the ling'ring fight ;
 Again Camilla glows with martial fire,
 Drives armies back, and makes all Troy retire.

With more than native lustre, Virgil shines,
And gains sublimer heights in Dryden's lines.

The gentle Watts, who strings his silver lyre
To sacred odes, and heav'n's all-ruling Sire;
Who scorns th' applause of the licentious stage,
And mounts yon sparkling worlds with hallow'd rage,
Compels my thoughts to wing th' heav'nly road,
And wafts my soul, exulting, to my God:
No fabled nine, harmonious bard! inspire
Thy raptur'd breast with such seraphic fire;
But prompting angels warm thy boundless rage,
Direct thy thoughts, and animate thy page.
Blest man! for spotless sanctity rever'd,
Lov'd by the good, and by the guilty fear'd:
Blest man! from gay, delusive scenes remov'd,
Thy Maker loving, by thy Maker lov'd,
To God thou tun'st thy consecrated lays,
Nor meanly blush to sing Jehovah's praise.
Oh! did, like thee, each laurel'd bard delight
To paint Religion in her native light,
Not then with plays the lab'ring prefs would groan,
Nor Vice defy the pulpit and the throne;
No impious rhymers charm a vicious age,
Nor prostrate Virtue groan beneath their rage:
But themes divine in lofty numbers rise,
Fill the wide earth, and echo thro' the skies.

These for delight. For profit I would read
The labour'd volumes of the learned dead.
Sagacious Locke, by Providence design'd,
To exalt, instruct, and rectify the mind.

The unconquerable sage* whom virtue fir'd,
 And from the tyrant's lawless rage retir'd,
 When victor Cæsar freed unhappy Rome
 From Pompey's chains, to substitute his own.
 Longinus, Livy, fam'd Thucydides,
 Quintilian, Plato, and Demosthenes,
 Persuasive Tully, and Corduba's sage, †
 Who fell by Nero's unrelenting rage ;
 Him ‡ whom ungrateful Athens doom'd to bleed,
 Despis'd when living, and deplor'd when dead.
 Raleigh I'd read with ever fresh delight,
 While ages past rise present to my sight :
 Ah man unblest ! he foreign realms explor'd,
 Then fell a victim to his country's sword !
 Nor should great Derham pass neglected by,
 Observant sage ! to whose deep-piercing eye,
 Nature's stupendous works expanded lie. }
 Nor he, Britannia, thy unmatch'd renown !
 (Adjudg'd to wear the philosophic crown)
 Who on the solar orb uplifted rode,
 And scann'd the unfathomable works of God !
 Who bound the silver planets to their spheres,
 And trac'd the elliptic curve of blazing stars !
 Immortal Newton ; whose illustrious name
 Will shine on records of eternal fame.

By love directed, I would choose a wife,
 To improve my bliss, and ease the load of life.

* Cato.

† Seneca.

‡ Socrates.

Hail, wedlock! hail, inviolable tie!
 Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
 Love, friendship, honour, truth, and pure delight
 Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
 In Eden, first the holy state began,
 When perfect innocence distinguish'd man;
 The human pair, the Almighty pontiff led,
 Gay as the morning, to the bridal bed;
 A dread solemnity the espousals grac'd,
 Angels the witnesses, and God the priest!
 All earth exulted on the nuptial hour,
 And voluntary roses deck'd the bow'r;
 The joyous birds on every blossom'd spray,
 Sung hymeneans to the important day,
 While Philomela swell'd the spousal song,
 And Paradise with gratulation rung.

Relate, inspiring muse! where shall I find
 A blooming virgin with an angel mind?
 Unblemish'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
 That fed, O Rome! thy consecrated fire?
 By reason aw'd, ambitious to be good,
 Averse to vice, and zealous for her God?
 Relate, in what blest region can I find
 Such bright perfections in a female mind?
 What phoenix-woman breathes the vital air
 So greatly good, and so divinely fair?
 Sure not the gay and fashionable train,
 Licentious, proud, immoral, and profane;
 Who spend their golden hours in antic dress,
 Malicious whispers, and inglorious ease.

Lo! round the board a shining train appears
In rosy beauty, and in prime of years!
This hates a founce, and this a founce approves,
This shows the trophies of her former loves;
Polly avers, that Sylvia dress'd in green,
When last at church the gaudy nymph was seen;
Chloe condemns her optics; and will lay
'Twas azure sattin, interstreak'd with grey;
Lucy, invest'd with judicial power,
Awards 'twas neither,—and the strife is o'er.
Then parrots, lap dogs, monkeys, squirrels, beaux,
Fans, ribands, tuckers, patches, furbeloes,
In quick succession, thro' their fancies run,
And dance incessant, on the flippant tongue.
And when, fatigu'd with ev'ry other sport,
The belles prepare to grace the sacred court,
They marshal all their forces in array,
To kill with glances, and destroy in play.
Two skilful maids with reverential fear,
In wanton wreaths collect their silken hair;
Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
The fragrant unguent, and the ambrosial shower;
One pulls the shape-creating stays; and one
Encircles round her waist the golden zone;
Not with more toil to improve immortal charms,
Strove Juno, Venus, and the queen of arms,
When Priam's son adjudg'd the golden prize,
To the resistless beauty of the skies.
At length, equip'd in Love's enticing arms,
With all that glitters, and with all that charms,

The ideal goddesses to church repair,
 Peep thro' the fan, and mutter o'er a pray'r,
 Or listen to the organ's pompous sound,
 Or eye the gilded images around ;
 Or, deeply studied in coquettish rules,
 Aim wily glances at unthinking fools ;
 Or show the lily hand with graceful air,
 Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair :
 And when the hated discipline is o'er,
 And misses tortur'd with repent, no more,
 They mount the pictur'd coach ; and, to the play,
 The celebrated idols hie away.

Not so the lass that should my joys improve,
 With solid friendship, and connubial love :
 A native bloom, with intermingled white,
 Should set her features in a pleasing light ;
 Like Helen flushing with unrival'd charms,
 When raptur'd Paris darted in her arms.
 But what, alas ! avails a ruby cheek,
 A downy bosom, or a snowy neck !
 Charms ill supply the want of innocence,
 Nor beauty forms intrinsic excellence :
 But in her breast let moral beauties shine,
 Supernal grace and purity divine :
 Sublime her reason, and her native wit
 Unstrain'd with pedantry, and low conceit ;
 Her fancy lively, and her judgment free
 From female prejudice and bigotry :
 Averse to idol pomp, and outward show,
 The flatt'ring coxcomb, and fantastic beau.

The fop's impertinence she should despise,
Tho' sorely wounded by her radiant eyes ;
But pay due rev'rence to the exalted mind,
By learning polish'd, and by wit refin'd,
Who all her virtues, without guile, commends,
And all her faults as freely reprehends.
Soft Hymen's rites her passion should approve,
And in her bosom glow the flames of love :
To me her soul, by sacred friendship, turn,
And I, for her, with equal friendship burn :
In ev'ry stage of life afford relief,
Partake my joys, and sympathize my grief ;
Unshaken, walk in Virtue's peaceful road,
Nor bribe her Reason to pursue the mode ;
Mild as the saint whose errors are forgiv'n,
Calm as a vestal, and compos'd as heaven.
This be the partner, this the lovely wife,
That should embellish and prolong my life,
A nymph ! who might a second fall inspire,
And fill a glowing cherub with desire !
With her I'd spend the pleasurable day,
While fleeting minutes gayly danc'd away :
With her I'd walk, delighted, o'er the green,
Thro' ev'ry blooming mead, and rural scene ;
Or sit in open fields damask'd with flow'rs,
Or where cool shades imbrown the noon-tide bow'rs.
Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms ;
Oft' on her panting bosom would I lay,
And, in dissolving raptures melt away ;

Then lull'd, by nightingales, to balmy rest,
My blooming fair should slumber at my breast.

And when decrepid age (frail mortals' doom)
Should bend my wither'd body to the tomb,
No warbling fyrens should retard my flight
To heavenly mansions of unclouded light.
Tho' Death, with his imperial horrors crown'd,
Terrific grinn'd, and formidably frown'd,
Offences pardon'd and remitted sin,
Should form a calm serenity within:
Blessing my natal and my mortal hour,
(My soul committed to the eternal pow'r)
Inexorable Death should smile, for I
Who knew to live, would never fear to die.

DESCRIPTIVE LINES,

*Written at the request of a Friend, upon the surrounding
Prospect from BEACON-HILL in BOSTON.*

BY PHILENIA, A LADY OF BOSTON.

FAR from this spot let sportive FICTION hie,
While rapt ATTENTION lifts her searching eye,
O'er CHARLESTOWN'S *field* each hallow'd view explores,
Sees the *twin* rivers lave the purple shores,
Where the high soil disdain'd the trembling flood,
And stain'd the white wave with *Britannia's* blood,

While the fierce blaze* its wasting vengeance pours,
 Wraps the wide domes, and climbs the ascending towers,
 The crimson eye of frantic SLAUGHTER turn'd,
 Where *valour* perish'd, and where *vic't'ry* mourn'd,
 And kindred worth unboasting sorrow shed,
 As deathless WARREN bow'd his patriot head.

Thy Temple, *Charles!* a new-rais'd Phœnix shines,
 Thy far fam'd bridge the sister-city joins,
 Whose flame-tipt spires reflect the solar ray,
 And strew with stars the azure robe of day;
Here varied MARTS one full EMPORIUM boast,
 Rich with the wealth of ev'ry foreign coast;
 How chang'd the scene, since round the dreary glade
 The frowning forest bent its murky shade!
 E'en on this spot, with green savannas spread,
 Adorn'd by GENIUS, and by PLENTY fed,
 The hungry *Savage* dash'd the foaming flood,
 Trac'd the blue rock, and swept the weedy wood;
 Our patient Sires the wild'ring region gain,
 Bend the hard oak, the wat'ry valley drain,
 'Till down the tide the moving forest flows,
 And where the *desart* howl'd, the polish'd *City* rose,
 Whose *crescent* haven's lib'ral surface smiles,
 Clad in the verdure of unnumber'd isles,
 Where scepter'd WILLIAM'S massy bulwarks stand,
 The *guard* and *glory* of the sceneful land.

A a

* Alluding to the burning of Charlestown by the British in 1775.

Yon orient heights † their rifted foreheads raise,
 And claim the triumph of the VICTOR's praise ;
 Still lives the morn, when from those armed brows,
 The SONS OF FREEDOM brav'd their *prison'd* foes ;
 While o'er the deep the giant *Terror* bends,
 Death's lifted arm his fable dart extends,
 The *Dance* ‡ no more its graceful charm supplies,
 No more the scenes of *mimic nature* rise,
 Thro' bleeding ranks the deathful dangers roll,
 And peals of ruin shake the foldier's soul ;
 For him no beauty decks the vernal fields,
 But ev'ry breeze a more than winter yields,
 Flight all his *hope*, and honor all his *care*,
 The warlike Briton learns for once *to fear*,
 To the bleak wave resigns his murm'ring host,
 And quits the fullen sanguinary coast.
 So in the climes, where changeful seasons roll,
 Ere threat'ning winter gains his full control,
 While rustling leaves in crumbling ruin lie,
 Ting'd with the rainbow's variegated dye,
 The *feather'd race* the howling storm foresee,
 The barren meadow, and the naked tree ;
 Late to those shores were all their joys confin'd,
 Now death and hunger float in ev'ry wind,
 With outstretch'd wing they skim along the main,
 And quit the Terrors of an hostile plain.

† Dorchester heights, the fortifying of which by General WASHINGTON in March 1776, compelled the British to evacuate the town.

‡ The Ball and the Drama formed the amusements of the Garrison, during the siege.

Let yon VAST FANE rear its ionic side,
 The boast of art, the *great designer's* || pride ;
 There rests in silent cells the holy dead,
 There weeping SCIENCE droops her widow'd head,
 Since BOWDOIN sleeps, deaf to his country's praise,
 Deaf to the heavenly poet's living lays.

What varied charms adorn the circling main,
 The peopled isthmus, and the velvet plain !
Here ruddy HEALTH the grateful soil divides,
There gen'rous COMMERCE cleaves the freighted tides.
 How sweet the fragrance of the sylvan scene,
 The rosy arbor, and the bow'ry green !
 At eve to climb the mountain's pendent brow,
 While at its base the boiling waters flow,
 See the low sun his rubied globe display,
 And lean collected on the edge of day !
 From cultur'd dales behold the high hills rise
 With piny summits, curtain'd by the skies !
 Down whose green slopes, in all their pearly pride,
 Thro' mantling flowers the glassy riv'lets glide,
 While the flocks whiten thro' the cottag'd vale,
 And notes of music fill the scented gale.

Like a new planet mid the vast serene,
 Lo! rising HARVARD swells the extended scene,
 O'er distant regions spreads a ray divine,
 Bids " other BOWDOINS other WINTHROPS shine" !
 Such QUEEN OF CITIES ! are thy rich domains,
 And such the realm, where GODLIKE FREEDOM reigns !

|| The celebrated Architect, Mr. Harrison.

O D E

TO THE PRESIDENT,
On his visiting the Northern States.

BY THE SAME.

THE Season sheds its mildest ray,
 O'er the blue waves the sun-beams play,
 The bending harvest gilds the plain,
 The tow'ring vessels press the main,
 The ruddy ploughman quits his toil,
 The pallid miser leaves his spoil,
 And grateful pœans hail the festive year,
 Which bids *Columbia's* guardian God appear.

Hence! DISAPPOINTMENT'S anxious eye,
 And pale AFFLICTION'S ling'ring sigh;
 Let sorrow from the brow be torn,
 And ev'ry heart forget to mourn;
 Let smiles of peace their charms display
 To grace this joy-devoted day,
 And, where *that* arm preserv'd the peopled plain,
 Shall mild Contentment hold her placid reign.

Let "*white rob'd choirs*" in beauty gay
 With lucid flowrets strew the way,
 Let Lilachs scent the purpled lawn,
 And roses emulate the dawn,
 Let domes their circling honors spread,
 And wreaths entwine that glorious head;
 To thee, GREAT WASHINGTON, each lyre be strung,
 Thy matchless deeds by ev'ry bard be sung!

When FREEDOM rais'd her drooping head,
Thy arm her willing heroes led,
When all her hopes, to thee resign'd,
Were resting on thy god-like mind,
How did that soul, to fear unknown,
And feeling for *her* fate alone,
O'er Danger's threat'ning form the faulchion wield,
And tread with dauntless step the crimson field!

Not DECIUS—patriot dear to fame!
Not CINCINNATUS—deathless name!
Not HE,* who led the Athenian band,
The saviour of a bleeding land,
Could such exalted worth display,
Nor shine with such unclouded ray.
Of *Age* the HOPE, of *Youth* the LEADING STAR,
The *Soul* of PEACE, the CONQUERING ARM OF WAR.

* THEMISTOCLES.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

 BY THE SAME.

SOOTHER of Life! by whose delusive charm
 This feeling heart resists the pointed woe,
 Whose magic power, with fancied joys can warm,
 And wipe the tear which Anguish taught to flow;

If, thro' the varied griefs my Youth has known,
 No charm but these could raise my votive eye;
 O leave me not, now every blessing's flown,
 Whilst my sad bosom heaves the lengthen'd sigh.

The grated prison, and the lov'd-form'd bower,
 The wretch, whom Disappointment wastes away,
 The frugal hut, the gilded dome of power,
 Joy in thy smiles and court thy equal sway.

By thee, the friendless sufferer learns to bear;
 By thee, the patient heart forgets its woe;
 Thou mak'st Misfortune's iron aspect fair,
 And e'en the frozen cheek of Misery glow.

Leave me no more, as on that fated morn
 When my rash soul the impious deed design'd,
 And when, unconscious of thy blest return,
 The foe Despair usurp'd my tortur'd mind.

But yet, bright Goddess! with deceptive smile,
 Come, and a host of Fictions in thy train,
 With dreams of peace my wearied heart beguile,
 And sink in fancied bliss the real pain.

PRAYER TO PATIENCE.

 BY THE SAME.

GODDESS of the steady eye!
 All thy Apathy impart,
 From a world of woe I fly,
 Take, oh take me to thy heart!

Lend me all thy healing power,
 Teach me to suppress the groan,
 Let me while affliction's lower,
 Turn like NIOBE to stone.

Let me to the sneer of scorn,
 Still return the placid smile,
 Calm,—when angry passions frown,
 Silent,—when the rude revile.

Check the Tyrant of the mind,
 Source of sorrow, Foe to thee;
 Who can peace, or solace find,
 Rack'd by Sensibility!

Snatch me from her wasting sway,
 Shield me with thy firmer aid,
 Let me still thy voice obey,
 Gentle, peace-preserving maid!

If greater pangs this bosom rend,
 Than ever bosom felt before;
 Further may thy sway extend,
 Greater, deeper be thy power.

Be every *wrong* disarm'd by thee,
 Rob stern *Oppression* of his pride,
 Bid *Malice* at thy presence flee,
 Turn *Envy's* venom'd dart aside.

Let hard *Reproach* soft kindness feel,
 To cold *Disdain* be pity lent,
 From *Anger* wrest his list'd steel,
 From black *Revenge* his discontent.

Goddeſs of the tearleſs eye!
 Yet give me thy pacific charms;
 To thy calm boſom let me fly,
 And find a refuge in thy arms!

L I N E S,

*Addressed to the inimitable Author of the Poems under the
 ſignature of Della Cruſca.*

BY THE SAME.

A CROSS the vaſt Atlantic tide,
 Down *Apalachia's* graſſy ſide,
 What echoing ſounds the ſoul beguile,
 And lend *the lip of grief* a ſmile!
 'Tis DELLA CRUSCA's heavenly ſong,
 Which floats the weſtern ſhores along,

Breathing as sweet, as soft a strain,
 As kindness to the ear of pain;
 Splendid as noon, as morning clear,
 And chaste as evening's pearly tear;
 Where *cold despair* in music flows,
 While all the FIRE OF GENIUS glows.

Still thy enchanting powers display,
 Still charm me with the magic lay!
 The Muses all thy soul inspire,
 Apollo tunes thy matchless lyre!
 O strike the lustral string again,
 And o'er Columbia waft the strain.

Ah! would to light my clouded days,
 One ray from thy unequal'd blaze,
 Might thro' my dark'ning fortunes shine,
 And grace me with a note like thine!
 But no, BRIGHT EARD, for thee alone
 The Muses weave the *laurel crown*:
 Ne'er can the *timid, plaintive dove*,
 Soar with the DAUNTLESS BIRD OF JOVE;
 Nor *silv'ry Hesper's* dewy ray
 Beam like the *Golden Orb of Day*.

ALFRED TO PHILENIA.*

MY morn of life was bright and fair,
 The distant mists of gloomy *Care*,
 By *Joy's* light breeze, which daily blew,
 Were scatter'd far beyond the view.
 Then blessings crown'd the happy hours—
 Then *Pleasure* strew'd my path with flowers;
 Then *Virtue* oped an easy way,
 And led my footsteps up to day.
 If e'er the *Child* of *Sorrow* mourn'd
 My sympathetic bosom burn'd;
 The highest bliss my soul could know,
 Was, to relieve the pang of woe.

Such scenes my fondest feelings warm'd—
 Such scenes my earliest habits form'd;
 This dangerous race thro' youth I ran,
 And, ruin'd, reach'd the verge of man.

Alas! sad wretch!—I've wept, and run
 At *Pity's* call—to be undone;
 Beneath the flowers which strew'd my way,
 The thorn of keenest anguish lay;
 Even in the bos of *Virtue's* shield,
 The sting of torture lay conceal'd.

Ah, fatal *Love*!—

Now *Hope* has clos'd her sun-bright eye,
 And midnight glooms my midday sky;

* This, and the three next succeeding Poems, are extracted from the *Columbian Centinel* of 1791.

Despair now heaves his horrid form,
 And frowns terrific in the storm;
 No ray of bliss now meets my sight,
 And my whole soul is wrap'd in night.

Ah, sweetest *Poetess*! thy lay
 Can charm the weightiest woes away;
 The soft compassion of thy feeling breast,
 Can shed a drop of balm, and lull my soul to rest.

PHILENIA TO ALFRED.

ALFRED! the heaven lent muse is thine,
 Then bid impetuous sorrow cease;
 And at the bright *Apollo's* shrine,
 Recal thy exil'd heart to peace.

Vain is the tear in anguish shed,
 And vain the pang by passion fed,
 Then to the muse thy moments give,
 And for her deathless laurel *live*.

Ne'er hope in careless crowds to find
 A refuge for thy *lonely* mind,
 Think not the sympathetick sigh,
 The language of the moving eye,
 Will o'er thy with'ring sorrows flow;
Envy will sneer, and *rancour* frown,
 Or *ignorant malice* drag thee down,
 And scorn to solace what it cannot know.

Yet there are *some* to mercy true ;
 And such *my griefs* have found,
 Who o'er each life-destroying wound,
 Shed pity's healing dew.

Such be thy favour'd lot, for they
 Will live beyond the summer day,
 Will mid'st the weeping autumn smile,
 And e'en the wintry waste beguile ;
 Will thy sad breast from anguish free,
 The friends of gentleness and thee.

But, if the slave of love thou art
 Still languish and *endure*,
 For when that strikes *the feeling heart*,
 Like death, it has no cure.

ALFRED TO PHILENIA.

AND does the heart, by love distress'd,
 " Like death, admit no cure ?"
 Must *Alfred's* deeply-tortur'd breast,
 " Still languish, and endure ?"

Ah ! for a moment stay thy doom,
 Nor drive him frantic to the tomb.
 Thy sweet, thy all-subduing lay,
 The tempests of the soul obey—
 At thy command its ragings cease—
 Thou speak'st and ev'ry heart is peace ;
 While thron'd sublime above the storm,
 Thou wear'st a radiant Seraph's form,

And, smiling o'er the solemn scene,
Thy aspect speaks a mind serene.

Know then—o'er *Alfred's* sinking soul,
The waves of ceaseless anguish roll—
Love has assail'd his yielding heart,
And pierc'd it with his sharpest dart;
Time's lenient hand its healing aid denies,
And every hour a heavier pang supplies.

When life's quick eddies warm'd his youthful heart,
He fell a prey to soft deceptive art—
To *DELIA* every real charm was given,
And *ALFRED* lov'd her next to Truth and Heaven.
Unus'd to guile, in love with truth,
And glowing with the fire of youth,
His mind the future prospect view'd,
Where fancy every blessing shew'd—
The path of bliss expanded lay,
And flowers *EDENIAN* strew'd the way,
While all around the alluring scene,
Transported Friendship smil'd serene,
And Nature with endearing smile,
Spread out each gay enchanting wile,
And from the landscape scene refin'd,
Brought sweetest rapture to the mind.

But when this gay delusion flew,
A dreary desert open'd to view;
Where nought but thorns the cheerless heath supplied,
Where Hope swift fled, and Expectation died.

But *ALFRED* lives amid a world of night,
Each hour beguiles him of a fresh delight;

“ Chill Penury's” fiends, with angry aspect lour
 Round his sad path, and wither every flower,
 No gleams of joy pierce thro' the encreasing gloom,
 And Peace eludes his grasp, and flies beyond the tomb.

Must ALFRED then, “ the slave of Love,”

“ Still languish and endure ?”

Can nought the torturing pangs remove
 Is death the only cure ?

The world has “ friends to mercy true”—

“ Such ALFRED's griefs have found,”

Who in his breast “ shed pity's healing dew”—

But Friendship's pity cannot heal the wound.

PHILENIA TO ALFRED.

“PENURY,” no ALFRED ! 'tis not thine,
 In thy rich Soul's exhaustless Mine
 Abounds more Wealth, than GANGES golden Shores
 E'er on the tawny Chiefs bestow'd,
 When parting from the sacred Flood,
 The fallly, glitt'ring, yellow Sand,
 Spreads Treasure thro' the torrid Land,
 Or tho' from out the burning Soil,
 Drawn by the harden'd Hand of Toil,
 The precious sparkling Drops are plac'd
 Round the slim Zone of Beauty's Waist,
 And add new Splendour to some Monarch's Stores.
 Does not the vernal Morning rise
 With Radiance to thy grateful Eyes ?

Does not the breezy Flow of Eve
A Transport to thy Bosom give?
And ev'ry life-dissolving Sigh,
Fill thy rapt Soul with Extacy,
When thy lost Charmer on thy Vision beams,
And feeds wild Fancy with delusive Dreams?
Ah! ALFRED, I of Griefs could speak,
'Till at soft Pity's call
The iron Tears would fall
In burning Streams down hard Oppression's Check.
But no! I quit the heartless Lay,
And cast the unavailing Theme away.
When wand'ring o'er the fragrant Vale,
Soft Warblings wafting thro' the Gale,
Does not thy Soul a Pardon find
For Words unjust, and Deeds unkind?
Do not the cruel Herd inspire
Compassion or Disdain?
Can Scorn's cold Eye thy bosom fire.
To yield one Wrong again?
No! ALFRED, no! the MUSE is thine!
And where her Bounties flow,
All the bright beaming Virtues shine,
The warm Affections glow.
Then can that Dust poor Misers hoard,
Enrich thy wealthy Soul?
Can sordid Ore one Bliss afford?
One tyrant Pang controul?

The friendless Flatt'rer's smile to prove,

To purchase venal Beauty's Eye,

To swell mad Envy's frantic Sigh,

And lose each Sympathy of Love;

Such are the Joys which Gold can give,

And such e'en Misers may receive,

But such can ne'er be thine.—

The MUSE extends her open Arms,

She courts thee with unbounded Charms,

Her Pencil paints each glowing Scene,

Her Musick floats along the Green,

By her the laurel'd Virtues live,

She bids degraded Vice, the Blush of Conscience give—

Science is her's, and ev'ry Art divine.

Then like PHILENIA quit the Herd,

Where Mercy is unknown:

And be thy votive Prayer prefer'd,

At great APOLLO's Throne.

Sweet Solitude, kind Nurse of Song,

Allures me from the joyless Throng,

Spreads her reposing Breast to me,

[to thee.

And bids my tuneless Harp waft long Adieus to cities and



P O E M,

Written in Boston, at the commencement of the late Revolution.

BY JAMES ALLEN, OF BOSTON.

FROM realms of bondage and a tyrant's reign,
Our godlike fathers bore no slavish chain;
To Pharaoh's face the inspired patriarchs stood,
To seal their virtue, with a martyr's blood:
But lives so precious, such a sacred seed,
The source of empires, heaven's high will decreed:
He snatch'd the saints from Pharaoh's impious hand,
And bade his chosen seek this distant land:
Then to these climes the illustrious exiles sped,
'Twas freedom prompted, and the Godhead led.
Eternal woods the virgin soil defac'd,
A dreary desert, and an howling waste;
A haunt of tribes no pity taught to spare,
And they oppos'd them with remorseless war,
But heaven's right arm led forth the faithful train,
The guardian Godhead swept the insidious plain,
Till the scour'd thicket amicable stood,
Nor dastard ambush trench'd the dusky wood:
Our fires then earn'd, no more, precarious bread,
Nor midst alarms their frugal meals were spread;
Fair boding hopes inur'd their hands to toil,
And patriot virtue nurs'd the thriving soil;

Nor scarce two ages have their periods run,
 Since o'er their culture smil'd the genial sun ;
 And now what states extend their fair domains
 O'er fleecy mountains and luxuriant plains !
 Where happy millions their own fields possess,
 No tyrant awes them, and no lords oppress ;
 The hand of rule, divine discretion guides,
 And white-robed virtue o'er her paths presides,
 Each polic'd order venerates the laws,
 And each, ingenuous, speaks in freedom's cause ;
 The Spartan spirit, nor the Roman name,
 The patriot's pride, shall rival these in fame ;
 Here all the sweets that social life can know,
 From the full font of civil sapience flow ;
 Here golden Ceres clothes the autumnal plain,
 And art's fair empress holds her new domain ;
 Here angel science spreads her lucid wing,
 And hark, how sweet the new-born Muses sing !
 Here generous commerce spreads her liberal hand,
 And scatters foreign blessings round the land.
 Shall meagre Mammon, or proud lust of sway,
 Reverse these scenes? Will heaven permit the day?
 Shall in this era all our hopes expire,
 And weeping freedom from her fanes retire?
 Here, shall the tyrant still our peace pursue,
 From the pain'd eye-brow drink the vital dew?
 Nor nature's barrier wards, our fathers' foe,
 Seas roll in vain, and boundless oceans flow?

Stay, Pharaoh,* stay : that impious hand forbear,
 Nor tempt the genius of our souls too far ;

* The King of Great-Britain.

How oft, ungracious, in thy thankless stead,
 Mid scenes of death, our generous youth have bled!
 When the proud Gaul thy mightiest powers repell'd,
 And drove thy legions, trembling, from the field,
 We rent the laurel from the victor's brow,
 And round thy temples taught the wreath to grow.†
 Say, when thy slaughter'd bands the desert dy'd,
 Where lone Ohio rolls her gloomy tide,
 Whose dreary banks their wasting bones inshrine,
 What arm aveng'd them? thankless! was it thine?‡
 But generous valor scorns a boasting word,
 And conscious virtue reaps her own reward:
 Yet conscious virtue bids thee now to speak,
 Tho' guilty blushes kindle o'er thy cheek:
 If wasting wars and painful toils at length,
 Had drain'd our veins, and wither'd all our strength,
 How couldst thou, cruel, form the vile design,
 And round our neck the wreath of bondage twine?
 And if some lingering spirit rous'd to strife,
 Bid ruffian murder drink the dregs of life?
 Shall future ages e'er forget the deed?
 And shan't, for this, impious Britain bleed?

† The taking of Louisbourg in the year 1755, by General Pepperell.

‡ The same year the King's troops were surprized near the banks of the Ohio; when our illustrious General Washington covered the retreat, and saved the destruction of the whole army. A body of the French was repulsed at an assault of the provincial lines at the westward, their General taken prisoner, and their whole army compelled to fly back to Canada.

When comes the period, heaven predestines must,
 When Europe's glories shall be whelm'd in dust,
 When our proud fleets the naval wreath shall wear,
 And o' r her empires hurl the bolts of war,
 Unnerv'd by fate, the boldest heart shall fail,
 And, mid their guards, auxiliar kings grow pale ;
 In vain shall Britain lift her suppliant eye,
 An alien'd offspring feels no filial tye,
 Her tears in vain shall bathe the soldiers' feet,
 Remember, ingrate, Boston's crimson'd street ; §
 Whole hecatombs of lives the deed shall pay,
 And purge the murders of that guilty day. ||

But why to future periods look so far,
 What force e'er fac'd us, that we fear'd to dare ?
 Then can'st thou think, e'en on this early day,
 Proud force shall bend us to a tyrant's sway ?
 A foreign foe oppos'd our sword in vain,*
 And thine own troops we've rallied on the plain. †
 If then our lives your lawless sword invade,
 Think'st thou, enslav'd, we'll kiss the pointed blade ?
 Nay, let experience speak, be this the test,—
 'Tis from experience that we reason best,—

§ The Massacre of the 5th of March 1770.

|| The Poet seems to have been very prophetic in this beautiful passage.

* The extirpation of the Neutrals from Nova-Scotia.

† The Provincials covered the retreat from the French lines at Ticonderoga, when the British General, Abercrombie, was defeated by the Marquis Montcalm, in 1758.

When first the mandate shew'd the shameless plan,
To rank our race beneath the class of man,
Low as the brute to sink the human line,
Our toil our portion, and the harvest thine,
Modest but firm, we plead the sacred cause,
On nature bas'd, and sanction'd by the laws;
But your deaf ear the conscious plea denied,
Some demon counsel'd, and the sword reply'd;
Your navy then our haven cover'd o'er,
And arm'd battalions trespass'd on our shore,
Thro the prime streets, they march'd in war's array:
At noon's full blaze, and in the face of day:
With dumb contempt we pass'd the servile show,
While scorn's proud spirit scowl'd on every brow;
Day after day successive wrongs we bore,
Till patience, wearied, could support no more,
Till slaughter'd lives our native streets prophan'd,
And thy slaves' hand our hallow'd crimson stain'd;
No sudden rage the ruffian soldier tore.
Or drench'd the pavements with his vital gore,
Deliberate thought did all our souls compose,
Till, veil'd in glooms, the lowery morning rose;
No mob then furious urg'd the impassion'd fray,
Nor clamorous tumults dinn'd the solemn day;
In full convene the city† senate sat,
Our fathers' spirit rul'd the firm debate:
The freeborn soul no reptile tyrant checks,
Tis heaven that dictates when the people speaks;

† Town-meeting at Faneuil-Hall.

Loud from their tongues the awful mandate broke,
 And thus, inspir'd, the sacred senate spoke ;
 Ye miscreant troops, be gone! our presence fly ;
 Stay, if ye dare, but if ye dare, ye die !
 Ah, too severe, the fearful chief § replies,
 Permit one half, the other, instant, flies.
 No parle, avaunt, or by our fathers' shades,
 Your reeking lives shall glut our vengeful blades.
 Ere morning's light, begone,—or else we swear,
 Each slaughter'd corse shall feed the birds of air !
 Ere morning's light had streak'd the skies with red,
 The chieftain yielded, and the soldier fled.
 Tis thus experience speaks—the test forbear,
 Nor shew these states your feeble front of war.
 But still your navies lord it o'er the main,—
 Their keels are natives of our oaken plain ;
 E'en the proud mast that bears your flag on high,
 " Grew on our soil, and ripen'd in our sky :
 " Know then thyself, presume not us to scan,
 Your power precarious, and your isle a span.

 Yet could our wrongs in just oblivion sleep,
 And on each neck reviv'd affection weep,
 The brave are generous, and the good forgive,
 Then say you've wrong'd us, and our parent live ;||
 But face not fate, oppose not heaven's decree,
 Let not that curse our mother light on thee.

§ The infamous Governor Hutchinson .

|| Her tyrants were too self-conceited, and too obstinate, to take the advice of men of the best sense and understanding. The consequence has been the establishment of liberty and universal commerce in America.

AN INTENDED INSCRIPTION,

Written for the Monument on Beacon-Hill, in Boston, and addressed to the Passenger.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE stretch'd your sail, beneath what foreign sky
Did lovelier landscapes ever charm your eye?

Could fancy's fairy pencil, Stranger! say,
E'en dipt in dreams, a nobler scene portray?

Behold yon vales, whose skirts elude your view,
And mountains fading to ærial blue!

Along their bow'ry shades how healthy toil
Alternate sports, or tends the mellow soil.

See rural towns mid groves and gardens rise,
And eastward,—where the stretching ocean lies,

Lo! our fair capital sublimes the scene,
New *Albion's* pride, and ocean's future queen;

How o'er the tradeful port august she smiles,
Her sea-like haven boasts an hundred isles,

Whence hardy commerce swells the lofty sails

O'er arctic seas, and mocks the polar gales,

Thence tides of wealth the wafting breezes bring,

And hence e'en culture feels its vital spring.

These scenes our Sires from rugged nature wrought,
Since—what dire wars their patriot race have fought!

Witness yon tracts, where first the Briton bled,

Driv'n by our youth redoubted *PIERCY* fled:

There BREED ascends, and BUNKER's bleeding steeps,
 Still o'er whose brow abortive Vict'ry weeps;
 What Trophies since! the gaze of after times,
 Fear'd *Freedom's* empire o'er our happy climes!

But hence, fond Stranger, take a nobler view,
 See yon thorn elm,* whence all these glories grew.
 Here, where the armed foe presumptuous trod,
 Trampled our shrines, and even mouth'd our GOD,
 His vengeful hand, deep as the parent-root,
 Lopt each grown branch, and ev'ry suckling shoot;
 Because beneath her consecrated shade
 Our earliest vows to LIBERTY were paid.
 High from *her Altar* blew the heaven-caught fire,
 While all our wealth o'erhung the kindling pyre.
 How at the deed the Nations stood aghast,
 As on the pile our plighted lives we cast!

O! if an alien from our fair domains,
 The blood of *Britain*, hapless, taint your veins,
 Pace o'er that hallow'd ground with awful tread,
 And tears, atoning, o'er yon relick shed;
 But if, American! your lineage springs,
 From Sires, who scorn the pedigree of kings,
 A Georgian born you breathe the tepid air,
 Or on the breezy banks of *Delaware*,
 Or hardy *Hampshire* claim your haughty birth,
 Revere yon root, and kiss its nurt'ring earth:
 O be its fibre fed by flowing springs,
 Whence rose our empire o'er the thrones of kings:

* The stump of Liberty-Tree.

E'en now descend, adore the dear remain,
 Where first rear'd Liberty's illumin'd fane,
 There all her race, while time's revolve shall come,
 As pilgrims flock to MECCA'S idol'd tomb.

ELEGIAC ODE,

Sacred to the Memory of General GREENE.

BY GEORGE RICHARDS, OF BOSTON.

SAY, shall the bards of ancient Greece and Rome,
 In all the pathos of impassion'd woe,
 Mourn with their country, at the hero's tomb,
 And fire a world to emulation's glow?
 Shall weeping muses quit Pierian groves,
 To deck the sod, where rest the good, the brave;
 And shall the warrior, whom an empire loves
 Repose, unsung, unhonor'd in the grave?
 Forbid it, heaven! Columbia claims the song:
 Touch'd with her griefs, I sweep the plaintive lyre;
 To her, to Greene, immortal strains belong:
 An angel's pencil, and a seraph's fire.
 Whilst sacred Truth, from realms of light
 Shall pour the tide of intellectual day,
 And lead my footsteps to the hero's shrine,
 Where patriots guard, and freemen watch the clay.

Dd

When first Britannia bath'd her sword in gore,
 His soul, indignant, spurn'd the peaceful shade;
 Infant he arm'd, to brave the Lion's roar,
 And the keen terrors of the Highland blade.
 Prompt at his call, to hostile fields he led
 The hardy yeomen of his native isle;*
 True sons of liberty; whom virtue bred,
 Strong for the labors of Herculean toil.
 Mild of access, in him, no little pride
 Obscur'd the greatness of a noble mind;
 He felt for all; the soldier at his side
 Brought down the sweetest "milk of human kind."
 For council honor'd, in the camp belov'd,
 Sagacious, cool, amid the storm serene;
 Heroes rever'd, applauding States approv'd,
 And Albion trembled at the name of GREENE.
 Oft have his limbs the frozen earth compress'd,
 Whilst round his head the watery torrent pour'd;
 Thick clouds the curtains to his couch of rest,
 Where the bleak wind and midnight hail-storm roar'd.
 And oft, advancing with the solar ray,
 His banners flam'd to meet the lightning's glare,
 In torrid realms of more than burning day;
 Sad haunts of death, and plagues, and putrid air.
 There hallow'd truths, inscrib'd on glory's roll,
 Written in blood on honor's purple vest,
 Shall gallant warriors, born of kindred soul,
 With conscious pride, and martial zeal attest.

* General GREENE commanded the troops raised by the State of Rhode-Island, the first campaign of the late war.

Illustrious men! ye nerv'd his mighty hand,
 To crush the savage on the warlike plain;
 When to the south he wheel'd his conquering band,
 And broke the iron of oppression's chain.

Around the shores which Hudson's billows lave,
 His laurel wreaths shall ever verdant bloom;
 And Trenton's cypress shade the hero's grave,
 Whilst pensive Princeton mourns his early tomb.

August abodes! ye heard the trumpet's sound;
 Which bade his columns range, his squadrons form;
 Ye saw his couriers snuff the embattled ground,
 And Greene, triumphant, rule the vengeful storm.

Array'd in tears and garb of fable hue,
 See Brandywine the chieftain's hearse attend;
 And Germantown † lament—and Monmouth, rob'd in
 And Ashley's waters wail their god-like friend. [yew,
 Immortal grounds! the theme of every age,
 Your meanest dust shall speak the hero's praise;
 Here bolted vengeance burst with tenfold rage,
 And there he drove the lightning's rapid blaze.

Nor less illustrious are the banks of Dan,
 Or Guilford's fields, where feats of bold emprise,
 Proclaim the genius of the matchless man:
 Though all the regions, mark'd by azure skies,
 Ye saw his arms the vollied thunders deal,
 Which check'd Cornwallis in his mid career;
 With Tarleton's sword, and Rawdon's murderous steel,
 And savage Balfour pal'd with guilty fear.

† At Germantown, Monmouth, and in South-Carolina, Gen. GREENE was honored with distinguished command.

Illustrious spots of earth's high favor'd mould !
 What, tho no clarions swell to dire alarms,
 And no proud chief, in pomp of burnish'd gold,
 Leads on his troops in the bright glow of arms ;
 Yet shall the veteran there recount the tale
 Of armies rais'd, uncloth'd, unfed, unpaid,
 Who stood the summer's heat, the winter's gale,
 Nor turn'd their bosoms from the tyrant's blade.

Such were the men, who own'd the power of GREENE,
 When the shrill music, lengthening down the line,
 Urg'd rank on rank, to try the dubious scene,
 And combat hosts, by despots thought divine.
 Thrice honor'd chief ! the work of death is past,
 Thy task completed, smiling peace descends,
 Hush'd is the din, and mute the trumpet's blast,
 And ardent warrior's greet as ancient friends.

Mature in life, with endless honor crown'd,
 Too bright for earth, and fit for purer skies,
 Celestial bards his mighty deeds resound,
 Whilst thus, aloud, a prince of angels cries.
 " At God's decree, by heaven's high throne, I swear,
 " 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! his time shall be no more !
 " Thou king of death descend, on wings of air,
 " And waft the hero to his native shore."

The obedient monarch cleft the ethereal way, †
 His golden darts were tipp'd with sacred fire,
 He rode the chariot of eternal day,
 And, fleet as lightning, pass'd the applauding choir.

† General GREENE died of the *Coup de Soleil*, or Stroke of the Sun.

His radiant form the hero kenn'd afar,
 Resolv'd in death to boast supernal fame,
 He mounted swift, lash'd on the burning car,
 And tower'd sublime in robes of solar flame.

According spirits tun'd the song of love,
 From heavenly harps was heard triumphant praise,
 Which breath'd thrice welcome to the climes above,
 In the mild music of harmonious lays.

A pause ensued; the melting lyre was still,
 And this the voice which trumpets roll'd around.

“Go, fix the hero's throne on glory's hill,
 “And be the chief by mightiest warriors crown'd.”

The laurel wreath was borne in Warren's hand,
 The great Montgomery thron'd the immortal GREENE,
 The gentle Mercer join'd the festive band,
 And gallant Laurens graced the glorious scene.

Uncounted veterans throng'd the blest abodes;
 Loud swell'd the notes to extacy divine;
 And Spartan heroes, next in rank to Gods,
 Proclaim'd, with Wolie, the palm of merit thine.

* This Poem is extracted from the New-England Review, where it is introduced by the following words:—“O'borne, the following is a copy of your Poem, which is a very original, spirited, and beautiful piece, and out a picture of a common sense, which we are frequently to see in the numbers of every year, and we have sent together, as to create personal conclusion, citing an illustrious name, and through the noble design of sending them.”

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL. †

PUT to the door—the school's begun—

Stand in your places every one,—

Attend,——

Read in the bible,—tell the place,—

“ Job twentieth and the seventeenth verse.—

Caleb, begin. And—he—shall—stuck—

Sir,—Moses got a pin and stuck——

Silence,—stop Caleb—Moses! here!

What's this complaint? *I didn't, Sir,—*

Hold up your hand,—What is't a pin?

O dear, I won't do so agin.

Read on. *The increase of his h--h--horse—*

Hold: H, O, U, S, E, spells house.

Sir, what's this word? for I can't tell it.

Can't you indeed! Why spell it. *Spell it.*

Begin yourself, I say. *Who, I?*

Yes, cry. Sure you can spell it. *Try.*

Go, take your seats and primers, go,

You sha'n't abuse the bible so.

† This Poem is extracted from the New-Hampshire Spy, where it is introduced by the following note:——“ Mr. Osborne, The following may fill a corner of your Spy, if there is any thing original, natural or just, in thus sketching out a picture of a common Town School, where there are frequently such vast numbers of every age, size and sex sent together, as to create perpetual confusion, distract an illiterate master, and frustrate the noble design of sending them.”

Will pray Sir Master mend my pen?
 Say, Master, that's enough.—Here Ben,
 Is this your copy? Can't you tell?
 Set all your letters parallel.
I've done my sum—'tis just a groat—
 Let's see it.—*Master, m' I g' out?*
 Yes,—bring some wood in—What's that noise?
It isn't I, Sir, it's them boys.—

Come Billy, read—What's that? *That's A—*
Sir, Jim has snatch'd my rule away—
 Return it, James.—Here, rule with this—
 Billy, read on,—*That's crooked S.*
 Read in the spelling-book—Begin—
The boys are out— I hen call them in—
My nose bleeds, mayn't I get some ice,
And hold it in my breeches?—Yes.
 John, keep your seat. *My sum is more—*
 Then do't again—Divide by four,
 By twelve, and twenty—Mind the rule.
 Now speak, Manassah, and spell tool.
I can't— Well try—*T, W, L.*
 Not wash'd your hands yet, boody, ha?
 You had your orders yesterday.
 Give me the ferrule, hold your hand.
Oh! Oh! There,—mind my next command.

The grammar read. Tell where the place is.
C sounds like K in cat and cases.
My book is torn. The next.—*Here not—*
 E final makes it long—say note.
 What are the stops and marks, Susannah?
Small points, Sir,——And how many, Hannah?

Four, Sir. How many, George? You look:
Here's more than fifty in my book.

How's this? Just come, Sam? Why I've been--

Who knocks? I don't know, Sir. Come in.

"Your most obedient, Sir?" And yours.

Sit down, Sir. Sam, put to the doors.

What do you bring to tell that's new!

"Nothing, that's either strange or true.

"What a prodigious school! I'm fure

"You've got a hundred here, or more.

"A word, Sir, if you please." I will--

You girls, till I come in be still.

"Come, we can dance to night---so you

"Dismiss your brain-distracting crew,

"And come---For all the girls are there.

"We'll have a fiddle and a player."

Well, mind and have the sleigh-bells sent,

I'll soon dismiss my regiment.

Silence! The second class must read.

As quick as possible---proceed.

Not found your book yet? Stand---be fix'd--

The next read, stop---the next---the next.

You need not read again, tis well.

Come Tom and Dick, chuse sides to spell.

Will this word do? Yes, Tom spell dunce.

Sit still there all you little ones.

I've got a word, Well, name it. Gizzard.

You spell it Sampson....G, I, Z.

Spell conscience, Jack. K, O, N,

S, H, U, N, T, S....Well done!

Put out the next---*Mine is folks.*
 Tim, spell it.---*P, H, O, U, X.*
 O shocking! Have you all try'd? *No.*
 Say Master, but no matter, go---
 Lay by your books---and you, Josiah,
 Help Jed to make the morning fire.

THE SPEECH OF HESPER.†

YE fires of nations, call'd in high debate,
 From kindred realms, to save the sinking state,
 A boundless sway on one broad base to rear—
 My voice paternal claims your listening ear;
 O'er the wide clime my fostering cares extend,
 Your guardian genius and your deathless friend.

When splendid victory on her trophy'd car,
 Swept from these shores the last remains of war,

E e

† This Poem forms part of a series of publications, in the Connecticut Magazine, for the years 1786 and 1787,—under the title of “American Antiquities;” of which it makes the tenth number, and is call'd an “Extract from the Anarchiad, book xxiv,”—being prefaced by the following lines, viz.—“At the opening of this book, and previous to the great and final conflict, which, by what is legible at the close of the Poem, appears to establish the Anarch in his dominion of the new world, Hesper, with a solicitude and energy becoming his high station, and the importance of the subject, makes his last solemn address to his principal counsellors and sages, whom he had convened at Philadelphia.”

Bade each glad state, that boasts Columbia's name,
 Exult in freedom and ascend to fame,
 To bliss unbounded stretch their ardent eyes,
 And wealth and empire from their labour rise,
 My raptur'd sons beheld the discord cease,
 And sooth'd their sorrows in the songs of peace.

Shall these bright scenes, with happiest omens born,
 Fade like the fleeting visions of the morn?
 Shall this fair fabric from its base be hurl'd
 And whelm in dust the glories of the world?
 Will ye, who saw the heavens tempestuous lower,
 Who felt the arm of irritated power,
 Whose souls distending with the wassing flood,
 Prepar'd the firm foundations, built in blood,
 By discord siez'd, will ye desert the plan?
 The unfinish'd Babel of the bliss of man?

Go search the field of death, where heroes, lost
 In graves obscure, can tell what freedom cost.
 Tho' conquest smil'd; there slain amid the croud,
 And plung'd promiscuous with no winding shroud,
 No friendly hand their gory wounds to lave,
 The thousands moulder in a common grave.
 Not so thy son, oh Laurens! gasping lies,
 Too daring youth, war's latest sacrifice;
 His snow-white bosom heaves with writhing pain,
 The purple drops his snow-white bosom stain;
 His cheek of rose is wan, a deadly hue
 Sits on his face, that chills with lucid dew.—
 There Warren, glorious with expiring breath,
 A comely corse, that smiles in ghastly death:

See Mercer bleed——and o'er yon wintry wall,
Mid heaps of slain, see great Montgomery fall!

Behold those veterans worn with want and care,
Their sinews stiffen'd, silver'd o'er their hair,
Weak in their steps of age, they move forlorn,
Their toils forgotten by the sons of scorn;
This hateful truth still aggravates their pain,
In vain they conquer'd and they bled in vain.
Go then, ye remnants of inglorious wars,
Disown your marks of merit, hide your scars,
Of lust, of power, of titled pride accus'd,
Steal to your graves dishonor'd and abus'd.

For see proud Faction waves her flaming brand,
And discord riots o'er the ungrateful land;
Lo, to the north a wild adventurous crew
In desperate mobs the savage state renew;
Each felon chief his maddening thousands draws,
And claims bold licence from the bond of laws;
In other States the chosen fires of shame,
Stamp their vile knaveries with a legal name;
In honor's seat the sons of meanness swarm,
And senates base the work of mobs perform,
To wealth, to power the foes of union rise,
While foes deride you and while friends despise.

Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,
Inglorious authors of intestine war;
What countless mischiefs from their labours rise!
Pens dipp'd in gall and lips inspir'd with lies!
Ye fires of ruin, prime detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws,

Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,
 And union'd empire lost in empty dreams,
 Your names expanding with your growing crime
 Shall float disgustful down the stream of time,
 Each future age applaud the avenging song,
 And outrag'd nature vindicate the wrong.

Yes there are men, who, touch'd with heavenly fire,
 Beyond the confines of these climes aspire,
 Beyond the praises of a transient age,
 To live immortal in the patriot page ;
 Who greatly dare, though warring worlds oppose,
 To pour just vengeance on their country's foes.

And lo! the ætherial worlds assert your cause,
 Celestial aid the voice of virtue draws ;
 The curtains blue of yon expansion rend,
 From opening skies heroic shades descend.
 See, robd in light, the forms of heaven appear,
 The warrior spirits of your friends are near ;
 Each on his steed of fire (his quiver stor'd
 With shafts of vengeance) grasps his flaming sword,
 The burning blade waves high, and, dipt in blood,
 Hurls plagues and death on discord's faithless brood.

Yet what the hope? the dreams of Congress fade,
 The federal union sinks in endless shade,
 Each feeble call, that warns the realms around,
 Seems the faint echo of a dying sound,
 Each requisition wafts in fleeting air,
 And not one state regards the powerless prayer.

Ye wanton States, by heaven's best blessings curst,
 Long on the lap of softening luxury nurs't,

What fickle frenzy raves, what visions strange?
 Inspire your bosoms with the lust of change?
 And frames the wish to fly from fancy'd ill,
 And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?

Go, view the lands to lawless power a prey,
 Where tyrants govern with unbounded sway;
 See the long pomp in gorgeous state display'd,
 The tinsel'd guards, the squadron'd horse parade;
 See heralds gay with emblems on their vest,
 In tissued robes tall beauteous pages dress'd;
 Where moves the pageant, throng unnumber'd slaves
 Lords, Dukes, and Princes, titulary knaves
 Confus'dly shine, the purple gemm'd with stars,
 Sceptres, and globes, and crowns, and ruby'd cars,
 On gilded orbs the thundering chariots roll'd,
 Steeds snorting fire, and champing bits of gold,
 Prance to the trumpet's voice—while each assumes
 A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
 High on the moving throne, and near the van,
 The tyrant rides, the chosen scourge of man;
 Clarions, and flutes, and drums, his way prepare,
 And shouting millions rend the conscious air;
 Millions whose ceaseless toils the pomp sustain,
 Whose hour of stupid joy repays an age of pain.

From years of darkness springs the regal line,
 Hereditary kings by right divine;
 'Tis theirs to riot on all nature's spoils,
 For them with pangs unblest the peasant toils,
 For them the earth prolific teems with grain,
 Theirs, the dread labours of the devious main,

Annual for them the wasted land renews
 The gifts oppressive, and extorted dues,
 For them, when slaughter spreads the gory plains,
 The life-blood gushes from a thousand veins,
 While the dull herd, of earth-born pomp afraid,
 Adore the power that coward meanness made.

Let Poland tell what woe returning springs,
 Where right elective yields the crown to kings!
 War guides the choice—each candidate abhorr'd
 Finds his firm title on the wasting sword,
 Wades to the throne amid the sanguine flood,
 And dips his purple in a nation's blood.

Behold, where Venice rears her sea-girt towers,
 O'er the vile croud proud oligarchy lowers;
 While each Aristocrate affects a throne,
 Beneath a thousand kings the poor plebeians groan.

Nor less abhor'd the certain woe that waits
 The giddy rage of democratic states;
 Whose pop'lar breath, high-blown in restless tide,
 No laws can temper and no reason guide;
 An equal sway their mind indignant spurns,
 To wanton change the bliss of freedom turns,
 Led by wild demagogues the factious croud,
 Mean, fierce, imperious, insolent and loud,
 Nor fame nor wealth nor power nor system draws,
 They see no object and perceive no cause,
 But feel by turns, in one disastrous hour,
 The extremes of licence and the extremes of power.

What madness prompts, or what ill-omen'd fates,
 Your realm to parcel into petty states?

Shall lordly Hudfon part contending powers?
 And broad Potowmac lave two hostile shores?
 Must Allegany's sacred fummits bear
 The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?
 His hundred streams receive your heroes slain?
 And bear your fons inglorious to the main?
 Will ftates cement by feeblers bonds allied?
 Or join more clofely as they more divide?
 Will this vain fcheme bid refliefs factions ceafe?
 Check foreign wars or fix internal peace?
 Call public credit from her grave to rife?
 Or gain in grandeur what they loofe in fize?
 In this weak realm can countless kingdoms ftart
 Strong with new force in each divided part?
 While empire's head diffefted into four
 Gains life by feverance of diminish'd power?
 So when the philofophic hand divides
 The full grown polypus in genial tides,
 Each fever'd part, inform'd with latent life,
 Acquires new vigour from the friendly knife,
 O'er peopled fands the puny infects creep,
 Till the next wave abforbs them in the deep.

What then remains? muft pilgrim Freedom fly
 From thefe lov'd regions to her native fky?
 When the fair fugitive the orient chaced,
 She fixt her feat beyond the watry wafte;
 Her docile fons (enough of power refign'd,
 And natural rights in focial leagues combin'd)
 In virtue firm, tho' jealous in her caufe,
 Gave fenates force and energy to laws,

From ancient habit local powers obey,
Yet feel no reverence for one general sway,
For breach of faith no keen compulsion feel,
And find no interest in the fœderal weal.
But know, ye favour'd race, one potent head,
Must rule your states, and strike your foes with dread,
The finance regulate, the trade controul,
Live thro' the empire, and accord the whole.

Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,
Thro ruin'd realms the voice of Union calls ;
Loud as the trump of heaven thro' darkness roars,
When gyral gusts entomb Caribbean towers,
When nature trembles thro' the deeps convulst,
And ocean foams from craggy cliffs repulst,
On you she calls! attend the warning cry,
" YE LIVE UNITED, OR DIVIDED DIE."



*From the New-Haven Gazette, and Connecticut Magazine,
for 1788.**

TO THE PRINTER.

THE distress which the inhabitants of Guinea experience at the loss of their children, which are stolen from them by the persons employed in the barbarous traffic of human flesh, is, perhaps, more thoroughly felt than described. But, as it is a subject to which every person has not attended, the Author of the following lines hopes that, possibly, he may excite some attention, (while he obtains indulgence) to an attempt to represent the anguish of a mother, whose son and daughter were taken from her by a Ship's Crew, belonging to a Country where the GOD of Justice and Mercy is owned and worshipped.

“ **H**ELP! oh, help! thou GOD of Christians!
 “ Save a mother from despair!
 “ Cruel white-men steal my children!
 “ GOD of Christians, hear my prayer!
 “ From my arms by force they're rended,
 “ Sailors drag them to the sea;
 “ Yonder ship, at anchor riding,
 “ Swift will carry them away.

F f

* This Poem was originally printed in the above-mentioned Paper, February 21st, 1788, in rather an incorrect manner. It is now offered to the public, with the amendment of the errors reprehensible at its first appearance.

“ There my son lies, stripp’d, and bleeding ;

“ Fast, with thongs, his hands are bound.

“ See, the tyrants, how they scourge him !

“ See his sides a reeking wound !

“ See his little sister by him ;

“ Quaking, trembling, how she lies !

“ Drops of blood her face besprinkle ;

“ Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

“ Now they tear her brother from her ;

“ Down, below the deck, he’s thrown ;

“ Stiff with beating, thro’ fear silent,

“ Save a single, death-like, groan.

“ Hear the little creature begging !”—

‘ Take me, white-men, for your own !

‘ Spare ! oh, spare my darling brother !

‘ He’s my mother’s only son.

‘ See, upon the shore she’s raving :

‘ Down she falls upon the sands :

‘ Now, she tears her flesh with madness ;

‘ Now, she prays with lifted hands.

‘ I am young, and strong, and hardy ;

‘ He’s a sick, and feeble boy ;

‘ Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,

‘ All my life I’ll toil with joy.

‘ Christians ! who’s the GOD you worship ?

“ Is he cruel, fierce, or good ?

‘ Does he take delight in mercy ?

‘ Or in spilling human blood ?

' Ah! my poor distracted mother!
 ' Hear her scream upon the shore.'—
 Down the savage Captain struck her,
 Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

Up his sails he quickly hoisted,
 To the ocean bent his way;
 Headlong plunged the raving mother,
 From a high rock, in the sea.

NEW YEAR'S WISH.*

BY DR. — — — — —.

TO you, my young friends, while I write,
 Kind wishes spontaneous arise;
 And does ought my rude passions excite,
 They are hush'd by benevolent sighs.

A muse, in the form of a Dove,
 Hovers round, and dispels every fear;
 She bids me each talent improve
 To hail you a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Her mandates I cheerful obey,
 As her smiles I would strive to procure;
 For the lines that my wishes convey,
 May her favors in future secure.

* First published in No. 85, of the Gazette of the United States; and originally addressed, by the author, to a circle of his female friends.

On you, my young friends, may she smile,
That your verse may with melody flow;
And may joy all your sorrows beguile,
Nor an hour be reserved for woe.

When WINTER shall sternly appear,
And Nature in gloom be array'd;
When the Mariner shudders thro' fear,
Lest his bark should by winds be betray'd;
Then, in safety, well shelter'd from snow,
May you all, putting sorrow aside,
In domestic tranquility know
All the joys of a social fire-side.

When SPRING in young beauty shall smile,
And charm following charm shall unfold;
In rapture beholding the while,
May your portion be pleasures untold.
May each songster that chirps on the spray,
May each floweret that blows in the field,
For you be more cheerful and gay,
For you its choice fragrances yield.

When SUMMER shall sultry advance,
And flocks from their sports shall retire;
May each youth, who declines the light dance,
Your charms, and your virtues admire.
May the grape-vine form Arbors of ease,
While the eglantine skirts them around;
And then may the fresh balmy breeze
Waft perfumes from each neighboring ground.

When AUTUMN his treasures shall bring,
 When each fruit tree shall bend with its load;
 May your hearts ever gratefully sing,
 The hand that such blessings bestow'd.
 Thus sweetly shall time roll away,
 Nor shall you once wish it in haste;
 And the YEAR that commences to-day,
 Far happier shall be than the past.

Then, when WINTERS and SPRINGS shall decay,
 When SUMMERS and AUTUMNS are o'er,
 And PHOEBUS, the Prince of the day,
 Shall wake the glad Seasons no more:
 To you, each forgetting her mirth,
 May beauty immortal be given;
 May you change the faint joys of this earth,
 For transports uncloying in heaven.

From a Gentleman, to a Lady, who had presented him with a
 CAKE HEART.

BY THE SAME.

WITH eager haste I homeward flew
 My precious gift to unfold;
 I saw, and at the flattering view,
 My transports thus I told.

Thou beauteous semblance of the heart
 That warms Lucinda's breast,
 Come, and each gentle joy impart
 As to my soul thou'rt press'd.

But still, tho chaste delight full oft
 To my fond heart you give,
 Yet thou, say what I will, no soft
 Impression canst receive.

O had Lucinda, lovely fair,
 Deign'd but her own to have given,
 The gift I'd cherish with that care
 As if 'twere sent from heaven.

In my own bosom it should lie,
 By no rude passion tofs'd ;
 And, hush'd to love, it should supply
 The place of mine that's lost.

From the American Magazine, for May 1788.

UTRUM HORUM MAVIS, ELIGE.

LET sage discretion the gay world despise ;
 Let dull philosophers o'er lamps grow wise,
 Like bees their summer providently waste,
 And hoard that treasure which they ne'er shall taste ;
 Let statesmen court the bubble of applause,
 And staring cry for sumptuary laws ;
 Let peevish prelates in devotion kneel,
 And curse that pleasure which they try to feel ;
 Life is a blessing, use it as you can,
 And the best purpose of that blessing scan.
 All human reason is no more than this,
 To guide our footsteps in the realms of bliss ;
 While, as in drinking, so in life, the will
 Must bound our joy, and dictate what to fill.—

Live freely then; for if thy life offend
 'Tis ne'er too late to alter and amend:
 But should you hesitate the season's lost,
 As backward fruits are subject to the frost.
 Then, if true spirit every hope inflame,
 Mark well the lesson of my proffer'd fame.

First trace the limits of thy destin'd sphere:
 Here rest thy wisdom, thine ambition here.
 'Tis not each clown that triumphs, tho' he dare
 Aspire to charm and captivate the fair;
 'Tis not each witling, who the ape displays,
 That strikes our fancy, or provokes our praise:
 But would you sin, be sinful with a grace—
 Inaptitude can even vice debase.
 Search then your genius, every bent survey,
 And where she prompts be ready to obey.
 See thro' this crowd where brilliant prospects rise
 The chace how luring, and how rare the prize!
 The paths of pleasure to no bounds confin'd,
 As in their shape, are various in their kind.
 Fix then thy province, make thy talents good,
 And be a fop, a gentleman, or blood.

Happy the *first*, who studious to dispense
 With all the cumberous pedantry of sense,
 Knows no ambition but the pride of dress,
 And for that toy can every wish suppress:
 Whose natal bounties, like the fly's, consist
 In two short words, to flutter and exist.
 If to such fame thine emulation turn,
 Hear his pursuits, and from example learn.

—'Till ten the morn is squander'd in his bed ;
 One precious hour's devoted to his head ;
 Another's finish'd ere, his dress complete
 From top to toe be critically neat ;
 Then he struts forth to greet his kindred beaux,
 And urge some tardy tradesman for his clothes ;
 Or mid the town to faunter and to stare,
 And kill an hour or two he knows not where.
 In the noon's bustle, vacant and serene,
 He deals in bows, his business to be seen :
 Perhaps united to some fair he meets,
 From shop to shop pursues her thro' the streets ;
 For the last fashions stimulate her pride,
 And on the modes he's zealous to decide.
 Next his foil'd charms he hastens to repair,
 To give a finer polish to his hair,
 His every grace with every art entwine,
 And form his looks more strikingly divine ;
 Till the last, noblest pastime of the day,
 To his bright zenith summons him away.
 There, in the circle of some coterie,
 Rous'd by the exhilarating fumes of tea,
 View him, triumphant, with unrivall'd fame,
 Attract each ogle, and each breast inflame ;
 To every sense a magic thrill impart,
 And steal thro' all the mazes of the heart.

Next let us view the Gentleman at ease,
 Too rich to toil, too indolent to please ;
 Whose days, unharrass'd by desire or woe,
 In one smooth stream uninterrupted flow ;

Born to no end, for no one purpose fit,
 A load of vanity, a grain of wit,
 Who, far remov'd from every wordly strife,
 Lives for himself, and sleeps away his life.

If to the *third* thy happier choice incline,
 And thy warm genius as a Blood would shine,
 Be the first caution, in thy bold career,
 To shun low comrades, and a vulgar sphere:—
 The great unpunish'd, from their rank, offend;
 But humbler culprits with the laws contend.—
 Then if some revel, or a midnight joke,
 Insult our slumbers, or the watch provoke,
 Thy looks can wrest stern justice from the scale,
 Suspend her frowns, and snatch thee from a jail.
 Let dauntless spirit animate thy soul,
 No fears restrain thee, and no threats controul;
 Whether, in hunting, at an arm's expence,
 You dash a furious courser o'er a fence;
 Or, at the bottle, be thy matchless boast,
 To sit the longest, and to drink the most:
 So shall thy fame to wonderous heights ascend;
 And every rake shall hail thee as a friend.

But, if thy soul such base ambition spurn,
 And in thy breast a purer spirit burn,
 Leave such poor laurels to the brows of Youth;
 And place thy zeal in wisdom and in truth.
 Then, in thy way, tho mean temptation rise,
 The task discourage, or the world despise,
 Proceed —

Until the triumph of thy worth record
 That virtue is the surest, best reward.
 The Fop, whose merits on his charms depend,
 May gain a mistress, but will lose a friend ;
 The Blood will tell thee, ere he quit the stage,
 That joy of youth's the misery of age ;
 And the deluded Idler, with remorse,
 Will own a *blessing* what he fear'd a *curse* ;
 But he whose wisdom, such desires withstood,
 Unites his pleasure with his greatest good,
 Knows not misfortune, tho' a fair one frown,
 His wealth escape him, and his friends disown ;
 But, firm in what he is, in what he *may* be, blest,
 Feels an unvaried sun-shine in his breast.

E L L A. A NORWEGIAN TALE.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

History says that SIVARD, King of Sweden, entered Norway
 with a numerous army, and committed the greatest en-
 ormities, but was at last overthrown, his Army routed,
 and himself slain by one of those women whom he had
 brutally abused.

BETWEEN Norwegian hills, wide spreads a plain,
 By Nature form'd for sport ;
 The vet'ran warrior here, and hardy swain,
 To annual games resort.

High o'er their heads was hung the hoary brow,
 Which cast an ample shade ;
 From thence these words majestic seem'd to flow—
 “ Fierce foes your sports invade !”

They upward gaze—a warrior struck their sight ;
 He bore aloft his lance,
 All sheath'd in arms, insufferably bright,
 Where beamy splendours dance.

The western sun beam round his helmet flies,
 He more than man appears ;
 And more than mortal seem'd to found the voice
 That rang upon their ears.

“ Ye sons of Norway ! hearken to my tale,
 “ Your rural games oh cease ;

“ Sivard is marching through Dulvellon's vale,
 “ Break off the sports of peace !

“ The bloody Sivard leads his conqu'ring Swedes,
 “ He riots in our shame ;

“ The man, the matron, and the infant bleeds—
 “ Norway is but a name !

“ The husband sees—curse on the tyrant's lust—
 “ He sees his beauteous bride—

“ Her virtue, worth and honour in the dust—
 “ Oh where is Norway's pride !

“ Rouse ! rouse Norwegians ! seize your arms amain,
 “ Let helms o'er shade the brow ;

“ Let's meet these Swedish demons on the plain,
 “ And lay their triumphs low.

- “ Oh had you seen what these poor eyes have seen!
 ’Twas Sivard did the deed—
- “ Our hoary monarch, and our helpless queen,
 “ I—yes, I saw them bleed.
- “ Their daughter Ella—no, I will not tell!
 “ Norwegians ne’er enquire—
- “ Ne’er hear it—what the royal maid befel;
 “ I see your souls on fire.
- “ Oh seize your swords, your spears, your helms and shields!
 “ Oh vindicate your fame!
- “ Sivard and Sweden glare on Norway’s fields;
 “ Remember Norway’s name.”

He said, tears flow apace---fierce glow the swains,
 Rage fills each honest breast;
 In Swedish blood, to wipe away their stains
 Was ev’ry thought address’d.

Then red hair’d Rollo, fierce advancing cried
 “ Whoe’er thou art, come down!
 “ We live on hills, to ev’ry toil we’re tried,
 “ And war is all our own.

“ Let Sivard come, we’ll meet the tyrant here.
 “ But Stranger come thou down.”

He came; old Athold gaz’d with look severe;---
 He gaz’d---but ceas’d to frown.

“ Or Athold has forgot his monarch’s face,
 “ Or sure thou art his son!

“ Eric, of mighty Norway’s royal race!”——
 Full quick the tidings run.

With shouts they press to see the beauteous chief;
The aged kifs his hand!

On either side fast roll'd the marks of grief,
Then Athold spoke the band——

“ Ye sons of Norway, to your homes repair,
“ There seize the sword and shield,
“ And ere the morning's purple streaks the air,
“ Meet Eric in the field.

“ Oh Prince! do you with aged Athold go,
“ And take refreshing sleep;
“ Athold will sing, and sooth the rising woe,
“ Or,---break his harp and weep.”——

'Twas night---in Athold's hall each took his place;
Of other times he sung;
Fast stream'd the tears adown the hero's face
And groans responsive rung.

Bright came the morn! and bright in batter'd arms
The rustic vet'rans came;
And many a youth, untried in rough alarms,
Now hop'd a patriot's name.

They hear'd from far the hum of Sivard's host;
Young Eric struck his shield;
Then high in air his heavy spear he tost,
And blaz'd along the field.

Next aged Athold follow'd; Rollo strong;
Black Calmar lifts his mace;
Culullin, Marco, Streno, rush along,
And all the rugged race.

Fierce came the Swede, in strength of numbers proud,
 She scorn'd his feeble foe ;

But soon the voice of battle roar'd aloud,
 And many a Swede lay low.

Strong Rollo struck the towering Olaus dead,
 Full fifteen bled beside.

Old Athold cleft the brave Adolphus' head,
 In all his youthful pride.

But Eric ! Eric ! rang'd the field around,
 On Sivard still he cried :

The gasping Swedes lay heap'd upon the ground---
 Sivard ! the hills reply'd.

In fury Sivard seiz'd his shining shield,
 His mail, his helm and spear ;

He mounts his car, he thunders o'er the field ;
 And Norway knows to fear.

Great Rollo falls beneath his dreadful arm,
 His steeds are stain'd with blood ;

Young Eric smil'd to hear the loud alarm,
 And flew to stop the flood.

He rag'd, he foam'd,---fierce flew the thirsty spear,
 Down fell the foremost steed :

Astonish'd Sivard felt unusual fear---

“ Tyrant, thou'rt doom'd to bleed !”

Up sprung the youth---deep griding fell the sword
 Sunk in the Tyrant's brow ;

Fast fly the Swedes, and leave their hated lord,
 His tow'ring pride laid low.

Now Norway's sons their great deliverer hail,
 But lo! he bleeds! he falls!
 Old Athold strips the helm and beamy mail,
 And on his Gods he calls.

He lifts the helm, and down the snowy neck
 Fast falls the filky hair—
 "And could those limbs, the conquering Sivard check
 Oh Pow'r of great despair!——"

Life ebbs apace---she lifts her languid head,
 She strives her hand to wave,
 Confess'd to all, the beauteous Ella said——
 "Thanks, thanks companions brave."

"Freedom rewards you---naught can Ella give
 "Low, low, poor Ella lies;
 "Sivard is dead! and Ella would not live."
 She bleeds, she faints, she dies.

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

BY J. SMITH.

ARISE! ye pimpled, tipling race, arise!
 From ev'ry town and village tavern, come!
 Shew your red noses, and o'erflowing eyes
 And help your poet chant the praise of Rum.
 The cordial drop, the morning dram, I sing,
 The mid-day toddy, and the evening fling.

Hail, mighty Rum! and by this general name
 I call each species—whisky, gin, or brandy :
 (The kinds are various—but the effects the same ;
 And so I choose a name that's short and handy ;
 For, reader, know, it takes a deal of time,
 To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty Rum! thy song-inspiring merit
 Is known to many a bard in these our days :
 Apollo's drink, they find, is void of spirit—
 Mere chicken-broth—infernal as their lays :
 And, pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let—aye a sea
 Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty Rum! how wond'rous is thy pow'r!
 Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits fail,
 When dark December comes, with aspect four,
 And, sharp as razor, blows the northern gale!
 And yet thour't grateful in that sultry day,
 When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty Rum! to thee the wretched fly :
 And find a sweet oblivion of their woes ;
 Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave, they lie—
 Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes.
 And Lethe's stream, (so much extoll'd by some,
 In ancient times) I shrewdly guess, was Rum.

Hail, mighty Rum! what can thy pow'r withstand!
 E'en lordly Reason flies thy dreadful face :
 And Health, and Joy, and all the lovely band
 Of social Virtues, shun thy dwelling place :
 (For in whatever breast it rears its throne,
 Like Turkish monarchs, Rum must rule alone.)

When our bold fathers cross'd the Atlantic wave,
 And here arriv'd—a weak defenceless band—
 Pray, what became of all the tribes so brave—

The savage owners of this happy land?
 Were they sent headlong to the realms below,
 “By doom of battle?” friend, * I answer no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war;
 They knew the woodlands were not quickly past:
 They might have met with many an ugly scar—
 Lost many a foretop—and been beat at last.
 But Rum, assisted by his son, Disease,
 Perform'd the business with surprising ease.

And would our western brethren be less proud, or,
 In other words, throw by their gun and drum—
 For ducks and squirrels, save their lead and powder,
 And send the tawny rogues some pipes of rum—
 I dare predict, they all would gladly suck it;
 And ev'ry mother's son soon *kick the bucket*.

But lo! the ingratitude of Adam's race!
 Tho' all these clever things to Rum we owe—
 Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;
 And his bruis'd back is bang'd with many a blow;
 Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
 And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

So have I seen (the simile is fine—
 And wonderfully pat—tho' rather old)
 When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,
 A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;

Hh

* This alludes only to Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c.

Some restless sheep cries baa : and all the throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour along,

But fear not, Rum, tho' fiercely they assail,

And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,
Think not thy foes—tho' num'rous—shall prevail,

Thy pow'r diminish, or thy being end :
Tho' spurn'd from table, and the public eye,
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky,

And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horse chair,
To that snug closet shall thy vot'ry fly ;

And, rapt in darkness, keep his orgies there ;
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,
Then, great as Cæsar, reel sublime to bed.

Burlington, Dec. 7th, 1789.

THE COUNTRY MEETING.*

BY T. C. JAMES.

O F war's tremendous deeds, the din of arms,
And acts by Fame renown'd, fain would I sing,
But that ambition ne'er my bosom warms,
Nor would Calliope her succour bring
To bard that soars with too advent'rous wing.

* Or friends' place of worship.

O Shenstone! sweetest child of fancy fair,
 Dart one fond ray, and guide the weakeſt quill,
 That ever rashly claim'd thy guardian care,
 To point the high path up the ſlipp'ry hill,
 Where thou thy lyre doſt touch with ſtill improving ſkill.

Themes that have ne'er been poliſh'd into rhyme,
 Would a faint pencil in this verſe pourtray,
 If in the fond attempt to gain on time,
 No taunting critic meet me on my way,
 And with theſe accents rude my heart diſmay :
 ' Vain youth, forbear, by deſp'rate folly mov'd,
 ' Of poetaſters the mean herd to ſwell ;
 ' But mark his ſtrain whom laurell'd Phæbus lov'd,
 ' What Horace, tuneful bard, has ſung ſo well,
 ' How Dædalus's ſon, bold artiſt, headlong fell.'

View yonder ancient dome with trees beſet,
 From which no lofty ſpire doth proudly riſe,
 Nor hence each week, when congregation's met,
 Are ſtudied hymns e'er wing'd unto the ſkies,
 Nor doth amen from pariſh clerk ariſe.
 E'en muſic's lulling charms beſeemeth wrong
 To thoſe who did this modeſt temple rear ;
 For all, who to thoſe lonely confines throng,
 Worſhip in guiſe of ſolemn ſilent prayer ;
 Nor can they think that words their ſinful deeds repair.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,
 Nor doth the ſculptor his gay art expreſs :
 For thus they teach : ' Religion does not call
 ' For the vain ornaments of ſplendid dreſs,
 ' Nor will meek heaven ſuperfluous grandeur bleſs.'

And wrong they hold it, that the flock should pay
 For truths which ought to flow without controul,
 Free as the silver dew, or light of day,
 To beam mild virtue on the expanding soul,
 And spread celestial sparks, free gift, from pole to pole.

But see, o'er yonder field, the elder train
 Of village dames their little infants bring,
 Who else might loiter on the grassy plain,
 And wet their new clothes in yon bubbling spring,
 Which would their parents' minds with sorrow sting.
 The sportive urchins oft will skip away,
 To chase the partridge from the neighb'ring bush:
 And oft, with balls of well-temper'd clay,
 Will from its covert fright the trembling thrush, [hush.
 Nor mind the matron's careful voice, which would them

Down the slop'd hill the gayer tribe descend,
 On neighing steeds, that champ the steeled bit,
 Strait to the fane their pompous way they tend;
 There 'midst their peers in goodly order sit,
 Young swains for strength renown'd, and maids for wit:
 Such strength as at the mill-door oft is seen
 When Colin lifts the sack of mighty weight;
 Such wit as sports in gambols o'er the green,
 And would the ear of nicer townsman grate:
 He'd call it shocking stuff, and rude, unseemly prate.

Yet Humour her abode will deign to fix
 Amidst the lively rustics of the place,
 And with the village hinds will often mix,
 Giving to ev'ry feat a festive grace,
 And spreading cheerfulness o'er ev'ry face,

Let the polite, the polish'd, blame their joys,
Whom Nature, unconstrain'd, can never charm:
This is the life which ennui never cloy,
Nor e'er can fell Ambition work it harm,
Blowing with hideous blast its poisonous alarm.

See yonder youth on prancing bay steed ride,
While satisfaction on his broad front beams;
And view his gentle charmer by his side,
For whom he wishes, and of whom he dreams;
Of heavenly form and mind to him she seems.
For her each ev'ning anxiously he culls,
Of wild flow'rs fair, a nosegay scented sweet:
For her the chestnut drops its prickly hulls,
And the wood pigeon yields its fav'ry meat,
With thousand tempting gifts which verse cannot repeat.

And now thro' folding doors, full wide display'd,
The assembly's grave and pious numbers throng,
While well each noisy buzzing murmur's stay'd,
With the loose prattling of each infant tongue;
For oft confusion has from childhood sprung.

See the wise elder's venerable grace,
Mark with what slow-pac'd dignity he moves;
See ev'ry little eye hangs on his face,
And over all his features fondly roves,
For he the junior train affectionately loves.

The village teacher sits with looks profound,
And marks the ent'ring throng, with eye askance;
If, as he careful views the dome around,
He should on careless pupil's visage chance,
He sends him straight a play-forbidding glance.

Of looks like these he hath a plenteous store,
 To fright his students from each frolic mood :
 And well they watch to see his aspect lour,
 Trying each art to avert the baleful wood,
 By sitting wond'rous still, and seeming e'en as good.

Silence with Sleep his empire now divides,
 While some on this, and some on that side nod ;
 The ploughman still his steers and ploughshare guides,
 And breaks in pleasing dreams the fancied sod ;
 While the school-mistress wields the birchen rod.

Others, more wakeful, plan their future deeds,
 While on increase of wealth their wishes stray :
 The farmer thus in rapture counts his steeds,
 And deals to each his part of winter's hay,
 Till spring renews the grass, and gives returning May.

Where will not thirst of treach'rous gold approach,
 Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide domain !

From the warm cit who rolls in gilded coach,
 To the dull carter, whistling o'er the plain,
 Does Plutus, god of shining lucre, reign.

Happy, thrice happy are th' instructed few,
 On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy claws,

But, far retir'd from 'midst the toiling crew,
 Live in observance of wise Nature's laws,
 And learn from her to trace the great Eternal Cause.



WRITTEN AT SEA, IN A HEAVY GALE.

BY CAPT. PHILIP FRENEAU.

HAPPY the man who, safe on shore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire ;
Unmov'd he hears the tempest roar,
That on the tufted groves expire ;
Alas ! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble bark must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
All, all are blest but wretched we—
For, doom'd a stranger to repose,
No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

Whilst o'er the dark abyfs we roam,
Perhaps whate'er the pilots say,
We saw the sun's descending gloom,
No more to see the rising ray ;
But buried low, by far too deep,
On coral beds unpitied sleep !

But what a strange uncoasted strand
Is that where death permits no day,
No charts we have to mark that land,
No compass to direct the way !
What pilot shall explore that realm,
What new Columbus take the helm !

While death and darkness both surround,
 And tempests rage with lawless power,
 Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
 No comfort in this dreadful hour—
 What friendship can in tempests be,
 What comforts on this angry sea!

The barque accustom'd to obey,
 No more the trembling pilots guide,
 Alone she gropes her trackless way,
 While mountains burst on every side.
 Thus skill and science both must fall,
 And ruin is the lot of all.

TO ELLA.†

AH! vainly Ella, do I hear
 Thy lute complain, in notes so clear,
 As would seduce an angel's ear;
 That bids me check the song of praise,
 And give to *other themes*, my lays.
 To fierce disease and grief a prey,
 In pain I pass the lingering day.

* This, and the succeeding Poems, signed BIRTHA, are extracted from the Gazette of the United States; where they form part of a poetical Correspondence, carried on under the signatures of ELLA and BIRTHA. We have selected the following Poems as being most correct, and most worthy of preservation; especially as they are now offered to the public with the author's corrections.

No more I raise the sprightly strain,
Or warble the melodious song,
That fill'd the breast with envied pain,
And could the joys of life prolong.

Now, when the *glowing orb* of day,
Hath sunk beneath the western wave ;
With melancholy heart I stray
To hear the stream his border lave.

Or like some pilgrim press the yielding grass,
And wet my sandals with the nightly dew,
A sprig of laurel breaking as I pass,
To thee I say the *honoring branch* is due.

My dangerous course along the vale I take,
Beneath the hanging rock, that seems to shake
With ev'ry blast, and threatens on my head
Its crushing weight to roll ;
But my undaunted soul,
Enjoys the scene, nor feels the chill of terror spread,

Now, near a cavern dark, and wild,
With folded arms I stand,
Like melancholy's gloomy child ;
I heave the swelling sigh ;
Upon the passing gale ;
While from my ever-streaming eye ;
Adown my cheeks, so wan and pale,
The tears incessant drop upon my hand.

There I hear the moping owl,
His dismal whoopings roll,

Upon the heavy ear of night,
In sounds that would thy soul affright.

But oh! my bursting heart!
So tortur'd by the fang of grief,
In other scenes would seek relief:
On fancy's rapid wing I'd dart
Where Horror with his staring eye,
And upright hair,
Sits gazing on the fiery sky,
When sulphurous lightnings fly,
And swell the soul to wild despair.

Where the vex'd wave with mad'ning roar,
Rolls thundering on the craggy shore,
And aims with ev'ry dreadful shock,
To burst apart the flinty rock;
When still like wretched man! in vain
He strives his purpose to obtain;
Mad to despair, he flies again
And clamours to his parent main.

BIRTHA.

MAY 21, 1791.

 TO ELLA.

HARK! while I found my trembling shell,
And bid the nymph, sweet Echo tell;
Where on her velvet couch she lies,
Hid from the gairish burning skies;
How the soul-enlivening sound
Of thy enchanting lyre,
Was borne on Ether's waves around,
From each soft-speaking wire.

'Twas when beside the wizard stream,
I saw the sun's last golden beam,
With yellow tip the aspiring heads,
Of time-contending oaks, the king of shades !
I saw the night flies buzzing round,
I heard the beetle's humming sound :
My soul to sober thought inclin'd,
Thus ran the current of my mind.

No longer now my cheeks disclose,
The beauty of the budding rose ;
No longer, as in former days,
I joy, the sprightly laugh to raise.
O ! then each lovely, summer's night,
'Twas my enraptured soul's delight,
To tread the lonely silent vale,
And " drink the spirit of the gale :"

Or when the cloudless moon on high,
Beam'd forth her radiance from the sky :
To wander o'er the airy hill,
Where pattering falls the lucid rill ;
And see the wild flow'rs shining bright,
Crown'd with the *tears of weeping night*.

But O ! the wondrous change !
Now, it delights me not to range,
The fields and vallies, bright and gay,
With beauties of the *laughing May*.

When the shrill spirits of the coming storm,
Their shrieks of terror pour along the wind ;
And fiercer raging all the grove deform,
The branches tear, and shatter down the rind:

When heaven's bright fires descending from on high,
 Flash awful day along the gloomy sky ;
 And from their dwellings the hoarse thunders roar,
 And dusky torrents down the vallies pour :
 'Tis then my soul enjoys the dreadful hour,
 And bows, my God ! in rev'rence to thy power.
 'Twas thus I mus'd, when borne along the air,
 Thy heavenly notes came trembling on my ear ;
 Sweet as the gentlest showers
 Of spring, descending on the flowers,
 When murmuring Zephyr sinks to rest,
 Soft-sighing on the lily's breast.

Ah ! wouldst thou with thy arm sustain
 My wearied form, and soothe my pain ?
 And wouldst thou all the lingering Eve,
 With thy soft sounds my soul relieve ?
 And hast thou learn'd the healing charm,
 The power to bid the tyrant Sickness fly ?
 O ! hither come, extend thy potent arm,
 And bid the *beam of Hope* stand sparkling in my eye !

Ah ! now, ev'n now, this very hour,
 I confess thy magic power !
 Charm'd with thy notes divine,
 No more my troubled soul,
 O'er scenes of horror loves to brood,
 No more my freezing blood,
 In lazy tides doth roll,
 Bright in my eye the tears of rapture shine,
 Thro' all my nerves I feel a tremor run,
 Now cold as Zembla's snow, now fervid as the sun.

O! may thy generous sympathizing heart,
 Ne'er feel the anguish of affliction's dart;
 May streams of earthly treasure on thee flow,
 That thou, the pure celestial joy may'st know,
 To bid the beggar smile, and cheer his *house of woe*.

BIRTHA.

JUNE 4, 1791.

T O E L L A.

A GAIN thy sweetly warbled strain,
 Thou leader of the choral train;
 Again thy sweeping harp I hear,
 That long has charmed my ravished ear.
 New vigour to my soul thy words impart,
 With softer pleasures touch thy wounded heart:
 The moral lore that flows along thy line,
 Might well besit a PLINY to rehearse;
 The bold descriptive beauties of thy Verse,
 Would bright on TITIAN'S glowing canvas shine.

When closed the blazing eye of day,
 And on my downy couch I lay,
 Deep musing on thy moral lore;
 The God of Sleep around me threw
 His mantle dipt in slumbrous dew;
 And thus arose my fervent pray'r—

O! thou from whom creation sprung!
 O! send from thy bright realms above,
 Some faint to cheer me with thy love,
 And bid me raise the rapturous song—

For I have heard thy spirits who on high
Possess the plains of yon cerulean sky ;
Have oft, in pity to the mortal race,
Descending closed them in their pure embrace ;
And whispering soothing music to their breast,
Charm'd all the tempests of the soul to rest—
Scarce had the words escaped my moving tongue,
Yet on my lips the trembling accents hung ;
When lo ! a form descending from on high,
On silver plumes thro' yonder orient sky :
Wide flows in circling locks her golden hair,
And plays with every eddying of the air.
Her robes of filmy texture white as snow,
Around her form in graceful foldings flow.
Her bright blue eyes beam forth a gentle light,
And fix and charm at once the gazer's sight.
When near she moved I saw bewitching grace,
And heavenly beauty lighten up her face.
Now by my side upon the earth she stood,
Her quickened glance warm'd all my chilly blood.
High waving in the air a sky-blue wand,
She bade me follow to yon lofty land ;
The path she led, with joyous heart I flew,
'Till near the high and verdant hill I drew ;
Then turning round she took my trembling hand,
And waved again her bright cerulean wand :
Soft as the sound of some angelic lute,
Sweet as the breath of Orpheus' mellow flute.
Her words in rapt'rous warblings pour'd along,
And thrill'd my trembling soul with heavenly song.
Behold ! she said, that lovely country round,
With nature's richest gifts and beauty crown'd ;

There purest joy flows thro the circling year,
The happy people know no pain, nor fear ;
Their queen I am, from realms of light I came,
Fair virtue's offspring, *blue-eyed Hope* my name."
She ceased ; then rose before my ravish'd sight,
Enchanting scenes in nature's beauty bright ;
Here spreads a wide and ever verdant plain,
And waves the yellow life-supporting grain :
There grandly rise the proud aspiring hills,
Between whose rocky chinks slide down the rills.
Here in majestic beauty towering high,
Shoot verdant groves toward the cloudless sky ;
The feathered warblers hop from spray to spray,
And hold their tuneful strife till closing day ;
Then pours the plaintive Nightingale her notes,
And all night long her melting music floats—
Along the walks of those e'er blooming bowers,
Forever spring new crops of fragrant flowers.
The pristine colors of the sun are seen
With countless changes waving o'er the green—
Rich sculptur'd figures form'd of blazing gold,
Attract the eye, and firm the senses hold—
Here *Dove-like Innocence*, engaged in play,
With frolic lambs prolongs the happy day ;
There *Charity* throws forth her copious store,
Till the glad suppliants cease to ask for more :
Here, with celestial glory in her eye,
Mild Faith with firmness gazes on the sky,
And *Adoration* pours her song of praise,
While tears of rapture wander down her face.
There o'er white curling lakes the nodding trees,
Wave slowly to the gentle passing breeze ;

And wildly grand around deep rocky caves
 Return the Echo of the dashing waves.
 Here chrystal mountains shooting to the sky,
 With the bright sun in splendor seem to vie ;
 Where rise the rugged rocks an awful height !
 The sheeting torrent holds my wandering sight :
 From steep to steep down dash with thundering roar
 The mad'ning waves, and foam along the shore.
 " Lo said the maid there bursting from the ground,
 A bubbling fountain casts its waters round ;
 And see behind, where opens yonder bower,
 The virtuous souls enjoy the rapturous hour :
 There many a harp, and many a breathing flute
 Is heard ; responding sounds the silver lute ;
 Whilst ravish'd with the melody of sound
 The vocal chorus pour their songs around.
 Thus all the blest their happy days employ,
 And each contributes to the other's joy ;
 Their grateful incense rises up to heaven,
 And for their praise a double joy is given :
 Know thou, she said, who'er pursues the path
 That leads to *Virtue* and unwavering *Faith*,
 Shall hail me Queen ! and where they dwell shall rise
 A scene like this, enchanting to their eyes ;
 The spheres shall warble music in their ear,
 And all creation harmony appear."

Now ceased her voice, she clap'd her silver wings,
 And rising to the sky thro Ether sings.

BIRTHA.

JULY 2, 1791.

THE *Lord of light* has journey'd down the sky,
 And bath'd his coursers in the foaming wave;
 The twinkling star of Even too, hastes to lave
 Her silver form, and vanish from my eye.

Now dusky twilight flings her sombre shade,
 O'er the bright beauties of the silent vale;

The aspin trembles not, the verdant blade

No longer nodding answers to the gale.

Come sweet Reflection! hither pensive maid!

Direct thy wandering steps, and on this stone,
 Worn by no traveller's feet, with moss o'ergrown,
 Repose with me in solitude's deep shade.

Then shall I know the height of human bliss,
 And taste the joy of *other worlds* in this.

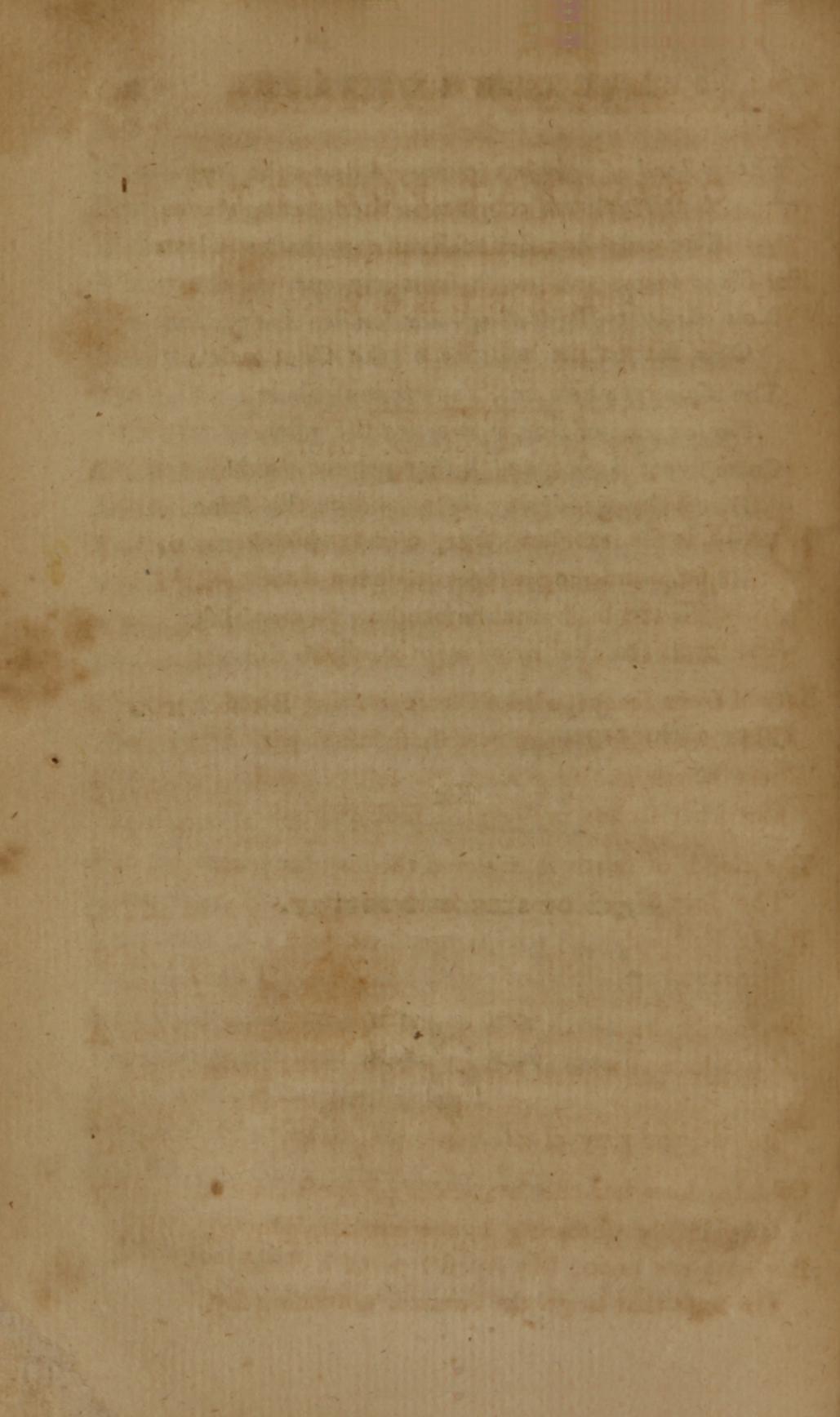
B I R T H A.

MAY 25th, 1791.

Kk

END OF SELECTED POETRY.







ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 1791.

BY MR. RICHARD ALSOP.

DARK is the hour and lone, o'er icy plains
The wandering meteors gleam a deadly light;
Wild howls the blast amid descending rains,
And forms funereal flit along the night.

Retir'd from scenes where Pleasure's airy wand
Gilds the light moments with delusive joy,
Where Mirth exulting leads her festive band,
Far other scenes my pensive soul employ.

The clouds of death that gloom the baleful year,
The days of joy, alas, so lately fled!
While Friendship bids its sympathetic tear
Stream in remembrance of the much-lov'd dead.

My friend, but now, of every bliss possesst
That love connubial can on man bestow,
When mutual wishes warm the mutual breast;
Behold the prey of life-consuming woe.

Of late, how fair the beauteous prospect show'd,
How lovely glittering in the morning's eye;
But long ere noon, like April's painted cloud,
Or hues that tinge the summer's evening sky,

The fairy hopes that raptur'd Fancy drew,
 The dream of future blifs that shone fo bright,
 On Fate's swift pinions vanish'd from the view,
 And sunk in shadows of eternal night.—

What notes of woe in mournful cadence swell
 Along the Western breeze from climes afar,
 Mix'd with the dying groan, the savage yell,
 And all the horrid dissonance of war!

And lo! mid gliding spectres dimly seen,
 Pale as the mists that Autumn's car surround,
 A form superior lifts his pensive mien,
 While on his bosom glares the shadowy wound.

“ Behold,” he cries, “ the band who lately bled,
 “ Mid western wilds in glorious conflict slain;
 “ While recreant troops in pale confusion fled,
 “ Ignobly left unburied on the plain.”—

Far opes the view, sublime in savage pride
 A wild unbounded frowns on Fancy's eye;
 Tall rise the trees, and o'er savannahs wide
 The rank grass trembles to the breeze on high.

With torrent sweep, amid a night of woods
 Where scarce the sun a livid glimmering lends,
 A blood-stain'd river rolls his foaming floods,
 And o'er the plains in wild meanders bends.

Lo! this the scene where War, with bloody hand,
 Wav'd his red standard o'er the carnag'd ground;
 Where wild-eyed Horror led the tawny band,
 And fell the brave with dear-bought laurels crown'd.

Here, grim with gore, beneath the inclement sky,
Smote by the parching ray and driving rain,
The mangled forms of breathless warriors lie,
All pale extended on the lonely plain.

In slaughter'd heaps, around promiscuous cast,
Mid savage chiefs Columbia's sons are spread,
While, breath'd from polar snows, the northern blast
Shakes its cold pinions o'er the unburied dead.

For them no more shall morning gild the sky,
No more shall May unveil her radiant charms,
No more shall Joy illumine the sparkling eye,
Or Glory's voice excite the soul to arms.

Near yon grey rock by withering leaves conceal'd,
Amyntor lies, benevolent and brave ;
Whose duteous hand a father's age upheld,
And smoooth'd his dreary passage to the grave.

Not far, a corse distinguish'd o'er the rest,
Of noble stature and heroic mien ;
Deep opes the wound that gor'd his manly breast,
And his pale features wear a smile serene.

Too well alas ! that much-lov'd form I know,
Those features pale with gory dust o'erspread,
O'er whom has Friendship mourn'd in bitterest woe,
For whom Affection's tenderest tears are shed.

Still, still in Fancy's view recurs the day
When war's black demons pour'd their hideous yell,
When left expos'd to savage rage a prey,
Thy gallant band beside their leader fell.

Opprest with toil, while countless foes surround,
 Thy arm, thy voice, the fainting troop inspir'd ;
 And e'en when sinking with the deadly wound,
 Thy latest breath their martial ardor fir'd.

Lamented Hero, far from weeping friends !
 No funeral honours to thy corse were paid,
 And no memorial o'er thy grave extends
 To mark the lonely spot where low thou'rt laid.

Yet what avails to please the senseless clay,
 " The trophied tomb," the monumental bust,
 Or recks the spirit mid the realms of day,
 The empty rites attendant on its dust.

A fairer wreath shall friendship's hand bestow,
 A fairer tribute shall thy shade receive,
 Than all the idle pageantry of woe,
 Than all its pompous monuments can give.

Long, long shall Memory's ardent eye recall
 Thy worth, thy milder virtues to her view ;
 Thy Country long lament her hero's fall,
 And o'er thee Fame her brightest laurels strew.

O'er the lone spot where rests thy mouldering form,
 Shall opening spring her mildest breezes wave ;
 And Flora's hand with every fragrant charm
 Deck the soft turf that forms thy verdant grove.

There the Wild-Rose in earliest pride shall bloom,
 There the Magnolia's gorgeous flowers unfold,
 The purple Violet shed its sweet perfume,
 And beauteous Meadia wave her plumes of gold.

Rest much-lov'd Chief with thy Jer—a blest,
 Amid yon realms of light, yon seats of joy,
 Where hush'd is sorrow in perpetual rest,
 And pleasure smiles unconscious of alloy.

From that calm shore with pitying eye survey
 The varying schemes of man, the busy strife,
 The vain pursuits that fill his “little day,”
 And toils with ceaseless storms the sea of life.

While seraphs, bending from their thrones of gold,
 With songs of triumph hymn thy soul to peace;
 And to thy raptur'd eye, with smiles, unfold
 The happy mansions of eternal bliss.

VERSIFICATION

OF A PASSAGE FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF OSSIAN'S
 TEMORA.

BY THE SAME.

THE hosts like two black ridges stood,
 On either side wild Lubar's stream;
 Here Foldath frown'd a darken'd cloud,
 There Fillan shone a brightening beam.

Their long spears glittering in the wave,
 Each hero pour'd his voice afar;
 Gaul struck the shield, the signal gave,
 At once both armies plung'd in war.

Steel pour'd its flashing gleam on steel ;
The fields two rushing torrents glow,
That whitening foam, in mingled swell,
O'er the dark rock's projecting brow.

He comes, with fame immortal crown'd,
His faulchion lays the heroes low ;
Death rides the shadowy blasts around ;
Thy paths O Fillan warriors strew !

Between two rocks in fissures rent,
Brave Rothmar stood, the warrior's pride ;
Two aged oaks, that winds had bent,
Their branches spread on either side.

Silent he shades his friends in flight,
While his dark eyes on Fillan roll ;
Fingal beheld the approaching fight,
And all the father fill'd his soul.

As falls the stone of Loda, hurl'd
From trembling Drumanard's high cliff,
When angry spirits rock the world ;
So Rothmar fell, blue-shielded chief.

Young Culmin's friendly steps are near,
His eye the bursting tear o'erflows ;
Wrathful he cuts the empty air,
Ere yet with Fillan's mix his blows.

He first with Rothmar bent the bow,
Along his own blue-winding streams ;
And mark'd the dwelling of the roe,
As shone the fern with morning beams.

“ Why Youth would’st thou provoke the might
 Of that bright beam, that wasting fire?
 Unequal were your fires in fight;
 Retire, Culalluin’s son retire!”

Lone in her hall, his mother casts
 Her eyes o’er Strutha’s winding streams;
 Wrapp’d in a whirlwind’s eddying blasts,
 Her son’s thin spectre faintly gleams.

His dogs stand howling on the plain,
 Red his suspended shield with gore;

“ And is my fair-hair’d hero slain?
 Pale does he lie on Ullin’s shore?”

As pierc’d in secret lies a hind,
 Panting her wonted streams beside;
 The hunter views her feet of wind;
 Culalluin’s son thus Fillan eyed.

In a small stream his hair is roll’d,
 His blood slow wanders o’er his shield;
 Still grasps his hand, with dying hold,
 The sword that fail’d in danger’s field.

“ Thou’rt fallen ere thy fame was known,”
 Said Fillan, musing o’er the slain;
 “ Elate, in hopes of thy renown,
 Thy father sent thee to the plain.

Perhaps, his streams grey bending o’er,
 His dim eyes seek thee on the heath;
 In vain,—for ah! returns no more,
 His son extended pale in death.”

Wide o'er the heath, in terror lost,
 The flight of Erin Fillan pour'd ;
 But, man on man, falls Morven's host,
 Before the rage of Foldath's sword.

Undaunted, Dermid meets his course ;
 The sons of Cona wake the fight ;
 But cleft his shield, by Foldath's force,
 And far is spread his people's flight.

The exulting foe with haughty boast,—
 “ Go Malthos, go to Erin's lord ;
 And bid him guard blue ocean's coast,
 Lest Morven's king escape my sword.

For cold must Fingal lie in gore,
 Near some low fen his tomb shall rise
 Without a song, while hovering o'er,
 Half hid in mist, his spirit flies.”

In darkening doubt stood Malthos bold,
 He knew the boaster's heart of pride ;
 Around his gloomy eyes he roll'd,
 And plung'd in war with fullen stride.

In Clono's narrow vale, two trees
 Dark-bending o'er the rolling flood,
 Shook their broad branches to the breeze ;
 There Duthno's son in silence stood.

The blood is streaming from his thigh ;
 A rock sustains his ashen spear ;
 His bossy shield lies broken nigh ;
 “ Why Dermid, why that bursting tear ?”

“ I hear the battle roar afar,
 Alone my people on the plain ;
 No shield is mine to stem the war,
 And weak and slow my steps of pain.

Shall Foldath then prevail in fight ?
 Ere that in death shall Dermid lie ;
 Again stern chief I'll prove thy might,
 Again thy fiercest rage defy.”

He seiz'd his spear the strife to join,
 When Morni's son before him stood ;
 “ Stay Dermid stay, no shield is thine,
 Thy trembling steps are mark'd with blood.”

“ Chief of Strumon give thy shield,
 Oft has it stemm'd the battle's force ;
 This arm may yet sustain the field,
 May yet repel yon boaster's course.

Behold that stone, with moss o'erspread,
 Where spires the waving grass so high ;
 There low a kindred chief is laid—
 And there in night let Dermid lie.”

Slowly he rose the hill's tall brow,
 And view'd the troubled field of death ;
 The gleaming ranks of fight below,
 Disjoin'd, and broken o'er the heath.

As fires at distance, seem by night
 Now lost in smoke, in darkness drown'd,
 Now rear on high their streams of light,
 As cease or blow the winds around ;

So met the battle from afar

Broad-shielded Dermid's eager eye.

Amidst the varying scene of war

The chief of Morna towers on high ;

Like some black ship, in lofty pride,

Dark rider of the billowy plam ;

Wide sporting o'er the echoing tide,

When winter rules the stormy main.

Dermid with rage beheld his course,

He rush'd to meet the gloomy foe ;

But fails the wounded hero's force,

And tears of pride his eyes o'erflow.

He sounded thrice his bossy shield,

And thrice on Foldath call'd aloud ;

Foldath with joy the chief beheld,

And lifted high his spear of blood.

As some vast rock whose rugged side

Is mark'd with streams of many a storm ;

So look'd, with wandering blood bedyed

The gloomy chief of Morna's form.

Each host, appall'd, in terror flies,

From the contending fierce of Kings.

At once their gleaming points arise,

With speed of lightning Fillan springs.

The haughty foe, with trembling, view'd,

That dazzling beam of early fame ;

That swift, as issuing from a cloud,

To save the wounded hero came.

In sounding strife as on the gale
Two broad-wing'd eagles fierce contend ;
So, on Moilena's far-spread vale,
The chiefs in gloomy battle bend.

Low on his shield is Foldath laid,
Pierc'd by the youthful hero's spear ;
Nor o'er the fallen Fillan staid,
But onward roll'd the storm of war.

Malthos beheld the warrior low,
Low laid on Lubar's winding shore ;
His bosom melts in generous woe,
And hatred fills his soul no more.

He seem'd a rock, down whose grey sides
The desert waters trickling stray ;
When slow the sailing mist divides,
And gives its blasted trees to day.

Thus to the dying chief he said,—
“ Say shall thy mossy stone ascend,
Where Ullin's dark-green hills are spread,
Or Morna's woody vales extend ?

There, where the sun looks forth serene,
On blue Dalrutho's bordering glades ;
Fair Dardulena's steps are seen,
Thy daughter, pride of Erin's maids.”

“ Rememberest thou,” the chief reply'd,
“ The maid, because no son is mine,
To roll the battle's deathful tide,
And in revenge in arms to shine ?

I am reveng'd, for not in vain

Has shone the lightning of my spear.

Amidst the tombs of those I've slain

My narrow house, O Malthos! rear.

Oft shall I leave my airy fold,

To hail the spot where low they lie ;

When, spread around me, I behold,

The rank grafs of their graves on high."

His spirit rush'd on eddying winds,

And came to Dardulena's dream ;

As, wearied with the chace of hinds,

She slept by blue Dulrutho's stream.

Her bow unstrung is near her placed,

The breezes fold her raven hair ;

Each charm of youthful beauty graced

The love of chiefs, the blue-eyed fair.

From the dark skirts of Morna's wood,

Her father's ghost, pale bending, gleam'd ;

At times his bloody form he shew'd,

Then hid in shrouding vapors seem'd.

She rose in tears, her soul divin'd

The chief in death was lowly laid ;

To her a beam of light he shin'd.

When folded in his darkest shade.



H A B A K K U K, CHAP. III.

BY THE SAME.

THE Lord of Hosts from Teman came,
From Paran's mount the Almighty God,—
The heavens his glory wide proclaim,
And bent the earth beneath his nod.
As light his awful brightness show'd,—
There was the hiding of his power;
On burning coals Jehovah trode,
Dire mov'd the pestilence before.
He stood, and measur'd earth and air,
He look'd, apart the nations fled,
The eternal mountains scatter'd were,
And hills perpetual bow'd the head.
I saw when Midian's curtains shook,
I saw pale Cushan's tents in woe;
Say, did the streams thy wrath provoke?
Against them did thine anger glow?
Did e'er the deep his God displease,
That on thy horses thou did'st ride?
Thy path was thro' the troubled seas,
In heaps roll'd back the astonish'd tide.
The mountains saw, they trembling shook,
The o'erflowing waters passed by,
The mighty deep in horror spoke,
And lifted up his hands on high.

The rolling stars their courses stay'd,
The sun and moon stood still in fear;
Before thine arrows blaze they fled,
Before the lightning of thy spear.

With rivers did'st thou cleave the earth,
And naked made thy dreadful bow;
Thou march'd in indignation forth,
And laid in dust the heathen low:

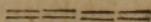
Thou wentest forth on Israel's side,
To save from death thy chosen race;
Thy sword has smote the heathen's pride,
And everlasting are thy ways.

Altho' the fig-tree shall not shoot,
Nor grape the withering vine shall yield,
The olive shall withhold her fruit,
And blasted be the herbag'd field;

Tho' in the fold the flock shall die,
And in the stall no herd shall be,
Yet on the Lord will I rely,
Yet, O my God! will joy in thee.



RUNIC POETRY.



TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;
OR
DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

FROM THE EDDA, A SYSTEM OF ANCIENT SCANDINAVIAN
MYTHOLOGY.

BY THE SAME.

A TIME shall come, a barbarous time,
Dark shadowed o'er with every crime,
When ties of kin shall cease to bind,
In love's soft bands, the human mind:
When sons their fathers' blood shall pour,
And brother blush with brother's gore:
When, lost to every tender care,
Not one his dearest friend shall spare;
And man, oppress'd with bitterest woes,
With the sad scene of life to close.

Winter, clad in wild array,
Then shall hold his direst sway;
The sun withdraw his golden light,
And veil the world in darkest night;
The winds with wildest rage contend;
The snow in ceaseless storms descend;
The earth in icy fetters bound;
And desolation glare around.

Uncherish'd by one genial ray,
 Three such winters pass away.
 Portents dire shall then succeed ;
 The Monsters from their chains be freed :
 Dreadful, in his fiery car,
 Giant Rymer * rush to war ;
 The Serpent † roll his hideous train
 Deep beneath the billowy main,
 Whose lited waters, wildly swell'd,
 Wide o'er the earth shall be impell'd ;
 In thousands men resign their breath,
 And throng the gloomy courts of death ;
 His prey the screaming eagle seek,
 And tear the dead with gory beak ;
 The Earth in dread convulsions heave ;
 Its wonted course the river leave ;
 The tottering mountain headlong borne,
 From its deep base resistless torn ;
 Rent from their roots, whole forests fall ;
 And one vast ruin spread o'er all.
 Floating on the whelming tides,
 Fate's black Ship ‡ in triumph rides ;

* Rymer—One of those Giants who, according to the Edda, are in continual enmity with the Gods, and shall, in co-operation with the Evil Genii, eventually overpower them.

† The Great Serpent—or Serpent of Midgard, is said to have been cast by the Gods into the ocean ; where he soon became of such an enormous size as to encircle the earth.—Midgard—the Residence, or Fortrefs of the Deities.—

‡ The Ship of the Gods, or of Fate, in which the Host of the Evil Genii, &c. arrives.

Perfidious Loke § directs her course,
 Leader of the giant force.
 Fenris || bursts his iron chain ;
 Nought his fury can restrain ;
 His nostrils sparkling flames expire ;
 His eye-balls flash terrific fire ;
 Urged by rage, by vengeance driven,
 He rends the beauteous sun from heaven :
 The Serpent floods of venom pours
 O'er the wide sea and circling shores ;
 Rocks rush on rocks, together hurl'd ;
 Destruction triumphs o'er the world ;
 From the torn concave of the sky,
 The affrighted stars confus'dly fly ;
 The vaults of heaven in sunder rend ;
 The Evil Genii swift ascend ;
 Pour'd from the south, in terrors dire,
 Before them moves the Prince of Fire,
 Surtur * the Black, in flames array'd—
 Shines like the sun his waving blade,
 The sign of death ; with him their might
 The Serpent, Fenris, Loke, unite ;

§ Loke,—the Evil Being : in the highest degree malicious and deceitful.

|| Fenris,—or the Wolf,—of all the others a monster most dreaded by the Gods ; who by stratagem confined him with a magic chain ; which he breaks at the dissolution of nature.

* Surtur,—the destroying Principle ; supposed to reside in the South, in the flaming Gulf of Muspelheim ; leader of the Evil Genii, who are to destroy the Universe by Fire.

Succeeds a death-determined host,
 The hideous Giants of the Frost.
 His crooked trumpet Heimdall †† takes,
 With potēt breath the blast awakes;
 Far heard thro heaven's remotest bound,
 Pours the shrill clangor of the sound;
 Loud crows the Cock, the bird divine,
 Whose crests in golden glory shine;
 Hoarse from beneath, with dismal cries,
 The Herald black of death replies;
 Trembles the sacred Ash †† with dread,
 And groaning shakes its lofty head;
 All nature's fill'd with wild affright;
 The Gods, convened, prepare for fight.
 A mid-day sun is Odin §§ bold,
 Far beaming in his arms of gold;
 Against the Wolf ||| he bends his course,
 And Frey * encounters Surturf's force.
 The enormous serpent Thor † assails;
 The God's resistless might prevails;

†† Heimdall,—the Centinel of Heaven.

†† The Sacred Ash of Ydrasil, under which the Council of the Deities is held.

§§ Odin, the first and most powerful of all the Gods.

||| Fenris.

* Frey,—a Deity represented as clothed in white; and supposed to preside over the productions of the earth.

† Thor,—the first of the sons of Odin, and strongest of the Gods; who presides over the thunder; and whose office it is to protect the injured and oppressed.

But short his joy, he sinks in death,
 From the Monster's venom'd breath.
 By each others falchions slain,
 Loke and Heimdall press the plain.
 The snow-white God §§ resigns his life,
 By Surtur slain in furious strife.
 Rushing from the dark abodes,
 Death denouncing to the Gods,
 Hideous howls the Dog of night;
 He meets with Tyr ||| in mortal fight;
 Long the contest fierce they wage,
 And victims fall of mutual rage.
 Goddess, * weep! thy cares are vain—
 Odin falls, by Fenris slain.
 Swift to vengeance Vidar †† flies;
 By his hand the monster dies:
 Wild Destruction, hovering o'er,
 Waves her banner dipt in gore;
 O'erpower'd the heavenly legions fall,
 And Death's dark billows close on all.
 The gloomy Prince, † with conquest crown'd,
 Dreadful scatters flames around;
 In one wide conflagration driven,
 The raging fires ascend to heaven;

§§ “The snow-white God,”—Frey.

||| Tyr,—a Deity answering to the Roman Mars.

* The Goddess Friga, or Freya,—the Mother of Odin.

†† Vidar, a Son of Odin.

† “The gloomy Prince:”—Surtur.—

Sinks the world to ruin's power,
And time itself exists no more.

Bursting from existence' grave,
O'er the bosom of the wave,
Lo! a new-born World unroll'd,
Far more beauteous than the old,
Smiles adorn'd with loveliest green;
Spring unfading decks the scene;
The eagles, soaring mid the breeze,
Their fishy prey on mountains seize;
The earth her fruits spontaneous yields;
Rich harvests glad the uncultured fields;
Unknown to grief, to torturing pain,
There eternal pleasures reign.
Then, from seats of orient light,
In divinest glories bright,
Comes forth the great, the all-powerful One,*
Incommunicate, alone,—
Who was ere Time began his race,
Or being fill'd the vast of space;
And, unchangable, supreme,
Thro endless ages is the same.
There a Palace glows, more bright
Than the sun's meridian light,

* This Being is entirely distinct from Odin, and the other Gods of the Scandinavian Mythology; who had their birth soon after the creation of the World, and who perish with it.

Where the virtuous shall reside;
 And, as pleasure rolls its tide
 Undebas'd by pain's alloy,
 Know an eternity of joy.

EXTRACT FROM THE
CONQUEST OF SCANDINAVIA;
 BEING THE INTRODUCTION OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BY THE SAME.

ODIN having defeated the Scandinavians in several great battles, WOLDOMIR, the druidical sovereign of Scandinavia, reduced to the utmost distress, obtains the assistance of GRYMER, Prince of the Saraceni,—a Scythian Tribe,—the hereditary foe of ODIN; and having assembled his forces on an extensive plain, near the banks of a river, prepares to attack the Enemy, who are encamped on the opposite shore.—The present Book commences with the Night preceding the engagement.

NOW Night, in clouds involv'd, her mantle drew,
 And deepest darkness veil'd the etherial blue;
 Dire heard afar, with wild and hollow roar,
 Hoarse groan'd the woods along the rocky shore;
 Loaded with vapours dank and drizzling rains,
 The chill North-east shrill whistled o'er the plains;
 Pale shone the phantom fires, whose boding light
 In tenfold horror vests the storms of night;

And, wildly yelling thro the dreary shade,
 Shriek'd the sad spectres of the unburied dead ;
 Involv'd in anxious cares, and gloomy thought,
 When Mondak's* Son the tent of Ulfo fought.
 Ulfo the old, renown'd for magic lore,
 From Volga's flood to cold Kamfchatka's shore ;
 Amid the gloom of Scythian forests bred,
 Where Altai lifts on high his wintry head ;
 Among a savage race, rapacious, rude,
 Wild as the storms that toss the Caspian flood,
 As thunder dreadful, bursting from the cloud,
 When Night o'er Altai hangs her sable shroud.
 Olaf his fire, in fields of death renown'd,
 As chief in war, the stern barbarians own'd,
 Sprung from that race accurst, whose demon sway
 The hoary Giants of the Frost obey,
 The same stern soul which mark'd his fires of yore,
 The same fell hate to Woden's laws he bore,
 The same inspir'd the son, whose rebel pride
 The God derided, and his power defied.
 In nature vers'd, to him each plant was known
 That blooms mid Scythia's snows, or Afric's torrid zone ;
 Each secret power that earth's dark bosom hides,
 That rules in ocean, or in air presides.
 To him had Grymer sent, o'er realms afar,
 With costly gifts, to win him to the war,
 When first imperial Woldomir implor'd,
 In Scandinavia's aid, the hero's sword ;

* Grymer.

Nor less impell'd by envious hate, he came,
Of Odin's glory and of Woden's name.

Intent to solve the dark decrees of fate,
In deep enquiry fix'd, the Wizard sate;
When, Grymer entering, from his seat he prest,
With eager haste, and thus the Chief addrest.
" Say, at this hour, when o'er the dreary plains,
In all her horrors, Night funereal reigns;
While shrieks of terror on the blast arise,
And the black tempest howls along the skies;
At this untimely hour, what potent cause
Forth from his tent the Prince of Scythia draws?"

" O Sire of magic!" thus the Prince replied,—
" My Shield in battle, and my counsels' guide,
Full well to thee is known what weight of care
Hangs on the vast uncertainty of war;
What anxious fears a leader's peace annoy,
Possess his soul, and every thought employ.
The chief who hopes in glory's walks to shine,
And round his brows the palms of conquest twine,
When war's dark tempest spreads its horrors round,
Not in the bowers of thoughtless Ease is found;
Not on the lap of Sloth reclines his head,
By proud Presumption's flattering glare misled;—
Which oft the vainly confident betrays,
And lights to ruin with its phantom blaze;—
But, when the hour of battle hovers near,
Neglects no caution, tho' he knows no fear.
By cares like these impell'd, I hither come,
Of rest neglectful, mid the dreary gloom;

While, wide around, the camp in silence lies,
And slumber seals the wearied soldier's eyes:
For lo! to morrow wakes the rage of fight,
When morning opes the golden gates of light;
To morrow gives my eager arm to dare
This scourge of Scandia's realms, this pest of war;
Gives me, perchance, that first of joys to know,
The joy of vengeance on a hated foe.
For that fell hate, which steel'd our fires of yore,
Which dyed so oft in blood Jaxartes' shore,
That hate my breast with all its rage inspires,
Sublim'd, by rival love, to fiercer fires.
Yes! still revenge has set that day aside,
When, scorn'd my passion, and my suit denied,
Hermanric's daughter gave her heaven of charms,
Detested thought! to Odin's happy arms.
But tho' my soul delights where Danger rears
His awful crest, amid the strife of spears,
And glows with transport in the fierce alarms,
The shock of battles, and the din of arms;
Tho', in comparison, the foe are lost
Mid the vast numbers of our warlike host;
Yet not, in vain security, reclin'd,
The events of battle fill my anxious mind.
Perchance the Gods, too partial to the foe,
Our strength may wither, and our hopes o'erthrow;
For Odin long has prov'd their guardian care,
By Woden shielded in the storms of war;
And still the favoring God his aid affords,
And bears him harmless mid descending swords.
How oft has Scandia mourn'd her heroes' doom,
Swept, by that arm, in thousands, to the tomb!

Before his might her hosts have shrunk away,
 Like mountain snows before the vernal ray.
 Then let the all-conquering force of spells be tried,
 And range the Powers of magic on our side ;
 Bid panic terror hover o'er their fight,
 Chill the pale foe, and turn their steps to flight ;
 So may thy friend a double triumph prove,
 And, with a nation's wrongs, avenge his slighted love."

The monarch ceas'd,—the words the wizard took,
 While sarcasm smil'd contemptuous in his look.
 " Dread'st thou that feeble race ? Can Grymer's soul
 Thus bend to phantom terror's vile controul ?
 Do thoughts like those which little minds debase,
 Become the leader of a warlike race ?
 Thy mighty Woden, and his Gods, at most,
 A narrow sway, and power precarious boast.
 In time's first day-spring, when as yet the earth
 Knew not its place, nor ocean roll'd to birth ;
 Alone one torpid, vast abyss, was seen,
 Uncloth'd with form, undeck'd with cheerful green ;
 Ere man the breath of first existence drew ;
 Those sons of Bore the mighty Ymir slew,
 By fraud his race confin'd, usurp'd the sway
 O'er the blue mansions of unclouded day.
 Yet still in fear their ill-got rule they hold,
 Still dread the day, when vengeance uncontroll'd
 Shall burst its chains, and, in destruction hurl'd,
 A fiery deluge wrap the sinking world.
 Then go, and Valhall's feeble Gods despise,
 For Powers more mighty in thy aid shall rise ;—

Those Powers who o'er the gloom of night preside,
 Live in the storm, and on "the whirlwind ride;"—
 Shall whelm in dust the foes presumptuous boast,
 And roll dark ruin o'er their prostrate host."

The Wizard ceas'd—with brightening hopes inspir'd,
 The Scythian monarch to his tent retir'd.

Forth from his camp the dire Enchanter stray'd,
 Mid the weird horrors of the midnight shade,
 Till a lone dell his wandering footsteps found,
 Fenc'd with rough cliffs, with mournful cypress crown'd,
 There stay'd his course: with stern, terrific look,
 Thrice wav'd on high, his magic wand he shook;
 And thrice he rais'd the wild funereal yell
 That calls the spirits from the abyfs of hell.
 When, shrilly answering to the yell afar.
 Borne on the winds, three female forms appear;
 Dire as the hag who, mid the dreams of night,
 Pursues the fever'd hectic's trembling flight.
 With gestures strange, approach the haggard band,
 And nigh the wizard take their silent stand.
 Near, in a rock, adown whose rugged side
 The lonely waters of the desert glide,
 O'ergrown with brambles, op'd an ample cave,
 Drear as the gloomy mansions of the grave.
 Within, the screech-owl made her mournful home,
 And birds obscene that hover round the tomb;
 Dark, from the moss-grown top, together clung,
 Ill-omen'd bats, in torpid clusters, hung;
 And o'er the bottom, with dank leaves bestrow'd,
 Crept the black adder, and the bloated toad.

Thither the magic throng repair'd, to form
Their spells obscure, and weave the unhallow'd charm.
Muttering dire words, thrice strode the wizard round;
Thrice, with his potent wand, he smote the ground;
Deep groans ensued; on wings of circling flame,
Slow-rising from beneath, a Cauldron came;
Blue gleam'd the fires amid the shades of night,
And o'er the cavern shot a livid light.

Now op'd a horrid scene: all black with blood,
The infernal band, prepar'd for slaughter, stood.
Two beauteous babes, by griffons borne away,
While lock'd in sleep the hapless mothers lay,
Whose smiles the frozen breast to love might warm,
And e'en the unsparing wolf to pity charm,
The hags unveil'd; and sportive as they play'd,
Deep in their hearts embrued the murderous blade;
Their dying pangs with smile malignant view'd,
And life's last ebbings in the sanguine flood.
Now, mix'd with various herbs of magic power,
In the dark cauldron glows the purple gore:
The Night-shade dire, whose baleful branches wave,
In glooms of horror, o'er the murderer's grave;
The Manchineel, alluring to the eye,
Where, veil'd in beauty, deadliest poisons lie;
The far-fam'd Indian Herb, of power to move
The foes of nature to unite in love,
The serpent race to infant mildness charm,
And the fierce tiger of his rage disarm,—
Known to the tribes that range the trackless wood
Where mad Antonio heaves the headlong flood;—

The * Monster plant that blasts Tartaria's heath ;
 And Upas fatal as the stroke of death :
 Boil'd the black mass, the associate fiends advance,
 And round the Cauldron form the magic dance.
 Three times around, in mystic maze they trod,
 With hideous gesture, and terrific nod ;
 While Runic rhymes, and words that freeze the soul,
 From their blue lips, in tones of horror, roll.
 The wizard rais'd his voice, the cavern round,
 Wild-shuddering, trembled at the fearful sound ;
 In mute attention stood the haggard throng,
 As thus he woke the incantatory song.

From the dreary realms below,
 From the dark domains of fear,
 From the ghastly seats of woe,
 Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !

I.

Dreadful Power ! whose awful form
 Blackens in the midnight storm ;
 Glares athwart the lurid skies,
 While the sheeted lightning flies ;
 When the thunder awful roars ;
 When the earthquake rocks the shores ;

* BAROMETZ, Tartarian Lamb :—A plant found in Tartary and the northern parts of China: It is covered with a very beautiful kind of furze or wool, of a bright yellow, and in its form has some resemblance to a LAMB, appearing to stand upon four legs, from so many roots to which it is attached. It is said to be of a nature so destructive to every other species of vegetables, that none will live within its vicinity.

Mounted on the wings of air,
 Thou rul'st the elemental war.
 When Famine brings her sickly train ;
 When Battle strews the carnag'd plain ;
 When Pestilence her venom'd wand
 Waves o'er the desolated land ;
 Rush the ocean's whelming tides
 O'er the foundering vessel's sides ;
 Then ascends thy voice on high ;
 Then is heard thy funeral cry ;
 Then, in horror, dost thou rise
 On the expiring wretch's eyes.

From the dreary realms below,
 From the dark domains of fear,
 From the ghastly seats of woe,
 Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !

II.

Goddess ! whose terrific sway
 Nastrande's realms of guilt obey ;
 Where, amid impervious gloom,
 Sullen frowns the serpent Dome ;
 Roll'd beneath the envenom'd tide,
 Where the sons of sorrow 'bide ;
 Thee, the mighty Demon host ;
 Thee, the Giants of the Frost ;
 Thee, the Genii tribes adore ;
 Fenris owns thy sovereign power :
 And the imperial Prince of Fire,
 Surtur, trembles at thine ire.

Thine, the victor's pride to mar ;
 Thine, to turn the scale of war ;
 Chiefs and princes at thy call,
 From their spheres of glory fall ;
 Empires are in ruin hurl'd ;
 Defolation blasts the world.

From the dreary realms below
 From the dark domains of fear,
 From the ghastly seats of woe,
 Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !

III.

Queen of terror, queen of death !
 Thee, we summon from beneath,
 From the deep infernal shade ;
 From the mansion of the dead ;
 Nieflehm's black, funereal dome ;
 Hither rise, and hither come !
 By the potent Runic rhyme,
 Awful, mystic, and sublime ;
 By the streams that roar below ;
 By the fable fount of woe ;
 By the burning gulph of pain,
 Muspell's home, and Surtur's reign ;
 By the Day when, o'er the world,
 Wild confusion shall be hurl'd,
 Rymer mount his fiery car,
 Giants, Genii, rush to war,
 To vengeance move the Prince of Fire,
 And heaven, and earth, in flames expire !

From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghastly seats of woe,
Hear! tremendous Hela! hear.

He ceas'd—the flames withdrew their magic light,
And, cloth'd in deeper horrors, frown'd the night.
At once, an awful stillness paus'd around,
Hush'd were the winds, and mute the tempest's sound,
One deep, portentous, calm o'er nature spread,
Nor e'en the aspin's restless foliage play'd;—
Such the dire calm that glooms Carribean shores
Ere, rous'd to rage, the fell Tornado roars:—
Not long, for lo! from central earth releas'd,
Shrill through the cavern sigh'd an hollow blast;
Wild wails of woe, with shrieks of terror join'd,
In deathful murmurs groan along the wind;
Peal following peal, hoarse bursts the thunder round;
Redoubling echoes swell the dreadful sound;
Flash the blue lightnings in continual blaze;
One sheet of fire the kindling gloom displays;
And o'er the vault, with pale, sulphureous ray,
Pour all the horrors of infernal day.
Now heav'd the vale around, the cavern'd rock,
The earth, deep trembling, to its center shook,
Wide yawn'd the rending floor, and gave to sight
A chasm tremendous as the gates of night.
Slow from the gulph, mid lightnings faintly seen,
Rose the dread form of Death's terrific Queen;
Of wolfish aspect, and with eyes of flame,
Black Jarnvid's Witch, her fell attendant, came;

Than whom, no monster roams the dark abodes,
More fear'd by friends, more hated by the Gods.

More frightful, more deform'd, than Fancy's power
Pourtrays the demon of the midnight hour,
In hideous majesty, of various hue,
Part fallow pale, and part a livid blue,
A form gigantic, awful Hela frown'd ;
Her towering head with fable serpents crown'd ;
Around her waist, in many a volume roll'd,
A crimson adder wreath'd his poisonous fold ;
And o'er her face, beyond description dread,
A sulphury mist its shrouding mantle spread.
Her voice, the groan of war, the shriek of woe
When sinks the city whelm'd in gulphs below,
In tones of thunder, o'er the cavern broke,
And nature shudder'd as the Demon spoke.

“ Presumptuous mortal ! that, with mystic strain,
Dost summon Hela from the realms of pain,
What cause thus prompts thee rashly to invade
The deep repose of death's eternal shade ?
What, from the abodes of never-ending night,
Calls me, reluctant, to the climes of light ? ”

“ Empress supreme ! whose wide-extended sway
All nature owns, and earth and hell obey ;
The solemn call no trivial wish inspires ;
No common cause thy potent aid requires ;
The dooms of empires on the issue wait,
And doubtful tremble in the scale of fate.
The glow of morn, on yon extended heath,
Will light the nations to the strife of death.

There Saracinia's fons their force unite
 With Scandia's monarch, Woldomir, in fight;
 By strength combin'd, proud Odin to o'erwhelm,
 The fierce invader of the Scandian realm;
 By Woden favor'd with peculiar grace;
 Friend of the gods, and odious to thy race.
 Then, in the impending fight, thy succour lend,
 And o'er our host thy arm of strength extend;
 The hostile bands, protected by thy foes,
 With dangers circle, and with ruin close;
 With wild dismay their shrinking ranks pervade;
 Whelm their pale numbers in the eternal shade;
 And wing, with certain aim, the missive dart,
 Or point the faulchion, to the leader's heart."

Thus Ulfo spoke—and Hela thus return'd.
 " Know, while in primal night creation mourn'd,
 The eternal cause, the great, all-ruling mind,
 The various term of human life assign'd;
 Irrevocably firm, the fix'd intent
 No power can vary, and no chance prevent.
 Mark'd, by the fates, for years of bloody strife,
 Rolls the long flood of Odin's varied life;
 Nor is it ours the stern decree to thwart
 By open violence, or by covert art.
 Yet still the power is left us to annoy,
 Whom rigid heaven denies us to destroy;
 And, tho' of life secure, the hostile chief,
 The wretched victim of severest grief,
 Shall mourn his arms disgrac'd, on yonder plain,
 His laurels blasted, and his heroes slain."

She ceased ;—in thunder vanishing from view,
 The fiends, the cauldron, and the hags withdrew.
 Back to the camp the Inchanter sped his way,
 Ere, o'er the east, arose the first faint glimpse of day.

ODE TO CONSCIENCE.

BY THEODORE DWIGHT, ESQUIRE.

HAIL Conscience, faithful inmate of the breast!
 Thy smiles can charm to sweetest rest,
 Thy frowns can wake the keenest woe,
 Without thy aid even heaven would grow
 A cheerless void of deep distress,
 And angels want the power to bless.

When great Jehovah's voice creation form'd,
 When worlds unnumber'd sprang to instant birth;
 When morning stars to ecstasy were warm'd,
 And man stood ruler of the boundless earth,
 Thou in the realms of light and love,
 Did'st dwell embosom'd with the Etherial Dove.
 " Where Guilt shall dare extend her reign,
 " And Satan stretch his dark domain,
 " There let the tides of horror roll,
 " And torture rend the sinking soul."
 The GODHEAD spoke,—Creation round,
 Deep trembled to its utmost bound.

Hail mighty Conscience ! hail !

When the black deed of guilt is done,

Thou mak'st the quivering wretch turn pale,

And startle at the sun.

When Murder fearless of thy power,

Lifts up the fateful knife,

And in the dark and midnight hour,

Destroys the guiltless life ;

High swells thy awful voice :

Awaking at the fearful sound,

The fiends of vengeance gather round ;

The villain starts at every noise,

His soul, to judgment summon'd, shakes,

His frame convuls'd with horror, quakes ;

'Till urg'd to fate by all-resistless fear,

He owns his crime, and dies the victim of despair.

When the quick tide of life swells high,

And Pleasure hourly wantons nigh,

The Sceptic braves thy stern command,

Nor dreads thy executing hand.

But when the powers of life decay,

And sickening nature wastes away,

When Age brings on a lengthening train

Of weakness, dire disease, and pain,

When Death uplifts its horrid form,

And Justice wakes the avenging storm ;

Torn with distracting doubts and fears,

Thy terrors thunder in his ears ;

Pale spectres haunt the shades of night,

Deep blushes meet the morning light,—

Above he sees the tempest lower,
 And floods of wrath around him pour,—
 Wide yawns beneath the world of woe,
 Where waves of burning vengeance flow.

Impell'd by conscious guilt he strives to fly,
 Far from the light of God's all-searching eye,
 And plunging headlong in the midnight shade,
 Calls rocks and hills to shield his guilty head;
 'Till robb'd of Hope,—life's latest stay,—Despair
 Breathes the faint wishes of unutter'd prayer:
 In dread suspense, his last sad refuge fled,
 His schemes all frustrate, his delusions dead,
 Heaven shut from view, annihilation vain,
 He shrinks from life, and flies to endless pain.

Not such thy lot, O man* divine!
 Peace on the bed of death was thine.
 Calm with a retrospective view,
 Thy mind look'd past existence thro';
 In bright, and regular array,
 And blazing on the face of day,
 The deeds of virtue stood;
 Conscience beheld them as they shone,
 Approv'd and hail'd her darling son,
 And God pronounc'd them good.
 And when the messenger of death,
 Receiv'd thy faint expiring breath,
 Soft slumbering on the bed of peace,
 Thy voice bad every sorrow cease,

* Mr. ADDISON.

While to the world's astonish'd eye,
Thou shew'd'st with what repose a virtuous man can die.

Hail Conscience! hail the good man's friend!

Thy smiles thro' life his steps attend;

And on his dread departing day,

Impart a sweet, and gladsome ray,

To cheer his soul, to sooth his dying breath,

To light his path-way thro' the vale of death,

And ope his prospect to awaiting skies,

Where Faith looks forward with prophetic eyes,

And sees unmov'd the moon in blood expire,

The sun in darkness, and the earth on fire,

Stars, planets, systems, into ruin hurl'd,

And the last trumpet rend a guilty world.

COLQLOO, — AN INDIAN TALE,

Thrown into English Verse.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

COLWALL! the Women crie;

Colwall! the dales resound,

Colwall, the hills reply,

And hollow caves rebound.

Wild shrieks thro' thickets ring,

Fast flies the dark-brown night:

“Come ye Warriors bring

The Captive ta'en in fight.

Draw tight the cutting bands!

Bring matches blazing blue!

Now! now! the victim stands

To mighty Colwall due."

With scorn the Captive smil'd,

With scorn he ey'd the throng,

Then thus his pain beguil'd,

With high exulting song.

S O N G.

And are these all the means ye know

To give a warrior pain?

Oh give your fires a fiercer glow;

Remember Colwall slain.

My father gloried in his son.

My warriors came from fight,

None staid behind; the scalps we won

Declar'd our matchless might.

Who has not heard Cololoo's fame?

My nation well ye know,—

And dreadful is the Tiger's name,

And fear'd by every foe.

Pain does not lie so near the skin,

More burning pine-knots bring!

Cololoo's all at peace within,—

And Logan's fame he'll sing.

R E C I T A L.

Then whilst from every limb the red streams gush,

And round him glows the fire;

Whilst thorns and nails transfix the quivering flesh,

The death song rises higher.—

SONG.

Aged Logan led the fight,
 Logan's fame is ever new,——
 Logan seiz'd a treacherous White,
 His murder'd Children rush to view :

“ Curses blast thee! pale-fac'd Savage,
 Ruin seize thy ruthless kind,
 Train'd to rapine, skill'd to ravage,
 Gain, the God that grasps thy mind.

Now ye red men take your fill,
 Give the scalping knife its due,
 The red right arm is bare to kill,—
 This my children, this to you.”

Reeking from the white man's brain,
 Lo! he lifts the scalp on high ;
 “ Logan does not wish thee pain,
 Fly to death's dark caverns, fly!

See they come! they come to meet us!
 Raise the yell that makes them quake,
 Say,—shall puny white men beat us?
 Men that every blast can shake?

Men that fear the rushing rain,
 Men that fear the clouded sky,
 Men that shrink and howl at pain,
 Nor know to triumph when they die:

Now ye Tiger tribe be brave,
 Think that Logan sees the fight ;
 Scalps on scalps adorn my cave,
 Glad'ning to my children's fight.

Sulph'rous smokes obscure the view,
 War! the hills and dales reply.
 Now ye red men, now be true!
 Ye know to fight! ye dare to die!"

Hand to hand the Warriors rush,
 Shouts and yells in echos die;
 Tom'hawks cleave, and bay'nets push,—
 They fly! they fly! the white men fly!

One brave band alone remains,
 One alone of all that band,
 Every shot and blow sustains,
 Red like ours his heavy hand.

See they sink,—he's left alone,—
 Still our Warriors stain the fields;
 See! he falls, but fighting on
 Sits, and still his sword he wields.

Logan seiz'd the brave man's arm,
 Longing, look'd upon his face;
 Logan will not do thee harm,
 Tho' thou art of faithless race.

Logan's fons had been like thee,—
 White men shot them from the bush;
 The brave shall not be harm'd by me,—
 He's dead,—he's floun,—and all is hush.——

None thy beauteous corse shall wound;
 None thy hairy scalp shall tear;
 Thou shalt sleep with warriors round,
 Thou the dead-mens, feast shall share.

Seize the scalps, and count the slain ;
 White-men, weep your brothers' woes !

Ease our dying chiefs from pain :—
 White-men learn to fear your foes !

So, Logan triumph'd o'er the foe ;
 Logan's fame was fairly won :
 So, Logan laid the white-men low,—
 —But set is Logan's fun.—

Why bring ye not the heated stone
 To fear and seam my manly breast ?
 Why sure the torture is not done !
 Such pain Cololoo bears in jest.

R E C I T A L.

Round his head Idiego hurl'd
 His hatchet keen and good ;
 Whizzing, fierce the weapon whirl'd,
 And quiver'd in the wood.

Reldor then with fullen stride,
 His knife was in his hand,
 Advanc'd, and thus aloud he cried,—
 And cut the twisted band.

Reldor takes thee for his son,
 Colwall in battle slain,
 In many a fight his fame he won,
 Nor shrunk from death or pain.—

Silent now the warrior train
 Bear the blood-stain'd chief,—
 No more they weep for Colwall slain,—
 No more is known of grief.—

ODE TO TIME.*

FULL oft the Painter's pencil, oft the Bard,
 On canvas, or on Fancy's airy scene,
 Hath shewn thee laughable, with grisly beard
 Stiff-starting from a peaked chin;
 A few white hairs thin-scatter'd round thy head,
 Thine eyes turn'd grey with age;
 Thy nose quite shrivell'd, like a pointed hook,
 Thy visage bearing all a wrinkled wizard look:
 Bent down and crooked was thy form,
 And tottering on thy weak, lank legs,
 Like some slim weed amid the shaking storm:
 Thy blood, poor miserable dregs
 Of life, crept thro' each wind-puff'd vein,
 Which seem'd as tho' 'twould burst with ev'ry strain:
 Thy long and dangling arms a scythe sustain,
 To top off men as they cut down their grain:
 Most laughable indeed! thus to deform
 A God in power first, as first in form!
 But look ye painters! hear ye bards this truth!
 His face shall ever bloom unfading youth.

* This Poem was originally published, in an imperfect state, in No. 20 of the 3d volume of the Gazette of the United States, for July 6th, 1791, with its present signature. The great alterations which it has since undergone, and the many important additions now made to it, form a sufficient excuse for the conduct of the Editors in placing it among the Original Poems.

Bright golden locks adorn his head,
 Majestick beauty seems his form ;
 Where'er he steps, his awful tread
 Sounds like the thunder of the storm.

Imperial Rome ! once mistress of the world !
 Who rear'd her palaces, her towers on high,
 Bade her tall obelisks assail the sky !
 In ruin lies, by his strong arm of power hurl'd.
 Some broken arch, or nodding tower,
 Falls prone to earth each passing hour ;
 And oft the wary traveller hears the sound
 Of some lofty column broke,
 By TIME's rudely shattering stroke,
 When down it comes loud-crashing on the ground,
 And hills and vales, the horrid roars rebound.

Behold yon figure starting on the sight !
 His awful brow around,
 With palm and laurel bound ;
 His forceful eye with genius bright,
 Seems now in Fancy's view to roll,
 And speak the bloody Cæsar's warlike soul !
 But Cæsar ! thou art gone !
 And TIME shall bid thy statue follow soon.

The spacious Forum where great Tully's voice,
 A clear and swelling torrent pour'd along,
 'Till the tumultuous faction check'd their murmuring noise,
 And mute—with dumb attention hark—as to the song
 Of Orpheus, did fierce Cerberus of old,
 When he with music's tongue his tender story told ;
 Touch'd by TIME's destructive, potent wand,
 Lies in ruins mouldering on the land.

From Rome the Muse now turns her eagle-eye,
To where the sun burns in the western sky,
Where Niagara loud and strong,
His deep majestic torrent rolls along :
From many a noble stream and lake supplied
The rushing tide,
With rapid force most awful roars ;
While echo swells the solemn sound upon his solitary shores.
But lo ! the boiling flood check'd by a rocky mound,
It madly foams, and whirling round,
In one stupendous sheet,
From the dizzy awful height,
Fierce rushing, headlong thunders to the ground.
The trembling groves, and caves around,
For many a league the dreadful shout resound—
And while the bellowing flood midst craggy rocks below
Boils into foam, above the heaven-depicted bow
In rapture holds the wondering traveller's eye,
And all his senses thrill with heavenly extacy.
But hold my Muse ! repress thy airy flight,
Nor give thy quick'ned soul to sweet delight ;
For e'en those haughty rocks, that rear on high
Their shaggy heads, and rend the vaulted sky
With their loud-roaring sounds sublime,
Shall bow beneath the shattering hand of TIME.
Yet waft away ! oh ! dissipate thy fears,
For now thro' the deep gloom of future years,
A beauteous scene beneath the western skies,
Resplendent bursts upon my ravish'd eyes.
Where thro' uncultur'd wilds Ohio rolls,
And hears the rav'nous wolf's terrific howls ;

Or sees upon his shores at midnight hour,
The cruel savage exercise his power;
Sees him with a demoniack's joy elate,
Commit the hapless victim to his fate,
And while with grinning rage, the blazing wood
He quenches in the Prisoner's hissing blood,
Hears the shrill shrieks that pierce the distant air,
And freeze the heart of pity with despair:
There TIME's command shall bid those horrors cease,
And wild Ohio smile with scenes of peace.
Where beasts of prey prowl o'er the desert ground,
Some future youths shall listen to the sound
Of wisdom, flowing from the Sage's tongue,
In tones attractive as the voice of song.
Then shall fair temples, villas, cities rise,
To beam new splendor on the natives' eyes;
The heaven-taught Painter, Sculptor, and the Bard
Shall there in future ages seek reward;
The voice of music warble thro' the air,
And all the glorious arts of peace appear.
But now again, the Muse prophetic, sighs,
While scenes of future desolation rise.
She sees her City, fair Columbia's pride,
A heap of ruins spreading far and wide:
She sees her streets once beauteous to behold,
Partition'd off, the shepherd flock to fold;
The crumbling bricks, and separated stone,
By pale-green moss, and scattering fern o'ergrown.
The wiley fox from broken arches peeps,
Thro' the deserted dome the weasle creeps,
The owl sits whooping on the temple door,
While hops the squalid toad along the floor;

The hissings of the deadly snake she hears,
 The warning rattle, trembles in her ears.
 Begone delusive fancy! may thy wand
 No more deform the beauty of our land!
 Be unprophetic all thy gloomy views,
 The airy offspring of the weeping Muse—
 But all too true alas! thy words may prove,
 When TIME's destructive power shall o'er their beauties
[move!
 Ere thrice ten times the God of day,
 Has drove his flaming, annual Car,
 Adown the rosy west;
 My slender frame of clay,
 With TIME and fierce disease at war
 May moulder into dust:
 These grief-strung nerves of mine may cease to move
 In sad vibrations to the voice of Love;
 With many a hapless Bard whose tender breast
 Now knows no more the goading thrust
 Of pride, or penury his nerves of feeling tear.
 But hold! ah hold thy lifted hand!
 Nor lowly bow,
 Beneath thy awful blow
 The Father of Columbia's favor'd land:
 Oh spare! the glorious Patriot spare!
 Nor give the stroke of fate,
 Until his equal shall appear
 To fill with equal dignity the lofty chair of state.

B I R T H A :

Philadelphia, July 1791.

A N O D E,
ADDRESSED TO MISS ****.

BY THE LATE REV. JOSEPH HOWE, OF BOSTON.

NEVER did parting Youth feel more
Than I, fair Maid, when from the shore
Thy vessel sail'd away ;

And can not then my prayers prevail,
Nor love, nor vows, nor tears, avail,
Nor aught procure thy stay ?

Was it for this that I so long
Listen'd, to Fortune's syren song
Listen'd with rapturous joy ?

Did she, for this, inspire my heart,
With hopes that we should never part,
And thus these hopes destroy ?

Amid the much-admiring crowd,
While thus I sigh'd my griefs aloud,
I scarce refrain'd to speak ;
Shame held my tongue, while from my eye
The pearly drops, full plenteously,
Stole trickling down my cheek.

Thus, near fair Tibur's silver flood,
The Roman Bard, gay Horace, stood,
And saw Galatea sail ;

And thrice he warn'd her, o'er, and o'er,
And told the fates Europa bore,
In hopes he might avail.

In hopes he might avail to move
 The fixed purpose of his love,
 From such a dangerous choice.
 But all in vain, like me, he tried,
 Galatea still did firm abide,
 Deaf to his moving voice.

“ Then go, if naught,” the Bard rejoin’d,—
 “ Can move the purpose of thy mind,
 “ Go, and may blessings follow thee ;
 “ Let every gentle gale attend,
 “ Let every wave thy voyage befriend,
 “ But think, ah think ! of me.”

Nor less to heaven did I prefer,
 For thy dear sake, my pious prayer.

O winds, O waves, agree !
 Winds gently blow, waves softly flow,
 Ship move with care, for thou dost bear
 The better part of me.

And think, and think, I also said—
 On all the vows which we have made,
 On all those charming scenes,
 Which once, with glee, we pass’d away,
 Pleas’d in each other, night and day,
 Nor envied kings and queens.



MESSAGE OF MORDECAI TO ESTHER.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BOOK II,——THE CONCLUSION.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

THOU know'st, O Esther! from thy infant years,
To rear thy form, to nurse thy opening mind,
To teach thee every virtue, every truth,
To form thee finish'd, lovely, great, and wise,
Was all my care supreme. Friendless, alone,
An orphan scarcely budded, well thou know'st
I found thee; as a darling flower (the rose,
That blooms in Sharon, or at Hermon's foot
The lilly of the vale) from midst the wild,
With every care remov'd thee to my field,
And saw thee rise, and bloom, and send abroad
A fragrance, richer than the Arabian gale.
Why all adorn'd with beauty's living bloom,
In form as some young Virtue of the skies,
Of tincture died in health's immortal stream,
Of eye resplendent, as the morning sun
Looks thro' the cloud's fair opening, and of grace,
Where heaven was pleas'd to move in mortal guise;
Why form'd with soul, superior to thy kind,
With thoughts expanding thro' the world's wide round,
And pinion'd to the skies; with hardy mind,
Patient and daring, as the hero stands
Upon the deadly and fierce flaming breach,
Serene while Death walks onward; yet more soft

Than the pleas'd infant smiles the savage dumb ;
 Why all accomplish'd, and why angel all,
 I ponder'd long, and now from Heaven I learn.
 This mighty hour the Eye Omniscient mark'd,
 While fair, beneath his forming hand, uprose
 Thy varied excellence. For this Heaven gave
 Thy virtue, gift supreme, that virtue crown'd
 With wisdom's power ; that wisdoms cloth'd divine
 With beauty's angel form ; that form around
 Diffus'd the light of Heaven ; and all adorn'd
 With grace and sweetness, dignity and love.
 On that proud day, when, from an hundred realms
 Summon'd, came many a lord, and chief, and king,
 Magnificent, to grace the monarch's feast,
 And all the pomp of Persia round him spread ;
 When Vashti's insolence, beyond all thought,
 Her presence to the illustrious train refus'd ;
 When, taught by Memucan he wisely bade
 The haughty fair one wear the crown no more ;
 Even then a field I saw, by Heaven outspread,
 To give thy virtue scope, and rich reward.
 Pondering, I brought thee to the eunuchs' Prince ;
 Amaz'd, amid all Persia's beauteous maids,
 Thee, thee alone he gaz'd. Convinc'd, I knew
 The crown reserv'd for thee. With no surprise,
 I saw thee lifted to the world's great throne :
 'Twas thus the Skies decreed. But, O bless'd fair !
 Not for thyself the Heavens thy beauty gave,
 Thy grace, thy wisdom ; nor, for thee alone,
 Did Mordecai uprear thy precious bloom.
 Heaven's gifts are virtue's aids ; for virtue us'd,
 Are us'd aright ; or else are given in vain.

On thy great power to bless, all Israel builds
A solemn claim. A voice, as thunder loud,
Awful, majestic, from thy nation sounds,
And bids thee rise to save. Their cause thou know'st
The cause of heaven. In them religion lives ;
From them Messiah springs, by whose bless'd hand
All nations good, and life, and glory gain.
The world's great happiness on them suspends.
Creation's end, and Providence' great scope.
Go then, thy nation save. Should every ill,
Even death, betide ; yet what is life, or death,
When Israel calls, when God demands our life.
And know, O fair ! if thou thy voice withhold,
Yet to the ruling Heavens, whose piercing eye
All mortal things surveys, ten thousand paths,
From danger's deepest caves, lead up to day :
Paths, tho' by man unseen, yet strait, and plain,
To God's all-piercing view. Thro Death's dark vale,
Such paths shall Israel guide to life and peace.
Then from the skies indignant, while thy race
To peace and joy ascend, thy fairest day
Of duty, glory, lost, thy soul shall feel
The piercing anguish of a wounded heart,
And waste with keen remorse, and sad despair.

Thus wrote the feeling Prince. Awhile, in deep
And solemn contemplation sat the fair,
Pondering the forceful message. Rouz'd at length
From off the sofa, all that softly sweet,
Angelic smile her face forsook ; her eye,
Kindling with sacred fire, shot forth a ray
Of sunbright glory ; high her bosom rose ;

Her pulle beat high, and loftily ſhe walk'd
 The ſpacious room. Surpriz'd, her virgins ſtood,
 While thus her faithful Hatach ſhe addreſs'd.
 Go tell illuſtrious Mordecai, my ſoul
 Is warm'd to this great deed. His daughter's heart
 Shuns not for Iſrael, or for Heaven, to die.
 Undone by me, no duty ſhall demand
 Another's boſom; loſt by me, no hour
 Of real glory ſhall another crown
 With fame, and life divine. Let Iſrael's race,
 Thro' Shuſhan's walls, with prayers, and tears, and faſts,
 Implore the Skies; and tho no bright'ning hope
 Preſents the king complacent; yet, to morrow,
 My feet ſhall tempt the court of gloomy danger,
 And if my life's exacted, let me die.

END OF BOOK II.

ESTHER AND MORDECAI.

BOOK III.—(*The Beginning.*)

FROM miſt a ſhining cloud, whoſe borders fair
 A golden light upturn'd, look'd forth the ſun.
 As clear, as bright, uproſe the Perſian Queen,
 In all the pride of beauty. Rob'd in pomp
 Of Aſian ſplendor, forth ſhe ſlowly mov'd,
 Attended by a royal train, that gave
 New glory to the Fair. Strait to the throne

* L. 3. Up roſe the ſun and up roſe Emily. CHAUCER.

Of sovereign majesty she bent her way.
Before her open'd wide the ivory gates,
On golden hinges turning; where, in purple
And gems, and gold, attir'd, with pomp supreme,
With port august, and aspect sternly dread,
She saw the Monarch thron'd. Full on his eye
She dawn'd in all her beauty, rob'd in white
With silver intertwin'd, and flowers of gold.
Around her diadem, mid rows of pearls,
Twinkled unnumber'd stars. Two cupids fair
Beside her walk'd in blooming innocence;
And two her train supported. From their hands,
Flowers fell, and fragrance, that the palace wide
Breath'd living odours. Soft and sweet the air,
The lovely Queen assum'd; her large, black eyes,
Mildly refulgent, shone, two morning stars;
While o'er her cheek, with lambent beauty, play'd
Colours, which neither flowers, nor gems, nor clouds,
Nor rainbows ever shed. Full on the King
She cast a sweet, and soul-explaining smile
Of soft complacence; such as angels show,
To greet their fellows, when, from errand high
Return'd, they meet the sovereign euge bless'd.
The Monarch gaz'd; and, tho' his heart was fix'd
In all the sternness of Asiatic state;
Yet in the beams of beauty, soul inspir'd,
His softening bosom melted. Fairer far
He view'd her, than when brought to bless his arms
With virgin innocence. As in calm skies,
Twixt two fair planets, walks in pride divine
The ascending Moon, o'er all the the immense of heaven

Reigning sole queen, and with enchantment sweet
Softening the world to silence. With mild eye,
She looks her empire round, and sees the stars
With joy before her hide their little lamps,
And plains, and groves, and mountains in the beam,
Shadowy, ascend and brighten. Fair she smiles,
And triumphs in her beauty; while the bard
Eyes the bright queen, and wakes a thousand dreams,
And thinks her empress of the realms above.
So rose in all her bloom the wondrous Fair,
And so the Monarch gaz'd. Spontaneous mov'd
His arm unbidden, and to greet the Queen,
Reach'd forth the golden sceptre. As the Fair,
Advancing, touch'd its starry point, he cried,
O Queen, what wishes in thy bosom rise?
What prayer begins thy voice? Even to the half
Of Persia's vast domain, that prayer is giv'n.—

END OF VOL. I.



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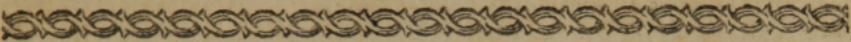
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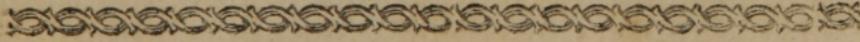
In the Selected Poetry.

- Page 4th, line 5th, for *avails*, read “avail.”
25th, 3d, of the poem, dele the last *f* in ‘*Patmos’s.*’
28th, 17th, for *cheerful*, read “cheering.”
55th, 7th, from the bottom, for *and*, read “an.”
62nd, 1st, for *Or*, read “On.”
8th, for *and child*, read “and the child.”
64th, last, for *plains*, read “plain.”
71st, 4th, for *Muses*, read “Nurfes.”
122nd, 21st, read “I heard as I pass’d, &c.”
123d, 9th, for *squench’d*, read “quench’d.”
124th, 18th, for *and*, read “an.”
147th, 11th, for *venus*, read “venous.”
202nd, 25th, for *There*, read “These.”
207th, 22nd, for *boody*, read “booby.”
230th, 2nd, for *She*, read “He.”
246th, 4th, for *closed*, read “clasp’d.”

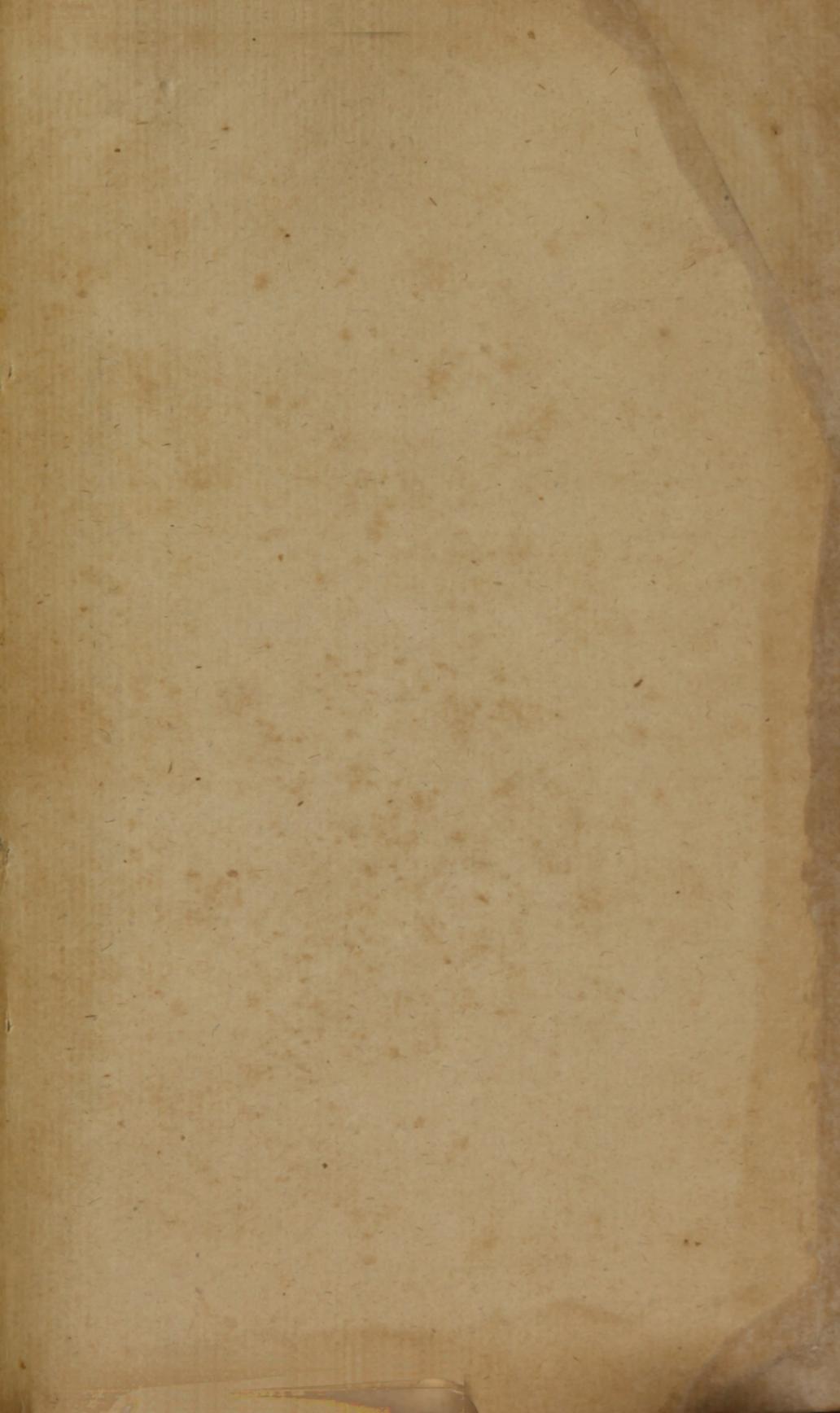
In the Original Poetry.

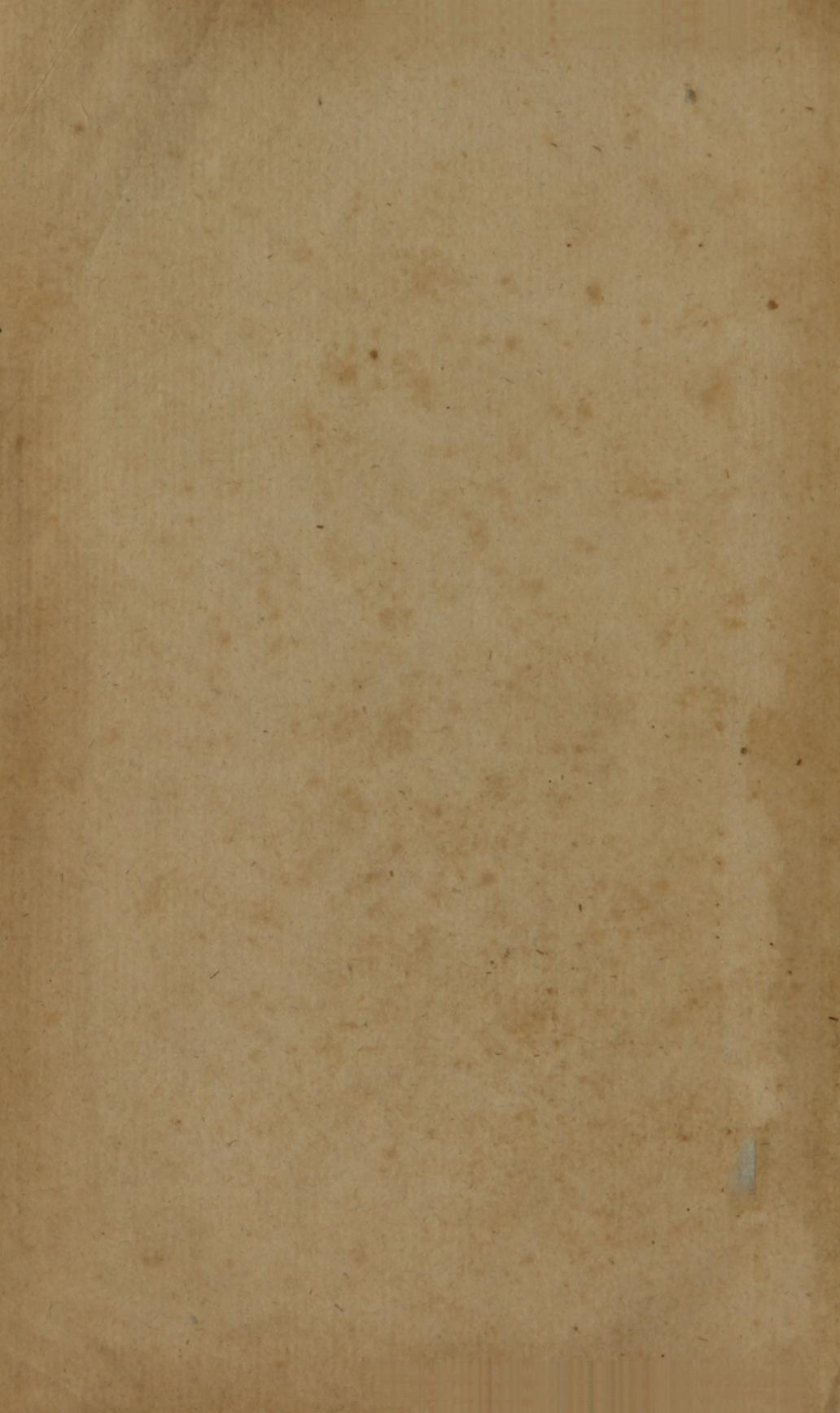
- Page 267th, line 5th, for *expire*, read “exspire.”
275th, 9th, for *words*, read “word.”
292nd, 16th, for *top*, read “lop.”

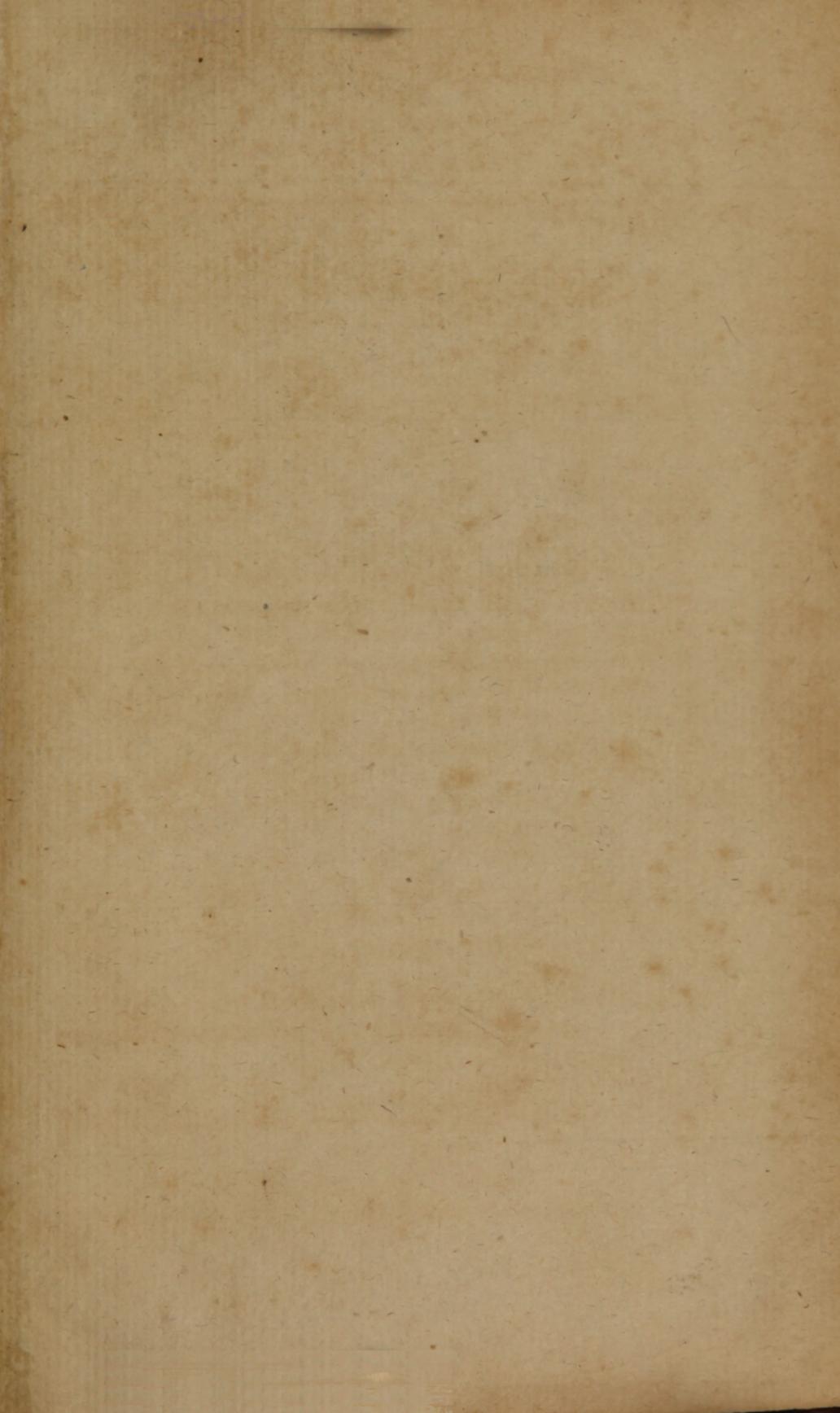
The Reader is requested to correct the foregoing Errors, before reading the Poems.



Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is mostly obscured by the paper's texture and discoloration.







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