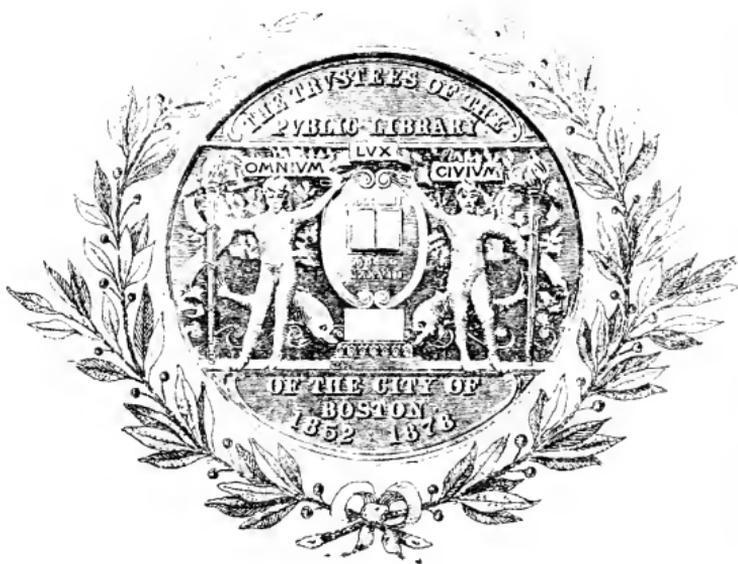




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GENIUS OF OBLIVION.

THE

GENIUS OF OBLIVION ;

AND

Other Original Poems.

4767

BY A LADY OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

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Dedicatory Poem.

INSCRIBED TO THE FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF

THE AUTHOR.

NO mercenary muse inspires my lay ;
But Gratitude would her deep off 'ring pay—
Her patrons and her friends would number o'er,
And, kneeling to the Orphan's God, implore
A blessing, pure as Pity's tear refin'd,
Rich as the treasures of the liberal mind,
Lasting as virtue, large as faith, to rest
On every feeling heart, and generous breast,
That, quick to hear, and prompt to grant relief,
Scarce waited till bereavement told her grief,
But patronized a muse unknown to fame,
And gave to hope, an energy, an aim :
Benevolence so delicate, so dear,
That words express not, but the grateful tear.—
To those who with their bounties, praises bring,
The muse, with pride, her warmest thanks shall sing.

Ye Maidens, fair as good, whose bosoms feel,
Whose hearts would staunch the wound ye cannot heal ;
For you, may Spring's first blushing roses blow,
And on your cheeks, Health's sweeter roses glow ;
With innocence your guard, and peace your guest,
In blessing others, may you still be blest.

And Mothers, while your infant charge you tend,
And with caresses soft instruction blend,
And treasure up each prattler's tale with care,
As sweetest music for their father's ear—
Oh, you are happy ! happy may you be !
Such happiness no more will smile for me.

And may those generous Youths, who boast a mind
Learning may grace, but nature hath refin'd,
Who felt a widow's woe, a woman's claim,
And gave, from sympathy, a patron name,
Feel the proud throb that conscious merit knows,
When genius treads the path that virtue shows,
Till manhood rip'ning every youthful hope,
They rise, their parents' pride, their country's prop :
Within those academic halls they grace,
Then haply should my little sons have place,
Their hearts will kindle, when the *names* they see,
That aided, blest their orphan infancy.

But chief doth to the Mystic Band belong
The hallowed tribute of my grateful song.
Ye, whose souls swell'd with sympathy sincere,
When bending o'er a brother's early bier,
And when his widow'd wife and infants sued,
Could feel the "luxury of doing good."
Oh! may you still, in every fortune, know
The peace approving conscience can bestow;
And heaven, to crown its bounteous blessing, send
Each faithful heart, a dear and better friend,
That still, though earth should frown, and life were fled,
Would love you living, or lament you dead.

And lives there *one*, who, with ungen'rous part,
Will spurn this offering of the broken heart!
Whose envy of the *man*, he living, fear'd,
Now to his helpless family transferr'd,
Would crush them in the dust, a sacrifice,
That his vain race might on their ruin rise!

Envy, farewell! nor more pollute my line.
But let me hail thee, Charity divine!
Chief of the heavenly sisters, from thy throne
Oh, bend, and bless each heart that throbs thine own!
My Friends, my Patrons, bless with life and love,
With hope below, and happiness above.

Though my lov'd country should reward my toil,
And on my lay, approving, deign to smile,
And Taste bestow the meed the muses prize,
And Fancy all her day-dreams realize ;
Still, still your patronage shall be my boast—
You kindly gave it, when 'twas needed most.

THE
GENIUS OF OBLIVION.

A Tale.



CANTO FIRST.

THE freshening breeze o'er ocean biew,
And curling vapors upward drew,
As morn, in robe of misty grey,
Peep'd forth—the harbinger of day :
The sea-fowl rais'd her plaintive cry,
And coursed the wave in circles high ;
Or dashed the flood, her prey to gain—
Her toils, like human, often vain.
The fisherman trill'd his merry lay ;
No cares disturb his active day ;
And labor roused the village train,
And shook his unshorn locks again.
The flowers, that droop with nightly fears,
A kiss of Sol soon dries their tears ;

And all is fresh and fair to see,
As smiles on lip of infancy ;—
E'en sickness lifts her cheek, so pale,
And fancies health may wing the gale ;
And scarce a heart so cold, forlorn,
That glows not with the glow of morn.

Beneath an oak, with thoughtful eye,
Young Ormond watch'd the kindling sky
And there on many a morn was he,
And still, as if 'twere novelty,
He dwelt with that unsated gaze,
Which, far more eloquent than praise,
Pours the beholder's spirit forth,
E'er thought can yield to language birth ;
Till, from th' enthusiastic tone,
Each movement of the mind is known.
And Ormond's was a figure fine,
That Grecian artists might design ;
His features, too, their skill might reach ;
And all of manly beauty teach ;
But, even should Appelles dare
To throw the soul's expression there ;
Those quick and varying turns that show
How passions melt, or feelings glow—
Oh, he would fail, unless 'twere given,
To blend his dyes with breath of heaven !

Yet neighbors call'd him "truant boy,"
"Who spurn'd control, and scorn'd employ;"
Because no trifling play or jest
E'er gave his boyish pleasures zest;—
The lonely ramble he preferr'd,
Where human voice was never heard;
With eager step, and wild delight,
He climb'd the mountain's dizzy height;
Or days, beside the glassy brook,
He lay and watch'd his floating hook;
Yet still, when to repay his toil,
He chanc'd to snare the finny spoil,
With sympathy he mark'd its pain,
And cast the struggler home again.
Then would he choose some curious flower,
Peruse its texture, try its power,
Study its use, and trace design,
Th' impression of the Power divine.
And to that One all great, all good,
His spirit only bowed, subdued!
His fellow men, for much he thought
On man,—his end and duty sought;
But saw him stoop from aims divine—
Saws reason kneel at folly's shrine;
And fair integrity give place
To bribes, or fawns, or cunning base;

And vice and ignorance parade,
Whilst worth and wisdom pine in shade ;
And Slander's arrows, foul as hell,
That pierce with griefs incurable,
By Envy forged, and Malice sent,
Oft wound the good, the innocent—
Oppression's ruthless gauntlet fall,
And peace and safety weep their all.
And though some fair examples, bright,
Shone beacons in this starless night ;
He could not, and he would not throng
With fashion's herd, that, right or wrong,
Still follow custom's train along :
His fellow-men, when such the view,
Claim'd not his homage as their due ;
He pitied—he despised them too !
'Twas wrong, perhaps : the mighty mind,
That soars with pinions unconfin'd,
And searches, with discerning skill,
The cause, effect of good and ill,
Traces the harmony that springs
From seemingly discordant things,
And finds the universal plan
Is love to God, and love to man.
Then, lest its knowledge mar its peace,
It still must judge with tenderness ;

For heaven's pure truths may be discern'd,
And priz'd, by weak as well as learn'd:
Unfathom'd depth of glorious grace!
That links all being—fills all space.
Pride may, at times, with knowledge dwell.
As men are frail in court or cell;
But empty heads its favorites are;
With dress, attendance, title, glare,
Self-love aspires, like balloon light,
As airy, and as useless quite—
Yet hears the world this clamorous crew.
Nor gives to modest worth his due;
But, with some trite and trifling rule,
Dooms him a dull and dreaming fool.

But Ormond, if his mind approv'd,
Could hear "the world's dread laugh" unmov'd,
Nor o'er his philosophic soul,
Its spleen or censure held control.
Mirth never formed his happiness,
Nor passing compliments his peace;
But solitude was company,
Where his wild fancy sported free.
And ne'er, in any clime or age,
Did Nature ope so fair a page
To awe, enrapture, elevate,

With the sublime, surprising, great,
As where untamed by man, she reigns
O'er sky-wrapp'd mountains, boundless plains,
With rivers laced, whose sweeping tide
Makes eastern streams like riv'lets glide ;
For Nature's dress deep forests spread,
Where mammoths made their lonely bed ;
And at her call, earth, ocean, air,
Her table heap with viands rare ;—
When Sirius glows, her thirst to slake,
Her cup's Superior's foaming lake,
Whose wide unrivalled grandeur mocks
All Europe's narrow seas and lochs.
Now Ormond, from the Atlantic shore,
That morn had purposed to explore
Those pathless tracts, and aged woods,
And caverns deep, and rushing floods ;
And prairies, that the wild deer hold,
And cliffs, the vultures' eyries bold,
And all those thousand wonders found,
That, stretching from the billowy bound,
Follow our Eagle's circles round.

The sons of sloth and luxury,
Who trifling live, and trembling die,
Pleasure their shrine, and ease their pray'r—
They will not sure attend him there.

But come, Columbia's Pride, who first
The vestal spark of freedom nurs'd,
That now with the volcano's force,
Prostrates the Mighty in its course,
And shines, as erst on Egypt's night,
The Despot's cloud, the Captive's light—
Come trace your vast inheritance ;
Thence is your strength, your glory thence—
A wall no engine shakes, no foe
Its passes, or its guards may know.
And let the "ancient cities" tread
The mould'ring rubbish of their dead—
The broken column, ruined wall,
At once their pride and shame recal—
Ours the fresh joy existence knows,
When youth and health all rapture glows :
With Ormond follow nature free,
And *feel* the worth of Liberty.

If, prisoned in some narrow cell,
Oppression's hapless victim dwell,
Till time, his first wild sorrow spent,
Half soothes him with a cold content,
A visionary happiness
Then cheats the pressure of distress—
Employment numbers o'er and o'er,
Each bar and grate and massy door ;

And feeling, that the heart must share,
 Makes, like poor Trenck, some pet his care,— [1]
 Oh, then should pale captivity,
 Release her prey with, ‘go be free!’
 How bounds the burning soul—and yet
 There mingles something like regret,
 As turning from that dungeon door,
 Where oft he dreamed, he dreams no more.

What magic chain thus holds the mind?
 Mem’ry’s associations bind—
 The rudest spot her charm endears,
 If cloth’d in tints of early years.
 No wonder, then, attained a height,
 That Ormond paused and cleared his sight;
 A tear perhaps, was gath’ring there—
 Then rose his home, so calm, so fair;
 Like vanished joys, unprized till gone.
 He sighed—but now the ceaseless sun
 Warned him to snatch a farewell view;
 Turning, he breathed a warm adieu.
 But the sequestered haunt had power
 To soothe him in the moodiest hour,
 Like holy charm, it lulled to rest
 Each stormy passion of the breast;
 For swells a heart, or strives a will
 To rage, when Nature cries ‘be still!’

With moral pointed spreads her page
To woo the wild, instruct the sage,
Reprove the wayward, rouse the dull,
And stamp th' immortal truth of Soul!
Kind monitor—like conscience, given
To preach a God, and point to heaven.

'Twas now that animated time,
When spring rejoicing rules our clime
In beauty robes the youthful year,
No artist's pencil rivals here.
On earth is there a soul so cold,
Or fashioned in so rough a mould,
That warms not, melts not, when the grove
Is fragrance, harmony and love?
Not so our trav'ler's; every view
Was pleasure, as the season new;
The crystal brook, where osiers sip,
The rose as sweet as beauty's lip;
The lofty oak a monarch frown'd,
But tender woodbine clasped him round,
And graced, for her support, the tree,
Like woman in society.
From blossomed boughs the songsters sent,
Sublimed as their fine element,

Hosannas in each matin song,
Or brushed with rapid wing along,
To lure the stranger foot, that near
Their slender dwellings, raised their fear.
With nut in mouth, and glance so sly,
The roguish squirrel darted by ;
A little thief—yet steals he nought,
Save what instinctive nature taught ;
Her law his rule, absolve him then ;
Reason and conscience are for men.

But past are soon the glade and grove,
Those scenes of bloom, of peace and love.
As frowned the world to Eden's pair,
So awful was the contrast there,
When Ormond left those haunts of bliss,
Where Spring was bride to Happiness,
And o'er the Alleghany's steep
His rugged course prepared to keep.—
And wary was his footing held,
Slowly, yet oft to pause compell'd,
Where scattered fragments, tempest riven,
And from the rock's huge masses driven,
Lay heap'd, and choked the broken path,
Whilst yawned some horrid gulph beneath.
There stubborn guilt must shrink to see
One step might reach Eternity !

But Ormond passed unmoved, or sought
From every change new fund for thought.
The cloud that clothed the mountain's top
Was emblem of life's shifting hope—
At every view its shades were lost,
As every hour man's hopes are cross'd :
And while he reached one pinnacle,
Still more and more before him swell ;
He mused—' Ambition here must sigh,'
' 'Tis thus his wishes multiply.'
And oft he lingered to explain
Some fissure's deep and varied vein ;
Admired that strong and subtle force,
'That guides the planets in their course,
And draws each pebbly particle
Within the rock's huge mass to dwell.
He gains the summit—boundless mind
Then bursts and revels unconfin'd !
Nor for the languid senses waits,
Nor pauses, nor discriminates,
Till all the mighty round she flies—
No barrier, save the bending skies !

And poor the joys that wait a throne
To Ormond's, when he called his own
Such varied prospect rich and grand,

Where art and nature, hand in hand,
Their treasures or their toil display.
Here hamlets, farms beneath him lay,
Bright'ning with glow of vernal sun—
There rivers rushed all foaming on ;
Or winding through the meadows gay,
As sleeping warrior, calm they lay.
At once were groves and forests seen,
And swelling pastures stretched between ;
The mines whence freedom draws her wealth,
And industry repays with health ;
And where each yeoman reigns a lord :
Such spot, can eastern world afford ?

But shifting with the shifting wind,
Like fortune's smiles, to merit blind,
The shapeless clouds in volumes vast,
Borne onward by the rushing blast,
Their dark and heavy shadows flung,
And o'er the mountain landscape hung ;
Still gleams of light would intervene,
As loth to leave the lovely scene—
These bright as smiles of pity be,
Those dark as frowns adversity.
And now, as war would rend the sky,
The quivering coils of lightning fly—
Low, deep the thunder burst around,

And cave and cliff reverbed the sound !
The gathering storm drove fierce and fast ;
But, like the spirit of the blast,
A cloud his robe, a crag his seat,
Thus Ormond's strains the tempest greet.

ORMOND'S SONG.

1.

Oh, say, hast thou seen, with a thrilling emotion,
The mountain mist roll its dark form ?
Or listened, with feelings of awe and devotion,
As elements mixed in the gloomy commotion,
And loud rose the voice of the storm !

2.

Then, in those moments of wild breathing sadness,
How lessened this dim speck of earth !
Possessions were folly, and pleasures were madness—
From heaven—with mingled contrition and gladness,
The soul hail'd in triumph her birth !

“ What make ye here ? ” a Hunter cried,
As, hurrying past, he Ormond eyed—

“ A strange time this your pipes to sound—
“ Pray, friend, wilt tell me whither bound ?”

“ Where wildest wonders may betide,
“ Or fancy lead, or chance may guide.”

“ A trav’ler, ha! well, come with me,
“ My roof, my fire, my fare, are free
“ To strangers in such boisterous hour ;
“ Come, hasten—yonder cloud will pour
“ In torrents like the cat’racts wrath.”

Then down the steep and flinty path,
That, scarce accessible to foot,
Save of wild deer or mountain goat,
Wound threading round the precipice,
They haste, till where projecting rise
The rocks, and form a shelter rude,
The Hunter’s little cabin stood.

Through open window streamed a ray,
And shone athwart their broken way—
The human habitation’s seal ;
Nor bird, nor beast that signet steal ;
A large bequest, with man they share,
Empire of ocean, earth and air :
O’er fire he reigns without control.
Regent of the material soul.

Within, (what oft the splendid haunt
Of pleasure's polished sons may want)
A cordial welcome waits—a friend,
Their wants to hear, their wishes tend ;
Companion in the jovial chase,
Or cook, or housewife, all in place.

Why here, where whirlwinds hold their court,
And clouds and storms in vag'ries sport ;
Whilst man their empire quits with awe,
And yields to nature's changeless law ;
And hungry brute unsated flies,
And stunted vegetation dies—
Lone, sterile all, should choose to dwell
These Hunters in their hermit cell,
Not here it boots us to explain ;
A wilder theme demands our strain.

The supper served, and fuel pil'd,
What trav'ler's *tales* the time beguil'd !
And Ormond, with the ear of youth,
Delighted heard and deemed them truth ;
The wonderous wild adventures rise
His ardent dreams to realize.
And quick each entertainer saw
His listening look, and breathless awe ;
The eager spirit dye the cheek,

And through the flashing eyelash speak.
With that intense and searching gaze
Which well the pleased narrator pays.
The eldest Hunter spoke with ease,
And he could both instruct and please ;
For scarce a spot had 'scap'd his ken,
Within the daring range of men,
From where Niag'ra's thundering roar
With tremor shakes th' astonished shore—
(Whilst more astonished, men confess,
And feel untold, their littleness ;)
To where, with golden rivers fed,
Sleeps, Mexico, thy inland bed,
Around that land where Spaniard's fame
Must weep o'er Montezuma's name,
Their Captive, Victim, Wealth and Shame !
Oh, may Iberia's *Cortes* raze
That blood-stained *name* of other days !

But nothing, with romantic zest,
Created such deep interest,
As when the Western wilds they draw,
Describe those ancient Forts they saw,
And those huge Mounds where, buried, lie [2]
Secrets of dark antiquity,
So deep that fancy checks her flight,

Consigning to Oblivion's night
 Those wonders of the olden dead,
 That speak, beneath our silent tread,
 Of Nations perished—Kingdoms fled !
 Yes, fled—and Fable's wildest wing,
 Untired before, can search or bring
 No date, memento, whence to trace
 Their founder, origin or race ;
 Not even in Fiction's annals nam'd ;
 They flourished—fell—unsung, unfam'd.

Man studies man—in every age,
 The *human* forms the noblest page—
 We glance at Nature ; but the mind,
 Recoiling, fixes on its kind.
 Examples, precepts, hence we draw
 Of virtue, piety and law,
 And valor glows but in this zone—
 What heroes bleed for Marathon !
 And patriots, till time blots the sun,
 Shall model find in Washington.
 And more would Ormond joy to know
 Who rais'd those mounds—who rest below ?
 Why frowns that wall with warlike head ? [3]
 Or scooped that trench's channell'd bed ?—
 Than, though, like sapient king of old,
 He could all Nature's laws unfold,

And every varied change she drew,
From cedar to the hyssop, view.
These legends on his spirit fell,
As falls the charm of wizzard spell !
His weary limbs may be consign'd
To rest, but his unwearied mind
Again must every scene review—
Like lightning from the cloud it flew—
Each mound and fort and wall is seen,
As fancy architect had been ;
And, holy prophet's truth to prove,
The buried bones stern warriors move ;
And Ormond drew, in fair array,
The order of their battle day ;
And saw (what may not Fancy see
Mid rainbows of a reverie ?)
The Chief that through their gateway strode
His shining armor dyed in blood,
While foes before his glittering eye
All cowering fall, or frighted fly ;
And virgins, in their latticed bower,
Are hymning his triumphant hour ;
And mothers' pious blessings rise,
Earth's purest off'ring to the skies !
Visions like these—oh, who shall dare
Exclaim, " how weak, how vain they are !"

Soft as the summer clouds arise,
Swift as their changes o'er the skies,
So soft, so swift such visions move,
And live the life we fondly love ;
And *past*, and *future*, kindle bright
Beneath *imagination's* light ;
That taper lit from lamp of heaven
By Him, who breath'd the spirit given.

Visions like these o'er Ormond's soul,
In grandeur, or in beauty, stole—
He mus'd on these, and 'neath his head
Felt not the rocky pillow spread ;
Nor heard the groaning wind complain,
Nor listened to the driving rain ;
And fix'd at morning light was he,
Through pathless wilds to search and see,
And ponder o'er this mystery.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

THE
GENIUS OF OBLIVION.

A Tale.



CANTO SECOND.

1.

THE home of the Hermit unsheltered did rise,
Where beetles the mountain, and circles the skies ;
An alien, forgotten of men, he abode
No cat'ress but nature, companion but God:

2.

And his soul was as lucent as lonely his fame,
As the bird of the desert, expiring in flame ;
No promise, petition, or wishes were given,
Save vows to his Maker, and breathings for heaven.

3.

A sound breaks the stillness, it grows on the ear,
 And eager he startles, all breathless to hear—
 'Tis the call of the eagle, through regions of air,
 Her magnet ne'er varies—her young ones are there.

4.

But louder the signal, and nearer, and nigh—
 And the form of humanity crosses his eye—
 Oh, wild rose the rapture, the blood mantling ran,
 When *man* hailed a friend, and a brother in *man*!

The mountain blast, that downward roll'd
 The mist's deep shadows on the wold,
 O'er sighing wood-tops bore along
 The echos of that Hunter's song—
 A parting strain, that, smooth and clear,
 Rung sweet in Ormond's grateful ear;
 And his full soul accorded well
 When bidding, as its cadence fell,
 His hospitable hosts farewell.
 The crowded rout, the ball, the treat,
 And play, where thousand idlers meet,
 Bowing, and smiling with the leer

That cries, "I'm glad to meet ye here"—
Hold not a heart whose pulses tell
So kind a throb when sounds "farewell."
Oh, would you share the sympathy
Of human hearts—then seek the free !
Where fashion's follies have not stole
Or dashed truth's mirror—but the soul,
At nature's shrine, a worshipper,
Responds, dilates and feels with her.
And now the friendly hands were ta'en—
Warm hands that ne'er may clasp again ;
And *that* reflection even now,
O'er Ormond's fair and ample brow
A shade of sadness cast—the while
On his parted lips a smile,
Half gay, half pensive, hung, as they
Renew'd directions of his way—
His dark eye followed theirs, and then
It glanced to thank them o'er again—
A look—not volumed eloquence
Can tell the sound, or teach the sense.

'The devious track, adventures, days
Of Ormond's pilgrimage, in lays
Than mine far sweeter, sung, would be
The noblest strain of minstrelsy.

For here were scenes and sweets might vie
 With Tusculum, or Italy—
 And fountains as Castalian clear ;
 And silver streams meandering near ;
 And grots Egeria's self might haunt ;
 And groves that but a goddess want ;
 And Muses ne'er, on Attic ground,
 A holier home or temple found
 Than Liberty would guarantee—
 A Tempe fruitful, fair, and *free* !
 With regions where Apollo's lyre
 In heaven's own ether might respire.

Oh, may some bard of Mantuan wing,
 That *sees* to *feel*, and *feels* to *sing*,
 The bold harp strike, and clothe the height
 With Genius' lofty, living light—
 Till the proud swell shall hallowed rise
 Parnassus of the western skies.
 But pass we these, as passed our wight,
 Unnoted, hasty as a flight
 Far more than leisurely survey—
 Not that the beauties of the way
 On his pall'd sense unrelished stole—
 But *one* strong purpose will control,
 One master motive rule the soul !
 And on his eager, grasping thought,

The Hunters' legends had so wrought ;
Those *wonders* none had dar'd explain
Held such dominion o'er his brain,
That nothing pleased, and nought could please
Till he had seen, examined *these*.

So pass'd he, nor his course delayed
For rippling rill, or verdant shade,
Or tangled dell, or flowery mead,
And still his wish outstripp'd his speed,
And still he hurried, till that mound,
Turfed wall, and grassy trench he found
Where the deep forest thickened round !

If war's red glories cheat the sight,
Ambition soars an eagle height ;
Or stalks in triumph o'er the field,
To bid the bleeding victim yield !
But ye who pant to wreath your names
With trophies that the conqu'ror claims,
Here pause—and see how large the meed,
For which ye toil, and groan, and bleed !
See all these elder warriors have ;
Their triumphs all—ye see a grave !
Their sole memorial this—we may
(The epitome of marble) say,
They *lived*—for here their works arose ;

They *died*—for here their bones repose !
 Oh, Life and Death ! what close allies !
 And Death, the conqu'ror, wins the prize—
 Wins, but not keeps ; the hour will come,
 When yonder huge and bony tomb,
 Where hundreds piled on hundreds heap, [4]
 Commingling dust in dreamless sleep,
 Disparted, as the earthquake's yawn,
 Shall yield its human spoils—the dawn
 Of life immortal—glorious day !
 That bears Creation's palm away.

Thus mused, reclining on that grave,
 Whilst aged trees their broad arms wave
 Above—coevals seemingly
 With dusky forests spreading nigh,
 Our Trav'ler, and his feelings were
 So new, so wildly singular,
 That scarce could he be said to think—
 At least reflection's patient link,
 That step by step conducts the mind
 The arcanum of truth to find,
 Was lost in whirling phantasies,
 The bootless wish, the vain surmise—
 For who, that bears a heart, which e'er
 Imagination's character
 Hath stamped—but knows, has known the hour

When 'neath her all-creating power,
A fairy world, a name, a form
Would rise to bless, exalt and charm ;
Whilst unembodied, unexpress'd,
Or in their revels, or their rest,
We lock the phantoms in our breast.

And search this globe from pole to Ind.
Where summers scorch, or winters bind.
And man, the pageant of an hour,
Hath strutted in the pride of power,
And rose, and fell, (alas ! how near
The car triumphal waits the bier—)
Imagination's seat were *here*.
Here—where unreaped her harvest grows—
Here—where unsung the dead repose—
And Nature spreads her thousand dyes
O'er ruin's foul deformities,
To soften, though not all disguise.

Oh ! that some Muse on me would deign
To smile, and bending not in vain,
The glance propitious I might watch,
And grace, and force, and sweetness catch ;
And blend them in a lay, whose fame
Were worthy of my country's claim.
Then those loved children, whose sweet smile

Can soften pain and care beguile ;
 Whose lisp is music to mine ear,
 My hope, my joy, as being dear,
 For whom I live—oh, then might they,
 When confined darkness shrouds my clay,
 “ This wrote our mother,” cry with pride,
 That heaven’s pure seraphs would not chide !
 And this enough, nor wish so dear
 Of earth or earthly things absorbs me here.

But now our theme.—’Tis noon, yet glare
 Of sultry suns disturbs not there ;
 The checkered beams like fairies dancing,
 Through the green, quivering foliage glancing,
 Seem dimpling on the rose to rest—
 Whose shrub the little linnet’s nest,
 And fluttering young conceals, to prove
 No spot so lone, but life and love,
 Supporting, and supported, live ;
 Our first, last thought receive, or give.

And yet the beauties of the spot
 On Ormond’s fancy fastened not ;
 And here no pleasure could be *feign’d*,
 But the soft sober stillness chain’d—
 A mute, unearthly feeling prest,
 It was not happiness nor rest ;

And yet he would not from his breast
That feeling banish, for it gave
A deathless vision to the grave !
A fellowship with fellow-clay,
Which told him all divines can say—
We shall not always pass away !
And then how deep the prayer he sent !
How earnest, yet how impotent—
To know from whence, and who these were ?
How came—how perished they ? And where
The archives of their history,
Their tomes of kings, forgotten lie ?
But vain these wishes thron'g his mind,
Vain as yon Circle's end to find ! [5]
Ages untold have drawn their shroud—
Nor human powers may pierce the cloud.

The length'ning shadows eastward lie ;
He lingers still, yet knows not why—
The wild bird sung her evening strain,
And wing'd to her lone perch again—
The red deer cropt the flower and pass'd,
And reached his nightly haunt at last ;
The fading beams of lingering light
Had blended in the dun of night ;
The wind was hushed, serene the sky,
And through the azure vault on high

The gems of heaven were glowing pure,
Like hopes that charm in youthful hour ;
And wrapped in contemplation's dream,
As Ormond gazed, we well might deem,
That thus intent, he searched the skies
For clue to solve those mysteries.

When lo ! on his abstracted soul
A swelling note of music stole !
Solemn as midnight's deepest hour ;
Yet sweet as breath of morn its power !
It trembled—paused—and hark ! again—
Was it a hymn from the starry train ?
Or song from some blest sylph of air,
That courses our rolling atmosphere—
And sings, the fitful wind to charm,
Lest blasts the hope of man should harm ?

One moment passed, when rocks the ground—
Flashes like lightning dart around ;
Or rather, as that shooting gleam
Which o'er the polar night will stream,
When fierce Bellona mounts her car
To shake the earth with frantic war.
So deemed of old the fearful kind ;
But now the philosophic mind,
By science wafted, sails the skies,

And sees mephitic vapors rise,
Buoyant and volatile on high,
A stratum in the fluid sky ;
Till, touched by the reforming flame,
They blaze, and blend their power and name.

But now those flashings gath'ring grew
A lofty, fiery arch, and through
Its light strange beings flickering pass,
Like shadows o'er a magic glass—
Now nearer, more distinct ; but still
Awful and indescribable !
Creation's heir—earth's potentate—
Sole keeper of recorded fate,
OBLIVION's shadowy GENIUS sate !
He breathed sepulchral damps—his hand
Stretched forth his all-subduing wand !
Rayless his eye—its sunken orb
Did nought reflect, but all absorb—
All bright things caught, nor yet was bright,
As blackness gains no hue from light !
Nor fattened his lank cheek, though more
Its prey than evil kine's of yore—
And ghastly, as the op'ning tomb,
His furrowed brow, in fearful gloom,
Frowned, as to antedate our doom.
Of crumbled thrones was piled his seat—

Crowns, sceptres, 'scutcheons 'neath his feet
 Lay trodden with the vilest things :
 OBLIVION sanctifies not kings !
 And wreaths the hero's brow that bound,
 And deathless named, were strewn around,
 All withered as the weeds which die
 When Siroc breathes his blasting sigh—
 And trophies, that like virtue shone,
 Yea, trophies that a heaven might own—
 Records of science, wisdom, worth,
 All scattered—*they* were all of earth,
 And therefore perished, not the *deed*—
 That gains, blest thought ! a mightier meed,
 A crown eternal, gemm'd with blood
 Which saved a leprous world, when groan'd the
 Lamb of God !

Worm-eaten shrouds were waving high,
 His banner and his canopy ;
 And through the sighing folds there came
 Music ! if it might bear that name—
 A pictured plaint—a melody—
 The stirring soul of years gone by :
 Conveying to the sense each scene
 As palpably, as if between
 Nor time, nor space did intervene !

And thus, as harps of zephyrs play,
Floated the viewless opera.

1.

Mortal! from their central home,
See Oblivion's shadows come!
Living eye, or ear, or thought,
Ne'er our sunless empire sought;
Darkness, silence, evermore
Brood our vast dominion o'er;
And our nameless subjects be
Shadows—as they glide to thee.

2.

Millions, countless millions, lie
Quenched in our eternity!
Assyria, Persia, Grecia, Rome,
Moulder 'neath our blackened dome—
Ashes scattered—altars crushed,
Are our incense—off'rings wished—
And beneath our temple hid
Is the towering pyramid.

3.

Mortal ! with a steadfast eye,
Canst thou mark our worship high ?
And thy cheek unblanched appear,
Whilst our victims wait thee here ?
Then attend—before thee, lo !
The portal opens—but our blow,
Mortal, dream not thou canst flee,
Oblivion soon will shadow thee.

And now recede, in waving light,
Those flitting phantoms, whilst more bright
Than eastern monarch on his throne,
A splendid city, rising shone !

The queen of love from ocean ne'er
Might with this ocean queen compeer ;
As proudly girdled with the wave,
That scarce her haughty feet might lave,
Her towering walls the clouds arrest,
And giant shadows on the breast
Of billows flung—while far away
Cities and towns and gardens lay—
And thousand rills are sparkling bright,

Rejoicing as yon awful height,
Where frosts and snows eternal reign,
They 'scape, and foaming seek the plain,
And gently through that Eden stray,
As sportive as a child at play—
Till on the ocean's swelling breast,
As wearied with their race, they rest.
Two moles, with huge, projecting sweep,
Stretched their broad arms athwart the deep ;
And sheltered in their safer tide,
Vast navies near that city ride—
A thousand varied pennons wave,
A thousand ships their tribute gave ;
From every land the merchants meet,
And pride, and power, and riches, greet,
And in their crowded marts they show
All luxuries we name or know—
Meanwhile more sweet than these to see,
Rung forth this airy melody !

1.

Hail, queen of the nations
That shineth afar,
The mother of commerce,
The mariner's star !

Hail Tyre, in thy glory ! [6]
Thy merchants are kings,
And earth, at their bidding,
Its trafficking brings !

2.

The lofty Libanus,
That proppeth the stars,
Beholdeth no rival
In commerce or wars ;
And valleys, that nature
Hath dyed, at his foot,
In tints fair as fancy,
Thy colors can suit.

3.

All climates, all ages
Thy grandeur prolong ;
The praise of their sages,
The pride of their song—
“ Hail, queen of the nations,
“ That shineth afar,
“ The mother of commerce,
“ The mariner’s star !”

The harbor next was Ormond's view,
When forth a warlike squadron drew—
The quick oar flashes, banners wave ;
They move to glory, or the grave !
'Their foes with equal ardor burned,
Oft worsted, they as oft returned,
With gathered strength from every blow,
Like great Alcides' earth-born foe—
Revolving years had but renew'd
This ancient, unforgotten feud ;
And now with mightiest force they frown,
And haughty Tyre shall yield her crown ;—
So deem they, as out-numbering far
Her utmost strength, they close in war.

No Tyrian trembles at the sight,
Or shrinking, safety seeks in flight ;
He combats 'neath his city's walls,
In her proud service, fights, or falls—
Hearth, Altar, Throne—all, all are set
On this stern battle's chance.—They met !
Oh, death, destruction ! how ye raged,
When ship to ship, close grappling, waged
The dreadful conflict ! Havoc dyed
With purple streams the briny tide,
As engines hurled, with thundering power,

Bolts, blocks, stones, chains—a deadly shower!
The falling corpses strew the wave,
At once their shrouding sheet and grave :
Masts shiver ! shattered barks around
Are swallowed in th' abyss profound !
And Ormond scarce suppress'd a groan—
When through the vex'd wave, dashing on,
A proud ship pass'd—her streamers fly,
(The Tyrian purple) and on high,
In arms resplendent, shone their Chief—
Oh, 'twas a sweet, though short, relief,
To turn from slaughter's maddening ways,
And on this youthful hero gaze !
And when majestic he arose,
And flashed his bright steel o'er his foes,
Not Mars a mortal form could wear
More worthy of a worshipper :
Yet Venus might her graces seek
On his fair brow and florid cheek ;
And though his bold eye scanned the fight,
As keenly as the falcon's flight ;
Each movement, each manoeuvre knew,
And seized occasions as they flew ;
A kindlier, softer feeling shone
When his quick glance would rest upon
That city's battlements—and then

He dashed amid the fight agen.
 From his nerved arm the javelins fled—
 Stern chieftains join the nameless dead !
 Onward his vessel flies, and now
 Grapples his mightiest foeman's prow ;
 He gains the deck—he fights—'tis won !
 His en'mies fly, and flying shun
 The fierce encounter—all is done !
 But then the martial music's swell
 The veriest coward's heart might tell.

1.

The midnight blast
 The forest pass'd,
 And riv'd the groaning oak ;
 Nor yet so strong,
 It swept along
 As joined the battle shock !

2.

The lightning flash'd,
 The billows dash'd—
 And awful was the hour—
 But war's red hand

And stern command
Have more appalling power !

3.

And long may Tyre,
On loftiest lyre,
Her Hero's deeds recite ;
How he met the foe,
And his the blow
That turn'd the doubtful fight.

4.

And Tyre is free—
Her wall the sea—
Her guard the Hero's breast—
But the baffled sword,
Of Bab'lon's lord
May canker in its rest.

And now unfold that city's gates,
Where laurel'd mirth in triumph waits ;
Through the far blazing streets, the throng,
With joyous gestures, pour along ;
The bonfire's spiral flame rolls high,

And seems to threat th' incumbent sky ;
The maskers, revellers are free
T' enjoy a licensed jubilee,
Whilst Tyre no foreign sway shall own,
But sits a queen on ocean's throne.
Ah, happy ! but for tyrant's will,
That o'er her destinies is still
The sovereign.—Yet perhaps he may
Allow, unchecked, one holiday,
To those brave subjects, who have stood
And sealed their fealty with blood.

Around, what spacious palaces,
Enchanting as Aladdin's, rise !
Revealed amid that brilliant light,
That lent magnificence to night,
And to sublimity, delight :
And one with more refulgent glare
Arrested Ormond's gaze, and there
A scene an anchoret might charm,
Or stern misanthropy disarm.
It was a bridal night—but rare
Such, as these happy lovers were,
At Hymen's fane may plight their troth,
Whilst mutual faith cements the oath.
And then the mien so nobly grand,
And that expression, bold, yet bland,

That o'er the bridegroom's features play'd,
At once the Tyrian Chief display'd—
The hero who in battle day,
Had borne the loftiest palm away :
Far dearer prize is now his own,
Thought Ormond, as he gazed upon
The faultless form and lovely face
Of his fair bride.—To Hebe's grace
And youth, such innocence she join'd,
Such angel purity of mind
Was in her speaking eye express'd,
As might have bade distraction rest.
But then a pensive air would steal
O'er features, that each thought reveal,
As that bright eye her mother's met,
In whose fond looks was such regret,
That one might almost think the feast
A fun'ral, not a bridal, graced.
Her father, too, though princely pride,
And air august could better hide
His warm emotions, yet 'twas plain,
'Midst the magnificence, that pain
Would sometimes cross him.—Wherefore this,
'Midst the festivity of bliss ?

No cause to Ormond's mind was clear,
Save parting with that child so dear—

'Their only one he judged, no other
Around appear'd ; no sister, brother—
And she a paragon, and well
Might love's regretting tear that fell,
Excuses plead from her belov'd
Although her choice their hearts approv'd :
Thus oft our warmest wishes, priz'd
And sought, are sorrow realiz'd.
But pleasure, with electric sway,
Presided in that circle gay ;
Nor fears, nor cares disturb their mirth ;
And few such blissful scenes on earth,
Where happiness with splendor vies
To form an earthly paradise.
And whilst of nectar, gods might taste,
The golden goblets foaming pass'd,
Exhilaration's laughing train
Commenced the revels of their reign—
All pleased, all pleasing ; joys that be
Reciprocal, and though they flee
Lightly as gossamer, are still
An antidote for *present* ill.
Earth's Lethe—but to earth confined,
The potent potion oft will bind,
Like Circe's cup th' immortal mind.

Not now, however, mourn we this—
 'Twas just the cheerfulness of bliss,
 The artless, reckless, fearless smile,
 That joys in joy, and free from guile,
 (A throb, kind reader, hast thou known?)
 Makes others' happiness its own.
 The heaven of earth—Philosophy—
 The gold of virtue's alchymy,
 That, unalloyed with feelings base,
 Reflects the gen'rous soul upon the face.
 And thus, as Orpheus' lyre again
 Were breathing, rose the flowing strain.

1.

Hesper sleeps light
 On the sleeping billow—
 Hymen this night
 Spreads his softest pillow ;
 Sweetly will rest
 Tyre's guard and glory—
 Brave Arvon blest
 With his graceful Cora !

2.

Music floats round
 Like zephyrs of even ;

Dear as the sound
 That ushers to heaven—
 Kindred and friends
 With rapture are greeting;
 Harmony bends
 O'er the holy meeting.

3.

Springs there a flower
 In this world of winter?
 Smiles there an hour
 When no sorrows enter?
 Is there a bond
 Of pleasures that fly men?
 'Tis love's respond
 To the vows of Hymen.

In Ormond's ear the strain still rung,
 His chain'd eye on the vision hung,
 Nor saw he that a messenger,
 Swift as an arrow cuts the air,
 Had gained the portal; now in haste
 He stands an uninvited guest
 Amid the festal group,—and see

They start as if eternity
Had summoned them with loud alarms !
The fainting bride her father's arms
Receive, and consternation, grief
And fear, despairing of relief,
One moment reigned—that interval,
When fancy saw destruction fall—
No panoply to ward the blow ;
No hope to 'scape the vengeful foe—
Oh, we may feel, but not express
That dread ! 'Twas death's deep bitterness !
All eyed the Hero—still he bent
O'er his pale bride, as if he meant
To reassure her with his smile.
Then, as a lion in the toil,
Roused his fierce spirit, flashed that sword,
In every peril still his guard !
The father, interposing, seemed
As one that shrunk from what he deemed
The only course of safety now,
Which their stern fortune would allow.
His daughter to his bosom clung—
Then round her mother's neck she hung ;
And he to calm their trembling fears
Stifled his own—but bitter tears

That final parting wrung—whilst low
The sighing tones, as dirges, flow!

1.

Now keen be thy weapon,
And firmer thy hand,
A foeman is coming,
Few warriors withstand;
With slaves he's surrounded,
They strike at his nod—
O'er victims astounded
He frowns as a god!

2.

And, Arvon, thy peril
In fight, thy renown;
Thy virtue and valor
But deepen that frown—
The tyrant suspicious,
With envy is curst;
He feels himself vicious,
And fancies the worst.

3.

A glance in the mirror,
Oh, Cora, how bright !
E'en prudes might have pardon'd
Thy smile at the sight—
And that beauty hath gained thee
Thy monarch's soft sigh—
But dear is the forfeit !
Thy Arvon must die.

4.

Yet, Arvon, one refuge
Remaineth for thee ;
Oh, proudly thy gallant ship
Cleaveth the sea !
Her streamers are flying,
Her white sails expand ;
And staunch are thy rowers,
As steel to thine hand !

5.

Then fly, fly with Cora !
Though trackless thy path.

The surges are kinder
Than kings in their wrath—
Though rude rock the billow,
Its breakers will be
Of safety the pillow
For Cora and thee.

Then through the darkest streets fast flying,
Like trembling guilt when danger 's spying,
Was hurrying now that chief, who late
Had seemed omnipotent as fate !
But though as shunning death he flew ;
Yet ever and anon he threw
A wrathful glance, and then would clasp
His sinking bride with firmer grasp—
Whilst sorely do her maidens sigh,
Their home and happiness to fly.
They reach the port, the bark—the sail
Unfurl'd now flutters in the gale !
That ship, his conquering theatre,
Must now the homeless exile bear.—
Fortune's reverse ! too often proved
By bravery, followed, flattered, loved ;
A thankless monarch's boon to those
He hates as friends and fears as foes.

But e'er the swift propelling oar
Had borne him from that long-loved shore,
One last and lingering farewell look
(And Ormond's followed his) he took
Of that proud city.—Uproar frown'd,
Where mirth but now had wanton'd round;
Guards, soldiers marshalling—the sight
Rais'd Arvon's ire to frantic height;
His chafed soul spurned the dastard flight!
And his clenched hand on high he flung;
But on that arm his Cora hung—
And oh, what flinty heart might brook
That tender, that beseeching look!
So *he* were safe, she would not grieve
Home, parents, country all to leave.
He was her hope, and he her all,
And Tyre might flourish, or might fall
Unwept, unenvied.—Could a sigh,
That thus a wanderer he must fly,
From Arvon's bosom swell, 'twould prove
He were unworthy of her love.
That love which, true to him alone,
Had spurned the trappings of a throne;
And happy still with him to dwell,
The palace fled to share his cell.
This was affection—and the glance

Beaming from his bold countenance ;
The tenderness, the gratitude,
That every sterner thought subdued,
Told that for *her*, even flight he'd brave—
Nor sigh, might ne his Cora save.

But where will that lone bark be driven—
The anchor hope, the compass heaven !
See how the dark waves, rippling, break,
While flashes far the foaming wake !
Loud swells the breeze, recedes the shore,
And rowers quit the useless oar.

Will morn some sheltered harbor show,
Where rest, refreshment wait ? ah, no !
Bright glows the sun ; but billows blue
Still bound the wide horizon's view ;
Onward, and onward, see she bears :
Nights frown—days dawn, nor land appears—
Or seen, 'tis but the rugged rock,
Where eddies, surfs, their landing mock !
And still the strong, unvarying gale
WESTWARD drives the fleeting sail ;
And skies serene, and billows smooth,
Smil'd, as they would their terrors soothe ;
And stretching round the vast expanse,
Far as the straining sight could glance,

No object, not a speck was seen,
Save that blue sky, those billows green.
So calm, yet awfully sublime,
It looked a resting place for Time,
Where, leagued with silence, he might reign ;
Nor change disturb the wide domain.

But now to greet and safely guide
'This wonder o'er the lonely tide,
Around see dolphins circling play,
Then gaily darting, lead the way ;
As sea-nymphs 'fore their goddess' car,
When Neptune's trident sway'd afar ;
And from their writhen shells the song
Might still entrancing steal along.

I.

When Phœbus' glowing chariot wheels
Adown the west in glory,
Is there a world his radiance feels ?
Or waste of waters hoary ?
Oh ! nature smiles his beams to greet,
And spreads her fairest blossom ;
And pleased the spring and summer meet,
And frolic on her bosom.

2.

Then, Arvon, wide thy canvass spread,
And woo the breeze so cheerly ;
Be Tyre, and all her minions fled,
Nor prize her pleasures dearly :
Thy western Eden will repay
All present sighs and sorrow ;
And who would weep a gloomy day
That promised fair to-morrow ?

3.

Within the gay, umbrageous hall,
All rich with Flora's treasure,
Shall Cora on her handmaids call,
And tread the mazy measure ;
Or list, reclining 'mid the grove,
While summer gales are sighing,
The warbling melody of love,
To nature's smiles replying.

4.

The city's haunts are fair to see
Where wealth attends on fashion ;

But nature's lonely majesty
 Ennobles every passion.
 'Tis there the prisoned spirit soars,
 There feeling, fancy brighten ;
 Nor land more blest, than in the west
 Can Phœbus' rays enlighten.

END OF CANTO SECOND.



1.

And hence Columbia's *first* inhabitants, [7]
 'The authors of these monuments of old ;
 And their *destruction*, I may sing perchance,
 If haply this, my tale, so featly told,
 Escape Medusan critic's withering glance,
 And in my country's favor live enroll'd,
 As not unworthy of her smile—but this,
 A hope I may not cherish—or dismiss.

2.

Small means and opportunities are mine,
'The poet's tempting, toiling heights to scale ;
And should I quit the nurs'ry for the nine,
'The men might justly censure, women rail ;
Nor, when my infants smile, can I repine,
Or seek for pleasures new in vigils pale—
Nor study, nor a still retreat, have I ;
My seat, my cradle's side, with pratt'lers by.

3.

But, verse, I love thee ; and thou art to me
The Midas' wand that turneth all to gold ;
And when before me thy bright fancies flee,
And all thy matchless images unfold,
Nor sickness, sorrow then remembered be—
My Esculapius thou, whose hand doth hold
The elixir of the heart, and thus I live :
Oh, that to *others' hearts* thou couldst a cordial give !



NOTES.



[1] “*Makes, like poor Trenck, some pet his care.*”

See the anecdote of Trenck and his mouse, in the life of that unfortunate and eccentric personage.



[2] “*And those huge Mounds, where buried lie.*”

Numerous *mounds* and *forts* of earth have been discovered in the western states, and particularly in the state of Ohio. The place where they commence is in the western part of the state of New-York, near the southern shore of lake Ontario; from thence they extend in a southwesterly direction through the western states and territories, and terminate in Mexico. The mounds vary in magnitude vastly from each other, and also in shape. Some are of a conical figure, ending on the top in a point, and as steep on the sides as the dirt could be made to lie; others are of the same shape except that they present a flat area on the top, like a cone cut off at some distance from its vertex, in a plane coincident with its base, or with the horizon; others again are of a semi-globular shape.

Many of these *mounds* are composed of earth of a different quality from that found in their immediate vicinity. This circumstance seems to indicate that the earth of which they were composed was transported some distance. It is believed, from the best information, that the largest of all the *mounds* yet discovered, is the one adjoining Big Grave creek, near the Ohio river, 14 miles below Wheeling. This mound is about 33 rods in circumference, at its base. Its perpendicular height is about 90 feet; on the summit is an area of nearly 60 feet in diameter; in the middle is a regular concavity, the cubical content of which is about 3000 feet.



[3] “*Why frowns that wall with warlike head?*”

The fortifications throughout the western country consist of a circular wall composed of earth. Sometimes, though rarely, the form of the fort is elliptical, and a few of them are square. Their height is almost infinitely various. Some of them are so low as to be scarcely perceptible; some are from 20 to 30 feet in perpendicular height, while others are of an intermediate elevation. But the wall of the same fort is, pretty uniformly, of the same height all around. They are likewise equally various in the contents of the ground they enclose: some containing but a few perches; others nearly 100 acres.

The number of their entrances or gateways varies in different forts from one to eight, or more, in propor-

tion to the plan of construction and the magnitude of the enclosure. The walls are mostly single; but in a few instances forts have been found consisting of two walls parallel, and adjacent to each other. As to their local situation, it is generally on an elevated site of ground, adjoining a river, or stream of water. Some, even among the most learned men, have controverted the idea of their having been designed for forts; but a strong argument in favor of this is, that they appear in a majority of instances, to have been constructed on such advantageous and commanding ground as a skilful military tactician would have selected for military positions. The first military men now living in the United States have examined some of the works, and uniformly declared their opinion to be, that they were military works of defence.



[4] “ *Where hundreds pil’d on hundreds heap.*”

The *mounds* in the western states appear, generally, to have been the cemeteries of the ancient inhabitants. On opening these tumuli, unnumbered human skeletons are discovered, in different stages of decay. Some are entire, others scattered and confused. On a few of the skeletons the toe and finger nails were nearly entire; the hair long, fine, and of a dark brown color. From the fineness and color of the hair, we must conclude they were of a different race from the Indians.

The "Big Grave" is one of the most august monuments of remote antiquity. Its circumference, at the base, is three hundred yards; its height, ninety feet, and its diameter at the summit is forty-five feet. This lofty tumulus has been opened sufficiently to ascertain that it contains many thousands of human skeletons.



[5] "Vain as yon Circle's end to find."

One of the most remarkable collections of these *fortifications* is at Circleville, the chief town of Pickaway county, Ohio. There are two forts, one being an exact *circle*, the other an exact square. The former is surrounded by two walls, with a deep ditch between them; the latter is encompassed by one wall, without any ditch. The circle is 69 feet in diameter, measuring from outside to outside of the outer wall; the square is exactly 55 rods, measuring the same way. The walls of the circular fort were, at least, 20 feet in height, measuring from the bottom of the ditch, before the town of Circleville was built. The inner wall was of clay, taken up probably in the fort; the outside wall was taken from the ditch which is between these walls, and is alluvial, consisting of pebbles worn smooth in water and sand, to a very considerable depth, more than fifty feet at least. The walls of the square fort are at this time, where

left standing, about 10 feet in height. There were 8 gateways, or openings, leading into the square fort, and only one in the circular fort. Before each of these openings was a mound of earth, perhaps four feet high, 40 feet in diameter at the base, and 20 or upwards at the summit. The mounds are exactly in front of the gateways, and doubtless were intended for their defence.

As this fort was a perfect square, so the gateways and their watch towers were equi-distant from each other, and on a right line parallel with the wall. The walls of this work vary a few degrees from north and south, east and west; but not more than the needle varies, and surveyors have from this circumstance, been impressed with the belief that the authors of these works were acquainted with astronomy.

From the appearance of the round fort, there was, evidently, a row of *pickets* around the inner wall, when this work was originally erected, and this fact clearly indicates that this fort was intended for a military station, by the ancient inhabitants.

The trees which are growing upon these, and upon all the forts and mounds in this country, are apparently of equal age and size, and those which have fallen are in equal stages of decay, with those in like circumstances, in the surrounding forest.

This circumstance incontestibly proves the great antiquity of these stupendous remains of former labor and ingenuity.

[6] “*Hail Tyre, in thy glory.*”

This famous city, from which I have taken the liberty to draw the *ancient inhabitants* of America, was built, according to Josephus, by the Sidonians, 240 years before the building of the temple of Jerusalem; 1112 before the birth of our Saviour, or about that period when Samuel judged Israel. Tyre was, for a long period, one of the most rich and powerful cities in the world. It was entitled the Queen of the Sea; its inhabitants first invented navigation, and their industry and ingenuity, combined with the very advantageous situation of their city, made it the centre of all the trade in the universe. It was built on an island, about a quarter of a league from the continent, and surrounded by a wall 150 feet in height.

Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, laid siege to Tyre at the time that Ithobalus was king of that city; but did not succeed in taking it till after a siege of 13 years. It was during this period, that the supposed migration of my hero took place.



[7] “*And hence Columbia’s first inhabitants.*”

Various are the opinions respecting the origin of those ancient inhabitants who have left such indubitable traces of their industry and civilization in America. That these mounds and fortifications were not the works of the ancestors of our present race of Indians, is uni-

versally conceded ; but by what people, or at what time, they were erected, are secrets, the philosopher and antiquary have vainly attempted to discover.

“ It is the opinion of many judicious persons, that a number of Asiatics crossed Behring’s strait, and proceeded S. E. as far as the Ohio ; and that those forts were constructed to defend them from the natives, by whom they were finally overpowered, or with whom they eventually intermixed.”

But is this supposition probable ? Or, would a company, in quest of a favorable and fertile country, have surmounted the difficulties and dangers incident to so lengthy a journey, over almost impassable mountains, and across deep and dangerous rivers ; lurchened, as they must have been, with some provisions for subsistence by the way, and some indispensable requisites for commencing their new settlement ? They could not, like the hordes of barbarians, that overrun and destroyed the Roman Empire, be allured by the prospect of plunder ; but must either form and execute some regular plan to occupy and cultivate a new country ; or be driven, by fortuitous circumstances, to fix their abode in America. It is not, certainly, among the *present* inhabitants of the *south* part of the continent of Asia, that we should look for the brave, hardy, patient and enterprising spirit which forms the character of the adventurer.

As conjecture is the only *proof* that can be adduced for any opinion respecting the *first origin* of the ancient inhabitants of our country, perhaps the muse may be pardoned if she has hazarded a different one than had before been advanced. The great antiquity of the works

in question, renders it necessary to resort to some early period, in the history of nations, as the time of their erection; while the knowledge and skill, evidently employed in their construction, as conclusively proves, that the settlers emigrated from a country, where the arts that embellish and defend communities were for that age of the world well understood.

We may rationally conclude that they were acquainted with astronomy; and they have left, on a grand and extensive scale, *perfect* specimens of circles, squares, octagons and parallel lines. They also possessed the art of working in metals. Ornaments, wrought from gold and silver; and weapons and utensils from iron, steel, and copper, have been discovered. Their manufacture of potter's ware appears to have been extensive, and many specimens are as excellent as any made at the present time. They likewise burnt brick, and polished marble. They lived in villages or cities; and had "walled towns," forts, altars or temples evidently constructed with great labor and ingenuity.

They could not be *savages*, according to our idea of the term. May we not rather imagine them to be exiles from some powerful eastern nation, or city, that flourished at an early period of the world.

In the selection of Tyrians for my adventurers, I was guided, merely by the circumstance of their superiority in maritime knowledge, connected with their power, wealth, and enterprising industry. Since writing my poem, however, I have learned that there is a tradition, that Hanno, a Carthagenian, came ages ago to America. Mr. Seldon, also, in his description of the Caraihs who

inhabited the Antilles, conjectures, that they might be descendants from some Phoenicians or Carthagenians driven by accident to the West-Indies. He remarks, “that there is no difficulty attending the belief, that a Carthagenian vessel with both men and women on board, might have got into the trade winds, and been driven by them to the West-Indies; where, feeling the impossibility of returning, they might have formed a settlement.”

Now Carthage, it is well known, was a colony from Tyre, and it is but reasonable to conclude that the inhabitants of the mother country would possess equal skill in navigation, and enterprize in adventure with their colonists. At least, according to Mr. Seldon, there can be no “difficulty” in supposing the voyage of my Tyrian hero, across the Atlantic, without chart or compass, *possible*; and this, as the muse is always allowed in the details, the privilege of “*poetica licentia*,” is perhaps sufficient.

THE END.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.



P O E M S .



EPISTLE TO MISS T***** H***.

THE stars o'er heaven are burning bright,
And from her urn of purest light,
The moon pours down, as with delight,
Such living streams,
That, T***** 'tis a glorious night
For poet's dreams.

Ocean for Luna flows—my muse,
Should she her time too nicely choose,
And with fastidious scorn refuse
The chastened beam,
She might the golden moment lose,
And lose her theme.

Luna ! thou hast been deemed divine,
And now thy glances sweetly shine,
Yet tempt they not *one* wish of mine
Abroad to roam ;
Fool must I be, could I repine
So rich at home !

Perhaps you are his angel, sent
 To woo him kindly to repent !
 Still use no doubtful argument
 To prove each fact ;
 But let him frankly yield assent
 As his own act.

Even should he slight your faith most dear,
 Nor aught that's high and holy fear ;
 The mild reproof, the tender tear
 May yet prevail ;
 A sigh will sometimes win the ear
 When sermons fail.

Oh, knew our sex their *moral* power,
 And would they use that heavenly dower,
 How short were crime's triumphant hour,
 Or boast of guilt !
 The forfeiture of Eden's bower
 Would scarce be felt.

But Luna's beams no more descend,
 And my dilated song must end,
 Its burden this, the art to blend,
 That charm of life,
 The Mistress gay, th' improving friend,
 The faithful Wife.

WASHINGTON.

WHEN morning trembles on her purple throne,
As Sol, in glory, claims it for his own ;
And all above is light—pure, boundless, free,
And all around is life, and love, and glee,
What mind but brightens with that bright'ning sky !
What heart but melts with softest sympathy !
And who, of soul refin'd, that gazes there,
But mingles with the hallowed scene a pray'r,
That brighter, lovelier still the day may shine,
Charm as it grows, and soothe in its decline !
But when the sable night her veil hath spread,
And that bright morn, and brighter day have fled—
Oh, still remembrance through the shades of night,
Recalls and revels in that glorious light !
The sounds that cheered, the scenes that charmed her
 rise,
But softened as in autumn, summer skies—
And still the thoughtful, pensive mind prefers
Her midnight musings—they are only her's—
The day she hath enjoyed no storms can blast,
Nor fate nor nature sway the mighty past !

Thus, Washington, thy morn of being show'd,
And thus thy day's meridian glories glow'd—

We feel 'tis past—and yet it passed so fair,
We would not, if we might, recall it here—
The grave, that closed thy drama, stamp'd thy name,
In living blazon on the rolls of flame,
And it will glow, through each successive age,
'Thy country's purest, proudest heritage !

Well may America record the scene,
Where Washington her guiding star hath been—
Well may his deeds that sacred joy impart,
Which throbs with kindred thrill each freeman's heart ;
Their bond of union, that cements in one
All minds whose model is a Washington !

While fair Aurora's pencil paints the skies,
What tints on tints, in bright succession, rise,
From her first touch till the last gorgeous dyes !
Can taste that ever-varying scene pursue,
And note each change, and name each diff'ring hue ?
No, blended all is beauty, all is light ;
But the nice shades elude the eager sight—
So is it vain each virtue to display,
When we our Hero's character portray :
'Twas excellence united, and the claim
Of Warrior, Statesman, Citizen the same.

Heaven taught, he rose—his youth might lesson age,
When his young wisdom sav'd from savage rage
The remnant of that proud, misguided host,
A Braddock's headlong rashness all but lost—
But when his countrymen his aid require,
How do their perils, wrongs, his bosom fire !
Life, fortune, sacred honor, plighted ALL,
To save his Country, or to share her fall.
And Warren, earliest martyr at the shrine
Of Freedom, holy nature stamps divine,
Though throned on high, in heaven's pure Liberty,
Yet might his sainted spirit bend to see,
How fled from Washington's uplifted brand,
The coward, cruel, desolating band!

But Albion sends her thousands to the field,
To crush those Freemen who may die—not yield !
Then through the Jerseys lay their cold retreat,
The snow-path crimson 'neath their bleeding feet,
And firmest patriots trembled, or despaired,
And Washington, even *thou* their feelings shared.
It must be so,—couldst thou unmoved have seen
War's giant strides, Destruction in his train,
And chains, or death on his command attend,
Thou wouldst have been our *angel*, not our *friend* !

The *human* friend, whose sympathetic heart
Feels in each brother's pang, a brother's part !
Then was the trial of men's souls—the night
Of darkness deep as Egypt's !—Oh, how bright
Burst through that gloom, the gleam of vict'ry's sun,
As Trenton, Princeton, echoed WASHINGTON !
He conquer'd—more than crowns was his reward.
When to his country he resign'd his sword,
And felt that she was *free*—that all his pain,
His perils, sacrifices were not vain :
For her he'd fought and toil'd in dust and blood—
She gave him all he wished—her gratitude !
She thron'd him in her heart—forever there
He'll reign immortal as his virtues are.

Greece had her conquerers—and her warriors, Rome—
And some proud column, or some sculptured dome
Each nation hallowed to her heroes' fame—
But Washington thy monument's thy Name !
Their brightest names some sickly vapors shroud ;
Thine, the broad summer's sun without a cloud.

IMPROMPTU.

TO MARY.

THE gay morn of life, my dear Mary, may smile,
Its fancies enchant us, its flatt'ries beguile,
Yet often the deep rolling vapors ascend,
Hope's sunshine is darkened, gay visions will end,
While sorrows and shadows our prospects o'ercast,
With fears for the future, regrets for the past—
Oh! then, while we languish, oppress'd with our grief,
What art can restore us, what aid bring relief?
Let Prudence, and Patience, and Piety join,
They'll form a specific both sure and divine—
Those evils which Prudence could never foresee,
With Patience endure them—the lighter they'll be—
And Piety, when this vain tumult shall cease,
Will fit us for heaven, and fix us in bliss.

'THE WIFE.

—
ADDRESSED TO MR. ———, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

1.

WHEN fortune on her favored son,
Her golden gifts bestows ;
When honor's highest goal is won ;
When health with pleasure glows—
What gives its richest charm to wealth—
Rewards ambition's strife—
Gives pleasure zest, and hope to health ?
The lov'd, endearing Wife.

2.

And when misfortune's storms assail ;
When friends and flatt'ers fly—
When fame shall fade, and health shall fail,
And dreams of pleasure die—
Who still, 'mid fortune's frown, will smile ?
Who share the lowly life ?
Who sorrow soothe, and pain beguile ?
The lov'd, endearing Wife.

BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

1.

LIKE the rush of the tempest, the battle is heard,
The echoing din sounds afar—
And firm is the heart of the Briton prepar'd,
And grasp'd is the sword that in Europe he bar'd,
And loud is his shout for the war !

2.

Spirit of Freedom, descend from the skies,
And nerve thine own sons for the shock !
And nations shall learn, to their shame and surprise,
That slightest entrenchments, when freemen arise,
Are firmer than adamant rock.

3.

Like Sicily's verdure, this moment arose
Britannia's proud host on the sight—
War's wildest tornado is hurled from their foes—
They sink, as when Ætna its burning mass throws,
Involving destruction in night.

4.

Then Columbia's fair Genius, by Victory crown'd,
 Triumphant, ascended the sky ;
 The steel of her lightning the olive branch wound,
 The ensign of freedom was floating around,
 And clemency beamed from her eye.



WHAT'S LIFE ?

WHAT's life ? the meteor's lurid glare,
 That shoots athwart the sky—
 We gaze—'tis gone, nor vestige there,
 Nor gleam, can we espy—
 'Tis transient as the morning dew ;
 'Tis fading as the rainbow's hue ;
 'Tis passing as the boreal light ;
 Just hails the day to sink in night.

What's life ? a dream, delusion all,
The sport of passion's gale ;
The morn's high hope e'er noon shall fall,
Its mirth be lost in wail—
It is a strife where vice prevails ;
It is a field where woe assails ;
Where ruin stalks his lordly round ;
Where sorrow, sin, and sighs abound.

What's life ? the favored boon of heaven,
Rich gift—no price can buy—
Swift mercy's mirror kindly given
To dress for courts on high—
It is a flame survives the sun ;
It is eternity begun ;
'Twill rise, expatiate, love, adore,
When earth shall fade, when time's no more.

THE CAPTIVE.

AROUND the blazing, festive fire,
The jest and laugh were high ;
Gay, careless rapture flush'd each heart,
Mirth danc'd in every eye.

All—no, not all, *one* grief-worn form
Lean'd sad and silent there,
On his wan brow, and withered cheek
Was character'd despair.

The merry tale and song went round,
The sadder still was he ;
And every sprightly note but seem'd
To swell his misery.

With pity some, and some with awe
The gloomy stranger scann'd ;
And some from 'midst the lively group
In turn his tale demand.

“ Gay friends,” the man of woe began,
“ Ill suits my soul with joy ;
“ And loth am I with tragic scenes
“ Your pleasures to destroy :

- “ But yet, methinks, ’tis wisdom’s part
“ Life’s varied turns to hear;
“ It forms the judgment, mans the heart,
“ In destiny severe.
- “ Then list, and no fictitious woes
“ Will claim a tear, a sigh ;
“ For whilst our bitter cup o’erflows,
“ Fancy and fiction die.
- “ Twelve times the sun, with heaven’s own beam,
“ Hath wheel’d his orbit round,
“ Since on the fair Ohio’s stream
“ A residence I found.
- “ ’Twas a sweet spot—the fertile earth
“ My labor well repaid,
“ And clustering roses had their birth
“ In every sunny glade.
- “ Where the smooth stream disclosed a lawn,
“ My little dwelling rose ;
“ ’Twas cheerful as the day’s mild dawn ;
“ ’Twas peaceful as its close.

“ There calm Philosophy might rest,
“ His golden age renew ;
“ And there, with health and plenty blest,
“ Life’s happiest joys I knew.

“ As merry as thine my evenings were,
“ As bright my hearth did shine ;
“ In unison throb’d each life-pulse there ;
“ Each smile replied to mine.

“ Oh, still my little ones, I see,
“ All sporting about my chair
“ They clung round my neck, and climb’d my
knee,
“ The willing kiss to share.

“ Their mother then, with looks of love,
“ Would watch our playful glee,
“ And hold her cherub infant near,
“ That smil’d in sympathy.”

He paus’d—his cheek was pale as death,
His lab’ring bosom rose ;
Around, with half suspended breath,
The anxious circle close :

His dark, wild eye he rais'd on high—

That prayer was heard in heaven,

His brow unbent, and to his soul

 Was firm composure given.

“ On safety's breast, we sunk to rest,

 “ And sound was our repose ;

“ But e'er the morning streak'd the east,

 “ The terrible *war-whoop* rose !

“ Like shrieks of hell, that maniac yell,

 “ E'en now its peal I hear,

“ Convulsive checks life's quivering pulse,

 “ And kills with living fear.

“ Desp'rate the strife— I strove for life—

 “ Oh more ! my life was naught—

“ My wife, my babes—these nerv'd my arm,

 “ For them, for them I fought !

“ But fruitless all—force, *savage* force

 “ Soon won the dreadful day ;

“ And mangled, butcher'd, dying, dead,

 “ My heart's sole treasure lay !

“ ’Twould rive your heart, your eyeballs start,

“ Each bloody deed to hear ;

“ Nor words express the wretchedness,

“ Which yet the soul can bear.

“ I saw it all—I lived—oh, death !

“ How welcome then thy dart ;

“ I could have bless’d the murd’rer’s hand

“ That still’d my bursting heart !

“ ’Tis long to tell, and sad to hear

“ My wanderings and my woe ;

“ Or by what artful subterfuge

“ I ’scap’d the cruel foe.

“ And now my country’s happy soil,

“ And happy sons I see ;

“ But home, nor relative, nor friend,

“ Have I to welcome me.

“ Oh, then, though peace thy summer gild.

“ And pleasure thy garland twine ;

“ Remember a cloud, the sun may shroud,

“ And wither thy hopes like mine !”

April, 1821.

STANZAS.

TO MRS. —, ON THE BIRTH OF HER SON.

1.

As kindles the morning
O'er Spring's op'ning roses,
So, hope's ray adorning,
Affection reposes
On Infancy's blossom ;
The spring time of being—
How throbs the fond bosom,
No dangers foreseeing !

2.

But mists hide the morning,
And chill the sweet flower,
And fancy's fair structure
Oft falls in an hour ;
Or pleasures may poison
Youth's promise the fairest,
As canker-worms crawl o'er
The rose that's the rarest.

3.

Vice, as the mildew,
 Blights virtues divinest—
And cold frosts of av'rice
 Freeze feelings the finest ;
Dew-drops of sorrow
 On softest cheeks gather ;
Nor dawns there a morrow,
 But warm wishes wither.

4.

And life's fairy vision
 Floats gaily—to perish !
But still an Elysian,
 Unfading, we'll cherish—
See Penitence triumph,
 Her follies forgiven ;
And Faith mounting upward
 With wing plumed for heaven.

HAPPINESS.

1.

'Tis not when th' obsequious throng
Raise their plaudits loud and long,
Golden showers each wish supply,
And surfeit even luxury ;
'Tis not *then* we taste of bliss,
Or feel the glow of happiness.

2.

Rosy health the cheek may dye,
Youth exult with jocund eye ;
Pleasure spread her syren feast ;
Parasites attend their guest ;
'Tis not *then* we taste of bliss,
Or feel the glow of happiness.

3.

Haste, unlock the hoarded store ;
Feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Aid the injured, nor the sigh
Of sorrow, pass unheeded by.
Then, yes, *then* we taste of bliss,
And feel the glow of happiness.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HON. URIAH WILCOX,

WHO DECEASED MARCH 18, 1822, *æt.* 72.

1.

DEATH reigns o'er all—the ghastly king,
On his pale courser traversing,
Aims well his arrow, and the blow
Is sure to lay his victim low.

2.

Life weeps, hearts bleed ; but fruitless all ;
Youth, beauty, health and virtue fall
An easy prey his power beneath ;
Pride stoops, e'en valor yields to death.

3.

Age *must* be his—how weak to sigh,
When nature cries, “ 'Tis gain to die”—
The faithful, pious, aged dead,
Are like the ripe shock harvested.

4.

Yet worth long known, and long belov'd,
The friend oft tried, still friendly prov'd ;
Whose heart could feel, whose hand bestow ;
Whose counsels soothe and lighten woe :

5.

When *such* are call'd, though great *their* gain,
Can we, to mourn *our* loss refrain ?
Ah ! no, the selfish heart is prone
The loans of heaven to deem its own.

6.

So weep we, Wilcox, o'er thy grave ;
Could tears, could prayers avail to save,
Thou still would'st be, for thou wert one
Men honored, loved and leaned upon.

7.

And well didst thou thy influence gain,
And well didst thou thy part sustain ;
The orphan's, widow's, poor man's cheek,
Thy fairest eulogy will speak.

8.

Yet not in private life alone,
Thy virtues or thy wisdom shone ;
Parties discordant could agree
To trust in thine integrity.

9.

They mourn, but on thy dying even,
Far dearer ties than these were riven ;
Thy tenderest friend, thy children there ;
They weep, but they may not despair :

10.

The husband and the father dies—
The saint survives in yon bright skies,
From earth's low cares the spirit free,
Inhales pure immortality.

11.

When the last trump shall echo—"live!"
And graves their mouldering tenants give ;
To that loud summons, whilst the sun,
In sackcloth, mourns his empire done :

12.

The moon is blood, the globe is fire ;
Stars fall, the shrinking heavens retire ;
And ruin only reigns, where man
Had boasted o'er his little span :

13.

Then, whilst before the judgment seat
The assembled universe shall meet ;
Christians, like thee, will hear the word,
"Come, dwell forever with the Lord."

March 28, 1822.

TO SPRING.

1.

How many lofty bards, sweet Spring,
In praise of *thee*, have swept the string,
 With all a poet's fire ;
And many more, we must confess,
Have done thee any thing but *grace*,
 On their "mad-jangling lyre."

2.

Thy zephyrs soft, and purling streams,
And showers, and shades, and sunny gleams,
 Have all been sung, and sung ;
And birds, and buds, and blossomed bowers ;
'Till Sappho's art, or Homer's powers
 Would fail to paint thee young :

3.

Original, I mean ; 'tis there
Poor modern poets chiefly err ;
 Nor their's the fault, but fate's ;—
All themes have long been hackneyed o'er ;
And nature ransack'd, till she's poor,
 For metaphors and epithets.

4.

Yet who that sees with Thomson's ken,
Or drinks thy beauties from his pen,
 Would list a meaner strain ;
So, Spring, thou'lt ne'er be sung by me ;
I love thee, but I will not be
 An echo in thy train.
 May, 1822

ADDRESS TO SUGAR RIVER.

I.

LET Avon roll with Shakspeare's deathless glory,
And Thames as smooth as Pope or Thomson glide,
The Tiber, Hellespont, in ancient story
Reflect Mars' triumphs, or fair Venus' pride ;
While Scotia's every stream can boast its poet,
Whose Patriotic muse would make us know it,

II.

Yet what to me are all these puffs and praises,
Or streams of fame in foreign lands that lie ;
But my soft-gliding, native river raises
A thousand images of home felt joy ;
And though their *names* in lofty lays may shine,
In *sweetness* they can never equal thine.

III.

Oh, may my verse, thy strength and beauty stealing,
Flow like thy waters, and thy fame extend!
Thou minglest with the tide of life's young feeling—
With thee my earliest recollections blend;
Thy bank my bower, nor Eden's loss was ponder'd,
Whilst there in infant innocence I wandered.

IV.

When strengthened reason 'woke imagination,
My book, my Cræsus wealth, oft borne to thee,
In some lov'd nook was sought a fav'rite station,
The spreading hazle formed a canopy,
The red-breast, sweetest bird that charms our spring,
Joined his wild warble to thy murmuring.

v.

Of from the page mine eye, with rapture glancing,
 Watched the light-springing trout at sportive play,
Or the bright sunbeams o'er thy dimples dancing,
 Or the blue sky that in thy bosom lay—
Here, the broad boughs athwart the dark stream waving,
And there, the wild duck's brood their plumage laving.

vi.

Nor must be past, while thousand thoughts endear 'em,
 Thy *falls*, my school-day path so often cross'd,
'The wonder-hunting traveller would sneer 'em;
 Beside Niag'ra's, these, be sure, were lost.
Oh! might I see that Anakim of wonders,
And watch its rain-bow'd spray, and hear its thunders.

vii.

But then I deemed not there could be a vaster,
 When anchor-ice (we called it so) had made
'Thy pent up waters rage and roar, while faster
 Whirl'd the white sheeted foam; though half afraid,
Yet many a time I've pau^s'd to gaze and listen,
'Till on my breath congealed the frost would glisten.

VIII.

Those days are gone, and with them gone forever
 Are many a lov'd companion, friend most dear ;
 As float the autumn leaves along yon river,
 One moment seen, then eddying disappear—
 So sink the race of men—thou, in thy prime,
 Still roll'st unmark'd, unmanacled by time.

IX.

But farewell now sweet stream, in after ages,
 When o'er the world Columbia sits a queen ;
 Sung by her poets, honored by her sages,
 (An Athens without anarchy,) then seen [tains
 And *heard* too, shall some bard, though nurs'd on moun-
 Strike the loud harp that wakes thy triple fountains.

July, 1822.

THE RAINY DAY.

I.

WHEN a robe of pure purple is thrown o'er Aurora,
A rose tissued vesture, or mantle of gold,
And her smiles are soft sunbeams that promise Sol's
glory—

What heart but will hail her, what eye but behold !
And yet, my poor muse, (may we venture to own it,)
Thou dost not delight in this gaudy display ;
But the morn most propitious for hymn, song or sonnet,
A Niobe ushers the wan, rainy day.

II.

How soothing to hear, half aroused from our slumbers,
The soft, patt'ring sound of the rain on the wall ;
It steals on the senses like low, murmured numbers,
That seem of some genius the whispering call ;
Nor joyless is nature, though gloomy the showers,
They brighten her beauties in purer array ;
They kiss the young buds and the half-opened flowers,
And fresher they'll smile for the long rainy day.

III.

Then the burstling of business, the lounging of leisure
 Disturb not the thought, and divert not the gaze ;
 And hushed are the gay flutt'ring insects of pleasure,
 That sport but in sunshine, and bask but in blaze ;
 And the soul with herself may commune, while the still-
 So solemn, yet softened, aids fancy's wild way ; [ness,
 And she soars o'er the storm, all undamp'd by the chill-
 In the newness of nature, the long rainy day. [ness.

IV.

And throbs there a heart that is cold to the muses,
 A pulse but their tone gives a livelier thrill ;
 Or a mind that the witching enchantment refuses,
 When they touch the deep chords with their tender-
 est skill ;
 Then mourn ! If the day from Parnassus be beaming,
 Nor vapors, nor ennui venture to stay ;
 O'er the past, and the future its mellow light streaming,
 Shews visions that cheat e'en the dull rainy day :

V.

Let them mourn who sit watching the clouds, while the
treasures

Of wisdom and science unopened remain ;

All blank as the skies are their plans and their pleasures,
ures,

Whose only resource is *to talk* of the rain ;

Let fashion delight to her parties to rattle,

And sport a new shawl, or a bonnet display ;

Oh, give me my muse, and my children to prattle—

My home then how happy the long rainy day !

August, 1822.

THE MOURNER.

In every varied posture, place and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy.

Young.

OH ! cease that plaint, my babe, no *father's* ear
Is open to thy wail, thy mother's tear,
Her helpless tears may bathe thy cheek, but she,
As sorrow's heir, can only welcome thee.
Well may'st thou weep, a mourner at thy birth :
The frost fell, e'er the flowret glinted forth,
That withered all thy hopes, and only gave,
For thine inheritance, a father's grave.
Oh, none, save those who feel, can ever know,
What the lone widow's heart must undergo !
The world a moment gazes, sighs, and then
Turns to its cares, or gayeties again ;
And friends that pity, weep, perhaps ; even they,
As dries the dew before the morning ray ;
The occasion past, soon wipe their grief away.
Not thus, my husband, will my bosom heal—
Each day, each hour, afresh thy loss I feel :

Thy voice I hear, thy form I seem to see ;
“Thy image steals between my God and me ;”
The shadows flee the morn, but o'er my soul
Still deeper, deeper shades of sadness roll.
How busy mem'ry heightens my distress,
Recalling all thy care and tenderness !
Thy friendship ever kind, in joy or grief,
It shared my pleasures—watched for my relief—
Amusements, studies, all received their zest
From harmony of sentiment and taste—
Union of souls—where thought with thought agrees,
Or fond affection blots the fault it sees.

And then those children of our love, I trace
The *father's* features in each rosy face—
Their little hearts beat light, untamed by woe,
Too young their loss to feel, thy worth to know ;
But while their infant sports I sad survey,
And fancy shudders o'er the future day,
They grieve to see me weep—with artless tear,
Repeat the name of “father,” once so dear—
That lov'd, lost name redoubles my distress,—
But still I teach them all thy tenderness ;

Nor shall they e'er forget the love of thine,
While in their tender minds thy virtues shine.

When midnight deepens, and when all around
Are hushed in slumbers tranquil and profound,
(Dull sleep, no mourner thou,) then darker far
Than midnight, will my friendless fate appear;
And to my throbbing heart thy babe I press,
Which thou wilt never see, and never bless;
And bitterest tears will fall, each wound unclos'd,
And stain that pillow where thy cheek repos'd,
Till gladly would I lay this aching head,
And sleep beside thy cold and narrow bed!
But when thy death-scene rises—when I see
Thy latest look, that mortal agony,
Dissolving nature must endure, when all
The ties that bind to this terrestrial ball
Are burst at once—and clasp that hand of thine,
Whose pressure now no more replies to mine—
Then reason reels—and through my chilling veins
Life's struggling current scarce its course retains—
The sick heart pauses!—But what mortal ear,

Could I the boundless sum compute, would bear
The height, and breadth, and depth of grief to hear !

My God, to thee alone must I impart
The bleeding sorrows of a broken heart !
Thy righteous hand the blow inflicted—Thou
Alone canst heal—before thy throne I bow—
Oh, save me from a murmuring word—and still
The wild and restless wanderings of my will !
Their heavenly Father's promises to share,
My little ones, to thy paternal care
Teach me, with faith unwavering, to consign,
Shield their unsheltered path, and smooth even
mine—
Be Thou my Judge, injustice to pursue,
My guide and God life's painful journey through ;
Oh, then, before thy throne, all sorrows o'er,
My husband, may we meet to part no more !

Nov. 1822.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW-YEAR....1823.

WHY should I hail thee, New-Year ? canst thou give
Crush'd hopes to flourish—bid the dead to live ?
At thine approach, how many hearts beat high !
And thousands welcome thee, that low must lie
E'er thy short race be run : But vain, alas,
To muse on what I am—on what I was
When smil'd the last NEW-YEAR, and I, deceived,
The flattering, faithless promiser believed !
Oh, still I see that morning as it rose,
That happy day, but happiest in its close :
Then calm as evening all our cares retire,
The lamp well trimm'd, and brighter stirr'd the fire ;
With *him*, the sharer and impartor too
Of all my happiness—nor slight, nor few,
The joys domestic converse doth impart ;
The world may feed the mind, not fill the heart,—
I sat, time flew, nor heeded we how fast—
To judge the future we reviewed the past,
Its changes various, sudden turns of fate,
Where rise the little, or where sink the great,

As virtue's healthful blossoms life dispense,
Or vice exhales its noxious pestilence ;—
We mark'd each nation's progress, and how far
She wav'd the wand of peace, the sword of war.
Then some bold drama we admired, but blamed ;
Or private tragedies compassion claimed.—
Their woes we knew ; but here the diff'rence lies,
Our own we *feel*—on their's *philosophize* :
I said, *we feel*—and yet that phrase how poor
To paint the anguish minds are formed t' endure !
Oh, there are feelings never can be told,
And there are thoughts no language could unfold,
And there are sorrows that the heart must bear,
Its sole complaint the agonizing tear !
Light griefs may court discussion, and the mind,
Unburthened of their weight, new pleasure find ;
Not so the broken heart, it sits alone,
Unseen its rankling wound, unheard its groan.
And thus the brawling brook the sun soon dries ;
The lake's deep bosom calm, but cold, still lies.

How rich are Time and Death with spoils of mine !
Nor, plaintive Young, were such complainings thine—

For more than “thrice” th’ unerring shaft hath fled
And more than “thrice” we’ve watch’d the dying
bed ;

The King of Terrors seemed no passing guest,
And every age, alike, at his behest,
Was wrapp’d in darkness—till I scarce may fear
The whirling changes of the coming Year.
The past hath rendered all its threat’nings vain,
Nor are we rifled when there’s nought to gain !

And is there nothing ? Oh ! indulgent heaven,
Forgive my murmurings—yes, there’s blessings
given—

My babes, my hope, my joy, are left to share
The solitary home and frugal fare ;
Their smiles, this heart still owns, can pleasure give,
For them I will be calm, for them will live ;
And He, who stills the raven’s clamorous brood,
He will protect, and He bestow their food.
Th’ unfeeling world may pass nor whisper peace,
Yet will his tender mercies never cease :
He smiles—our icy sorrows melt away,
As winter softens at the breath of May—

And yet, O God of truth, my prayer to Thee
Is not for pleasure, but tranquillity.
When felt is poverty, neglect, or scorn,
Teach me to bear—my Saviour all hath borne!
But grant Thou this, when time's bleak storms are
 o'er,
In heaven, a family, we meet once more,
And spend the ever-new, eternal Year,
Nor pain, nor death, nor separation fear.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

NOVEMBER'S clouds roll'd dark and drear,
And loud the blast was swelling,
As Ellen wip'd the gushing tear,
That all her hopes was quelling.

And yet, since Henry's last embrace,
Hope often smiles beguiling ;
A Sailor he, his home the sea,
And there for *her* he's toiling.

And there was one, her darling son,
And fond was her caressing,
To Henry's breast he ne'er was prest ;
Nor shared a father's blessing.

How soft, yet sad the gaze she fix'd,
 That father's features scanning ;
While love in every thought was mix'd,
 That his return was planning.

High throb'd her heart with anxious joy,
 When from the treach'rous water,
Her Henry'll clasp his blooming boy,
 And kiss his lisping daughter.

With thousand tender tales the while,
 She'll fill his recollection ;
A mother's wile, to win a smile,
 And raise a sire's affection.

Oh, nature ! round the mother's heart
 Thy holy ties how tender !
And life's last lingering sands must part,
 E'er she those ties surrender.

But wild and wilder rose the storm,
And fierce the tempest pelted—
Like promised pleasure's airy form,
Poor Ellen's visions melted.

As ebbing waves' returning roar—
More strong her fears assail her,
With every breeze his wreck she sees,
Till strength and courage fail her.

One refuge yet—the mighty God!
All nature bows before him—
Alike beneath his smile or rod,
His creatures should adore him.

Her sleeping offspring's bed beside,
Her pray'r to Him ascended—
In feeling's soft and mingled tide
The wife and mother blended.

Her soul was calm, and hushed the storm,
When, lo, a step attended !
“ 'Tis Henry, Henry, safe from harm”—
And all her sorrow ended,

Desolation ;

OR,

THE THREE PILGRIMS.

A LEGEND.

WHERE Tamerlane and Bajazet,
Like tempest and tornado, met,
And battle rais'd her wildest yell,
As thousands yielded—thousands fell—
There silence now hath fixed her seat ;
Save when some weary trav'lers meet
At yon lone Khan's deserted door—
And wary o'er the threshold bending,
Though night her thickest shades is blending,
Seem loth its liveness to explore.

But once, when loud the whirlwind rush'd,
And the rent clouds in cat'racts gush'd,
As vengeance had unlock'd his hoard,
Or heaven a second deluge pour'd,—
Some screen, if but that Khan's to share,
Three passing Pilgrims hurried there !
Blenches the *first* ? His iron form
Might meet and combat with the storm—
His cheek, where mounting soul ne'er sought
To whisper feeling, stamp the thought,
Rough, tells of many a conflict met,
And boldly borne, unconquered yet—
While close-knit joints, and sinewy frame,
And eye that glanced like lightning's flame,
The daring, restless soul disclose,
Whose only languor is repose !
The *second*, with fatigue oppress'd,
Seemed forc'd to roam ; yet seeking rest—
His sallow cheek, and sunken eye
Spoke suff'ring ; but not energy—
His tangled hair, and matted beard,
And bending form oppress'd appear'd
With hardships that must pity melt ;
Still something like contempt is felt,

And loathing, as that squalid face,
Unstamped by *character* we trace.
Not so the *third*—his lofty port
Might awe the senate—grace the court,
As his dark eye in spirit spoke,
E'er from his lips the accents broke ;
Or bland expression's light and shade,
O'er features palid, not decay'd,
Threw the deep charm that wins at will—
And locks, that once were raven, still
(Though bleached by thought or sorrow now)
Shade graceful his commanding brow,
Where dignity a reverence gains,
That youth, nor beauty e'er attains.
His was the mind's meridian day,
When soul can triumph o'er its clay.
But closely scann'd his features, there
Were seen the workings of despair—
'Twas sorrow's sacred, pensive tone,
Grief's deeply felt, but felt alone,
When every human aid withdrawn,
Nor earthly stay to rest upon,
Alike extinguished hope and fear,
The soul collects itself to bear—

No wish, no thought save t'endure,
Since He who bruis'd alone can cure—
Nor murmurs to a mortal ear
Woes that a God alone should hear.
Nor seeks even sympathy to find ;
Its only prayer—" to be resigned !"
He spoke not—and the other twain,
To gain attention strove in vain,
His look was calm, and fix'd as fate,
Though the rude shelter where they sate,
Beneath the shrieking storm's commotion,
Rock'd like a vessel on the ocean ;
Till spent at length, the tempest's force,
Or farther driven its wasting course,
It sunk in sounds, that seemed to breathe
A requiem o'er its track of death—
Then mingling with the dying close,
The elder *Pilgrim's* song arose.

FIRST PILGRIM'S

SONG.

1.

The storm was high,
The angry sky
And earth, contending, jar—
Nor yet I fear'd,
Though loud was heard
The elemental war.

2.

For I have pass'd
Where the frigid blast
Congeals the heaving breath;
Where winter throws,
Eternal snows,
And nature is but death.

3.

Nor aught mov'd there,
The savage bear
Was dormant in his den ;
And 'neath the ground
Were slumbering found
The scarce less savage men.

4.

Athwart my way,
The ice-hills lay,
As magic cities high ;
And palaces,
And towers arise,
Where glittering colors vie.

5.

But all was cold—
Nor earth doth hold
A scene so dread, so lone—
And I'll ne'er despair,
I pass'd e'en there,
O'er Desolation's throne.

He ceased—no cadence marked the pause,
Nor harmony had given him laws ;
His rugged voice as harshly fell
As doth the clarion's battle-swell—
But e'er he could *begin again*,
Arose the *second* Pilgrim's strain :
Trembling it rose, and low the air,
As though his soul a captive were,
And feared to rouse a master's ear,
Lest he the tyrant's threats should hear,

SECOND PILGRIM'S

SONG.

1.

My days have been to suff'ring given,
Unknown my sorrows, save to heaven,
 Since wealth and freedom lost ;
An exile from my native land,
A captive to the robber band,
 I roam'd Arabia's coast.

2.

And I have trod where tigers sleep,
Have seen the sand like billows sweep,
 And breath'd the pois'nous air ;
No fountains bubbled to the taste ;
The shrunken stream had joined the waste ;
 Its gravelly bed was bare.

3.

There dangers on each step attend ;
There wretchedness ne'er hopes a friend
 To wipe the bitterest tear—
'Twas Desolation's wide domain—
Nor beast, nor man divide his reign—
 I 'scap'd, and shall I fear ?

The murmur'd numbers died away ;
Yet fix'd as listening to the lay
The pensive Pilgrim lean'd, his cheek
Emotion's varying feelings streak—
As gleams o'er autumn's landscape given,
E'er sinks the sun in shrouds of even,
Though every summer flower is dead,
And every summer sweet is fled,
Add softness, as a smile from heaven—
So on his mind lov'd images
Would o'er his ruined hopes arise,

While mem'ry with reflective rays,
Gave back the joys of other days ;
And tender feelings thrilling came,
As each dear form and cherished name,
In beauty's light, or music's tone,
Responded, smil'd, again his own—
Oh, could such shapes embodied be,
Or thought were but reality !
'Tis past—the waking vision's o'er,
And fancy's meteors cheat no more—
Dark as the storm his fate appears,
Nor hopes a change with changing years :
The whirlwind's path may desert lie—
'Twill bloom beneath a milder sky—
But clos'd those eyes that with us gaz'd,
And mute the voice that with us prais'd,
And deaf, forever deaf, the ear
That turn'd each wish, each thought to hear ;
And fled the fond approving smile
That could our dullest tasks beguile ;
And the warm hand that ours would clasp,
Now cold within death's icy grasp—
Oh, then is *felt* our *friend* is gone—

And then we are—*must be—alone!*
Nor nature's images express
The spirit's deep, dark loneliness;
Nor spicy gale, nor smiling sky
Can desert hearts re-vivify—
And pity melted even the *twain*,
When flow'd the pensive Pilgrim's strain,
Breathing that hopelessness of grief,
That asks not, nor expects relief.

THIRD PILGRIM'S

SONG.

1.

Where frost chokes the fountains,
Where winter's the year,
And the snow swells to mountains,
I trod without fear—
The ice-blast swept o'er me,
With the chill of the tomb;
But warm on my fancy
Rose the hearth of my home.

2.

Where the sand whirl'd in billows,
And death rode the wind,
And the robber and tiger
In the pathway reclin'd ;
O'er the stream's desert channel
I fear'd not to roam,
The stream of affection
Still gush'd for my home.

3.

And hope's hallow'd feeling
Still sav'd from despair,
Till I entered my dwelling—
No welcome was there !
My loved ones had perished,
E'er the wanderer could come—
I had *seen* desolation—
I *felt* it, at home !

A SONG,

Written for the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of New-Hampshire.

Two Hundred Years are numbered now,
 Since, with the op'ning year,
The white man breathed his ardent vow,
 And rais'd his altar here ;
From Albion's haughty sea-girt land,
 "Laconia's" Ancients come,
A patient, firm and dauntless band,
 To seek a peaceful home.

And why should thus our Fathers spurn
 Their native earth and sky ?
With visions bold their fancies burn ;
 Their hopes and hearts beat high ;
For 'mid these northern wilds they see
 Perennial nature bloom,
And rivers roll in majesty,
 To fertilize their home :

And mighty Lakes are spreading there,
Where Eden Islands show ;
And "Crystal Hills" are swelling fair,
Where mines of treasure glow.
Oh, at those visions never smile,—
They gilded well the gloom ;
They softened oft the rugged toil
That raised our happy home.

Nor think such dreams were fables vain ;
The *moral* we may find :
Though Winter here in rigor reign,
No frosts can blight the *Mind*—
It glows as pure, it soars as light
As ocean's wintry foam ;
It is the *Freeman's* Crystal bright—
The Gem that gilds his home.

Then polish high the living *Mind* !
'Twas Athens' proudest praise—
Be learning here with Labor join'd,
Our laurels with our lays ;
And God, who saw with tender care
Our Pilgrim Fathers roam,
Will bless those sons and daughters fair,
That grace and guard their home.

THE ROSE.

How sweet is the soft op'ning day,
 When nature is smiling through tears.
And blushing her charms to display,
 The first Rose of summer appears!—
But on me all its beauties are lost,
 I heed not how fragrant or fair,
Since mouldering in darkness and dust
 Is the *hand* that first planted it there.

Ah, little I deemed at that hour,
 When hope was like spring in its glow,
That e'er the shrub bloom'd in my bower,
 My heart must be withered by woe !
Now spring with gay summer may dance,
 And their chaplet of roses entwine ;
'Tis winter to me, for no glance
 Of feeling will brighten with mine.

How ample is Flora's fair page,
 Array'd by the skill of the Swede—
'Tis the wisdom of youth or of age,
 This volume of nature to read ;
When my husband, with ardor, approv'd,
 All rich did its beauties appear ;—
I thought that the study I lov'd—
 'Twas his accents I listened to hear.

My books now neglected may lie,
 Or opened, I gaze but to weep,
For mute is his voice, and his eye
 Forever is shrouded in sleep—
Oh, death ! why so stern in thy sway ?
 So eager frail mortals to call ?
Like the rose, they may flourish to-day—
 The morrow must witness their fall.

They fall, are forgotten, the earth
Doth their names and their ashes receive—
But my husband, thy mem'ry and worth,
Embalmed in my bosom, shall live—
Nor death can the union destroy,
That's linked with the life of the mind ;
We shall meet in those mansions of joy,
Where love is divinely refin'd :

And soon will that moment arrive,
For time never ceases his flight ;
Yet who for existence would strive,
If life were but winter and night ?
And it ne'er can be morning to me,
Nor will spring its warm radiance shed,
While the spot at each turning, I see,
Where he sleeps in his cold, narrow bed.

June 14, 1823.

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