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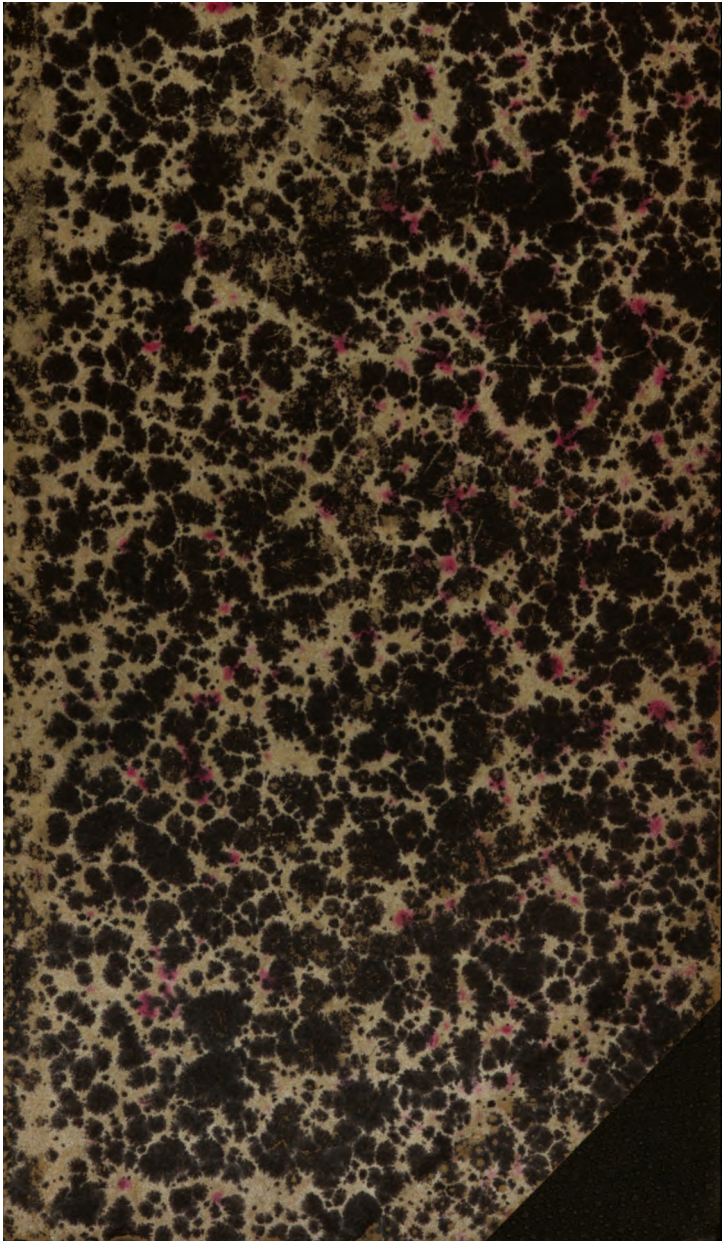
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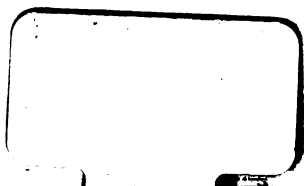


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FROM

J. H. Wilby,
Newton Corner.

26 May, 1865.



THE
LIFE

OF THE

BOSTON BARD,

Robert Stevenson

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

In youth I saw, the rugged road
My feet were doomed to tread,
And sane, I took misfortune's lead,
And bared to heaven my head.

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY STEPHEN MARSHALL,
ROSCOE, PRINTER.

.....
1825.

AL 1065.6.71

1865. May 26

Gift of

H. Wilby

of Western Co. New York



Southern District of New-York. ss.

Be it remembered, that on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1825. in the 49th year of the Independence of the United States of America, Stephen Marshall, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit :—

“The Life of the “BOSTON BARD,” written by himself:

In youth, I saw the rugged road
My feet were doom'd to tread;
And sane, I took misfortune's load,
And bared to Heaven my head.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United State, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled “An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New York,

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434

TO

DANIEL BRYAN, ESQ.

ALEXANDRIA,

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

This brief Sketch of the Life of his Friend,

Is most gratefully

Dedicated.

ROBERT S. COFFIN.

THE
LIFE
OF THE
BOSTON BARD.

IN Brunswick, a pleasant little town on the river Androscoggin, distant about twenty-five miles from Portland, the capital of the new state of Maine, in a neat log edifice, was born ROBERT STEVENSON COFFIN,* now better known by the appellation of the "BOSTON BARD."

How it came to pass that he was ushered into this "breathing world," under the roof of so humble a dwelling, will be the first *important* query with the reader; thus be it answered: My father, whose name was Ebenezer Coffin, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and educated at Cambridge College, in the same state; soon after the termination of his studies at the university, he prepared himself for the ministry, and receiving an invitation from the good people of Brunswick, he accepted it, and finally settled among them. Brunswick, at this period, wore a very forbidding appearance;

* I was named after Captain ROBERT STEVENSON, late of Newburyport, deceased.—His widow, I believe, is still living.

the town was but thinly settled ; the land sandy, and needing greatly the aid of art to render it even tolerably profitable ; many of the tenements were constructed chiefly of logs—and the more splendid dwellings, (I allude to those formed of boards, shingles and *squared* timber) were occupied by the families of those who might then, with some propriety, be termed the lords of the soil ; it required several months to rear and ornament a suitable mansion for the residence of their appointed pastor ; before this very desirable object could be accomplished, it became absolutely necessary, by the “ *Mede and Persian*” laws of nature, that I should be introduced into the society of the *bearded* bipeds of creation !—In this dilemma, human pride bowed to the supremacy of necessity ; the pastor opened the portal of a cabin, and introduced to a numerous family of spiders and death-watches* himself and his youthful bride.

Whether my father or my mother felt most chagrin on this occasion, I am unable to determine ; they were both very young ; my mother had been nurtured in the lap of luxury, and no expense had been spared on her education ; she had bidden adieu to the friends and companions of her maiden years, to follow the fortunes of him she had freely chosen as her partner and protector through life ; but she had never read, or otherwise understood, that Fortune could, in any wise, be induced to soil her velvet slippers, by treading on the threshold

* A well-known insect, inhabiting decayed timber.

of so humbly constructed a dwelling as the one she now inhabited ; much less that the fair goddess should take up her abode within, and gladden those walls with her presence. On the contrary, my father's fortune, although less ample than that of my mother, was, with the amount of his salary, and an adherence to strict economy, sufficient to gild the pill of life, and remove, in a great degree, the nausea of existence ; and, moreover, he was of a merry disposition--of liberal principles--of good natural abilities, and possessed great generosity of spirit ; he respected the world, for the Grand Architect of Heaven had formed it, and pronounced it good ; he could not doubt the wisdom and mercy of Omnipotence, and Omnipotence had placed him upon the bosom of earth, there to remain, until the frail tenement of the soul should fall, and amalgamate with kindred dust ; it was of no consequence *where* or *when* it fell ; nevertheless, there were duties to perform, and he could not be held guiltless, who, knowing their importance, should wilfully neglect the performance of them, or to improve the talent he might possess, by burying it beneath an unseemly and destructive weight of idleness ;—hence, it fairly may be supposed, that his scruples to enter the simple and rude structure, and, for a season to inhabit the same, were much sooner overcome than those of my mother. Be that as it may, under that roof was I born, and through the apertures of those logs did the glorious Sun emit the first rays

of celestial light* that ever broke upon my being.

How much joy was manifested in the neighborhood, and in how many different ways, at the news of a "man-child" being born; or what interest was felt as respected his future welfare, I have no kind of recollection whatever; nor has it ever entered my head to make any inquiries since of my mother;—for this neglect I certainly owe an apology to the reader, which is here tendered, and which, it is hoped, will be promptly accepted, although the heinousness of the fault may scarcely admit of pardon! There is also another very important point which I have never been able to determine, viz.: whether the *Muses* did or did not attend on this occasion, and with their invisible harps announce me an adopted child of their goddessships; this is a matter which has caused in my own mind infinite perplexity, as it will, most undoubtedly, in the minds of many others; but I cannot remember even in what metre, measure or style were given my first cries to the nurse—whether in doggerel rhyme or in heroic blank verse; whether my eyes were in a "fine phrenzy rolling," or not rolling at all; whether the Genius of Poesy sprinkled me with the waters of Castalia, or whether I was immersed in the limpid element

* I say celestial, because a candle or a lamp might, possibly, have irradiated my room at the time—a fire being unnecessary, as my birth happened on the 14th of July, ten days after what is called "Independent day;" and I regret extremely that it should thus have fallen out; however, I have always endeavoured, and shall still continue to make the best of it: it is worse than idle to hold an argument with fate!

of the Androscoggin: alas! how deeply to be regretted is the treacherous memory of infancy! How much of the story of our lives must forever remain a mystery, from the inability to recollect the incidents of this interesting period of existence! What would I not give to be assured of my being "*born a poet*"; to feel satisfied that my tongue lisped unintelligible "*immortal verse*," ere its cord was severed by the lancet of the physician! How delightful to recall to mind the anathematizing stanzas against the hand that negligently had left a pin in my night-clothes, piercing with its sharp point my tender body, even until the welcome return of morning! O. exquisite! exquisite!—Memory, thou art not *always* the foe of human happiness, the assertion of the inspired Goldsmith to the contrary notwithstanding; thy pictures are not always dark and cheerless; the tints are often bright, affording many pleasurable emotions to the soul, even in manhood's month of storms:

To him who shuddereth to see
Past years in folly spent,
To him, indeed, O Memory,
Thou art a demon sent.

But he who feareth not to pass
His own heart's strict review,
While runs the sands of life's brief glass,
Shall find a friend in you.

It may not be amiss to inform the reader, that the foregoing stanzas are my own composition, although first published some years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, that great mart

of "brotherly affection," and Pittsburg Whiskey. But to return from my digression :

In process of time the long wished-for mansion was completed; the rooms supplied with elegant and substantial furniture; the land divided and fenced round; a stable erected, and a cow, horse and chair, together with an ample supply of fuel, placed therein; and nothing now remained but to take possession of the premises, which as may readily be supposed, was immediately done; but of the precise time, or of the manner in which these operations took place, I am as ignorant as I am of J—— G——'s* system of teaching grammar, or of my being an adept in the art of pacing a three-legged horse—having no knowledge whatever of either of these sciences! The world is an inquisitive one, and its curiosity, as it respects any of my concerns, shall be gratified; therefore be it known, by the solemn asseverations of my nurse, that I never uttered an intelligible word until I had teeth; that I crept before I was able to stand, and learnt to stand before I could walk; that the first jacket and trowsers that ever graced my body were made of nankeen, and of precisely the same colour as the pantaloons worn by General La Fayette on his introduction into the city of New-York, in the year 1824—a singular coincidence, but "*let that pass;*" moreover, that I was often chastised for no other reason than because I deserved it; this was really too bad, and I should hardly have forgiven the inflictors

* Of Philadelphia.

to this day, had I not generally received some sweetmeats afterwards to prevent my crying; thus the skillful physician after scarifying the sensible flesh, will lay on an emollient plaster to make all well again. I shall now throw a forward somerset over several years of my earthly pilgrimage, which will bring me to the age of twelve years, or thereabouts, when a demon, under the specious guise of pleasure, entered our home, and peace took its departure, to return no more forever!—yet this fiend although powerful and of great malignity, could not have accomplished the utter destruction of domestic happiness without the aid of human art, and deeper than hell-born hypocrisy!—But the grave has closed over the *frailty* of the injured, and the deep *guilt* of the destroyer.—Shall I speak, and command the tomb to disclose its dark secrets to the world? The white robed seraph answers, No! The tears of the living answer, No!—Charity, I obey thy mandate; the seal of death shall not be broken.

* * * * *

And now commenced the first of my misfortunes and my miseries. A separation of my parents took place, by *mutual consent*, as the world is pleased to pronounce it, but as I choose to define it, by the officious interference of several lurking adversaries, who wished to purchase at a bargain that property on which their envious vision had so long dwelt with hungry impatience. Fate placed it in the hands of an uncle, and, alas! my sister Eloisa

and myself with it!—My father departed from Newburyport, with my brothers, *Cazeneau* and *Newhall*, but my mother, with *Horace*, then an infant, remained in Brunswick.—Here, in servile drudgery, passed a period of about two years; I was seldom permitted to see my mother, although not half a mile distant; yet I often secretly, as I thought at the time, visited her, and just as often returned to receive a severe flagellation for the affection thus shown to her who gave me being! *This* act of brutality, although but one among an infinitude, I can *never* forget—no, not at the bar of Heaven; resentment against the authors even at this day, will flush my cheek at recollection of the deed, and the ejaculation in our prayer, that Heaven may forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, often dies half uttered on my lips!—It is wrong—I feel it to be wrong; and may the all-merciful Ruler of the Universe soften this obdurate heart, and impart to me a spirit of forgiveness. While I remained in Brunswick, my daily occupations, or rather tasks, were to cut fuel for two or three fires—to attend the various calls of boarders, strangers, and domestics—perform the duties of hostler, and, during the mild seasons, pursue through bog and tangled wood the devious pathways of the cow:

“ *Delightful task!*” to track the lowing kine,
And in the faithless quagmire plunge, neck-deep!

**Ah, would the muses but have visited me then!
In what glowing and unfading colours would I**

have depicted the scenes passing around me; a laughing Professor* of Bowdoin College should be found at one hour impressing upon my mind a fear of "ghosts and goblins dire," and at the next, provided it but *thundered* in the Heavens, should be found safely promenading in the darkness of his cellar, through whose compact walls the *electric fluid* might in vain seek an aperture to enter! How rapturously also should my muse have described the beauties of a landscape, in which pine-trees, pigeons, and whortle-berries, were the most prominent features—excepting always the President's house, Chapel, and College, as also the turbulent falls of the Androscoggin!—

* Phœbus, what a name.

To fill the startling, brazen trump of fame!"

The following stanzas were composed on learning the destruction, by fire, of the largest and most beautiful building belonging to the Collegiate Institution:

Ere classic Bowdoin reared its head,
 And graced the village plain;
 Ere Poesy had her mantle spread,
 Or knew his harp a strain,—
 Where Androscoggin's waters flow,
 Fair Brunswick's shores along;
 Where the tall pines majestic grow,
 Firs lisped the child's song.

You seat of lore, that prostrate lies,
 By Fate's relentless hand,
 In childhood's morn he saw arise,
 Majestically grand:

* The best Chemist and Mineralogist in the United States, and a man possessing many amiable qualities.

Marked in manuscript

He saw W'K KN * the christian sire,
 Of Bowdoin's youth the friend—
 Their choice, their glory, pride, desire,
 To the dark tomb descend.

With look benign, once Science stood,
 And welcomed to her lore ;
 But Fortune closed in angry mood,
 On Poesy's child the door ;
 A wanderer since amidst the gloom
 That shrouds grim Poverty's form ;
 Few are the flowers for him that bloom—
 The mistle of the storm.

Still are those scenes to memory dear
 He knew in other days ;
 Ere yet he proved man insincere,
 Or life a thorny maze ;
 Still melts his heart at human wo,
 Whenever its trace he views.
 And gives—'tis all he can bestow—
 The offering of his muse.

To see his country proudly soar
 Above the middle height,
 Pre- eminent in wealth and power,
 To crush oppression's might ;
 To mark, unscapp'd her Eagle soar,
 The emblem of the tree,—
 Thy Bard, Columbia asks no more,
 Not e'en his vanity.

Bowdoin again her head shall rear
 At Charity's command ;
 Her ruined hall, to Science dear,
 Re-built by Friendship's hand,
 Again shall bid the Student hail,
 And glad the Stranger's eyes,
 While grateful anthems swell the gale,
 To those who bade it rise.

Before quitting my uncle, or rather my
 Egyptian task master, I had progressed so far
 in knowledge as to be able to write my name,
 and to do any small sum in addition or multi-

* The first President of Bowdoin College.

plication;—respecting figures, however, I must in justice confess my then, and still existing antipathy to form any acquaintance with them; their very shapes are abhorrent to my sight, and did I wish to commit suicide, it could not be done more effectually than by obliging myself to keep a wholesale merchant's waste-book; therefore for my ignorance in this most essential branch of education, no person can justly be blamed but myself. An excellent arithmetician himself, even my father often declared me a dunce, when vainly endeavouring to make me sensible of the importance and *pleasure* afforded by a thorough knowledge of arithmetic;—but the tide set another way, and he could not change its course; it was wisdom to stop—and he ceased from the hopeless endeavour. The study of grammar was also my aversion; and, up to this hour of my life, I never have, nor am I able to parse a sentence;—if a blush reddens my cheek at the acknowledgement, it need not trouble the reader; whatsoever part of the punishment I deserve, that part I am able and willing to bear;—“let every tub,” &c. &c. This, however, is true; I have been most ungenerously censured for errors in my poetic compositions, which have arisen from the dire necessity of writing, at a moment's notice, articles to be printed the next hour! On this subject probably I shall enlarge hereafter.

Bidding an eternal adieu to the birth-place of my miseries, with huge drops of unfeigned rapture, sparkling like the purest gems, in the

corner of either eye, I entered the vehicle provided to convey me to Newburyport, Massachusetts, the residence of my father! Days, weeks, months, and years, may roll past me, but the heart-felt joy experienced at this moment of departure, will never be obliterated from my memory; indeed, indeed, it more than compensated for all my former sufferings and sorrows.

On my arrival at Newburyport, I resided a short time with another uncle, whose character in most respects was the reverse of the former; affection for *him* strengthened my antipathy and hatred for the *other*; he treated me with kindness, and my heart expanded with gratitude towards him—it was unexpected, and therefore more deeply impressed on my hitherto dejected spirit; he has the blessing of a brother's offspring—may his life be protracted, and in death may he be assured of the blessed immortality that awaits the righteous. I was now apprenticed to learn the “art, trade and mystery” of a house-joiner; however, my continuance at this occupation was but of short duration; the planing of rough boards, covered with ice, and the eternal din of the saw and hammer, were altogether uncongenial with my ideas of harmony and happiness; if I was fond of driving, *nails* were not what I wished to drive—a horse would have suited me much better, for at this time I was a skillful equestrian, and to rein the headstrong steed had been my delight. After abandoning this business, for a few-months I attended the town

school ; during which time I learnt the art of breaking my head by means of skates, and of employing a scholar, or blockhead, no matter which, to do my sums in arithmetic ; whether I made any progress in stenography, is doubtful ; as to the other branches of education, (if there were any) they were altogether neglected. The time had now arrived when, to learn some " trade, art, or mystery," whereby to support myself hereafter, was absolutely necessary ; I had visited a Printing establishment, was pleased with the art, and in due time gave my consent to be an indented apprentice to EPHRAIM W. ALLEN, Esq. editor and proprietor of the Newburyport Herald. Mr. Allen was by no means a hard master ; but, owing to circumstances which he could not easily avoid, several apprentices had left him before their just term of service had expired : his anger could quickly be excited, and as speedily pacified : on the whole, he was a generous and well-disposed man ; but he had two or three perfect imps of mischief to deal with, among whom, I am sorry to say, I was chief—the very Rob Roy of the clan ; every inhabitant of the town, of high or low standing in society, toward whom we had imbibed any antipathy, received from us a ludicrous nick-name ;—like our great progenitor, I stood up and gave appellations to them all ; and we frequently held a conversation on the merits of the several personages, even while some of those distinguished characters were present ; but to all, save a trusty few of our

young associates, it was altogether unintelligible, until by carelessness, the manuscript list was dropped in a place where it was soon discovered ;—the cat let out, the business came to a speedy conclusion, and the objects of our mirth and spleen were, in this way, troubled no more ; however, every neighbour, within gun-shot, continued to watch our “ goings in and our comings out ” with as much care as though we had been the lurking tenants of the forest, insidiously prowling around their dwellings for a safe opportunity to accomplish an evil purpose ; their fears were somewhat groundless ; we should have done nothing worse than merely daubing with paste the door handle, or carefully removing the stone steps where we supposed them to be infringing the proper width of the side walk—in this respect performing the duty of street commissioners, although not specially appointed to act in that capacity. No one could rival me in forming and preparing traps for such domesticated game as cats, dogs, pigeons, and the like : it was on a fine summer day, that the novel idea entered my brain of inveigling *birds* into the relentless jaws of a steel *rat-trap* ; the thought was original, and, defying all events, the project must be immediately put to the test ; accordingly, the murderous machine was brought in requisition, set with the greatest nicety and discretion, some kernels of corn gently laid upon and around it, carried to the top of the office-building, which was three stories in height, and there left to do what ex-

ecution it might. While masticating my dinner, a pigeon alighted on the fall of the trap, and its teeth closed instantly on the leg of the harmless victim; in the useless endeavours to extricate itself from this incumbrance, it rolled from the roof, trap and all; when opposite a second story window, the unfortunate pigeon regained its equilibrium, and came fluttering, pouncing, and knocking the steel appendage of its leg against the panes of dim glass occupying the identical frame of that window near which my master was then sitting!—What his first sensations were, I cannot explain, as, very luckily for my shoulders, the whole of the tragedy was acted in my absence; however, I returned in good time to hear the whole of the afterpiece, which rung in my ears for the space of an hour or two afterwards, although the risible muscles would distend most amply whenever the trap and window would intrude themselves on my sight!—To suddenly view, while in deep meditation, the indistinct image of an animal body, borne in air by a brace of wings, knocking with a huge and unseemly mass of iron for admittance at the second story, and at noon-day too, for a moment might have alarmed the undaunted spirit of Cæsar himself!

That there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy hath dreamed of, is, most indisputably, true; wherefore then, should it be deemed altogether improbable, that the *Muse* inhabited the body of the ensnared pigeon, and that I caught them twain at one and the same moment? for certain it

is, that directly after this affair, an unconquerable desire to make rhymes took possession of my mind, and I hesitated not to indulge it, to the great gratification of my young associates, and the unknown waste of paper, quills, and ink, the property of my master.

Previous to the destructive conflagration at Newburyport, an evident attempt had been made to fire the printing office of Mr. ALLEN ; there were three apprentices altogether, and the afternoon previous, we had all been irritating a neighbour whose dwelling was situated immediately back of the office ; this man caught one of the apprentices and lightly chastised him ; the next morning, after the discovery of the incendiary attempt to destroy our building, this neighbour caused us all three to be arrested, and examined before a justice of the peace ; it became palpable enough that neither of us had any concern in the diabolical act, and we were dismissed ; but I recollect that my feelings were greatly wounded at the suspicion, and I wept bitterly all the remainder of that day.

My temerity at this period of life was very great ; I used frequently to hang by my hands alone from the very edge of a four story building, to the infinite horror of the spectators below ; and I made a practice of getting out of a third story window, when I wished to avoid my work, and safely descending by the wooden spout down to the street, taking great care always to throw my hat and shoes out before making my own descent : the retrospect makes me shudder.

My first efforts at rhyming were of the Hudibrastic character, levelled against the tenants of a house of ill fame; these productions were printed and distributed, with much precaution, during the hours of darkness, and when "leaden slumber" had sealed the eyes of all, save "chiefs on mischief bent!" the printing part of the business, however, was soon discovered, and an end put to that concern at once; but I still continued to write, and present my doggerel verse to my juvenile companions. My next attempt was on a much larger scale, the theme being the destruction of *Plum Island Fort*, so called, situated a few miles below *Newburyport*, and calculated to defend the harbour, provided it had not been placed quite so near the invading billows of the sea, which at last undermining and washing away its sandy foundation, it fell, although not very terrible was the fall thereof; this poem, or "prose run mad" production, consisted of about twelve stanzas, only one of which I now recollect, and it herewith follows as a fair specimen of the whole:

'Twas on that night which I've forgot,
 The billows loud did roar,
 When overboard went all the shot,
 To wound the lobsters sore!

Rude however as it was, the "*Elegy on Plum Island Fort*" attracted the notice of one of its projectors, and if memory does not deceive me, a curse was uttered against the author; never was a curse more gratefully, nay, rapturously received! Oh, it was a glorious sound!

My stanzas were *worth* cursing! I could have knelt to the kind declaimer, and served as his bond-man during as long a period, and with as much pleasure too, as gallant Jacob did for his beloved Rachel! Ah, how much happiness have ye lost, ye bards, whose maiden verses were never anathematized by the rich and powerful!—ye know not the value of a curse; ye are totally ignorant of its intrinsic worth to the unfledged muse of the youthful scribbler; it is the most powerful incentive to fame, and even to virtue; its influence on our independent spirit in the morn-of-life, is greater than the most lively imagination can describe; had my elegy been pronounced "*not worth a curse,*" most probably I should have abandoned rhyme, and my name and mortal tenement perished together;—but when the anathema greeted my ear, my heart leapt for joy, and from that moment I determined to climb the temple of fame, and if possible to hang my sugar-loaf hat upon the spire of its cupola!

I now amused myself by composing short poetical compliments, &c. to the young misses of my sister's acquaintance; acrostics, rebusses, and the like, were in considerable demand, and by dint of perseverance and untiring industry I was enabled to supply the market; an epitaph, or an elegy on the many traits of sagacity and good qualities of a favorite kitten, often employed my leisure hours!—but, alas! of what a restless disposition is a human being; although thus pleasingly and *usefully* employed, my mind was far from knowing contentment;

something of still greater magnitude must be undertaken, something that would create some sort of a sensation among the multitude;—what was it? The first of January was at hand; the carriers of the Herald must have an address to the patrons of that journal; who would compose it? why not do it myself? in what sense was I deficient? I could not discern my lack of any thing requisite, and at all hazards I determined to put my skill and fancy to the test; in due season, therefore, the poem was finished, much to my own satisfaction; in a disguised hand it was transcribed, and conveyed to the editor, through the medium of the Post Office; it was shown to an eminent attorney, and by him pronounced to be better than one which had previously been received from another quarter; accordingly it was published, and on New Year's day presented to the patrons of the Herald. General LA FAYETTE may feel, as undoubtedly he does, very "comfortable," (as old Cosey has it in the play) in the assurance of our veneration and gratitude; but, I will venture to affirm, that he never felt so consequential as myself during the whole of the above-mentioned day. It was impossible for me to keep the secret longer than four or five hours—out it popped, and I enjoyed as much happiness as any human being can enjoy without becoming delirious; I perused the poem more than forty times before retiring to bed, and my dreams that night were all of future fame and felicity; and why should it matter from what trivial circum-

stances our innocent pleasures may arise? They are generally more pure and heart-felt than those which cost us more trouble and anxiety to obtain.

And now it was that I supposed myself capable of writing articles worthy of insertion in the columns of a newspaper; yes, I had the presumption to think so—infatuated simpleton, as I was! Piece after piece passed from the Post Office to the editorial desk—were read, and then committed to the flames in my immediate presence! To bear these repeated insults with complacency was a thing entirely out of my nature; my fortitude began to flag; and in bitterness of spirit, I abandoned the hopeless undertaking.

About this time a quarrel ensued between my master and myself, the result of which was, that I took leave of him and his service, as he had left it at my option to remain or depart; but I did not immediately return to my father's house, from the fear entertained of punishment, and compulsion to return to my master; my father was in the country, and my mother knew nothing of the incident during two or three days; when, after mature deliberation, I sent her a letter, in which was expressed a firm determination never again to serve as an apprentice to the man I had just left; the answer was couched in terms that induced me to venture from my hiding place—a cabinet-maker's shop—and once more quietly sit myself down by the family fire-side. In a few days, however, Mr. ALLEN procured for me a

situation with his brother, WILLIAM B. ALLEN, who also was a printer, and then resided in Haverhill, Massachusetts; with this man my stay was rather short—about seven months; during three of which I worked night and day, without cessation, excepting the few hours absolutely required for the renovation of exhausted nature; and such was the pressure of business, that seldom even Sunday “shone a holiday for me;”—and here I beg leave, although perhaps voluntarily guilty myself, to enter an unqualified protest against all unnecessary labour on the Sabbath; there is a voice in the very silence of nature on that day, to which I have listened, and which has convinced me that it hath been hallowed from the finishing of creation, by the fiat of Jehovah himself;—if I have been deceived, let me never discover the deception. In religion I am no bigot: are the widow and the fatherless perishing on the day of the LORD, for lack of fuel? my man-servant and my cattle shall,—aye, on *that day*,—provide them wood from the forest, and they shall not die!—But my poems will sufficiently explain both my moral and religious principles in every respect; and to them I refer the enquiring reader.—There was no time here to court the Muses—at least, not until the welcome return of Spring, when gentle love took possession of my soul, and laid a strict embargo on common sense; the Muses fell to work again, like Green Mountain turnpikers—they soon formed a direct road to the very centre of that heart where my

affections were enshrined; the crows were now transformed to nightingales—the pine trees were loaded with most excellent oranges—the winds wafted to me the perfumes of Araby—nature had put on her “best bib and tucker,” and appeared in more than common loveliness; I had free access to the home of my charmer, and time trod on flowers—I heard not his footsteps; my duty to my employer was neglected—my health impaired, and I again returned to Newburyport; for several months sickness confined me to my home.

After a partial recovery from illness, through the influence of my former master, I was employed by Messrs. CUSHING and APPLETON, of Salem, editors and proprietors of the Gazette,—both in the truest sense of the word, meriting and receiving the appellation of gentlemen; Mr. CUSHING superintended the printing department, and Mr. APPLETON attended to the concerns of the bookstore; my situation was satisfactory, and the genius of poesy was always at my elbow; I was a friend to DE WITT CLINTON then, and hesitate not to declare myself so still; young as I was, I had learnt this homely but wholesome truth, that the ripest and richest fruit is that which is most pecked at by birds, and marred by insects! I allude to the character of the *man*—politics are an utter abomination unto me. I composed and printed several poetical productions in favour of Mr. CLINTON's election to the presidency; these were distributed late in the evening in every part of the town, and the wonder was,

“and still the wonder grew,” from whose brain they emanated, for they had been written, printed and disposed of without the knowledge or consent of Mr. CUSHING;—it is a matter of some difficulty to place a cat in a bag, but it is still more difficult to hold the animal fast when it is in : I opened my mouth, and, lo ! out flew the name of the author, jumping with the velocity of lightning from “post to pillar,” and, like the rod of Aaron, swallowing up all other subjects of conversation, at least among the young political *literati* of the place. There was an imperishable wreath weaving for me in the loom of fame, and the Graces stood in readiness to twine it around my brow as soon as it should be completed, when, alás ! I again fell sick, and was necessitated to depart for Newburyport.

The winter passed away in idleness, being unable yet to renew my ordinary business ; at the opening of spring my health returned, and I was employed on half wages by my former master, E. W. ALLEN, Esq. Some months glided away in mutual tranquillity and satisfaction, when a furious and somewhat bloody battle ensued between my employer and myself, in which he came off conqueror, though, I believe a little damaged in the hull and rigging ; in the height of anger he uttered something derogatory to my family, and which, as a man, he could not but acknowledge was wrong. My father still remained in the country, and no threats or mild advice could induce me to enter the Printing-Office again ; an insult of this

nature was not easily obliterated from my memory, for it was ungenerous and altogether unjust. The relation of circumstances such as the preceding, may appear of trivial moment to the reader; but I have undertaken to write my life, and it must be written, let who will approve or condemn: I am weary of verbally replying to the queries of strangers, and even of my friends; it has long been an unwelcome task, and this is an apology for publishing trifles, which I hope may be accepted.

Again I was unemployed for a length of time, that is, I was not attending to any business of a lucrative character; the hours were passed in scribbling verses that were generally burnt as soon, and sometimes before they were finished; the lack of some useful and constant employment gave unlimited control to melancholy reflections on the past, and once cheering prospects of life; the home of childhood was now become the habitation of strangers; the sacred desk, from which the lips of my father were wont to declaim, was filled by another; our substance was destroyed; our parents in distress; my heart grew sick, and death would have been welcome—but he came not. Even our kindred seemed to have forgotten us in our calamity:

Yes, it is true; the world can change,
 And kindred kind forget;
 And home become a dwelling strange—
 A board for strangers set.

Yes—it is true; the flowers of hope
 May perish in their bloom;
 And glowing hands the path may stop
 That ends but in the tomb.

The eldest of my brothers, and having no other resource than to be fed by charity, or at once to throw myself upon the world and demand from it a subsistence, it will readily be supposed that I chose the latter.—The Rev. JAMES MORSS, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Newburyport, through the influence of his friend, Dr. EATON, of Boston, obtained for me a situation in the Printing Establishment of Messrs. WELLS and LILLY, of the latter place;—and here permit me to express my gratitude to a man worthy, as humanity can ever be, of the name of *Christian* on earth, and of the everlasting glory and happiness of Heaven; a man whom the lips of the widow and the fatherless pronounce blessed; a man, whose humility declares him a “legate of the skies,” whose breast-plate is righteousness, and whose feet are shod with salvation; a Christian, clothed in the spotless robe of charity, and whose actions speak love and good will to all mankind. Think not, reader, that my gratitude enhances his virtues, for I lament my inability to do justice to his merits;—his epitaph is written by the finger of inspiration—*Blessed is the man who hath compassion on the poor and the oppressed*, and it is engraven by gratitude on the tablet of the soul. But for him, (so speedy did misfortunes accumulate,) my wretched mother might have been thrown a burden upon that town, to whose prosperity my father had so greatly contributed; and she might have gazed with humid eyes, from the windows of an alms-house, on the walls of that College,

for the erection of which her husband had drawn up the first subscription paper, and by his influence obtained the patronage of the wealthiest inhabitants of the place,*—a person having been despatched from the "Select Men" of Brunswick on the ungracious errand, to transport us to Brunswick, there to be supported like paupers, at the expense of the town! My soul sickens at the recollection.—Where then were our wealthy connexions? Where the sun-flies of prosperity? Where the officious friends of other days? They had all "passed on the other side!" But, thanks be to God, the good Samaritan was at hand; the oil and the wine were administered, and the broken heart made whole—and may the heart that dictated such benevolence never beat with any other sensation than that of the purest joy. MORSE, if thou hast enemies, they need not my anathemas, for thy foes are the enemies of all the virtues that ennoble man, and prepare him for the enjoyment of heaven. There were other friends at this period, to whom I tender my thanks, and particularly to Mr. EDWARD RAND, JUNIOR, Mrs. — TRACY, and the family of Captain WILLIAM FERRIS, for their unchanging friendship "through good or evil report."

Arriving in Boston, employment was immediately afforded me; I received no stated wages, but was paid for what I earned, which did not amount to much, arising from causes that

* The original subscription paper is in my possession.

cannot be well understood by any, save printers—therefore an explanation is deemed unnecessary. After the labours of the day were past, the muse sometimes condescended to visit me ; and on one of these occasions she produced the following stanzas, which were the first of hers that ever appeared before the public through the medium of a newspaper ; they were published in the Boston Evening Gazette, a weekly journal edited by WILLIAM BURDICT, Esq.*

Angelic nymph, my muse awakes
To sing those heavenly charms of thine ;
And gladly from her slumber breaks
To weave for thee a wreath divine.

Yes—on thy head a wreath I'll place,
Of flow'rets fair and fragrant wave ;
Flowers such as angels' temples grace,
Of odours sweet, and pure as love,

A blushing rose shall grace the wreath,
To represent those cheeks of thine ;
The violet too its sweets shall breathe—
Like thee in modest lustre shine :

Then various flowers may intervene,
Each smaller aperture to close ;
And last, the clasping evergreen
Shall gently twine around the rose :

To tell thy sex—though beauty fade,
And wither in the silent tomb,
Yet, though in modest garb array'd,
Like evergreen shall virtue bloom.

To have witnessed the various manœuvres I made before I ventured to slip my bantling into the letter-box, would have created no

* After my return from sea, there were also several other pieces of mine published in this journal.

small degree of merriment to any person previously acquainted with my design; twenty times did I advance, and as often did I retreat to reconnoitre the out-posts; every passenger was considered as a spy, and I hid myself until human voices and footsteps were no longer heard; then, like a lurking incendiary, on tip-toe, I sought, for the last time, the office door—slipped my communication into the box, and ran home to my lodgings with all the haste of a pursued felon! It was on Sunday evening that I performed this daring exploit, and during five days and a half I trembled and shook like Belshazzar, lest some one had seen me in the very act! However, on Saturday afternoon the piece appeared in the Gazette, and to say that I was *happy*, would be merely a common-place remark; I was two feet taller the succeeding week than I have ever been since; my bulk, a pretty thing for a poet!—increased in greater proportion than my height, and it is a matter of surprise how I was enabled to crowd up and down the narrow side-walks, lanes, and alleys, for which Boston has always been famous, without stopping the egress or ingress of carts, stage-coaches, wagons, &c. Had Doctor SAMUEL L. MITCHILL bowed to me at this time, I should have returned the compliment by a slight inclination of the head only, as much as to say, "*Good bye sir; at present I have no time to waste on such trifling subjects as natural philosophy, chemistry, and the like!*"—But to proceed with my narration: four poems now made their appearance

in quick succession, in the columns of the abovementioned Gazette, and although more laboured, they were inferior to the first, owing probably to my over-anxiety to render each succeeding poem better than its predecessor; and there is no good resulting from the vain attempt to *outrival ourselves!*

The following is the best of the four poems just alluded to :

WRITTEN ON THE SEA, BY MOONLIGHT.

What time pale Cynthia's silver beams
On ocean's buoyant bosom play,
Then do I love, in pleasing dreams,
To pass the silent hours away

'Tis then fond memory brings to view
Past scenes of pleasure and repose;
Scenes that have fled like morning dew,
That glittered on mid-summer's rose.

'Tis then my wondering soul adores
The hand that formed you vast serene;
'Tis then my grateful heart outpours
Its tribute to the GREAT UNSEEN,

'Tis then for follies past I weep—
'Tis then for time misspent I mourn;
'Tis then that conscience wakes from sleep,
And tells of years for ever flown.

'Tis then the sailor's generous heart
May breathe the sigh to friendship dear;
And doomed from her he loved to part,
Drop on his rugged breast a tear.

Oh, sacred hour of sweet repose,
To misery's child, ah! doubly dear,
Oh, stay till heaven has soothed my woes,
Dispell'd my doubts, and calm'd my fear.

At this period I was drafted for three months' duty at South Boston; to avoid doing this

duty I reported myself to the surgeon, Dr. G—— P——, as labouring under consumption, and therefore not fit for a soldier; the doctor soon discovered that nothing ailed me, but a dislike to the service, yet he seemed to commiserate my situation, and gave me a powerful emetic and cathartic, and then told me to go home, take the medicine, and report myself to him on the next morning, which I accordingly did; he inquired how I felt, &c. I told him the medicine had made me a great deal worse, when he immediately gave me the same kind of doses again, and told me, as before, to take them, and report myself next morning; by this time I found that the surgeon was "*yankee too*," and that I must try some other means of extricating myself from being a soldier; I had never taken one particle of the medicine the doctor had given me, for I well knew what its effects would be, and I was also convinced that he was satisfied that I was any thing rather than a sick man. It would have been better for me to have remained in the frying-pan, than to have jumped into the fire, as I afterwards contrived to do, in the following ingenious manner, viz. by being imprisoned in an old crazy, worm-eaten ship for the space of nine months, to avoid being a soldier during only three months.

About this time I accidentally met a young acquaintance, who had been bred to the sea ever since he was twelve years of age; after passing the usual salutations he informed me that he was on the point of sailing for the ial-

and of St. Bartholomews, in a Letter-of-Marque schooner, called "The Dolphin"; I inquired whether he supposed I was acquainted with any of the hands already shipped; he replied in the affirmative, as all but the cook and one sailor were from Newburyport; my next inquiry was, "Does your Captain want another hand?" "yes," was the blunt and brief answer; my determination was formed and fixed in an instant: "Will he ship me?" said I. "No," replied my friend; "Our Captain is well acquainted with your mother, and therefore must know that her consent would not be given to a step so rash, and fraught with danger—for, at the best, a sailor has but a "dog's life" of it, and now it is war;—the English vessels may be seen distinctly from the Castle, and we may be made prisoners before we have lost sight of land, and in a few days after be sent to Halifax prison, and thence to England; in such a case what excuse could he make for shipping a minor, at such a time too, and whose parents, he must be convinced, would not sanction the act; he might be prosecuted, and a heavy penalty be inflicted for conveying you out of the United States";—he concluded by advising me to stay on *terra firma*, and follow my own business.—I was not to be thus easily turned from my purpose; the next morning I saw the commander of the Dolphin—made known my wishes—told him my mother had consented that I should go to sea, provided I did not enter on board a *privateer*—that I was in good health, and would be content with

seven dollars *per month*; after considerable parleying and "white-lying" on my part, he consented, and repaired with me to the Custom-House to procure for me a "Protection"*—i. e. a piece of paper identifying my person, and declaring me a native-born subject of the United States of America; the following evening I exchanged my citizen's dress for that of a sailor's, and the next day employed myself in throwing in stone ballast, &c. The first mate, to make trial of my agility, gave me the end of a rope, and ordered me to reeve it through a block above the cross trees; there were no rattlings, to the shrouds, and the height I was to ascend appeared somewhat formidable;—but had I been commanded to scale the rock of Gibraltar, the attempt would have been made, although the breaking of my neck were the certain consequence;—the rope's end I took between my teeth—mounted the railing, and seizing the shrouds, I proceeded on my upward journey; on reaching the cross-trees, my strength was nearly exhausted, and in less than a minute more I should have fallen head-

*Some time after my return from England, this same bit of paper, became the cause of much uneasiness to my friends and family, by causing my death to be inserted in a N. Orleans paper. I had given my protection to a young man, who somewhat resembled me, and who being far from his friends, could not easily obtain a protection in Boston; I suppose he took my name, fell sick in N. Orleans, was carried to the hospital in that city, died, and not disclosing his own name, my name was inserted from the protection, and thus found its way into the New-England Journals. When I saw the obituary notice, I immediately wrote to inform my mother that I was not dead, and could prove it, which news soon set matters all right again, and saved the expense of mourning, or rather of buying suitable colored clothes to mourn in;

long to the deck ; however, by dint of one great and masterly effort, I threw my right leg over a projecting end of the cross-trees, and was safe !—My business aloft being accomplished, I returned below and received some rough encomiums on my dexterity.—We were nearly ready to haul out into the stream, when a “land shark” seized me by the shoulder and arm, told me I was his prisoner, and conducted me to jail !—My very kind landlady, it would seem, indulged a strong suspicion of my owing some four or five dollars to her ladyship, and had employed the said “land-shark” to kidnap me previous to my contemplated voyage, as I might never return, and she would lose the debt. My residence in the “stone jug” was a night and a day ;—there was no taking benefit of *the* act, for there was no act for the debtor’s relief ever passed by the enlightened Legislature of Massachusetts. During my confinement, such sentiments as are contained in the following verses, arose in my mind :

Hark ! 'tis the debtor's groan I hear ;
 Within yon gloomy walls he sighs ;
 Again it bursts upon the ear—
 Again it rends the vaulted skies !

Lo, to her bosom, heaving high,
 A *mother* clasps her blooming boy ;
 And now in madness lifts her eye,
 And spurns of life her only joy.

Cased is the heart in triple steel,
 And harder than those walls of stone,
 That does not for *her* sorrows feel—
 That heedeth not the *debtor's* groan.

Relentless creditor, believe
 That thou in turn wilt taste of wo,
 And the same mercy shalt receive,
 Which thou dost to thy brother show.

I was relieved from imprisonment by one of the Dolphin's owners, and hurried on board the boat that was to convey me to the schooner, then at anchor in the stream ; the same day we dropped still farther down, and came to, below the Castle, where we laid during two or three days ; the privateer M'Donough and York lay near us, waiting an opportunity to get out ; on Saturday commenced a cold and heavy storm, attended with snow, and on Sunday afternoon we spread our canvass, and was out sight of the Light-House in a tangent. —In helping on with the bonnet of the foresail, my hat flew overboard—My head felt dizzy—I was on my beam-ends twenty times in less than as many minutes, when the Captain, perceiving my situation, gave me liberty to go below ; I turned into my berth in the fore-castle, where I remained for twenty-four hours, nor should I have left it during the remainder of the passage, had I not been compelled to do so by the orders of the commander. Once more I appeared upon deck, and cursed my unluckly stars for bringing me into so much trouble ;—let the landsman boast of his fortitude in suffering ; let him pride himself upon his patience in adversity, and his calm resignation while the hand of disease is upon him ; but, if he hath never felt the sensations produced by *sea-sickness*, let him hold his peace ; he

is a very novice in all these virtues, he hath never put them to the truest test: let him suffer this provoking and unbearable complaint for one week only, and, if during this period, fortitude, patience and resignation do not march off at quick step and in Indian file, then have I not a correct idea of human nature.

I continued sick until the day we were made prisoners, which soon happened;—however, notwithstanding my illness, on crossing the tropic line, father Neptune came on board, and insisted that I should be initiated a member of his family; it was in vain to dispute his commands—there was no escape from his authority;—the preparations were made—my eyes covered by a thick bandage, and through his speaking trumpet he announced that all was ready; the scuttle of the forecastle was opened, and my presence required upon deck; one arm was thrust into the pump, and there wedged (as I supposed) with the pump handle—the other was lashed to the boat; one of his majesty's attendants lathered my face with tar, &c. &c. while another very deliberately strapped his rusty hoop-razor upon the blunt edge of a still rustier axe; this sea-devil, it would seem, was quite unacquainted with the manner of modern shaving; for he applied his razor to my cheeks and chin with *both hands*, taking off a quantity of skin, flesh, and lather, at every stroke he made; and if my face was long and lank when he commenced, my visage was not a whit *shortened* by the operation; in sooth, though he was a *barbarous* shaver, he

was no barber! And now it was that the oath was administered, and also a plentiful mouthful of the said lather, whenever I opened my lips to reply; several buckets of "salt sea-water," forcibly thrown in my face, completed the ceremonies of initiation; my arms were loosed, and I retired to change my clothes, and ponder upon what had befallen me, in the gloom of a fore-castle birth—a beautiful situation for harmonizing the mind, and expanding our poetical ideas!

For particular reasons, which the reader need not trouble himself to inquire into, the following *classically* written Narrative is here inserted; it was written for *bread*, but is nevertheless entitled to much credit, as it is founded on truth. The song at the conclusion will, no doubt, afford much amusement to the English Reviewers, should they be so fortunate as to peruse it; as it is, in verity, a good song in its place, viz. an English prison-ship! To enhance my own well deserved praise for the production of so brief and excellent a narrative, the good-natured reader is informed that nearly the whole of it was composed in types, extempore—that is, without being written, and that too, in the short space of six days. Here it is, *verb. et lit.* from the *beautiful* original:

A concise narrative of the ungenerous treatment experienced by American prisoners in England and the West Indies, &c. Written by a young man who was a prisoner nearly five months in the island of Barbadoes and four in England. Interspersed with Anecdotes, Remarks, &c. "Truth needs no ornament." Danville,
Printed by Ebenezer Eaton, 1816.

Sailed from Boston in the year 1814, on board a private armed schooner, called the *Dolphin*, Johnson, commander, bound for the island of St. Bartholomew, West Indies; spoke nothing on our passage, but saw a number of small vessels, supposed to be American privateers. We had experienced but little bad weather, and nothing of importance occurred until the morning of the 14th day of our passage, (having made the land the evening previous) when at day light the man at the mast head descried a sail. Our captain still kept the schooner on her course, until he could plainly discern the English colours flying at the peak of the man of war brig— as she afterwards proved to be: he then ordered us to tack and stand before the wind, the brig also coming down before the wind, with all sail set. The brig kept up the chase, and continued to gain upon us until 2 o'clock P. M. when she fired several shot, which, however, fell short; she continued to fire at intervals, still gaining on us quite fast,

for nearly an hour, when she had come so nigh that the shot from her long guns reached us, and in a few minutes after, she fired several shot from her carronades, which passed over us. Our captain now ordered the schooner to be hove to, which was immediately done; and our colours, not having been hoisted before, nor during the chase, were directly hoisted, and soon after struck to the British man of war brig *Columbia*.*

The 2d lieutenant of the brig and two midshipmen came on board, and in an imperious tone demanded "from whence are you?" the reply was, "from Boston." He then ordered us to get our things ready to go on board the brig; but before we had time to pack up our dunnage, we were ordered into the boat, which leaked so much that she was half full of water before we reached the brig. When on board, our bags, chests, &c. were searched, and some canvass taken from us:

The commander of the brig had been, as he informed us, a prisoner in this country in the early part of the war, and was a lieutenant on board the *JAVA* when that vessel was captured. He spoke highly of the Americans, said they treated their prisoners well, and that we should be used accordingly. But although we fared as well as the crew of the brig, yet the most abject beggar in this country would think it an insult to his poverty to be offered what this

* The *Columbia* formerly belonged to William Gray, Esq. of Salem, Massachusetts; she was then known by the name of the *Curlew*, and was built for the East India service.

humane Englishman doubtless thought was a great condescension to allow us. I will only describe the *bread*—if so it can properly be called. It had been baked, to all appearance, at least two years; and had so long become the habitation of worms and wevils, that it resembled—except to the taste—a honeycomb; and was so extremely hard and compact, that I sincerely believe, were it converted into wagon-wheels, it would last nearly half as long as any kind of wood, except *lignum vite*, commonly used for that purpose. This bread we were obliged to break in pieces with a hammer or billet of wood, and then soak in our cocoa or chocolate; when it had become softened a little, the vermin would swim on the top of the liquor, which we scum off, and then satisfied as much as possible our empty stomachs with what little remained.

Here it is necessary to inform the reader, that I, though not then twenty years of age, had been a most strenuous supporter, so far as my abilities extended, of every act of injustice committed on our commerce and seamen by our fond loving “*mother*,” Great Britain. I had often heard of the “*roast beef and plum puddings*,” which our “*mother*” so generously bestowed on her legitimate children, and therefore conceived myself entitled, though only a grand-child, to as large a slice as any of the rest, since I had come so far after it! Indeed, so completely blinded was I by prejudice in favor of the English nation, that I even rejoiced before I was taken on board the brig, that I

had been so *fortunate* as to fall into the hands of men, whose nation a certain chief magistrate had declared to be the "*Bulwark of our Religion*"—and how could I, having always been taught to believe that the federalists were the only champions of truth and virtue, doubt the words of the oracle of federalism—the then chief magistrate of Massachusetts? I was also strong in the belief that there had been but ONE* solitary instance of impressment from any of the sea ports in Massachusetts. Poor, simple, confiding fool! I had often heard before I went to sea, many a weather-beaten tar relate the hardships they had suffered on the ocean, and full often the cruel treatment received on board British men of war, after being impressed, because they refused to do duty, when by so doing they would be compelled not only to fight against their own country, but perhaps against relatives and friends. These stories, although I then listened attentively to them, I conceived at least much exaggerated, if not altogether false. But alas! I have since found, that so far from being false or exaggerated, the picture needed colours of a much *darker* hue than the "son of ocean" had given it.

Picture to yourselves, ye who style yourselves federal republicans, and have so often declared that "England has done us no essential injury," one of your own countrymen dragged from his own vessel by a set of "*licens-*

* An assertion of this kind had been made by a lawyer, then resident in Newburyport.—(See public news journals of 1812, '13—and '14.)

ed pirates," on board one of the *floating Bastiles* of the would-be "Mistress of the Seas,"—view there this undaunted son of freedom lashed to the gangway—behold, on this side, the grinning fiend with his blood stained lash, and on the other his inhuman commander—now he orders the fiend to inflict the dreadful punishment—the fiend obeys—the lash falls—the purple stream bursting from its channels flows to the deck—*why sleeps thy vengeance, heaven?*—still his high-born soul disdains to yield—now the fiend pauses, and the lash for a moment ceases to fall—the petty tyrant advances—asks him if he will "do his duty," (which in time of war amounts to the same as if he had asked him if he would *fight against his country,*)—the son of the wave indignantly answers, No—again with redoubled violence the fiend renews his blows—already, he feels the icy hand of death—still he consents not—at length nature sinks under the dreadful scourge—he dies!—he is committed to the deep. And as he sunk,

" A bellish shout arose,
So fare all Albion's REBEL foes !"

But to return from my digression. We remained on board the brig three days—made the island of Barbadoes about four hours before sun-set of the second day. This island is remarkably healthy, the town being situated near the sea-shore, has the benefit of the sea breeze, which springs up in the afternoon, and renders the remaining part of the day cool and agreeable.

The sun was just setting when we arrived here, and as its last rays were reflected on the yellow orange, and different coloured fruits of the island, the scene appeared to me like the description poets give of the heathen paradise, Elysium. We had now come to an anchor, and I beheld at a little distance from the shore the place of our future residence, a prison-ship. This prison-ship had been a sloop of war, and was on our coast during the revolutionary war; she was a crazy, worm-eaten, dirty old hulk, and was called the *VESTAL*, which name, however, we soon altered to a more appropriate one, viz. the *BEASTIAL*.

We were sent on board this prison-ship in the afternoon of our arrival in port. Although there were only about sixty prisoners on board when we came, yet before we left there were upwards of three hundred. Our situation became more distressing as the number of prisoners increased, being all crowded down on the birth deck at sun-set every night, in a very hot climate without a single breath of air, except when we were allowed a wind-sail. This prison-ship was infested with innumerable *cockroaches* and *santapees*.* The cockroach is a large bug, sometimes weighing a quarter of an ounce; they would eat our sugar, bread, &c. We dared not grease our boots or shoes, for if we did they would as certainly be eaten up by the cockroaches during the night. The *santapee* is a most poisonous reptile, resem-

* Centipedes.

bling a caterpillar, is from four to six inches in length, and has a large number of legs. There is but one remedy for its poison, and this, though seemingly paradoxical, is the poison itself. It is procured in the following manner: two or three of these reptiles being caught, are immediately immersed in a vial of strong spirit; the spirit causes them great pain, and they eject their poison into the liquor; the wound being washed in this several times becomes gradually less painful, and in a short time is perfectly cured.

We remained on board this prison-ship about five months. During the time of our tedious captivity here, many of the prisoners amused themselves with carving cocoa nut-shells, and making straw hats. Some of these shells were polished and carved, or engraved, with great elegance and taste, having different inscriptions on them, most of which were satires on the English navy, &c. An American prisoner polished one of these shells in a most superb manner, and engraved under the bottom, the English Lion crouching to the American Eagle, and around its sides different flowers, fruits, trees, &c. An English officer happening to be near when the American had finished his shell, and was showing it to his fellow prisoners, desired also to see it; and admiring its symmetry and the beauty of the figures, (except those on the bottom, which he did not then discover,) offered the man four dollars for it, which he accepted. The officer immediately carried it on shore, to have it set

in silver to present to his wife. When it was finished, he carried it home doubtless anticipating that the smiles of his dearly beloved would well reward him for so elegant though trifling a present. But, alas! how were his hopes frustrated, when his affectionate wife, like most other women, ever seeking to discover something new, espied the *British Lion crouching to the American Eagle*, on the bottom of the cup! She immediately showed it to her generous husband, who, in a fit of rage, and exclaiming "d—n the yankee rascal," dashed it in pieces on the floor.

A scene occurred here, which, though not by any means new to English subjects, was nevertheless novel to us. It was what the British term, "going through the fleet." The particulars of this horrid transaction were as follows:—A British seaman belonging to a frigate then lying in the harbour, for some disrespectful expression to an officer, was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to receive several hundred lashes, the boatswain of each man of war to inflict his proportionable number, until the whole was completed.

The criminal early in the morning was placed in one of the boats of the frigate to which he belonged, in which were also a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and officers with drawn swords, also a surgeon and chaplain. This boat rowed away first, after which followed a procession of other boats; the boats were rowed first to the admiral's ship, where the criminal was lashed up to a triangular kind

of gallows, and a prayer was made by the chaplain, to the intent that he might be able to endure his punishment with *patience, fortitude* and *resignation*, and that it might be a warning to his shipmates from committing the like crime. O, Britain! thou blest "Bulwark of our Religion," how much is it to be regretted that all thy faithful subjects in this country could not *feel the cheering influence* of thy *humanity!* But to proceed: After the chaplain had finished his mock-prayer, the boatswain of the admiral's ship proceeded to inflict his proportionable part of the dreadful punishment. After he had done his duty, as the English express it, the boats again moved to the next man of war, where the same *ceremony* was performed, and so on alternately until the criminal had received the whole number of lashes contained in his sentence. We had an opportunity of witnessing nearly the whole of this heart-rending scene of barbarity; but for my own part I could not view the half of it—the tear unbidden stole down my cheek, and I turned my head aside. Indeed there were but few American seamen upon whose rugged cheeks the gem of sympathy did not glitter.

The men of British ships of war are *compelled* in all cases to witness this heart-rending spectacle of refined cruelty. If the criminal dies before he has received the half of his punishment, it makes no difference, he must receive the whole. The doctor's duty (as I ought to have observed before) is to restore the criminal to *feeling* when he faints, and not

a blow is inflicted while he remains insensible to feeling, that is, if feeling can be restored.

Now, I would ask, is there a man in this country, so ignorant or dead to feelings of humanity, who, being a spectator of the scene above described, and laying aside all party animosity, can place his hand on his heart, and assert in the face of heaven, that a sovereign whose signature sanctions such scenes of cruelty, is a firm and sincere supporter of the mild religion we profess? No,—I believe that even Gov. —, could be once witness a scene similar to the one just mentioned, would blush when he recalled to mind the assertion he had made, that Great Britain was the “bulwark of our Religion.”

But to continue my narrative. Upwards of forty prisoners escaped from this prison-ship by getting out of the port holes, and swimming ashore, but were always taken and brought back. Fourteen made their escape in one night, by sawing off, with an old knife, the iron gratings of one of the stern ports. They travelled to Spikestown, (about twenty miles,) that night, and concealed themselves the next day in a cane patch—the evening following they ventured to the shore, where they found a small boat, which they took, and having supplied themselves with a quantity of bread and a small keg of water, embarked for the island of Guadaloupe, belonging to the French; but before they had proceeded three quarters of a mile, the boat sunk—and they with great exertions at length reached the place from

whence they had taken the boat, when they were instantly seized by seventy or eighty negroes and some whites, armed with clubs, knives, &c. who had been informed of their escape from the prison-ship, and the place where they had concealed themselves, by a slave who had discovered them in the cane patch the afternoon previous. The whites permitted the negroes to rob the prisoners of their money, of which they had in the whole from sixty to one hundred dollars. The prisoners were taken the next day on board of the admiral's ship, probably to see if they would not rather enter, than be carried back to the prison-ship; but in this the good admiral was doubtless much disappointed—the free-born tars of Columbia knew too well the value of freedom—they knew

“ A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Was worth a whole eternity of bondage.”

The admiral kept them on board his ship one night, and the next day sent them on board the prison-ship, where they were kept in irons several days, and on short allowance.

Many of the prisoners had been here eight or ten months; during this time several plans were formed for taking the ship in order to gain their liberty—but none of these were put in execution—partly owing to the number of the guard being nearly equal to the number of prisoners, and partly from a story in circulation that an American cartel was shortly expected in to take them all to their native country. A

deep laid and last plan for liberating ourselves was devised about a month before we received the news of peace between the United States and Great Britain. It was arranged in this manner :

At the hour of sun-set, (the time we were counted down on the birth deck) two men before selected, were to place themselves near the sentry on the main deck—12 more were to stand near the quarter deck—these were to seize the arms of the guard who were then off duty, and reposing themselves in the gun-room—others were selected to secure the sentries on the gun and quarter decks, there being two sentries on each of these decks—six more were also appointed to seize the master and officer who stood near the hatchway, to superintend counting us down, &c. This plan, however, so far was frustrated, and we were again immured in our narrow dungeon. But we were not thus to give up all hopes of regaining our freedom. Some days after, it was agreed that at 11 o'clock at night when the watch-word* would be given, we should all rise at once—knock down, kill, or secure the guard, officers, &c. and a number to swim to the admiral's tender, a small but fast sailing schooner, seize or kill the watch on deck, fasten down the watch below, cut her cable, and bring her alongside the prison-ship, when the Americans were to embark and run out to sea. At this time there was but one armed vessel in the harbour, and she being a

* The watch-word was "*Lawrence.*"

frigate half dismantled, could not have got ready to put to sea under two days at least—so that we should have been, with a good breeze, upwards of three hundred miles ahead, before the frigate could have got under way to come in chase of us. In fact, had we succeeded in taking the schooner, we should have been in all probability, in eight or ten days afterwards safe in some harbour or other of the United States. But it was decreed otherwise.

Just before the hour appointed for the execution of our plan, a prisoner was sent on deck to see if the guard, as was expected, and as they usually had been before, were carelessly reclining on their arms, or partly asleep on deck; but what was our surprise when we were informed that so far from what we had anticipated, a double guard of soldiers were then on board the ship, besides several boats rowing guard, and upwards of two hundred soldiers stationed on the shore directly opposite!—Our feelings at this time I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that we who a few hours before had been indulging the fond hope of again soon beholding our native country—and with the satisfaction too, of entering an American port, with an *English admiral's flag beneath our own*—for we had made an American Flag the night before—had nothing left now, but the gloomy prospect of languishing out the remainder of our imprisonment, perhaps life, in irons, and on short allowance!

It appeared evident that we had been betrayed—but by whom remained a mystery. It

could not have been by the French or Spanish prisoners, for they knew nothing of the matter; suspicion therefore rested on some one of our countrymen. The traitor, however, was never satisfactorily discovered; but was supposed to be a Dutchman, who had been taken in an American privateer, and who a few days after this affair, obtained his liberty, and went on board an English merchantman. Thus ended this last attempt to regain our liberty.

Sometime in February a sloop of war arrived here with despatches from the English government, and bringing the welcome news of peace. We expected now to have been sent immediately home—but our cup of misery was not at this time full.

In a few days after the news of peace, we were ordered to prepare ourselves for a voyage to the “fast-anchored isle” of the ocean.

The excuse made for this procedure was, that the admiral had received strict orders to send all American prisoners in the West-Indies to England, previous to the receipt of despatches stating the conclusion of a treaty of peace between his government and the government of the U. States—and that these orders had not been countermanded. Whether this was the case or not, I will not pretend to determine.—However, fifty of us embarked on board the British frigate *La Pique*, Anthony Maitland commander. This man, by what I have since learnt commanded the *Bellerophon*, 74, in which Napoleon was carried to England.

Capt. Maitland, to those unacquainted with him, has the appearance of being all benevolence, humanity and good nature—his eyes are remarkably bright, but mild—his features handsome, and his form straight and well proportioned ;—a smile is generally seen to illumine his countenance, but it is the smile of a villain—for truly he could

"Smile and murder while he smiled."

He was a most accomplished tyrant, so far as his power extended—was lost to all sense of shame, and delighted in sporting with the miseries of his fellow-mortals :—in fact he was

—— A fiend of darkness,
Rob'd in the light of heaven.

Captain Maitland's inhuman treatment towards us during the whole passage to England, will prove this short sketch of his character correct.

After leaving Barbadoes, we touched at several islands, for the purpose of convoying merchantmen to St. Thomas, from whence they were to proceed to different ports in England and Ireland. We waited at this island nearly a fortnight, when the fleet having all arrived—about 300 sail—we took our departure for the shores of old England. This was in February. —After a few days, sail, the weather became extremely cold, and most of us being destitute of warm clothing, would have rendered our situation miserable enough at best, had we been allowed the liberty of exercising ourselves on deck ; but, alas! even this privilege was denied us.

Confined between three guns—a distance of about twenty feet in length, and 8 in width—with four sentries over us—the water continually pouring in upon us, having no place to sit down, except in the water, we had at this time but little relish left for life.

During the whole passage we were ordered down into the forehold at four o'clock P. M. where we remained until seven in the morning—and sometimes on days of punishment, till nearly noon. Here we were necessitated to repose ourselves on the soft side of a water-cask, or a bundle of staves and iron hoops—and so crowded were we, that those who *first* laid down, could not rise again without the consent of the *last*, whose bodies rested on the breasts or legs of the *first*.

Our allowance was about a pint of water per day, although there was plenty on board, and having nothing but salt beef or pork to eat, our thirst oftentimes became so extreme, that at night we have used an old handkerchief for want of a sponge, to soak up the putrid water remaining in old casks, and wrung it out and drank it. This treatment, the reader will recollect, we received *after the news of peace was confirmed*.

The commander of the British brig *Barossa*, who came passenger in the *La Pique*, a very humane man, and who had ever treated American prisoners with the greatest lenity, took the liberty of telling the tyrant Maitland that it was a shame and disgrace for him to use even criminals, in the manner he treated us;

and at length told him plainly that unless he would consent to ameliorate our condition, he would not stay on board his vessel another day. Maitland refused—and the captain of the *Barossa* quit his ship the next morning, and went on board a brig. Surely every candid mind must imagine our situation to be most distressing, when a commander in the English navy quitted a frigate in which he could have had every delicacy, and “lared sumptuously every day,” to embark on board a small brig, merely because he could not view, without emotions of grief, such a scene of human wretchedness. The commander of the *Barossa* was worthy the name—AMERICAN.

After our arrival in Portsmouth, England, we were put on board the *Swiftsure*, 74, on board of which vessel there were one hundred other prisoners, who had been sent from Barbadoes the same time we were. From Portsmouth we were transported to Plymouth, and from thence in boats about five miles up the river, and put on board the prison-ship *Ganges* 84, where we remained about four months.

Our allowance here was one pint of cocoa, little better than warm greasy dish water, three quarters pound fresh beef, without salt, and which after being boiled would shrink to five ounces, with three biscuits per day.

The soldiers on board this prison-ship were not allowed any spirituous liquor, but as much small beer as they could purchase. The prisoners one night, by cutting a hole through the deck, found the head of a beer cask, which

they tapped and drew off before morning. A sergeant first discovered the trick, but seemed not at all angry about it. This sergeant informed the prisoners that he had bought a cask of excellent beer, which if they would get in the same way they did the other, they were welcome to it. The prisoners of course first endeavored to find where the cask was—which having discovered in a little room, forward of the galley, when the prisoners were to be counted down, some of them drew off the attention of the sentry, although he then stood within five feet of the room, while others pryed the hinges from the door, and dug away the sand from under the cask, by which the sergeant had raised it nearly three feet from the deck; then tacking the hinges on the door were counted down as usual. They immediately went to work, and with their jacknives, &c. soon cut through the deck and drained this cask also. The sergeant early the next morning discovering from the prisoners' smiles and whispers that all was not right, thought he would examine and see if his beer was safe—the cask indeed was there, but, alas! the beer had fled! He then told us, in a jocular manner, that he should take good care not to give a yankee *leave* to steal his beer again.

We took our departure from England on the 4th June, and embarked in the English cartel brig *Sovereign*, for our beloved country. Nothing material occurred on our passage, except springing our bowsprit, which, however was soon repaired. We had a tedious

passage of 64 days, and our situation here was but little better than on board the *La Pique*—the cartel being a small brig, and having in the whole 216 prisoners on board, one third of whom were Frenchmen and Spaniards—but the cheering prospect of soon beholding our native country and embracing those we held dear, rendered even suffering a pleasure. We had indeed the winds and the waves to combat, but experience had taught us that even these were generally less treacherous and cruel, than a jealous and imperious enemy invested with power.

About the first of August, 1815, we all arrived in Boston in health and safety, after an absence of about ten months.

The following Song was written by the author of this narrative, on board the prison-ship Vestal, in the West Indies, December, 1814 :

SONG,

COLUMBIA, Columbia ! awake from thy sleep,
And hurl from his throne the proud king of the deep !
May thy sons, O Columbia ! who toil on the waves,
Swear to Heav'n they ne'er will submit to be slaves ;
For thy tars know not fear,
Tho' death should be near,
And show his grim face on the dark rolling waves.

Though the monarch of England has tried once more,
To laud his vile vassals on Freedom's blest shore,
Yet our navy triumphant, shall soon let him know,
That we cringe not to tyrants, nor strike to a foe ;
For our seamen ne'er fear,
Tho' death should be near,
And rivers of blood from their scuppers should flow.

The fields that are white with the bones of our sires,
In our breasts shall rekindle blest Liberty's fires,
Shall lead us through danger to honour and fame,
Till we blot from earth's records ev'ry tyrant's cur'd name,
For our tars ever brave,
Their country shall save,
And brand all its foes with dishonour and shame.

The time is at hand when our Eagle shall soar,
Unmolested and free, to the earth's farthest shore,
When Britannia shall yield, and candidly own,
That in vain she has claim'd Neptune's trident and throne ;
For our tars shall be free
To traverse the sea,
Though between every billow rise bulwarks of stone.

LIFE CONTINUED.

I landed in Boston, on Long-Wharf, as bare-footed as I was born: an old straw brain-protector, a filthy striped cotton shirt, a sailor's jacket and canvass trowsers, was all the ostensible property I brought home from England; however, I had left a trunk of good clothing at my former boarding house, which I obtained, and in a few hours I was completely metamorphosed, and by the benevolence of some of my brother printers, enabled to proceed to Newburyport, to see my mother. I arrived in the town after dark, went immediately to her residence, knocked at the door, my mother opened it—I supposed she would not immediately recognize me; I enquired if Mrs. Coffin was at home—she replied that *she* was Mrs. Coffin: I then said, "Mother, how do you do?" All that followed, is easier imagined than described.

Having business at Portsmouth, N. H. I called on captain P——, with whom my mother's sister resided: capt. P—— gave me a very beautiful suit of clothes, selected from among a number of trunks of clothing which had been captured by his armed vessels during the war. This was a handsome present, and could not have been offered at a more appropriate time; the donor has my warmest wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

Soon after my return to Boston, my father died ; his decease affected me much—it was sudden and dreadful : he had just come in at the entry door—it was dark—he mistook the cellar door, which was partly open, for another—pitched headlong to the bottom of the cellar—struck his side against the edge of a large vessel, and broke a rib, which penetrated his heart ! There never has been but one incident in my life which has affected me so much as this.* The following tribute to the memory of the deceased, is extracted from the "*Honey Bee*," a literary paper, which I published and edited in the city of Philadelphia :

Father, I have not seen thy bed of clay
 Since to that bed I saw thy form consigned ;
 Scarce thou—unbidden turned my eyes away—
 I could not see—I dared not look behind.

I had a heart—but chilly then it grew ;
 I had a soul—but then it scarce did feel ;
 Cold on my brow hung drops of chilly dew—
 My eyes did stupor with its signet seal.

I knew not then her arm in mine was lock'd
 Who gave me—wretched, wretched being—birth ;
 And scarce had known, though to its centre rock'd,
 Convulsed—before me yawned the quiv'ring earth.

" I cannot feel again as then I felt,"
 For misery now hath paralyzed my heart ;
 Too much on scenes of sorrow hath it dwelt,
 That death should e'er again such pain impart.

* By the demise of my father several letters, documents, &c. fell into my possession ; particularly a letter addressed to my father, from a person who is now an attorney somewhere at the westward ; a more villanous transaction never came to light : he is in better health where he is, than he probably would be in any of the eastern or middle states !

Father, my hopes were buried with thee ;
 In thy dark mansion do they all repose ;
 And now I'm wrecked upon a stormy sea,—
 A void of darkness, that no sunshine knows.

Nay ; there is yet one quenchless, heavenly ray,
 One lamp, whose light this waste of woe still cheers ;
 One star, that brightly beams athwart the way—
 One sun that shines upon this world of tears.

Father, this ray did beam upon thee here ;
 Father, this lamp thy darkness did illumine ;
 Father, this star the night of death did cheer ;
 Father, this sun now radiates thy tomb !

Oh, blest Religion ! cheer me with thy light ;
 Shine on my darkness—soothe my soul's despair ;
 Be thou my lamp in sorrow's rayless night,
 And for thy joys my spirit broke prepare.

Father, no sculptured marble marks thy grave ;
 No stone proclaims where thou art lowly laid !
 A few frail flowers alone above thee wave,
 When dew-eyed Spring weeps o'er thy humble bed.

But, father, thou a monument shall claim
 More welcome than the senseless works of art ;
 A living monument shall bear thy name—
 'Tis in our bosoms—'tis thy offspring's heart !

I worked at the printing business in Boston during three or four months, after the death of my father; I was employed in the office of the *Evening Gazette*, and my poetry oftentimes occupied some portion of its columns; the following is extemporaneous—the subject, a young lady blushing when kissed:

Why, Mary, does that crimson blush
 O'erspread thy beauteous face ?
 Why should the rose so quickly rush
 To fill the lilly's place ?

What can there be in friendship's kiss,
So foul, yet seeming fair,
That it should cause so sweet a miss
The face of guilt to wear ?

There's nothing, sure—for I have read
In sacred writ, most clear,
That good old Jacob ran with speed
To kiss his Rachel dear.

And, Mary, should it prove a sin
Of e'er so dark a hue,
I'd fain commit it o'er again,
To kiss a nymph like you.

At the house in which I boarded in Boston, I became acquainted with a stranger, an Englishman, who had the appearance of having once been a gentleman, and the possessor of considerable wealth: I was introduced by this stranger to a young man, with whom he wished me to take a trip to Montreal, for the purpose of obtaining monies due to him, as he asserted, in that city; his arguments were so forcible, his conversation so eloquent, and his manners so insinuating, that in an unlucky hour, I consented to accompany the aforesaid young man into John Bull's ice-bound dominions in North America. Here it may be proper to remark that my fellow traveller had been a pretty good public performer in amphitheatres, &c. as well in the United States as some parts of Europe. It was on the afternoon of a winter's day that, bidding a hasty good-bye to my sister, we set out on foot for the city of Montreal, Canada; two handkerchiefs contained our baggage, consisting of a change of linen, a magic lantern, and a few Italian shades; we

slept at Cambridgeport the first night, and the next morning proceeded on our way, and reached Concord in the afternoon; here we performed for one night, and received about thirty dollars, which we accounted a very good beginning: we had some idea of trying our luck in this place a *second* time, but our landlord advised us to the contrary, and we took stage for Groton; we received but little encouragement here, and immediately continued our journey as far as Ashley, where we performed one evening, and took away with us about fifteen dollars;—(all the preceding towns are in the state of Massachusetts.) Our fourth performance was given at Keene, New Hampshire, where the profits amounted to twenty dollars, and our fifth and last performance was at Drewsville, in the same state. In this last place a minority of the audience were very much dissatisfied, and threatened to inflict various punishments, but were prevented by the interference of our landlord, Colonel DREW, who threatened to shoot the first man who broke open the chamber door to molest us; he told the disaffected with great firmness that we were *his guests*, and, while under his roof, he would protect us from injury; on hearing this determination, the most of them dispersed, but some of the audience tarried in the house until a very late hour, and then retired. During the day, however, several of the dissatisfied returned, and demanded a restoration of the money they had paid for admission on the evening previous; which, much

against my consent, was complied with by my fellow traveller. The conclusion now made was, that I should remain at Drewsville, while my companion proceeded to, and should return from Montreal; he soon set forth on his pilgrimage, and I saw him no more during several years. Two days after his departure I also bade adieu to Drewsville, and retraced my way back to Keene again, where I obtained employment in the Printing-office of JOHN PRENTISS, Esq. editor of the *New Hampshire Sentinel*; a man possessing many good qualities, and to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. It is too often that we hastily pronounce men *avaricious*, for no other reason than that *we* have not experienced their charities; it was so with me until the time came that I absolutely needed assistance, when relief being extended by the hand of him I had so unjustly judged, I saw my error, and do now freely acknowledge it.— There was only one objection that I entertained against Mr. PRENTISS, viz. he refused to publish my poetry! Such a refusal, at that time, was sufficient cause with me for indulging a dislike toward any person in existence. Whether Mr. P's judgment was *always* correct I pretend not to determine; but certain it is, the following poem, which could not obtain admittance in the columns of the *New Hampshire Sentinel*, has since been published in almost every other news-journal printed on the big farm of that complaisant old fellow, "*Uncle Sam*." Of its merits be the reader the judge;

THE BOSTON BARD.

FAME, WEALTH, BEAUTY, AND RELIGION.

VICTORY, what avails the wreath
That late entwined thy brow ?
Alas ! those flowers no longer breathe,
For death hath laid thee low :
And what avails the storied urn
That blazons forth thy fame ?
The storied vase to dust shall turn—
Oblivion blot thy name.

What too avails those scars so deep,
Received in battle-fray ?
"They're proofs of valor!"—Time shall sweep
Thy valor's proofs away :
And what avails the minstrel's song
That sounds thy glory forth ;
The minstrel's head shall rest ere long
Upon the lap of earth.

AMERICA, what avails thy dreams
Of happiness in gold ?
Thy fun'ral torch already gleams—
Thy days on earth are told :
What now avails thy hoarded wealth,
Is it with thee inurned ?
No ; naked from the earth you came,
And naked have returned.

And BEAUTY, what avails the rose
That decks thy dimpled cheek ?
Age on thy head shall strew his snows,
And death his vengeance wreak :
And what avails thy form so fair,
And eyes so heavenly bright ?
That form shall waste by sullen care,
Those orbs shall set in night.

But, blest RELIGION ! much avails
Thy hopes of bliss in heaven ;
For though life's bark, by adverse gales,
On death's dark shore be driven ;
Yet thou can'st smile ; thy steady eye
Can pierce the cheerless gloom,
And view, through dark futurity,
The day-spring of the tomb.

My residence in Keeno continued about six months, at the expiration of which time I had fallen in love with only three young ladies, and had written but one satire on the "*Tithingmen*," so called. As some of my readers at the South may not exactly comprehend what is meant by a "*Tithingman*," I will endeavour to gratify their curiosity by an explanation: The "*Tithingman*" was a person whose zeal to establish *illiberal* principles in *religion* had fairly worn him to the bone; one who endeavoured to consider it his *duty* to infringe the laws of God and of society, that *he* might be enabled to exact *finer* from the *guiltless*; one who used his utmost endeavours to prevent men from worshipping JEHOVAH in the grand and beautiful temple of the Universe; one whose bounded vision saw the ALMIGHTY only within the walls of his own church; one who built his own salvation upon the damnation of his enemies, and triumphed at the misfortunes of his neighbour;—or, to use the words of the prophet of nature, he was

"A blighted ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother;"

one who, with true Pharisaic pride, thanked Heaven that *he* was not *like other men*—while I as sincerely thanked God that all other men were not *like him*! In fact, he was a vampire who daily gorged himself with the life-blood of religion, while affrighted virtue fled his thief-like approach. Industrious youth sought a livelihood afar, inhaling an atmosphere unpoi-

soned by his pestilential breath, and where their harmless pleasures should be undisturbed by the machinations of his satanic spirit.

There live, and wear religion's garb,
Who virtue's self would flay ;
Who 'gainst their God the shaft would barb,
If it their foes might stay.

From Keene I took my departure with a young man just setting out on a peddling expedition, with the intention of stopping wherever I could obtain employment ; not meeting with any encouragement, I proceeded as far as Burlington, Vermont, situated on the shore of Lake Champlain ; in this place I left my companion, and started for Montpelier in a farmer's wagon, where I arrived the same evening ; I gave the farmer a pair of stockings and some other trifling article in payment for a ride of forty miles, and he was satisfied ;—this was pretty cheap travelling on a road where there was no "*opposition!*"—At the tavern in this place I procured supper and lodging, and paid my bill with another pair of stockings*, the last I had left.—A very small sum of money, and a few toy books, now constituted all my wealth ; and I was more than two hundred miles from my friends, which distance must be travelled on foot ; under all these disadvantages I plodded onward, living upon bread and milk, procured by presenting my toy-books to the children ; when within fifteen miles of Danville, Vermont, I overtook

* Literally eating my stockings ; a thing not uncommon in some places.

the Post-rider who distributed a newspaper entitled the "*North Star*," printed in the above mentioned village; with him I rode to Danville, paying him twenty-five cents for my passage. My money now was almost expended. — Mr. EATON, proprietor and Editor of the "*Star*," could give me no employment, and to attempt proceeding any farther on my way home without money, was out of the question; — accordingly I took board and lodgings at the best tavern in the place, and laughed, chatted, sung, and held my head as high as my shoulders would possibly allow me, a little more than four feet; — and here, permit me to remind the reader, that it is a very impolitic plan for a person to *appear* impoverished among *strangers*; for there is nothing more true in such cases than the text of Scripture, which says — "To him that *hath* shall be *given* — but from him that *hath not*, shall be *taken away* even what he *hath*;" — recalling this saying to mind, I determined "mine host" should have no intimation of my poverty so long as it could be concealed. My visits to the Printing-Office were frequent, and I gradually developed that part of my history which I thought best calculated to awaken a sympathy toward me, viz. my late misfortunes on the sea; — and in two days I succeeded in obtaining Mr. EATON's consent to publish the preceding *Narrative*; from the sale of which I realized about ten dollars clear of all expenses. — Respecting Mr. EATON — he is a worthy and humane man, in humble circumstances, and a brother of the

late General EATON, whose history is well known to every American; his treatment to me was always honest and kind, and my prayer is, that the sun of prosperity may gild the evening of life, and his exit from earth be gradual and happy.—The lines “*To a violet*,” the “*Slanderer’s grave*,” were first published in the *North Star*, also; “*The Veteran*” “*To Louisa*,” “*To Miss ——*” “*The Tomb*.”*

TO A VIOLET.

I love thee, humble, modest flower,
 That b'oomest so sweet in lonely bower,
 And shedst thy fragrance in the grove,
 Sacred to peace, and virtuous love.
 I love thee more than yonder rose,
 Though choicer sweets its leaves disclose;
 For, ah! rude thorns the rose invest,
 Which deeper pierce the more they're press'd;
 And oft, full oft, 'tis thrown aside,
 Or trampled 'neath the foot of pride;
 But thou—so humble and so poor,
 Art from the rose's fate secure:
 Thou dwellest alone—from insult free—
 Thy safety thy humility.

Louisa, let the violet be
 An emblem of thyself and me;
 Unlike the rose let's dwell alone,
 To an unfeeling world unknown.

From Danville I took passage in a stage-coach, so called, which was neither more nor less than an old, shattered, revolutionary, yankee wagon, something rougher than the road it travelled upon, and the wheels of which

* See a volume of my miscellaneous poems, published in Philadelphia, 1818, by J. H. Cunningham.

were nearly as oval as a hen's egg; in this indescribable vehicle

O'er rails, o'er rocks, o'er logs we went,

until our joyful arrival at Haverhill, New-Hampshire, where we supped and lodged.—The following morning we proceeded to Hanover, New-Hampshire, where we arrived early in the afternoon, without dislocating a shoulder, or even breaking a leg; and it is really surprising how fortunate men sometimes are, when they expect nothing better than having a nose knocked off, or of blotting out an eye! With Mr. WATSON, printer of a weekly sheet in this place, I had been previously acquainted; I called on him, and took board at the same house in which he resided;—a day or two after my arrival I handed him the following stanzas for publication :

Oh, blest is he in lonely cot,
Whose feet ne'er learnt to roam
Beyond the small, but peaceful spot,
That bounds his humble home.

No wasting care his heart invades,
No sorrow rends his breast,
But, happy 'neath his native shades,
Believes—and therefore's blest,

To Heaven, at eve, his heart bestows
The grateful tribute due.
Then seeks, and finds that sweet repose
Which luxury never knew.

And when the icy hand of death
Life's current warm congeals—
When faint is heard the parting breath
That from his bosom steals;

Not softer fans the weary breeze
 Old ocean's buoyant breast—
 Not softer swell mid-summer seas,
 Than sinks his soul to rest.

Mr. WATSON felt a little inclined to doubt the originality of these few verses; at least, I saw that he harboured a disposition to believe that they were not the production of any genius of mine; and to convince him that I could write poetry, I said, "Request of me a poem upon any subject, and it shall be composed before I sleep." It was nearly supper-hour, when he requested of me an elegy upon a *fly*, which lay dead, or apparently so, upon the sash of the window. The next morning on entering the office, I presented him the following

ELEGY ON A FLY.

'Tis said the moral muse a theme can find
 In every page of nature's proud'rous book;
 And sure my muse, whose taste is unrefined,
 May deign upon an insect's dust to look.

Ill-fated insect! Time indeed hath been
 When thou, like me, was blythe, jocund and gay;
 Until grim death concealed behind the screen,
 Hurl'd his fell dart, and spoiled thy harmless play.

Thou wast, perchance, while in our world of wo,
 More busy striving to sit high in state,
 Than he who bids these mournful numbers flow,
 And wails—unlucky Fly! thy hapless fate.

Like the coquette, oft have I seen thee glide
 Before the mirror's smooth reflecting face;
 As if, like her, to gratify thy pride,
 And see that all things were in proper place.

Like an unfeeling creditor with dust,
 Oft have I heard thee buzzing in my ear:
 Or, like some elf, who back and forward runs,
 With news so stale that none but fools will hear.

And I have seen thee climb the glassy steep,
To look, no doubt, with scorn on those below ;
Until the spider's fangs have pierced thee deep,
And thou hast fallen, e'en as thy fellows, low.

So fares the bard, with lore nor riches blest,
Who seeks Parnassus' dazzling height to gain ;
Even there some critic spider wounds his breast,
And he like thee attempts retreat in vain !

Yet not like man thou feel'st chill winter's breath ;
Dull torpor robs thee of the sense of pain,
Till summer bids thee wake from seeming death,
And thy short useless life renews again.

But, though to man no summer-breezes mild,
To rouse him from the wintry grave are given,
Yet He who guides the storm and whirlwind wild,
Shall bid him wake to endless life in HEAVEN.

This poem convinced him that I was a tolerable rhymester, to say the least, and several of my productions afterwards appeared in the columns of the "*Watchman*"—among which were "*The Poet's Hour of Peace*," "*Sweet Home*," or the "*Graduate's Song*," from the Latin, "*Autumn*," addressed to a lady, "*Auld Billy, the Hermit*," "*The Orphan to the Spirit of his Benefactor*," "*Stanzas written at the grave of a youthful Poet*," "*Elegy on a Cow*," "*Power of Conscience*."^{*}

AUTUMN.

The summer's past, the harvest's o'er,
The wintry winds are near ;
The swallow seeks a milder shore—
The leaf is dead and sear ;
The tree is arid—its fruit decay'd,
The fields are green no more ;
The lilly on the earth is laid,
The robin's song is o'er.

^{*} See a volume of my miscellaneous poems, published in Philadelphia, 1818.

The scythe hath laid the field-flower low,
 The sickle low the corn ;
 The axe compels the oak to bow,
 The lark hails not the morn ;
 The daisy's root the plough hath torn,
 The honey-suckle's dead ;
 The rose-leaf on the blast is borne—
 All summer's sweets have fled !

And, lady fair, THY summer too
 As swift will pass away ;
 And thy warm cheek, of roseate hue,
 E'en as the rose decay ;
 Yes—soon the wintry wind of death
 O'er thy fair form shall play,
 And like the blast that sweeps the heath,
 Shall bear thy charms away.

Ah, then direct thy happy flight
 To that congenial shore,
 Where Autumn's blasts can never blight
 Thy spotless beauty more ;
 Where HE who robes himself in light,
 And stills the tempest's roar,
 Shall clothe thee in that beauty bright
 That blooms when Time's no more.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A YOUTHFUL ROET.

'Tis now the solemn noon of night !
 A space for rest to mortals given ;
 And Cynthia throws her silvery light
 Along the dark blue vault of heaven :
 The world is hushed—the breeze blows mild ;
 And soft the tears of evening fall
 On this lone bed, where nature's child
 Reposes by the church-yard wall.

Sweet child of song, with grief sincere,
 Full oft I seek thy mouldering urn,
 And as I drop the big round tear
 I pause, and sigh ; then back return
 To curse that world's mock charity,
 Which, *living*, heeded not thy moan,—
 But, *dead*, would consecrate to thee
 An emblem of its heart—a stone !

Spirit of song, adieu—adieu !
 No more thy hand the harp shall sweep ;
 It hangs upon the withered yew,
 Round which the sons of genius weep :
 And though the world thy simple strains
 With proud contempt refused to hear,
 Yet shall thy lay admittance gain
 To thy Almighty Father's ear.

From Hanover I set out on a book-peddling excursion, crossing the mountains, and proceeding as far as Albany ; Mr. WATSON accompanied me ; about two thousand volumes of the Life of Miss LOUISA BAKER, “ a marine, in disguise, on board the frigate Constitution, during the late war,” constituted a chief part of our load ;—bad fortune attended us both going and returning. On first setting forward at twenty miles distance from Hanover, our superannuated beast could drag the vehicle no farther, and Mr. W. was under the necessity of leaving him, and purchasing another. Our new horse was of the Canadian breed, about as large as a three bushels' basket, and willing to do any thing, except travelling faster than on a moderate walk ; whips, sticks and stakes he set at nought, nor did a ten feet rail have any other effect than merely cleaning the dust from his skin ; and it frequently occurred to me, that his hide must have been *tanned* before it ever covered his adamantine carcase ! Be that as it may—luckily for us, he seemed quite indifferent as to his *food*, devouring, without apparent inconvenience, almost any thing that came within his reach, and I always used the greatest precaution in examining the premises where he was to be fastened, lest a

grindstone, or some article of equal weight might disappear, and ourselves be suspected of the robbery ! The sun arose and set five times, I believe, previous to our entrance into modern Troy, New-York. We sold but a few of our *very interesting* books in this place, for which we received private notes then in circulation, of every denomination *under* twelve and a half cents ; all of which were good within a *mile* of the *banker's* residence who had issued them ! We proceeded onward as far as Albany, famous for mud and oyster-shells ; met with but little success, and in a few days set forth on our home-bound passage. Nothing of moment occurred on our journey, except the great risk of starving to death on the road, or of descending a precipice when benighted on the mountains ; but from the latter danger we were pretty safe, as it required a more than ordinary impulse to make our sure-footed nag even *descend* faster than he chose, which was never over a common walk, or at best, but a kind of three-legged dog-canter.

From Hanover I departed for Boston, taking Keene in my way, where I tarried a few days, as also at Concord, Massachusetts. At the latter place I published the following poems, viz.—“*Fame, Wealth, Beauty and Religion,*” “*The Poet's Grave,*” “*The Printer's Hour of Peace,*” “*On presenting a lady with a cake of Soap,*” “*The Penitent.*”

Arriving at Boston, I could obtain no employment except of a casual nature, and pride permitted me more than once to suffer absolute

hunger! "*Good enough for you,*" exclaims the reader; and "*Good enough for me,*" do I most heartily respond; and if I again suffer, in the same manner, from a like cause, may relief come in the shape of a clean-picked shoulder-bone of a consumptive dromedary! During the winter I wrote several articles for a weekly publication, the title of which I do not recollect, among which were the following, viz. — "*Spring,*" "*The Flower of the Rock,*" "*Stanzas written in a lady's Bible,*" "*Stanzas on illiberal remarks on Women,*" "*Charity,*" "*Time,*" "*To a doubtful friend,*" &c.*

The following sonnet† appeared in the "*Columbian Centinel,*" edited by BENJAMIN RUSSELL, Esq. whose judgment was wont to decide all doubts of either a political or poetical character.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

I saw thee rise, bright orb of Heaven!
I saw thee rise from ocean's breast;
The sight was fair—for calm as even
The wearied waves had sunk to rest.

Refulgent orb, I saw thee climb,
With lustre pure, the dark-wave clouds,
Till thou hadst reached that height sublime
Where DRYDEN himself enshrouds!

And thus, I thought, the christian's soul
Should heaven-ward rise, fair Sun, like thee;
Till it should reach its blissful goal,
Secure above life's troubled sea:
Oh, then in vain the waves might roll
To hide its native majesty!

* See a volume of my miscellaneous poems, published in Philadelphia, 1818, by J. H. Cunningham.

† Also a poem on Time, as mentioned in the book of Revelation.

That this sonnet should find a conspicuous place in the "*Columbian Centinel*," afforded me *much gratification*; it was taking at least two steps up the steep of fame at once; which, considering the length of my legs, was performing a great exploit indeed. I also contributed occasionally to the columns of the "*New-England Palladium*," edited by Messrs. YOUNG and MINNS; the latter a perfect gentleman, (I am not acquainted with the former partner) and highly respected by all who are intimate with his character. The following poem, written in a small public house, near the fish market, in Boston, under the aggravations of hunger and rags, was the first of my productions which appeared in the last mentioned newspaper, under the *soft* signature of "ALBERT," and which, some time afterwards, *losing* its signature, was attributed to the genius of THOMAS MOORE, Esq. a son of the "*Emerald Isle of the ocean*." I thought this a very curious method of *encouraging* native minstrels.

OH, TELL ME NOT THAT WINE WILL SOOTH, &c.

Oh, tell me not that wine will sooth
 The heart depressed with wo;
 Oh, tell me not that wine will smooth
 Grim penury's haggard brow;
 For though its wave beam pure and bright
 As evening's dewy tear,
 It cannot gild misfortune's night,
 Or calm the sinner's fear.

Oh, tell me not that beauty's smile,
 That sun of cloudless morn,
 Can black despair of wo beguile,
 Or blunt affliction's thorn;

For though awhile its beams may play
Where health and pleasure bloom,
Disease will shroud its pleasing ray—
It shines not in the tomb.

Oh, tell me not that fame can give
The cankered conscience peace ;
Oh, tell me not that fame will live
When hope and life shall cease ;
For though it points where honor bleeds,
And bids the bosom burn,
Yet, as the lightning swift, recedes
When time hath grasped his urn.

But tell me that Religion's ray
Can light the soul to heaven ;
Oh, tell me this can point the way
To him on quicksands driven.
And I'll believe :—For well I know
That *this* alone can save ;
That this can chase the clouds of wo,
And gild the peasant's grave.

During one or two months of the summer season, I kept soul and body in partnership on twenty-five cents per day ; this, to be sure, was living “*dog cheap*” on “*cat meat*”—but, always having a pretty good appetite, the food generally kept *down*, although sometimes manifesting a degree of impatience to come *up* again ; and the better to prevent open mutiny I frequently ordered a certain *Aquae Vitae* to stand sentinel at the portal of the premises, and be ready at a moment's warning, to rush in and quiet the disturbers.

During this period of vexations, the poem following, on the loss of the United States' sloop of war, the *Wasp*, built on Merimack river, Capt. BLAKELY, commander, was composed and published in a literary paper, conducted by Messrs. TILESTON and PARMENTER,

of Boston. I wrote under the supposition that the *Wasp* had been sunk at sea, at night, in an engagement with an English national ship of much superior force; which supposition was founded on the fact of a British frigate arriving at Halifax in a disabled condition, and reporting to have had an engagement with an American *frigate*,* in a latitude where the *Wasp* was known to be cruising at the time:

LOSS OF THE U. S. SHIP WASP.

- 'Tis night!—Columbia's foe is nigh,
And loud Columbia's thunders roar;
- 'Tis night!—The war torch flameth high,
And ocean's sounding surges pour;
But ere the light
Of morning bright
Shall bid the sea-bird soar,
That blood' fight
Shall close in night:
Those foemen meet no more.
- 'Tis night!—Pale Cynthia's silver beams
Are glittering on the murmuring wave;
- 'Tis night!—The sea-mew's piercing scream
No longer wake the slumbering brave;
For, oh, they sleep
In caverns deep,
Where whirlwinds cease to rave,
Where fairies weep,
And vigils keep
Around their hallowed grave.
- 'Tis morn!—Columbia's sighs proclaim
That she hath heard the tale of wo;
- 'Tis morn!—But, ah! her wreaths of fame
Will never twine her Blakeley's brow:
Yet o'er his urn
Shall heroes mourn,
And as their tear-drops flow,
Their hearts shall burn,
And proudly spurn
The triumph of the foe.

* There was no American *frigate* cruising in such latitude when this engagement was said to have taken place.

The following poems were first laid before the public through the medium of the "*Boston Patriot*," viz.—"*The Escap*," "*Compassion*," "*Revenge*," "*Hope*," and "*Melancholy*."

MELANCHOLY.

She dwells by a stream where the cypress and willow
Are gemmed with the tears that fall from her eye ;
The earth is her bed, the flint-stone her pillow—
Midnight her mantle, her curtain the sky.

Her cell is a cave, where the bright beam of morning
Ne'er pierced the chill gloom of its wildering maze ;
Where the sunshine of joy, youth's visage adorning,
Ne'er warmed with its fire, or cheered with its rays.

The moon is her lamp, when the mist-mantled mountain
At midnight she clammers, and walks on its steep ;
Or leans on the rock of a crystalline fountain,
And sighs to the zephyr that dimples the deep.

Her tresses are dark as the wing of the raven,
Her robe is all wet, and her bosom is bare ;
Like a barque on the waves 'mid the whirlwinds of heaven,
She wanders distracted, or sinks in despair.

REVENGE.

In life's purple current his hands are imbrued,
And his eye-balls flash fierce with the lightnings of rage ;
With the tears of the guiltless his feet are bedewed,
And his dagger is red with the blood of old age.

The place of his soul is the wild demon's dwelling—
On his dark sullen brow 'thrones the spectre of Cain ;
And the grim fiends of hell, terrifically yelling,
Urge his soul on to murder, and frenzy his brain.

His blood-sprinkled hand grasps a lock of the hoary,
While furies are sounding the fame of their chief ;
His face is concealed 'neath his mantle so gory,
But his heart knows no pity, it melts not at grief.

At midnight's lone hour, e'en the stoutest hearts frightening,
He climbs the tall mountain, or ploughs the deep flood,
And, wild as the whirlwind, as swift as the lightning,
Deals death to his victim, and bathes in his blood.

About these days, (in Almanac diction) I issued proposals for the publication of a work, entitled "*The Printer, and other Poems,*" which is inserted below, *verbatim et literatim.*—With this *beautiful and finished* poetical production, the "*Printer,*" certain critics, forming a "*CRA- NIUM CLUB,*" in the State of Connecticut, had the audacity to quarrel, and pronounce devoid of all merit whatever! This denouncement had like to have proved a death-blow to my muse, and every string of my yankee harp came near snapping asunder! My flesh decayed—"rotteness entered my bones," and I walked the streets like a moving mummy! I had no more pride left than a peacock robbed of his feathers, and compelled to look forever at the deformity of his own rascally toes!—However, by slow degrees I eventually recovered; consoling myself with the knowledge that the *poem* was composed extemporaneously in a garret, with a *bailiff* always walking under the windows of my habitation, ready to seize me the moment I popped my nose out at the door: and this in truth took place, notwithstanding all my precautions in only venturing into the street early in the morning, and late in the evening. Constable REED (that far-famed land-sea-serpent) espied me at last, and conducted me to the "*Asylum of oppressed humanity,*" in Court-street, there to remain, until the enormous debt of five dollars, and bill of costs should be discharged! A sum sufficient was generously loaned me by — BAL- LAD, Esq. editor of the "*Boston Patriot,*" which favour I shall ever remember with gratitude.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE "PRINTER."

"However strange or doubtful it may appear, the author has not the least knowledge of English grammar; and this confession, although candid and true, may give rise to the following query:—"Why then has the author, trusting to his own limited knowledge, or urged forward by vanity, publicly thrown his productions before the fiery ordeal of criticism, without first submitting them to some learned friend for correction?" This is the reply:—The author was too obscure, although not altogether unknown, to find a *friend*, who, without a suitable compensation, would have been willing to undertake so undesirable a task; and, being too much impoverished to make the remuneration required, he has been induced, and, in verity, *necessitated*, to act as he has done."

There is not much truth "*distributed*" through the "*pages*" of the "*Printer*," and there is still less poetry than truth; it hardly admits of any "*justification*" whatever, and some parts of it might be construed into "*slurs*" upon the respectability of the craft generally, were it not well known that the poet has *never* been an enemy to those of his own profession; therefore, as the *heart* has always been right, let the errors of the "*head*" be forgotten.

THE PRINTER.

THE APPRENTICE.

First in my song must stand the rustic youth,
 Whose feet ne'er wander'd from the path of truth ;
 Simple in manners, simpler still in heart,
 He now begins to learn the "*heav'n-taught art !*"
 Full slow his timid fingers kiss the types,
 While from his brow vexation's dew he wipes ;
 And oft in vain the mazy case explores,
 Till faint with toil his fate as oft deplores ;
 Thinks of the lowly cot in glen obscure,
 Its joys uncatker'd, and its pleasures pure,
 That late he left in search, perchance of wealth,
 Too young to know the worth of peace and health ;
 Too late, alas ! he finds his sad mistake,
 The indenture's sign'd—his chain he dares not break.

But hope, (that cheereth most him most depress'd)
 Points onward still to future years of rest ;
 While busy fancy weaves her cobweb veil
 To shroud the ills that must his life assail ;
 Paints pleasing pictures of approaching peace,
 When the few years of servitude shall cease ;
 Proclaims in whispers soft the happy fate
 That doth the accomplish'd editor await ;
 And he believes—nor knows 'tis but a dream,
 Brief as the dew before the noon-day beam.

Thus urged by hope, by faithless fancy led,
 Resolves still in the rugged path to tread,
 Till years of diligence shall gild his name,
 And grace his temples with the wreaths of fame.

Few are his pleasures, and his labours low ;
 Condemn'd alike to brave the wintry snow,
 Or when the scorching beams of summer beat,
 To roam unshelter'd from the noon-tide heat ;
 And though one day, at least, in ev'ry year,
 He styles his patrons gen'rous, kind and dear,
 Yet they—such is the Printer-Devil's fate—
 Can seldom pardon news deliver'd late !

What time his morning cares and duties o'er,
 His busy hand the boxes all explore ;

Learns in his stick with speed the types to place,
 Or back return them to the proper case ;
 Strives well to justify each ill-spac'd line,
 His page make up, and cord around entwine ;
 Then on the stone impose, correct and nice,
 That thus lock'd up the solid mass may rise.
 But oft the form, although locked up complete,
 Will burst its bars and tumble at his feet ;
 Ah, then what ghastly rueful looks appear,—
 What curses then are thunder'd in his ear !
 Well might old FAUSTUS cry in stern despair.
 " O, what a cursed *falling through* was there !"
 At midnight hour he seeks his humble bed,
 No pillow oft whereon to lay his head ;
 Draws o'er his weary limbs the tatter'd rug,
 Or wraps himself in stolen bed-quilt snug ;
 But lo ! ere yet the ruddy morn advance,
 A piercing voice awakes him from his trance :
 O then what would he not with pleasure lose,
 To gain one hour of short, but sweet repose.

* * * * *

But of the youth, I take my leave, to soan
 The num'rons ills attendant on the man.

THE JOURNEYMAN.

The joyless years of servitude now past,
 He shines a dashing journeyman at last ;—
 Becomes a buck,—drinks brandy with a grace,
 Till Bacchus' roses bloom upon his face ;
 Scribbles,—talks politics, and spouts with ease,
 Nor heeds if this offend, or that may please ;
 Is puff'd,—caress'd, invited out to dine,
 Drinks toasts,—sings songs, and quaffs his cup of wine ;
 Makes puns,—writes verses, and, *perhaps*, gets mellow ;
 In short, becomes "a downright clever fellow."
 " He is not rich," some busy ell will say,
 " How does he settle, or his reck'ning pay ?"
 " By what unknown, yet powerful magic charm,
 " Does he so long avoid the bailiff's arm ?"
 Go, thou who dost this idle question ask,
 (If thou in fortune's cheering sunbeams bask)
 Go seek his drear abode when all is still,
 Save the hoarse watchman and the whip-poor-will ;
 There pause awhile, and mark his languid eye ;
 Behold his cheek—then ask the reason why
 'Tis thus so wan !—Go, go, whoe'er thou art.
 Receive thine answer—let it touch thy heart.
 His life is one unchanging scene of woe
 And complicated ills, that oft o'erthrow

His firm resolves and fortitude of soul,
Till in despair he clasps the poisonous bowl,
And sips of its intoxicating wave
Till shame is lost, and friendship cannot save.

But some there are with feelings less refin'd,
Yet arm'd with greater fortitude of mind,
Who, like one gallant barque amid a FLEET,
(Of timbers strong, and workmanship complete,)
Outride the storm, and brave life's rugged coast,
When all around except themselves are lost.

Thou silver moon, in vain thy beams invite
His languid limbs to cool, sequester'd height ;
In vain thy soothing, peace-imparting pow'r
His weary soul invites to lonely bow'r :
Alas ! what time thy beams the deep illumo,
Or half conceal'd, half gild the mould'ring tomb,
Then is he doom'd his health and strength to waste,
To please—ah ! what to please?—the public taste ;
And what's the bright reward of all his toil ?
To starve beneath the sunshine of its smile.

And is there none to mourn the printer's doom ;
No friendly hand to grasp him from the tomb ?
Shall wealth or pride his spirit doom to bow,
And kiss the hand that fain would lay him low ?
Shall he who floats secure down pleasure's stream,
Around whose head the gems of splendor beam,—
Whose life is one continued scene of bliss,
Dare boast a SOUL in aught more pure than his ?
Lives there a wretch so dead, so lost to shame,
Who seeks to blast the printer's humble fame ?
If such there are, O let oblivion's tide
At once their mem'ry and their folly hide.

THE EDITOR.

AN EDITOR ! but how shall I portray
What I have never seen ?—Ah, shall I say
That he is happy ; free from carking care,
Without an ill, and never in despair ?
No ;—this would be a falsehood mean and base,—
A simple lie, and told without a grace ;—
Or rather shall I, like some hapless elf,
Venture at once to draw a picture of *myself*,
And say, "*'tis his* ;"—Aye, this must be my plan—
The outward form hurts not the inward man.

Then come, my muse, thy race is almost run,
Describe the BAILIFF and thy task is done ;
Portray the fiend, who in his talons strong,
So oft hath grasp'd thee, and despoil'd thy song ;

Nor thee alone, for few there are can say,
 (Who love the lyre,) they never own'd his sway ;—
 Alas! he wanders wide through earth's domain,
 Except when shackled with a golden chain;
 In vain Apollo boasts his power to charm—
 When hath he paralyz'd a Bailiff's arm?
 Or when did Orpheus by his tuneful art
 Ere melt to grief a catchpole's frozen heart?
 * * * * *

Know'st thou that form? know'st thou that hateful face?
 He smiles;—but not a messenger of grace!
 Behold, how kind his words, his looks how mild;
 Say, is he not good-nature's sweetest child?
 But stay,—he comes! his hand is rais'd in air;
 How soon he's chang'd! a wrinkled fiend of care;
 A grinning ape—a grim and ghastly elf,
 Emblem of nothing but his frightful self.
 With what malicious joy he now assumes—
 A visage like the dæmon of the tombs!
 With what a savage smile he sternly cries,
 I am the Bailiff! pray, sir, ope your eyes;
 My hand you cannot longer now decline,
 For thus I grasp thee—thus I make thee mine!

Awakes his victim now in stern surprise,
 And thus, with trembling voice, to all he cries:
 "Here, Joseph, Isaac, Peter, John or Will,
 "Go, run to old 'Squire *Put-off* with his bill,
 "And tell him straight—let no excuse avail—
 "It must be paid, or I must go to jail:
 "Moreover, tell him if he'll pay it now,
 "I will deduct some three per cent or so."

Returns the boy, with sad, foreboding grin,
 For old 'Squire P. alas! was not within;
 Nor could he tell what time he might return,—
 That he *was* gone, was all he well could learn.

Th' impatient Bailiff urges hard his suit,
 For now his hapless victim's tongue is mute;
 But by repeated threats from Bailiff's throat,
 "Good John," again he cries "pray take this note,
 "And run to Captain *Call-again*;—you know
 "He lives at number thirteen, *Debtor's-row*;
 "And, John, just whisper softly in his ear,
 "That 'tis but small, and has been due a year,
 "And will be *sued*—no, stay—that will not do,
 "For I should lose the *debt*, and *charges* too!
 "However, go, my lad, and try *your* best,
 "I'll trust to chance and fortune for the rest."
 O wretched man, the fates are still unkind;
 Thy debtor ne'er again the lad shall find;

For lo, his spirit's fled to that dark shore
 Where human voice shall never reach him more ;
 He's dead !—Ah, now I read thy downcast eye ;
 It seems to weep, and yet it still is dry :
 But hark ! whence comes that chill prophetic dirick ?
 It is thy wife ! she would, but cannot speak.
 Behold thy babe ! unconscious of thy doom,
 It smiles ;—so doth the maniac on the tomb,
 Where late enshrin'd the mould'ring relics rest
 Of him who died that she might still be blest.
 Unhappy man, go take a long farewell ;
 Thy wealth is gone ;—no more the muse may tell.

* * * * *
 Forgive ye Editors, forgive the lay ;
 The picture's true—and truth ought have its sway.
 'Tis dark I own ; but like the di'mond bright,
 VIRTUE shines purest in misfortune's night :
 Slander, oppression, malice, envy, woe,
 Though black themselves, a light around it throw ;
 And while their own dark forms they thus expose,
 Virtue, in all its majesty, disclose.

LIFE CONTINUED.

From the sale of this volume I received about twelve dollars, with six of which I travelled to Newport, Rhode-Island. Here my pockets became entirely empty; nevertheless, I tarried at the best hotel in the place, but ate nothing, as it was totally out of my power to pay for even a single meal; at length, the landlord, whose name was TOWNSEND, called me aside, and asked me the reason of my not eating; I candidly explained the cause, when he handed me some brandy and water, and told me I was welcome to his table as long as I remained in the place. I wrote to the Episcopalian minister of Newport, stating that my father had been the pastor of a congregational society in Brunswick, Maine; that I was in distress, and wished his assistance in procuring me a passage to New-York, where I should be able to obtain business, and support myself by my industry:—this excellent man readily granted my request, and in a few days I arrived at the great commercial emporium of America.

Twenty cents was the whole amount of money in my possession, when I left the packet at the wharf; and, being unacquainted with any one in the city, I felt rather "squally," as the sailors say; however, by dint of persevering inquiry, I found the residence of a gentle-

man from Boston, who had left me at Newport, and who now voluntarily become responsible for my board, until I could procure employment. While out of business, I once or twice took an active part in certain mountebank exhibitions, in New-York and in Brooklyn; but of this kind of life I soon grew disgusted, and very fortunately obtained a situation in the printing office of Mr. JAMES ORAM. Mr. O. at this time edited and printed a weekly literary work, for which I sometimes wrote, under the signature of "ALBERT," &c. Mr. O. was very friendly, and his praise encouraged me greatly, for he was an aged, an honest, a charitable, and a good natured man; he could forgive the follies of youth, and I had many follies to be forgiven. The following are among the productions of my muse while employed as a journeyman printer in the city of New-York:—they may be found in my volume of miscellaneous poems, published in Philadelphia, 1818.

Christmas Hymn, Mortality, To a Lady, Let me Drink, Love, Death of Justice, On releasing a Bee, Solomon and Queen Sheba, To Ella, Evening, On leaving a beautiful Village, Dogs of St. Bernard, Reply to Ella, Virtue, Pathetic Stanzas, The word Farewell, Warrior's Burial, Christian's Burial, Poet's Prayer, Daring Enterprise, To Ella, Request to write on miseries attendant on men of Genius, An empty Goblet, Intemperance, Lover's Prayer, Pleasure, To my Friends, Despair.

LOVER'S PRAYER.*

Dear little Cupid—god of love !
 If sighs or tears thy pity move ;
 If lover's prayers—if lover's vows,
 From hearts as pure as Zembla's snows,
 May rise to greet thy godship's ear,
 Deign thou my humble prayer to hear.

Give her, to whom my fate I bind,
 A humble, pure and heavenly mind,
 Adorn her form with every grace—
 Let modest blushes tinge her face,
 And on her forehead, smooth and fair,
 Be worth and genius written there ;
 Endow her with those matchless charms
 Adonis found in Venus' arms ;
 Oh, give her lips like roses red—
 Let anburn ringlets deck her head,
 And let her eyes, of azure hue,
 Be mildly bright and piercing too ;
 Give, give her all that I have sung,
 But, pr'ythee, do not add a—*tongue*.

The following moral song was written in the garret of a dwelling-house in Spring-street, New-York, on a Sunday afternoon, some years ago, and first appeared in the "*Ladies Museum*," edited by Mr. ORAM :

SONG.

LOVE, the leaves are falling round thee ;
 All the forest trees are bare ;
 Winter's snows will soon surround thee,
 Soon will frost thy raven hair :
 Then say, with me,
 Love, wilt thou flee,
 Nor wait to hear sad autumn's prayer ?
 For winter rude
 Will soon intrude,
 Nor aught of summer's blushing beauties spare.

* Set to music, by HEINDRICK.

THE BOSTON BARD.

Love, the rose lies withering by thee,
And the lily blooms no more ;
Nature's charms will quickly fly thee—
Chilling rains around thee pour :
Oh, then with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Ere whirling tempests round thee roar,
And winter dread
Shall frost thy head,
And all thy raven ringlets silver o'er ?

Love, the moon is shining for thee,
All the lamps of heaven are bright ;
Holy spirits glide before thee.
Urging on thy tardy flight ;
Then say, with me,
Love, wilt thou flee,
Nor wait the sun's returning light ?
Time's finger rude
Will soon intrude.—
Relentless, all thy blushing beauties blight ?

Love, the flowers no longer greet thee,
All their lovely hues have fled !
No more the violet springs to meet thee,
Lifting slow its modest head :
Then say, with me,
Love wilt thou flee,
And leave this darkling desert dread,
And seek a clime
Of joys sublime,
Where fadeless flowers a lasting fragrance shed ?

The following stanzas also were written for
the "*Ladies' Museum*," and may be found in
that paper—1817—18 :

PATHETIC.

Why, stranger, why that look of wo,
And whence that deep-drawn sigh ?
Why should the flood of sorrow flow
To dim thine aged eye ?

Say, dost thou mourn some faithful friend,
Of life too soon bereft ?
Or dost thou 'neath misfortune bend,
Without one comfort left ?

Does poverty, that demon dread,
 Thy brightest prospects blast ?
 Have all thy earthly pleasures fled—
 Thy joys forever past ?

"Alas!"—the stranger weeping cried,
 "I mourn no kindred dear,
 "For none of mine have lately died ;
 " 'Tis *shocking healthy* here !

"But, list, and I'll the truth impart—
 " 'Tis this that clouds my life :
 " A Quack—confound the villain's art—
 " Has *three times cured* my wife !"

COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

The following poem is commemorative of the escape of Midshipman KING, of the United States' Navy, from the guard-ship RUBY, in Bermuda, who during a dark and tempestuous night, seized an open boat, belonging to the ship, and in her embarked for his native country ; where, by the protecting hand of Providence, after suffering the most severe and distressing hardships, he arrived in safety, on the 2d of August, 1813.

No moon that night, with silvery light,
 In heaven's blue vault was seen ;
 No guiding star, with radiance bright,
 Pierced the dark clouds between ;
 But all was cheerless—dark—and lone,
 As it had been such fearful hour,
 That nature, trembling on her throne,
 Sought refuge from Jehovah's power.

'Twas such a moment—dread as this,
 When blest Columbia's daring son,
 Upon the stormy, dark abyss,
 All friendless, fearless, and alone,
 Burst from oppression's galling chain,
 (Oh, never may it bind him more)
 And dauntless braved the raging main,
 To hail again Columbia's shore.

Beloved KING, the minstrel's eye can view
 Thy little skiff on ocean tost ;
 And, as it trembling mounts the billows blue,
 Or, sinking, seems forever lost ;
 Dost mark thee fearless at the helm,
 Though oft the towering waves o'erwhelm,
 And in a moment threaten to destroy
 Thy dearest dreams of liberty and joy.
 Yea, he can view thy steady eye,
 Firm-fixed on heaven—on heaven alone
 Thy soul's best, lasting hopes were placed,
 And though thy prayers to friendship's ear were lost,
 Yea, from thine own weak memory erased,
 Still did they rise before His throne.
 Who ever listens to the sufferer's cry,
 Nor heedless views his humblest creatures die.

'Twas HE, undaunted traveller of the wave,
 Who stretched, unseen, his mighty arm to save,
 And taught thee skill thy tottering barque to guide
 Safe o'er that waste, where all but thou beside
 Had rather groaned, in slavery's fetters bound,
 Than risked the dangers that beset it round.

First then, to heaven thy earliest thanks be paid ;
 And next thy country claims thy needful aid ;
 For, generous KING, Columbia views in thee
 Another guardian of her liberty ;
 Another chief—another OCEAN gem,
 Some future day to deck her diadem ;
 And for whose brow as fair a wreath shall bloom
 As Freedom twined on gallant PEBBLE'S tomb.

STANZAS

*Occasioned by a request to write upon the Miseries
 attendant on Men of Genius.*

Oh, sip thou not of yonder fount
 That now so calmly flows,
 Nor rashly climb Parnassus' mount
 To grasp yon tempting rose ;
 For 'neath that fount doth ENVY hiss,
 And MALICE foul intrude—
 And round its sparkling wave of bliss
 There lurks a monster rude,
 Who fain would stab thee with a kiss,
 And call it GRATITUDE.

Oh, touch not yonder blushing wreath,
 Of flowers Elysian wove,
 Although their fragrant sweets they breathe
 Through Eden's happiest grove ;
 Alas ! beneath those flowerets fair,
 Full many a thorn is seen,
 And HATE, DEJECTION, wild DESPAIR,
 And WANT, of haggard mein ;
 While PENURY, and carking CARE,
 For ever intervene.

Oh, seek not GENIUS' lonely cell,
 Nor view his couch of pain ;
 For oh, that couch such truths might tell
 Thou wouldst not hear again ;
 That languid eye a tongue could find,
 Such truths before thee set,
 That, once impressed upon thy mind,
 Thou never shouldst forget,
 Till, in death's icy arms reclined,
 Thy grave the night dews wet.

And dost thou ask, what truths are these,
 What tales of dreadful note ?
 What pangs the soul of genius seize,
 And burst the life-stream out ?
 Go, stranger, go—whate'er thy name,
 Or fortune's friend, or slave,
 Go, tear from thence yon wreath of fame
 That blooms on genius' grave.

Go, and the blooming chaplet tear—
 A ready answer's written there.

For composing the above poem I received a very handsome present, consisting of various articles of clothing, of which I was in great need, and ten dollars in money, from a gentleman who is now a bookseller in New-York ; I withhold his name from fear of offending his delicacy, but his kindness will always be remembered with gratitude.

LOVE.

You ask where it dwells,
 And where its abode ;
 What bosom it swells,
 What valleys or dells
 It lately hath trod.

Believe me, dear maid,
 'Thou'lt seek it in vain ;
 'Tis flown from the glade,
 It warms not the shade,
 Nor cheers it the plain

The bosom of youth
 Its pillow is not ;
 For nought but untruth
 Are the warm vows of youth—
 Soon made, and forgot.

Love hath but one home,
 Save one that's above ;
 Then why, maiden, roam ?
 I'll shew thee its home
 In the nest of the dove.

Having always entertained a high opinion of Philadelphia, I took my departure by way of South Amboy, for that delightful city. I was two days and an half on my journey, the packet, so called, having run aground at Governor's Island, where we were detained for three or four hours, and also being necessitated to wait some time longer at Amboy to have a crazy old stage-coach repaired, which had broken down the same day of our arrival ; however, by dint of good luck, and sundry glasses of aqua-vitæ presented to the driver, we managed to get to Camden, N. J. on the third day after leaving New-York. My expenses were seven dollars and an half, besides

twenty-five cents to a Jersey ferryman for taking me to the other side of the Delaware—that is, the side on which Philadelphia happens to be situated. If this line of stages, &c. is conducted in the same manner as it was then, the passengers, instead of *paying*, ought to *receive* a handsome remuneration for condescending to travel by it. But I believe things on this route are now managed much better.

I knew not any persons in Philadelphia, except the family of Mr. JACOB PERKINS, the artist, now in England, and with them I was not very intimately acquainted. I could not obtain work for some time, until by the influence of a son of Mr. P. a situation was procured for me in the printing office of the "*True American*," published by Messrs. CUMMINGS & SMITH, where I received a tolerable compensation for very hard work. The first piece of poetry that ever appeared with the signature of "*BOSTON BARD*," was published in the "*Democratic Press*," on the subject of rewarding our revolutionary soldiers; this is the only article of poetry I ever wrote for the above newspaper.

On reading the motion for bestowing pensions on our revolutionary Soldiers, &c.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

How blest are you—ye honored brave,
Who bared your breasts in bloody fray,
Your grateful country's rights to save,
And crush ambition's haughty sway.

How happy ye! how nobly blest,
 Ye hoary chiefs, ye aged few,
 Who hast'ning to your long, last rest,
 Behold the golden age in view!

Hail! glorious age of noble deeds;
 Hail! mighty champions of the poor!
 The veteran's breast no longer bleeds,—
 Those tell-tale scars shall plead no more.

Who would not seek the bloody field,
 And fearless meet the stoutest foe,
 When wounds, so early, richly yield
 A golden flow'r for every blow?

Who would not wear a soldier's plume,
 And dauntless view the battle cloud,
 For CASH (*in time*) to buy a tomb,
 And fringe to grace a soldier's shroud!

January 17, 1818.

Several of my productions were published in the columns of the "*American*," viz—*Blue-eyed Maid of Erin, To Ellen, Song for Washington's Birth Day, To a Coquette, Beauty, Epitaph on Kosciusko, Stanzas on seeing a lonely Pine growing on a high hill on the sea-shore, Grave of the Duellist, Cottage Maid, Reply to T——, Reply to Z——, To Alcandor, Marriage of the Soul, Fragment, Vision I. and II.** and the following

ON READING THE OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF

GENERAL XAVIER MINA.

Curse on thee, Spain!—thou fairest foulest spot of earth;
 Thou sink of sin, with roses crowned;
 Thou illegitimate—thou hasty birth,
 From putrefaction's teeming mound!
 Thou whitened sepulchre, within whose shell

*These pieces are all republished in the volume of my miscellaneous poems, printed in Philadelphia, 1818.

Pollution finds a ready home—
 Whose breath is deadly as the Upas' smell,
 Whose bosom is the PATRIOT'S TOMB—
 O, treacherous SPAIN, how dreadful is thy doom.

SOBOM, to FREE compared, would stand as pure
 As is the snow in heaven's chaste stores ;
 Yea, e'en Gomorrah—that ungodly sewer—
 Is cleaner than thy blood-stained shores ;
 Heaven veils itself above the darkling clouds,
 And blushes o'er thy million crimes ;
 The sun, his face in three-fold darkness shrouds,
 Till he hath passed thy purple shrines,
 Where FREEDOM'S brow the thorn-wove garland twines.

And thou, detested FERDINAND ! thou blind,
 Malicious foe of LIBERTY ;
 Thou curse of FREEDOM—hated of mankind,
 And scorned by all the brave and free ;—
 Soon, tyrant, may thy cruel bosom feel
 The thousand tortures those have borne
 Whom thou hast stretched upon the murderous wheel,
 And whom with raging tortures torn,
 To thy dark soul have lasting vengeance sworn.

Soon may the spirit of that chieftain-brave
 Who late hath bled in freedom's cause ;
 Whose valour might a nation's honour save—
 Protect its sacred rights and laws ;
 Soon may his gallant spirit rouse from sleep
 A bold, DETERMINED, veteran band,
 Who, on the altars of their faith, shall swear
 To free their hapless native land,
 Or blot the stain of slavery with the blood of Ferdinand.

REPLY TO " T——."

Peace to thy bosom, son of song !
 Sweet minstrel of a cloudless day ;
 To thee Apollo's wreaths belong—
 To thee the muses reverence pay :
 Bright was the star that o'er thy birth
 Presided with prophetic ray—
 That told a wretched world thy worth,
 And cheered it with thy pensive lay.

Bard of a living lyre ! I claim
 No flower of all that bloom so fair
 On steep Parnassus' brow of fame,
 To deck the bards who wander there ;
 I only ask that friendly lips,
 In future day may breathe my name—
 And he, who of Pieria sips,
 May read, and sigh—but never blame

'Tis true, alas ! life's early dawn
 Was darkened by the clouds of care,
 And e'er I hailed youth's ruddy morn,
 My sun of hope set in despair :
 'Tis true, indeed, that I have met
 The storms of life with bosom bare ;
 And loved a heart that could forget
 What solemn vows of friendship were.

Yet thou hast bid me change the strain,
 The strain of wo. to misery dear—
 And sayest sweet hope, and peace, again
 Shall bless my bosom, lone and drear :
 Thou tellest of heaven—and this is well ;
 For oh, I hail that moment, near,
 When death shall calm my bosom's swell,
 And meek-eyed Pity, bending o'er my bier,
 Shall blot her poet's errors with a tear.

My fame as a poet, now rose most *outrageously*, and I might have obtained three dollars *per yard* for all the rhymes I could make, provided they were published in that superb and classical literary 8vo. periodical, the "*Analectic Magazine*"; but as I had never habituated myself to write by the *foot* or *yard*, I declined offering my productions to the editor, with whom I had no acquaintance, thinking to turn my poems to better advantage in a much less troublesome manner. Some few of my pieces found their way into the columns of British newspapers, which, notwithstanding my hatred of that arrogant government, afforded me

siderable satisfaction. I was considerably annoyed by a weekly paper, called "*The Independent Balance*," formerly known as "*The Tickler*";*—some of its remarks were rather severe, and it required no small effort to keep my mind in a comparative state of tranquillity.

I now fell at work, "tooth and nail," and in a short time printed a volume of poetry, of one hundred and fifty-six pages; but I did not succeed so well with this work as I had anticipated; almost all the books were deposited with the publisher, and I left the city, cursing

* Also, by the "*Pennsylvania Gazette*," published at Lancaster, in which I was pronounced a blockhead, an ass, and several other gentlemanly appellations, as follows:

The "*Boston Bard*," and some other moon stricken ass, are boring the public with poetical plagiarisms, of the very meanest order, in a Philadelphia paper, called "*THE UNION*." We had hopes that when the "*Union*" took place, the *Gazette man* would have excluded such nauseous stuff from his columns—But—"nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."—It doesn't gif any poty wat is always gunning. Time was that when the brains were out the man would die.

[It often happens that Editors permit themselves to be bored into the publication of the silly productions of scribblers and taggers of rhyme, from intimacy with the authors, or from that kind of tender feeling which will not allow them to undereceive the witting, who has become unfortunately possessed of a notion that he is a genius. It is principally from these causes that we sometimes find a column of our best conducted journals disgraced with trash, which disgusts its readers, and lowers the public opinion of the judgment and talents of its Editor.

We acknowledge it just to hold the Editor responsible for those deviations from a correct taste, which, in the cases alluded to by our *communicant* are too obvious, yet it can never be that a few grains of nonsense, which accident, or carelessness, has admitted into the scale, should be allowed to weigh against a reputation for genius and talents long established. The authors of such stuff as that furnished by the *Boston Bard*, however willing we are to excuse the publisher, we consider fair game, and in this spirit the *Balance* has dealt out such a dose of ridicule, in the following lines, as it is hoped will effectually cure him of rhyming.]

my ill-fortune. By a circuitous route, I arrived safely at *Westchester*, Pennsylvania, and my first appearance in that village has lately been described by the editor of the "*Record*," CHARLES MINER, Esq. in the following humorous manner :

Extract from the Village Record. August 11, 1824.

WHO IS HE ?

It was noon, on one of the most sultry days in July, 1819, that a fair faced stranger presented himself at our office door, leaned against the door post half a minute, and then said— but it is, as yet, no matter what he said, or how he said it ; let us in the first place describe him. His face was fair, and there was but a light down on his chin in the place of a beard ; his face was nearly round ; the features were well enough proportioned—rather handsome than otherwise ; but there was little expression in his countenance more than you could find in a regiment, were you to examine them as the roll is called, except that his light blue eye twinkled with vivacity. On his neck was no handkerchief, and his shirt collar was open, showing a white skin except where a little embrowned by the sun, air, and dust. A light grey was his outer coat, which had been new when a different fashion prevailed, although that assertion does not, of itself, prove it to have been very old. The trowsers were of tow, or cotton bagging—Whether stockings covered his feet is a subject of doubt, but it

is certain that the shoes brought by the Gibbonites to deceive Joshua could not have been more worn. In height the stranger was about five feet six inches, plump and round in form, and although comely but rather effeminate, on one side of his head his hat was worn in that sort of care-for-nothing way, that would lead you to ask—what independent feeling fellow is that? “Is this the office of the Village Record,” enquired he, in accents somewhat peculiar, and which shewed that he was from a distant neighbourhood, and few who had ever been in New-England would have hesitated a moment to guess that he was a yankee.

‘I have had a plaguy long walk, and a foolish one too’—said he, ‘for I set out to come here, and the first I knew I had got to Old Chester, and then I was almost as far from Westchester as I was when I left Philadelphia.’ There was an artlessness—a simplicity about the man, that awakened kind feelings towards him, and I am not sure that the Yankee *tang* upon his tongue, did not, like sounds familiar in childhood, make something in his favour.—He was evidently poor—yet there was nothing of solicitation in his looks—so far otherwise, besides the cock of his hat, there was that in his air which said as distinctly as an air could speak—‘I care not a —— for any body.’ He had come to find the Village Record office, old Robert the scribe, or John Harwood. ‘He cannot, surely, be an ordinary journeyman printer,’ thought I, for such an one would certainly have known, or at least enquired, where

the Record was printed, and not have mistaken Chester for Westchester. 'And this is Mr. Miner, I suppose,' said he carelessly. 'It is my name sir,' said I, 'and who may it be that asks?' 'You have heard of the BOSTON BARD I 'spose' said he. 'Certainly, often, and with pleasure.' This was our first personal knowledge of that eccentric child of genius and misfortune.— Where is he now ?

TO MY FRIEND EPHRAIM BROOKENS, RESIDENT IN WESTCHESTER, (PA.) NEAR THE BANKS OF THE BRANDYWINE, IN REPLY TO A LATE QUERY, "WHERE IS HE ?"

FRIEND BROOKENS—Your kind inquiries after the "fair-faced stranger" who visited and tarried under your ever hospitable roof, some time, in the year 1819, has at length met his eye, and afforded his heart a pleasure which he thought never more to enjoy; for, although he could not for a moment doubt the sincerity of your friendly professions towards him, yet the multiplicity of business, and an anxious solicitude for the future welfare of a numerous family, might, for awhile, nay, perhaps forever, obliterate from the memory of even Ephraim Brookens, the features and misfortunes of the "stranger." I have been mistaken; joyfully mistaken; and *he* will pardon the unjust suspicion that such *could* have been the case.

The "stranger's" pilgrimage, since 1821-'22 has been marked by various vicissitudes, with some of which his friend is acquainted; but of recent disappointments, bereavements and miseries, he most probably remains ignorant;

and be it so—for the heart of Ephraim Brookens can feel as poignantly the sufferings of another as if those sufferings were its own, and the “stranger” would never wittingly give it a pang of sorrow. No: may he always enjoy that best of earthly blessings, connubial happiness, and never feel that he has cherished a viper in his bosom that may hereafter convey a fatal poison to his heart! Alas, that the “stranger” ever strayed from the dwelling of his friend! Fatal propensity to change! But it is useless to mourn, and unmanly and unchristianlike to despair; indeed to despair, possessing the friendship of Ephraim Brookens, is impossible.

But to answer the inquiry, “Where is he now?” My friend has heard of, perhaps seen, the majestic river Hudson; on this river, about forty-five miles from the city of New-York, is a thriving and populous village, situated in the county of Westchester, the name of which he may chance to discover somewhere in the journal on whose pages this letter will be found; in that village the “stranger” at present resides, and where he will always be happy to hear from his friend, either by letter or the “*Record*.” Be so good as to remember me to old *John Harwood*, and his family, and tell him if the “stranger” ever comes within twenty miles of his dwelling, his *shoes* will be more worn than those of the *Gibeonites* who came to deceive Joshua, if he does not lengthen his journey, and walk in at his door without knocking.

TO JOHN HARWOOD, Esq.

WESTCHESTER, (PA.)

Friend HARWOOD. I wish that I never had strayed,
 One step from thy lone little cot ;
 How blest had I been if with thee I had stayed,
 And never thy precepts forgot.

At thy old "OAKEN TABLE," so antique and neat,
 With good and enough always crowned,
 How I joyed by thy side ever nearest to sit,
 While thy little ones hovered around.

Thy LETITIA so good, so devoid of all art,
 On her brow ne'er a frown did I see ;
 Her smile was a welcome, and fell on the heart.
 Like the sun's early light on the sea.

But my heart was inconstant, and never had known
 Of affection or friendship the worth ;
 My breast was a garden with weeds overgrown,
 Where the flower seed decayed in the earth.

Yet I said,—“ On this spot, if the weeds were away,
 The flowerets of fancy might bloom ;
 'Neath the sunshine of fortune these weeds would decay,
 And the place of their birth be their tomb.

But how vain was the thought ! for the tares of the heart,
 The storms of affliction must blight,
 Ere the sunshine of virtue its warmth can impart,
 And the flowers of the soul spring to light.

Farewell to thee, HARWOOD !—but never forget,
 When the shadows of eve steal along,
 The minstrel who used at thy window* to sit,
 And chant to the village his song.

* Containing but three panes of glass.

The following poem was first published in the "*Record*," and met with very general approbation :

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh, thou upon whose bosom dear
 My infant head reposed—
 Oh, thou whose lips with kiss sincere
 My weary eye-lids closed ;
 Though oft the risen sun has set
 Since last I met thy view,
 Ah, never can my heart forget,
 What to thy love is due.

Think not, my mother, I can cease
 To love my home and thee ;
 Think not my hours are hours of peace,
 Like those of infancy ;
 Alas ! those moments sweet are gone—
 Those halcyon hours are fled ;
 And on the world's cold heart alone
 I bosom now my head !

Mother, there are who'll heedless say,
 The muse is weak or wrong,
 To chant to thee a simple lay,—
 A rude and rustic song ;
 They'll say I court a baby muse,
 And wake an idle strain,
 And will to hear my song refuse,
 With proud and cold disdain :

And be it so.—If gratitude
 For kind maternal care
 May be to childish joy construed,
 Or seem an idle prayer,—
 Then take, O, God ! this *manly* heart
 Thou plantedst in my breast ;
 Take, take it hence, and one impart
 With *childish feelings* blest !

Several other original poems of my muse were at this time published in the "*Record*," among which were, *Don't believe it, Jo, Better Not, One Glass More, White Mountain Rose*, and

"WHO IS MY FRIEND?"

Not the vile wretch whose sordid mind
The slavish chains of avarice bind ;
Whose stooping soul no pleasure knows,
Save what the dirty ore bestows.

Not him who ploughs the ocean wave,
His fellow-beings to enslave ;
Who cannot make e'en want a plea
For one lone act of cruelty.

Not him who light and knowledge spurns,
And to the gloom of ignorance turns ;
Who dares his Maker's wrath defy,
In impotence of blasphemy.

He is my friend—the friend I love,
Who the reverse of these shall prove,
Who loves his God—whose liberal mind
Can feel for me and all mankind.

I worked in the "*Record*" office several weeks, until attacked by typhus fever, which brought me to the very portals of eternity ; the good people of this village treated me with great humanity, and the "*New England Society*" of Philadelphia, of which I was a member, sent me twenty-five dollars ; and here permit me to remark, that in all my peregrinations in Pennsylvania, I uniformly received the most hospitable treatment from that class of society generally denominated *Quakers* ; and in my opinion the world would be much better were it peopled altogether with as kind and charita-

ble inhabitants as are to be found among the friends and followers of WILLIAM PENN.—To CHARLES MINER, Esq. I tender my warmest thanks for repeated marks of kindness, both when in his service, and when “far awa,” and it would afford me great pleasure to take a “cup of kindness” with him “for auld lang syne:” none who ever knew “*Poor Robert, the Scribe,*” can forget his good-natured features; and those who do not know him, may regret their ignorance as something of a misfortune—for truly they will never meet with a better man.

With my gun, pencil and paper, I frequently roamed along the banks of the *Brandywine*, from sunrise until sunset; and at this time, I believe I felt something like happiness—to say the least, I was not altogether miserable. One afternoon I determined to take a ride; my companion was lame, his leg being contracted by rheumatism; we went as far as *Downingstown*, refreshed ourselves and horses, and then set out for home again; in attempting to ford the river, which had been swollen by late rains, the horse sprung from the gig and threw us both into the water; I had been driving and still held on to the reins, while my companion clung fast to my shoulders; however, the horse brought us both to land, while the gig floated a considerable distance down the stream; it was cold weather, and we were obliged to walk seven miles in our wet garments after night-fall! This was not a time for poetical ideas, but there arose in my mind

thoughts similar to those contained in the verses following :

The bard who sang the Brandywine,
 Immortalized by WAYNE,
 In turn hath been immortalized,
 Immortalized his strain ;
 For sure his muse can ne'er behind
 His brother poets loiter,
 That's been baptized, as hath been mine,
 In *Brandy wine* and *water* !

Soon after this accident I returned to Philadelphia,* and wrote for the "*Independent Balance*," conducted by Mr. G. HELMBOLD; this was a satirical paper, and did not suit my taste by any means; but as I received good wages, I endeavoured to content myself with my situation; in verity, Mr. H. proved as kind a friend as ever I possessed; it is true, he had faults, but they "*leaned to virtue's side*;"—peace to his ashes!—My productions not unfrequently filled whole pages of the "*Balance*" all having different signatures;—the dandies were my forte, and I lashed them without mercy; they threatened to dirk me, and I answered their threats only by lampooning them still

* It was at this period that I forwarded by Captain HECTOR COFFIN, commander of the ship *Telegraph*, a volume of my poems to England as a present for Sir ISAAC COFFIN, a member of the British Parliament, although by birth an American. The volume was sent from Liverpool by mail, which as I have been informed, excited the anger of the *American Englishman*, on account of the necessity he was under of paying the small sum demanded for its conveyance.—I must crave pardon of the *generous* old Admiral for this time; and he may rest assured, that if I outlive him, he shall have an epitaph or an elegy which shall send down to remotest posterity, in the most sublime strains of poesy, his *glory* and *fame*, as remuneration for the expense which I have most unwittingly been the cause of his incurring!

more unmercifully. Among the numerous poems written by me for the "*Balance*," I recollect the following, viz. *A Dandy's—what? The Dying American Tar, Pirate's Grave, Go mark him on the shattered mast, Rest thou on this bosom dearest, To John Harwood, William Penn, To the Officers of the U. S. Navy, The Falling Star, and*

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF COMMODORE PERRY.

The hero of Erie hath gone to his rest,
Renowned on the pages of story ;
And the sun of his fame that arose in the west,
Hath set in the blaze of his glory.

No more shall the billow of Erie's dark shores,
As it rolls in the silence of sadness,
Re-echo the words—"*We have met ; they are ours !*"
Inspiring the freeman with gladness.

No more shall the friend of his bosom behold
The lord of her love and her spirit :
But she'll find in the heart of his country enroll'd
His courage, his zeal, and his merit.

The stranger was kind, and PERRY was blest,
For friendship made smooth the rough pillow ;
He breathed but one sigh, it was breathed to the west,
And the breeze bore it safe o'er the billow.

The hero of Erie is sleeping afar—
Columbia, he's lost to thee 'ever ;
The spirit that walked on the whirlwind of war.
Returns to thee never—oh, never !

Farewell to the hero of Erie's dark shores ;
Columbia, his valor remember ;
Engrave on his tomb—"*We have met ; they are ours !*"
And hallow the month of SEPTEMBER.

Some of my readers will here expect a detail of important events which befel me at this period of life ; but I am sorry to inform them, that the most interesting event, and that too which involves all the rest, must be omitted, and remain for a future historian to declare ; I shall suffer in character, as I have already, by this determination ; but I had rather continue to suffer, than by acting reversely, give one moment's uneasiness to a heart naturally generous and affectionate.

——— " Our young affections ran to waste,
Like water on the desert sand." ——

* * * * *

It is absolutely one of the greatest of misfortunes, to know the world so thoroughly, in early life, as to become heart-sick of it before we have scarcely tasted the little good it possesses !—To wander up and down the beautiful earth, without finding a single flower worth gathering—to be told of the grandeur, order, and excellency of a universe, without a single wish to look into the merits of the same—to listen to the harmony of nature, when there is no music in one's self,—surely such feelings constitute the dreadful ingredients of madness—the food of distraction, the poison of the spirit. But a proud and manly heart cannot easily be broken ; it may be wounded, but it will heal again, although a scar may remain, even after life becomes extinct. However, the very easiest and most effectual cure for

trouble and grief is—"EMPLOYMENT." Yet, do what we will—possess what we will, still we are never contented :

Unhappy if we do not love,
Unhappier if we do,
O'er hill and dale of life we rove,
Nor true contentment know.

After the death of Mr. HELMBOLD,* I was for some time out of business, and should have suffered severely from the evils of poverty, had it not been for repeated acts of kindness afforded me by a gentleman of *New-York*, whose generosity was unlimited ; he has assisted me more, from time to time, than any other friend whatever ; his power to do good is extensive, and his will is as great as his power ;—may the bread he has so liberally "cast upon the waters," return to his hand with a ten-fold increase :

* Sometime previous to this melancholy event, death presented himself to me also, in all his terrors : I was fishing from the platform of the Floating Bath House, anchored off in the Delaware, directly opposite the city of Philadelphia, when my feet slipping, I fell into the water ; the tide ran with great impetuosity, and I was swept underneath the floor ; the water nearly reached the flooring, and I gave myself up as lost—but as I arose, and was whirled about by the conflicting currents underneath, I felt my hand grasp a piece of wood, which was stationary ; it was a slat of one of the baths ; I held on and kept my head a little above water, knocking with my other hand against the flooring above, until I made the persons in the Bath House hear me ; an old man, (God bless him!) by the name of Robbins, jumped down into the bath opposite me—I gave him one hand, still holding on with the other, while he, with an axe, cut, or knocked away the slats under water, when I emerged from the liquid element, to the utter astonishment of every one who was acquainted with the great danger of my situation. I do not think it is so easy a thing to die, as some persons would endeavour to persuade themselves.

"When wealth to such a man is given,
It blesses like the dews of Heaven."

I should offend him, were I to mention his name; but it is written where death alone can obliterate it—on my heart. After this gentleman had sailed for Havanna and New-Orleans, I was very much distressed; so much so as to be necessitated to solicit a passage to New-York, *gratis*, which favour I had the good fortune to obtain.

On arriving in the city of South Gotham, I called upon Mr. ALEXANDER MING, in whose employ I had been, three years before; he told me that business with him was very dull, that he could not afford to give me much, but that as long as he had a house over his own head, I was welcome to food and shelter under its roof. I accepted his offer with gratitude, and tarried with him two or three years. Mr. MING himself always treated me with the utmost kindness, and although somewhat eccentric in certain ideas, he is nevertheless a good and an amiable man. A literary publication was issued from Mr. M's office, of which he was the editor; and in this paper originally appeared the following articles, viz.—

New-England, Love's To-night and To-morrow, Washington's Dirge, Sonnet, Wreck of Love, The Half-Mast Flag, Stanzas to a little blind Girl, De Witt Clinton, Bolivar, To my brother RED MEX, The 'Villain, Man,' Cartwright's Musical Glasses, On Byron's joining the Greek army, Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, The Ship of Heaven, New-York, Sacred to the memory of Miss

Mary Tyrell, Christmas Ode, Sailor, there's hope for thee, Propitious blow the autumn gales, &c. Oh would that on some desert Isle, Blighted Flower, American Tar, Sacred Melody, To my Muse, Sacred Melody, Answer to an Insult, To Ella, To the dog Ponto, To —, To Ella, Female bosom, Last Minstrel, Mrs. Entwistle, Return of the Citizens, Sacred to the memory of R. B. Coffin, Things I cannot bear, To her who will understand it, To a Mouse, Stanzas on the birth of Burns, General Challenge, Gallic Star, Ireland, Jubilee of Death, On a mammoth Nose, Philosophy and Winter, To Mr. Wallack, Song of the Greeks, Spain, To my old Coat, To my Mother, Things I love, Treble Gems, Tribute to the memory of Lieut. W. H. Cocke, Time and Chance, Yankee and the diving drum— and the following stanzas addressed to my physician, **DR. GEORGE W. CHAPMAN**, of New-York, a gentleman by whose skill I was plucked from the verge of the grave, and to whose humanity many beside myself are indebted for life and health :

My soul was late a helmless barque,
 Upon a stormy sea :
 Reason had fled—and lone and dark
 Life's ocean, broad to me :
 On error's shoals my barque had beat—
 Broke o'er her deck the wave ;
 Ah, then what star my eye should greet—
 What friendly life-boat save ?

Ah, then what voice amid the storms,
 Like cherub-cheerings came,
 And bade depart the fiend-like form
 That urged to death—to shame ?
 That bade to hell the spirit fly,
 To show the waves of we ;
 And dare the gathering wrath on high,
 To 'scape the storms below ?

'Twas thou, my friend, who 'midst the gloom
 Like mercy's beauteous bow,
 Arch'd o'er the contrite sinner's tomb,
 The tempest full'd of wo ;—
 Taught, taught my inexperienced eye
 The shoals of life to scan ;
 And—pointing to a cloudless sky—
 Cried, " Live—and live a man !"

Oh, may the breeze that speeds thy barque,
 Like Eden's zephyrs be ;
 Thy sky serene, as when the lark
 Chants his sweet melody ;
 And when the dream of life is o'er,
 May angels round thee wait,
 And bear thee to that blissful shore,
 Where faith shall conquer fate.

The following stanzas were composed for
 the columns of the "*New-York Statesman*," in
 which journal many of my productions at this
 time were inserted :

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

Love's barque was launched on rapture's tide,
 In beauty's sunniest day ;
 And fearless on, in conscious pride,
 She ploughed her joyous way :—
 The breeze of bliss her snowy sails
 All soft and silent swelled ;
 O'er dimpled seas, with gentlest gales,
 Her careless course she held

Joy seized the helm ;—his wild commands
 The pilot, pleasure, gave,
 The barque to steer to fairy lands,
 Where wisdom's folly's slave.
 And o'er the glassy surface now
 With heedless haste she flies ;
 While hope sits smiling on the prow,
 At hood-winked wisdom's eyes.

But, hark ! along the deep has sped
 The hollow dirge of wo ;
 Joy drops the helm—and hope has fled—
 Pale pleasure shrinks below.

Where art thou love?—The billows roar
 Above thy vessel's deck;
 Love wakes upon distraction's shore—
 Shame's vortex 'gulls the wreck!

The following poem was written in a painter's garret, and was first published in the *Philadelphia Union*, a daily newspaper.

THE RUINED FLOWER.

Its stem was broke.—The desert wind
 Passed rudely o'er its slender head;
 It withered, drooped, and silent pined,
 Till all its hues and fragrance fled:
 The chilling frost of evening's hour
 Shone coldly on the dying flower.

Lone withered flower! perchance the doom,
 That met thee in thy day of youth,
 May be inscribed upon my tomb,
 Too deep for time to blot its truth;
 And tears, too late by sorrow shed,
 May freeze and glisten o'er my head.

And better this my fate should be,
 Than stab confiding virtue's breast;
 Better to live in misery—
 Better to die by love's subtlest.
 Than build the hope of future fame,
 On beauty's wreck—on woman's shame.

MRS. HOLMAN.

Winstrel of Earth, allied to Heaven,
 Enchantress of the soul,
 Ho whom the blessed power is given
 Man's passions to control;
 Accept the offering of a soue
 Unskilled in classic lore;
 Nor with contempt the lay refuse
 A wandering bard may pour.

The lyre that now is swept for thee,
 And fain would greet thine ear,
 Knows not the strain of flattery,
 To folly's minions dear ;
 The hand that sweeps its cords along,
 Though none perhaps so rude,
 Hath never wove an idle song,
 To be for pride the food.

Thy voice my raptur'd ear hath met,
 And still is lingering there ;
 Nor can my soul those notes forget
 That chained the sordid despair ;
 That drove each sorrow from my breast,
 The world and all its woes ;
 That gave to weary life a zest—
 A troubled soul repose.

And if when death with icy hand,
 The purple flood congeals—
 When still the pulse of nature stands,
 And stops of life the wheels ;
 If thou but breathe the hallow'd strain
 Of peace by mercy given ;
 My doubting soul would lingering stand,
 Nor know its course to heaven.

In November, 1823, I published a literary paper, in a quarto form, entitled the "*Mental Museum*," from which the following articles are extracted ; who "GEORDIE" was, will be known by almost all the lovers of music and painting in Philadelphia and New-York : "a merry, merry boy was he ;" but his voice is heard no more among the sons of men ; peace be to his spirit.

As I ha'e much respect, an' na sma' feeling
 o' kindness toward *Geordie*, who keeps under
 the muckle claymore o' "Rob Roy," I stappit
 the Muse, ye ken, as she was ganging by, an'

g'eing her a Highland gill, she ga'e me the
wee bit sang here in print.

HAND, HAND US, BOY, &c.

Hand, hand us, boy, that bowl of wine—
Let's banish care and sorrow ;
The light of friendship's sun divine
Shall gild each coming morrow ;
Then let us drink—hand, hand us, boy,
The deep unfathom'd bowl ;
Here's to our host—here's to "Rob Roy,"
To you, you, you—the whole !

Pour, pour—the red libation pour,
Although the moon is blinking ;
Her light shall friendship's smile restore,
Though she to earth were sinking :
Then let us drink—hand, hand us, boy,
The deep unfathom'd bowl ;
Here's to our host—here's to "Rob Roy,"
To you, you, you—the whole.

To night, to night let's merry be—
Though time is from us stealing ;
And though his snows he bids us see,
They'll chill no generous feeling :
Then let us drink—hand, hand us, boy,
The deep unfathom'd bowl ;
Here's to our host—here's to "Rob Roy,"
To you, you, you—the whole.

Life, life is on its rapid flight—
And when death seals the letter,
Blest charity her lamp shall light,
And ope it a better :
Then let us drink—hand, hand us, boy,
The deep unfathom'd bowl ;
Here's to our host—here's to "Rob Roy,"
To you, you, you—the whole.

FROM THE MENTAL MUSEUM.

ADVENTURES OF A SONG.

An *unfortunate* National Song, (written about four years ago, by the present editor of this paper), beginning,

"When Freedom 'mid the batt'e storm,"

the editors of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post request their readers to peruse—"twice." Why? They have, probably, discovered what the author knew long ago, namely: that part of the song, as it has been heretofore published, is sheer nonsense! Therefore that the patrons and correspondents of the Post may not exhaust too much time in endeavouring to find where the fault lays, and that they may not be necessitated to read the song more than "twice," we have taken the trouble to alter and amend it, and insert it in the Museum. We know not any poem of the present day, which has met with so many untoward accidents, and "hair-breadth escapes" as this. It was first *bleated* by a *lamb*, in Vauxhall Garden, Philadelphia, being first set to music by a person who seemed determined to *hew-it* in pieces; it then travelled from "Dan to Beersheba," and back to Dan again; after two or three years' repose, it found its way into the Democratic Press, to the tune of "*Knight Errant*," by some "errant knave," who sent it to the editor as original for the Press; it next was noticed and parodied in the Mirror, a literary work, published in this city, and edited

by Samuel Woodworth, Esq.; but previous to this, it was made to *jingle* by note, and afterwards published by a bookseller, in New-York. Its first appearance this year has been in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post; its second, and, we hope, *last* appearance in a newspaper, is in the Mental Museum.—If any persons inquire why the corrections were not made before, they are very good-naturedly informed that it is “none of their business.”

TUNE—[not] “*Knicht Errant.*”

When Freedom midst the battle-storm
Her weary head reclined ;
When round her fair, majestic form,
Oppression vain had twined ;
Amidst the din—beneath the cloud
Great WASHINGTON appeared :
His daring hand rolled back the shroud
And thus the sufferer cheered :

Spurn, spurn despair ! Be great, be free !
With giant strength arise ;
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,
Thy flag plant in the skies !
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,
Let stars thy banner gem ;
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—
Wear victory's diadem :

Go, tell the world a world is born—
Another orb gives light ;
Another sun illumines the morn—
Another star the night ;
Be just—be brave !—and let thy name
Henceforth Columbia be ;
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,
The wreath of Liberty !

He said—and, lo ! the stars of night
Forth to her banner flew ;
And morn with pencil dipt in light,
Her blushes on it drew—

Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,
 (All gloriously unfurled,)
 Flew with it to his native skies,
 And waved it o'er the world!

FROM THE SAME.

OSTENTATIOUS CHARITY.

———"The poor ye have always with you."

I saw the poor man at the gate
 Of ostentatious charity—
 Bowed down beneath the heavy weight
 Of helpless age and misery:
 He asked but one poor crust of bread—
 Aside the miser turned his head.

I saw the poor man go his way—
 Another son of earth drew nigh;
 And he was robed in pride's array,
 And impudence was in his eye;
 He had to India's shores a "Call;"
 The miser sigh'd but gave him all.

I saw the miser's sculptured vase,
 Inscribed with love-deeds thickly o'er;
 And on the massive golden base
 Was graved, *The patron of the poor!*
 The thunders rolled, the lightnings flash'd,
 To earth the miser's urn was dash'd.

The graves were opened, and the dead
 Jehovah bade to judgment rise;
 The earth and sea together fled,
 And passed away the affrighted skies:
 The poor man and the miser stood
 Before the eternal throne of God.

What dost thou here? Jehovah cried—
 Thy ostentatious charity
 Availeth not—I knew thy pride,
 The cause of thy humanity;
 To strangers thou thy wealth didst give,
 That after thee thy name should live,

Blood of thy blood, that at thy gate
 For one, but one poor morsel cried,
 Him thy proud soul did proudly hate,
 His age and poverty deride :
 My Gospel—said the eternal God,
 My Gospel, thou wouldst spread in blood.

Thy brother perished that thy name
 Should long on earth in splendour shine—
 That on a scroll should live thy fame,
 And thou be called a child of mine !
 I know thee not—to darkness lie—
 Availeth not thy charity.

Oh, thou who send'st thy wealth abroad
 Unto the distant heathen shore,
 'Thy *unaccepted* by thy God,
 If thou the beggar at thy door
Deny—although a *wretch* he be,
 That which *sustains mortality* !

FROM THE SAME.

The following stanzas were addressed to my friend Mr. T——, one of the editors of the *New York Daily Advertiser* ; he is among those who have been kinder to me than I have sometimes been to myself :

Accept, my friend, the grateful lay
 A broken harp may pour ;
 A harp whose breathings soon for aye
 Must cease—be heard no more !
 For the cold hand of pennyry long
 Hath rudely swept the strings ;
 And misery interrupts the song,
 And clips the Muse's wings.

Another year ! The minstrel's name,
 Perchance, shall be forgot ;
 And those who praise, and those who blame
 May seek—but find him not :
 The storm may rage—the frost severe
 May fall upon his bed ;
 His heart shall feel no chilling fear,
 His eye no tear-drop shed.

Earth's breast is cold—but colder yet
 The frail, the faithless heart,
 That can its sacred vows forget,
 From honor, truth depart !
 And colder still the villain's smile
 That courts but to annoy ;
 That welcomes only to beguile—
 To blight, to blast, destroy.

But thou, my friend, forever kind,
 (Though error lead the Muse)
 Though not unto my follies blind,
 Yet willing to excuse—
 Accept, accept the grateful lay
 A broken harp may pour ;
 A harp whose breathings soon for aye
 Must cease—be heard no more.

FROM THE SAME.

STANZAS.

A rock's rude brow his dwelling place,
 That overlooked the sea ;
 Undaunted valor on his face
 Sat in dread majesty ;
 And his stern eye defiance bold
 Looked on each wave that round him rolled.

Beneath his throne, above the world
 Of waters, woman rose ;
 He saw her—and the bolt had hurled—
 For he had lost repose ;
 But lo ! the shaft unheeded fell—
 Tho' strong his arm, more strong her spell,

Down from his cloud-capp'd seat he leapt,
 Repelled th' invading wave,
 Gained her light skiff—a coward, wept—
 Nor felt himself a slave,
 Till cords—too frail for summer's wind,
 Around his heart—his spirit twined.

He burst the cords—he braved the surge,
 His rocky throne in view ;
 But never reached the lofty verge
 Where happiness he knew :
 The skiff was gone—the fairy fled—
 His peace was wrecked—his hopes are dead.

FROM THE SAME.

TO MY MOTHER.

What shall I bear thee, mother dear,
 When thy embrace again I greet,
 And feel upon my cheek the tear
 That flows when child and parent meet ?

What shall I bear thee ?—Wealth and fame,
 Or gems that grew beneath the wave ?
 Gold have I not ; and glory's flame
 Hath seldom shone but on the grave !

Nor wealth, nor fame, nor gems to thee,
 My mother, will thy offspring bear ;
 Mean such reward indeed would be
 For all thy love—for all thy care.

But I shall bear to thy kind breast
 What heaven nor thee will e'er reject :
 A wasted form, pale sorrow's guest—
 A broken heart—a spirit wreck'd !

FROM THE SAME.

TO HER THAT'S "FAR AWA."

Go, breeze, and bear the balmy sigh
 To love and beauty's shrine ;
 And softly, as you onward fly,
 Oh, whisper it was mine.

Oh, breathe it o'er her beauteous breast,
 And o'er her dewy lip ;
 And while that lip salutes its guest,
 Do thou the nectar sip.

Then on the wings of love, O haste—
 Its warmth, its sweets impart :
 And breathe it o'er the cheerless waste—
 The desert of the HEART !

The following poem is from the *Philadelphia Union* ; and was written by me merely to wind up an unprofitable argument—which it accomplished.

TO "ORLANDO."

Go to Arabia's burning waste
 And say, "O fertile scene,
 What num'rous flowers thy sands have grazed,
 How fragrant, fresh and green!"
 Say this, but say not Woman's breast
 To love is always true;
 Say not it is an angel's rest,
 Most chaste and lovely too.

Go to the tempest-troubled deep,
 And say, with tearful eye,
 "On thy proud waves I fain would sleep,
 Nor dream of danger nigh:"
 Say this, but say not Woman's voice
 Is always soft and mild;
 Say not it heightens all our joys,
 And soothes misfortune's child.

Fly to the subtle panther's arms,
 And tell him he is kind;
 Tell him he hath an angel's charms,
 A generous feeling mind!
 Go, tell him this—but say not thou
 That Woman's heart can feel;
 Say not she never broke her vow,
 Or stabbed where love should heal.

Go, thou whose manly soul can bend,
 And own a Woman's power;
 Go, call thy mistress faithful friend,
 Thou insect of an hour!
 My adamant heart, I own,
 Can feel no joy like this:
 'Twas Woman changed my heart to stone—
 Yea, murdered with a kiss.

Go, go "Orlando," seek repose
 Within the serpent's nest;
 And as its eye with splendour glows,
 O hug it to thy breast:
 Do this, and should it sting thy heart
 While dazzling with its charms,
 Fear not, "Orlando,"—do not start—
 Thy Grave is BEAUTY'S arms!

THE LIFE OF
SENSIBILITY.

"Ye who have tears, prepare to shed them now."

'Sua, what hast thou to do with me ?
Why look upon my wo ?
Thy light is nought but misery—
I pray thee onward go ;
Moon, why so long in journeying hence ?
I would not see thy light ;
Thy beams no joys to me dispense—
In mercy shun my sight.

'There was a time I loved to gaze
Upon thee, glorious sun ;
That time is past—I hate thy rays,
And wish thy race was run :
There was a time, fair moon ! when thou
To me, indeed, wert dear :
I would, indeed, it were thus now !
But guilt all light must fear.

"Blood will have blood !"—oh dreadful truth !
Ah, whither shall I flee !
How tranquil were my hours of youth,
My hours of infancy :
Alas ! alas ! I know my doom
Is just—nor dare complain ;
No tears shall sparkle on my tomb,
Nor kindly showers of rain.'

She paused—I raised her feeble head
From off the frozen ground ;
The colour came—again it fled—
Nor sign of life was found !
To her cold cheek my lips I pressed,
I felt it warmer grow ;
I placed my hand upon her breast,
I felt her bosom's throe !

'Oh, fly a wretch !—a murderer fly !
My hands are bathed in gore ;
Shun, shun the spot of infamy,
Nor seek to find it more :
The ministers of wrath pursue—
Here leave me to my fate ;
Away, away !—adieu !—adieu !
Your friendship's shone too late.

'Nay stop—and you my crime shall know—
 Time flies—I must be brief ;
 Perchance it may assuage my wo,
 Afford my heart relief :
 Then stranger, know it was my doom
 To dress my sister's hair,
 And as I moved the murderous comb—
 Oh, horror ! death ! despair !

A little innocent I found,
 With six dear, pretty feet,
 It walked so slow and softly round,
 And seemed so very neat,
 That I resolved in haste to try
 And catch it by the back ;
 When, oh ! distracting misery !
 I killed it with a—*crack* !

A PICTURE.

I knew him well ;—he was a gloomy wretch,
 And loved to dwell alone in murky shades,
 Brooding upon the fancied ills of life,
 And starting at the view of every form
 That bore a semblance of his fellow man.
 His lips did deeply curse the glorious sun
 That, rising dared dispel the fearful shades,
 And draw aside the curtains of the night.
 To him the beautiful moon no pleasure brought ;—
 Her cheering beams, her mild and soothing light,
 To his dark soul, were but the lurid flames
 That blazon forth the depths of deepest hell.
 And when the furious storm tremendous howled,
 Lifting the " foam-tipt billows" to the heavens,
 Then would he climb some high projecting cliff,
 And gaze, with hellish joy, upon the wreck
 That strewed the vast and watery world below !
 Yet here, if in the momentary pause
 Of ocean's thunder, and the tempest's voice,
 Some shepherd's pipe, or lonely minstrel's strain,
 Stole on his ear—the sweet, melodious sound,
 (Careering on the bosom of the storm,)
 He cursed !— and rushing furious to his den,
 Set loose his tiger passions, and blasphemed
 Alike, his fellow beings, and his God !

THE LIFE OF
TO DEMOCRITUS,*

IN ANTICIPATION OF HIS SIXTIETH YEAR,

What though the robber, Time, has stole
The gristle from thy gambols,
A pillar stands thy noble soul,
Amid a world of brambles.

What though the clay-built house of mind
Must soon or late fall right down,
There is no fear but thou wilt find
In charity a night-gown.

What's formed of dust, to dust will turn—
Death's daily undermining,
But, George, the *spirit* will not burn,
Though it must stand *burning*.

Whoever lends a willing arm
To save a sinking brother,
A hand *unseen* his soul shall draw
From this world up to t'other.

Although is manned thy fragile bark
With passions mut'nous ever,
It shall not founder in the DARK,
No—never—never—never!

The world would deem that mortal mad,
Possessed of spirit evil,
Who to the earth, because it had
A crack, his house should level.

He who has formed thy house of *flesh*,
That it is *flesh* remembers,
And mercy ne'er thy *soul* will thresh
For faults among the timbers.

To love my neighbour as myself,
And HIM who made me, better—
To share with misery *half* my self,
Is of the law the letter.

Man's a machine of wond'rous art;
Known only to its maker,

* GEORGE HELMBOLD, Esq. late editor and proprietor of the
"Independent Balance,"—since deceased.

The pendulum is styled the heart,
The conscience, regulator.

Whene'er the pendulum is found
To make too quick transition,
The regulating hand goes round,
Nor stops but at contrition.

Whene'er thou diest—or soon, or late,
Still may thy heart be merry,
And Charon in his barge of state,
Safe row thee o'er the ferry.

There, welcomed by the souls of those
Freed from the kind of terrors,
May Lethe bathe thy gouty toes,
And wash away thy errors.

In Philadelphia my spirits were often very pleasantly excited, by such *jeu d'esprits* as the following:

FROM THE FUDGE FAMILY.

TO THE BOSTON BARD.

O I'd fain praise your poems—but tell me, how is it,
When I cry out 'exquisite,' Echo cries 'quiz it?'

Or say shall we copy the fam'd Boston Bard,
With one dull idea, who labours so hard,
That much like a grindstone in motion;
No matter how fast it is turned round and round,
Unmov'd from its centre 'tis still to be found,
Tho' to start it has sometimes a notion.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE.

TO THE BOSTON BARD.

Blest were the songs that Judah's daughters sung,
E'er captive led, by Babel's stream they wept;
And heavenly strains along their umbrels rung
When Judah's king the holy cov'nant kept.

But wine and women Judah's king subdued,
 His high built glory in the dust they laid;
 No more his friendship distant monarchs woo'd,
 Man ceased to love and God withdrew his aid.

NEW ENGLAND MINSTREL.

TO THE NEW-ENGLAND MINSTREL.

Where, but on woman's faithful breast
 Should pösy's head recline?
 Or what to life can give a zest
 More sweet than rosy wine?

Say, minstrel hast thou never proved
 The power of beauty's eye?
 Ne'er loved thyself, nor been beloved?
 Ne'er brea' hed the impassioned sigh?

Hast thou ne'er sipp'd the ruddy tide
 That "Judah's king subdued?"
 That halm which thou wouldst fain deride—
 By thee to death construed?

Then learn to love!—yea, learn to sip
 From Bacchus' blooming bowl;
 Moisten for once thy thirsty lip,
 Let love once warm thy soul.

Love should on Pösy's bosom rest—
 If one, let both decay:
 Tho' Bacchus gives the song its zest
 'Eis Venus wakes the lay.

THE DANDY AND HIS MONKEY.

PUG.

Massa, me tink you lace so tight,
 You choke you berry appetite!

DANDY.

No matter, Pug, it is, you know,
 To starve ourselves, the fashion now;
 The ladies too—heaven bless 'em all
 How neat, how slim, genteel and tall!
 To please 'em, gad! I'd even try
 To shrink into nonentity.

PUG.

Ah, massa ! tink you dat you please
 De ladie more, de more you queeze ?
 Tink dat de woman love to walk
 Wid nott'ing but de barley stalk ?
 No—lably woman ebber swear
 She radder 'quize wid polar bear.

DANDY.

Dear brother, you indeed are wrong ;
 They love a man *gentlely* long ;
 'Tis *inconvenient*, to be sure,
 And makes us look most dev'lish poor ;
 But then it saves, as I'm a sinner,
 The price of many a hearty dinner.

PUG.

How grad I be you condescen'
 To call poor Pug your *brudder, fren* ;
 Den let your brudder plainly telfee,
 De fair like none widdout de belly.

DANDY.

Yes, Pug, you are my brother true—
 You look like me, and I like you ;
 I always did admire the shape
 Of you my loving brother-ape !
 You ape *my* manners—I ape yours,
 Which mutual friendship still secures :
 Ah Pug, I wish that I might be
 As slim about the guts as ye !

PUG.

Well, massa, here two corsett be,
 I 'queeze for you—you 'queeze for me ;
 Or if yousef you radder try,
 Pug on your shoulder jumpees high,
 And in the glass de corsett fix,
 And learn 'all massa dandy tricks.

DANDY.

But Pug, you never must '*let on,*'
 That you storn me the art 'd learn ;

The dandies would with oaths upbraid
 The one who learns an ape their trade :
 So lace yourself genteel and tight,
 But go not out, except at night.

PUG.

Ah, massa, if de case be dus,
 I debbel all de corset curse ;
 No, massa.—Pug lib always free,
 Once monkey, monkey *always* be ;
 Me tink it bard to be denied
 To walk by master dandy's side.

DANDY.

The world, dear Pug, is full of whims,
 And is not what to you it seems,
 If I and you in Chesnut street,
 By accident should chance to meet,
 Altho' I hug and kiss you *here*,
 There you must never venture near ;
 The men would hiss me, and the boys
 Would kick up such a dust and noise,
 Tha' I'd as soon in Bedlam be,
 Or stuck up in the pillory.

PUG.

De worl den, massa, would untie
 De frenly knot 'twixt you and I ;
 No, massa, 'tis the dandy whim
 Dat make de worl not what he seem,
 De worl lub well de monkey shape,
 Confine e to de four-leg ape,
 But when he see the *upright* creature
 Charge wid de ape he berry nature,
 He laffee, kiekee, shake he side,
 And ope he optic berry wide ;
 Now, massa, listen what I say,
 Man berry good in he own way ;
 But when he put de monkey on,
 De *godlike* quality be gone :
 To tub him, lady make believe,
 But titter slyly in de sleeve :
 Massa, me tell you on de oath,
 You can't be man and monkey both.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE ENNISKILLEN CASTLE.

“*Enniskillen Castle*” is a public house, situated in South Fifth-street, Philadelphia, where whilom the bards, and wits, and *respectable* loungers of the day “used all to frequent and get blue;” many however of the persons composing this ancient and honourable company of jolly toppers, and beggars of small glasses, have taken their departure to a land of other kinds of *spirits* than those which so often visited them here!—I do not mean to be understood to say, that scenes of brutal inebriation were transacted within the walls of the “*Castle*”—far from it; as much order was maintained as is generally found in the first hotels in the city; and what I mean by *respectable* loungers, is a class of decently dressed *poor* gentlemen, similar, in some respects, to those who are said to “walk St. James’ Park for a dinner!”

The empty glass proclaims the pocket low;
The warming candle in the socket dies;
The Bacchanalian posse homeward go,
And leave the bar room as the poet’s prize.

Now fades the nose of Martin on the sight,
And all the place a noxious vapour holds;
Save where you crevice shows a gleam of light,
Which lets out heats in spring, in winter, colds.

Save where from yonder window in the bar,
A smell of alcohol and gin is found;
And th’ Dutch demijohn does shine a star,
That throws upon the gloom a radiance round.

Beneath this white-washed wall, this wall so high,
Where oft in *other* days the poet set,
Did Quiz & Co.—alack! that they should die!
For ever and anon their whistle wet.

The grateful gill of bitters in the morn,
The glass of brandy at the hour of one,
The jug of punch when day-light has withdrawn,
No more shall down their thirsty gullets run.

For them no more shall Martin place the chair,
Or mistress R—— the steak for supper cook;
No idle sot their luscious beverage share,
Or see for him the dish of cat-fish smoke.

Oft did the bottle to their valor yield;
The hog-head oft their industry has drained;
How jocund did their fists the wine-glass wield,
Although that glass a tierce of wine contained.

Let not Sir Patrick mock their useful thirst,
Their parched lips and gullets ever dry;
Or Toby dare their merits to distrust,
Or seek to prove their inebriety.

The boast of minstrelsy, the pomp of power,
And all that brandy, all that gin e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The tide of whiskey flows but to—the grave.

Nor you, ye flats, impute to these a sin,
If Martin on their tombs no beverage place;
Where *once* they made T—W—L—g grin,
And more than once did chant the "LOUNGERS" *praise*

Can cider crab, or good Jamaica rum,
E'er to the CASTLE call the minstrels back?
Can bright Madeira pierce thro' penury's gloom,
Or flattery soothe the marble ear of—*Jack*?

Perhaps on this *settee* same bard has laid,
Some heart once pregnant with ambition strong;
Hands that an axe or shovel might have swayed,
Or pushed the rumbling barrow-wheel along.

But labour dread, their limbs his weighty load,
Begrimed with filth and sweat, did ne'er cajole;
Hot whiskey punch or cock-tail was their god,
And scalded every virtue of the soul.

Full many a wit, with puns and satire keen,
The taverns all does frequent and get *blue*;
Full many a wretch at evening's hour is seen,
Like David's sow, both drunk and happy too.

Some country bumpkin that with wary look,
The potent draught of beverage gulped down;
Some daady, read in many a school-boy book,
Within this castle has to manhood grown.

The applause of Quiz & Com'ny to command,
The threats of duns and ruin to despise,
To scatter dollars o'er this happy land,
And read their history in "mine hostess" eyes;

Their lot forbade!—nor circumscribed alone
Their million vices, but their tongues confined ;
Forbade to seek by honest means a *bons*,
And food obtain for body or for mind ;

The struggling pangs of conscience still to hide,
To quench the blushes of a crim'nal shame ;
Or feel the noble sting of honest pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Amid the madd'ning crowds' ignoble strife,
Their thirsty spirits ever loved to stray ;
Along the hot, sulphuric road of life,
They kept the mighty uprear of their way.

Yet even these wits from starving to protect,
Some wealthy gulls a dish of caldsh give ;
With roast beef once a year the table's deck'd,
And on one dinner they a twelve month live.

Their name, their years, spelt by poor Quiz's muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a bitter jest around she strews,
To bid them in the "good old cause" to die !

For who to dull sobriety a prey,
The Eeniskillen's portals e'er resign'd ;
Left the warm precincts of the bar room gay,
Nor left a *chalk* or *two* the door behind ?

On some rich *flats* the wits must all rely ;
Some *pious drops* the wits do all require ;
E'en to the de'il some wits would gladly fly,
To gain a glass of rosy liquid fire.

For ye, who mindful of the castle's fame,
Have in your rhymes the colonel's glory sung,
If, chance, some other bard should ask your name,
While ye are drinking from the hogshead's bung,

Haply, some hoary headed host may say,
 "Oft have I seen them at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing the cobwebs from their throats away,
 And swallowing down a most tremendous horn.

" There at my table formed of pine and beech,
 That stands by yonder settee pretty nigh,
 Their listless lengths at noon tide would they stretch,
 And call for rum until the cask was dry.

" Hard by yon door, now creaking as in scorn,
 Gabbling their wayward fancies would they rave,
 Now, drooping, woful, like a babe still born,
 Or craz'd with grog, or like a sorry knave.

" One morn I missed them in my bar room clean,
 Upon my chairs, and on my long settee,
 Another came—nor yet behind the skreen,
 Nor on the bench, nor at the bar were they.

" The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow to the * * * * * gate we saw them borne,
 Approach and read, (if thou *can'st* read) the lay,
 Wrote on the cell their bodies now inurn.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rest their heads within this house of earth,
 A *firm* to fortune and to fame well known;
 The colonel frowned not at their humble worth,
 And whiskey's goddess marked them as her own.

Bright was their wits—their cocoa-nuts were long;
 None but the vicious did they ever damn;
 They gave to Martin all they had—a song;
 They gained from Martin (all they wished)—a dram!

No farther seek their *merits* to disclose,
 Or draw their frailties from the cellars round;
 (There they in trembling hope of cash repose,
 Nor quite *above*, nor yet *below* the ground.

A TALE,

The scene of which is laid in Camden, New Jersey;—"it was a good thing in the time of it," as some one says, and it will be understood and cause some grinning even at this day, among certain citizens of said city of Camden, and its vicinity.

On Jersey side, at ebb of tide,
A human corse was found,
And many ran to see the man,
Supposed to have been drowned.

Now Jersey folk do love a joke,
Nor matters it on whom;
And some there are who'd fight and swear
Upon a father's tomb.

Josiah he the corse did see—
A justice stanch and bold;
And loved, you know, as lawyers do,
The distant sord of gold.

This limb of law thought as he saw
The stranger's corse the first,
That he'd a claim upon the same,
Let Jersey do its worst.

Now in the street the 'Squire did meet
With Peter in his way;
The story told—thus Peter bold,
Unto the 'Squire did say:

"Thou hast no right when I'm in sight,
A jury for to call;
And inquest ought by me be brought—
" 'Tis my vocation, Hal!"

The 'Squire replied with humbled pride,
Tho' not without a frown,
"This very morn I thought thee'd gone
A journey out of town!"

But still the *fee* did seem to be
E'en worth some little trouble;

To act *two* parts full speed he starts,
The *douceur* straight to *double*.

Now Peter was up to the laws,
And well had learnt the code
Of Jersey wise—and to surprise
Another jury, rode.

And scarce the morn began to dawn,
When Peter did appear
With all his corps along the shore,
Unto the dead man near.

And there in view Josiah too
On dapple steed appeared,
Which look'd as gaunt as Rosisante,
The horse by Quixotte reared.

Josiah he, to Peter B
(So burnt the *friendly* fire)
Said, as the corse he strode across,
"Thou art a stinking liar!"

To Joel too Josiah flew—
"Thou renegade see,
Or I will sue thee and thy crew—
This corse belongs to me!"

* * * * *

[Here 300 sublime stanzas are omitted.]

* * * * *

But Joel brave his verdict gave,
And had his bill allowed too,
Just as Josiah 'gan to retire,
The *second* inquest through.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE "BURNS TAVERN,"
PHILADELPHIA.

Lives there a son of Scotia's shore,
Who loves not Scotia's fame?
Lives there a son of Scotia's shore,
Who e'er will pass the friendly door,
That bears her poet's name?

No—Scotia's sons can never pass
 The honoured name so dear,
 Of him whose lips ne'er kissed the glass,
 Unless his country and his lass
 First drank affection's tear.

Come, ye who well his worth have weighed,
 And ye who feel his flame—
 Whose tears have oft the tribute paid
 To "*Mary, dear departed shade,*"
 Come—pledge his hallowed name.

Transplanted—may the *thistle*, fair,
 On freedom's bosom bloom ;
 Confided to Columbia's care,
 It shall not wither, or despair,
 But on Columbia's tomb !

CAPE COD SONG.

Ye Yankee tars, who oft have fought
 For life and liberty,
 Whose courage erst such prowess wrought,
 On river, lake, and sea :
 Once more your aid New England claims,
 Along her rugged shores—
 She asks the head
 Of serpent dead,
 Who all her fish devours !

See, see, the monster opens his jaws—
 A fearful chasm wide ;
 Spurns, proudly spurns Nantucket's laws,
 And throws Cape Cod aside ;
 Our pumpkins, rich, nutritious food !
 The monster makes his prey—
 Nor leaves behind
 A bit of rind,
 For next thanksgiving day !

Then, messmates, on ! to glory on !
 My boat her anchor weighs—
 Remember when the prize is won,
 How high our fame 'twill raise,
 The smiling damsels of Cape Cod
 And Marblehead so fair,
 Shall from each fish,
 A savoury dish
 Of tongues and sounds prepare !

E'en now in fancy's glass I see
 An oaken table spread
 With pork and beans, rich luxury,
 And warm rye ind'an bread ;
 The desert too—ah, who would not
 To death or victory fly,
 To eat a part
 Of cramb'ry tart,
 Or huckle-berry pye !

**"A writer in an Albany paper, recommends
 as a punishment for counterfeiters, solitary
 imprisonment for life, and denial of the use of
 the Bible !"**

What, first imprison—then deny
 Of heavenly truth the light ;
 Plunge body first in misery,
 Then spirit sink in night ?

Forbid him gaze upon the scroll
 To frailty's offspring given ?
 Put out the light that guides the soul
 To happiness in heaven ?

What, say that he shall never look
 For pardon from his God ;
 That virtue's path, if once forsook,
 Can never be retrod ?

Can there exist in human heart,
 Revenge so deeply wrought ?
 Lives there a man who does not start—
 Yea, shudder at the thought ?

Oh, never, from the vilest wretch,
 Whom justice dooms to death,
 Should man withhold the sacred word
 Of inspiration's breath.

It is his last, his only stay,
 Within his earthly goal ;
 It is in death—come when it may—
 The pillow of his soul.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Princeton, I love at early hour,
 O'er thy green fields to roam :
 In every dell—in every bower,
 The minstrel finds a home.

Welcome to me, thou sweetest spot
 My wandering feet have traced ;
 With fancy's flowers how richly fraught—
 With wit how brightly graced.

Friendship, thou dear, deluding sprite,
 I find thee here arrayed
 In robes of pure celestial light—
 A substance—not a shade.

Wisdom thy seal is here impressed
 Upon the lips of youth ;
 And virtue beams on beauty's breast
 In all the light of truth.

Majestic as the "march of mind,"
 Proud science walks her way,
 Pouring upon the mental blind
 The light of reason's ray.

Genius, thy fair enchanting form,
 The poet here may see,
 Riding upon the dark winged storm,
 In dauntless majesty.

Philosophy, I see thee stand
 Upon the dizzy rock,
 Grasping the lightnings in thy hand,
 Unmindful of the shock.

Peace to thee, Princeton ! peace to all
 Who dwell within or near thee :
 Peace to the bower—the cot—the hall
 Peace—peace forever cheer thee.

TO ———

I took thee up, a little flower,
 Just bursting into birth
 And which the rudely beating shower,
 Would I soon have struck to earth,

I saw thee—and my bosom sighed
 'To find thee thus depressed ;
 I saw thee—and in pity cried
 "Come, warm thee in my breast."

And long upon my bosom warm,
 Thy drooping head has laid ;
 Thy pillow soft—thy slumbers calm—
 And none to make afraid.

And now, wouldst thou thy happy home,
 Sweet flower ! ungrateful leave ?
 On others waste thy blest perfume,
 And leave thy friend to grieve ?

Thou canst not prove so thankless yet—
 The thought alone would kill,
 Come—I will all thy faults forget,
 And love thee dearly still.

THE BRANDYWINE.

What though upon thy flowery banks is seen
 No splendid mansion of the worldly great,
 Where honest labour, with dejected mien,
 Is doomed on purple pride and wealth to wait :

What though along thy slowly winding stream
 No gorgeous palace meets the traveller's view—
 No tower reflects the sun's departing beam,
 Or glitters bright with Gynthia's gems of dew :

Thy shores, O Brandywine ! can proudly boast
 Of sons who spurned oppression's galling chain ;
 Who trembled not when every hope was lost—
 Save in the sword and mighty arm of Wayne !

Thy hills, thy vales, thy deep embowering glades,
 Beheld the plume of usurpation low ;
 Heard the loud din of freedom's clanging blades
 Peal, living peal, the requiem of the foe !

Lov'd stream, adieu ! perchance in future day
 His song some native bard may proudly swell,
 And war scarred veterans listen to the lay
 Whose numbers wild their glorious deeds shall tell.

THE FUDGE FAMILY

In Philadelphia, or a New-Year's Letter,
from Mr. Benjamin Fudge, Jun. in the city, to
his brother Robert Fudge, in the country.

[INTERCEPTED.]

DEAR BOB,

From my soul, I sincerely repent
Of the insult I offered last Monday in lent;
But you know, Bob, how anxious I am while I live
To live by *forgiving*, tho' I've not much to give;
So I now sit me down, by my old oaken table,
To write you a letter, as well as I'm able—
Indulging the hope, that you'll kindly excuse
The blunders that follow the tail of my muse;
That your Bobship will read the contents of my letter,
And swear to yourself, you could ne'er write a better;
So now 'cross your nose let your spectacles straddle,
(Your nose, Bob, by heaven's! a fine looking saddle!)
Place the lamp on the stand—take a pinch of rappee,
Then read to the *public* a letter from me!

THE LETTER.

DEAR BOB,

By the powers! I'd grudge not a shilling
Did you know how to practice the method of *Bill-ing*!
"BILLING! what's BILLING! like courting I 'spose—
"Or winning a *prize* with the *loss* of a *Nose*!
No such thing, Brother Bob, by the mouthful I'm eating
'Tis nothing on earth but a *safe* way of *cheating*;
A dear, happy knack, like Yankee stock jobbing,
Of *picking* a *pocket* and swear 'tis not *robbing*;
Oh, Bob, how I wish you would pay us a visit,
There's every thing here, now, so nice and *exquisite*!
And *MONEY*! Oh, Lord! why I saw t'other day
A bundle of *NOTES*, like a cart-load of hay;—
And then they're so cheap! for a dollar hard rhino,
You can buy 99, as the *PUBLIC*, and I know!
Oh, Bob, what a shame to stick yourself down,
Like a frog in a well in a poor country town!
Just throw off your homespuu, and fly to the city,
We'll make you a *Dandy*, laced up tight and pretty;
"A *DANDY*!"—Oh, yes, Bob; a *Dandy* genteel—
Laced tight *a la mode, a la bone, a la steel*!

Three kerchiefs wound tight round the neck like a halter,
 (Unless the *dear* fashion should soon chance to alter,)

With a neat little coat, in the shape of a fiddle,
 You'll look as genteel as a Wasp, in the middle !
 And then for your fob, a Watch a la France,
 A Hat a la Bel', and a Leg a la Lance !
 Pantaloon treble reefed, quite prepared for a squall,
 A Case, to pick up your glove should it fall :
 Odds bless us, Dear Bob, how the damsels would sigh,
 As they saw thro' your glass the quiz of your eye !
 How their dear little bosoms with rapture would swell at
 The sight of the Block 'neath your high beaver Bell-Hat !
 How jealous the lover would gaze on his dearest,
 If you to her bosom should chance to get nearest ;
 The husband ! poor devil, if you should appear,
 And whisper a word in his wife's *curious* ear.
 A challenge ensues !—ah, there lies the *glory* !
Inmortalized—wounded—remembered in story !
 Puffed in the papers—invited to dine !
 A wit with the Ladies—a Dandy divine !
 Now, Bob, don't it set all your blood in a ripple,
 To learn how to dance, and to sing, and to tripple ?
 To cut up your capers, come down in a minute,
 Or the devil himself, must surely be in it.
 But before I conclude now, I'll spur up my muse,
 To canter or trot you a jig of the NEWS !
 And tho' my dear Bob, I have more things to write
 Than you would peruse in a year and a night,
 I'll give you as many as I can remember
 From the last day of March to the last of December ;
 And if error's escape me, why, Bob, never mind,
 The man who don't *err*, is not of my kind !
 Perhaps you have heard—as it happened so late
 That the Yankee Sea Serpent has broken his pate ;
 In striving to jump like a toad upon dry land,
 He foundered in mud, on Connecticut Island !
 'Twould done your heart good, had you seen all the capers
 His majesty cut in the *New England* papers !
 How he fought—how he swam—how he whisked round his
 tail,
 And broke, in a jiffy, the back of a *Whale* !
 How he swept round his tail when the Harpooner struck it,
 Defied all *Cape Cod*, and challenged *Nantucket* !
 How he peeped o'er the stern of each vessel that neared him,
 And how like the devil the fishermen feared him !
 There's a *queer* kind of story I've heard or I'm wrong,
 Of graves at the westward not ten inches long :
 And of others so large, and so broad, and so deep,
 That the largest of mammoths within them might sleep ;

And then there's a spring, that *once* set on fire.
 Blazed high up as Etna—perhaps something higher ?
 And trees, my Dear Bob, (if the papers dont lie O.)
 On whose limbs you may swing clear across the Ohio !
 With wood altogether the farmer dispenses,
 And rails in his land with good *Cucumber fences* ;
 From the shell of a *pumpkin* a pig sty he forms,
 To shield all his pork from the rain and the storms
 A corn stock, dissevered, a ladder supplies,
 And the hole of a *beet* is his *grave* when he dies !

There's *Jackson* ! his name I must mention by all means
 The bravest that fought at the battle of Orleans ;
 You must know, Brother Bob, that to kick up a riot,
 (If they try it again we'll send them to Dyott.)
 The Seminole Indians, the Spaniards and blacks,
 Resolved to cut capers on other men's backs ;
 So our President, James, in his anger decreed,
 That *Jackson* the Spaniards and Indians should *bleed* !
 But J—n soon tho't that the plan he might alter,
 And, 'stead of a *Lancet*, made use of a HALTER !

* * * * *

Now, Bob, I must stop—for my ink is all out,
 My pen's but a stump, and I'm sick with the gout !
 The famine of Pocket ! ah who can combat it !
 Tho' *cash* is so *PLENTY* ! yet I cant get at it—
 Unless, thro' your kind interference, the *FEELING*
 Should give me a little to keep me from stealing ;
 And that this be the case, with a sigh the most fervent,
 I remain,

My Dear Bob,

The PUBLIC's kind servant.

MRS. ENTWISTLE—*The Actress.*

Nature exhausted, once resolv'd to rest ;
 But ere her head the downy pillow prest,
 Bethought who best—who most devoid of art,
 She might select to *act* her every *part*—
 When lo ! a form in modest garb array'd,
 Around the couch her num'rous gambols *played* ;
 Now wore her cheek, of joy, the ruddy glow,
 Now moist with tears, proclaim'd some hidden wo ;
 Then mimicking the ravings of despair,
 She wept, and shriek'd, and pluck'd her tangled hair !
 In sooth so well the various parts she *play'd*,
 So true each passion of the soul portray'd,
 Th' adopted child of Nature she became,
 And here on earth *Entwistle* is her name.

THE LIFE OF
A FRAGMENT.

Curse on that wasting canker of the heart,
That deadly, *nameless* bitterness of soul,
Which preys, unsatisfied on all the hopes
Of comfort and of happiness on earth !
Curse on that soul, malignant, hateful fiend,
Whose fetid breath, the flower of virtue blights ;
Who laves his burning lips in sorrow's tears,
And " fattens on the miseries of mankind !"
Behold his eye ! a quenchless spark of hell
Lays on its ebon centre burning ;*
Love, honour, friendship, from his presence fly,
Dreading the " deep damnation of his taking off."
He breathes—the opening bud of beauty dies !
He weeps—the petrifying stream unfelt,
Drops on the heart, and congelates the soul.

* * * * *

—They love ;
Their souls are twined and rivetted together ;
Their lips the amicable treaty seal ;
But Envy, stronger than the arm of death ;
And more revengeful than the sentinel
Of Pluto's dark domain, advances near,
And blasts, with one pestiferous sigh,
All, all their hopes of happiness below—
And had not heaven, in mercy, limited
His hellish spite and power to earth alone,
Ere this, he'd mounted on infernal wings,
And preyed upon their bliss in PARADISE !

" *Time and Chance happen to all.*"

There's a chance for the soldier, tho' never so brave,
On the field of his glory to sink in the grave,
There's another chance too, that he safe may come back
With a cart-load of laurels—of rupees a *lack* !

There's a chance for the lawyer to live by his wits,
And a chance for the gambler to win by his bits ;
There's another chance too that the gambler may lose,
And the neck of the lawyer find room in a *noose*.

* " A spark of hell lies burning on his eye."
PIERPONT'S AIRS OF PALESTINE.

There's a chance for the sailor a prize-ship to take,
 And a chance for a whirlwind to come in his wake ;
 There's a chance on the ocean a treasure to win,
 And a chance too that Neptune may have it again.

There's a chance for mechanics to live by their trade,
 And another chance too that their checks won't be paid ;
 There's a chance for the sexton to live by the dead,
 And a chance that he sometimes goes hungry to bed.

There's a chance for the doctor to live by the sick,
 And a chance that the 'white-horse' the doctor may kick ;
 There's a chance for the drunkard to live on good wine,
 And a chance for the hangman to give him a line.

There's a chance for the poet to starve on his rhymes,
 And a chance for the vet'ran to beg in hard times.
 There's a time and a chance for all men on the earth,
 To him that is wretched, and him full of mirth.

But of chances and times in this world to be found—
 And I've travelled and travelled it more than half round ;
 There's no chance so rare, if the truth I must say,
 As the chance that SUBSCRIBERS the PRINTER will pay.

- IMITATION OF ANACREON MOORE.

There's one I love—and she is fair
 And lovely as the morn ;
 Sweet as the rose that scents the air,
 And blooms without a thorn.

There's one I love—and she is pure
 As Hermon's holy dew ;
 Chaste as the snows of Zembla's shore,
 Yet warm and am'rous too.

There's one I love—and she is mild
 As evening's latest sigh ;
 Modest as nature's humblest child,
 And bright as summer's sky.

I love her, but can never wed—
 Ah, sad, depending youth !
 For, oh, this beauteous, heavenly maid,
 Has lost an UPPER TOOTH.

THE LIFE OF
MY COUNTRY.

The-Exile's refuge, and the stranger's home.

A land I know, upon whose generous soil
The flowers of love and friendship ever bloom ;
Where peace and plenty bless the labourer's toil,
And misery's children find a welcome home.

Here bounteous nature, from her ample store,
Profusely spreads her choicest dainties round ;
Here want, distracted, shuns the peasant's door,
And penury's startling foot prints are not found.

This peaceful spot of rich and fertile earth,
This climate congenial to the patriot-soul ;
This, this I hail the country of my birth,
Where first the light upon my being stole.

This is the land where friendship, peace, and love,
And smiling liberty, delight to roam ;
This is the land whose shores shall ever prove
The exile's refuge, and the stranger's home !

FATE OF THE COTTAGE.

Oh, where is the cottage, so humble and blest,
Where the minstrel might rest for awhile ?
And where is the maiden I clasp'd to my breast,
And lived in the light of her smile ?

Oh, where is the yew-tree, whose wide spreading arm
O'er-shadow'd the home of the poor ?
And where is the watch-dog that gave the alarm,
Ere a stranger might open the door ?

Alas ! for the tempest the tree hath uprooted,
And strew'd its green leaves on the ground ;
And the village-maid wanders an out-cast forlorn
The dark winding forest around.

The cot is a ruin ! the watch-dog is dead—
The garden with thistles run o'er,
And 'neath the wild thorn-bush forever are laid,
The limbs of the false LORINOX !

IMPROMPTU.

THE SLANDERER OF PUTNAM.

What, PUTNAM coward ! Breathe it not
 On Bunker's bloody height ;
 A thousand ghosts the lie would blot,
 And hurl thee from their sight ;
 A WARREN's dust, that slumbers there,
 Would from its casement burst,
 Yea find a tongue that should declare
 The slanderer's name accurst.

What, PUTNAM coward ! Breathe it not
 Where savage nations roam ;
 The wasting flame the lie would blot—
 They'd scalp thee in the tomb ;
 Die, slanderer, die ! thy martial fame
 Is past—for ever gone !
 A nation blushes o'er thy shame—
 Thou art a nation's scorn !

SOUP.

What is it in the wintry day,
 When Sol emits no cheering ray,
 Can warm and moisten mortal clay ?
 Good, wholesome soup.

What is it smooths the peasant's brow,
 And gives his cheek, tho' cold as snow,
 A ruddy, warm and pleasing glow ?
 Good, wholesome soup.

What is it gives the poor outcast,
 Shrinking beneath misfortune's blast,
 A luscious, cheap and rich repast ?
 Good, wholesome soup.

O, ye who drink your sense away,
 Whene'er you to the tavern stray,
 Instead of wine to warm your clay,
 O, try a bowl of soup.

THE GRAVE OF DENNIE.

Ah, who is he that sleepeth here,
 Where rose nor lilly bloom?
 What spot that seemeth lone and drear;
 What weed-encircled tomb?
 I hear the voice of answering wo:
 "Immortal DENNIE sleeps below."

Stranger, that treadest o'er this mound,
 Remember who is laid
 Beneath the cold, but hallowed ground,
 Whereon thy foot has strayed;
 Check not the crystal offering dear—
 The dust of DENNIE slumbereth here.

Ye virgins, to this turf repair,
 And deck your poet's urn;
 Drop on the wreath affection's tear,
 Then silently return:
 Let all your steps be soft and slow—
 Remember DENNIE sleeps below.

Ye sons of song, who hither come,
 Your harps with cypress 'twined,
 Oh, lay them silent on the tomb—
 A SAOIRSEAN'S here enshrined!
 No earthly strain should dare to flow;
 Remember, DENNIE sleeps below.

SONG.

The lone little Cot at the foot of the Hill.

Wake, harp of New-England! awake to the praise
 Of a blest little spot, to thy bard ever dear,
 Where the thrush and the robin their merry notes raise,
 By the waters of Schuylkill, so calm and so clear:
 When the mantle of night overshadows the plain,
 And the saphyr scarce dimples the face of the rill,
 Then, harp of New-England! oh, cheer with thy strains
 The sweet little cot,
 The dear little cot,
 The lone little cot at the foot of the hill!

THE BOSTON BARD.

'Twas here for a refuge, with her he loved best,
On the pinions of love to the cottage he flew,
And found an asylum of safety and rest,
Safe, safe in the arms of a merciful few ;
Then here, when the shadows of eve steal along,
And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still,
Then, harp of New-England ! oh, cheer with thy song
The blest little cot,
The dear little cot,
The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.

May contentment still smile, and peace ever reign
In the dwelling whose portals unbar to the poor ;
Where the minstrel his song never chanted in vain,
And sorrow, unsoothed, never turned from the doors
Then here, when the shadows of eve steal along,
And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still,
Then, harp of New-England ! oh, cheer with thy song
The sweet little cot,
The dear little cot,
The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.

GENERAL JACKSON.

Hail to the Hero of the West !
The dauntless chief of Orleans' plain ;
He ever comes a welcome guest,
Who never drew his sword in vain.

Peace, peace forever to the brave,
Who fought and fell by Jackson's side !
Who sleep within one hallowed grave—
Their country's boast—their country's pride.

Twine, twine around the hero's brow
A fadeless wreath, by "Beauty," wave ;
Woman ! for you he struck the blow—
To shield your fame—to win your love.

Yet, shameful truth !—there live on earth,
Who seek to blast his well earn'd fame ;
Who sicken while they feel his worth,
And madden when they hear his name.

Poor, worthless reptiles ! still go on—
Eject your venom—vent your spite ;
Ye did the same to WASHINGTON !
Then sunk to infamy and night.

KATE AND JO.

Beside the babbling BRANDYWINE*
 Their humble dwelling rose ;
 The ivy and the jessamine
 Around its portals close ;
 And sheltered by a friendly oak
 From all the winds that blow,
 No sorrows yet the peace had broke
 Of happy KATE and Jo.

The dream of power, the hope of wealth,
 Had ne'er disturbed their rest ;
 The rosy smile of joy and health
 Was all that they possessed ;
 No more they wished :—the daily prayer
 Might seldom farther go,
 Than just to ask the gracious care
 Of heaven, e'er KATE and Jo.

I saw them once ;—a traveller worn,
 Unto their cot I strayed ;
 A happier pair, the rosy morn
 I thought had ne'er survey'd !
 And when the parting hour drew near,
 That bade me onward go,
 Unbidden rose the secret prayer—
 To heaven, for KATE and Jo.

Alas ! how changed !—The humble cot
 That rose beside the stream,
 In ruin sinks—remembered not,
 Or only as a dream ;
 Beneath the elm the wretched pair
 Are laid forever low ;
 The ALMHOUSE rises on the wreck—
 The wreck of KATE and Jo.

EPITAPH,

OF A DOCTOR WHO HAD BEEN A SHOEMAKER
 Here lies the powder of a doctor's bones,
 Which time hath pulverised between two stones ;
 Potions and pills in vain he mixed together,
 His hide shrunk up a shrivelled piece of leather ;
 Death, wearing warm, his heels one evening took,
 And in this box, at last, his body copped !

* Near West Chester, Pennsylvania.

DR. DIE-OUT AND HIS DRUGS.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

A sick man to the doctor came,
In hopes to find a cure
For some disease without a name,
And this sick man was poor.

Some ninety dollars worth he bought,
And straitway home he hied;
But ere the promised cure was wrought,
The poor man pined and died!

One bottle of the doctor's stuff,
Alone the patient drained;
But this it seems had proved enough—
Of course the rest remained!

When in the ground the man was laid,
And all had ceased to mourn,
What drugs were left his kindred weighed,
That they might back return.

Unto the doctor's shop they sped,
And did the theme discuss:
"Here are your drugs—our friend is dead—
They are no use to us.

"We now return them safe and sound
As first from you they came,
And hope you will the cash refund,
And thus enhance your fame."

The doctor grinned—but loath to show
Of charity a lack,
"I'll tell ye what," says he, "I'll do—
I'll take the bottles back,

"And pay ye at the wholesale price
For all that now remain;
But though the drugs I know are nice,
I can't take them again!"

Thus has this monster hoarded wealth,
Thus has he robbed the poor;
Thus sported with the rich man's health,
And made destruction sure.

Oh, shun the house where death is sold
 At prices made to suit
 The man who glitters o'er with gold,
 Or him with half a boot.

Doubt not my tale, for it is true
 As ever yet was sung;
 And though to all it be not new,
 It came from honour's tongue.

Let fiends torment my body here,
 The gibbet or the rack—
 Let snakes my flesh from off me tear,
 But save me from a quack!

FROM THE NEW YORK STATESMAN.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The recent compliments paid to American writers in Europe, by re-publishing their works and speaking in a very favourable manner of their merits, as well as the daily exhibition of talent at home, afford the most gratifying proofs, that the literary reputation of the United States is rapidly improving. Within a few months, we have noticed repeated instances of the liberality, or more properly the justice, of foreigners towards the science and literature of this country, as in the cases of Hosack, Irvine, Brown, Cooper, and Schoolcraft. Even the poetry of our newspapers has attracted attention in Europe. The wild flowers, gathered from the American Parnassus, by the hand of *Florio*, have been mingled with the choicest productions of European climes; and the effusions of our poetical correspondent, the *Boston Bard*, have been deemed worthy of a re-publication beyond the Atlantic. Our pe-

etical resources are at present abundant; and, like domestic manufactures, need nothing but patronage and encouragement, to bring them to perfection. In the long list of young and promising bards, we must not forget our distant and highly esteemed correspondent *Adrian*, from whom we received a whole package of favours, one of which will this evening be found in the poet's corner.

The breeze is seaward—and unfurl'd
 The Albion's streamers fly;
 She glides to greet another world,
 A still serener sky.
Another world! prophetic word!
 How quickly verified;
 In ocean's depth's the Albion's moor'd—
 The Albion, ocean's pride.

And where are they whose bosoms swell'd
 With rapture to depart?
 The mountain billows overwhelm'd,
 They perished—heart to heart.
 The tall barque quick asunder torn,
 "O God!" the stifled prayer;
 The morning came—alas! the morn
 Saw but the waters there.

And he* who 'mid the bloody strife,
 Trod safe the tented ground,
 To ocean's rage resigns his life,
 The wave his shroud and mound.
 Here beauty, virtue, love, and truth,
 Became of death the prey;
 And innocence and joyous youth
 Have winged to heaven their way.

O thou dread Being! in whose power
 And mercy, mortals trust,
 Mortals, frail creatures of an hour,
 Whose tenement is dust;
 O heal the wound which Thou hast made,
 And dry the mourner's tear,
 And where thy hand is heaviest laid,
 Let mercy be most near.

* Gen. Lefevre Desnoettes.

[Here follows the criticisms of one WILLIAM RAY, Editor of a literary paper, published at Geneva, N. Y. and who semi-yearly informs the public that he was once in servile bondage in Algiers, and did'nt feed half so sumptuously as his talents deserved !—Now, be it known, that I “ have seen several pieces of Mr. RAY'S” verse, “ and shall close my hasty notice, by observing that they were all *below mediocrity*, and, as Pat would say perhaps a *little lower* !—“ The foregoing remarks are made with the utmost good humour, and with no intention to injure the reputation of any one.”]

THE CRITICISM.

We would just hint to our friend Mr. Carter, or rather to our friends, Carter and Prentiss, that it would be well for them, in the laudable zeal to encourage American Poets, to be more careful in selecting specimens from bards whom they compliment, than they were in giving the above. For if such poetry as this should “ be deemed worthy of a re-publication beyond the Atlantic,” we should still question its merits.

The last line of the first stanza is very weak and unmeaning. “ *The Albion, Ocean's pride.*” It must have been a strange sort of pride in old Neptune to bear on his angry bosom the fair little Albion to swift destruction. The object is too highly magnified, and of course rendered ridiculous.

In the second stanza, ‘*swell'd*’ and ‘*overwhelm-ed*’ are introduced as correct rhyme. Bad.

In the third stanza, 'mid' though often used as an abbreviation of *amid*, is quite inelegant. *In* would have been much better; and

'The wave his shroud and mound,' is worse and worse, for we cannot suppose that the General would have been dreaming of fortifications or breast works in the depths of the ocean, and we believe 'mound' is no where used as meaning a grave or tomb, the most proper place for a dead man. In the fifth and sixth lines of the same stanza there is too much *truth*, the word being made to rhyme with itself. But this might have been a mistake of the proof-reader.

The last stanza ends without a climax, and with a very feeble line. 'Let mercy be most near.' But as the poet prays for mercy, so far as it relates to our remarks, we shall grant the petition, and close our hasty notice of the Boston Bard, by observing that we have seen several pieces of his poetry a little above mediocrity, and no more. It is but justice however, to add, that we have seen but very few of this Bard's productions, and that he may have written many things worthy of the highest praise, unknown to us. *Florio* too, has almost shared the fate of the poor Albion in chanting her requiem.—The subject seems to be an unfortunate one; for in every attempt which we have seen there is almost as much cause to pity the poet as the crew of the Albion—both have *sunk*.

The poem of Adrian spoken of in the above notice by our literary friends, is in our opinion

most excellent, excepting one fault. After painting his mistress, from hearsay, as all perfection—all innocence—and as chaste in thought as an angel, he makes her

———‘ Dark tresses wave around,
With many a careless wanton braid.’

The author was certainly a little ‘careless’ in choosing the word ‘wanton;’ but we shall give the whole poem, and see if its beauties do not far outweigh the defects. The foregoing remarks are made with the utmost good humour, and with no intention to injure the reputation or wound the feelings of any one. The brightest specimens of British poetry are not without their black spots, and it would be strange indeed if American poetry should be less faulty.—For the literary acquirements, the native genius, and the correct taste of Mr. Carter and his co-partner Mr. Prentiss, the Editor of this paper has the highest respect, and he presumes that the hurry of business, and not the want of sagacity, was the cause of their overlooking the blemishes in the poems published in their ably conducted and highly useful paper.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN ROSE.

What, all alone, and not decayed !
Not one bright tint of beauty gone ?
In modest lustre still array'd,
Still blooming chaste and lovely on ?
So fair a flower my hand shall never
From mountain brow, or valley sever.

Gem of the mountain's cheerless brow !
 Flower of the rude, uncultured height,
 Oh, never on thy breast of snow
 May autumn's chilling mantle light.
 Wither'd the hand whose touch shall ever
 From parent stem thy beauty sever.

Bloom on, bloom on ! sweet lonely flower !
 Unseen, thy lily leaves unfold :
 Though bleak and chill thy native bower,
The breast of man is still more cold.
 Wither'd the hand, whose touch shall ever !
 From mountain brow thy beauty sever.

STANZAS.

OH, WOULD THAT ON SOME DESERT WILD, &c.

Oh, would that on some desert wild,
 That never sunshine knows—
 By human footstep undefiled,
 My habitation rose.

The flowery vale, the hill, the lawn,
 No more my soul delight ;
 No more I hail the rosy dawn
 Of heaven's returning light.

The starless sky—the midnight hour,
 To me are dearer far,
 Than beauty's lamp in beauty's bower,
 When Venus mounts her car.

This breast, this breast is tenantless—
 Weighed, weighed with grief and care,
 Alone in its own wretchedness,
 My spirit in despair.

In woman's faith, in woman's vows,
 This foolish heart believed ;
 This foolish heart no pleasure knows—
 It trusted—was deceived.

* * * * *

Oh, would that on some desert wild,
 That never sunshine knows—
 By human footsteps undefiled,
 My habitation rose.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO THE OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY,

Ye chiefs, who ride the foamy wave
 And spurn the howling storm,
 Who death in every shape dare brave,
 And smile at danger's form—
 Oh, for a moment deign to hear
 The muse's humble lay ;
 Oh, for a moment lend an ear,
 Ner turn with scorn away.

Brave are ye all—none braver e'er
 Hath ocean's bosom borne ;
 Unknowing what it is to fear,
 The coward soul ye scorn ;
 Humane unto a captive foe—
 Kind to the wounded tar ;
 Example fair to all ye show,
 Amidst destructive war,

Hear now your faults—yea, hear your shame—
 For truth the muse must sing ;
 And, tho' you should her candour blame,
 Home she your faults must bring ;
 And know, it is a sailor's muse
 That sweeps for you her lyre,
 That to you all your folly shows,
 Yet would not court your ire.

Your strength, your lives, your country's are—
 Ye should her bulwark be ;
 And only should your bosoms bare,
 Unto her enemy ;
 But, ah ! how oft the field ye seek
 To take a brother's life ;
 In trifling word—in insult weak
 Find cause for deadly strife.

Oh, 'tis a foul, unseemly blot
 Upon your well-earned fame ;
 It cannot—cannot be forgot,
 Tho' ne'er so loved your name ;
 Reflect, ye chiefs of ocean's wave !
 The murderous scheme forego ;
 Your country hath pronounced ye brave—
 Fight but that country's foe !

Oh, wipe away the horrid stain,
 Its hue lest Europe see ;
 Victorious prove upon the main—
 Your country's hope are ye !
 The hasty word learn to forgive,
 As ye would be forgiven
 By him in whom ye move and live,
 The God of earth and heaven.

SONG.

Where'er the pen of enterprize
 Has dared to write her fame,
 Tho' on the arch that props the skies,
 There shines Columbia's name !
 Where science's sun has lent its rays,
 Where genius e'er has shone ;
 Where valor's self has dared to gaze,
 Columbia's fame is known.

CHORUS.

Synonymous forever be
 Columbia—Valor—Liberty.

The wreaths that round our temples bloom—
 The stars our flag that gem,
 Were plucked from usurpation's plume,
 From Britain's diadem ;
 And never shall those wreaths decay
 Or on our temples fade,
 Till earth and sea shall pass away,
 And heaven itself has fled.

CHORUS.

Synonymous shall ever be
 Columbia—Valor—Liberty.

The rights for which our sires have bled,
 The soil their valor won,
 We'll still defend till life has fled,
 Or set creation's sun :
 This flag, we swear, shall never be
 Soiled by a forman's breath :
 Its stars shall light to victory
 Or to the bed of death

CHORUS.

Synonymous forever be
 Columbia—Valor—Liberty.

THE LIFE OF
IMPRÓMPTU.

ON VIEWING MR. WILLIAMS'S ANATOMICAL PREPARATION IN WAX.

He came,—the proud, insulting Atheist came !
Beheld the figure formed in human mould ;
Wore then his cheek the deepening tinge of shame,
As to his view the nicer parts unfold.

'Twas not the blush which modest virtue wears,
(That o'er his pallid cheek unbidden stole)
When to its gaze the careful Artist bares
The habitation of the human soul !

No—'twas the conscious folly of a thought
To doubt th' existence of a power supreme ;
That " *chance*" alone the wondrous structure wrought,
That soul and body were alike a dream !

Go, then, proud infidel ! whoe'er thou art—
The dread machinery of life survey !
Conviction cannot fail to reach thy heart,
And impious doubtings see, like mist, away.

The following stanzas, addressed to a little blind girl, daughter of the editor of the Village Record, derive an interest from the fact of the types being once composed by the little girl herself.

Mourn not that heaven to thee denied
Its glorious light to see ;
For, calm as summer's silent tide,
Thy days on earth shall peaceful glide,
From vice and folly free.

Mourn not that thou may'st never gaze
On aught of scenes below ;
How would it grieve thy heart to trace
Upon a well-beloved face,
The tear of wasting wo.

Mourn not—thou soon shalt urge thy flight
To regions far away ;
And heaven restoring thee thy sight,
Thy eyes shall open on the light
Of an eternal day.

The following comparatively lengthy poem, was written very hastily some years since, in the city of Philadelphia. It is hoped the sentiments it breathes may, in a measure, atone for its numerous defects.

WILLIAM PENN,

A POEM.

From one who now enjoys the blessing wrought,
 By him who "practised all the good he taught ;
 By him whose doctrine pure, whose gentle sway,
 Taught th' rude Indian mercy to obey ;
 Whose dauntless soul no earthly ill could fright,
 Or turn his zeal from what he deemed was right ;
 By him who fortune, pomp, and power resigned,
 To glorify his God, and bless mankind—
 Accept the meed th' unlettered muse bestows,
 The song that from a grateful minstrel flows ;
 Let charity his numerous errors hide,
 And friendship turn the critic shaft aside.
 Vain were the hope, in the uncultured mind,
 Th' full-blown flowers of classic soil to find ;
 The diamond, in a pure and polished state,
 Its value owes to lustre—not to weight ;
 And at the best, 'tis but a paltry gem,
 If only shaped to deck a diadem ;
 But, if for useful purposes designed,
 It needs as little lustre as the mind.
 Mistake me not—I do not mean to say,
 That labour's thrown upon the mind away ;
 So far from this, I deem no task severe,
 That tends from Genius' soil the weeds to clear ;
 But if the flowers of Fancy only bloom,
 To waste on foreign earth their rich perfume,
 'Twere better far the tares around them stood ;
 If these but save them from ingratitude.
 For me, where'er my rustic muse shall stray,
 Still shall my country claim her sweetest lay ;
 Or where Ohio rolls her silver stream along,
 And nature's minstrels pour the varying song ;
 Or where Niag'ra's voice is heard around,
 And bill and mountain echoes back the sound,
 Still shall the virtues of my native land
 The grateful tribute of her hard demand ;

Not all the gems Golconda can bestow,
 Shall tempt my muse to join her country's foe ;
 Broke be the harp that adulation pays,
 Preferring wealth to humble virtue's praise ;
 Forever silent be the recreant lyre
 That borrows light from honor's funeral pyre.
 I may be rash—too warm, perchance, my zeal ;
 If so, forgive—I speak but what I feel.

Spirit of Song ! that erst in earlier days
 To mad ambition swelled the notes of praise ;
 Spirit of Song ! that erst of battles told,
 And erst for wealth thy independence sold ;
 Nay, hartered oft the patriotic tide
 Of feeling, for the purple robe of pride—
 Once more awake ! to independence wake !
 And from the chains of grovelling avarice break ;
 Cast off the fetters that inglorious bind
 To glittering dirt the majesty of mind !
 Free as the breeze that flies the deep along,
 Breathe o'er the world the sweet, the grateful song :
 To lands remote, where nature's children roam,
 The earth their bed, the boundless wilds their home,
 Chant, chant to them the numbers smooth of verse—
 To them, of PENN, the friendly deeds rehearse.
 Nor less to those of Afric's sultry clime,
 Send forth the strain of minstrelsy sublime ;
 Tell them, where'er exists the race of PENN,
 That they are free—enjoy the rights of men ;
 Proclaim from north to south, from east to west,
 A spot there is where Afric's sons are blest ;
 A spot whose fertile fields, whose verdant meads,
 To bathe their flowers, no shower of sorrow needs ;
 No briny drops the climate mild requires,
 No rending sighs to fan ambition's fires ;
 No crimson scourge its freedom to secure
 No sweat of blood its bosom to manure.
 Tell them, the wretch no mercy here will find,
 Who " fattens on the miseries of mankind ;"
 Whose sordid spirit walks the ocean wave,
 His fellow-man—his brother to enslave ;
 Who dares to mingle in the holy cup
 The tears of wo. and drink the mixture up ;
 Who heedless, treads upon his victim's grave,
 And boasts of freedom while he owns a slave ?
 Tell them, the church is here the good man's care—
 No blighting curse precedes his holy prayer ;
 No tongue, blasphemous, may religion mock—
 No cry ascends for vengeance on his flock ;

Tell them, that mercy here her throne has set,
 And justice's sword with mercy's tears is wet ;
 Tell—tell them, that the soil where PENN has trod,
 To all mankind is free to worship God ;
 That here, the sabbath is, to all their race,
 A day of rest—of peace—of hope—of grace.

* * * * *

What time the barque, to PENNSYLVANIA's shore,
 Her freight of mercy, truth, and virtue bore ;
 What time her sails the joyous seamen lured,
 And gazed with rapture on the new-born world,
 The frightful panther lurked the woods among,
 The wolf's loud howl through all the forest rung,
 The boding raven croaked from tree to tree,
 The bear dominion claimed from sea to sea ;
 The war whoop broke upon the cradle's sleep,
 The yell distracting echoed o'er the deep ;
 The midnight hour beheld the cottage blaze,
 While on its wreck the shuddering peasants gaze :
 From aged heads the hairless skin was torn,
 And through the realm in savage triumph born ;
 Fury the keen edged tomahawk upreared,
 And happy those whom Indian pity spared ;
 True to its aim, vindictive, sped the dart,
 And drank the purple current of the heart :
 His blood stained banner cruelly unfurled,
 And murder stalked along the new-born world.
 These were the woes that reigned thro'out the land,
 Ere yet the foot of PENN had pressed the strand.
 But, oh, how wert thou, PENNSYLVANIA, cheered,
 When on thy shore the godlike man appeared !
 How throbb'd the heart, how gazed the anxious eye
 On him whose features spoke his ministry !
 How did the father's heart his joy declare,
 As it flew to meet him on the half-breathed prayer !
 How did the mother's tears her raptures speak,
 As rolling down they gemmed her offspring's cheek !
 How did the babe its little arms extend,
 And blessings smile upon its mother's friend !
 How was the spirit of the savage rude,
 Chained to the earth, in silent thoughtful mood ;
 How from his nerveless hand, the errless dart,
 Dropped on the earth, nor sought a victim's hear t
 Then did the vulture nestle with the dove,
 And all around was harmony and love ;
 Then bloomed the forest, in new beauty dressed,
 Then smiled a second Eden in the west.

Alas! no pencil ever can portray
 The nameless feelings of that blissful day.
 Bring, memory, bring thy mirror! let me view
 The aged tree—the spot on which it grew;
 Here let me see, beneath the tall grass laid,
 Dark rust corrode the battle axe and blade;
 Here let me view the flowers that deck the ground,
 Entwine the calumet of peace around;
 Here let me pause, and view the virtuous Penn,
 Proclaiming mercy and good will to men;
 Teaching the love that God to man has shown,
 And how, in other days, he sent his son
 A sacrifice—whose blood should cleanse from sin,
 And man, through him, to heaven should enter in,
 Oh, 'twas a scene that might have pleasure given.
 To those whose spirits blest repose in heaven.

* * * * *

The tree has fallen—the listening audience fled;
 The Indian's "father" slumbers with the dead.

* * * * *

But, if from realms of joy, on realms of we,
 The spirits of the good a look bestow,
 How will thy generous spirit joy to see
 Thy sons and daughters all that they should be:
 How wilt thou gaze upon thy chosen spot,
 By blood unstained—by wealth corrupted not:
 What heavenly joy will radiate thy eyes,
 To hear from earth the grateful anthem rise;
 To hear the prayer from Afric's sons ascend,
 Imploring blessings on their kindest friend!
 Not more on thee, than on thy fellows all,
 Does Afric's voice for richest blessings call:
 Still to the fated race thy sons are kind,
 Pouring the light of knowledge on the mind;
 Discovering still the links of slavery's chain,
 And whispering freedom o'er the stormy main.
 Thy daughters too—than whom no fairer, e'er
 Views th' bright sun in all his wide career;
 Nor on more virtuous, ever gazed the eye
 Of blushing morn, 'neath heaven's blue canopy—
 The gentle influence of their smiles exert,
 To warm the soul, and purify the heart,

Oh, would to heaven, my country was but free
 From slavery's stain, in every part, like thee!
 But, oh, there live, who laugh thy laws to scorn—
 Live in the land where WASHINGTON was born!
 A million tyrants walk in open day—
 A million tyrants on their species prey;
 Trampling the rights that God to all has given,
 Yea, murdering in the very face of heaven.
 But tell me, monsters, does thy soul believe
 The negro's wrongs no justice will receive!
 Think'st thou the veil that's o'er his features thrown
 Shrouds not a spirit noble as thy own?
 Behold the wretched father,* doomed to part
 From all that's dearest to a father's heart;
 Wife—children—friends—from freedom—all
 That man on earth may joys or blessings call;
 Changed from a freeman to an abject slave,
 The torch of hope dim-burning on the grave!
 Will he not make *one* effort to be freed;
 Behold his shattered arm!—Does it not bleed!
 Think'st thou that ebon dwelling does not shine
 A soul by nature, free from guilt as thine?
 Think'st thou no sense of honor warms that breast—
 That heart no virtuous feelings e'er possessed?
 Does mercy say, the negro shall be cursed,
 Nay, spurned and trampled on by fellow dust?
 Did not the hand that formed him, form thee;
 Did not JEHOVAH say, to both—"BE FREE?"
 Does mercy's tears the white man's sins erase,
 Yet leave the negro's written on his face?
 Think'st thou the hue or texture of the skin,
 As they may be, imply or worth or sin?
 Where is the sage, in science versed, profound,
 Who e'er the texture of the spirit found?
 Where dwells the artist, search from pole to pole,
 Who ever knew a color for the soul?
 A heathen sage asserts a blush to be
 The hue of virtue and of modesty:
 Admitting this, what color shall we find
 To know a virtuous from a vicious mind?

* The fact to which these lines alluded, is as follows:—A slave in one of the southern states, was about to be transported to the wilds of the west: the thoughts of separation wrought so powerfully on his feelings, that, in a moment of phrensy, he seized an axe and struck off his hand, in the hope, by thus rendering his future services of little importance, his new master would decline paying the expence of transportation.

Cannot the villain white man wear a blush ?
 The tears of crocodiles at pleasure gush !
 Suppose the negro doomed thee to the rack,
 Because thy skin was neither red nor black ;
 Would'st thou not cry for vengeance on his head,
 Yea, ask why slumbered still th' avenging blade ?
 Would not thy country execrate the deed,
 And for the guilty bid the guiltless bleed ?
 Ten thousand swords would from their scabbards start,
 Nor sleep till they had pierced the negro's heart ;
 Nay treble vengeance would Columbia claim,
 To add a treble terror to her name.
 And, oh, my country, I do blush for thee—
 For thou—*thou* art this fiend of cruelty !
 Thou *know'st*, Columbia, that thy fields are red,
 With drops from Afric's bleeding bosom shed ;
 Thou *know'st* that oft the food thy children eat,
 Springs from the earth that Afric's tears have wet,
 What in the negro thou wouldst execrate,
 Nay, doom his body to the worst of fate,
 That *doest thou*—devoid of every fear,
 As if thy God the negro would not hear ;
 But, though he for a time his wrath delay,
 Yet will it come in an unguarded day ;
 Drought, pestilence, and famine will destroy,
 And turn to gall thy sweetest cup of joy :
 From his right hand th' avenging bolt once hurled,
 Where, where art thou ?—Where, where the pigmy world !

There also live, who th' poor Indian scorn,
 Destroy his dwelling, and devour his corn ;
 Nay, deem him but an upright beast of prey,
 Which 'tis not murder, unprovoked, to slay ;
 Without a soul—to generous feelings dead ;
 A tiger—with a human form and head.
 Oh would that such, with sentiments so base,
 The tome of Indian history might trace ;
 There would they find the Indian has a soul,
 Alive to feeling—though it scorns control ;
 Unnumbered proofs of virtue there would rise,
 But one alone shall for the time suffice :
 Mark him, the Briton, daring to extreme,
 Whose matchless bravery was his nation's theme ;
 Behold him in the tawny chieftain's power,
 His life a sacrifice within an hour.
 Oh, God ! and is there none his life to save—
 No venturous arm to rescue from the grave ?
 Is there not one among the tawny foe
 To shield the Britain from the fatal blow ?

Oh, yes.—There comes, there comes a *female form*,
 Bright as a sunbeam shining on the storm ;
 The axe is raised ! she rushes through the crowd,
 A white-winged seraph darting from a cloud :
 " From him these arms entwine," with tears she cries,
 " Oh, never will POWHATAN'S daughter rise.
 Till her stern father a full pardon gives,
 Till mercy's voice proclaims —THE BRITON LIVES !"
 She said : the father felt his heart relent ;
 He paused—the fury of his soul was spent ;
 " Rise, rise, my daughter !" cried the Indian chief,
 " His forfeit life I spare—assuage thy grief."



Disciples of immortal PEW, adieu !
 Still may you all the noble course pursue ;
 Still be it yours the wretched to relieve,
 Instruct the Indian—bid the negro live ;
 To balm the wounded heart, to dry the tear,
 Dispel each doubt, disperse each rising fear ;
 To every clime your precepts pure extend,
 And render man of man the kindest friend.

The old coat, which I have endeavoured to immortalize in the following poem, had been a very serviceable friend to me for a length of time ; the colour was originally black, but had changed to a fuzzy brown ; it could still boast five buttons in all, and the holes or rents, although numerous, from their size could readily be counted ; my trowsers too, at this period, were composed of Russia duck, (an unpremeditated compliment to the *meek* and *christian-like Alexander* of the North !) good sewing twine, and the necessary number of horn "dead-eye" buttons ; my vest was of striped swansdown, my hat was *napless*, and could be formed into any shape whatever, from a low-brimmed gipsy to a three-story *powder-house* !—

two *apologies* for shirts, a pair of list suspenders, and a couple of odd cowhide shoes constituted the remainder of my wardrobe; yet, with this "JERRY DIDLER" apparel operating against me, I persevered until I induced a printer, Mr. J. H. CUNNINGHAM, of Philadelphia, not only to supply me with paper, and credit me for the press-work, but also to loan me such small sums of money as my absolute necessities from time to time required;— all of which loans, together with the expenses incurred by printing my poems, have been honourably liquidated.

TO MY OLD COAT.

Long time has passed, old ragged friend,
 Since first we met together,
 And thou to me thy aid didst lend
 To shield me from the weather.

But envious time—relentless king!
 Hath rent thy seams asunder;
 And thou hast now become a thing
 Of every blockhead's wonder.

But since thou'st proved a friend in need,
 Through half life's rugged journey,
 'Twould be a graceless thing indeed,
 Now out of doors to turn ye.

No, no, old friend—'tis better now
 To brave the world's dread laughter,
 Than e'er to thoughtless lolly bow,
 And meet with scorn hereafter.

The ladies, kind, obliging souls,
 As through the streets they dash on,
 Whene'er they view thy thousand holes,
 Cry—"Mending's out of fashion!"

The dandy, as he passes by,
 Condemns each holey feature;
 And modern virtue, with a sigh,
 Exclaims—"Oh, wretched creature!"

But he who leaves an aged friend
 Forgotten and neglected,
 May find himself, when earth shall end,
 By heaven itself rejected.

And he who proudly turns aside
 To shun a wretched brother,
 Will feel the sting of injured pride
 In this world or in t'other.

Then come, old friend, for thou canst yet
 Protect me from the weather;
 And when my sun of life is set,
 We'll both lie down together.

And when the last loud trump shall sound,
 And dawn the morn of terrors,
 Oh, may thy patches then be found
 More numerous than my errors!

FROM THE WESTERN SPY.

REPLY TO THE VERSES ON THE OLD COAT.

My Yankee friend, these lines I send
 To thank you for your writing;
 Your witty turns, like Robin Burns,
 Are what I do delight in.

From distant glades, and backwood shades,
 Your brother poets hail you;
 And hope your muse, when fools abuse
 Your coat—will never fail you.

The ladies fair, who at you stare,
 Might better show their breeding;
 And hawbuck clowns, in all our towns,
 Are scarcely worth your heeding.

At the French court, they made much sport
 About sage FRANKLIN'S breeches;
 And the queen's maid, as it is said,
 E'en tried to count the stitches.

FRANKLIN more wise, did wisdom prize,
 He hated show and flutter;
 He looked on tops as painted tops,
 Or FALSTAFF'S toasts in butter.

THE LIFE OF

I love the man who boldly can
Bear with such fools when jeering ;
Whose praise or blame is much the same,
And neither worth our hearing.

'Tis well to wear our old coats here,
As long as they will do one ;
But ere we do in heaven appear
'Twere best to get a new one.

Several of my productions recently appeared in the *Commercial Advertiser*, under the signature of "BOWDOIN"; the following were originally published with that signature :

FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

I WOULD NOT WEAR, &c.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath—
I would not court his crown ;
For love and virtue sink beneath
His dark and vengeful frown.

I would not seek my fame to build
On glory's dizzy height ;
Her temple is with orphans fill'd—
Blood soils her sceptre bright.

I would not wear the diadem,
By folly priz'd so dear ;
For want, and we hath bought each gem,
And every pearl's a tear.

I would not heap the golden dust
That sordid spirits crave ;
For every grain, (by penury curst,)
Is gathered from the grave.

No.—Let my wealth unsullied be—
My fame be virtuous youth ;
My wealth be kindness, charity—
My diadem be truth.

FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

TO MY FRIEND, W. H. PRINCE, Esq.

Why mourn we o'er the fallen flower,
 Though blighted in its bloom?
 Why shed the ineffectual shower—
 Why dread and weep its doom?
 Does it not still sweet fragrance shed?
 Can aught have *breath*, and yet be *dead*?

Its leaves, indeed, are shrunk and sear,
 And prone in dust it lies;
 And evening drops a dewy tear,
 And summer's zephyr sighs:
 Yet can that zephyr's balmy breath
 To man proclaim—*DECAY'S* NOT *DEATH*.

Then, if the frail and humble flower
 Its essence, life retain—
 Defying death's relentless power,
 When whirlwinds sweep the plain;
 Shal' man alone his victim prove,
 Of all that live, and breathe, and move?

No.—*Man ne'er dies!* Thro' flood and flame
 Unbar'd shall march the soul;
 Its birth-right blest shall it reclaim,
 And reach its destined goal;
 For Nature's simplest works deny
 That: what hath lived can ever die!

FROM THE SAME.

BIRTH OF BURNS.

AN ODE.

The guardian spirit of the lyre
 O'er Europe winged her way,
 And bade the baby muse retire,
 And hush the childish lay;
 For long the chastened ear of taste,
 Had sounds discordant bore,
 And genius wept to view the waste
 By ignorance done to lore;
 And folly, with insulting tongue,
 Vaunted the idle song she sung.

The goddess saw 'twas veiled all—
 The sycophantic strain,
 That only knew to rise or fall,
 As sprung the hope of gain ;
 As wealth and power, dictators proud,
 The fawning minstrel ruled,
 So followed he the motley crowd,
 To vile subservience schooled :
 Debased the spirit God had given,
 And paid to earth the debt of Heaven.

'Tas now o'er ALBYN's cliff she soared,
 And chanced to list the lay
 The soul of INDEPENDENCE poured,
 In penury's darkest day :
 "In THIS shall poetry's spirit dwell!"
 We-strait the goddess vow,
 And lo! on BURNS her mantle fell,
 And decked him at the plough :
 Alas! his eye, that hour so blest,
 Fell on the dying "daisy's breast.

Prophetic strains o'er that lone flower,
 His gentle spirit sung—
 Untimely nipt in luckless hour,
 Bright, beautiful, blooming, young;
 His and the daisy's fate were one !
 Life's fitful dream is o'er :
 The share of fate its worst hath done,
 And Scotia's Bard's no more :
 Immortal strains to him are given,
 And BURNS his MARY chaunts in heaven.

Spirit of Scotia's proudest lay !
 This social circle greet :
 Let mutual love our bosoms sway,
 And all in friendship meet ;
 The sons of ALBYN hither met,
 To celebrate thy birth.
 Can ne'er themselves nor thee forget,
 In weal, in wo, in mirth ;
 And well Columbia's offspring prize
 The Bard who could a slave despise.

And thou late partner of his breast,
 Accept from friends away,
 The wish, that thou and thine be blest
 Throughout life's stormy day ;

And from the Bard of western skies
 Accept the fervent prayer,
 That flowers in every pate may rise
 For bonny JEAN of Ayr;
 And may her bairns e'er worthy prove
 Of RABBY'S fame, and JENNY'S love.

During my stay in New-York, I occasionally wrote for a satirical paper, entitled "THE HORNET," and being much vexed by plagiarists, I gave vent to my anger as follows:

Of all sorts of thievery, literary thievery, is certainly the meanest and most unprofitable; for the plagiarist, though he plunders the mental jewels of another, does not enrich the impoverished treasury of himself: they are jewels with which he seldom dares to decorate his thread-bare wit, lest perchance, the real and lawful owner might be present, and deal sudden and merited vengeance on his recent head.—For one who has made so little noise in the world—whose poetical productions have generally been presented to the public through the medium of newspapers—daily, weekly, semi-weekly—city and country—I certainly believe myself the greatest sufferer, among bards of the present day, from those abominable and detestable pilferers—*Plagiarists*.—The lash has been delayed for some years; and, for the last time, I hereby forewarn all whom these presents may concern, (and one rhyming gentleman in particular, who resides in, or near Philadelphia) that said lash will fall without mercy upon his and their shoulders, should he, or any of his fellow pilferers, be guilty of a life.

rary theft from *me* again. The sentiments of two writers, at distant periods of time, may be similar; but, that two authors should use, even in one *verse*, (they the authors being unacquainted with each other, and between two and three hundred miles apart) the selfsame words, is utterly impossible.—But the plagiarist is not the only enemy of the author; I consider him a foe who, wittingly, gives another person the credit, for a production (to gratify private pique) which he knows belongs to the object of his resentment! Many of my poems may be puerile, tame, and insipid; but puerile, tame, and insipid as they may be, if they are worth stealing, they are worth *something* to the author, who would not have others suffer for *his* muse's imbecility.—Let posterity hold the balance that shall weigh my merits and demerits; and *then* if the verdict be "*Tekel*," let my name and my works sink to oblivion, "forever and for aye."

In the year 1816 or 1817, a poem headed,

"*Oh, tell me not that wine will soothe,*"

was re-published from the Boston Palladium in a country newspaper, (I think in the state of N. York) with the name of *Thomas Moore, Esq.* as the author; nay more, that it was selected from his "*Gospel Melodies!*"—Now this poem *first* appeared in print in the Palladium, with the signature of "*Albert*" attached to it, (this being the signature I adopted during the four years after my pieces were first presented to the public) which is well known to Mr.

Minas, one of the editors of that Journal.— Comment is unnecessary. About three years since, a parody of

“ Is there a heart that never loved,”

which I had four years previously composed and presented in *manuscript* to a lady in and of Boston, appeared as original in the Baltimore Federal Republican, under the signature of “ J. H.” or “ J. B.” (*which* of the two signatures I do not now recollect—but have it in my power at any time to ascertain.)—There was no poetical merit, nor strict truth in this parody, as it was composed in a moment of youthful irritation, and never intended to meet the eye of any one, save her’s to whom they were addressed.—The reasons that induce me to notice *this* plagiarism are obvious but to few.

A few weeks since, a National Song, beginning,

“ When Freedom on the battle storm,”

made its appearance in the Philadelphia Democratic Press, as *original*, altho’ it had been published in, at least, fifty different public journals three or four years ago ! Worse still ; over it were these words :—“ Tune—*The Knight Errant.*” A pretty tune for the words of such a song ! The truth is, the original music for the words was composed by the well known musician, Mr. *Hwitt*, who at the time was leader of the orchestra in Vauxhall Garden, Philadelphia. Within a short time, and previous to its publication in the Democratic Press, new

music had been composed for the words by "a gentleman," and that music published by Mr. Sage, of this city.

Now for a peep at "t'other side the picture."

In the Connecticut Herald of the 2d inst. a very chaste and touching poem is published, headed "*The Orphan*," "by the *Boston Bard*." Very well; the poem is certainly very beautiful--no poet need blush to own such a production; yet notwithstanding all this, the "Boston Bard" most solemnly disowns it as his production; he disowns all right and title to it, and is not in the best humour with the person who has been so officiously kind as to twine an unmerited laurel round his brow. The "Boston Bard" never wrote the poem; nor did he ever see it, except in the Connecticut Herald, and then too by mere accident.

The signatures I have generally used are these, viz. 1. *Albert*; 2. *Boston Bard*; 3. *Village Minstrel*; and sometimes my proper name, *Robert S. Coffin*, or *R. S. C.*—N.B. *Albert* I have discarded five or six years ago, and *Village Minstrel* I only adopted and retained for a period of about one year, while writing for the Parterre of the Village Record, Westchester, Pennsylvania; so that my signature is now, and probably ever will be,

BOSTON BARD.

New-York, Sept. 1823.

The following poems were originally published as they are headed and arranged below; the first is from the "*Statesman*," the second from the "*Commercial Advertiser*," and the third and fourth from the "*Westchester Herald*," published at Mount Pleasant, N. Y.

PATRIOTIC ODE.

Hail, patriot, statesman, hero, sage!
 Hail, freedom's friend! hail, Gallia's son—
 Whose laurels greener grow in age,
 Plunked by the side of Washington!
 Hail, champion in a holy cause.
 When hostile bands our shores beset;
 Whose valor bade the oppressor pause—
 Hail, hoary warrior—LA FAYETTE.

Forever welcome to the shore,
 A youthful chief, thy footsteps pressed;
 And, dauntless, want and peril bore,
 Till VENI VICI decked thy crest!
 Forever welcome, great and good!
 Till freedom's sun on earth shall set,
 The still small voice of gratitude
 Shall bless the name of LA FAYETTE.

What monarch of despotic power,
 Who fain would crush the freeborn brave;
 Whose glory gilds a tottering tower,
 Himself a subject and a slave—
 Would not, to view a nation's eyes
 With joyous drops unbidden wet,
 The pageantry of pride despise,
 And grasp the hand of LA FAYETTE!

Whene'er the lips of youth enquire
 The path to virtue, honour, fame—
 To glory's temple proud aspire,
 While warmly glows the ardent flame;
 The voice of age shall fearless tell
 What perils oft its path beset,
 And prompt them onward by the spell
 That urged the soul of LA FAYETTE.

And when the shades of death shall close,
 Forever round thy hallowed head,
 We'll seek the place of thy repose,
 By filial love and duty led!
 And HEARTS that beat in bosoms free,
 (Gems by unerring wisdom set)
 The living monuments shall be
 Of freedom's champion—LA FAYETTE.

CHILDHOOD URGING THE STAY OF LA FAYETTE.

Ah! wilt thou leave us, warrior, say?
 Wilt thou again that ocean brave
 Where death so often seeks his prey,
 And black destruction rolls his wave?

What though our elime inclement prove,
 And darkling clouds our sky deform;
 The sun of friendship, truth and love,
 Our fathers' friend shall cheer and warm.

'Tis true, rude winds oft round us blow,
 And tempests sweep our mountains rude;
 But LA FAYETTE shall never know
 The winter of ingratitude.

What shall we do? How plead thy stay?
 But surely thou wilt not depart!
 Our little hands shall bar the way,
 And we will twine us round thy heart.

We'll weave thee wreaths of brauteous flowers,
 And gild them with the rays of truth:
 Thou shalt not count the fleeting hours,
 Nor know but thou art still in youth.

Nay, warrior, more:—When life shall close,
 And time's eventful sands have run,
 We'll bear thee to a blest repose,
 Beside our father—WASHINGTON.

LA FAYETTE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

There's *life and language* in the air
 That's breathed o'er Vernon's breast;
 Brave spirits freed assemble there,
 From realms of light and rest.

And, hark ! beneath the unclouded sky,
 What strains seraphic rise ;
 Earth, list immortal minstrelsy—
 Soul, spurn thy brittle ties !

Their golden harps the angelic throng
 For mortal man attune ;
 For man they swell their noblest song,
 And grant the richest boon :

For man they leave their sacred seat—
 On Vernon's height have met,
 And with our father's spirit greet,
 The great and good FAYETTE !

Ah, who may tell the converse sweet,
 Unheard by mortal ear,
 When two such godlike spirits meet,
 Each in a different sphere !

Time, thou shalt ne'er again behold
 A scene so fraught with bliss ;
 No, not till Nature's knell is knolled,
 Behold a scene like this.

DEPARTURE OF LA FAYETTE.

And thou wilt go?—Then fare thee well,
 Thou great and good—thou more than man ;
 Whose worth no human voice may tell—
 Whose virtues Heaven alone may scan.

Nay, warrior, shrink not from our praise,—
 It flows from fountains free and pure ;
 'Tis gratitude the tribute pays,
 Of love as strong as heaven is sure.

Go to thy bright and blooming France !
 Yet think—ah, think all silently,
 When gazing on the vast expanse,
 What beating hearts are blessing thee !

Then to thy couch :—in safety rest ;
 For vainly winds and waves contend ;
 Jehovah hath thy labours blest,
 Approved thy work, and is thy friend.

We give thee all that thou canst claim—
 We give thee all that God has given ;
 We write upon our hearts thy name,
 And hope to meet our friend in heaven.

The introduction to the following stanzas was written by CHARLES MINER, Esq. editor of the "*Village Record*," printed at Westchester, Pennsylvania: I was indeed very unhappy when this poem was composed, and there is much truth in the whole of it:

Many kind enquiries are made after the *Boston Bard*. We have not heard his voice for a long time; and it has been, we fear, the winter of sorrow with him, and his muse, like the dormouse, has slept away the cheerless season. But with the return of spring he has renewed his song, not gay and enlivening, as we have oft heard it, but attuned to melancholy, and joyless as deserted friendship. The following from his pen we extract from the "*Independent Balance*." We hope it may not prove the strain of the swan.

"*And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep!*" GOLDSMITH.

O! where are they who friendship vow'd
Ere fortune's sun decline'd?
Whose gifts, unsought, so rapid flow'd?
Who round my heart entwin'd?

Where, where are those whose ready hand
My own so eager press'd,
Ere want my barque with miseries manned,
Dismantled and distressed?

Where are they now? Ah whither led?
Their vows have they forgot?
Grim Penury thou hast reared thy head,
And drove them from my cot.

Thy haggard form, an inmate now
Where fortune smil'd elate,
Hath cancell'd friendship's sacred vow,
And left me to my fate!

No smile of love, from beauty's eye,
My dreary path illumines ;
Beneath my tread the flowrets die—
The rose no longer blooms !

Mirth from my presence takes its flight ;
Joy seeks a brighter home ;
Hope's taper throws a feeble light,
And pleasure shuns the gloom.

Affection, e'en affection true,
And on the altar sworn,
To me, alas, has bade adieu !
And never to return.

No more in life have I to lose—
All's lost that's worth a care ;
Sad and heart-broken is my muse—
My spirit in despair.

In vain on pleasures past I call,
Their ghosts alone appear—
My early friends—where are they all ?
They turn a deafened ear.

Oh, Friendship ! Love ! what are ye both ?
How speedy your decay ?
A moment, and ye have your growth—
At longest, but a day.

Life's chilling wind begins to blow—
The tempest rude to roar ;
Your roots the autumn rains o'erflow—
And straight ye are no more !

To what in life thenshall we trust—
To what for solace flee ?
If Friendship's interest—love but lust—
And truth but vanity ?

Where shall we seek a balm for care—
A covert from the heart ?
A shelter from the fiend despair—
From human wile and art ?

The murky cavern's deep recess
Shrouds not the dæmon's form ;
The mountain's brow the feet may press,
Howls there the calmless storm.

Alas ! the broken heart no rest
 Save in the grave may find ;
 The serpent coils him in the breast,
 And round the heart is twined.

Death, death alone hath strength to free
 The victim from its power ;
 Then who that bears such misery ;
 Hails not his final hour ?

This ode was intended to be spoken at the
 Boston Theatre; but was rejected—" 'tis true,
 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

LIGHT AND WASHINGTON.

AN ORIGINAL ODE.

Blest spirit of the native lyre,
 That swelled the song for freedom won,
 His soul with all thy feelings fire
 That breathes of light and Washington :
 Celestial nymph, from glory's realms descend—
 To my adventurous muse thy genius lend.

How modest waved the victor's plume,
 Departed virtue, o'er thy brow !
 How fresh the fadeless flowerets bloom
 That shed their fragrance o'er thee now :
 Time, Time, there's not a flower thy frost that fears—
 For Vernon's soil is moist with manly tears.

Yes—sacred drops bedew the spot,
 Beneath whose breast thy re lic rest ;
 For when hath gratitude forg ot
 The worth of him a world hath blest ?
 Whose nature the red man in his wrath respects—
 And, mark ! his knife a gem of mercy decks !

Where'er in life was cast thy lot,
 In conclave deep or sanguine plain,
 Ne'er fell upon thy fame a blnt,
 Nor were thy sword a wanton stain,
 Since on its blade the blood of guilt was seen :
 So thick the pearls of pity fell between.

Lo, GREECE—but late the blood-hound's prey—
 How bright again her glories bloom !
 From VERNON'S sun she caught the ray,
 That gilds her brave BOSCARIS'S tomb ;
 And while that ray unearthly lingers there,
 The Cross must triumph—and its foes despair.

And RUSSIA'S vast and cheerless realm
 From tenfold darkness shall emerge :
 An Eagle perch upon her helm,
 Whose vision scans creation's verge :
 His furious steed the Tartar force shall rein,
 To bathe in light that warms his every vein.

Visions of glory—on the soul
 Intensely bright the beams ye throw,
 Like waves of gold that onward roll,
 Beneath the sun's meridian glow ;
 Still glory gathering as ye move sublime,
 And throwing radiance o'er the march of time ;

Tho' sweet the seraphs' strain, and bright
 The morn that on creation broke—
 When Mercy said,—Let there be light !
 And Nature from her slumbers woke :
 When the dark curtains of the deep were furled,
 And man looked forth upon this beautiful world.

Yet, say—ye sons of sires renowned—
 Brave offspring of the mighty dead,
 Did not heaven's harps as sweetly sound,
 The sun his beams as brightly shed,
 When freedom smiled, and hailed the glorious morn
 That saw Columbia's peerless saviour born !

Lo, angels' songs the chieftain's birth
 To suffering virtue loud proclaimed—
 Then Freedom flew again to earth,
 And was by Heaven Columbia named :
 Her starry flag she fearless waved on high,
 Stars for her friend, stripes for her enemy.

Long may that flag o'er freedom's shore
 And freedom's sons unsullied wave—
 Wave till creation is no more,
 Till Nature sinks in ruin's grave ;
 Then be it to the God of battles given,
 The glorious passport of a world to heaven.

THE SLANDERER.

Know'st thou the fiend of the fearful hour,
That wanders alone on mortality's shore ;
That treads on the graves where brave men repose,
And wilfully tramples the church-yard rose ?

Know'st thou the fiend of the night's cold noon,
That gazes with hate on the beauteous moon ;
That soils and mars with the finger of shame
The artless record of the poor man's fame ?

Know'st thou the fiend of the livid hue,
Whom the eye of mortals may seldom view ;
That places his hand on the heart of the good,
Congealed for ever the vital flood ?

Know'st thou the fiend of the scornful eye,
That inhales the pure breath of love's warm sigh,
And returns it back, polluted and foul,
To poison and wither the fount one's soul ?

Know'st thou the fiend ? dost thou see him advance ?
O heaven protect thee from his baleful glance ;
For should'st thou be seen by that eye of flame,
Farewell to thy HONOR, thy GLORY, thy FAME.

ON VISITING NEW ENGLAND.

Hail, land of good feelings ! hail, home of the poor !
Hail, cradle of freedom ! sweet scene of delight,
May the rose and the olive long thrive on the shore,
And curst be the wretch who their beauty would blight,

May thy sons be as brave as thy daughters are fair—
Thy veterans be honoured, thy statesmen caressed ;
May all nations revere thee, no traitor ensnare,
But the sunshine of freedom beam bright on thy breast.

May the deeds of thy love be as lasting and bright
As thy fame is unclouded—thy charity pure ;
May thy virtues be written in letters of light,
And thy name be immortal as heaven is sure.

Then hail to thee, home of the wretched and poor !
Hail, cradle of freedom ! the stranger's delight !
May the rose and the olive long thrive on thy shore
And curst be the wretch who their beauty would blight,

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS COFFIN.

On the bosom of ocean he sank to repose,
 Where Neptune a hero had proved him,
 And the breeze that now homeward so placidly blows,
 Bears a proof that his sons ever loved him.

In the mantle of death—'twas the bed of the brave—
 All silent his corse the y enshrouded ;
 And they wept as he sunk 'neath the dark-rolling wave,
 For that virtue which vice never clouded.

No more shall the tempest that ruffles the deep
 E'er disturb the repose of his pillow ;
 No more shall the thunder awake from his sleep
 The tar 'neath the breast of the billow.

For the rude rocks of ocean now pillow his head,
 Where friendship in sorrow resign'd him ;
 But his mem'ry survives, tho' his spirit has fled,
 For a good name he still leaves behind him.

The following poem was published originally
 in a literary paper, issued at Boston, Massa-
 chusetts :

THE FLOWER OF THE CLIFF.

I beheld on a cliff which the billows were laving,
 When the sun had declined, and chill was the air,
 I beheld a sweet flower in the night breezes waving,
 Like the goddess of hope on the rock of despair.

The bright gems of eve on its bosom were gleaming,
 Like the tear of compassion on modesty's cheek ;
 And the chaste queen of night from her blue chamber beaming
 Shed a soft lustre round the sweet floweret so meek.

I beheld it awhile, but the storm was approaching—
 The moon hid her light from the bleak rugged shore ;
 And the dark waves below on its bed were encroaching—
 I beheld, and the floweret, alas ! was no more !

Sweet gem of the rock, while thy fate I am telling,
 While my heart bleeds to view thee thus abject and low,
 E'en now o'er my head the rough billows are swelling,
 Which, like thee, may engulf me in sorrow and wo.

The fragment following was first presented to the public through the medium of the "*United States Gazette*," printed in the city of Philadelphia:

FRAGMENT.

* * * * * 'Twas a beauteous spot
Of fertile earth, wherein a thousand flowers,
Of every hue and fragrance, breathed around
As sweet an odour as was ever borne
On ocean-breezes from Arabia's shore.
Each tree, each shrub, each plant was in its bloom,
And wore a look indicative of joy.
"Who," said the stranger, "who, on such a scene,
Can fix his wandering thoughts, and yet deny
The great existence of a Power Supreme?
Examine well the structure of this flower!
Who was the artist? who its petals formed?
Who bade its embryo leaves expand,
And woo the kisses of the summer wind?
Who was the painter? who its colours laid?
Whose breath revived, and through December's reign
Shielded its feeble form, till summer's smile
Should bid it flourish and its fragrance shed,
To please the eye and gratify the sense
Of all the children of this nether world?
It is not—cannot be the work of CHANCE !"

This piece also originated in the "*United States Gazette*."

MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

I do remember, one blest eve
When all the world was calm,
I sat me down a wreath to weave,
Louisa's heart to charm.

And when the garland I had wove,
And twined it round her brow,
I felt a something—'twas not love?
To love I knew not how.

It was a feeling kind and dear,
 A something undefined ;
 A ray of joy, as bright and clear
 As warms a heavenly mind.

And though from that blest hour my eye
 Hath never viewed her face ;
 Yea, though I never heard her sigh,
 Nor met her fond embrace ;

Yet this dear something which I felt
 In childhood's early day,
 Within my bosom still hath dwelt—
 Still cheers my life's decay.

Oh, tell me what this something was,
 This feeling new, explain ;
 The effect I feel—to know the cause
 I've asked my heart in vain.

And till some wiser lips define
 What o'er my senses stole,
 I'll rest content to style its name
 The MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

While in New-York, I generally worked at printing, but received scarcely any thing more than my board as compensation for my labor ; I wrote verses upon local subjects, printed, and employed boys to sell them ; but the profits of this business were precisely small enough to discourage any person save a poet ; and he, partaking of the nature of the wild ass, as many people seem to suppose, can subsist tolerably well upon fresh air, yet I never knew any one to grow very corpulent on such light and thin diet !—However, I had a home, and that alone was sufficient cause of gratitude ; at this time I had great hopes that my propensity to wander was effectually destroyed ; but I was mistaken. A printer called to see me, and

wished my assistance in conducting a newspaper he was about publishing in the village of *Peekskill*, New York; he gave me so much *talkative encouragement*, that I consented to go home with him.—After working and writing two or three weeks in his office, I became sick, both in body and in mind; I sorely repented that I had left my former situation, but in vain; I became too unwell to work, or to return to the city; some gentlemen in the village saw my forlorn condition, and promptly relieved me, and I shall ever feel the most lively sensations of gratitude and friendship toward the good people of *Peekskill*, especially to those from whose generosity I was more directly and essentially benefitted. To Dr. H——t, who attended me daily during my illness, I need not express my gratitude—he knows there is a heart in my bosom, and also that it is situated in the right place. The following verses may be appropriately inserted here; they were written in a cold room, on a cold day, with a cold hand—but they emanated from a warm heart:

IMPROMPTU ON MY PHYSICIAN.

Dieu et mon Droit, cried Dr. H——t,
To Death who stood hard by;
I've took the field, and you shall yield—
My patients *shall not die*.

No quicker said, than at his head
The marble pestle flew,
And not content, though that he sent,
The mortar followed too.

So pat it hit, his skull it split,—
 Old Barebones kissed the floor,
 Then Peekskill fled, where it is said
 He seldom visits more.

Now like a thief, in shame and grief,
 He slyly skulks around :
 But takes good care he treads elsewhere
 Than on the Doctor's ground !

The gentleman to whom the following poem is addressed, has proved himself the staunchest friend I ever had ; in weal and in wo, his friendship has remained unaltered, although we have not seen each other during nearly eight years. When this poem was written I was extremely unwell, and my belief was that my days on earth were nearly numbered :

TO MY FRIEND W. H. P. Esq.

Commune we now of other days,
 When joy's full cup we sipp'd ;
 When in a heaven of Incid rays
 Blest hope her pinions dipped ;—
 When not a flower beneath the sky
 But pleasure could impart,
 And the warm light of beauty's eye
 Fell gently on the heart.

Time, time. I hate thee ! Thou hast stole
 What thou canst ne'er restore ;
 Thou'st filched the jewels of the soul,
 And left but dirty ore !
 Talk not to me of manhood's joys,—
 Breathe not to me of fame ;
 The first are but unwieldy toys,
 The second's but a name.

Oh, give me back the tranquil night,
 The dream of morning's bliss ;
 The welcome to the rosy light—
 The memory of a kiss !

Return me, O thou tyrant dread,
 A sire's approving look—
 A mother's smile—the youthful dead—
 Or blot me from thy book.

In vain the prayer; the cold, cold grave
 Hath taken to its breast,
 The relic of the young and brave—
 Yet asks *another* guest!
 Luxuriate, thou shalt have the boon—
 A withered heart 'twill be;
 Then shine thou pale and changeful moon,
 There's colder far than thee.

But thou, my friend, whom far above
 All other friends I prize,
 Live,—and enjoy the sweets of love,
 And bask in beauty's eyes:
 Inhale the sigh of virtue's soul,
 Ye! cautious be the while:
 To happiness there's but one goal—
 And treachery's shield's a smile.

Yet in the silent hour of night,
 Remember in thy prayer,
 The friendship fate could never blight,
 The truth that death could dare;
 And, as the summer's smoothest sea
 May by a breath be curled,
 Pour thou the oil of charity
 Upon a heartless world!

Yes, tell it that 'tis folly now
 Its vengeance to renew;
 Life's debt is paid in want and wo,
 The only coin he knew!
 And all its victims now would claim,
 A gift it living gave,
 To spread its darkness o'er his name,
 Its silence o'er his grave.

The poem entitled "*The Maniac of the Peak,*" was written in the village of *Peekskill*, and I am not proud to say it was published in the *Columbian Chronicle* :

The following ballad is founded on the supposition that a young man in a fit of ungovernable passion, has murdered his aged and too indulgent father! He immediately flies, and succeeds in eluding his pursuers; but the worm that never dies continually preys upon his peace; and amidst the murky recesses of the forest—upon the dizzy verge of the Highland summit—in the gloomy caverns of the rock—wherever he bends his solitary way, the bleeding form of his victim stands before him, and points to the wound the paricide's unhallowed hand has given. The intenseness of his mental and bodily sufferings at length produces insanity—the lightning strikes him, and he perishes in despair.

THE MANIAC OF THE PEAK.

A BALLAD.

Ah, who is he who wanders wild
On yon untrodden peak;
Whose looks declare him misery's child,
Whose features madness speak?

Why treads he on that fearful height,
When eve her mantle spreads,
And nature mourns the blessed light
That Sol no longer sheds?

Alas, the glorious light of MIND
His path no more illumines:
The mental orb of vision's blind,
And hope no longer blooms.

Upon the dizzy verge of death
 All heedlessly he stands—
 Laughs at the storm that bursts beneath,
 And madly claps his hands!

No coward fear his soul alarms—
 He dreads no coming ill;
 The lightning's glare his spirit charms,
 That leaps from hill to hill.

The thunder's deep, terrific voice,
 Breaks idly on his ear;
 And most he bids his soul rejoice
 When danger is most near.

The pelting hail, the sleet, the snow,
 The frost, the frequent shower,
 The bleak and piercing blasts that blow—
 He mocks their every power.

Distracted rolls the maniac's eye,
 O'er heaven, and sea, and earth:
 And though destruction hovers nigh,
 He yells his horrid mirth.

Oh, God! in mercy build Thou up
 Frail reason's shattered throne;
 SANS let us quaff the bitter cup
 That must our sins atone.

But see! the vivid lightning's flame
 Hath scathed the sufferer's form:
 His spirit freed, from whence it came
 Returns upon the storm.

Mysterious are the ways of heaven
 Inscrutable its laws;
 The effects to know to man is given,
 But hidden oft the CAUSE.

The wretch who wandered fierce and wild,
 'Midst elemental strife,
 With blood his daring hand defiled,
 And plucked a FATHER'S life!

From justice here he swiftly fled,
 Remorse as swift pursued;
 Through forest, dell—where'er he sped,
 The fiend beside him stood.

“ My punishment,” with Cain, he cried,
 “ Oh, God! I cannot bear!”
 Then in his madness heaven defied,
 And perished in despair.

Far from that spot, so lone and drear,
 The huntsman wends away ;
 And erst the Red Man shrank with fear,
 “ And left the stag a bay.”

And oft, 'tis said, unearthly cries
 Upon the blast are borne,
 When whirling tempest shake the skies,
 And th' firm oak's uptorn.

And, ah! to touch his bones refrain,
 There's peril in the deed ;
 That hand to life may start again,
 And teach THY heart to bleed !

No floweret rears its fragile form
 Above the murderer's grave ;
 But furies shriek amidst the storm,
 And round his relics rave.

And traces of those spirits curst
 The traveller may espy,
 If, when the Autumn tempests burst,
 He thither turns his eye.

The howling panther, fierce for blood,
 Not there his wrath may wreak ;
 A fiercer spirit haunts the wood,
 The MANIAC'S of the PEAK !

STANZAS.

I love the man who well can bear
 Misfortune's angry frown ;
 I love the heart that spurns despair,
 Though all its friends have flown.

I love the soul, so nobly proud,
 That misery cannot blight ;
 The soul that braves the jeering crowd,
 And sternly claims its right.

THE LIFE OF

I love that fortitude, refin'd,
Which sorrow cannot shake ;
I love that strength of soul and mind
No earthly power can break .

I love the man who scorns to bend
Beneath affliction's blast ;
Who trusts in an ALMIGHTY FRIEND
To soothe his woes at last .

ST. CLAIR.

Degenerate sons of sires renowned !
Unworthy of the name you bear,
Let not your tears bedew the mound
Whose friendly bosom shrouds ST. CLAIR.

'Twas not the piercing wind that blows
O'er eastern mountains cold and drear ;
'Twas not the Northern blast that froze
The mighty heart that withereth here .

No—'twas the blighting south that stole
Like poisonous dews—like treachery's breath,
Whose chilling morn'g decayed the soul,
Ere yet the *flesh* was ripe for death .

Farewell, great shade ;—I would not wake
The lyre to speak thy deathless fame :
No—let the string asunder break,
Whose voice would sound my country's shame .

CHRISTMAS ODE.

Morn of Salvation! glorious morn,
 That saw Creation's Saviour born;
 That saw the star o'er Bethlehem rise,
 The star of peace in Bethlehem's skies;
 Again thy glad return we greet,
 And pour our prayers at Jesus' feet.

Blest star of peace! how cheer'd were those
 On whom thy quenchless light first rose;
 When first the doubtful shepherd's eye,
 Alone, beheld thee mount the sky,
 And owned His power to heal and bless—
 The sun of Truth and Righteousness!

Angel of Mercy! speed thy flight
 To those who grope in heathen night;
 Bear on thy wings—Oh, Mercy, bear
 The purport of the Christian's prayer;
 Thro' the wide world this truth proclaim—
 "Salvation's through EMMANUEL'S name."

No more, o'er a deluded world,
 Be war's red banner e'er unfurled;
 No more of man be man the foe,
 Seeking his fellow's overthrow;
 Let envy cease—let anger end,
 And man become of man the friend,

The night of Superstition's past,
 The morn of Reason dawns at last:
 Where'er the Christian's foot hath trod,
 Is known the true and living God;
 The distant Hindu bends the knee,
 And clings with hope to CALVARY.

And we, Oh, Sun of righteousness!
 Who thy blest influence confess,
 Unto our feet be thou a light,
 Forever present—ever bright,
 To cheer our passage to that bourne
 Where all must stop—but none return!

SACRED MELODY.

JERUSALEM THE BELOVED.

**Beloved of the Lord !—At the dawn of thy pride
How bright broke the light of thy fame ;
In the fierceness of wrath didst thou terribly ride,
And thy foes sunk in death and in shame.**

**Beloved of the Lord !—With the stranger sojourn,
Lorn Israel ! the wreck of thy race ;
Thy sons and thy daughters in solitude mourn,
For Jehovah hath bidden his face.**

**Beloved of the Lord !—There is hope for thee still—
The light breaketh on thee afar ;
Our faith shall be thine—thou shalt dwell on a hill,
And the East shall disclose thee its star.**

**Beloved of the Lord !—In Jehovah confide,
Thy sin unto death hath not been ;
His anger hath looked on thy hardness and pride,
But his mercy shall build thee again.**

**THINE EYES SHALL SEE JERUSALEM A QUIET HABITATION—A
TABERNACLE THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN DOWN. Isaiah.**

**Oh, weep no more, poor wanderer worn,
From Zion's ruined hall ;
Thy glory cometh like the morn,
That shineth bright o'er all.**

**From Calvary's height a star appears,
Of never fading ray,
Like that which calmed the shepherd's fears,
And chased their doubts away.**

**The city of the Eternal King,
From darkness shall emerge ;
His chosen people he shall bring
From earth's remotest verge.**

**A tabernacle fair shall rise
Where Desolation trod—
A temple shine to Israel's eyes,
Whose priest shall be our God.**

THE BOSTON BARD.

The beauteous bow of promise given,
Shall circle o'er the gloom—
One end forever fix on Heavens,
And one on JESUS TOMB.

FOR THE LORD WILL HAVE MERCY ON JACOB, AND WILL
CHOOSE ISRAEL, AND SET THEM IN THEIR OWN BARR.

[Isaiah, chap. xlv, v. 1.]

Joy—joy! thou poor and desolate—
Thou city trodden down!
Jehovah's blessings on thee wait,
And soon thy head shall crown.

For by his prophet, he hath said,
Though great indeed thy sin—
Though darkness o'er thy face is spread,
Thy sun shall shine again.

To Jacob he will mercy show,
And Israel he will choose;
Before the Christ each knee shall bow,
Nor more his grace refuse.

His Temple on the wreck shall rise,
Thy sons shall gathered be;
The Sun of Truth shall glad thine eyes,
Thine eyes Salvation see.

Then shall thy bondage broken be,
And strangers with thee join;
Then shall thy strong oppressor's see,
And peace be ever thine.

After leaving Peekskill, I found employment for a few months in the office of the "*Westchester Herald*," published by Mr. STEPHEN MARSHALL, in the town of *Mount Pleasant*, New York, and in this place I wrote nearly the whole of this narrative. I feel myself much indebted to Mr. M. for the kindness he thus exercised toward me, more especially as assistance was promptly rendered at a time when I very much needed it, and should perhaps have found some difficulty in obtaining it elsewhere.

The gentleman mentioned in the following extract from the "*Westchester Herald*," I first became acquainted with in Philadelphia: he has always acted a very friendly part towards me:—

On Tuesday, March 22, 1825, I received by the northern mail, a package from Washington City, directed thus, (*verb. et lit.*)—"1 newspaper, Boston Bard, at New-York, or somewhere else." I have felt some satisfaction from this odd incident for two reasons, viz.—first, it is pretty satisfactory evidence that any package directed to me, and forwarded by mail, will *eventually* reach me; secondly, the package was received from a friend whom I supposed to be numbered with the dead! Under these impressions the following stanzas and introduction were forwarded to, and inserted by the editors of the *New-York Statesman*, in their excellent daily journal, June, 1824. Solomon says, that "As cold waters are to the thirsty, so is good news from a far country;" and this incident has satisfactorily proved to me that Solomon was

a man of consummate wisdom, and had read the whole volume of the human heart.

To the Editors of the New-York Statesman.

“GENTLEMEN—The following stanzas were addressed and presented, about two months since, to my most intimate and generous friend Mr. D. HEWITT, whose decease at New-Orleans has recently been announced in the public prints. The verses were composed extempore, and with a presentiment that we should meet no more.”

*When true hearts are withered,
And fond ones have flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.*

MOORE.

We've met once more—and heaven above
Is bright and beauteous o'er us ;
The birds are chanting lays of love,
And flowerets spring before us :

We've met once more—and zephyrs play
Around, beneath, above us ;
Ah, would their light wings bear for aye
A sight from those who love us !

We've met once more—with friendly swell
Our hearts have passed a greeting ;
But when, or where—ah, who may tell ?
Shall next be held our meeting !

We've met once more—to joy elate
Thy heart is ever waking ;
But mine is not so kind a mate—
The minstrel's heart is breaking.

We've met once more—accept the lay
Though mournfully it rises ;
'Tis all you ask—all I can pay :
Who gratitude despises ?

The general outlines of my life are here given, up to the age of twenty-eight.—I now deem it necessary for the purpose of gratifying the curiosity of my readers, to describe the less prominent parts of my character, as well as the dimensions of my person, and the features of the front part of my head—to begin: My hair, which was once pretty dark, is now changing to a grey colour, full as rapidly as I could wish; my forehead is not very high, nor polished, and my eye-brows are thick, and meet together; my eyes are of a light blue, and sometimes very bright; my nose, I believe, stands a little to the left, and is of a moderate size; my chin is dimpled or parted, my lips not thick, and my cheeks generally pale; my ears are of tolerable length, and my neck, neither short nor long; my height is precisely five feet and three inches, and my limbs are naturally thick, strong, and well proportioned. I never wear a cravat or handkerchief tied closely about my neck; and, until my last ill turn of health, I have accustomed myself to do without stockings, both summer and winter; the feet are much warmer without stockings than with them, and there is no danger of catching cold. I often wash myself, and change my clothing on Saturdays, and spend the evening of that day in company with some of my friends at a public house; but on the Sabbath I seldom leave my residence, and still more seldom quit it for the purpose of recreation or amusement. Respecting my inward man:—my passions in youth were quite ungovernable, and my ages

was easily excited by trifling causes; but my spirit is now in a great degree subdued, and all my passions are much more readily controlled. I am subject to melancholy reflections, especially in wet and cloudy weather, and I can write much better poetry when the sun is looking full upon me, than when its light is partially withdrawn; if I am sad, my best endeavours are used to prevent the multitude from knowing it, by silently slipping away from company, and retiring as soon as may be to my bed. I am fond of associating with respectable mechanics, and with people who are supposed to belong to what is denominated the "middling class" of society. The *very* rich are apt to think themselves degraded by holding fellowship with an untitled and impoverished writer; but that class which exists between the wealthy and the abject, is composed of people possessing an easy, affable, and open deportment, free from pride and arrogance, and readily imparting useful information on almost all subjects; I am also pleased with the conversation of Scotsmen—there is a great deal of music in their souls, and of poetry in their manner of relating past occurrences; but I respect them most because BURNS was their countryman, and BRUCE was their king; and I love their wild and rugged home, for the sake of RAMSAY and TANNAHILL: in truth, I have never discovered that grovelling principle of avarice in them which I once believed all Caledonians to possess, and I have been much in the company of Scotsmen during the last five

or six years; it is my opinion that DR. JOHNSON had a heart capable of ingratitude, and that in some instances he has been guilty of telling a few very palpable and enormous *fibbs*!

Like most people I also have some unconquerable antipathies; for instance—I do not like those who have injured me—this is unchristian-like—but I cannot help it—it is *their own fault*; I do not like to see men bred upon the dunghill of vice, suddenly throwing a straight forward somerset, and alighting in the pulpit; I do not like to be told that I am the worst sinner upon earth—for I do not believe it; I do not like advice of those from whom I have not solicited it; I do not like politics, although occasionally I dabble in them: I do not like a great deal of my own poetry, but as it seems to improve by age, I shall not yet commit it to the flames; I hate spiders, toads, and English Reviewers; I have no partiality for rats or old rakes: I dislike right and left shoes, and village coquettes; I hate mosquitoes, and detest *egotism*!—“*Quid rides,*” most complaisant reader?—Enough of my whims have been stated whereby to give a pretty good “*guess*” at what kind of a biped animal I am; nevertheless there is no one able exactly to hit the mark, because I follow the advice of ROBERT BURNS to his youthful friend, and always

——— “Keep something to *myself*,
I never tell to *any*.”

My whole life has been since I learnt to feel what life is, a lengthening chain of misfortunes

and of miseries ; some of these evils might have been avoided by persons possessing less intenseness of feeling—but with me, they were unavoidable ; I am capable of suffering, and I have suffered ; yet God “ tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” and I am still in the land of those who breathe and enjoy the glorious light of heaven. I believe that I have done more good to the world than I have done mischief in it—therefore the world is in my debt, which debt it has now a most excellent opportunity of discharging, by purchasing the present sketch of my life, and thus enabling me to proceed in being useful in my day and generation. Those who are dissatisfied with perusing the contents of this work, and like my poetry much better than my prose, will soon have an opportunity of reading my best poetical productions in a separate volume, which will be published in the course of a year, at the farthest. The whole of the present work may be said to have been written extemporaneously, and while the author was suffering from a complaint in the breast of a very afflicting nature ;—I am not accustomed to make apologies, and if I was, this last circumstance alone should be a sufficient one for the defects in my composition.

All that now remains for me to do, is to tender my thanks to my patrons for the very liberal encouragement they have given, and to assure them of my intention, should life be spared, to attempt the composition of something far more worthy of my muse than any thing she has yet accomplished ; until then, patrons and friends adieu !





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