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G. S. S. S. S.

BRAINARD'S POEMS.

Edwin, S. Johnson

OCCASIONAL

PIECES OF POETRY.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Some said, "John, print it;" others said, "Not so;"—
Some said, "It might do good;" others said, "No."

Bunyan's Apology.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR E. BLISS AND E. WHITE.

Clayton & Van Norden, Printers.

1825.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

(L. S.) **BE IT REMEMBERED**, That on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1825, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, J. G. C. Brainard, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit :

Occasional Pieces of Poetry. By John G. C. Brainard.

Some said, "John print it;" others said, "Not so;"

Some said, "It might do good;" others said, "No."

Bunyan's Apology.

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, 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 the 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 arts the of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE author of the following pieces has been induced to publish them in a book, from considerations which cannot be interesting to the public. Many of these little poems have been printed in the *Connecticut Mirror*; and the others are just fit to keep them company. No apologies are made, and no criticisms deprecated. The commonplace story of the importunities of friends, though it had its share in the publication, is not insisted upon; but the vanity of the author, if others choose to call it such, is a natural motive, and the hope of "making a little something by it," is an honest acknowledgment, if it is a poor excuse.

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THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

Labitur et labetur.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters ;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !

And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to HIM,
 Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

MATCHIT MOODUS.

A traveller, who accidentally passed through East Had-dam, made several inquiries as to the "*Moodus noises*," that are peculiar to that part of the country. Many particulars were related to him of their severity and effects, and of the means that had been taken to ascertain their cause, and prevent their recurrence. He was told that the simple and terrified inhabitants, in the early settlement of the town, applied to a book-learned and erudite man *from England*, by the name of Doctor Steele, who undertook, by magic, to allay their terrors; and for this purpose took the sole charge of a blacksmith's shop, in which he worked by night, and from which he excluded all admission, tightly stopping and darkening the place, to prevent any prying curiosity from interfering with his occult operations. He however so far explained the cause of these noises as to say, that they were owing to a carbuncle, which must have grown to a great size, in the bowels of the rocks; and that if it could be removed, the noises would cease, until another should grow in its place. The noises ceased—

the doctor departed, and has never been heard of since. It was supposed that he took the carbuncle with him. Thus far was authentic. A little girl, who had anxiously noticed the course of the traveller's inquiries, sung for his further edification the following ballad :

SEE you upon the lonely moor,

A crazy building rise ?

No hand dares venture to open the door—

No footstep treads its dangerous floor—

No eye in its secrets pries.

Now why is each crevice stopp'd so tight ?

Say, why the bolted door ?

Why glimmers at midnight the forge's light—

All day is the anvil at rest, but at night

The flames of the furnace roar ?

Is it to arm the horse's heel,

That the midnight anvil rings ?

Is it to mould the ploughshare's steel,

Or is it to guard the wagon's wheel,

That the smith's sledge-hammer swings ?

The iron is bent, and the crucible stands
 With alchymy boiling up ;
 Its contents were mix'd by unknown hands,
 And no mortal ere e'er kindled the brands,
 That heated that corner'd cup.

O'er Moodus river a light has glanc'd,
 On Moodus hills it shone ;
 On the granite rocks the rays have danc'd,
 And upward those creeping lights advanc'd,
 Till they met on the highest stone.

O that is the very wizard place,
 And now is the wizard hour,
 By the light that was conjur'd up to trace,
 Ere the star that falls can run its race,
 The seat of the earthquake's power.

By that unearthly light, I see
 A figure strange alone—
 With magic circlet on his knee,
 And deck'd with Satan's symbols, he
 Seeks for the hidden stone.

Now upward goes that gray old man,
 With mattock, bar and spade—
 The summit is gain'd, and the toil began,
 And deep by the rock where the wild lights ran,
 The magic trench is made.

Loud and yet louder was the groan
 That sounded wide and far ;
 And deep and hollow was the moan,
 That roll'd around the bedded stone,
 Where the workman plied his bar.

Then upward stream'd the brilliant's light,
 It stream'd o'er crag and stone :—
 Dim look'd the stars, and the moon, that night ;
 But when morning came in her glory bright,
 The man and the jewel were gone.

But wo to the bark in which he flew
 From Moodus' rocky shore ;
 Wo to the Captain, and wo to the crew,
 That ever the breath of life they drew,
 When that dreadful freight they bore.

Where is that crew and vessel now ?

Tell me their state who can ?

The wild waves dash o'er their sinking bow—

Down, down to the fathomless depths they go,

To sleep with a sinful man.

The carbuncle lies in the deep, deep sea,

Beneath the mighty wave ;

But the light shines upwards so gloriously,

That the sailor looks pale, and forgets his glee,

When he crosses the wizard's grave.

ON THE DEATH OF

COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY.

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

How sad the note of that funereal drum,

That's muffled by indifference to the dead !

And how reluctantly the echoes come,

On air that sighs not o'er that stranger's bed,

Who sleeps with death alone. O'er his young head

His native breezes never more shall sigh ;
 On his lone grave the careless step shall tread,
 And pestilential vapours soon shall dry
 Each shrub that buds around—each flow'r that
 blushes nigh.

Let Genius, poising on her full-fledg'd wing,
 Fill the charm'd air with thy deserved praise :
 Of war, and blood, and carnage let her sing,
 Of victory and glory !—let her gaze
 On the dark smoke that shrouds the cannon's blaze,
 On the red foam that crests the bloody billow ;
 Then mourn the sad close of thy shorten'd days—
 Place on thy country's brow the weeping willow,
 And plant the laurels thick around thy last cold
 pillow.

No sparks of Grecian fire to me belong :
 Alike uncouth the poet and the lay ;
 Unskill'd to turn the mighty tide of song,
 He floats along the current as he may,
 The humble tribute of a tear to pay.
 Another hand may choose another theme,
 May sing of Nelson's last and brightest day,
 Of Wolfe's unequal'd and unrivall'd fame,
 The wave of Trafalgar—the field of Abraham :

But if the wild winds of thy western lake
 Might teach a harp that fain would mourn the brave,
 And sweep those strings the minstrel may not wake,
 Or give an echo from some secret cave
 That opens on romantic Eric's wave,
 The feeble cord would not be swept in vain ;
 And tho' the sound might never reach thy grave,
 Yet there are spirits here, that to the strain
 Would send a still small voice responsive back again.

And though the yellow plague infest the air ;
 Though noxious vapours blight the turf, where rest
 The manly form, and the bold heart of war ;
 Yet should that deadly isle afar be blest !
 For the fresh breezes of thy native west
 Should seek and sigh around thy early tomb,
 Moist with the tears of those who lov'd thee best,
 Scented with sighs of love—there grief should come,
 And mem'ry guard thy grave, and mourn thy hapless
 doom.

It may not be. Too feeble is the hand,
 Too weak and frail the harp, the lay too brief,
 To speak the sorrows of a mourning land,
 Weeping in silence for her youthful chief.
 Yet may an artless tear proclaim more grief

Than mock affection's arts can ever show ;

A heartfelt sigh can give a sad relief,
Which all the sobs of counterfeited wo,
Trick'd off in foreign garb, can never hope to know.

A MARINER'S SONG.

This is part of an unfinished story, the period of which referred to the times when **Mr. ADAMS** was President.

THOUGH now we are sluggish and lazy on shore,
Yet soon shall we be where the wild waters roar ;
Where the wind through the hoarse rattling cordage
shall rave,
And fling the white foam from the top of the wave.

Yes, soon o'er the waters the Essex shall sweep,
And bear all the thunders of war o'er the deep ;
While the hands that are hard, and the hearts that
are brave,
Shall give the bold frigate the top of the wave.

And though some one among us may never return,
 His comrades shall sorrow, his messmates shall
 mourn ;
 Though his body may sink to a watery grave,
 His spirit shall rise to the top of the wave.

Then a health to John Adams ! and long may he reign
 O'er the mountain, the valley, the shore, and the
 main ;
 May he have the same breeze, which to WASHINGTON
 gave,
 In his cruise o'er the waters, *the top of the wave.*

EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
 Ting'd with the rising sun ;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one :
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It mov'd so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting :
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

INTRODUCTION

TO

A LADY'S ALBUM.

THE wanton boy that sports in May,
 Among the wild flowers, blooming, gay,
 With laughing eyes and glowing cheeks,
 The brightest, freshest, fairest seeks,

And there, delightedly, he lingers,
To pluck them with his rosy fingers,
While, like the bee, he roves among
Their sweets, and hums his little song.

He weaves a garland rich and rare,
And decorates his yellow hair :
The rose, and pink, and violet,
And honeysuckle, there are set ;
The darkest cypress in the glade
Lends to the wreath its solemn shade,
And sadly smiles, when lighted up
With daisy, and with butter-cup.

Thus fair and bright each flow'r should be,
Cull'd from the field of Poesy ;
But with the lightsome and the gay,
Be mix'd the moralizing lay
Of those, who, like the cypress bough,
A thoughtful shade of sorrow throw
On transient buds, or flowers light,
That smile at morn, and fade at night.

THE SHAD SPIRIT.

There is a superstition in many places, which bears, that Shad are conducted from the gulf of Mexico into Connecticut river by a kind of *Yankee bogle*, in the shape of a bird, properly called the SHAD SPIRIT. It makes its appearance, annually, about a week before the Shad, calls the fish, and gives warning to the fishermen to mend their nets. It is supposed, that without his assistance, the nets would be swept to no purpose, and the fisherman would labour in vain.

Now drop the bolt, and securely nail

The horse-shoe over the door ;

'Tis a wise precaution, and if it should fail,

It never fail'd before.

Know ye the shepherd that gathers his flock,

Where the gales of the Equinox blow,

From each unknown reef, and sunken rock,

In the gulf of Mexico ;

While the Monsoons growl, and the trade-winds bark,

And the watch-dogs of the surge

Pursue through the wild waves the ravenous shark,
That prowls around their charge ?

To fair Connecticut's northernmost source,
O'er sand-bars, rapids, and falls,
The Shad Spirit holds his onward course,
With the flocks which his whistle calls.

O how shall he know where he went before ?
Will he wander around for ever ?
The last year's shad-heads shall shine on the shore,
To light him up the river.

And well can he tell the very time
To undertake his task—
When the pork barrel's low, he sits on the chine,
And drums on the empty cider cask.

The wind is light, and the wave is white,
With the fleece of the flock that's near ;
Like the breath of the breeze, he comes over the
seas,
And faithfully leads them here.

And now he's passed the bolted door,
Where the rusted horse-shoe clings ;
So carry the nets to the nearest shore,
And take what the Shad Spirit brings.

THE TREE TOAD.

I AM a jolly tree toad, upon a chestnut tree ;
I chirp, because I know that the night was made for
me ;
'The young bat flies above me, the glow-worm shines
below,
And the owlet sits to hear me, and half forgets his
wo.

I'm lighted by the fire-fly, in circles wheeling round ;
The katy-did is silent, and listens to the sound ;
The jack-o'-lantern leads the wayworn traveller
astray,
To hear the tree toad's melody until the break of
day.

The harvest moon hangs over me, and smiles upon
 the streams ;
 The lights dance upward from the north, and cheer
 me with their beams ;
 The dew of heaven, it comes to me as sweet as
 beauty's tear ;
 The stars themselves shoot down to see what music
 we have here.

The winds around me whisper to ev'ry flower that
 blows,
 To droop their heads, call in their sweets, and every
 leaf to close ;
 The whipperwill sings to his mate the mellow me-
 lody :
 " Oh ! hark, and hear the notes that flow from yon-
 der chestnut tree."

Ye katy-dids and whipperwills, come listen to me
 now ;
 I am a jolly tree toad upon a chestnut bough ;
 I chirp because I know that the night was made for
 me—
 And I close my proposition with a Q. E. D.

SPRING.

TO MISS ———.

OTHER poets may muse on thy beauties, and sing
Of thy birds, and thy flowers, and thy perfumes,
sweet Spring!

They may wander enraptur'd by hills and by moun-
tains,

Or pensively pore by thy fresh gushing fountains ;
Or sleep in the moonlight by favourite streams,
Inspir'd by the whispering sylphs in their dreams,
And awake from their slumbers to hail the bright
sun,

When shining in dew the fresh morning comes on.

But I've wet shoes and stockings, a cold in my
throat,

The head-ache, and tooth-ache, and quinsy to boot ;
No dew from the cups of the flow'rets I sip,—
'Tis nothing but *boneset* that moistens my lip ;

Not a cress from the spring or the brook can be had:
 At morn, noon, and night, I get nothing but shad ;
 My whispering sylph is a broad-shoulder'd lass,
 And my bright sun—a warming pan made out of
 brass !

Then be *thou* my genius ; for what can I do,
 When I cannot see *nature*, but copy from *you* ?
 If Spring be the season of beauty and youth,
 Of health and of loveliness, kindness and truth ;
 Of all that's inspiring, and all that is bright,
 And all that is what we call *just about right*—
 Why need I expose my sick muse to the weather,
 When by going to you she would find all together ?

ON THE
BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

Written for February 22d, 1822.

“Hic cinis—ubique fama.”

BEHOLD the moss'd corner-stone dropp'd from the
wall,

And gaze on its date, but remember its fall,
And hope that some hand may replace it ;

Think not of its pride when with pomp it was laid,
But weep for the ruin its absence has made,
And the lapse of the years that efface it.

MOURN WASHINGTON's death, when ye think of his
birth,

And far from your thoughts be the lightness of mirth,
And far from your cheek be its smile.

To-day he was born—'twas a loan—not a gift :
 The dust of his body is all that is left,
 To hallow his funeral pile.

Flow gently, Potomac! thou washest away
 The sands where he trod, and the turf where he lay,
 When youth brush'd his cheek with her wing ;
 Breathe softly, ye wild winds, that circle around
 That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground,
 Ever press'd by the footprints of Spring.

Each breeze be a sigh, and each dewdrop a tear,
 Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
 To remind the sad shore of his story ;
 And darker, and softer, and sadder the gloom
 Of that evergreen mourner that bends o'er the tomb,
 Where WASHINGTON sleeps in his glory.

Great God! when the spirit of freedom shall fail,
 And the sons of the pilgrims, in sorrow, bewail
 Their religion and liberty gone ;
 Oh! send back a form that shall stand as *he* stood,
 Unsubdu'd by the tempest, unmov'd by the flood ;
 And to THEE be the glory alone.

ON Thursday, the 21st of February, 1823, in the middle of the day, as the mail stage from Hartford to New-Haven, with three passengers, was crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill near Durham, the bridge was carried away by the ice, and the stage was precipitated down a chasm of twenty feet. Two of the passengers were drowned : one of them had been long from home, and was on his way to see his friends. This occurrence is mentioned as explanatory of the following lines.

“ How slow we drive ! but yet the hour will come,
 When friends shall greet me with affection’s kiss ;
 When, seated at my boyhood’s happy home,
 I shall enjoy a mild, contented bliss,
 Not often met with in a world like this !
 Then I shall see that brother, youngest born,
 I used to play with in my sportiveness ;
 And, from a mother’s holiest look, shall learn
 A parent’s thanks to God, for a lov’d son’s return.

“ And there is one, who, with a downcast eye,
 Will be the last to welcome me ; but yet
 My memory tells me of a parting sigh,
 And of a lid with tears of sorrow wet,

And how she bade me never to forget
 A friend—and blush'd. Oh! I shall see again
 The same kind look I saw, when last we met,
 And parted. Tell me *then* that life is vain—
 That joy, if met with once, is seldom met again.”

* * * * *

* * * See ye not the falling, fallen mass?
 Hark! hear ye not the drowning swimmer's cry?
 Look on the ruins of the desperate pass!
 Gaze at the hurried ice that rushes by,
 Bearing a freight of wo and agony,
 To that last haven where we all must go.—
 Resistless as the stormy clouds that fly
 Above our reach, is that dark stream below!—
 May peace be in its ebb—there's ruin in its flow.

ON A LATE LOSS.*

“ He shall not float upon his watery bier
“ Unwept.”

THE breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string,
Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form ;
The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.

* The loss of Professor FISHER, in the Albion.

The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
 Beam of thy morning promis'd a bright day.
 And they have wreck'd thee!—But there is a shore
 Where storms are hush'd, where tempests never
 rage ;
 Where angry skies and blackening seas, no more
 With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
 By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
 Thy home is Heaven, and thy friend is God.

The Rev. LEVI PARSONS, who was associated with the
 Rev. Pliny Fisk, on the Palestine mission, died at Alexan-
 dria, Feb. 18th, 1822.

GREEN as Machpelah's honour'd field,
 Where Jacob and where Leah lie,
 Where Sharon's shrubs their roses yield,
 And Carmel's branches wave on high ;
 So honour'd, so adorn'd, so green,
 Young martyr! shall thy grave be seen.

Oh! how unlike the bloody bed,
 Where pride and passion seek to lie ;

Where faith is not, where hope can shed
 No tear of holy sympathy.
 There withering thoughts shall drop around,
 In dampness on the lonely mound.

* * * * *

On Jordan's weeping willow trees,
 Another holy harp is hung :
 It murmurs in as soft a breeze,
 As e'er from Gilead's balm was flung,
 When Judah's tears, in Babel's stream
 Dropp'd, and when " Zion was their theme."

So may the harp of Gabriel sound
 In the high heaven, to welcome thee,
 When, rising from the holy ground
 Of Nazareth and Galilee,
 The saints of God shall take their flight,
 In rapture, to the realms of light.

THE project for colonizing in Africa the "free people of colour," was the subject of these lines.

—————
 "Magna componere parvis."
 —————

ALL sights are fair to the recover'd blind—
 All sounds are music to the deaf restor'd—
 The lame, made whole, leaps like the sporting hind ;
 And the sad bow'd down sinner, with his load
 Of shame and sorrow, when he cuts the cord,
 And drops the pack it bound, is free again
 In the light yoke and burden of his Lord.
 Thus, with the birthright of his fellow man,
 Sees, hears and feels at once the righted African.

'Tis somewhat like the burst from death to life ;
 From the grave's cerements to the robes of
 Heaven ;
 From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
 To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven !
 When all the bonds of death and hell are riven,

And mortals put on immortality ;

When fear, and care, and grief away are driven,
 And Mercy's hand has turn'd the golden key,
 And Mercy's voice has said, " Rejoice—thy soul is
 free !"

TO THE

MARQUIS LA FAYETTE,

The only surviving General of the Revolution.

[Written, and printed in the *Mirror*, Aug. 1822.]

WE'LL search the earth, and search the sea,
 To cull a gallant wreath for thee ;
 And every field for freedom fought,
 And every mountain height, where aught
 Of liberty can yet be found,
 Shall be our blooming harvest ground.

Laurels in garlands hang upon
 Thermopylæ and Marathon—

On Bannockburn the thistle grows—
 On Runny Mead the wild rose blows ;
 And on the banks of Boyne, its leaves
 Green Erin's shamrock wildly weaves.
 In France, in sunny France, we'll get
 The fleur-de-lys and mignonette,
 From every consecrated spot
 Where lies a martyr'd Hugonot ;
 And cull, even here, from many a field,
 And many a rocky height,
 Bays that our vales and mountains yield,
 Where men have met, to fight
 For law, and liberty and life,
 And died in freedom's holy strife.

Below Atlantic seas—below
 The waves of Erie and Champlain,
 The sea grass and the corals grow
 In rostral trophies round the slain ;
 And we can add, to form thy crown,
 Some branches worthy *thy* renown !
 Long may the chaplet flourish bright,
 And borrow from the Heavens its light.
 As with a cloud, that circles round
 A star, when other stars have set.

With glory shall thy brow be bound ;
 With glory shall thy head be crown'd ;
 With glory, starlike, cinctur'd yet :
 For earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
 Shall yield a glorious wreath to thee.

MANIAC'S SONG.

I CAN but smile when others weep,
 I can but weep when others smile ;
 Oh! let me in this bosom keep
 The secret of my heart awhile.

My form was fair, my step was light,
 As ever tripped the dance along ;
 My cheek was smooth, my eye was bright—
 But my thought was wild, and my heart was
 young.

And he I lov'd would laugh with glee,
 And every heart but mine was glad ;
 He had a smile for all but me ;
 Oh! he was gay, and I was sad!

Now I have lost my blooming health,
And joy and hope no more abide ;
And wildering fancies come by stealth.
Like moonlight on a shifting tide.

They say he wept, when he was told
That I was sad and sorrowful—
That on my wrist the chain was cold—
That at my heart the blood was dull.

They fear I'm craz'd—they need not fear,
For smiles are false, and tears are true ;
I better love to see a tear,
Than all the smiles I ever knew.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

WE seek not mossy bank, or whispering stream,
Or pensive shade, in twilight softness deck'd,
Or dewy canopy of flowers, or beam
Of autumn's sun, by various foliage check'd.

Our sweetest river, and our loveliest glen,
Our softest waterfalls, just heard afar,
Our sunniest slope, or greenest hillock, when
It takes its last look at the evening star,

May suit some softer soul. But thou wert fit
To tread our mighty mountains, and to mark,
In untrack'd woods, the eagle's pinions flit
O'er roaring cataracts and chasms dark :

To talk and walk with *Nature*, in her wild .
Attire, her boldest form, her sternest mood ;

To be her own enthusiastic child,
 And seek her in her awful solitude.

There, when through stormy clouds, the struggling
 moon

On some wolf-haunted rock shone cold and clear.
 'Thou couldst commune, inspir'd by *her* alone,
 With all her works of wonder and of fear.

Now thou art gone, and who thy walks among,
 Shall rove, and meditate, and muse on thee?
 No whining rhymster with his schoolboy song,
 May wake thee with his muling minstrelsy.

Some western muse, if western muse there be,
 When the rough wind in clouds has swath'd her
 form,
 Shall boldly wind her wintry form for thee,
 And tune her gusty music to the storm.

'The cavern's echoes, and the forest's voice,
 Shall chime in concord to the waking tone;
 And winds and waters, with perpetual noise,
 For thee shall make their melancholy moan.

LORD EXMOUTH'S VICTORY

AT ALGIERS.—1816.

Arma virumque cano.

THE sun look'd bright upon the morning tide :
Light play'd the breeze along the whispering shore,
And the blue billow arch'd its head of pride,
As 'gainst the rock its frothy front it bore ;
The clear bright dew fled hastily before
The morning's sun, and glitter'd in his rays ;
Aloft the early lark was seen to soar,
And cheerful nature glorified the ways
Of God, and mutely sang her joyous notes of praise.

The freshening breeze, the sporting wave,
Their own impartial greeting gave
To Christian and to Turk ;
But both prepared to break the charm
Of peace, with war's confused alarm—
And ready each, for combat warm,
Commenc'd the bloody work.

For England's might was on the seas,
 With red cross flapping in the breeze,
 And streamer floating light ;
 While the pale crescent, soon to set,
 Waved high on tower and minaret,
 And all the pride of Mahomet
 Stood ready for the fight.

Then swell'd the noise of battle high ;
 The warrior's shout, the coward's cry,
 Rung round the spacious bay.
 Fierce was the strife, and ne'er before
 Had old Numidia's rocky shore
 Been deafen'd with such hideous roar,
 As on that bloody day.

It seem'd as if that earth-born brood,
 Which, poets say, once warr'd on God,
 Had risen from the sea ;—
 As if again they boldly strove
 To seize the thunderbolts of Jove,
 And o'er Olympian powers to prove
 Their own supremacy.

What though the sun has sunk to rest?
 What though the clouds of smoke invest

The capes of Matisou?—

Still by the flash each sees his foe,
 And, dealing round him death and wo,
 With shot for shot, and blow for blow,
 Fights—to his country true.

Each twinkling star look'd down to see
 The pomp of England's chivalry,

The pride of Britain's crown!

While ancient Ætna rais'd his head,
 Disgorging from his unknown bed
 A fire, that round each hero shed
 A halo of renown.

The dying sailor cheer'd his crew,
 While thick around the death-shot flew;

And glad was he to see

Old England's flag still streaming high,—

Her cannon speaking to the sky,

And telling all the pow'rs on high.

Of Exmouth's victory!

The crescent wanes—the Turkish might
Is vanquish'd in the bloody fight,

The Pirate's race is run ;—

Thy shouts are hush'd, and all is still
On tow'r, and battlement, and hill,
No loud command—no answer shrill—

Algiers ! thy day is done !

The slumb'ring tempest swell'd its breath,
And sweeping o'er the field of death,

And o'er the waves of gore,

Above the martial trumpet's tone,
Above the wounded soldier's moan,
Above the dying sailor's groan,
Rais'd its terrific roar.

Speed swift, ye gales, and bear along
This burden for the poet's song,

O'er continent and sea :

Tell to the world that Britain's hand
Chastis'd the misbelieving band,
And overcame the Paynim land

In glorious victory.

WRITTEN

FOR A

LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

AH! who can imagine what plague and what bothers
He feels, who sits down to write verses for others!
His pen must be mended, his inkstand be ready,
His paper laid square, and his intellects steady;
And then for a subject—No, that's not the way,
For genuine poets don't care *what* they say,
But *how* they shall say it. So now for a measure,
That's suited alike to your taste and my leisure.
For instance, if you were a matron of eighty,
The verse should be dignified, solemn, and weighty;
And luckless the scribbler who had not the tact,
To make every line a sheer matter of fact.
Or if you were a stiff, worn-out spinster, too gouty
To make a good sylph, and too sour for a beauty;
Too old for a flirt, and too young to confess it;
Too good to complain of 't, and too bad to bless it;

The muse should turn out some unblameable sonnet,
 And mutter blank verse in her comments upon it :
 Demure in her walk, should look down to her shoe.
 And pick the dry pathway, for fear of the dew.

But for *you*, she shall trip it, wherever she goes,
 As light and fantastic as L'Allegro's toes ;
 Wade, swim, fly, or scamper, full-fledg'd and webb-
 footed,
 Or on Pegasus mounted, well spurr'd and well booted,
 With martingale fanciful, crupper poetic,
 Saddle cloth airy, and whip energetic,
 Girths woven of rainbows, and hard-twisted flax,
 And horse shoes as bright as the edge of an axe ;
 How blithe should she amble and prance on the road,
 With a pillion behind for ——— ———.

By Helicon's waters she'll take her sweet course,
 And indent the green turf with the hoofs of her
 horse ;
 Up blooming Parnassus bound higher and higher,
 While the gate-keeping Graces no toll shall require ;
 And the other eight Muses shall dance in cotillion,
 And sing round the sweep of Apollo's pavillion—

While Phœbus himself, standing godlike on dry land,
 Shall shine on the belle of the state of R**** I****.

TO MY FRIEND G——.

THE LOST PLEIAD.*

OH! how calm and how beautiful—look at the night!
 The planets are wheeling in pathways of light;
 And the lover, or poet, with heart, or with eye,
 Sends his gaze with a tear, or his soul with a sigh.

But from Fesole's summit the Tuscan look'd forth,
 To eastward and westward, to south and to north;
 Neither planet nor star could his vision delight,
 'Till his own bright Pleiades should rise to his sight.

They rose, and he number'd their glistering train—
 They shone bright as he counted them over again;
 But the star of his love, the bright gem of the cluster,
 Arose not to lend the Pleiades its lustre.

* 'Tis said by the ancient poets, that there used to be one more star in the constellation of the Pleiades.

And thus, when the splendour of *beauty* has blaz'd,
 On light and on loveliness, how have we gaz'd !
 And how sad have we turn'd from the sight, when
 we found
 That the fairest and sweetest was "*not on the ground.*"

THE ALLIGATOR.

THE U. S. schooner Alligator was wrecked on her return from the West India station, after the murder, by the pirates, of her commander, Capt. ALLYN.

THAT steed has lost his rider ! I have seen
 His snuffing nostril, and his pawing hoof ;
 His eyeball lighting to the cannon's blaze,
 His sharp ear pointed, and each ready nerve.
 Obedient to a whisper. His white mane
 Curling with eagerness, as if it bore,
 'To squadron'd foes, the sign of victory,
 Where'er his bounding speed could carry it.
 But now, with languid step, he creeps along.
 Falters, and groans, and dies.

And I have seen
 Yon foundering vessel, when with crowded sail,
 With smoking bulwarks, and with blazing sides,
 Sporting away the foam before her prow,
 And heaving down her side to the brave chase,
 She seem'd to share the glories of the bold!
 But now, with flagging canvass, lazily
 She moves; and stumbling on the rock, she sinks,
 As broken hearted as that faithful steed,
 That lost his rider, and laid down, and died.

THE SEA GULL.*

“ Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello.”—*Oracle.*

I SEEK not the grove where the wood-robins whistle,
 Where the light sparrows sport, and the linnets
 pair ;
 I seek not the bower where the ring-doves nestle,
 For none but the maid and her lover are there.

* Com. PORTER'S vessel.

On the clefts of the wave-wash'd rock I sit,
 When the ocean is roaring and raving nigh ;
 On the howling tempest I scream and flit,
 With the storm in my wing, and the gale in my eye.

And when the bold sailor climbs the mast,
 And sets his canvass gallantly,
 Laughing at all his perils past,
 And seeking more on the mighty sea ;

I'll flit to his vessel, and perch on the truck,
 Or sing in the hardy pilot's ear ;
 That her deck shall be like my wave-wash'd rock,
 And the top like my nest when the storm is near.

Her cordage, the branches that I will grace ;
 Her rigging, the grove where I will whistle ;
 Her wind-swung hammock, my pairing place,
 Where I by the seaboy's side will nestle.

And when the fight, like the storm, comes on,
 'Mid the warrior's shout and the battle's noise,
 I'll cheer him by the deadly gun,
 'Till he loves the music of its voice.

And if death's dark mist shall his eye bedim,
 And they plunge him beneath the fathomless wave,
 A wild note shall sing his requiem.
 And a white wing flap o'er his early grave.

THE CAPTAIN.

A FRAGMENT.*

SOLEMN he pac'd upon that schooner's deck,
 And mutter'd of his hardships :—" I have been
 Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
 Has dash'd me on the sawyer ;—I have sail'd
 In the thick night, along the wave-wash'd edge
 Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
 Of Labrador ; and I have scrap'd my keel
 O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas—

* The Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said: " Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New-London. While at anchor in that harbour, during the rain storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist Meeting-House from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

And often in my cold and midnight watch,
 Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore
 Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
 The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows;
 And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
 Have swung into its vortex; and I know
 To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
 And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;
 —But never yet upon the stormy wave,
 Or where the river mixes with the main,
 Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
 In all my rough experience of harm,
 Met I—a Methodist meeting-house!

* * * * *

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
 Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!
 It comes in such a “questionable shape,”
 I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, Josey,
 And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford
 Point,
 Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
 Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest*!
 And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,

That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by a Meeting-House.

THE following lines refer to the good wishes which Elizabeth, in Mr. COOPER'S novel of "The Pioneers," seems to have manifested, in the last chapter, for the welfare of "Leather Stocking," when he signified, at the grave of the Indian, his determination to quit the settlements of men for the unexplored forests of the west ; and when, whistling to his dogs, with his rifle on his shoulder, and his pack on his back, he left the village of Templeton.

FAR away from the hill side, the lake and the hamlet,
The rock, and the brook, and yon meadow so gay ;
From the footpath that winds by the side of the
streamlet ;
From his hut, and the grave of his friend, far
away—
He is gone where the footsteps of men never ven-
tur'd,
Where the glooms of the wild-tangled forest are cen-
ter'd,

Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has
 enter'd,

No bloodhound has rous'd up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green alley for paths, where the bison
 Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood ;
 Where the snake in the swamp sucks its deadliest
 poison,

And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its
 food,

But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
 The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
 And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
 That trusts nought but Heaven in his way through
 the wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer ;
 Firm be his step through each wearisome mile ;
 Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer ;
 Far from the track of the mean and the vile.

And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails
 him,

And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
 He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
 And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre ;

There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread ;
The sweet briar shall bloom, and the wild grape
shall cluster ;

And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.

There shall they mix with the fern and the heather ;

There shall the young eagle shed its first feather ;

The wolves, with his wild dogs, shall lie there toge-
ther,

And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

EXTRACTS

FROM VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1823.

WHEN streams of light, in golden showers,

First fell on long lost Eden's bowers,

And music, from the shouting skies,

Wander'd to Eve's own Paradise,

She tun'd her eloquent thoughts to song,

And hymn'd her gratitude among

The waving groves, by goodness planted,

The holy walks by blessings haunted :

And when of bower and grove bereaved,
 Since joy was gone, in song she grieved,
 And taught her scattering sons the art,
 In mirth or wo, to touch the heart.
 Bear witness Jubal's ringing wire,
 And untaught David's holier lyre ;
 Let Judah's timbrel o'er the waters,
 Sound to the song of Israel's daughters
 Let prophecy the strain prolong.
 Prompting the watching shepherd's song.
 And pressing to her eager lips,
 The trump of the Apocalypse.
 Bear witness pagan Homer's strain,
 That to each valley, hill, and plain,
 Of classic Greece—to all the isles
 That dimple in her climate's smiles—
 To all the streams that rush or flow
 To the rough Archipelago—
 To wood and rock, to brook and river,
 Gave names will live in song for ever.

The notes were rude that Druids sung
 Their venerable woods among ;
 But later bards, enwraught, could pore
 At noon upon their pastoral lore,

And love the oak-crown'd shade, that yielded
A blessing, on the spot it shielded.

It shed a solemn calm around
Their steps, who trod the Muse's ground ;
And wav'd o'er Shakspeare's summer dreams,
By Avon's fancy-haunted streams.

Then Genius stamp'd her footprints free,
Along the walks of Poetry ;
And cast a spell upon the spot,
To save it from *the common lot*.

'Twas like the oily gloss that's seen
Upon the shining evergreen,
When desolate in wintry air,
The trees and shrubs around are bare.

And when a New-Year's sun at last
Lights back our thoughts upon the past ;
When recollection brings each loss
Our sad'ning memories across ;
When Piety and Science mourn
PARSONS and FISHER from them torn—
Just as yon yellow plague has fled—
While mindful mourners wail the dead,

The great, the good, the fair, the brave,
 Seiz'd in the cold grasp of the grave ;
 When Murder's hand has died the flood
 With a young gallant hero's blood ;
 When cheeks are pale, and hearts distrest
 Is this a time for idle jest ?

'The waves shall moan, the winds shall wail,
 Around thy rugged coast, Kinsale,
 For one who could mete out the seas,
 And turn to music every breeze—
 Track the directing star of night,
 And point the varying needle right.

Fair Palestine ! is there no sound
 That murmurs holy peace around
 His distant grave, whose ardent soul
 Fainted not till it reach'd thy goal,
 And bless'd the rugged path, that led
 His steps where his Redeemer bled ?
 We may not breathe what angels sing—
 We may not wake a seraph's string ;
 Nor brush, with mortal steps, the dew
 That heavenly eyes have shed on you.

And who shall tell to listening Glory,
 Bending in grief her plumed head,
 While war-drops from her brow are shed,
 And her beating heart and pulses numb,
 Throb like the tuck of a muffled drum,

Her favourite ALLEN's story ?

Oh! other harps shall sing of him,
 And other eyes with tears be dim ;
 And gallant hopes that banish fears,
 And hands and hearts, as well as tears,
 Shall yet, before *all* eyes are dry,
 Do justice to his memory,
 And hew or light, with sword or flame,
 A pile of vengeance to his name.

Oh! for those circumscribing seas,
 That hemm'd thy foes, Themistocles !
 When Xerxes saw his vanquish'd fleet,
 And routed army' at his feet—

And scowl'd o'er Salamis, to see
 His foes' triumphant victory !

Oh! for that more than mortal stand,
 Where, marshalling his gallant band,
 Leonidas, at freedom's post,
 Gave battle to a tyrant's host :

Then Greece might struggle, not in vain,
And breathe in liberty again.

THE NEWPORT TOWER.

WHEN and for what purpose this was built, seems to be matter of dispute. The *New-York Statesman* associates it with great antiquity—the *Commercial Advertiser* gives it a military character; and the *Rhode-Island American*, with a view, perhaps, to save it from doggerel rhymes and sickish paragraphs, says it is nothing but an old windmill—if such was the plan, however, it has not succeeded.

THERE is a rude old monument,
Half masonry, half ruin, bent
With sagging weight, as if it meant
 To warn one of mischance;
And an old Indian may be seen,
Musing in sadness on the scene,
And casting on it many a keen,
 And many a thoughtful glance.

When lightly sweeps the evening tide
 Old Narraganset's shore beside,
 And the canoes in safety ride
 Upon the lovely bay—
 I've seen him gaze on that old tower,
 At evening's calm and pensive hour,
 And when the night began to lour,
 Scarce tear himself away.

Oft at its foot I've seen him sit,
 His willows trim, his walnut spit,
 And there his seine he lov'd to knit,
 And there its rope to haul ;
 'Tis there he loves to be alone,
 Gazing at every crumbling stone,
 And making many an anxious moan.
 When one is like to fall.

But once he turn'd with furious look,
 While high his clenched hand he shook,
 And from his brow his dark eye took
 A red'ning glow of madness ;
 Yet when I told him why I came,
 His wild and bloodshot eye grew tame,
 And bitter thoughts pass'd o'er its flame,
 That chang'd its rage to sadness.

“ You watch my step, and ask me why
This ruin fills my straining eye ?

Stranger, there is a prophecy

Which you may lightly heed :

Stay its fulfilment, if you can ;

I heard it of a gray-hair'd man,

And thus the threat'ning story ran,—

A boding tale indeed.

“ *He* said, that when this massy wall

Down to its very base should fall,

And not one stone among it all

Be left upon another,

Then should the Indian race and kind

Disperse like the returnless wind,

And no red man be left to find

One he could call a brother.

“ Now yon old tower is falling fast,

Kindred and friends away are pass'd ;

Oh ! that my father's soul may cast

Upon my grave its shade,

When some good Christian man shall place

O'er me, the last of all my race,

The last old stone that falls, to grace

The spot where I am laid.”

Two persons, an old lady and a girl, were killed by lightning, in the Presbyterian Meeting-House in Montville, on Sunday the 1st of June, 1828, while the congregation were singing. The following is not an exaggerated account of the particulars.

THE Sabbath morn came sweetly on,
 The sunbeams mildly shone upon
 Each rock, and tree, and flower ;
 And floating on the southern gale,
 The clouds seem'd gloriously to sail
 Along the Heavens, as if to hail
 That calm and holy hour.

By winding path and alley green,
 The lightsome and the young were seen
 To join the gathering throng ;
 While with slow step and solemn look,
 The elders of the village took
 Their way, and as with age they shook,
 Went reverently along.

They meet—the “sweet psalm-tune” they raise ;
 They join their grateful hearts, and praise
 The Maker they adore.

They met in holy joy ; but they
 Grieve now, who saw *His* wrath that day,
 And *sadly* went they all away,
 And *better* than before.

There was one cloud, that overcast
 The valley and the hill, nor past
 Like other mists away :
 It mov'd not round the circling sweep
 Of the clear sky, but dark and deep,
 Came down upon them sheer and steep,
 Where they had met to pray.

One single flash ! it rent the spire,
 And pointed downward all its fire—
 What could its power withstay ?
 There was an aged head ; and there
 Was beauty in its youth, and fair
 Floated the young locks of her hair—
 It call'd them both away !

The Sabbath eve went sweetly down ;
 Its parting sunbeams mildly shone
 Upon each rock and flower ;
 And gently blew the southern gale,
 —But on it was a voice of wail,
 And eyes were wet, and cheeks were pale,
 In that sad evening hour.

TO A MISSIONARY,

WHO ATTENDED THE LATE MEETING OF THE BIBLE
 SOCIETY AT NEW-YORK.

WHY should thy heart grow faint, thy cheek be pale ?
 Why in thine eye should hang the frequent tear,
 As if the promise of your God would fail,
 And you and all be left to doubt and fear ?
 Doubt not, for holy men are gathered here ;
 Fear not, for holy thoughts surround the place,
 And angel pinions hover round, to bear
 To their bright homes the triumphs of his grace,
 Whose word all sin and shame, all sorrow shall efface.

Pure as a cherub's wishes be thy thought,
 For in thine ear are heavenly whisperings ;
 And strong thy purposes, as though they sought
 To do the errand of the King of Kings.

And if thy heart be right, his mantle flings
 Its glorious folds of charity around

Thine earthly feelings ; and the tuneful strings
 Of harps in heaven shall vibrate to the sound
 Of thy soul's prayer from earth, if thou art contrite
 found.

Go then, and prosper. He has promised all—

All that instructed zeal can need or ask ;
 And thou art summon'd with too loud a call,
 To hesitate and tremble at thy task.

Let scoffers in their glimpse of sunshine bask,
 And note thy pilgrimage in *other* light :

Theirs is a look that peeps but through a mask ;
 Thine is an open path, too plain, too bright
 For those who dose by day, and see but in the night.

THE ROBBER.*

THE moon hangs lightly on yon western hill ;
And now it gives a parting look, like one
Who sadly leaves the guilty. You and I
Must watch, when all is dark, and steal along
By these lone trees, and wait for plunder.—Hush !
I hear the coming of some luckless wheel,
Bearing we know not what—perhaps the wealth
Torn from the needy, to be hoarded up
By those who only *count* it ; and perhaps
The spendthrift's losses, or the gambler's gains,
The thriving merchant's rich remittances,
Or the small trifle some poor serving girl
Sends to her poorer parents. But come on—
Be cautious.—There—'tis done ; and now away,

* Two large bags containing newspapers, were stolen from the boot behind the Southern Mail Coach yesterday morning, about one o'clock, between New-Brunswick and Bridgetown. The straps securing the bags in the boot were cut, and nothing else injured or removed therefrom. The letter mails are always carried in the front boot of the coach, under the driver's feet, and therefore cannot be so easily approached.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

With breath drawn in, and noiseless step, to seek
The darkness that befits so dark a deed.

Now strike your light.—Ye powers that look upon us!
What have we here? Whigs, Sentinels, Gazettes,
Heralds, and Posts, and Couriers—Mercuries,
Recorders, Advertisers, and Intelligencers—
Advocates and Auroras.—There, what's that!
That's—a Price Current.

I do venerate

The man, who rolls the smooth and silky sheet
Upon the well cut copper. I respect
The worthier names of those who *sign* bank bills;
And, though no literary man, I love
To read their short and pithy sentences.
But I hate types and printers—and the gang
Of editors and scribblers. Their remarks,
Essays, songs, paragraphs and prophecies,
I utterly detest. And *these*, particularly,
Are just the meanest and most rascally,
“Stale and unprofitable” publications,
I ever read in my life.

SONNET

TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

“ Hugest that swims the ocean stream.”

WELTER upon the waters, mighty one—
And stretch thee in the ocean's trough of brine ;
Turn thy wet scales up to the wind and sun,
And toss the billow from thy flashing fin ;
Heave thy deep breathings to the ocean's din,
And bound upon its ridges in thy pride :
Or dive down to its lowest depths, and in
The caverns where its unknown monsters hide,
Measure thy length beneath the gulf-stream's tide—
Or rest thee on that navel of the sea
Where, floating on the Maelstrom, abide
The krakens sheltering under Norway's lee ;
But go not to Nahant, lest men should swear,
You are a great deal bigger than you are.

“ ÆS ALIENUM.”

HISPANIA ! oh, Hispania ! once my home—
How hath thy fall degraded every son
Who owns thee for a birth-place. They who walk
Thy marbled courts and holy sanctuaries,
Or tread thy olive groves, and pluck the grapes
That cluster there—or dance the saraband
By moonlight, to some Moorish melody—
Or whistle with the Muleteer, along
Thy goat-climb'd rocks and awful precipices ;
How do the nations scorn them and deride !
And they who wander where a Spanish tongue
Was never heard, and where a Spanish heart
Had never beat before, how poor, how shunn'd,
Avoided, undervalued, and debased,
Move they among the foreign multitudes !
Once I was bright to the world's eye, and pass'd
Among the nobles of my native land
In Spain's armorial bearings, deck'd and stamp'd
With Royalty's insignia, and I claimed
And took the station of my high descent ;
But the cold world has cut a cante out

From my escutcheon—and now here I am,
A poor, depreciated pistareen.*

THE GUERRILLA.

THOUGH friends are false, and leaders fai
And rulers quake with fear ;
Though tam'd the shepherd in the vale,
Though slain the mountaineer ;
Though Spanish beauty fill their arms,
And Spanish gold their purse—
Sternier than wealth's or war's alarms,
Is the wild Guerrilla's curse.

No trumpets range us to the fight ;
No signal sound of drum
Tells to the foe, that in their might
The hostile squadrons come.
No sunbeam glitters on our spears,
No warlike tramp of steeds
Gives warning—for the first that hear.
Shall be the first that bleeds.

* This coin passed at the time for but eighteen cents.

The night breeze calls us from our bed,
 At dewfall forms the line,
 And darkness gives the signal dread
 That makes our ranks combine :
 Or should some straggling moonbeam lie
 On copse or lurking hedge,
 'Twould flash but from a Spaniard's eye,
 Or from a dagger's edge.

'Tis clear in the sweet vale below,
 And misty on the hill ;
 The skies shine mildly on the foe,
 But lour upon us still.
 This gathering storm shall quickly burst,
 And spread its terrors far,
 And at its front we'll be the first,
 And with it go to war.

Oh! the mountain peak shall safe remain—
 'Tis the vale shall be despoil'd,
 And the tame hamlets of the plain
 With ruin shall run wild ;
 But Liberty shall breathe our air
 Upon the mountain head,
 And Freedom's breezes wander here,
 Here all their fragrance shed.

JACK FROST AND THE CATY-DID.*

JACK FROST.

I HEARD—'twas on an Autumn night—
A little song from yonder tree ;
'Twas a Caty-did, in the branches hid,
And thus sung he :

“ Fair Caty sat beside yon stream,
Beneath the chestnut tree ;
Each star sent forth its brightest gleam,
And the moon let fall her softest beam
On Caty and on me.

And thus she wish'd—‘ O, could I sing
Like the little birds in May,
With a satin breast and a silken wing,
And a leafy home by this gentle spring,
I'd chirp as blithe as they.

* The subject, and many of the ideas, were suggested by a friend.

The Frog in the water, the Cricket on land,
 The Night-hawk in the sky,
 With the Whipperwill should be my band,
 While gayly by the streamlet's sand,
 The Lightning-bug should fly.'

Her wish is granted—Off she flings
 The robes that her beauty hid ;
 She wraps herself in her silken wings,
 And near me now she sits and sings,
 And tells what Caty did."

A beam from the waning moon was shot.
 Where the little minstrel hid,
 A cobweb from the cloud was let,
 And down I boldly slid.

A hollow hailstone on my head,
 For a glittering helm was clasp'd,
 And a sharpen'd spear, like an icicle clear.
 In my cold little fingers was grasp'd.

Silent, and resting on their arms,
 I viewed my forces nigh,
 Waiting the sign on earth to land,
 Or *bivouac* in the sky.

From a birchen bough, which yellow turn'd
 Beneath my withering lance ;
I pointed them to that glassy pool,
 And silently they advanc'd.

The water crisp'd beneath their feet
 It never felt their weights ;
And nothing but the rising sun,
 Show'd traces of their skates.

No horn I sounded, no shout I made.
 But I lifted my vizor lid,
My felt-shod foot on the leaf I put,
 And kill'd the Caty-did.

Her song went down the southern wind,
 Her last breath up the stream ;
But a rustling branch is left behind.
 To fan her wakeless dream.

MR. MERRY'S

LAMENT FOR "LONG TOM,"

*Whose Drowning is mentioned in the sixth chapter of the
second volume of THE PILOT, by the author of
The Pioneers.*

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore."

THY cruise is over now,
Thou art anchor'd by the shore,
And never more shalt thou
Hear the storm around thee roar ;
Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass.
Now around thee sports the whale,
And the porpoise snuffs the gale,
And the night-winds wake their wail,
As they pass.

'The sea-grass round thy bier
 Shall bend beneath the tide,
 Nor tell the breakers near
 Where thy manly limbs abide ;
 But the granite rock thy tombstone shall be.
 Though the edges of thy grave
 Are the combings of the wave—
 Yet unheeded they shall rave
 Over thee.

At the piping of all hands,
 When the judgment signal's spread—
 When the islands, and the lands,
 And the seas give up their dead,
 And the south and the north shall come ;
 When the sinner is betray'd,
 And the just man is afraid,
 Then Heaven be thy aid,
 Poor Tom.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. WOODWARD,
AT EDINBURGH.

“The spider’s most attenuated thread,
Is cord—is cable, to man’s tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.”

ANOTHER ! ’tis a sad word to the heart,
That one by one has lost its hold on life,
From all it lov’d or valued, forc’d to part
In detail. Feeling dies not by the knife
That cuts at once and kills—its tortur’d strife
Is with distilled affliction, drop by drop
Oozing its bitterness. Our world is rife
With grief and sorrow ; all that we would prop,
Or would be propp’d with, falls—when shall the ruin
stop !

The sea has one, and Palestine has one,
 And Scotland has the last. The snooded maid
 Shall gaze in wonder on the stranger's stone,
 And wipe the dust off with her tartan plaid—
 And from the lonely tomb where thou art laid,
 Turn to some other monument—nor know
 Whose grave she passes, or whose name she read ;
 Whose lov'd and honoured relics lie below ;
 Whose is immortal joy, and whose is mortal wo.

There is a world of bliss hereafter—else
 Why are the bad above, the good beneath
 The green grass of the grave? The Mower fells
 Flowers and briers alike. But man shall breathe
 (When he his desolating blade shall sheathe
 And rest him from his work) in a pure sky,
 Above the smoke of burning worlds ;—and Death
 On scorched pinions with the dead shall lie,
 When time, with all his years and centuries, has
 passed by.

TO THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sick'ning, sinking look which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison—far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope, or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me;
Though months and years have pass'd,
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
 And eye, is dead to me.
 How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek !
His lip was cold—it would not speak ;
His heart was dead, for it did not break ;
 And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
 And for the dead the smile ;
 Engrave oblivion on the tomb
 Of pulseless life and deadly bloom—
 Dim is such glare : but bright the gloom
 Around the funeral pile.

THE DEEP.

THERE'S beauty in the deep :
 The wave is bluer than the sky ;
 And though the lights shine bright on high.
 More softly do the sea-gems glow
 'That sparkle in the depths below ;
 The rainbow's tints are only made
 When on the waters they are laid,

And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end :
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

'THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Who bleeds in the desert, faint, naked, and torn,
Left lonely to wait for the coming of morn?
The last sigh from his breast, the last drop from his
heart,

The last tear from his eyelid, seem ready to part.
He looks to the east with a death-swimming eye,
Once more the blest beams of the morning to spy ;
For penniless, friendless, and houseless he's lying,
And he shudders to think, that in darkness he's dying.
Yon meteor!—'tis ended as soon as begun—
Yon gleam of the lightning! it is not the sun ;
They brighten and pass—but the glory of day
Is warm while it shines, and does good on its way.

How brightly the morning breaks out from the east !
Who walks down the path to get tithes for his priest ?*
It is not the Robber who plundered and fled ;
'Tis a Levite. He turns from the wretched his head.

* Numbers, xviii.

Who walks in his robes from Jerusalem's halls ?

Who comes to Samaria from Ilia's walls ?

There is pride in his step—there is hate in his eye ;

There is scorn on his lip, as he proudly walks by.

'Tis thy Priest, thou proud city, now splendid and
fair ;

A few years shall pass thee,—and who shall be there ?

Mount Gerizim looks on the valleys that spread

From the foot of high Ebal, to Esdrelon's head ;

The torrent of Kison rolls black through the plain,

And Tabor sends out its fresh floods to that main,

Which, purpled with fishes, flows rich with the dies

That flash from their fins, and shine out from their
eyes.*

How sweet are the streams: but how purer the foun-
tain,

That gushes and wells from Samaria's mountain!

From Galilee's city the Cuthite comes out,

And by Jordan-wash'd Thirza, with purpose devout,

* D'Auville, by the way, says the fish from which the famous purple die was obtained were shell-fish : but this is doubted.

To pay at the altar of Gerizim's shrine,
 And offer his incense of oil and of wine.
 He follows his heart, that with eagerness longs
 For Samaria's anthems, and Syria's songs.

He sees the poor Hebrew : he stops on the way.
 —By the side of the wretched 'tis better to pray,
 Than to visit the holiest temple that stands
 In the thrice blessed places of Palestine's lands.
 The oil that was meant for Mount Gerazim's ground,
 Would better be pour'd on the sufferer's wound ;
 For no incense more sweetly, more purely can rise
 From the altars of earth to the throne of the skies,
 No libation more rich can be offer'd below,
 Than that which is tendered to anguish and wo.

THE NOSEGAY.

I'LL pull a bunch of buds and flowers,
 And tie a ribbon round them,
 If you'll but think, in your lonely hours,
 Of the sweet little girl that bound them.

I'll cull the earliest that put forth,
And those that last the longest ;
And the bud, that boasts the fairest birth,
Shall cling to the stem that's strongest.

I've run about the garden walks,
And search'd among the dew, sir ;—
These fragrant flowers, these tender stalks,
I've pluck'd them all for you, sir.

So here's your bunch of buds and flowers,
And here's the ribbon round them ;
And here, to cheer your sadden'd hours,
Is the sweet little girl that bound them.

TO A STRING
TIED ROUND A FINGER.

Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

THE bell that strikes the warning hour,
Reminds me that I should not linger,
And winds around my heart its power,
'Tight as the string around my finger.

A sweet good-night I give, and then
Far from my thoughts I need must fling her,
Who bless'd that lovely evening, when
She tied the string around my finger.

Lovely and virtuous, kind and fair,
A sweet-toned belle, Oh! who shall ring her!
Of her let bellmen all beware,
Who tie such strings around their finger.

What shall I do?—I'll sit me down,
And, in my leisure hours, I'll sing her
Who gave me neither smile nor frown,
But tied a thread around my finger.

Now may the quiet star-lit hours
Their gentlest dews and perfumes bring her ;
And morning show its sweetest flowers
To her whose string is round my finger.

And never more may I forget
The spot where I so long did linger ;—
But watch another chance, and get
Another string around my finger.

SALMON RIVER.*

Hic viridis tenera prætexit arundine ripas
Mincius.—VIRGIL.

'Tis a sweet stream—and so, 'tis true, are all
That undisturb'd, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,

Pursue their way

By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fix'd has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet, there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscar'd look ;

* This river enters into the Connecticut at East-Haddam.

There's much in its wild history, that teems
 With all that's superstitious—and that seems
 To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
 In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
 And blood has dropp'd there, like the drops of rain ;
 The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—
 And many a quiver,
 Fill'd from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
 Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
 And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
 From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
 Their spells by moonlight ; or beneath the shade
 That shrouds sequester'd rock, or dark'ning glade,
 Or tangled dell.

Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
 And asked about their fortunes long ago,
 As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
 Old Samuel.

And here the black fox rov'd, that howl'd and shook
 His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
 Where they pursued their game, and him mistook

For earthly fox ;

Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
 And his soft peltry, stript and dress'd, to wear,
 Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
 Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
 About a little and unnoticed stream,
 That few have heard of—but it is a theme

I chance to love ;

And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
 And whistle to the note of many a deed
 Done on this river—which, if there be need,
 I'll try to prove.

THE lines below are founded on a legend, that is as well authenticated as any superstition of the kind ; and as current in the place where it originated, as could be expected of one that possesses so little interest.

THE BLACK FOX

OF SALMON RIVER.

“ How cold, how beautiful, how bright,
 The cloudless heaven above us shines ;
 But 'tis a howling winter's night—
 'Twould freeze the very forest pines.

“ The winds are up, while mortals sleep ;
 The stars look forth when eyes are shut ;
 The bolted snow lies drifted deep
 Around our poor and lonely hut.

“ With silent step and listening ear,
 With bow and arrow, dog and gun,
 We'll mark his track, for his prow we hear,
 Now is our time—come on, come on.”

O'er many a fence, through many a wood,
 Following the dog's bewildered scent,
 In anxious haste and earnest mood,
 The Indian and the white man went.

The gun is cock'd, the bow is bent,
 The dog stands with uplifted paw,
 And ball and arrow swift are sent,
 Aim'd at the prowler's very jaw.

—The ball, to kill that fox, is run
 Not in a mould by mortals made!
 The arrow that that fox should shun,
 Was never shap'd from earthly reed!

The Indian Druids of the wood
 Know where the fatal arrows grow—
 They spring not by the summer flood,
 They pierce not through the winter snow!

Why cowers the dog, whose snuffing nose
 Was never once deceiv'd till now?
 And why, amid the chilling snows,
 Does either hunter wipe his brow?

For once they see his fearful den,
 'Tis a dark cloud that slowly moves
By night around the homes of men,
 By day—along the stream it loves.

Again the dog is on his track,
 The hunters chase o'er dale and hill,
They may not, though they would, look back,
 They must go forward—forward still.

Onward they go, and never turn,
 Spending a night that meets no day;
For them shall never morning sun,
 Light them upon their endless way.

The hut is desolate, and there
 The famish'd dog alone returns;
On the cold steps he makes his lair,
 By the shut door he lays his bones.

Now the tir'd sportsman leans his gun
 Against the ruins of the site,
And ponders on the hunting done
 By the lost wanderers of the night.

And there the little country girls
 Will stop to whisper, and listen, and look,
 And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
 Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook.

WITH gallant sail and streamer gay,
 Sweeping along the splendid bay,
 That, throng'd by thousands, seems to greet
 The bearer of a precious freight,
 The Cadmus comes ; and every wave
 Is glad the welcom'd prow to lave.

What are the ship and freight to me—
 I look for one that's on the sea.

“ Welcome FAYETTE,” the million cries;
 From heart to heart the ardour flies,
 And drum, and bell, and cannon noise,
 In concord with a nation's voice,
 Is pealing through a grateful land,
 And all go with him.—Here I stand,
 Musing on one that's dear to me,
 Yet sailing on the dangerous sea.

Be thy days happy here, FAYETTE—
 Long may they be so—long—but yet
 To me there's one that, dearest still,
 Clings to my heart and chains my will.
 His languid limbs and feverish head
 Are laid upon a sea-sick bed.

Perhaps his thoughts are fix'd on me.
 While toss'd upon the mighty sea.

I am alone. Let thousands throng
 The noisy, crowded streets along:
 Sweet be the beam of Beauty's gaze—
 Loud be the shout that Freemen raise—
 Let Patriots grasp thy noble hand,
 And welcome thee to Freedom's land ;—
 Alas ! I think of none but he
 Who sails across the foaming sea.

So, when the moon is shedding light
 Upon the stars, and all is bright
 And beautiful ; when every eye
 Looks upwards to the glorious sky ;
 How have I turn'd my silent gaze
 To catch one little taper's blaze:—

'Twas from a spot too dear to me,
 The home of him that's on the sea.

PRESIDENTIAL COTILLION.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE canemus.

VIRG. Bucolica, Ecl. ix.

CASTLE GARDEN was splendid one night—though
the wet

Put off for some evenings the ball for FAYETTE.

The arrangements were rich, the occasion was pat,
And the whole was in style ;—but I sing not of that.

Ye Graces, attend to a poet's condition,
And bring your right heels to the second position ;
I sing of a dance such as never was seen
On fairy-tripped meadow, or muse-haunted green.

The length of the room, and the height of the hall,
The price of the tickets, the cost of the ball,
And the sums due for dresses, I'm glad to forget—
I'd rather pay off the whole national debt.

The fiddlers were Editors, rang'd on the spot,
 There were strings that were rosin'd, and strings that
 were not ;

Who furnish'd the instruments I do not know,
 But each of the band drew a *very long bow*.

'They screw'd up their pegs, and they shoulder'd
 their fiddles ;

They finger'd the notes of their hey-diddle-diddles ;
 Spectators look'd on—they were many a million,
 To see the performers in this great cotillion.

One Adams first led Miss Diplomacy out,
 And Crawford Miss Money—an heiress no doubt ;
 And Jackson Miss Dangerous, a tragical actor,
 And Clay, Madam Tariff, of home manufacture.

There was room for a set just below, and each buck
 Had a belle by his side, like a drake with his duck ;
 But the first set attracted the whole room's attention,
 For they cut the capers most worthy of mention.

They bow'd and they curtsied, round went all
 eight,

Right foot was the word, and *chasse* was the gait ;

Then they balanc'd to partners, and turn'd them
 about,
 And each one alternate was in and was out.

Some kick'd and some flounder'd, some set and some
 bounded,
 'Till the music was drown'd—the figure confounded ;
 Some danc'd *dos a dos*, and some danc'd *contreface*,
 And some promenaded—and all lost their place.

In the midst of this great pantomimic ballette,
 What guest should arrive but the great LA FAYETTE !
 The dancers all bow'd, and the fiddlers chang'd tune,
 Like Apollo's banjo to the man in the moon.

How sweet were the notes, and how bold was the
 strain !

O, when shall we list to such concord again ?
 The hall was sky-cover'd with Freedom's bright arch,
 And it rung to the music of Liberty's march.

THERE were but sixty-nine new entries on the docket of the Hartford County Court at its late session. One of the most important causes is reported below.

SCIRE FACIAS.*

THE BAR *versus* THE DOCKET.

THIS action was brought to get cash from the pocket
Of a debtor absconding and absent, call'd Docket—
For damage sustain'd by the Bar, through the *laches*†
Of him by whose means the said Bar cut their dashes.

They copied the constable, thinking that he
Might have goods in his hands, and be made *Garnishee* ;‡

Who, being thus summon'd to show cause, appear'd
To state to the court why he should not be shear'd.§

* Make him to know.

† Neglect.

‡ One who, being supposed to have in his hands the property of an absconded debtor, is cited to show whether he has or not.

§ Not a law *term*, but rather a termination in law.

Whereas, said the Plaintiffs, you owe us our living
 By *assumpsit implied*, and the costs you must give
 in—

You have cheated us out of our bread and our butter,
Et alia enormia,* too numerous to utter.

Thus solemnly spoke the Bar's counsel, and sigh'd—
 The Garnishee plainly and frankly replied,
 That he had no effects, and could not get enough
 To pay his own debt, which he thought rather tough.

Then came pleas and rejoinders, rebutters, demur-
 rers,
 Such as Chitty would plough into Richard Roe's fur-
 rows ;—

Cross questions, and *very* cross answers, to suit—
 So the *gist* of the case was the point in dispute.†

The Judges look'd grave, as indeed well they might,
 For one party was wrong, and the other not right ;
 The sweeper himself thought it cruel to sue
 A man, just because he had nothing to do.

* And other enormities.

† This is usually the fact before the County Court, and indeed
 before all other Courts.

The Docket *non ested*,* the Garnishee prov'd,
 That the chattels were gone and the assets remov'd—
 That they had not been heard of for full half a year,
 So he took to the Statute, and swore himself clear.

The case being simple in *English*, the Bench
 Resorted, of course, to their old Norman French ;
 But the Bar being frighten'd, thought best to defer it,
 And pray out the writ *latitat et discurrit*.†

Then a motion was made by the learned debators,
 That the sheriff should call out the whole *comitatus*—‡
 Read the act—tell the *posse, instanter* to hook it,
 And send the whole hue and cry after the Docket.

* Not to be found.

† Lurks and wanders.

‡ *Posse comitatus*—power of the County.

JERUSALEM.

THE following paragraph from the Mercantile Advertiser, suggested the lines below it.

The following intelligence from Constantinople is of the 11th ult.—“ A severe earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed great part of that city, shaken down the Mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom.”

FOUR lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves—
Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's Christian kings;
And holy light glanc'd from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the Pilgrim brings,—
While through the pannell'd roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,
And every porphyry-pillar'd cloister rings
To every kneeler there its “ welcome home,”
As every lip breathes out, “ O Lord, thy kingdom
come.”

A mosque was garnish'd with its crescent moons,
And a clear voice call'd Mussulmans to prayer.

There were the splendours of Judea's thrones—

There were the trophies which its conquerors
wear—

All but the truth, the holy truth, was there :—

For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,

And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
That verse misunderstood, “There is no God but
God.”

Hark ! did the Pilgrim tremble as he kneel'd ?

And did the turban'd Turk his sins confess ?

Those mighty hands, the elements that wield

That mighty power that knows to curse or bless,
Is over all ; and in whatever dress

His suppliants crowd around him, He can see

Their heart, in city or in wilderness,

And probe its core, and make its blindness see

That He is very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,

Proud Julian ; when (against the prophecy

Of Him who liv'd, and died, and rose again,

“That one stone on another should not lie,”))

Thou would'st rebuild that Jewish masonry

'To mock the eternal word.—The earth below
 Gush'd out in fire ; and from the brazen sky,
 And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow,
 As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof, and wall
 Tremble ; and headlong to the grassy bank,
 And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,
 While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
 At one huge draught, the sediment, which sank
 In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power !

Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and
 thank,

Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
 When hell mov'd from beneath, and thine own
 heaven did lower ?

Say, Pilate's palaces—say, proud Herod's towers—

Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake ?

Thy pool, Bethesda, was it fill'd with show'rs ?

Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake ?

Tomb of thee, *Mary—Virgin*—did it shake ?

Glow'd thy bought field, Aceldema, with blood ?

Where were the shudderings Calvary might make ?

Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood,

To wash away the spot where once a God had stood ?

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre
 Of all profane and of all holy things—
 Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur
 To make thee what thou art! thy history brings
 Thoughts mix'd of joy and wo. The whole earth
 rings
 With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
 Who would have shelter'd with his holy wings
 Thee and thy children. You his power defied:
 You scourg'd him while he liv'd, and mock'd him as
 he died!

There is a star in the untroubled sky,
 That caught the first light which its Maker made—
 It led the hymn of other orbs on high;—
 'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.
 Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!
 For it has kept its watch on Palestine!
 Look to its holy light, nor be dismay'd,
 Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
 Though crush'd and ruin'd all—which men have
 call'd divine.

NOTE TO THE VERSES.—Godfrey and Baldwin were the first
 Christian Kings at Jerusalem. The Empress Helena, mother of
 Constantine the Great, built the *church of the sepulchre* on Mount

ISAIAH THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

A ROSE shall bloom in the lonely place,
A wild shall echo with sounds of joy,
For heaven's own gladness its bounds shall grace,
And forms angelic their songs employ.

And Lebanon's cedars shall rustle their boughs,
And fan their leaves in the scented air ;
And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their vows,
And shout, for the glory of God is there.

Calvary. The walls are of stone and the roof of cedar. The four lamps which light it are very costly. It is kept in repair by the offerings of Pilgrims who resort to it. The Mosque was originally a Jewish Temple. The Emperor Julian undertook to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem at very great expense, to disprove the prophecy of our Saviour, as it was understood by the Jews ; but the work and the workmen were destroyed by an earthquake. The pools of Bethesda and Gihon—the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and of King Jehoshaphat—the pillar of Absalom—the tomb of Zachariah—and the *campo santo*, or holy field, which is supposed to have been purchased with the price of Judas' treason, are, or were lately, the most interesting parts of Jerusalem.

O, say to the fearful, be strong of heart,
He comes in vengeance, but not for thee;
For thee he comes, his might to impart
To the trembling hand and the feeble knee.

The blind shall see, the deaf shall hear,
The dumb shall raise their notes for him,
The lame shall leap like the unharm'd deer,
And the thirsty shall drink of the holy stream.

And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land a dew-wash'd mead,
And where the wildest beasts held rule,
The harmless of his fold shall feed.

There is a way, and a holy way,
Where the unclean foot shall never tread,
But from it the lowly shall not stray,
To it the penitent shall be led.

No lion shall rouse him from his lair,
Nor wild beast raven in foaming rage;
But the redeemed of the earth shall there
Pursue their peaceful pilgrimage.

The ransom'd of God shall return to him
 With the chorus of joy to an Angel's lay ;
 With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,
 For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves ?
 Have they that " green and yellow melancholy"
 That the sweet poet spake of ?—Had he seen
 Our variegated woods, when first the frost
 Turns into beauty all October's charms—
 When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
 Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
 Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
 With a bright bow of many colours hung
 Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the Hunter now :
 The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
 And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
 While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along

The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
“What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?”

WRITTEN IN A
COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

SEE to your book, young lady ; let it be
An index to your life—each page be pure,
By vanity uncoloured, and by vice
Unspotted. Cheerful be each modest leaf,
Not rude ; and pious be each written page.
Without hypocrisy, be it devout ;
Without moroseness, be it serious ;
If sportive, innocent : and if a tear
Blot its white margin, let it drop for those
Whose wickedness needs pity more than hate.
Hate *no one*—hate their *vices*, not themselves.
Spare many leaves for charity—that flower
That better than the rose's first white bud
Becomes a woman's bosom. There we seek
And there we find it first. Such be your book,
And such, young lady, always may you be.

ON THE LOSS OF
A PIOUS FRIEND.

Imitated from the 57th chapter of Isaiah.

Who shall weep when the righteous die ?
Who shall mourn when the good depart ?
When the soul of the godly away shall fly,
Who shall lay the loss to heart ?

He has gone into peace—he has laid him down
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day ;
And he shall wake on that holy morn,
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

But ye who worship in sin and shame
Your idol gods, whate'er they be ;
Who scoff in your pride at your Maker's name,
By the pebbly stream and the shady tree—

Hope in your mountains, and hope in your streams,
 Bow down in their worship and loudly pray ;
 Trust in your strength and believe in your dreams,
 But the wind shall carry them all away.

There's one who drank at a purer fountain,
 One who was wash'd in a purer flood :
 He shall inherit a holier mountain,
 He shall worship a holier Lord.

But the sinner shall utterly fail and die—
 Whelm'd in the waves of a troubled sea ;
 And God from his throne of light on high
 Shall say, there is no peace for thee.

THE TWO COMETS.

There were two visible at the time this was written ; and for the verses, they were, on other accounts, strictly *occasional*.

THERE once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities,
 For their wild singularities call'd Gods and Goddesses.—

But one in particular beat 'em all hollow,
Whose name, style and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius—his hand he could turn
To any thing, every thing genius can learn :
Bright, sensible, graceful, *cute*, spirited, *handy*,
Well bred, well behav'd—a celestial Dandy !
An eloquent god, though he didn't *say* much ;
But he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin and
Dutch ;
A doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,
And of horses in harness an excellent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the
sun,
And he drove up the east every morning, *but one* ;
When young Phaeton begg'd of his daddy at five.
To stay with Aurora a day, and *he'd* drive.
So good natur'd Phœbus gave Phæy the seat,
With his mittens, change, waybill, and stage-horn
complete ;
To the breeze of the morning he shook his bright
locks,
Blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the
box.

The *crack* of his whip, like the *breaking* of day,
 Warm'd the wax in the ears of the leaders, and they
 With a snort, like the fog of the morning, clear'd out
 For the west, as young Phaey meant to get there
 about

Two hours before sunset.

He look'd at his "*turnip*,"
 And to make the delay of the old line concern up,
 He gave 'em the reins ; and from Aries to Cancer,
 The style of his drive on the road seem'd to answer ;
 But at Leo, the ears of the near wheel-horse prick'd,
 And at Virgo the heels of the off leader kick'd ;
 Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,
 And the traces snapp'd short, like the strings of a
 fiddle.

One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,
 And sent it to buzz, like a top, round the pole ;
 While the other whizz'd back with its linchpin and
 hub,

Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub ;
 And, whether in earnest, or whether in fun,
 He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaeton's coach was a blue one,
And Jupiter order'd Apollo a new one ;
But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Whoa,"
Letting horses, and harness, and every thing go
At their terrified pleasure abroad ; and the muse
Says, they cut to this day just what capers they
choose ;
That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine forth ;
That their manes stream along in the lights of the
north ;
That the wheels which are missing are comets, that
run
As fast as they did when they carried the sun ;
And still pushing forward, though never arriving,
Think the west is before them, and Phaeton driving.

THE END.

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