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FANCY'S SKETCH BOOK.

BY

MISS PENINA MOISE.

“ 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour.”
BYRON.



158921

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LECTURE NOTES

BY

ROBERT A. FAY

AND

ROBERT H. FAY

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MISSES PINCKNEY.

LADIES,

I cannot too frequently express my deep sense of your kindness in permitting this little volume to be addressed to you; an obligation the more enhanced by the very flattering manner in which that sanction was conveyed. In selecting you for this purpose, I only obeyed that instinct of my nature which impels me to offer tribute to VIRTUE and TALENT, whatever be the sphere of their location. The name of PINCKNEY is the only ornament to which this simple fabric of fancy pretends. Fearing to offend that modesty of which I have already had so conspicuous a proof, I will add no more than that

I am,

Ladies,

Most respectfully,

Yours,

PENINA MOISE.

158921

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BOUDOIR TETE A TETE BETWEEN THE
AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Well, the curtain has now touched the ceiling, and there is no retreat for the trembling *débutante*. Come forward, then, and make your speech with the best grace possible.

AUTHOR.

Forbear your unseasonable badinage.—Never till now did I feel the invidious poignancy of that sententious wish, “Would that mine enemy would write a Book!” It includes an intensity of suspensive torture to which my past experience affords no parallel.

FRIEND.

Why what is it you apprehend? that a critical thorn or two may lurk amid the verdure of your coronet?

AUTHOR.

Not if the briar belonged to the rose—not if the aroma were mingled with the asperities. But this is mere raillery. You know it is not laceration that intimidates me, for to borrow a homely comparison, I could emulate the Russian spouse and covet the scourge if it betokened an interest in me. No: it is the apa-

thy rather than the austerity of Reviewers that I deprecate.

FRIEND.

You think you are likely to be treated like the little gnat that presumptuously perched upon the horn of a bull, and then apologised for incommoding the unconscious animal. But this is only one of the artifices of ambition, that loves to bait its hook with humility, for the more dexterous angling of honors.

AUTHOR.

Why do you continue this senseless raillery? In truth I know not how to propitiate those formidable oracles, and therefore presumed not to lift my eyes towards them.

FRIEND.

The initiated have declared there are but two modes of approaching them.—either as beggars or banditti. Now as you are not of that class of intellectual athleteæ who can grapple for laurels, your only alternative is importunity. Your poetic Lazaroni are vastly clever at the whining trade.

AUTHOR.

I suppose you would have me expose to those literary tribunes the wounds I have received in my contest with Fortune, and then proclaim myself a suppliant for their “sweet voices?” Rather let me save my pride and lose my preferment! Rather let me suffer

eternal exile from the Temple of Fame, than crouch at its portals to obtain a slender scion of the consecrated palm.

FRIEND.

Prythee now descend from your stilts, most haughty aspirant. Said I not, your self abasement was but a mask? Such high toned language would scarce become a Byron.

AUTHOR.

Hush! I cannot bear you to evoke the shade of that mighty magician at this awful crisis, and in my present nervous state. To touch his ashes is to reverse the spell of the prophets bones—they extinguish all the animation of my spirit.

FRIEND.

I forgot I was discoursing with one of the *irritabile genus*—one of those sensitive Sybarites for whose feelings even a rose-leaf is too rough, if not disposed with the most delicate art. But I thought I was summoned here as a sort of Fadladeen, who by preparatory and interlocutory comment was to exercise a species of anticipative criticism.

AUTHOR.

That was indeed my original plan—but upon reflection, I thought it would be attaching too much importance to my *parvenue* Muse, to make you the mirror of her graceless images.

FRIEND.

What a subtle compliment! You will however condescend to answer a few questions. Why have you *no* Odes and so little blank verse among your effusions?

AUTHOR.

Madame de Stael frightened me from the first by calling an Ode "The Apotheosis of Sentiment." Now as I have never arrived even at the canonization of fanciful conceptions, I should despair of ever being qualified for its deification.

FRIEND.

You must be fresh from the reading of the Saints' Calendar, methinks, by the similies you employ. But what objection to the Anti-Rhythmical form of Poetry?

AUTHOR.

Why, that it requires an eagle's feather wherewith to cleave that part of the Parnassian atmosphere. My swallow's wing skims the fields, but soars not to "The Heaven of Invention." Besides, it is only verse to the visual sense, and the generality of readers prefer to have the ear indulged by a recurrence of similar sounds.

FRIEND.

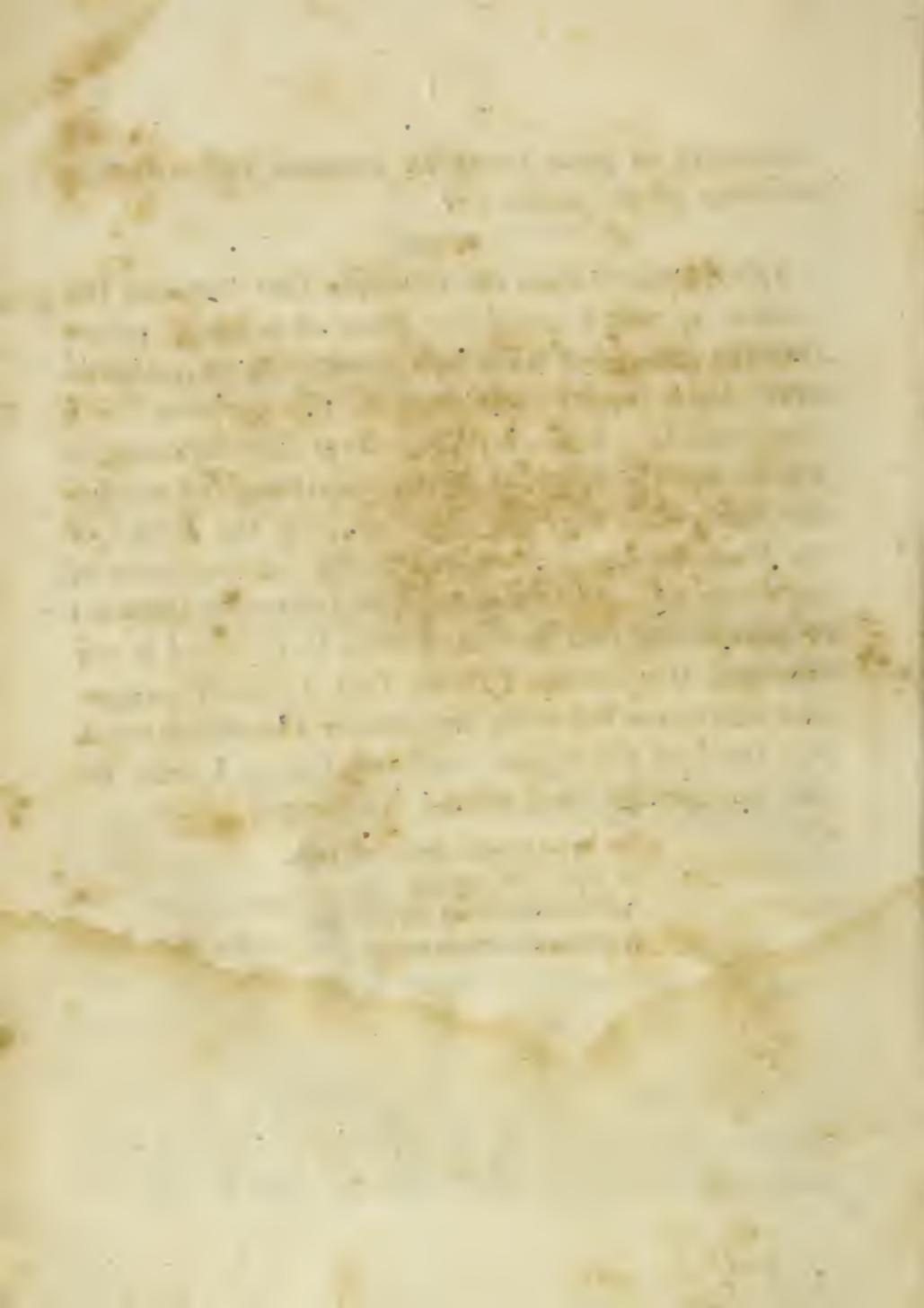
One thing more and I have done. What induced you to alter your determination about the title of your Book? I think you told me you had selected a name

expressive of your being an amateur rather than a professor of the poetic art?

AUTHOR.

I did intend it upon the principle that actuated the ancient to call himself the lover of wisdom rather than the wise—but there was something so pedantic in the Latin word I had chosen for this purpose, that I renounced it. But it is time to close this colloquy.— I have dared to enter the sanctuary, though all unworthy either “to tend the altar or trim the lamp” of the Vestal Muses. I must abide the consequences of my temerity. If I have neglected to rectify the want of perspicuity that may sometimes be detected in my allusions, it is because I think that a cloudy suggestion will never fail to be dispelled by a luminous mind. For avoiding the higher walks of Fancy, I here repeat the apology once offered to a friend:

No Lyric sandals deck my feet,
 Or Epic stilts sustain;
 And Sonnetteering slippers yet,
 A Petrarch's prints retain.



FANCY'S SKETCH BOOK.

THE HERO OF GILEAD.

Woe to thee, Gilead! thy balm trees are weeping,
And strangers are thirsting to gather their drops;
While Jephtha, thy champion, in exile is sleeping,
The war-trump of Ammon proclaims his proud hopes.

Oh, false! for a treaty with Heaven is sealed,
And bound with the life-strings of Jephtha's torn heart;
For the calm of his country, that hero must yield
The dove in whose flight his own peace must depart.

Hark! timbrels are sounding from Mizpeh's gay halls,
And vestals advance to the warrior's greeting;
God of mercy! behold where his fearful eye falls—
'Tis the child of his bosom his glance is now meeting.

* * * * *

The dust is defiling thy laurels, my sire;
Earth cannot return the fond kiss thou'rt impressing;
Is it kind from thy darling's embrace to retire?
Is it well that the senseless should win thy first blessing?

Oh! rouse thee, my father, the altar is near,
 And a flower-wreathed victim to victory's due;
 The herd for thy glory its purest shall spare,
 And the red blade of sacrifice waits but for you!

Break! break! iron heart, 'neath this weight of despair:
 The *purest* indeed is the pledge of my vow;
 But the herd is yet free—then say, love, what rare,
 What costly oblation must faith now bestow?

It is such as was led by the Patriarch-priest,
 It is perfect in love as that child on Moriah;
 When the stream from its veins by the steel is releas'd,
 It will spring to its God! it will bless *thee*, my sire!

* * * * *

Clouds rose o'er the altar—for Mercy had veiled
 From the golden-winged seraphs that error of zeal:
 Since the sweet rose of Israel its odours exhaled,
 She has flown to the earth, Heaven's will to reveal.

The incense of gratitude, bloodless and sweet,
 Truth wafts in a prayer from the warm "vital urn;"
 That tribute the angels may lay at his feet,
 In hearts fond and faithful *that* essence may burn.

THE FAIRY'S ALBUM.

Here's a legend of love, said a laughing Grace,
 A fragment from Poetry's sire:
 In Fancy's port-folio we'll give it a place,
 And sing it to Euterpe's lyre.
 The King of the Fairies once siezed with a mania,
 A sonnet or two to compose:
 Sent to borrow the album of royal Titania—
 The book was a simple white rose.
 After vainly essaying his thoughts to transcribe,
 The leaves he was ready to tear;
 When Cupid approaching, he offered a bribe,
 For some lines to the elfin fair.
 The mischievous godling, with aspect demure,
 From his quiver a dove quill drew;
 Maliciously seeking to sully the pure,
 And with sophistries darken its hue.
 But a Bee that had lurked in its snowy recess,
 Took his lips for "twin cherries just parted,"

Which the pirate of nectar preferring to press,
Towards the beautiful traitor soon darted.
Love wept on beholding the crimson dew gush
From the wound into purity's cell;
And his tears thus tempering the vestal's blush,
Formed the Spring-Rose, the Nightingale's belle
But the urchin, alas! soon extracting the sting,
Then concealed it beneath the sweet flower;
Thus peril in ambush to pleasure will cling,
As the thorn to the Rose from that hour.

GREECE.

Who that has struck young Fancy's silver wires,
Looks not with classic rapture back to Greece?
Where from a God was caught her fervid fires,
Tho' sorrow now has made her song to cease!
Who doth not know that Freedom loves to twine
Her attic laurels still around her brow?
To fly with weeping memory to that shrine,
Where epic genius breathed his earliest vow!
Ages of wrong have left thee wrecked of fame,
Dismantled of the glories of thy youth;
Yet could not power quench the lambent flame,
Electric quiverings from the torch of truth.
There is a music in thy mountain caves,
Echoes of glory still vibrating there;
A murmuring thunder in the Ægean waves,
That startles memory—but soothes despair.
Oh! brave in arms, and beautiful in art,
The Persian trophy and the Parian bust,

Still link thy lovely Isles to Freedom's heart,
And charm her spirit to thy holy dust.
A living Laocoon thou writhest still,
Within the *Turkish serpent's* mighty grasp,
But noble hearts shall yet their veins distil,
The reptile's rigid coilings to unclasp.

ON A BUTTERFLY,

That was crushed between the Keys of a Piano Forte.

A little flutterer of lineage proud,
 Kindred to Psyche, as the poets vowed,
 Allured by melody, and light and grace,
 Suspended for a while its airy chase,
 Forsook the pageant of a tulip's court,
 And lay entranced on a Piano Forte.
 The minstrel's cheek mistaking for a rose,
 The strains for Philomela's plaintive woes.
 Unheeded long the amber-winged remained,
 Fancying its perch in Paradise regained.
 When as the flexile fingers fleetly strayed
 To Harmony's abyss it was betrayed;
 The warbler ceased—and o'er the victim wept,
 As in its ivory sepulchre it slept.
 Martyr of melody! thou dost translate,
 The mystic type and tenor of my fate.
 Like thee for sweet enchantments I resigned

The amaranthine culture of the mind,
Nor dreamed such soft delights might be alloyed,
And truant rapture leave a treacherous void.
But life exhales, yet memory ne'er departs
From Love's first tones the music of fond hearts.

ADDRESS

On the Opening of a Theatre.

When bold-eyed Fancy led her Thespian car,
Against the Passions in mimetic war,
With song and satire for her spear and shield,
She sought in Attica her earliest field.
Touching the soul with artificial woe,
She caused unselfish tears from man to flow.
By simple strokes the giant passions fell,
And manly bosoms felt a moral swell.
A polished world from Greece the impulse caught,
Majestic truth her magic mirror brought
Reflecting vice, before imperial Rome.
Europe beheld it next—then Freedom's home!
A thousand temples honored either muse,
Genius her incense amply did effuse.
Then Shakspeare, Ariel's creator came,
To snatch the never-dying wreath of Fame.
His bold ambition sought Prospero's cave,

Brought Denmark's monarch from his troubled grave.
 Pervious to him alone that mystic sphere,
 Where proud Macbeth was sentenced to despair.
 Who best communed with his superior mind?
 Transfused his spirit and his sense refined?
 Garrick! on *thee* from his Elysian height,
 He first shed rays of histrionic light.
 Again his heroes in the Protean form,
 Revealed their love, or raised the martial storm.
 Thou mighty master of a generous art,
 A purifying power didst impart,
 E'en to that spring of knowledge most sublime,
 For ever sparkling by the rock of Time.
 But triumph thou, Columbia! thy free shore,
 Enshrines the idol of dramatic lore.
 Breaking in grandeur on the astonished age,
 Lo! Cooper, sun of Science, lights our stage!
 His voice brings Pity from her crystal cave,
 To gem the eye of beauty and the brave.
 Terror at his command starts from his den,
 To strike the hearts or blanch the cheeks of men
 Has proud Philosophy a higher aim,
 Than tribute from our sympathies to claim?
 No! while the cynic's thunder rolls away,

Unhurt young Folly still pursues her play;
But when the loveliest of the Olympian Nine,
These grand effects with pleasure can combine,
Corruption shudders at another's sin,
Blushing to find such "perilous stuff" within.
Offspring of Liberty! another shrine,
Invites ye to adore that power divine
Whose gentle discipline to virtue leads,
Before whose beamy aspect vice recedes;
Whose chastened wit, and harmony sublime,
Convert to gold the metric sands of Time.

LINES

ON THE LOSS OF THE SHIP BOSTON.

Saw ye the Barque, that lately passed in beautiful array?
 Bounding along the liquid fields so buoyant, free and gay?
 The flashing waters proudly swell to bear it to its mart,
 And every brightening influence fell upon that gem of

Art;

But frowning Heaven banished soon the elemental smile,
 And desolating spirits rose, its lustre to defile.

The livid ministers of wrath rush from their cloudy
 caves—

Their fiery arrows cleave the skies, and pierce the trou-
 led waves—

The lambent lightning circling flies around the shiver-
 ing mast,

As if a golden wreath upon the sacrifice were cast;
 Uncoiled, the crisping cordage lies clust'ring like snaky
 hair

About the wild and withered brow of envious despair!

Sublime that meteor of the main, its parting glories
bright

As when the regal Day declines upon his throne of light.

But Pity's interposing arm, amid the scene appears,

And o'er the *human* treasures there, her shield triumph-
ant rears:

Unscathed each gallant soul escapes from that tempestu-
ous fire—

Why mingles then the plaint of woe, when grateful pray-
ers aspire?

Alas! yon surgy sepulchre enshrines *one** gentle form,
Too sensitive for earthly strife—too fragile for the storm.
From her the tints of health had fled—Decay was in
their track,

The wanderer only sought to woo the rosy spirit back;
But deeper grew the vital blight—the sainted victim
fell—

The balm of Faith upon her lips—a blessing her fare-
well!

Oh! who shall sing the mighty grief _fraternal love op-
pressed,

*The Lady here alluded to is Miss BOAG.

When the ark of his redemption lost her trackless place
of rest!

For ever be the harp untouched, rebellious grief in-
spires,

Celestial hope alone may breathe upon its trembling
wires!

THE DISCONCERTED CONCERT,

'The Genius of Music her Ariel cited,
 And by a brief *note* to a Concert invited
 The various instruments stringed and air-born,
 From the Harp of the Graccs to Dian's shrill horn
 Unlike modish gentry they all went in *time*:
 And perhaps might have joined in a prelusive chime,
 But the *chords* of precedence too rigidly straining,
 Soft *unison* fled of their harshness complaining.
 The Trumpet inflated by being Fame's agent,
 Professed to be *primo* in Harmony's pageant,
 But the proud Organ's pedal a *damp*er upraised
 To high sounding titles so pompously blazed.
 If Antiquity's *scale* the loud braggart could settle,
 Old Tubal a man of considerable *metal*,
 Priority's right on herself had bestowed,
 Which made him a *minor* in Minstrelsy's code.
 The classical Lyre appealed to Apollo,
 If all their pretensions might not be deemed hollow

Compared with her powers whose *affettuoso*,
 Eurydice won from the shades *doloroso*.
 Violin with her *bow* in collision next came
 And declared not a *peg* would she lower her claim.
 She even would challenge seniority's test,
 For A. G. E. D.* on her form was imprest.
 Next Piano advanced in a *half mourning* suit,
 Pre-eminent rank with the last to dispute.
 Ah! *non troppo presto*—fall back in your place,
 For every one knows your grandfather was *Bass*;
 And your dwarf cousin-german the petty *Rebeck*
 Corelli himself could not cure of a squeak.
 A fiddle-stick too for your “ancien regime”
 My *forte* is to float upon Fashion's gay stream;
 And where is the aspirant pray to bon-ton,
 Who covets me not for the brilliant Salon?
 A string at some distance was now heard to jar,
 And with Spanish hauteur interposed the Guitar,
 Strike not an *additional Key* of assurance,
 Your *pitch* is already beyond all endurance.
Upright in appearance you will not deny

*Names of the Violin Strings

With the moderns a rival in me you descry;
 And though more imperfect in structure and sound,
 Not less fascinating am frequently found.

Sweet Ariel indignant at *discords* like these,
 Would have cast them from *Cliffs*, or o'erwhelmed
 with high *C's*.

But a *pause* then ensuing the Genius declared,
 They all so much out of their *tenor* appeared,
 With their own *variations* so deeply engaged,
 By her best *overtures* they could not be assuaged.
 She therefore dismissed with a *shake* of the hand,
 And an elegant *Coda*, the querulous band.

THE REJECTED ROSE.

A gentleman sent, a few evenings since, some splendid roses to his female acquaintance, where a lady and particular friend happened to be present, to whom the compliment was unintentionally not extended. The Donor, on sending next morning an elegant rose to the lady, as evidence of his regret, received his present back with the following lines.

Oh! dinna send the rose to me,
 I would na' hurt thee wiffully;
 But with the tear drops in my e'e,
 The flower I must decline.

Against the feeling I have striven,
 Yet can't forget that yestereven,
 When rosy gifts to all were given,
 No fragrant boon was mine.

I may be deemed too sensitive,
O'er things as light as these to grieve,
That fault thou surely wil't forgive,
For it is thine!

ON VIEWING SCHEFFER'S ENGRAVING
OF THE LOST CHILDREN.

The wanderers paused beside a glassy brook,
Whose water-lilies whispering breezes shook.
The amber light lay quivering on the rill,
Fain by lorn innocence to linger still.
The summer-melodists in that sylvan fane
Instinctively prolonged their vesper strain.
But darkness soon impatient to delay,
A misty mantle cast o'er stream and spray.
With shadowy strokes those silvery lines effacing
That kept the sister leaflets from embracing.
Making the dusky foliage indistinct
As things by legendary fancy linked.
Amid the horrors of that solitude,
The one of sternest mould was first subdued.
Care never yet had challenged him to strife,
But now the canker touched the bud of life.
In *him* that dawning prowess was displayed,

That meets the open peril undismayed.
 While meek endurance, woman's milder grace,
 Left on *her* polished brow its pristine trace.
 Beautiful pilgrims! in that weeping boy
 Was seen the stately tree that storms destroy.
 And in *her* softer image might be given
 The flexile reed that ne'er is tempest-riven.
 Droop not sweet brother—rather let us on
 Where the wild bees and warbling birds are gone.
 Home and to rest—our bleeding feet betray
 The thorny terrors of our treacherous way.
 But let us pray for guidance to our God!
 Our mother taught that they who kiss the rod,
 Will never falter though beset with fears;
 Then lift thy head and let me dry those tears.
 Oh! cease my sister—would that I had died
 Ere I decoyed thee from that mother's side.
 The little ones now clustering round her knee
 Demand why we partake not of their glee.
 How must her anguish their young hearts appal,
 When silence mocks her oft repeated call.
 Why do you urge that pathway to explore,
 Which I unshrinking trod till *Hope* was o'er?
Here will our pale and perished forms be found

For in that brooklet you behold her bound.
Thus Scheffer's pencil left the fragile pair
Beyond—is fearful Fancy's mystic sphere.

THE MIRROR AND THE ECHO.

A smart Venetian Mirror of *mercurial* disposition
 Went to Erin at midsummer on a curious expedition.
 He sought a Cara Sposa, and he thought the most congenial,
 Was a celebrated echo to unite in bonds hymeneal.
 Said he to the reverberator—Here I fix my choice,
 Thou needest but a *visage* dear, and I lack but a *voice*.
 To look and listen all the day shall be our mutual cares,
 While I *reflect* sweet images, thou shalt *repeat* soft airs.
 If thou'rt at all ambitious love, thy suitor is a *peer*,
 Of pedigree as noble as yon lustrous chandelier.
 I ask no dower, for I bring no splendid patrimony,
 'Then say at once if thou'lt be mine in holy *matrimony*.
 Oh! who would dream of sordid aims in nature's simple
 child?
 But in this mercenary age, the purest are defiled.
 The smart Venetian Mirror found his fondest hopes defeated,
 For *mony* was the only word the Echo had repeated.

CAIN.

O! bring the Rose that bent its blushing head,
 When Eden's bowers felt the Serpent's tread,
 The Lily seek whose vegetable Snow,
 Caught the first chrystal-drop of human woe.
 Twine the frail emblems round the harp of Time,
 In quivering cadence sing the birth of Crime.
 O'er two fair shrines imagination bends--
 On *one alone* the light of Heaven descends;
 From *one alone*, the soul's pure incense springs--
 Its glowing wafture sped by Angel wings.
 Not far remote from Eve's celestial heir,
 Cain's unblest Urn sends up its lurid glare.
 Pale, and portentous in his jealous pride,
 The ruined spirit marks the ruddy tide
 Yet streaming from the sacrificial steel,
 While fitful murmurs frenzied thoughts reveal.
 In vain would timid Love with tender art,
 Lure truant joy back to his tortured heart.

The arms of Beauty round his bosom twined,
 Seem Snow-wreaths drifting on the stormy wind,
 His sportive innocents in mute surprise,
 Look up to learn the secret from his eyes;
 But startled by their vengeful lightnings, fly
 Like Larks recoiling from a lowering sky.
 Alas! each infant Passion wildly wakes,
 And scowling Envy, Nature's barrier breaks:
 While sanguine Murder dips his sable wing,
 With horrid triumph in Pollution's spring.
 Friend! wilt thou not forbear a *Brother's* blood?
 Nor yield at Mercy's call thy wrathful mood?
 Oh! think of *her* to melting anguish stirred,
 When first the Falcon crushed the fearful bird.
 If such the bitter gushings of Remorse,
 How will that dread libation swell its course?
 In vain! the primal Martyrdom is past,
 A lingering death-cry fills the sullen blast;
 The Spoiler rushes from the sullied sod,
 To hide his gory garments from his God!
 Delusive thought! the *Searcher's* voice sublime,
 Thunders the retribution of thy crime.
 From every mortal bond and blessing riven—
 Exiled from Hope, thy heritage and Heaven!

While on thy shrivell'd brow a mighty hand,
Eternal wanderer, leaves Corruption's brand.

THE PRIZE.

A wreath and a robe of imperial dye,
 For the one that kills Time, or compels him to fly
 On gossamer wing with the lightning's speed!
 Who first comes forth for the promised meed?
 By the Nightingale perched on her rosy finger,
 By the Ariel echoes that round her linger,
 'Tis Melody sounding her sweetest shell,
 And her softest lute for the wanderer's knell.
 But the listener's laugh on the zephyr is borne,
 And the robe and the wreath yet remain unworn.

A grape-stone is levelled against his glass,
 And Saturn awhile seems more swiftly to pass.
 But woe to the Bacchanal whose rash hand
 Thus wildly has shaken his golden sand;
 It recoils in dust on the reveller's head,
 And the hoary for this, will more heavily tread.

Who next for a guerdon so precious applies?
 A shaft from the quiver of Cupid now flies.
 Yet why waste his archery? does he not know,
 That Time is of Love the inveterate foe?
 That the bloom of the heart, the hopes we most cherish,
 In the snows of the withering spirit will perish?
 For the Graces the child made a dial of flowers,
 The Sage laid an index of ice on the hours.
 Away then—the robe and the wreath are unwon,
 Truth will not award them to Beauty's blind son.

The Muse in despair wished the prize to revoke,
 When *Toil* seizing Time by his silver forelock,
 Compelled him to fly with the lightning's speed,
 And claimed for the Minstrel the promised meed.
 Love, Music, and Wine, are too fleeting and light,
 'Tis Labor that best can assist Time's flight.
 On his sun-burnt brow let the Wreath then rest,
 And his sinewy form in the Robe be drest.

LINES

Suggested by the perusal of an account of Col. HAYNE'S murder, during the American Revolution.—After an interview between the father and son, in prison, the latter attended him to the place of execution, and became frantic from the impression of the scene.

Fettered, yet fearless, 'mid the dungeon's gloom,
 Stood the majestic martyr! On his brow
 The mazy mysteries of thought were seen;
 Like twilight musings, where the inward beam
 Contended 'gainst the darkness of despair.
 Sudden, a sound of agony subdued,
 Aroused him from his meditative trance—
 Before him drooped his pale and trembling boy,
 Bending to win his parting benediction.
 It swelled the soul, and struggled thro' the lip;
 But when his hand essayed the outward sign,
 Vainly it warred against the cruel circlet.
 Curse on the coward's bond—the traitor's chain,

That strains my sinews in its cold embrace.
 Yet shake thy sorrow off, my gentle child,
 And let a fiercer impulse nerve thy breast;
 Disdain the stagnant sadness that arrests
 The vengeful current's bold impetuous course.
 Oh! that the lava of my bursting veins,
 In its transmitted flow, would fire thy soul.
 Is it for *me* to know the felon's fate?
 I, to whom lofty peril was delight?
 Yet, undefiled shall be the captive's corse;
 His country's triumph, shall dispel the taint,
 And Freedom's glories gild her champion's grave.
 Alas! my father, thy ignoble heir,
 Feels not the haughty grief thou would'st inspire—
 His life, his light, his luxury, is here!
 This cell is luminous to his fond sense,
 While thick'ning blackness now deforms the world.
 Give me the banquet of thy presence still;
 Strive not my spirit to divorce from thine,
 Nor scorn the stricken, who, with *thee* would die.
 Briton! wert thou baptised at mercy's fount?
 Or was it frozen at thy fatal birth?
 Victor! didst thou behold the stony gaze,
 The marble fixedness of mute despair,

The swift retreat of reason from her throne
When, on the tortured sense of filial love,
Fell the defaced image of his sire?
Yet peace to thee! and may *thy* prisoned soul,
Ransomed from Death, attain its final goal.

THE APPLE.

An Apple lay where luxury reigned,
 The verdant globe by all disdained,
 Soon caught my wandering eye;
 Strange, by what spell in Eden's bowers,
 Mid thousand lovelier fruits and flowers,
 Fair Eve for this should sigh.

As thus I thought, a laughing child,
 Intent on freaks, and gambols wild,
 The fruit a foot ball made;
 Which, breaking as it onward roll'd,
 Like Jotham's vocal trees of old,
 Remonstrance thus essay'd;

Rash boy—thy impious sport forbear.
 And patient lend thy youthful ear,
 To what I shall unfold.
 In Paradise, by Heaven's behest,

The seeds of knowledge in my breast,
Lay pure as virgin gold.

The peerless Orange, bride of day,
Her proud alliance to display,
Disclosed her sun-gilt ring;
The purple Grape its prison burst,
With nectar to allay the thirst
Of man—creation's King.

In vain Pomona's treasures gleam'd,
And odorous tears unheeded stream'd,
Before the primal pair;
Still panting for that precious food,
Whose taste made truth first understood,
And men, like Gods appear.

When Liberty arose with TELL,
A tyrant's lawless pride to quell,
What victim earliest bled?
With broken heart I fell to earth,
That Independence might have birth,
Nor guiltless blood be shed.

Fair Science too, must homage yield,
 For who to NEWTON first reveal'd
 Attraction's laws profound?
 'Twas I—who falling at his feet
 Inspired the glorious conceit,
 Which Fame will e'er resound.

Nor rest my proud pretensions here,
 Enshrined within a golden sphere,
 As beauty's palm I shone;
 Even majesty with wrath was fir'd,
 And wisdom frowningly retir'd,
 When by the fairest won.

Ah! fickle Fate, delighting still,
 To change the course of Fortune's wheel,
 Thou'st brought me to the dust.
 Let this instruct thee, wayward child;
 How soon thy soul may be defiled—
 And but in mercy trust.

That gentle impulse then obey—
 Nor let the triumph of a day,
 Thy mortal doom efface;

And as compassion fails or flows,
May joys prevail, or bitter woes,
Thro' life's unequal race.

BONAPARTE AND THE SENTINEL.

“On the night ensuing the long and dreadful battle of Arcola, Bonaparte disguised himself in the dress of an inferior officer, and traversed the camp. In the course of his round, he discovered a centinel leaning on the but-end of his musket in a profound sleep. Bonaparte, taking the musket from under him, placed his head gently on the ground, and kept watch for two hours in his stead; at the end of which the regular guard came to relieve him. On awaking, the soldier was astonished at seeing a young officer doing duty for him; but when, looking more attentively, he recognised in this officer the commander-in-chief, his astonishment was converted into terror. “The General!—Bonaparte!” he exclaimed—“I am then undone.”—Bonaparte, with the utmost gentleness, replied: “Not so, fellow-soldier: recover yourself: after so much fatigue, a brave man like you may be allowed for awhile to sleep; but in future, choose your time better.”

The Chieftain from his courser sprang, and with a flash-
ing eye

Grasped that tri-colored Banner he would defend or die.

Waving it proudly o'er the bridge, he bounded to its
verge,

On to Arcola's battle-field, his warriors to urge.

Shall Lodi's laurels wither *here*? Forbid it Fame and
France!

Follow your leader, gallant hearts—to Victory advance,
Dauntless each bosom, when *he* touched Enthusiasm's
chord;

And Austria's haughty genius bowed at that young he-
ro's word,

'Tis midnight—and a measured tread upon the captured
ground,

Denotes that Valor's daring work, by Vigilance is
crowned.

It ceases—and on Glory's prop, the Sentinel reposes,
Transported to his cottage-home, amid his bower of ro-
ses,

By the delusive power that loves in flowery links to bind
The spirit that would scorn its sway over the conscious
mind.

But soon upon that martial couch a mighty hand is prest,

Yet gently, as a sire afraid to break his infant's rest.
Softly upon the verdant soil the sleeper's head is laid,
While round the noble Corsican, the beams of mercy
played.

And he who o'er Italia's plains victorious legions led,
Was now at that subaltern's post, pacing with noiseless
tread.

Horror! the hours of duty past, a comrade brings relief,
At the *qui vive* the slumberer starts—it issues from his
Chief!

Napoleon! or do I yet dream? Alas! I am undone:
Farewell my long-forsaken wife—farewell to thee my
son!

Dismiss thy fear—thou art not doomed to that ignoble
death

Whose lightnings were decreed to blast the *Traitor's*
tarnished wreath.

Sleep is thy *only conqueror*, invincible to all;
E'en Bonaparte surrenders to its resistless thrall.

THE PERI'S ALPHABET.

A Peri kept an Infant School,
 And blossoms were her Alphabet,
 Let none the idea ridicule,
 For who can Eden's tree forget?

And Seminary is a word,
 Of Latin Etymology;
 Seed-scattering is thence inferred,
 In typical Anthology.

The implements of her vocation,
 Were altogether picturesque;
 A Thistle-rod for flagellation,
 A Dahlia for a writing desk.

A Pistil for a pointer stood,
 A Calyx for a standish;
 And nettle-pens with dew imbued,
 For tiny hands to brandish.

I listened to the fragrant lore,
 Sweetly from Cherub lips effused;
 And from a ravenous book-worm bore,
 This little fragment much abused,

The letters were by Amaranth headed,
 The marvel called of Spain's parterre;
 To Zephyrus the sportive wedded,
Fidelity was figured there.

Bachelor's buttons followed next,
 Their russet petals rearing,
 To brighten the symbolic text,
 With *Hope* for the despairing.

To these the Chamomile* succeeded,
 Firmness in fate's dark hour;

*During the revolutionary war, a British Officer walking the garden of a patriotic American lady, who attended him with much reluctance, came to a flourishing bed of Chamomile, and enquired the name of that low flower. "The Rebel's flower," replied she instantly. "Why so called?" questioned he. "Because," replied she boldly, "it flourishes the more, the more it is trampled on."

Oppression's tramp has ne'er impeded,
'Th' aspiring Rebel-flower.

Then that Polyphemus of plants,
The Daisy single-eyed;
Which in botanical romance,
'To pure *simplicity's* allied.

Wild-briar Rose sweet Eglantine,
Her matinal odours next resigned;
And kindred to the garden Queen,
With buds of meaner birth entwined.

Fox-glove whose purple vest conceals,
Its hollow heart, came next in order;
His finger oft consumption heals,
'Tis *insincerity's* recorder.

Geranium was the seventh letter,
To the fair pupil's view unfolded;
Gentility became its debtor,
Her features there were chastely moulded.

Then classic Hyacinthus spread,

Its darkest leaf denoting *sorrow*,
 But when the Sapphire type is read,
 An emblem *constancy* may borrow.

Iris* the protegee of France,
 Her lovely *bell* of promise hung;
 The pigmies progress to advance,
 In vegetable mother-tongue.

Jasmine the star of Flora's heaven,
 Patrician *elegance* displays;
 And *delicacy* too is given,
 In its sidereal rays.

King-cup with its canary hue,
Great riches signifies;
 'Twas from this goblet Psyche drew,
 The nectar for her Butterflies.

* 'This flower being adopted by the Seventh Louis for the engraving of his Coat of Arms, and his name being contracted into Luce, it was then called the *fleur de Luce*, now, *fleur de Lys*.'—*Le Spectacle de la Nature*

Grace and remembered Joy were linked
 In the Laburnum's golden chain;
 But yielding to its old instinct,
 It languished for its stem again.

And Mignonette the little nun,
 In meekness shed her soft perfume;
 Letters receding from the Hun,
 Were sheltered in the cloistral dome.

Nasturtion's* phosphorescent fire,
 The hieroglyphic list enlightened;
 To wit elicited from Ire,
 Th' electric blossom has been likened.

Orchis† that seems from hive to stem,
 Transferred by sudden transmigration;
 As if 'twas Nature's stratagem,
 To give *Industry's* illustration.

* In the warm months only the Nasturtion is observed to emit gleams of light resembling electric flashes.

† Orchis, sometimes called the Bee-flower from its resemblance to that insect.

Pansy with gold and purple streaked,
 Its lovely tribute thither brought;
 It seemed some Fairy's pencil freaked,
 This image bright of chequered *Thought*.

By epicurean bees we trace,
 The Rose that Venus of the Bower;
 Sultana of the floral race,
 Round which *Love, Youth, and Beauty* hover.

Its radiant disk to rising light,
 The Sabean* sunflower turns;
 Till vesper dews extinguish quite,
 The incense of her golden urns.

Fantastic Tulip type of *pride*,
 With heart of jet, and lips of coral;
 And volatiles that round her glide,
 Presented a most brilliant moral.

* The Sun-flower is termed Sabean, because like that sect, he seems to worship the sun.

The Violet her proximate,
From admiration would recede;
To *faithfulness* 'tis dedicate,
'Twas Poetry's* inspiring meed.

Now on the *willow* hang my lyre,
Like Zion's harps in mournful rest;
While *Love forlorn* lies on the wire,
It cannot by the Muse be prest.

* The Trobadours contended for a golden violet.

THE FALSE TO THE FORSAKEN.

*In reply to a piece by THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY—entitled
the “Forsaken to the False.”*

Oh! sully not thy seraph-lip with words so full of scorn,
Profaning thus the crimson shrine where Purity was
born.

Weep for the wandering infidel whose deadly bosom
strife,

Has stirred each bitter drop that lurks within the stream
of life.

And think not that the Captive’s chain *his* senses can ap-
pal,

Whose every fibre vainly swells to burst the *Spirit’s*
thrall.

No! darker far than dungeon gloom the soul to Honor
dead,

From whose recess Serenity’s affrighted dove has fled.

Away with minstrel melodies—my heart responds no tone

Save that which trembling memory wakes upon her
cloudy throne.

Away with syren beauties—no balm can they dispense,
While the vision of thy loveliness yet lingers on my
sense.

When Spring from Flora's sleeping child the frosty man-
tle casts,

The rosy cherub lifts its head forgetful of chill blasts;
But never let the bud of Love a wintry torpor know,
Hope's golden season comes no more to renovate its
glow.

Yet more *accursed* by Fate than thee, in *sleepless dreams*
I feel

The point Remorse delights to whet, the keen, though
viewless steel.

In visionary horrors wrapt, from gulfs of deep despair,
I spring towards *Salvation's* Rock—a vengeful arm is
there!

In mockery thou hold'st a chain no power may unclasp,
Madly I seize the promised pledge, it severs in my
grasp.

The broken links are cast on me, and as I slowly sink,
The rock becomes a flowery scene. Felicity's fair
brink!

From whence the *perjured* dashed the *pure* and broke
the spell of youth,

E'en while in melting accents fell the tender vow of
truth.

The *Vulture's* cry would startle thee, its wildness would
dismay

When Fancy draws his frailty forth in withering array.

Thy curse would lose its venom—thy strain its caustic
fire,

And Mercy's tears in silence fall upon thy broken lyre!

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SERPENT,
OR FEVER PHYSICAL AND POLITICAL.

'Twixt the vile Dengue Fever
And the Tariff, that *lever*,
That's to raise certain people so high;
Old Charleston dismayed
At her Health and her Trade,
In a languishing state now doth lie.

With political heat
Every pulse seems to beat
To aggravate physical pain;
And menace and moan
Are usurping the throne
Where thought's great executive reigns.

Our spirits are damped
By *systems* so cramped
That no *Constitution* supports it;

Each *member* affected
Has therefore rejected
The *motion* that only distorts it.

And sure it is cruel
That homespun and gruel
Should be taken against our taste;
Such raiment and diet
Would make Job unquiet
And his whole stock of patience soon waste.

To a glass of snake-root
This toast now impute,
May the two headed serpent be slain:
For when party is banished,
And fever has vanished
The Southron his strength will regain.

THESPIAN APPEAL.

When the War-bugle and the Tocsin cease,
 And martial echoes yield to sounds of peace;
 When Fancy fears no fatal influence near,
 Her light to quench or verdant laurels sear,
 In lovely visions rise her fairy band,
 And countless Ariels obey her wand.
 For tearless trophies genius then contends,
 And Thespian knights to tragic tourneys sends.
 With Satire's archery, subtle Passion foils,
 That serpent-like in human bosoms coils.
 What Art may boast superior worth to man?
 What Science best assists the moral plan?
 Can Sculpture's marble populace reclaim
 The vicious reveller from the wreck of Fame?
 Or Painting with its fragmentary lore,
 The deep recesses of the heart explore,
 Or with the Drama's complicated force,
 Remove the foul obstructions to remorse?

Re-action *there* from frailty far disjoined,
 Too languidly rebukes the wandering mind,
 Their mute monitions failing to control,
 Still leave "th' offending Adam" in the soul.
 But here confederate in Virtue's cause,
 Each Muse triumphant to her standard draws.
 In bold crusade 'gainst Vice and Folly rise
 The frail to check, the flagrant to chastise.
 What strikes the moral sense of human kind,
 More than Ambition's "dagger of the mind?"
 Or tenderness transformed to jealous doubt,
 Putting the light of Truth and Beauty out?
 Love's* "silvery mists" and all its summer glow,
 By rashness changed to sable clouds of woe?
 Where shall Apostates from the filial creed,
 Beneath a keener stroke of Conscience bleed,
 Than when the Royal Martyr† sends to Heaven
 A curse that shows how Nature's chords were riven?
 Each maddening impulse that the spirit moves
 In scenic portraiture its semblance proves.
 Nor these alone, but sprightlier moods belong

* Romeo and Juliet.

† Lear.

And sweeter spells to the dramatic throng.
Wit springing up from his "Midsummer's dream,"
Points to the Avon as his native stream.
Or gilds his arrows in the "Emerald Isle,"
To cast out moths or baffle scandal's wile.
And mystic Harmony, that child of air,
With song and reed and mellow horn is here,
To breathe and die yet leave its soft control,
Its seraph influence in the chastened soul.
Since then the Stage can link such various arts
To soothe the sense and sanctify our hearts,
And Pleasure's purest Temple is the sphere,
Where the alliance of a Smile and Tear,
Like Hope and Sorrow in the bond of Fate,
Reflects the tenure of our mortal state;
Bend hither gentle arbiters of Taste
Ye who irradiate Life's sterile waste;
And hither bend all ye of graver mould,
While Fiction's hand a telescope doth hold,
Can Time's remotest periods bring to view
And all its faded images renew.

THE RIVAL SENSES.

Two lovely sisters once referred to Reason's arbitration
 Their several long-contested claims to general admiration.

Fair *Visuala* first appeared before the judgment seat,
 And in her azure tunic looked most languishingly sweet.
 Trembling awhile with downcast air she dropt her
 snowy veil,

But kindling soon with confidence proceeded to appeal.
 Through a contracted casement, long I gazed upon the
 world,

Until by Sentiment arrayed, by Sympathy impearled,
 I flashed in conscious beauty forth—and with a magic
 ball

Struck all the hidden chords of Love, and held the heart
 in thrall.

Mine is the elfin mirror too, whose fairy forms convey,
 Light to imagination's cell and round her visions play.
 When Time has o'er the tracery of Recollection past,

My rays re-gild the images his shadow had o'er-cast.
Iris in vain with graceful curve might on the cloud re-
cline,

Were I not there her glowing hues and grandeur to de-
fine.

'Tis mine with graphic skill to mark the planetary blaze,
And track Urania's truant child through his erratic ways.
Should Ion mimic Portraiture my chrystal portals close,
In vain on Nature's lineaments her vivid tints she throws.
No more—I see my eloquence your gravity disarms,
For even reason boasts no shield against my various
charms.

The Judge relaxed into a smile when the soft pleader
ceased,

And from her painful silence next *Auricula* released.

A prelude on the *drum* was heard ere this appelland
spoke,

And at the sound the faculties though dormant then a-
woke.

Well has my rival now displayed attractions that may
vie

For their enchanting elegance with aught beneath the
sky.

But not exclusively *her* gift some of those vaunted powers:

Not her's *alone* th' inspiring form round dreaming *Fancy*
 hovers;

And *Memory* reposing oft upon *Oblivion's* brink,
 Starts when electric *Echo* strikes *Association's* link.

Was she the sylph whose talisman touched sightless *Ho-*
mer's muse?

O'er *Milton's* Eden did *her* spell celestial bloom diffuse?
 Spirit of *Melody!* to whom the mightiest have knelt,
 That senseless nerve has never yet thy soft vibrations
 felt.

The melting cadence of thy song—the breathings of thy
 shell,

Through *me* usurp th' impassioned soul and *Feeling's*
 course impel;

To *Reason* now they both appear'd so equal in their
 claims,

Alike so pleasing in their arts and in their generous aims,
 Perplexed the *Umpire* soon resigned the task of arbitra-
 tion,

Declaring both entitled well to general admiration.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

The Palm-trees are waving in morn's purple light,
 And Camels are bending beneath their broad shade,
 To receive from yon pilgrim a burden more slight,
 Than that on the heart of a Father now laid.

Sublime in his sadness the Sire advances—
 His faltering steps by his first-born sustained;
 On the self-exiled stripling he pensively glances;
 The child, who his grey-haired control now disdained,

Beloved! has thy bosom no filial access,
 That tenderness touching thy soul may subdue?
 No chord fond remembrance may feelingly press,
 The thrilling vibrations of Love to renew?

Ah, no! thou wilt fly from thy guardian and guide,
 With the crafty and courtly thou'lt mingle afar;
 And thy youth on the passions tempestuous tide,
 Will struggle and weep for its lost beacon star!

Fare thee well! Fare thee well! at distance thou'lt think
 Of thy home, and the placid delights thou'st forsaken;
 Nay, bend thy proud head—from my blessing ne'er
 shrink,
 In the land of the stranger pure thoughts 'twill awa-
 ken.

Impatient, the wayward youth wends on his way—
 His fancy outstripping the swift Camel's speed,
 In banquets and revels brief years pass away,
 'Till Purity, Plenty and Peace are all fled.

The Palm-trees are waving in morn's purple light,
 A Pilgrim is standing beneath their broad shade;
 His eye fain would look on that Heav'n so bright,
 But his soul's pious impulse by sin is dismayed.

In sorrow the feeble lid heavily bent,
 And his cold slimy lip shewed that famine was near;
 The sharp bones his fragments of finery rent,
 And his once haughty brow revealed trenches of care.

Yet Nature, thy vision than Eagle's more piercing,
 Nor grief's sad mutations, nor guilt's can evade;

One glance—and the Prodigal Son is rehearsing
 On his Sire's fond breast, how the wreck had been
 made.

Enough, my lost darling! my own famish'd heart,
 In thy presence now blest, shall again taste of joy;
 'Neath the balm of affection, thy wounds shall depart,
 And my rapturous tears be thy cordial, my boy.

Hark! laughter and minstrelsy float on the gale,
 Still rising on jealousy's ear like a knell,
 "Shall the toil of my prime, of its recompense fail?
 And honor be his, who from virtue late fell?"

Ah, cease! for the harps of the Seraphs are ringing,
 The triumph of mercy o'er spirits that err;
 Pure sighs from the soul of the penitent springing,
 With their melodies reach the celestial sphere!

Forbear! nor pollute with thy envious plaint,
 What Angels delight to behold and record;
 For frailty redeemed from corruption's dark taint,
 Is hallowed as Saints, in the sight of thy Lord!

A FREAK OF FANCY.

A Congress of animals lately convened,
 When Renard the subtle upon a stump leaned,
 To declare the occasion that brought them together,
 At the tinkling summons of Signor Belwether.
 He knew he possessed not the art oratorical,
 The eloquent gesture, or grace metaphorical;
 Yet before public exigence every thing vanished,
 And therefore false shame from his bosom was banished.
 As Genius, he said, was of no sect or station,
 But a root known to flourish in every nation,
 He could not in justice to each fellow-brute,
 Believe they were all of that gift destitute.
 There are some among us much addicted to prating,
 While others less sprightly prefer *ruminating*.
 Their various talents with due cultivation,
 May elevate *those* to some high legal station;
 While the latter adorning Philosophy's chair,
 New temples to Fame may ambitiously rear.

Craniology now with *long strides* is advancing;
 And though sages may call it the art of romancing,
 The Lynx, who is blest with uncommon perception,
 Foresees it will meet with a flatt'ring reception.
 I now recommend that we forthwith depute,
 Some shrewd-looking, silver-toned, garrulous brute,
 The ablest Phrenologist soon to select,
 Organic developements *here* to inspect.
 Our several capacities thus ascertained,
 We shall speedily know if it e'er was ordained,
 That we should enjoy the diffusion of learning,
 For which my aspiring spirit is yearning.
 When the envoy by this honored body is named,
 Without more delay let credentials be framed.
 Goose-quills in abundance conveniently stand;
 One of these may be dipt in the *Great Cuttle's gland*;
 From the Sheep in a trice you may *parchment* procure,
 And the *Seal* will its secrecy doubtless insure.
 The speaker thought fit at this period to pause,
 And his motion elicited general applause:
 Except from the Serpent and Owl, who expected
 By *hissing* and *hooting* to have it rejected.
 A few restive horses too, hoped by their *neighs*
 To escape the curb-rein that enlightenment lays;—

But pity alone or contempt was excited,
 For those who preferred to continue benighted.
 And now a discussion the most animated,
 Arose about him who should be delegated—
 The Crab was too *backward*, the Cur too *dogmatic*,
 And the Porpus (who had a great head) was *asthmatic*.
Categorical arguments would not be needed,
 Therefore the pretensions of Puss was unheeded. *CAPP*
 The Dolphin *changed color* at being proposed;
 And the Dormouse at that very meeting had dozed.
 The Emmet declared that his claim was *Anterior*
 To any one there, though they might be superior.
 The *herd* by a number of precedents showed,
 That to send out a *Bull* was the Catholic mode.
 To silence the clamour, a beautiful bird
 Fluttered up to the Fox, and requested a word.
 'Twas the Carrier-pigeon, the legate of Love,
 Whose right to that dignity none could disprove.
 With his known *shining qualities*, speed was combined,
 And each candidate soon in his favor resigned.
 May the loveliest of envoys find grace in the sight
 Of all who dispense intellectual light.

THE METEOR AND THE FLYING FISH.

It was a brilliant summer's eve,
 When sportive sylphs delight to leave
 In crowds their distant caves;
 And Fancy tracks their tiny prints
 Among the fairest flower tints
 That e'er the dew-star laves.
 I stood upon the Ocean's brink,
 And felt my spirit pant to link
 Itself with loftier things;
 When lo! an exiled child of space,
 Th' ephemera of the starry race,
 A meteor, earthward springs.
 The semi sea-bird marked its flight
 And vainly strove to reach the height
 From whence the ethereal fell;

• The Flying Fish.

Then bitterly broke forth in ire—
 “Sun-born yet ineffectual fire,
 Can erring nature tell
 Why thou, a splendid mockery,
 Impatient of the glorious sky,
 Should’st briefly brighten there?
 While I, disdainful of the deep,
 In crystal confines still must sleep,
 Nor fill that genial sphere?”
 I started—for that thought allied
 Itself to my aspiring pride,
 That musingly conjured
 Each spirit of intelligence
 To break the bonds and bars of sense,
 That Heaven might be explored.
 That circling free round Dian’s throne
 I might transpierce that mystic zone
 Where worlds lie unrevealed;
 But Faith arrested Fancy here,
 And caught my penitential tear
 On her celestial shield.

ON THE DEATH OF MY PRECEPTOR,

ISAAC HARBY, ESQ.

Forbear your lighter moods ye lyric throng,
 Subdue your sprightly chords to pensive song;
 Let cypress now supplant your rosy crowns,
 Relentless fate on kindred genius frowns.
 Light of my youth! shall not my timid muse
 In tributary verse her woe effuse?
 Art thou not linked with every record dear,
 That mem'ry loves to trace from childhood's sphere?
 Wer't thou not he from whom my spirit caught
 Its proudest aspirations to high thought?
 Whose genial beam chased intellectual gloom,
 Whose mental radiance cherished fancy's bloom,
 Fired with ambitious hopes my ardent soul,
 And bent its energies to truth's control?
 Alas! the broken spell of wit and taste,
 Thus from the social ring fore'er displaced!
 The vivid scintillations of a mind

By nature gifted and by lore refined;
Whose buoyant brilliancy could e'er dispense
Vivacity and vigor to the sense,
With flexile and ingenious art could spread
Rich classic gems o'er the colloquial thread;
With frolic humour laugh in sunny glades;
Or walk with science in her deepest shades.
Echoes of all are in the heart's recess,
Dreams of departed joys thy power confess;
The spoiler triumphs o'er the child of earth;
But weeping Fame renews his moral birth.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM IN POLAND.

“We have made cannons of our bells.” “Yes—there are six thousand of us who have yielded up to our country all that we have left, all that women deem most precious in the world, our marriage rings.”

She gazed upon the golden pledge--oh! how could she forget,

When first upon her trembling hand, Love's glitt'ring seal was set;

When Hope, upon the cherished link, a softened lustre shed;

And she had thought, confidingly, on roses e'er to tread.
Again she looked upon the ring, and faster flowed her tears,

For in that fairy circle dwelt the memory of years--
The purity of bridal vows, the promise ne'er to sever;
But in delight or peril still, cling to the plighted ever.
And is it Freedom, before whom Felicity has flown?

Yes! for that shrine my lord forsook his own domestic
throne;

The legends of his trampled land chivalrous deeds dis-
close,

And Kosciusco's laurels late deprived him of repose.

The purple trail that Carnage leaves upon the blushing
earth,

Will guide you to my hero's tomb, where victory had
birth:

E'en Temples must, with mute appeal, to Piety invoke,
For now their brazen tongues resound but Liberty's
bold stroke.

Shall I, degenerate, then reserve the trophy of my heart,
When even holiness, for this, must with her heralds part?

Away! and mingle with the pile that Patriotism's wand
Converts, by purest alchymy, to Freedom's fiery brand.

No fond regret shall sully now the glorious oblation,
The sanctifying sacrifice, that liberates a nation!

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS—1828.

Come listen to time in the valley of tears,
 Unveiling to man the illusions of years,
 Of specious disguises all things dispossessing,
 His touchstone transforms e'en the bane to a blessing;
 And that which seem'd precious to mortal perception,
 The oracle's voice still proclaims mere deception,
 Oh! what does the monitor's record unfold,
 Felicities fleeting like false, fairy gold,
 Ambition aspiring to reach barren heights,
 Youth's volatile chase of unreal delights,
 Of joys that like Spring's florid beauties depart,
 Regaling the sense, but ne'er reaching the heart.
 Shall Hope then alone boast perpetual prime?
 No, Memory's bloom is immortal as Time,
 Redeemer and Prophetess born in the soul,
 Still mingle your powers to mock his control.
 Bright types of the Future and Past, now appear,
 Catch the sign of the parting and speed the New-Year.

While Hope's silver plume rests o'er classical isles,
 Remembrance springs back amid Spartan defiles,
 To show how superior to buckler or tower,
 Are breasts mailed by FREEDOM and TRUTH's moral
 pow'r.

Again shall those radiant spirits dispel,
 From Poetry's rock and Philosophy's cell
 Those shadows of darkness fell tyranny flung
 O'er the Eden in which Epic genius first sung.
 Oh! joy to the world, the avenger is near,
 To shiver the Ottoman's sceptre and spear:
 The vision still brightens—Hope's iris appears,
 And GRECIA the charter of liberty bears.
 Again prostrate Muses shall start from the dust
 And ransom their harp-strings from silence and rust;
 And Sculpture once more on her pedestal place
 Some beaming conception of grandeur or grace!
 Strive on all ye nations, whose banners are blending,
 Till Peace on each beautiful islet descending,
 Calls Fame from her exile fresh laurels to twine,
 And lay the bright garland on Liberty's shrine.

But has Pity no tear for Peruvian chains?
 Shall Anarchy blight Chili's glittering plains?

Oh, never! Hope whispers the world shall be free,
 And man but to Deity bend the proud knee.
 Independence upraising a bright starry sign,
 Bade America first realize the design:
 Her patriots rallied in that holy light
 And triumphed o'er pride and imperial might.
 May personal views yield to general zeal,
 And social forever o'er self-love prevail.
 Ye scions of heroes! Columbia's youth,
 May ye e'er prove chivalric in honour and truth.

But say, Carolina, why droops thy fair head?
 Against thy free bosom what arrow is sped?
 May we not to antagonist elements trace
 The cloud that impends o'er thy once smiling face?
 Ah, true, for a river god, fickle as chance,
 Now rises to greet, now repels thy advance.
 The steam-boats, those idols of enterprize luring,
 Awhile to forsake for his bosom their mooring
 Then recreant shrinks from those fite-nymphs far,
 Nor fails the fair aspect of commerce to mar.
 Yet cheered be the South! for a power is near
 That shall brighten her prospects and banish each
 fear—

Obsequious to genius, see rail-ways arise,
 And trade each frail-impulse forever defies.
 How rapidly now comes the snowy fleece down,
 As swiftly as flakes from the sable clouds thrown,
 And shall it not be like the bounty of Heaven,
 Diffused over earth and to distant shores given?
 Now murmuring sounds reach the listening ear,
 Enjoining to cherish the precious gift here;
 Nor let foreign pastures or looms ever yield
 Those textures that patriot forms are to shield.
 A truce to the Tariff—success to each State,
 Whether triumph await it or final defeat.
 Ye Statesmen! the question to you I now leave,
 For the head that's wool-gath'ring no verses can weave.
 A word on canalling: the poet has said
 How Neptune o'er woodland hills sparkled and stray'd.
 Ah, dim-sighted mortals! your boldest designs
 Betray want of prescience in all human minds,
 For often made captive and chained by the frost,
 His trident is ceded, his tribute is lost!

And now, gen'rous patrons, the muse must forbear
 From loftier themes in my cause to appear.
 A while place yourselves in the Carrier's stead,

And you cannot deny him his annual meed.
Compell'd to monotonous movements each night,
No team-horse was e'er in more sorrowful plight:
Winter breezes assailing his shivering form,
Summer planets more merciless yet than the storm;
In spirits subdued and in senses oppress'd,
Of such an existence, oh! what is the zest?
Yet Mem'ry and Hope both forbid to despair,
And promise a Boon for the First of the Year.

ENIGMA.

We are children of Light, and were sent by the Lord,
 In pledge to mankind of Divine Love restored.
 Descending from Heaven we seemed but as one,
 And pure as the Vestals that worship the Sun.
 But touching the Earth, what a marvellous change!
 Each left his companion and sought a new range.
 One addled by modesty mutely betrayed,
 The latent impression Love's arrows had made.
 Another is found in the Violet's cup,
 Baptized by the spring in a chrystal dew drop.
 We brighten the leaflet, the lip, and the eye,
 We traverse the ether, and glow in the sky.
 Deserted by us, Art and Beauty would languish,
 But we're chased from the presence of Terror and An-
 guish.
 We live in the blossoms, and lurk in the showers,
 And darkness alone can destroy our powers.

THE PENITENT COQUETTE.

I love thee more as thou art now
 The victim of a broken vow,
 Than in that hour of past sunshine
 When fancy wildly thought thee mine.
 But feeling then was falsified
 By vanity and youthful pride,
 Until I found my dream of power
 The glittering phantom of an hour.

I may not think how light the chain
 Thy fleeting steps could not detain;
 My quivering lyre could never dwell
 Upon that fatal word farewell!

Too tender to remain unmoved
 Another was by thee beloved;
 And Hope, a smiling bright envoy,
 Brought from the promised land of Joy

Her clustering fruitage, whose sweet taste
The memory of woe effaced.

Alas! I feared Love's new decoy,
Would mock thy lip, thy peace destroy.

I saw the serpent 'neath the rose
Beguile thee into false repose;
Tho' every feeling took alarm
I dared not shew the latent harm.
Thou would'st have chid me that unsought
Affection's warning I had brought,
And deemed perhaps a rival's fears,
Alone perceived those lurking snares.

Oh God! I saw thy melting eye
Flash out in madness fearfully;
The ruin perfidy had wrought
Was traceable in mien and thought.
Then came that stagnant sadness dread,
That mutely mourns when Frenzy's fled.
The chords of sympathy seemed crushed
And all Life's harmonies were hushed.

With tears and penitential balm

I sought thy wounded soul to calm.
But in the wreck of passion's storm,
Thy mind conceived each gentle form
Th' embodied principle of guile,
That blasted with its baneful smile.

And I was spurned—yet undismayed
The task of soothing still essayed;
Reluctantly didst thou confess
The sorcery of tenderness,
Yet have I ransomed from despair
The noblest heart in Nature's sphere.

THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

I catch from the azure veined sky
Its diamond droplets of dew,
In fetters of frost-work they lie,
None but fiery sylphs may subdue.
And yet I am loved for that shrine,
Round which sport the Genii of mirth
Enkindling that sparkle divine
That burns in the bosom of Earth.

SPRING.

My first-born retaining thy spell,
Seems a snow-sprite transformed to a flower,
The slight verdure that tinges its bell,
Scarce proclaims it a child of the bower.
Yet dearer that vestal of Flora,
Than rosier brides of the light,
For it comes like a seraph-restorer
Of beautiful forms from the blight.

SUMMER.

There is music in Nature's appealing,
 For creatures of sensitive mould,
 There is beauty in all her revealings,
 By *my* sanguine spirit controlled.
 The amethyst gems of the vine
 Unfold at my bidding their treasure,
 With myrtles of Love to entwine,
 And form the tiara of Pleasure.

AUTUMN.

Alas! joyous Sister that I
 Death's emblem alone should advance,
 Before me thou'rt destined to fly
 For mine is a withering glance.
 The Nightingale flies the lorn stem,
 The Rose is in odorous dust,
 I've broken thy bright diadem,
 Its fragments are whirled in the gust.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

High on the rock of Ages Fancy stands,
A kindling lyre trembles in her hands.
Her eye like Ocean, restless, blue, and wild,
Seeks springs of inspiration undefiled.
She strikes! and Echo rushing from his cave,
In sonorous eddies cleaves th' ærial wave.
Sing! great magician of the spell-bound soul,
Thy own enchantments and their vast control.
Of lispings strains in artless youth begun,
The virgin laurel Minstrelsy first won,
When sympathetic sounds in union grand,
Join'd Hope with Mem'ry in a metric band.
When rebel passions like the 'Titans broke
From their strong necks immortal Virtue's yoke,
To hurl the clamorous monsters to the earth
Invention struck her brain, and Art had birth.
Art that like Wisdom's sire rose to slay,
Unshielded, spearless, void of War's array.

Leaping from pastoral vales to Thalia's height,
 In comic feats he proved his moral might;
 And next with tragic energy essayed
 To rescue Truth from Fiction's mazy shade.
 But first woke Music from her shelly couch,
 Who made creation vocal by her touch.
 And Painting from her canvass bed he drew
 To give the scenic landscape Nature's hue.
 With these enlinked he traversed human walks
 Where every Vice a proud Goliath stalks.
 Factitious strokes Ambition's helmet felled,
 Pride lost his plume, and Power's rage was quelled.
 Sharp Vengeance slumbered on his pointless sword,
 And Folly roused, resumed creation's lord.
 Ah! wherefore does the mimic warfare cease
 Within thy Thespian temples aged Greece?
 Around thy classic horizon what gloom
 Converts Fame's cradle to lost Freedom's tomb?
 A gothic spirit darkens all thine isles,
 The Helot's mantle thy proud race defiles.
 And generous arts from Attic shores were driv'n
 When Ali's crescent first usurped thy Heav'n.
 To Alpine heights the orphaned Muses fled,
 Sublime as Prophecy on Horeb's head,

Their threat'ning voices rose to warn the bold
 'Gainst syren pleasure; in whose silken fold
 The serpent Slavery couched its venom'd sting
 To poison Man's most precious bosom-spring.
 In vain! tho' Satire thundered from the stage
 To strike and purify an erring age,
 Before soft ease Rome's thousand glories fell,
 Nor Freedom there, nor Science deigns to dwell.
 They paused for Ages—then pursued their flight
 And lent to Avon's cygnet plumes of light.
 And lo! they come to brighten Western scenes,
 And freemen bend to histrionic Queens.
 Their mighty engines move the sullied soul
 With gentle force towards perfection's goal.

THE CHARMED SERPENT.

“The Indian Jugglers have the art of luring snakes from their lurking places by playing upon a pipe at the sound of which they make a sort of undulatory motion resembling dancing.”

What shriek is that the echoes send to Heaven?
 Was it in madness or in mockery given?
 Alas! not vainly silence wakens now,
 Death seeks a victim in the vale below,
 See! where forlorn of hope yon traveller stands
 With aspen lips, fixed eyes, and cold, clasped hands;
 The sward's portentous motion shews the harm
 That e'n in valor's breast might strike alarm.
 Uncoiling with slow malice rings of gold,
 A serpent's chequered length on earth is roll'd.
 Oh! for that mitred one of Israel's host
 Beneath whose snaky wand perish'd the Magi's boast:
 Or for that cradled giant's arm of power

That crushed twin reptiles in life's primal hour.
Nor Hebrew's art, nor Heathen's grasp I vaunt,
What then shall chase that ruin from man's haunt?
Blest chance! the Indian's serpent-spell remains,
Perhaps attracted by my pipe's rude strains,
The foe its fated prey may yet forego,
And sinuous seek the source from whence the flow.
Aid me, thou Royal Minstrel, whose sweet thrall,
Subdued dark spirits in the breast of SAUL.
Or thou whose plaintive harpings could reclaim
From ebon shades thy love—or forest tame.
That wanderer redeemed, I dare thy wrath,
Thou creeping mischief in the pilgrim's path.
He's saved! for ravished by enchanting sound,
The dread destroyer now forgets to wound.
Slides the sooth'd monster in th' harmonious snare,
While the charmed man, starting from deep despair,
Bounds with electric swiftness thro' the vale,
Nor pauses till within his well known pale.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, ✕

Who, with her two Children, perished in the Edwina.

A liquid firmament the ocean seemed,
 A placid glory o'er its waters gleamed,
 When buoyant late the lost *Edwina* past,
 Proudly careering o'er the crystal waste.
 No wailing zephyr, no ærial sprite
 Whispered dark bodings of approaching blight,
 Blithely she sped, and spirits firm and frail,
 Sanguine within her covert woo'd the gale,
 But e'en from the pavillion of the sun,
 The storm unheralded came howling on,
 Radiant in wrathful majesty awhile,
 The tempest masked its frown but to beguile,
 Stirred by the trumpet breezes, myriad waves
 In foamy coronets forsook their caves.
 Rushed like banditti on the reeling barque
 And dashed the trembling pilgrims from their ark,
 From one of these let Friendship lift the pall,
 And Virtue's offspring from oblivion call.

For though no marble orator proclaims
 Her love devotional and lofty aims,
 The heart's inscription ne'er can be effaced
 On which her moral image has been traced.
 The gentle guardian of domestic bliss,
 'Twas hers to press the ruffled plume of peace—
 Enchanting by her mien and manners bland,
 In duty's sphere she waved a magic wand.
 Subdued ambition sought no loud acclaim,
 Her partner's plaudit was her highest fame.
 Alas! for him whose bosom feels the shaft
 Deeper as mem'ry doth her worth ingraft
 The wild disorder of his wandering glance,
 Seeks her incredulous of Fate's romance.
 Three broken chords life's harmony destroy
 The triple source of transitory joy:
 Their rifled bloom impatient to restore
 His idols to the shrine of health he bore.
 But Death impetuous forestalled decay
 And Hope long cherished lost that lingering ray.
 Oh! balmy piety thy barrier rear,
 Nor let deep Sorrow darken to despair.
 Thy power shall lift his thoughts to purer spheres
 And fervid faith exhale the mourner's tears.

STANZAS.

Oh! hide those eyes of violet hue,
 Wild passion they inspire;
 They beam too fiercely to be blue,
 Their dew is lost in fire.

Yet in thine heart eternal snow
 The torch of Love destroys;
 Long have I felt affection's woe,
 But never felt its joys.

I saw thee cull a lovely rose
 And place it near thy heart;
 I knew its languid leaves would close,
 Its fragrance would depart.

In sorrow I beheld the flower
 On thy cold bosom lie;
 I knew t'would languish there an hour,
 I knew it then would die!

I traced my doom reflected here,
My bloom is fading fast;
I live but in thy beauty's glare,
I'll die in it at last!

FRANCE,

AFTER THE BANISHMENT OF NAPOLEON.

Alas! for the country whence Freedom is banished,
 Where Tyranny's banner floats darkly on high;
 From whose fields the bright verdure of plenty has
 vanished,
 And whose red soil bears traces that carnage was nigh.

Such was thine, hapless Gallia! and yet a bright ray
 From the halo of Glory transpierced that thick gloom;
 For thy Tyrant was brave though oppressive his sway,
 And the nation's sunk splendor he sought to relume.

Oh! glance from the Throne to that rock in the Ocean;
 Its aspect is rugged and wild as despair;
 And the waves all around it reflect the commotion,
 Of the life of that proud One in duress held there.

Weep on, sons of France! to that eyrie forever,

Thy Eagle's condemned to restrict his bold flight;
As well might ye hope that firm rock to dissever,
As that Mercy and Power shall reach the same height.

Farewell to *thee*, Hermit of Helena's steep!
A track of thy lustre still gilds thy last sphere;
Though Frenchmen now yield to inglorious sleep,
They will start when they dream of thy brilliant career.

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

A funeral chant, and a festal song;
 What means the mingled measure?
 To whom does the plaintive strain belong
 And whose the pearl of pleasure?

A bier is passing a bridal train,
 Betrayer! dost thou shrink
 To meet thy victim thus again
 In Death's eternal link?

Coward! who could inflict a wound
 More deadly far and deep;
 Art blanched to see *that gash* unbound
 That caused the sufferer's sleep?

Aye! look upon the self destroyed,
 For by that mournful token
 Thou'lt feel how pure, how unalloyed,
 The Love of the heart broken.

Requiem and revel thus combined,
Torture thy memory ever!
Cypress and Roses closely twined,
Forsake thy fancy never!

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

“I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau,
Whether birds confabulate or no.”

EAGLE.

Stay, timid nestler! lift thy dazzled eye
And mark the sunbow glories of yon sky.
See! where the Day gathering his purple robes
Turns in his golden chariot to new globes.
The glacier touched and tinted by his ray
Like some pale virgin blushing melts away.
Earth in his absence lifts her flowery cups
To catch from dew stars their bewailing drops.
All nature wears the weeds of widowed sorrow
Nor smiles till light like hope relumes the morrow.
My wing is seen waved in his fiercest ray,
Proudly I bear the title Bird of Day.
But thou art coldly turning from his track,
To win some shady grove thou’rt hastening back.

DOVE.

To humbler fame and flight let me aspire
 I dare not venture near his throne of fire.
 I love the dawn, the twilight, and the hour
 When moonlight softly breaks through trellissed bow'r.
 Mine is the vigil that affection keeps
 Near downy beds where tender nurseling sleeps.
 The callow trembler too I love to guide
 In brief excursions through the aerial tide.
 Teach it the simple structure of a home,
 Warn it from flight where ravening vultures roam,
 Lead it where aliment is best supplied—
 In tasks like these my placid life doth glide.
 I too rejoice in the soft name of Dove
 The bird of beauty and the type of Love.

Thus man, creation's noblest, braves the sun,
 In glory's sphere his brilliant race is run.
 On field or ocean on the flashing fight
 His unblenched gaze fastens with stern delight,
 Peril his bride, Protection his first vow,
 His soul exults in a perennial glow,
 While gentleness retreats to some lone shade,
 In tenderness her triumph is displayed.

To watch the babe with moistened lips apart
Smiling in sleep to be so near her heart.
Instruct its lisping tongue with infant steps
Its God, its Father, to adore and bless!
Moulding its waxen mind in virtue's cast,
Ushering the *youth* into the world at last.

The War Staff on its height an Eagle bears,
In Peace the Dove with typic leaf appears.

TO MY ÆOLIAN HARP,

All the Strings of which had snapped except one.

Thou wert like Youth's sweet dawn
 Full of harmonious breathings;
 Thy plaintive peers are gone
 There's cypress in thy wreathings.

One Silver chord alone remains
 To woo the summer gale;
 Like Hope the stricken heart retains
 When feebler passions fail.

A Zephyr to the rose buds flying
 Wakes in thy lonely string,
 A tone like memory sighing
 O'er many a vanished thing.

The spirit of the Storm sweeps by

And shakes thee in his ire,
Like mortal plaint 'gainst destiny
Then wails thy sullen wire.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

There is a Lyre a Seraph's hand may smite,
 So pure the strains in which its chords delight.
 A Cowper's Genius once controlled its strings,
 With Mary's name its lingering echo rings.
 Intrepid Muse! that shall its slumbers rouse,
 To breathe at Friendship's shrine melodious vows
 Yet in that chastened Spirit will I sing,
 Tho' Fame no incense o'er my verse shall fling.
 Maiden! let Bards inspired by Beauty's son,
 Tell thee thine eyes have nobler conquests won
 Than all the dread Artillery of Mars;
 Let these rehearse the tale of Cupid's wars.
 Nor will I bring the Rose of Cashmere's vale,
 Or silver lily from sequestered dale,
 In strange similitude to cheek and brow.
 Such *moral* blossoms shall the Minstrel strew,
 As Virtue plants and Truth portrays in you.

Here purity has found a taintless shrine,
And Modesty unfolds her tints divine,
Here Mæekness emulous of Heav'n's elect,
Holds native pride by pious feeling check'd.
Another stamp of excellence confest,
Is candor on thy guileless soul imprest,
Pure, Modest, Meek, Ingenuous, Refined,
Thou wer't for Love and social bliss designed.
Those twin-born ministers of mortal joy,
Shall fill thy cup and free it from alloy.
No raving Sybil doth thy lot reveal,
Affection prophecies what Fate shall seal.

TO SADNESS.

Mysterious Monarch of the 'human soul!
 Who can define the bound of thy control?
 In vassalage to thee imperial Queen
 Bend frail and firm, the savage and serene.
 Thy sable wing is seen alike to hover,
 O'er Fancy's terrace, and o'er Reason's tower.
 Darkening the forms of majesty or grace,
 These various powers may delight to trace.
 In Pleasure's track we find thy frequent print,
 And Beauty's brow tenacious of thy tint,
 'Mid all its bright revealings will betray,
 Thy shadow stealing oft o'er rapture's ray.
 Unbidden at the banquet thou'lt dismiss
 Each sparkling bubble from the bowl of bliss.
 In vain may Youth to dance and song be woo'd,
 Touch but a chord in Memory's solitude,
 And all the magic of the Minstrel's art,
 Shall fail to chase its echoes from the heart.

It is thy spirit that with serpent wile
Would in Love's Eden every flower defile.
Yet mirth at best is treacherously bright
And mocks the senses with its meteor light.
Fain would the pensive muse its beam evade,
And languid rest within thy sombre shade.
Twining a wreath of thorns around my lyre,
Sadness, thou shalt fore'er its chords inspire.

ON SEEING BARRY CORNWALL'S.

DESCRIPTION OF A BROKEN HEARTED GIRL.

Yes! it must be! martyr of latent Love
 That bitter lesson woman's heart must prove,
 That unclaimed fondness must corrode her breast
 Ere the deep pang of passion be confest.
 Flowers there are that never caught a ray
 Of genial ardor from the God of Day!
 But from whose languid lips a cold, cold, dew
 Distils away their odour and their hue.

So fades Love's blossom in the moral soil
 When stern indiff'rence bids sweet Hope recoil.
 Nor dissipate with sunny smiles the tear,
 That hangs upon the cheek of pale despair.

Alas! my own heart echoes thy sad song,
 "I loved *thee* well," vibrates there loud and long;
 And I like thee will die—but not unwept

The tenderness that in *his* life hath slept,
Regret will waken when some future hour
Reveals beneath his tread a withered flower;
That sought no light but what his eye might give,
Yet wanting *that*, surceased to bloom and live.

THE FLIGHT OF THE MUSES.

Touched by the Sun, the Harp of Memnon swells.
 In wind-swept reeds the soul of Music dwells.
 But when proud Genius grasps the metric wires,
 What glowing beam, what genial breath inspires?
 Chaste Fancy! while thy light engilds his strings,
Thy blast Renown the quivering welkin rings.
 Star of the minstrel! now direct my song,
 Break the thick cloud of memory—while along
 The frozen track of parted time I stray,
 To hear again dark Mæon's magic lay.
 O'er broken Statues, blasted wreaths I tread,
 In these pale types his native Greece is read.
 The weeping vestals of her Classic rock,
 With withered bays their sleeping Lyres mock.
 Art's palsied fingers idly press the stone,
 Herself a Niobe from ceaseless moan.
 The thirsty canvass pants for that pure dew,
 Which infant Painting from an Iris drew.
 No car-borne Thespis 'neath his ruddy mask,
 Reclaims Corruption by the comic task.

The Histrionic twins forsake his stage,
 And *Life's* Dramatic Scenes their powers engag
 Pity for Freedom mourns, while 'Terror stalks,
 Through Delphic groves, and Philosophic walks.
 The snow that hangs upon Italia's brow,
 Nor melts in Titan's strong meridian glow,
 The moral image of her sons reveals,
 Whose high born souls a rigid coldness seals;
 Though recollection darts a thousand rays,
 From Glory caught in Maro's golden days,
 No Lyric strains the listening echoes catch,
 No Genii there Poetic fires watch.
 Alike the smiling and the sorrowing Muse,
 By ruin touched their Latian Temples lose.
 Woe! to the climes omnipotent in Art,
 Lost are their Laurels—lost their moral chart.
 The Muses banned from native rocks and seas,
 With mellow harpings fill each mountain breeze.
 Where float thy banners, where thy eagles fly,
 Spirit of life, star-crested Liberty!
 Though no Corinthian crowns our structures crest.
 Here let the Syren pilgrims ever rest,
 To rifle Time of all his ringlets gray,
 And make his winter smile like Eden's May

POETIC PENDANT TO AN ENGRAVING

*Representing a Lady weeping over a Vase of Fading
Flowers.*

Sigh not that the Rose's tints grow pale,
Fresh buds will come with the vernal gale;
Shed pity's dew for the faded cheek,
Whose snow no flower of health may break.
Let tear drops fall for the truth I sing,
The Seasons of Life have no second Spring.

Why weep that in Winter the violet dies?
Lids of snow close in death o'er the brightest blue eyes.
And why waste thy sorrow on Hearts-ease of Earth?
Weep for that which when lost can ne'er have second
birth.

Grieve not that the Lily will bend to the gust,
And its broken stem bring its pure petals to dust;
Let woe-stricken Age all thy sympathy wake,

When some ruffian relentless its prop doth break;
Weep for silver hairs that decline to the tomb,
When the verdure of Innocence loses its bloom.

But anguish will steal Beauty's blossom away,
And thy own passing loveliness thus will decay.
Remember Love's cradle in dimples we seek,
And his sepulchre find in the furrowed cheek.
Then weep-not for Violets, Lilies or Roses,
Nor yet for the truth that the minstrel discloses;
But leave "Fading Flowers" and turn to those hues,
Whose vivid enchantments Time never renews.

ON HEARING A FRIEND COMPLAIN
OF BEING ROBBED OF HIS BEST COAT.

Let others elegize an only child,
To such a loss by time we're reconciled,
But who can see an *only coat* depart,
A faultless specimen of fashion's art,
Bright, blue and beautiful as any eyes,
That e'er elicited a lover's sighs,
And not in sorrow's transport turn ascetic,
Or thus record his woe in rhymes pathetic?
Oh! had it been the victim of decay,
And vanished in the ordinary way,
Had *spotted-fever* been its fleecy bane,
In fuller's earth it undeplored had lain,
With stoic firmness, I had met my fate,
Nor sought in doggerel grief to dissipate,
But unpolluted by a single stain,
Without a *tear* its beauty to profane.
Can I my cherished treasure thus resign,

When my whole wardrobe tends to a *decline*.
 Oh! rather had I seen my favourite *dye*,
 Than in its soundest *nap* compelled to fly;
 Some African Apollo to array,
 Its *collar rising high* at the display:
Fugitive pieces by the muses mourned,
 Are often with the stamp of fame returned;
 Such barren honors fiction e'er be thine,
 So that my *press* becomes no plunderer's shrine.
 Behold the peg on which my late coat hung,
 No more—affliction fetters pen and tongue.

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. S. H****

The light of Glory gilds the Harp that rings a Hero's
name,

And lofty Bards delight to track his bright career of
fame.

Nine is the bitter luxury, melodious woe to breathe,
And pour the Lyric plaint from chords no classic leaf
may wreath.

To sing of One whose blazonry was found on Honor's
field—

Whose heraldry divinely traced a spotless heart revealed:
A child of Song and Liberty—whose mental eye ex-
plored

The labyrinth where Science lurked, the height to which
she soared—

In whom the brilliant harmony of moral strength and
grace,

By turns, in martial transports played, or passion's mel-
ting trace.

The fountains of his heart ran free amid Affection's
bloom,

And every feeling had imbibed its delicate perfume.

There was a spell in every tone enchantment undefined,
To which Love's purest sympathies were passively re-
signed.

They touched a gentle spirit soon, whose semblance
might be sought,

In Nature's fairest tints and forms, most exquisitely
wrought.

The golden clusters of her hair, waved on her lofty brow
Like infant sunbeams that descend to sport on Alpine
snow.

Nor was she prized for loveliness, that perishes on earth,
He felt that Beauty's signet there had stamped superior
worth.

Oh! who that mild enthusiast marked in every varying
mood—

When sterner instincts swelled his breast, or softer ones
subdued;

Who that beheld his gallant mien or heard his bold com-
mand,

When proudly pledged to vindicate the Banner of his
land;

Dreamed that its drooping folds ere while, should mantle o'er his bier,

As if a youthful Seraph's form had sought a starry sphere!

Farewell! Farewell! mysterious fate her charter will enforce,

And kindred bosoms fondly linked, relentlessly divorce.

Still is the mourner's treasured balm, found in this truth sublime,

Virtue shall e'er triumphant soar, above Decay and Time.

ON READING "NATURE'S FAREWELL,"

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A Pilgrim returned to his "childhood's home,"
From the "crowded path of the world" he had come.
Mysterious changes his-spirit had known
And mirth had now lost its free, innocent tone.
On his pale brow too might be seen the mute token
How joy like a bubble had sparkled and broken!
How the links of his bosom-affections were riven
Ere he turned from that scene to repentance and Heav'n.
But the sybil leaves that had whispered him there
Prophetic of things that his heart should sear,
Like the verdure of Youth had they passed away,
Like Fancy and Feeling their foliage decay?
Ask the chartered breeze for their withered remains,
It has borne them far from their native plains.

He came to the groves where the wild birds were sing-
ing,
But how could he list while Remembrance was ringing

The knell of delights that were born in those bowers,
 When Hope's melodies rose among Purity's flowers.
 The warblers had perched on the thorns in his breast,
 And his heart to that strain now no echo confest.

He turned from the woods to the oracle-streams,
 That had once disenchanted his loveliest dreams.
 But their waters now solaced his feverish heart
 And their liquid language a balm did impart.
 We are leaping and laughing with infantine glee,
 But will change our course and flow on to the sea.
 O'er treasures and gems we will carelessly glide,
 Then mingling with Ocean and lost in its tide,
 Be tremblingly swayed by a Heavenly Guide.
 Oh, beautiful image! Life's currents like thine
 Run sportively on from their natal shrine.
 In the eddies of Passion awhile sink or swell,
 Nor heed the rich pearl, in the mortal shell,
 Till meeting Eternity's waves they arise,
 And attracted by Mercy spring up to the skies.

EPIGRAM.

The following comic incident actually occurred, and was thought suitable for an Epigram.

And am I no longer betrothed, dear mother?
 Oh Cupid! suppose I should ne'er get another?
 And must I return his perfumed billet-doux,
 And the gold heart, that loveliest little bijou?

Weep no more, dearest daughter for such a deserter,
 I protest that your sorrows exceed those of Werter;
 And deeply it grieves me your feelings to shock
 But *he* must be made to surrender your lock.

Oh! would that were all of my delicate task,
 To resign is more difficult far than to ask.
 For indeed, softly whispered the yet sobbing girl,
 My own hair is innocent—'twas a false curl!

The Gentleman, on hearing the above, returned the lock with the following couplet:

How false the foundation on which both have built,
If your hair was spurious—my heart was gilt.

POETICAL ANALOGIES.

Love's a dew-spangle, a dissolving gem,
 Amid the blossoming of Beauty found:
 Sparkling awhile upon Youth's verdant stem,
 An icicle when wintry age has frowned.

Friendship a silk-worm simile may bear:
 Artful the vagrant instinct it conceals,
 While yet enshrined in Fortune's golden sphere,
 Till chance or *change* the volatile reveals.

And, Hope, thy symbol is that peerless star
 That earliest decks the drapery of night,
 Yet lingering waits to gild Aurora's car,
 Ere sinks its lustre in eternal light!

Ambition thou'rt a haughty mendicant
 Soliciting the splendid gifts of glory:
 The world's deep homage thy fantastic want,
 The privilege of glittering in story.

Proud Liberty, thine is the prophet's spell
In the dark chambers of the blighted soul,
Thy holy breathings can alone expel
The desolating tyrant's grim control.

And Fame, what art thou but the Fireweed,
That sylvan Phœnix that from dust aspires;
Thou spring'st from *ashes* when the spirit freed,
In light divine contemns its mortal fires!

LELIA, OR LOVE'S MARTYR.

Pale was the Bride, as Purity's sweet rose
That lay on Thought's high throne in soft repose—
But paler far that rival vestal's cheek,
Where weeping Pity traced wild Passion's wreck.
Yet lingering graces in the ruin slept;
Soft touching relics by the storm unswept.
The self-deriding instinct of Despair
Had placed a crimson blossom in her hair:
And as the hectic herald of Decay
Within the sphere of smiles insidious lay,
So coiled Corruption in that ruby cave,
Seeking its banquet still at Beauty's grave.
But, oh! what thrilling tones the vault ascend,
When wreathing wasted arms around her friend,
Long hoarded feelings to her lips arise:
"Yes! let my heart's strings latest harmonies,
Though broken and untuned to strains of joy
Swell out to wish thee bliss without alloy.

Yet shrink not should this truth thine ear assail,
 My burial shroud shall be thy bridal veil.
 Twin-born with thine the hope that now has perished,
 Behold in *him* the idol *both* have cherished!
 Oh! false discretion—fatal source of woe!
 That when the fount of Confidence would flow,
 With its cold breath the genial stream congealed
 And left the worshipped *one* still unrevealed.
 Alas! the shame—that *he alone* discerned
 The lofty quarry to which Lelia turned;
 And strove to lure with gentle artifice
 The fluttering falcon to the perch of Peace.
 Ne'er swerving from the fond allegiance sworn,
 Yet soothing oft the sensitive forlorn.
 I knew, I knew this chord would wring thy soul,
 Yet fain must press it ere I reached my goal."
 The sufferer ceased—and soon the wailing crowd,
 Saw in the bridal veil her burial shroud.
 Her faint farewell amid its folds were breathed,
 And Love's sweet myrtles thus with cypress wreath

TO PERSECUTED FOREIGNERS.

Fly from the soil whose desolating creed,
Outraging faith, makes human victims bleed.
Welcome! where every Muse has reared a shrine,
The aspect of wild Freedom to refine.

Upon *our* Chieftain's brow no crown appears;
No gems are mingled with his silver hairs,
Enough that Laurels bloom amid its snows,
Enriched with these, the sage all else foregoes.

If thou art one of that oppressed race,
Whose pilgrimage from Palestine we trace,
Brave the Atlantic—Hope's broad anchor weigh,
A Western Sun will gild your future day.

Zeal is not blind in this our temp'rate soil;
She has no scourge to make the soul recoil.
Her darkness vanished when our stars did flash;
Her red arm grasped by Reason dropt the lash.

Our Union, Liberty and Peace imparts,
Stamp'd on our standards, graven on our hearts,
The first, from crush'd Ambition's ruin rose,
The last, on Victory's field spontaneous grows.

Rise, then, elastic from Oppression's tread,
Come and repose on Plenty's flowery bed.
Oh! not as Strangers shall your welcome be,
Come to the homes and bosoms of the free!

THE CELEBRATED PEARL.

A drop of water in the ocean complained of its insignificance: it was swallowed by an oyster, and hardened into the celebrated pearl that decks the Persian diadem.

A single drop amid the boundless main
 Once fancied the soliloquizing strain:—
 Why was I but a petty bubble born
 Too insignificant for love or scorn?
 Why did I not into a lake expand,
 Or boldly like a bay invade the land.
 A giant's tear—yet on creation's face
 Seem I not dwindled to the pigmy race?
 In my pellucid globule e'en a fly
 Fearless of drowning might serenely lie.
 As thus the water drop its fate deplores,
 A gaping oyster in its cell immures
 The jealous rebel, who with fear congealed

Became a pearl and left the liquid field.
Exalted to the brow of regal pride,
Ambitious gem, thou art to pomp allied.
In Nature's pageant tremulously bright,
Wert thou not lovelier than at grandeur's height;
Callous, in thy conversion thou hast lost
Reflection's power, once thy proudest boast.
The Sun, that kindled in thy crystal sphere,
Tints that with the diamond's might compare,
Now sees thy rayless purity obscured
By every twinkler in the glittering horde.

JOSEPH'S DREAM.

The Patriarch bowed before the eastern beam,
 Like the gray herald of the golden day—
 Awhile he lingered for *that* rising light
 Whose kindling lustre should his own efface.
 But the prophetic dreamer slumbered on:
 In Glory's bright meridian then he seemed.
 Celestial orbs their glistening spheres forsook:
 Meteors flew ministrant to his commands,
 And the careering planets at his feet
 In visionary vassalage appeared.
 Still the delusive spell his sense entranced,
 While Israel's orison alone arose
 Upon the odorous breezes of the morn.
 But the mellifluous tones of infancy
 Dissolved the deep enchantment of repose.
 "Brother, my cherished lamb has bounded far,
 And broke the flowery chain that Judah twined:
 Wilt thou not seek the fleecy fugitive,

And lure the truant back to Benoni?"
Forth sprang the youth with fancied power elate,
His sire saluted, and implored to solve
The mystic import of the dreamy text.
Indignant *he* in those bright phantoms saw
Homage reversed, and silver-haired allegiance
In humble suppliance at the filial shrine.
As if the sun that cherished the spring flower
Should yield the incense it was wont t' receive.
Yet soon relapsing into tenderness,
He kissed the forehead of the future seer,
And in his rainbow-robe, like Mercy's type,
But not, alas! a covenant of peace,
With fatal gladness Joseph fled the tent,
To seek his shepherd-brethren on the plain.

CUPID'S APPEAL TO APOLLO,

CHIEF OF THE ILLUMINATI.

The subjoined effusion was written for a lady to whom a beautiful copy of "Flora's Dictionary" had been presented.

Don't laugh at my penmanship dearest Hyperion,
 Of my skill this epistle's a sorry criterion;
 But my quill wanted nibbing—so what should I do,
 But for lack of a knife took the tongue of a shrew;
 Which conferred on my Godship a cut so severe,
 As with nought but the wound of a heart may compare.
 Let this with my blindness the billet excuse,
 Then don't pause to criticise—only peruse.
 And let Mercury, mounted on wing-spced Pegasus,
 This extra convey to the press of Parnassus.
 Heretofore it had been the vocation of *eyes*,
 Assisted by certain auxiliary sighs,
 To interpret the mystical language of Love,

As my archives attest in the Paphian grove.
 But a volume of late to the world has been tender'd,
 Where hearts are by treaties of flowers surrender'd.
 And *this* verdant type now preferred in translation,
 Supersedes the old method of initiation.
 Against this revolution the senses demur,
 And a suit versus Flora to Venus prefer:
 They insist 'twas the scheme of a withered gallant,
 Who first made a druggerman of the Ice Plant.
 Solecisms are found too in this floral speech,
 The *Golden King Cup* says *I wish I was rich*.
 Coral lips by the cynic are called hypocritical,
Honey Suckle, that all know to be parasitical,
 Professing *fidelity* clings to each stranger
 That offers support when it would be a ranger.
 For *Ingratitude* too what an emblem's selected
 In the *Rose* that is *thornless* that vice is detected.
 In the *Elder*, *Compassion* is made to appear,
 We grow callous by age in Reality's sphere.
 But let me conclude for this is mere carping,
 And I guess by that twang that you wish to be harping.
 Then counsel me Archer and Lyrist divine,
 Shall the spirit of fragrance her sceptre resign?
 Or visual violets still reign supreme,

And roses incarnate yet blush in my beam?
The "language d' Amour" now waits your revision,
And Cupid will bow to Apollo's decision.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY,
THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Time had for thee the Roman's wish achieved,
Demanding why *no* monument retrieved
From dark oblivion, thy illustrious shade?
Nobly hath *Liberty* the answer made!
Not in the florid text of venal verse,
The mountain muse thy merits would rehearse;
Nor lavish incense that alike perfumes
The shrine immaculate and tarnish'd tombs.
The soul of hist'ry on thy tablet lies,
'Tis immortality in simple guise,
And patriot pilgrims shall in homage kneel
'To freedom's scripture on that marble seal.
The world's insolvent for that peerless gem,
Which paled the lustre of a diadem.
Maternal purity its polish wrought,
Reflected radiance from thy breast was caught.
Rest to the loftiest! let heraldic pride

Its sterile grafts before such scions hide,
The land's redeemer, link'd with Mary's name,
In glorious union shall descend to Fame!

THE EAGLE AND THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

A Bird of Paradise was some time since discovered in a garden in one of the Northern States. The poet supposes it to be addressed by the American Eagle.

Why stranger hast thou left the spicy gale
 Thy tissue-plumage on our fields to trail?
 A Peri's banner first thy pinion seemed,
 Emblazed with tints from Eden's wreck redeemed.
 Say beauteous volatile—can it then be,
 That thou enamoured too of Liberty,
 Would for *her* perch that sweet Aroma shun,
 Whose balm is purest near the rising Sun?
 Thrice welcome radiant pilgrim to those groves,
 Through which the Monarch-bird triumphant roves!
 Ay, linger *here*—let Orient buds expand
 For some colossal trampler of the land:
 Let the frail blossoms of the *human* stem
 Yield their crushed incense 'neath a diadem.

*Here Freedom's sensitive and starry flower
Recedes elastic from the touch of power.*

Oh! would my timid wing might now retrace,
Its erring flight back to my natal place.

Thy Sylvan deities my sense affright,
Such verdant Titans startle sons of light.

I dare not gaze upon thy dazzling eye,
And form dilating into majesty.

If independence wears an aspect bold,
As that which Nature's image doth unfold,
Where the Sun cradles, let me seek my nest
Far from the fearful region of his rest.

Speed then! ignoble trembler, turn and speed
Where fragrance mingles with the moral weed.

Thy dastard spirit shrinks from the sublime,
And clings degenerate to the Despot's clime.

Away! and when thy beauty's splendid lure,
Shall tempt the sordid reed on thy loved shore,

Perhaps thy sad expiring thought may be
Would I had died among the glorious free!

THE TEMPEST.

In darkness past the fiend of storms—
Rushed from their caves Æolian forms,
Rattling their mighty wings like thunder,
Rending the nitrous clouds asunder.
Oceans of rain oppress the earth,
Or swell the sources of their birth.
Disdainful of the curbing shore,
Onward the foaming waters roar.
Strong barks the giant waves are lashing,
Now heav'nward tossed—now downward dashing,
The sinews of their masts unstrung,
While at their heads the death note's sung,
By birds ne'er vocal till the hour
Dark omens of the tempest lour.
Partners in mournful fate farewell!
Ye ruffian winds now hoarsely tell,
To orphans and the wives we cherished
How 'neath your scourge their kindred perished.

A cry went up—the sound was hushed
As o'er the wreck, wild waters rushed.

Fallen in their pride are mighty oaks,
The dwarf-tree here our pathway chokes:
Relaxing roofs lose their cement
The shelter of the dome is rent.
The timid tenants glance to heaven,
Its walls by aerial wrath ne'er-riven,
Frown as the elements of woe,
Contending deal the desolating blow.

But who is he depressed and pale,
As lily ruffled by the gale
Of all its precious balms and bells?
Oft ruin thus the spirit fells—
Has Fortune's contrast caused despair,
Like that unransomed by a tear?
Perhaps remembrance haunts his heart,
With thoughts of those he saw depart,
But late to tempt the trackless main—
Thus deep is sympathetic pain?
Oh blind! see *human* blossoms cropt,
His heart the stem from which they dropt,

The thorn of Fate has touched its core,
 His blooming babes look up no more
 To catch his smile, or claim his kiss—
 No wonder he has reached th' abyss,
 Of agony and mute distress.
 An icy bolt his soul doth press,
 Freezing the vital fluids there,
 Till *sculptured* man alone seems near.
 What unction for a wound so deep?
 None—save the grave's eternal sleep!

Now glancing rays of morning light
 Reveal the horrors of the night.
 Commingling voices weep and pray,
 That peril e'er may pass away,
 And *Time* alone produce decay.

ON THE FALL OF TWO FAVORITE TREES,
DURING A TEMPEST.

Hast thou ne'er marked from birth to prime,
Some child of promise as it passed
Through all the mazy tracks of Time,
Towering on Reason's height at last?
Chords in his heart for touch of glory,
Tints in his cheek for Hope to heighten,
Dew in his eye for pity's story,
Or young affection's glance to brighten?

Hast thou not wept as sullen knell,
Borne plaintively upon the breeze,
Pierced through thy stricken ear to tell,
The tomb had yawned for one of these?
Yet from thy brow would care depart,
When the soul's charter was recalled;
Blight may not touch th' ethereal part,
Though matter the pure essence thrall'd.

Thus born of Spring those trees repose,

Late verdant screens before my sight,
 Their leafy honors to disclose,
 Thrice Summer lent soft dews and light.
 I knew that Time's all withering hand,
 Forever caters Death's repast;
 Like all frail things at *his* command
 Decay had soon their bloom o'erpast.
 Yet dreamed I not of scathing storm,
 Casting its demon spell around;
 Their emerald beauties to deform
 With rugged Desolation's wound.

And shall their stems be leafless ever?
 Neath earthly clogs their roots too perish?
 Ah no! the parent clay will never
 Detain them while there's life to cherish.
 Sweet influences again shall rise,
 Celestial urns once more bestow
 The purest streams that e'er baptize
 The Spring's enchanting embryo.
 From transient Death their foliage freed,
 Shall proudly tower to the skies;
 Like spirit cast corruption's seed,
 And spring to Heaven in purer guise.

LOVE AND LAW.

A random shaft from Cupid's quiver,
 Once struck a famous barrister;
 The lady was a cold deceiver,
 Therefore his suit ne'er harassed her.
 But during a long evening session,
 When he to Hymen's bonds alluded;
 She only laughed at his confession
 And said the thought must be precluded.
 The Muses with the Graces joined,
 A lovely jury soon composed;
 To try the felon who purloined
 Hearts that no flaw had e'er disclosed.
 Deeper in crime her soul to steep,
 (As urged by the Solicitor;)

This modern Macbeth murdered sleep,
 When to his eyes a visiter.
 To court subpoena'd the coquette
 Was rashly guilty of misprison;

Her judges at defiance set,
 And boldly plead without permission.
 Try me for larcenies in Love?
 The law of Nature learn to read;
 Woman's prerogative 'twill prove,
 And not a felon's flagrant deed.
 If actionable such offence,
 Ye Nine consulting justice strict,
 Who steal with Fiction's keys each sense,
 I can of pilfering convict.
 Not for myself but sex I plead,
 Prescriptive right of breaking chains;
 Once from this privilege recede,
 And not a wreck of power remains.
 What penalty must I endure
 In this case of attachment?
 You plaintiff-lawyer may procure,
 Of writs a whole detachment:
 This form he feigns to love so well,
 May even now incarcerate;
 I'll find new suitors in my cell,
 Fearless your verdict I await.
 Not guilty! from the Graces burst,
 When the appeal was ended;

But soon the sentence was reversed,
Nor mercy recommended.
At once the Muses seized their lyres,
Untwisted all the silver strings;
And bound the culprit with their wires,
Who still in bondage smiles and sings.

THE BOTANICAL ENTHUSIAST.

That every nation in some art excels,
 A travelling sage (the reverend Sherlock) tells.
 In frauds political, and stuffs of gold,
 The French o'er all pre-eminence may hold.
 Germans for water landscapes;—and for lace
 None with a Flemish hand can e'er keep pace:
 For pious fabrications, what man vies
 With him that's born beneath Italian skies?
 Or macaroni, with such skill prepare,
 Orices, Anchorites can scarce forbear!
 But oh, the marvel! that Mynheer alone
 Should sit supreme on Flora's verdant throne.
 So jealous too, this prince of the parterre,
 Of competition in his favorite sphere,
 This passion e'en o'er avarice will prevail,
 As Fame reports in this authentic tale:
 A florist once of that phlegmatic race,
 With whom plants, pipes and pelf find equal grace,

A tulip raised—Titania might have chosen
For rest or revelry—to feast or dose in.
So rare its beauty, and so rich its dye,
It seemed a gem or wingless butterfly.
It chanced that one who listened to the boast,
That the whole universe by art or cost
Could not produce so exquisite a flower,
Replied—I saw one in Vanzimmer's bower.
By this intelligence to frenzy wrought--
Panting, his rival botanist he sought,
Revealed his embassy, beheld the prize,
And with a treasure, fit for royal eyes,
The golden chalice of the sun obtained;
Then in a transport wild and unrestrained,
To earth the beautiful compeer he hurled,
Tho' dew like suppliant tears the cup impearled;
And as he crushed the petals in their pride,
Exulting said—now in the world beside
No man will dare avow there blooms a flower,
Fair as the Tulip in my summer bower.

SERENADE.

Sleep'st thou while harmony floats on the air,
 Dream'st thou thy minstrel love hovers so near?
 Break thro' the tissue wild fancy is weaving,
 Spring to the lattice where Jasmines are cleaving.
 Leaflets are quiv'ring in yellow moonlight,
 Dew showers make every blossom more bright,
 Wake Lady, wake, ere the garish sunbeam
 Less softly shall sever the web of thy dream.

* * * *

Hark! Philomel trills his melodious woes
 To the zephyr-caressed—the sun-tinted rose,
 But the belle of the bower is sleeping in scorn,
 Of the warbler whose bosom is pierced by her thorn.
 Thine image is here, tho' thy couch is still pressed,
 In heaven's soft azure thine eyes are confessed,
 Thy brow in the lily, thy locks in the stream,
 Now curled by the breeze in the golden moon beam.

* * * *

These are lovely devices of external nature,
 But where is the stamp of the sensitive creature?
 When the soul rushes up from the bosom's recess,
 In the blending of thoughts all its joy to confess?
 Oh! music and mem'ry may give second birth,
 To feelings so pure they seem not of this earth,
 But their charm is soon lost, if no echo is caught,
 From the heart whose accord was by sympathy taught.

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TO A LOTTERY TICKET.

Thou flattering title page from Fortunes's book,
 Delusive fragment from her folio shook,
 Through folly's optics was thy type explored,
 And fancy's *numbers*, thus for thine abjured.
 Ideal wealth, assuming the loose rein,
 Banished the sterling coinage of the brain?
 Before the golden fabrics it unreamed,
 Celebrity's enchantments disappeared.
 Various delights upon my senses prest,
 And my lorn being a new charm confest,
 Affection blossomed with a torrid speed,
 And lost the semblance of a broken reed.
 Hearts that had shrunk from penury's deep probe,
 Rents that were found in friendship's flimsy robe,
 Alike within the sordid maze concealed,
 Nought of their hollowness to me revealed:
 Why didst thou from thy fatal covert issue,
 To break imagination's brilliant tissue?

Was not the world a *blank* without thy aid,
'To sever at a stroke her glittering thread?
Wo! to the worshipper who bends to thee,
Frail symbol of the fool's idolatry!
No more compunction Juggernaut would feel,
Than thou to crush thy votary 'neath the *Wheel*.

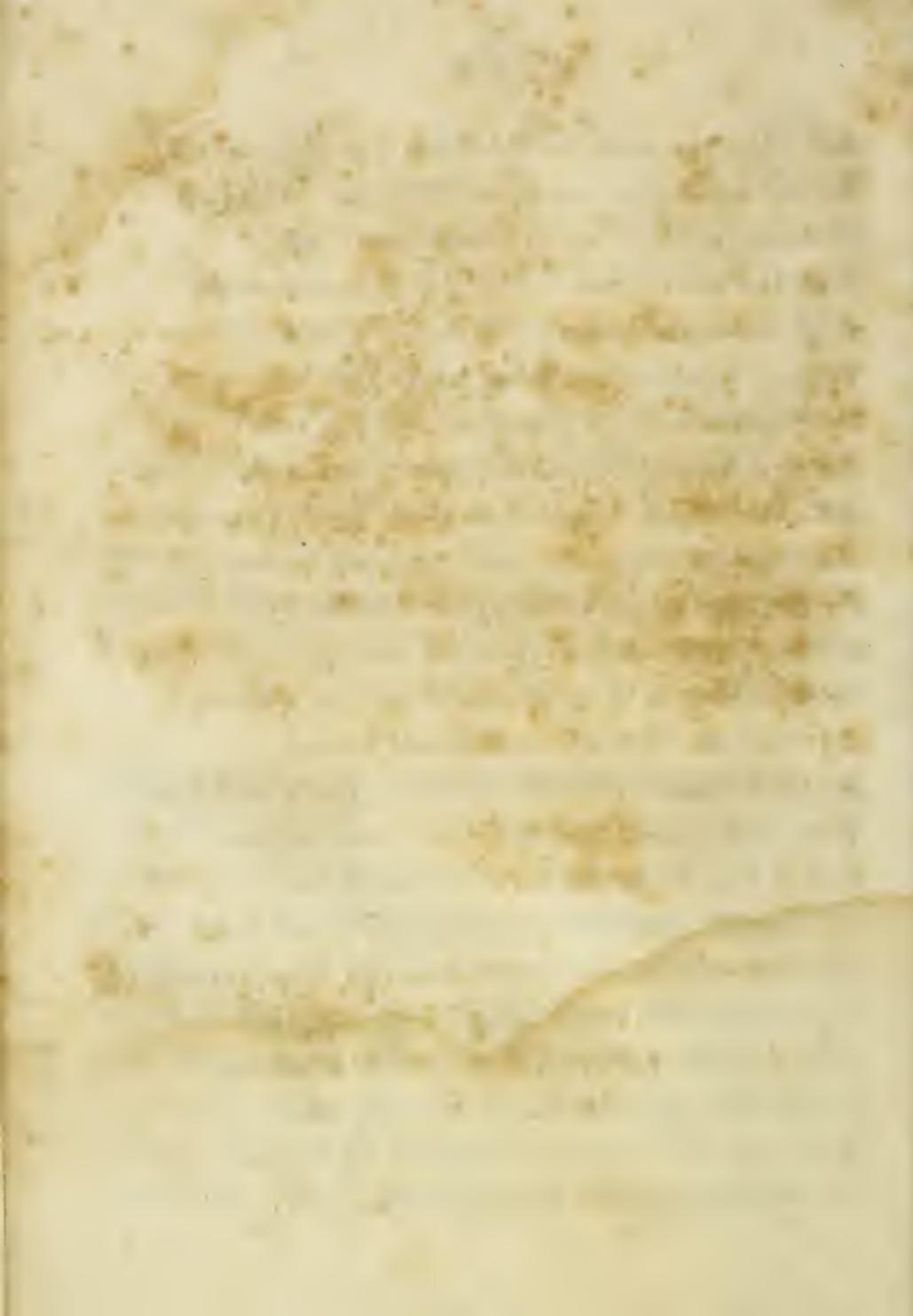
THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

“Fire, Water, and Fame travelling together, consulted how they might be reunited if chance should separate them. Fire said, where you see smoke there you will find *me*: Water said, where you see marsh there you shall find *me*: but Fame said, take heed how you lose *me*, for once lost there is no finding me again.”

Howell.

Fame, Water and Fire, once travelled together,
 And after discussing the modes and the weather,
 A point of importance and interest debated:
 Which was if by chance they became separated,
 How each might the other again recognize,
 As they so often varied their aspect and guise.
 The daughter of Vesta with fervor exclaimed,
 By my blue vapour-wreath I may soon be reclaimed.
 A vigil I hold on the turbulent tide,
 Where my ruby star sparkles the seaman to guide,

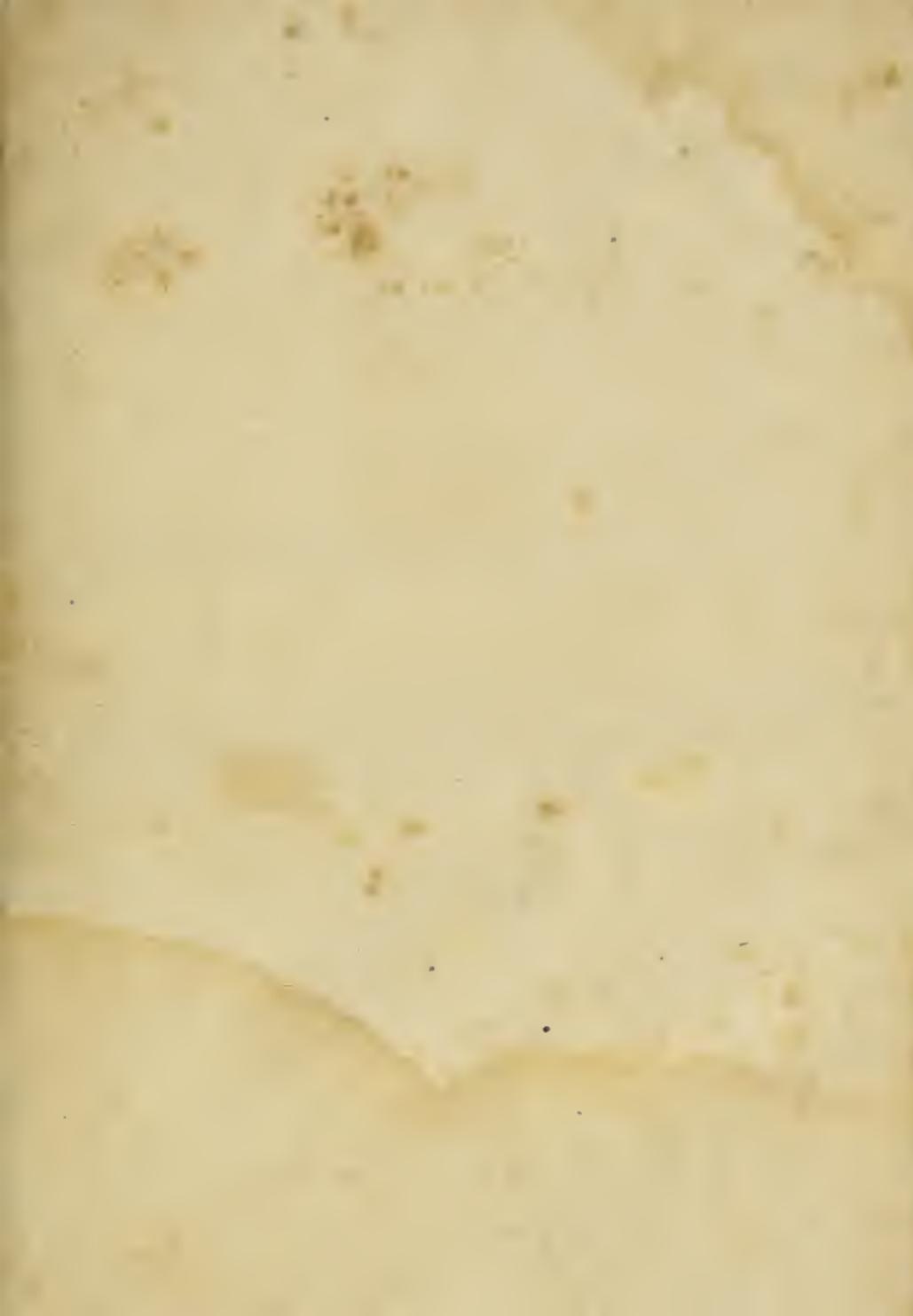
And when the earth trembles and man is dismayed,
 Ye may know that in regions volcanic I've played.
 Or failing to track me by tokens like these,
 Seek the caloric nymph amid heart-broken trees.
 Gray relics on Winter's red shrine testify
 That my luminous spirit has lately past by.
 Hydrogena declared she would find it a toil,
 For that Fire compelled her fore'er to recoil,
 But that Nature delighted so much in *her* graces,
 Her loveliest lineaments bore her light traces.
 By Neptune's regalia her power denoting,
 By the dew-pearls around infant flowers e'er floating,
 By the crescent of spray on the cataract's brow,
 A tribute the rock-stricken Naiads bestow,
 By the brooklet, the rill, and the torrent's bold flight,
 The prints ye will find of the lost water-sprite.
 And if a fresh clue to her presence ye seek,
 It is brightly ensphered upon Beauty's soft cheek.
 But why is Fame mute whom they call trumpet tongued,
 Or is she by that strong appellation wronged?
 Should accident part us, then faltered Renown,
 By marks most infallible ye may be known.
 Alas! such advantage can ne'er be *my* boast,
 For who can retrieve Reputation once lost?



ERRATA.

- Page 7, line 20, for "preparatory," read "prefatory."
3, 12, ,, 11, for "the steel is releas'd," read "thy steel," &c.
,, 30, ,, 9, for "to delay," read "of delay."
,, 35, ,, 11, for "Friend," read "Fiend."
,, 72, ,, 8, for "was," read "were."
,, 84, ,, 8, for "addled," read "cradled."
,, 88, ,, last, for "the blight," read "thy blight."
,, 89, ,, 16, for "in odorous," read "inodorous."
,, 96, ,, 1, for "For," read "What."
,, 101, ,, 5, for "pearl," read "peal."
,, 105, ,, 3, for "steps," read "stress."
,, 147, ,, last, for "repose," read "uprose."
,, 156, ,, 8, for "unreared," read "upreared."
,, 159, ,, 20, for "appellation," read "appellative."









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