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OR
The Loves of the Oysters

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PROF. CHARLES A. KOFOID AND
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OSTREA;

OR,

THE LOVES OF THE OYSTERS.

A LAY

BY

A. FISHE SHELLY, ESQ.

NEW YORK:

T. J. CROWEN, 699 BROADWAY.

1857.

✓ Not for

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

LONDON: Printed by J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1724.

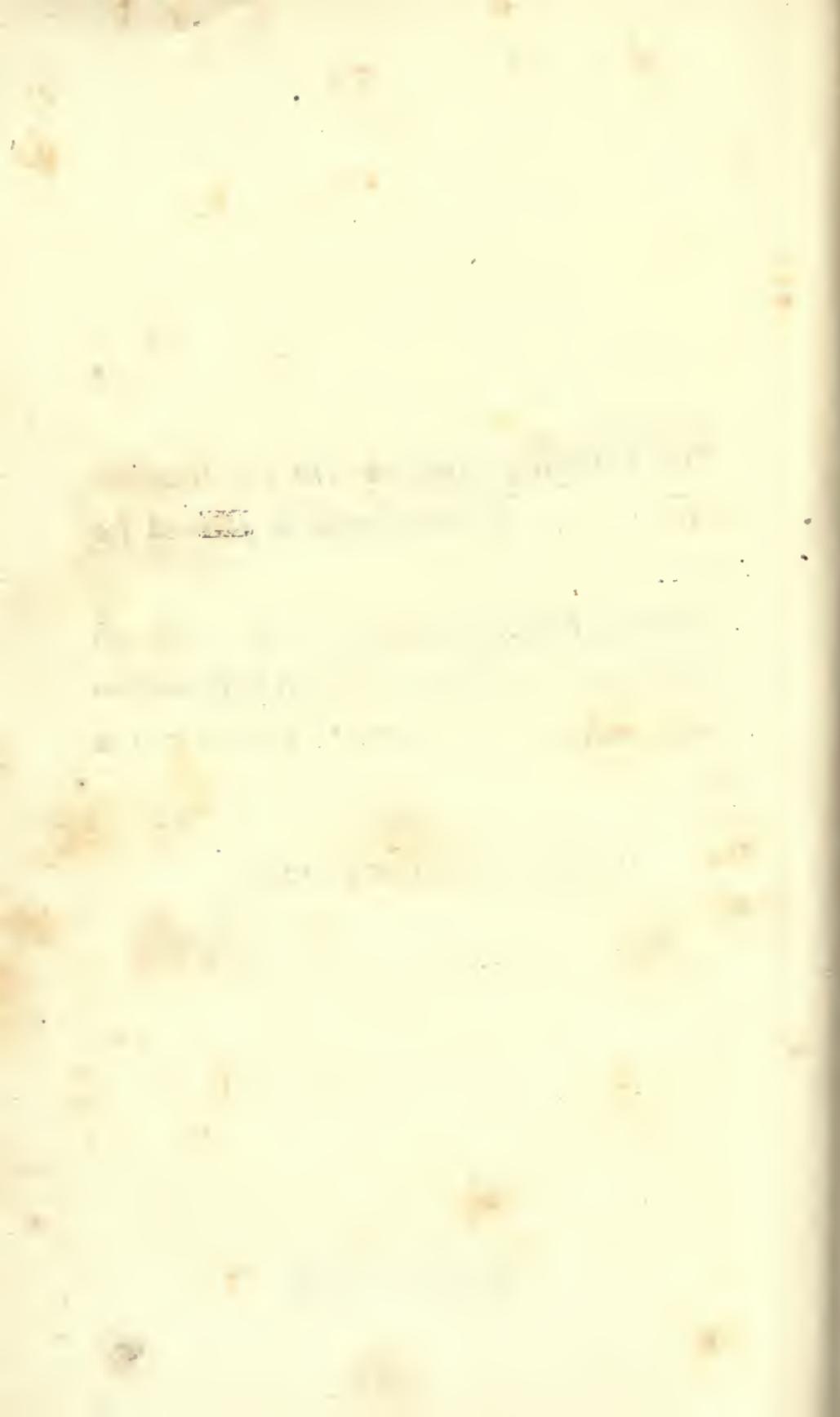
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THE following *capriccio* was put together for the writer's diversion, and is printed for that of a few friends.

Without further comment, it is submitted to any others, in whose hands it may chance to fall, and who may care to peruse such a trifle.

“SEMEL INSANIVIMUS OMNES.”

M375216



Introduction and Dedication.

“THE Oyster is a creature that perambulateth the bottom of the sea, and absorbeth nutriment from the limosity thereof” —saith the venerable ALFREDUS in his treatise “DE PRODIGIS;” and farther—“It hath for its muniment and protection two conches, or VALVULÆ, and therein advantageth the TESTUDO or SHELL-CRAB which is mighty vulnerable between the joints of his belly.” It hath been most frequently the subject of inquisition and comment by learned writers, both neoterick and antient; and hath been the comfort and solacement of the people of all times, and ever held in high dignity and repute. This creature was known of old to the Philistæi, and to the Sidonians, and to all the people that did skirt the MEDITERRANEUM. The Colchians also did fetch them from the Euxine, and the Samothracians from the shores of the Ægean. They were matters of great favor and relish (GRATI SAVORIS), it is also reported, among the inhabitants of Cyprus, and because the Jews did hold them, as well as all Shellfish, as an abomination, the Cypriots did make a law, that if any Jew should be cast on their coasts, he should be straightways knocked in the head; which showeth that they did rate and repute this fish even beyond the life of man. But especially were they held in esteem among the Romans, who did bestow wondrous

pains upon the procreation and fattening thereof. The shores of the Hellespont were mainly fruitful therein. "ORA HELLES-
PONTIA CÆTERIS OSTREOSIOR ORIS." We read also of the
"OSTRIFERI FAUCES ABIDI." But above all, were they famed
that were raised in the LACUS LUCRINUS, of which HORATIUS
speaketh as "LUCRINA CONCHYLIA," and which he did use to
wash down with his Lesbian wine.

"CAPACIORES, AFFER HUC, PUER, SCYPHOS,
ET CHIA VINA, AUT LESBIA."

To which lake were they brought and fed from Brundusium,
also in great repute therefor; as, also, from Baiæ, where were
planted the first Oyster-beds by one Sergius, as Pliny telleth,
"SERGIUS ORATA, PRIMUS, OSTREARIA IN BAJANO LOCAVIT."
To Italy, also, were most excellent ones fetched from Rutupia,
in England, in the time of Juvenal,

"RUTIPINOVE EDITA FUNDO
OSTREA"—

It is related by Gemistus Viaticus, the Cosmographer, of
one JEHORAX, King of Mesopotamia, that he was wont to
divine by them, and that, DUM VENERIT JUDICARE, he did use
to consult a vaticinating cock, before entering upon any work
of great import, and, also, a divining box of living oysters; and
that he would regulate himself according to the manner that
they did severally gape unto him.

In the antient time, in England, were they also in great
liking and store; whereof it is said "LES GENTZ DU ROYAUME

SONT USEZ PLUS QUE NUL PART AILLEURES ;” and, also, on the Southern-westermost coast of Scotland, where they were planted and forwarded, and of the right to the beds, whereof great disensions and differences did arise, and for the settlement whereof it is stated in the REGIAM MAJESTATEM, that, “WHEN YE TWELVE ROYALL MEN COMPEER AND PASS UPON YE ASSIZE, THEY SHALL PROCEEDE AND TRYE QHUILK OF YE PARTYES, YE PERSEWER, OR YE DEFENDANT, HATH BEST RICHT TO YE LONDS CLAMED.”

GRDLLWGL, the learned Welchman, also extolleth them, in his “LLW RHTHWR LRWLL,” as, also, Salvianus, in his work “DE PISCIVM NATURA ET PREPERATIONE ;” altho’, he saith, that they do, if much partaken of, dispose to melancholy, and to the seeing, in one’s sleep, of phantoms and incubi.

It is related by Pontoppidan, that Elfhelm, one of the Kings of the West-Saxons, did ordain that three score should be fattened daily for his wife, who did mightily affect them ; and also of one Og, a tyrant of the Ichthyophagi, that he did use to regale himself with a thousand fricaseed daily, for his breakfast. Peter of Banbury relateth that he did merrily feast, at Chester, upon Christmas, with the antient fraternity of the wax-chandlers, of oysters and Hippocras.

ALEXANDER AB ALEXANDRO relateth of a certain Duke of Muscovy, that he did use to keep one to sport withal, as others use to do with a lap dog, and that, when angered, it would quaver with its chaps, as Jackanapes are wont to do when in choler.

The taste thereof is mighty palatable, and like no other living thing. It is mucous in its humours, "GLUTINOSUS CIBUS," and passeth readily down the gullet or meat-pipe, and the much eating thereof doth fatten the body and fortify and comfort the spirits. It is defended, externally, by two lamelated shells or valves, whereof the under or convex one adhereth at times to rocks at the bottom of the sea, or to another individual, and, as some maintain, doth not move therefrom, but is nourished and comforted thereat by the influxion of the tide that bringeth it food and nutriment; while others contend that it hath the power of tardy motion or gradescence, and creepeth, or proceedeth by little and little, saltatorially.

The outer shells are hinged or incardinated at the base, and indurate and scaly, *SQUAMOSO CORPORE*; not denticulated like the scallop, or spiral as the periwinkle, but *CICATRICOSUS*, full of chops and gashes, the which, if handled heedlessly, may cut one, for Pliny says "NEC TUTUM EST QUOD CICATRICOSUM."

This creature hath a heart and vessels for the conduit of the blood; and it is sympathetic and herdeth with its kind; and, as Gomefius maintaineth, doth, like other fishes, pine away for love, and wax lean. Even so love tyraniseth, yea, even in dumb creatures! And what saith Virgil?

"ET GENUS ÆQUOREUM, PECUDES, PICTÆQUE VOLUCRES
IN FURIAS IGNEM QUE RUUNT; AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM."

And likewise well, Propertius:

"HIC DEUS, ET TERRAS, ET MARIA ALTA DOMAT."

It appeareth, too, that, like all lovers, it hath great inclination and concordance with the Moon, for it is said, “OSTREIS ET CONCHYLLIS OMNIBUS CONTINGIT UT CUM LUNA PARITER CRESCANT, PARITERQUE DECRESCANT.” For the wherefore it may be concluded a creature of great sympathies and sensibilities, and well worthy of note and consideration. But especially is it a most sweet, pleasant, and delectable thing to them that do affect good cheer and the joys of the table, for it may be prepared and accommodated in many curious fashions and dispositions, to suit the taste of each that would partake thereof; and of a verity doth it afford a most enjoyable nutriment and ravishing regalement; being both dainty, juicy, unctuous, and otherwise palatable in itself, as well as sanitary and advantageous in its consequences and effects; and in sooth, altogether, most refreshing and comforting to the body, and cheering to the spirits; and is always, especially in these days, held in great odour and repute by all staunch Epicureans and valiant good trenchermen.

To Ye, then, my most fastidious anti-Pythagorean Knights of the Refectory, my lively, winsome and most anti-lenten Signor Marrow-finders, my very hey-dey good Don Cofsacks of the Larder, my most cheery and nimble-witted Epulators, my humourous, tricky, airy, and waggish Bashaws of the Buffet, my dainty desiderating Dish familiars, my roistering Monks of the order of the SANTO RAGOUT, my grinding, gulping, gorging, stuffing, tucking, bolting Brobdignagians of the Ordinary, my most jolly and popinaceous Gala-day Junketers, my

triumphant Sir Carollers of the order of the TABULAM, my canny, convivacious Cormorants, my brisk, merry-making Cock-a-hoops of the Larder, my Flagellators of the flesh-pots, my palmy, playfome Platter pepperers, my pliant, cunning, dabbling, good neighbour Pottagers, my WHAT?—YES-TO-BE, SURE-BY-ALL-MEANS Cavilleros of the order of St. Babingoose, my most Hilarous and sprightly Masticators, my lively Lads of the Locker, my nozzling, gambolling Skip-jacks, my jocund, sportive, gleeful, spirited, roguish, fall-to-and-fatten-bully Bilbos of the Skillet, my vivacious and double-gummed Cocinaeous Utopians—To Ye, then, my buxom pan Enfiladers, my lordly, pecky, approved good Paladins of the belly, my munching, paunching Pottle-breakers, my sly Sepoys of the Pantry, my keen, nicking nose-pointers of St. Boniface, my solicitant, jubilant Fodder-finders, my HALLO!-WHAT-INDEED-ARE-YOU-THERE Camarados of the Coculum, my gobbling, edacious, Democritian Partisans, my rub-a-dub Guerillas of the Commisariat, my most worshipful, most unctuous ET REVERENDISSIMI high Pontifices of the temple of St. VENTER, my capering, gypsical Pals of the Pabulum, my exulting, light-hearted Chop-waggers, my fat, wheezing Pigs of Epicurus, my crop-filling, craw-stuffing, gizzard-puffing, Phalacrocoratian Parasites, my nimble-toothed Hidalgos of the EPIDEPNIS, and most worshipful Grand Inquisitors of the Stew-pan—to Ye, and all of Ye, COLLETIVE ET DISTRIBUTIVE, do I, your humble servant, DEDICO ET CONCEDO that which followeth.

TESTACEUS.

As some young Pigeon of a farm-yard flock,
 No more content, at home, to fill his crop
 With slugs and bugs, which, still, the daily care
 Of anxious parent would provide him there ;
 But, grown ambitious, now aspires to try
 His wings, as others do, and aims to fly
 For friendly tree-top, or some neighboring hill
 Fecundative ; whence, stoutly, challenge shrill
 Proud Chanticleer sends forth, and craning far,
 Defies each answering rooster to the war
 Galliginous !—

Th' ambitious Squab, now balancing in air
 His small anatomy, with painful care
 Essays his flight, and fluttering all amain
 His unused wings, now up, now down again,
 Or falls or rises ; but no progress makes,
 Unless some friendly bird compassion takes ;

With kindly care, affords his stronger wing
 To aid the weakness of the little thing ;
 Assists his powers and directs his flight,
 And lands, at length, him safely from his plight
 Aërial—

So thou, O Muse! assist the feeble flight
 Of me, ambitious, as I plume my wing
 From attic window to the heavenly spring
 Castalian. There, may I, all among
 Th' inspiring beauties of the tuneful throng,
 Drink harmony and fire pure from the fount ;
 Till stronger grown, I then aspire to mount
 Fierce Pegasus, whom thou Apollo guide
 To loftier regions of the æthereal tide ;
 That singing still I rise, and rising sing,
 CRESCENDO !

P A R T I .

THEME.

NIAGARA !—who, in thunder tone,
 Callest my spirit yielding to thine own ;
 As turned to thee, each feeble, yearning sense
 Grasps at thy wonders, where, in eloquence
 Primeval, wonderful, unchecked, sublime !—
 Teaching Eternity, deriding Time,
 O'er the vast gulph thy dreadful music peals
 Great Nature's triumph, and to man reveals
 Omnipotence ; here taught by thee to know
 His littleness, and in reverence to bow
 Before Infinity !

Bridged, docked, and tolled, for bath and mill re-
 stricted,
 Daguerred, daubed, rhymed, by every lout de-
 picted ;

Where Cockney's pic-nic, where fond misses sigh,
 And Papa grumbles as the dollars fly ;
 Where rustic brides philander with their spouses,
 And drink their ginger-beer from " Vista " houses ;
 Where dumpy squaws dispense their tawdry
 wares,
 And brawling hackmen haggle over fares ;
 Where puffing steam, thy glory to abase,
 Sails up thy jaws, and whistles in thy face !
 I sing not thee.

And why not thee ? as here, by thee inspired,
 By nature kindled, and by muses fired,
 I wondering gaze ; while, leaning on my breast,
 In all the glow of instinct love confessed,
 My *O-re-se-qua*, through her wild, dark eyes
 Dimmed with affection's thoughts, that gushing
 rise

Fresh from her soul, untaught, into mine own
 Pours them, as copious as thy flood is thrown :
 And murmurs broken love notes with the breeze
 That sings æolian music through the trees,
 Cooling the panting currents of her soul
 That, thirsting, leap, beyond her pride's control
 To meet mine own !—

Too vast the subject!—and too great the song!
 For feeble Muse, that ambles still, along
 Inferior strata of poetic skies,
 Eager to soar, but helpless still to rise—
 And pipes on tenuous reed, to friendly ear,
 Capricious notes, unheard as yet, but near:
 Nor sounds sonorous bass, nor can prolong
 The measured numbers of continuous song:
 Nor asks a poet's name, nor seeks the bay;
 Humble the theme, and humbler still her lay—
 The OYSTER!

I SING THE OYSTER! (Virgin theme!)
 King of Molluscules! Ancient of the stream!
 Thy birth was Time's—soon as th' affrighted
 world,
 A quivering mass, in space immense was hurled—
 In darkness cradled—'mid chaos nursed
 Tumultuous!—Ambiguous, till burst
 Thy unctuous beauty on a world where none
 Could know thy merit; there, alone
 Thou pined'st forlorn, 'mid mud and flood and
 slime,
 Ere man came on the stage, far in the time
 Cosmogenetical.

Nor yet alone—primordial bivalve !
 Say, in thy nonage, didst thou not have
 Some shell-fish *she*, by tender tie endeared,
 To share thy mud, and pull thy downy beard?—
 Her love to cherish, and to calm her fear
 When MEGALOSAURUS fierce came rather near ;
 Or when GALUMPUS, monarch of the main,
 Loud bellowing, shook afar the watery plain !
 Or COL-LOS-SOCH-E-LYS, grim giant of the shore,
 Lashed out his tail, and gave his morning roar
 Thundiferous !

How long, bemired, inglorious, didst thou sleep ?
 Thy charms secreted by the envious deep,—
 Unknown, untasted, and unsung !—So lies
 The fairest flower 'neath Arab's desert skies ;
 So sleeps the gem within its rocky tomb ;
 So blinks the planet in its distant gloom,
 Till some rare *savant* brings it to the view—
 So, half the world, for ages, lay *perdue*,
 Till great COLOMBO chanced this way to steer,
 And waked our dozing hemisphere,
 One morning !

To fame unknown, but no less worthy, he,
 Who, of all men, first found and tasted thee.
 How great his faith ! his courage how audacious !
 To swallow *thee*, cold, slimy, and vivacious !
 What tremor his ! as when thou first didst glide
 Down his *æso-phagus*, and didst nimbly hide
 Within the inner man ; but when, by repetition,
 He gained, at length, the rapturous fruition
 Of all thy charms,—what triumph his ! to find
 That *he*, of all, had given to mankind
 A new sensation !

Was't *Phut*, or *Peleg*, *Shem*, or great *Magog* ?
 Or lively *Nimrod*, or perhaps his dog ?
 Or did the royal lips of great *Nebu-*
Chadnozzor first smack over you ;
 Ere yet, a ruminant, this stately sinner
 Was sent, with cows and goats, to pick his dinner ?
 Or broiled, or roasted, did thy unctuous savor
 Perfume the marble halls of old *Belshazzar* ?
 Did *Pharaoh* gulp thee, 'ere the sea gulped him ?
 Or Troglodyte, or Scandinavian grim ?
 Long, long ago !

The Romans knew, and loved thee! So assure us
Old writers, and those sons of Epicurus,
With mullets, and other ancient fishes,
Would serve *thee* up, the choicest of their dishes,
While Baiæ and Brundusium, as 'tis said,
Rivaled—in claiming the best *Oyster* bed!
But now, nomadic, through all regions known,
From Polar sea to fierce Equator's zone;
Pagan and Christian, Turcoman and Jew,
All stew, broil, bake, and swallow you—
You *Oyster*!!

NIGHT AND LOVE.

Far in the West, the Lord of light
Has sunk to rest ; and now the Night
 Begins her silent reign :
Each drooping flower hangs its head,
Each warbler seeks his leafy bed,
 His home, each tired swain.

The waning sky mysterious fades
Far into gloom ; and deep'ning shades,
 As mourning mantles, fall
O'er land and sea, and nod the trees,
Waving in Evening's dying breeze,
 Like plumes funereal.

Now wheels the bat his dusky flight,
While little cricket chirps to Night
 His melancholy lay ;

And Katy-did to answering mate,
 His love and sorrow doth relate,
 Until the opening day.

Save these, and where from ancient tree
 Yon owl, hooting mournfully,
 Doth unto Night complain,
 No sound is heard, no life is seen ;
 A solemn stillness reigns serene
 O'er valley and o'er plain.

Still soft and warm with Summer's glow,
 The breeze of Autumn, murmuring low,
 Fans Nature as she sleeps ;
 While veil of night is round her thrown,
 And Cynthia from high Heaven looks down
 And lonely vigil keeps.

Her rays thrown out o'er Ocean's breast,
 Sport with his strength, and light the crest
 Of each dark rolling sea ;
 Like molten silver, gleaming bright,
 They dance and leap, till lost to sight
 Far in th' immensity.

Swift sailing clouds, like passing dreams,
 Some dark, some tipped with silvery beams,
 Move on in long array ;
 Oft they obscure yon little star,
 With radiance mild that shines afar,
 Like Hope 'mid Life's dismay.

Sacred to mystery and to love,
 Fair Night! thou canst each bosom move
 In sweetest thought ; to thee,
 In grief, each charg-ed heart
 Doth love its burthen to impart,
 And claim thy sympathy.

The tide is low on SHREWSBURY'S shore,
 And past is midnight's silent hour,
 And calm that silvery stream :
 From Highland's brow the beacons twin
 With glowing eye, like Cyclops grim,
 Send forth their warning gleam.

Send forth their rays far into gloom,
 To light the weary seaman home :
 So, o'er life's troubled sea,

Bright beams of Truth the darkness cheer,
 And guide the erring soul to steer
 To heavenly sanctuary.

Wooing the breeze, that softly sung
 Along the shore, the rocks among,
 The lovely MYA lay ;
 The little waves that danced to shore
 With glittering showers laved her o'er,
 Or cooled her with their spray.

MYA!—fairest of shell-fish, she,
 That creep the shore, or swim the sea,
 Or haunt the slimy ooze ;—
 Oyster of ancient family,
 Of tender years, scarce summers three
 Her rounded valves disclose.

Loveliest of Shrewsbury's favored race,
 Adorned with every virgin grace,
 And fresh as earliest dew !
 With softest yellow shines her skin,
 While violet blood, her veins within,
 Reveals a purple hue.

Polished each shell on outward side,
 By amorous kissings of the tide
 Long loving and caressing ;
 While, pure as orient pearl within,
 Gleaming, as dying dolphins' skin,
 Its death in light expressing.

Around her, fine as silk-worm's thread,
 And soft as downy plumage shed,
 To shield its tender young,
 By th' Orcadian bird, and green,
 As is the polished em'rald's sheen,
 Profuse her tresses hung.

Patent she lay upon the shore ;
 Beauteous the scene, and fit the hour
 For pleasure and for love ;
 Yet, sad at heart ; with many a sigh,
 Do grief and deep despondency
 Her saffron bosom move.

Moistened with tears, each pearly shell,
 That formed her solitary cell
 More iridescent glows ;

While, to the silent, listening night,
 Sobbing the while, she doth recite
 The story of her woes.

“ Oh ! LOLIGO !—dost thou not hear
 “ Thy MYA’s once loved voice ? ’Twas here
 “ Thou bidd’st me to await—
 “ I’ve left my home beneath the rock,
 “ And kin and friends are all forsook
 “ With thee to share my fate.

“ Go, gentle breezes of the night !
 “ And carry, in your balmy flight,
 “ To him my tearful sighs ;
 “ Softly murmuring complain,
 “ Tell, tell him of his Mya’s pain
 “ In saddest melodies.”

“ Send him, radiant Queen of night !
 “ A silvery ray of purest light,
 “ To guide him to my heart—
 “ Awake ! ye warblers of the grove,
 “ In plaintive strains his stay reprove,
 “ And all my woe impart.

"Oh LOLIGO!" she constant cries,
 "LOLIGO," echo soft replies,
 And mocks her rising woe ;
 Panting and faint, she still exclaims,
 And echo, still replying, names
 But "LOLIGO-*ligo*."

The shore with "LOLIGO" resounds
 From echoing rock to rock rebounds
 Fond Love's despairing cry ;
 While, whispering voices of the night,
 From trees and waves and air, unite
 In grieving sympathy.

How ever sinks the heart oppressed,
 When love, first felt in gentle breast,
 Doubts of another's love !
 In keen debate of hope and fears,
 In smiles self-mocking, or in tears,
 Its wild, quick throbbings move.

And swift, through Memory's storied cell,
 Where every word, and look, as well,
 Have long deep nurtured lain—

With lightning flash, Suspicion flies,
 Illumines each, and amplifies
 The heart's unceasing pain.

Sadly, the opening bud reveals
 Its promise blighted, when it feels
 Rude Winter's chilling power :
 So Love, touched by Suspicion, pines,
 And drooping, to the earth inclines,
 And fades as does the flower.

But see !—emerging from the tide,
 Panting with haste to reach her side,
 Crawls he she loves so well :
 Soon to his Mya's side he came,
 And, glowing with an equal flame,
 Was clasped within her shell.

Reproaching gently for her fears,
 Her, smiling softly 'mid her tears,
 He soothes with kind caress ;
 “ But why so long ? ” she plaintive cried,
 “ Why leave alone thy promised bride
 “ In this deserted place ? ”

Responsive he—" Pearl of my soul !
 " Long since I left my sea-weed hole
 " Hard by the Western shore.
 " Scarcely had Phœbus hid his head,
 " Nor yet her curtain Night had spread
 " The face of nature o'er ;

" Just as I rose above the tide,
 " PHOLAS, my rival, I espied,
 " And closed in fiercest fight—
 " Long was the struggle,—thrice renewed ;
 " At length the monster fell subdued,
 " And yielded to my might."

" And now, I hold thee to my heart
 " Thou dearest one ! no more to part ;
 " Ah ! love me thus for ever !
 " Thou silvery goddess ! hear our prayer,
 " Long grant us, free from ill and care,
 " To live and love together."

Bright shone fair Dian, as they told
 The mysteries of their loves, and rolled,
 In music murmuring

To the shore, the whispering waves ;
 And peeped and smiled from out their caves,
 The clams, in joy concurring.

And heart did there, attuned to heart
 In rapturous unison, impart
 Love's thrilling melody ;
 Half wished, half spoke, mysterious but di-
 vined
 Before expressed, each sense to thought refined
 By love's sweet Alchemy.

Each look revealed, each trembling sigh,
 Unbidden the soft mystery
 Beyond the will's control :
 Words were too feeble to convey
 Each rapturous thought's electric play
 That rushed from soul to soul.

Hope to their gaze with brightest smile
 Illumes the future ;—joy the while
 The present feeds with bliss
 Newborn ; while, to themselves appear
 Their loves all world and heaven,—and each fear
 Is scattered by a kiss.

Pleasures of youth and love! bright dreams
 Of life's bright hours! though vain, yet gleams,
 Refulgent, through long years of care,
 Your sunny memory ;
 Nor, would I from my heart now dry
 Those founts long since found gushing
 there.

There, all unchecked, did Fancy stray,
 Flinging her hues, in varied play,
 O'er changing wish and thought ;
 And Conscience smiled, and Memory young
 No tears had known, or thorns among
 Life's joyous flowers had brought.

Nor weeds of melancholy care,
 Or sad regret, were growing where
 Those joyous flowers were blooming ;
 Nor thoughts of evil augury,
 As clouds, obscured Hope's azure sky,
 The mind as now entombing.

Danced through the heart the warbled notes
 Of Pleasure's song, from Siren throats,
 As down the silvery tide,

Wafted by gay Illusion's breath,
 Heedless of sunken rock beneath,
 Life's bark did gently glide.

Floating from Spring's elysian bowers,
 In joyous band, the sister hours,
 Each from the other veiled ;
 Around me danced, in gayest measure,
 Bestowing each some newer pleasure,
 As dreamingly I sailed.

Now, scattered wide along the way,
 Life's winding stream as I survey,
 There moves a shadowy host,
 Recalling as by magic power
 But sad regrets of happier hour,
 Of love or friendship lost.

From Memory's tumultuous cell,
 Aroused, as when some funeral knell
 Starts corpses from the deep,
 Each mocking image springs to view,
 Each shade a shadow to pursue—
 Ah ! Memory ! bid them sleep.

Emotions past, as from a trance,
 Again awake and flitting, glance
 Along the ice-bound heart;
 Ye Shadows of the Past!—in vain
 Ye seek to warm to life again
 Or joy anew impart.

Buried the hopes that once ye gave
 Deep in the Past, Time's yawning grave,
 No longer ye decoy;
 Wilted and gone the flowers, too,
 In lingering tribute, long that grew
 Above each buried joy.

One single plant of love, alone
 Survives, in solitary bloom,
 Ah! may it ever last!
 Kitty! *thy* love is ever found,
 Creeping, like tender vine, around
 The column of the Past.

(Though 'tis the fashion, set by Byron,
 Past hopes and pleasures thus to sigh on,
 And draw them from their cloisters,

Its rather maudlin : so, to gloom
 Return ye shades, no more to roam,
 And *revenons* to our OYSTERS.)

Coyly resisting, her he led
 To where, by hanging rock o'erspread,
 There was a little cell ;
 An ancient *Scallop's* sanctuary,
 Where, free from world and vanity,
 He long had loved to dwell.

Crooked was his shell, and gray his beard
 With hoary age, and far revered
 For lore and sanctity ;
 Cunning he was, and well did know
 The moving tides, and when a blow
 Foretold the changing sky.

About his cell, arranged with care,
 Were shells of snails, and sea-weeds rare,
 And mosses old and dry :
 A venerable sponge, his bed,
 And skeleton of eel, at head,
 Warned of mortality.

There passed, reflective he, the days,
 Apart from noisy herd, and maze
 Of worldly cares and strife ;
 Sweet Solitude, with love sincere,
 There did he woo, his mistress dear
 And pleasure of his life.

Wide to his curious gaze displayed,
 The works of nature there he read,
 And pondered as he gazed :
 Full wisely did he cogitate,
 And secrets rare and thoughts of weight
 Had treasured in his pate.

Happy the wight! who, thus, away
 From vain delights and world's display,
 His soul may purify ;
 Simple in taste, in each desire—
 Fair Nature, musing, to admire,
 In lonely sanctity.

This ancient one, his pate without
 His hermit cell, was peering out
 Deep pondering, into night ;

When, came the lover's to implore,
 That he would them, for evermore,
 In wedlock sweet, unite.

Though long a foe to love's alarms,
 Their prayer the ancient hermit warms,
 Who yields, at length, consent.
 Their pain he doth commiserate,
 And leads the way with air sedate
 Within his tenement.

Illumed by phosphorescent shell
 And fire-fly lamp, the little cell
 Glows with unusual light.
 By many a spell and holy rite,
 The loving pair, there doth unite
 This holy anchorite.

By altar of rosy coral placed,
 Tenderly with shells inlaced,
 The twain became but one :
 No witnesses, save crickets three,
 Who, passing, stop, and sing with glee
 Their *epithalamium*.

And now, by Hymen's fetters tied,
 LOLIGO bears his juicy bride
 Beneath the sparkling flood ;
 There, wrapped in bliss, the happy pair
 The honey-moon together share,
 In softest JERSEY mud !

SONGS SUNG ON THE ABOVE OCCASION.

* SONG NO. 1.

(AFTER AN APPROVED MODERN STYLE.)

Far shimmering down the lone valley,
 Against the gaunt oaks gnarled and hoary,
 With shadows so lengthy, so dreary,
 So lengthy, so dreary the shadows,
 Yes, darkling and dreary the shadows ;
 Throws glory the Sun, Corruscator,
 His life-ebbing rays thro' the gloaming ;
 See ! now how effete the sky-cleaver,

* Which was delivered, basking in the moonlight, on the shore,
 by a young periwinkle, of a sentimental turn of mind.

Falling into the sea, the brined water ;
 Yes, into th' unfathomed Pelagic,
 Falls into the sea, the entomber,
 The cold, cheerless home of the fishes,
 Of the slippery Eel, the *Con-vul-vus*
 Slipping here, slipping there, the *Con-vul-vus*
 Now here, and now there, the *Con-vul-vus*,
 Now there, the lithe, clammy *Con-vul-vus* :
 And with him the Flounder, so slimy,
 The Flounder, so slimy, so scaly,
 In the desolate home of the fishes,
 In the shivering home of the fishes,
 The dank, dreary home of the fishes,
 Of the fishes—
 Yes, the fishes,
 The fishes !—

See ! there, thro' the clouds the young *Luna*,
 Yes, the Argentine beams of young *Luna*,
 Young *Luna* with beams all of silver,
 Thro' the gooseberry bushes, young *Luna*,
 Yes, the gooseberries—Ah ! the *gooseberries* !
 While there, on the toad-stool—*Smell-fungus*—
 The bull-frog—the *Co-ax-ker*—*chunk-a*
 Yes, with green, glistening eye-balls, the Bull-frog,

And white, rounded belly, the Bull-frog,
 See his little white belly, the Bull-frog!
 Now he watches the Skunk, *As-sa-fe-tah*,
 The snow-white, the stealthy exhaler,
 Lest he creep up too near to his deary,
 To his love, to his deary paludal,
 To his green-streaked and tender limbed deary,
 In the little, mossed, moonlit lagoon—
 Come then, the Horned Owl with hootings,
 And drive Sir Mephitus away—
 Away then! Avaunt from my charmer!
 From my love then, away!
To-whoop and away!
 And *away!*

SONG NO. 2.

(AFTER AN APPROVED MODEL.)

* SICK, *sick*, sick! Oh! moan of the long, long waves,
 Dirging desolate wails for a scarified heart,
 Beating, beating dull tambours of woe
 Along the drear wastes, where her graceless art,
 Where the wheedling gloss and ostensible flow

* This *Spasmody* was sung by the disappointed *Pholas*, on seeing the object of his hopes retire with a rival.

Of enameled affection has cheated the glow
 Of single-souled manhood, and rapined for sport,
 For whimsical purpose, and babbling delight—
 Ha!—have we clove-footed *Satanity's* night?
 Are valleys of Paradise deep-lava'd Hell!—
 Has the great, round Earth come down nearer
 Its knell?—

That lily-cheeked minxes, sly, silver-tongued spell
 And the soul-raking practice of eyes that invite
 Can palsy life's pulse!—Is it well! *Is it well!*

Come! tell me, great Heaven—*I'st well?*

Then dance, Devils, dance, in your impish delight,
 Come, dance on this quivering, blood-tenisoned
 heart—

Ha! ha! for the driveller! *Ha! ha!* for the white-
 Bosomed murdress, the waxed hypocrite,
 The waxen, meek-visaged and masked-hearted *lie!*
 The sleepy-eyed *Circe!* Come now take me to die,
 Down the black-throated cavern of HELL!

SICK, *sick*, sick!—Oh! fetch me some drug for the
 soul—

How rank smells the rose on the foul brow of
 Night,

Where, once, all was muscadine—

How frowzy and fetid the South wind blows
 On the feverish throbbings, where passion glows,
 Like a gibbering ape, in his mocking spite,
 O'er the wreck of heart-hopings—and as an ill-
 omened bat,

Jangling his shriek through the poisoned air,
 Through the church-yard heart now chuckles de-
 spair,

*Despair for a calcined soul—Oh! my darling, love,
 my pride!*

My own heart's heart! not thus!—*not thus!*

Was it good? was it right?—Oh! curse me wide
 The varnished-tongued Janus, the perjurous cheat
 Spoiler of all my dreamed joys—Will she come?
my sweet!

What think you, Moon, *will she come?*

I am here on the shore, all alone, all alone,
 I have crept from the midnight depths of despair,
Come! restore me with kisses of light!

With kisses, with kisses of light.

With kisses, with kisses of light

BACK, *back*, back—all ye furies that tug at my
 heart

She will save me with kisses of light!

REFLECTIONS ON THE ABOVE OCCASION.

There's beauty in the Ocean tide,
 As roll, in surges, to the shore,
 Its crested billows ; and wide
 And far, majestic, with resounding roar,
 The mighty waters move—
 Or when, perchance, they sleep,
 Some eve ; and quiet moonbeams
 Stealing from spangled heavens, creep
 And smile upon dark Ocean's breast,
 Or dance, in ripples, o'er his hushed strength.

There's beauty in the tone of Music, when
 It lulls, with saddened sympathy, the heart
 That anguish breaks ;—so soothes
 The strain harmonious, that appears,
 Even through dim sorrow's tears,
 Hope ! with her sunny smiles !—
 Or when, with happier chord, it quickens
 The deep pulse of love, and the charged heart

Still feels the loved one's presence,
 Though afar ; and, lulled in reverie,
 Communes as with a present bliss.
 With beauty glows fond Nature's face
 When flushed with dying radiance that the Lord
 Of her life sends down, as far in West
 He sinks, and clouds with varied hue and crest
 Roll in involv-ed splendor ;
 As smiles with brightness yet the vale,
 And placid lake and stream reflect
 The roseate Aurora ; and the snowy cap
 Of mountain monarch, peering from afar,
 Sends back to clouds their glory.

There's beauty in the morning's opening smile
 Dissolving the dim mystery of night,
 Awakening earth and sky to life and light,
 While all her warbling heralds, in delight,
 Sprinkle the air with music.
 There's beauty in the pensiveness of eve,
 When shadows like mournful memories steal
 O'er the repose of nature ; and subdue the soul
 To reverie,—while all the glittering ministers of
 Night
 Contrast with gloom their splendors.

But to the mind no beauty nature brings,
As when, in mingled fervency of loves
Unbought, spontaneous, chaste, pulsate
Two guileless hearts in soft communion;
And mind and feature to each other lend beauty
expressive.

Dependent, trusting with a firm esteem
That makes their faith inviolate,
Each owns the cherished bondage, as Love,
From heart expanding, clarifies each soul
From earthly dross for higher holiness.

MORNING.

While these in love's divine emotions lost
The Oysterman wide ranges round the coast—
Scarce now has bright Aurora tipped with light
The glistening hills, and chased departing night ;
Ere yet, aloft, her golden chariot flies,
Resplendent beaming o'er the Eastern skies ;
Sweeping the way of clouds, like duteous daughter,
For Father Sol who comes up lumbering after—
Scarce has the earliest rooster cleared his throat,
And hailed the morning with vivacious note,
Where, drowsy still, upon some neighboring rail,
He opes his wings and shakes his dewy tail—
Scarce has the lark been able to discern,
For morning meal, the matutinal worm,
Ere yet abroad, her early flight she tries
And soars rejoicing to the upper skies ;
To meet the morn, with gushing melodies,
And sport with youngest beams from Phœbus' eyes.
While moping watch still keeps the vigil owl
And blinking, winking, sits within his hole,

Wailing the dawn, in muttered, dying howl—
 Like morbid plaint from penitential soul ;
 When, OSTRECAPTOR seeks the neighboring shore
 Launches his bark, and grasps the ready oar—
 Swiftly compels th' obedient skiff to glide,
 In noiseless current, through the yielding tide ;
 Low bending, dexterous, pulls the pliant blade,
 Now to advance and now to retrograde ;
 In measured time, with quick repeated strokes,
 The circling eddies of the stream provokes ;
 Now here, now there, directs the changing prow,
 Now quicker moves, now cautiously more slow :
 Avoids the shallows, through entangling reeds,
 With vigorous arm the nimble vessel speeds—
 Till gained, at length, th' auspicious place, he
 throws

The trusty anchor from th' dancing bows—
 Now, to St. Peter, of fishermen protector,
 Prays for good luck, and quaffs his first *humecter*—
 As, down his throat, the welcome moisture flows,
 Quick leaps the blood, and with new vigor glows ;
 A genial warmth renews the sluggish veins,
 And all the frame a freshen'd life attains.
 Thus fortified, he grasps by either limb,
 The oyster rake, and sinks it in the stream ;

Explores the river bed, with practiced skill,
 Tries every hole, and rakes o'er every hill—
 Then drinks again, then pulls, a little space ;
 Now rakes the mud, then tries another place ;
 Now blames his luck, as do all fishermen,
 Then paddles, drinks, rakes, pulls, and swears again.
 At length, beneath, the hardened shell reveals
 The destined prey, which 'gainst the rake he feels ;
 Then, with a jerk, constricts the iron teeth,
 And draws the ravished shell-fish from beneath.

So have I seen, on fair Italia's shore,
 Basking in sun by old Cathedral door,
 Some anxious matron, steadfast, bending o'er
 Her nature's jewels, and with care explore
 The stock capillary on each tangled pate,
 In search of what doth nimbly animate
 Its mazes ; that she may depopulate
 Of creeping tenants—groping, now, she spies
 Some rash invader—marks him for her prize—
 With dexterous digits, nips th' unwary one,
 And drags, in triumph, from his hirsute home.

NIGHT IN TOWN.

Now blinking SOL puts on his night-cap
 And snugly, in the clouds, doth tight wrap
 His wearied *corpus*, as, with mournful yawn,
 He grieves, at thought of getting up at dawn—
 When, spent with toil, the drowsy monarch snores,
 Old mother Night the sable curtain draws,
 Illumes the winking tapers of the sky,
 And bids her maiden, pensive Cynthia, nigh,
 To wait till morn, and silent vigil keep,
Sola, upon her snoring lover's sleep.
 Cynthia, who long has watched, and watching
 loved,
 Though, e'en herself her rising love reproved—
 Who, for her god, in amorous longing, sighs,
 And mourns, when fades his glory from the skies ;
 But, when refulgent, shuns his warm embrace,
 Nor dares the awful splendors of his face.
 So gentle hearts in secrecy maintain
 The restless tumult of love's pleasing pain,

Content in solitude its cares to feel,
 Know naught but love, yet all their love conceal.
 E'en, to themselves, in timorous wonder, coy
 They feel, but own not th' instinctive joy.
 Though giving all, they claim no fond return,
 But pine in silence, and unheeded burn.
 Drinking from rended wounds with which it
 bleeds ;
 Still, on itself, the heart insatiate feeds,
 Till the poor spirit sinks at length to rest—
 Its life but love, its love by love unblest.

Now lies in darkness muffled, all the town,
 Save where some gas-lamp penetrates the gloom,
 Or glancing lights from dwelling, or from inn,
 Reveal hilarity and life within ;
 Or mammoth lantern, with its painted glare,
 Invites the rover to potation there ;
 Or lighted coach along the pavement flies,
 Like some big bug, with phosphorescent eyes ;
 Or down an area, opened bull's-eye's rays
 Of drowsy watchman, sends a sudden blaze ;
 Now Vice creeps out, and crawls her slimy rounds,
 And brawling Mirth his noisy tocsin sounds.

Now skulking miscreants leave their murky lairs,
 And Crime, abroad, its stealthy purpose dares—
 While on the roofs, Grimalkin amorous roves,
 And cooks, o'er railings, tell their greasy loves.

Waves Morpheus over some his dewy wand,
 And wafts, from daily care, far into land
 Of dreams fantastic, where each simmering brain
 Selects its visions, and lives o'er again
 In past delights ; or wild imagination
 Builds new ideas, in queer confederation—
 Less favored some, the hideous Night-hag strides,
 And till the morn, on breast or belly rides,
 Pummels the brain, or sucks the yielding breath,
 Holding her struggling victim fast beneath.
 Others unite, for pleasure, or for gain,
 For cares religious, or for joys profane ;
 Each varied taste, to follow its desires,
 As reason or folly, whim or wine inspires.

Some worship at Euterpe's favored shrine,
 Where *bassos* bellow, and where tenors whine ;
 And Prima Donna, through three acts insane,
 At length, sings back her brains again ;

While simpering Miss, at home, so orthodox,
 Here, ogles boldly from her opera box ;
 To come, from night to night, she sighs,
 And waxes maudlin o'er the tenor's eyes ;
 While *Pater*, lost in dreams of "Speculation,"
 Damns (to himself) the whole Italian nation.
 Although constrained, by Fashion's tyrant laws,
 To take a box, and join in the applause.
 Prim, at his side, sits stately dowager,
 Listening to love from pauper foreigner,
 Who, ceaseless chattering, seeks to win her
 To give him—(moderate man!)—a card to dinner!
 Here, buck pretentious 'mid the glitter glares,
 In fashion's gayest garb, and apish airs ;
Poses himself, as does the *Belvidere*,
 And shoots his witching arrows far and near,
 That harmless fall among the older game,
 Though little youngling feels the feathered flame ;
 With many an ogle then he doth afflict her,
 As on his rabbit glares the boa-constrictor,
 Around her prances, prinks, and swaggers,
 While she goes home to dream of—"love and
 daggers."

Vain of the robes by wanton Wealth supplied,
 Here pampered FASHION, in ignoble pride,
 False in her face, as treacherous at heart,
 With Nature warring, hugs delusive Art.
 No genial glow her narrow bosom warms,
 No modest virtues lend their softening charms,
 No kindly feeling for another's good
 Dims the cold eye, or stirs the sluggish blood.
 In selfishness she sits enwrapped—alone—
 Careless of joy or sorrow not her own.
 Her fawning minions on the Goddess wait,
 In trifles judges; and minutely great—
 To them no treasures Contemplation brings,
 They cull no fruit that from Experience springs,
 From Reason's fount no sage conclusions draw,
 No lofty purpose know,—save self no law.
 Deaf to the rustling wings of fleeting time,
 Eager they turn where jingles Folly's chime;
 And Wisdom mocked, and disregarded Fame
 Fulfill an insect's mission 'round a flame.
 Constant in change, they trifle to the end,
 Live but to please—and die without a friend.
 Their life hypocrisy—their death a play!
 Where falsehood flatters, and where mummers
 pray—

There, cold Philosophy bestows a sneer,
Reason, a laugh! Pity, alone,—a tear!

O'er mimic sorrows some their tears bestow,
The Stranger's troubles, or *Paulina's* woe :
Where grief bombastic sets the galleries winking,
With eyes, ears, mouth, each newest horror drink-
ing ;
And Melodrame, with lungs like a tornado,
Dies in hyperbole, and fierce bravado :
While those who, elsewhere, ne'er a tear confess,
Or give a *sous* to aid a *real* distress,
Here pay to blubber o'er a play-wright's cant,
And moan, when burly Forrests rant :
To ev'ry virtuous sympathy give vent,
Applaud the good and laud the innocent,
For half an hour—but, one would sure amaze
To ask them, once to practice what they praise.
Thus to be good, is, sure, the easiest way,
And virtuous be, by *proxy*—in a play ;
To Heaven, give some common place abstractions,
But to the Devil, all our life's transactions ;
Nod at a virtue, when it passes by,
If seen, perhaps, in Fashion's company,
But should the rascal, elsewhere, be obtrusive,

Then kick him out, with epithets abusive ;
 Nor let such croaking meddlers interfere
 With one's brief current of enjoyment here.

In tippling, some the fleeting moments pass,
 Diluting sorrow in the jovial glass :
 O'er reeking fumes, they love to wax loquacious,
 And then—sick, amorous, or pugnacious.
 As round the bowl, in drunken fit, they gather,
 Great Bacchus knocks their muddled pates together,
 Of brain bereft ; than any timber thicker,
 So thick, that nothing can get in—but liquor !
 Loud grows the revel, loud the ribald song,
 And strongest heads their maudlin wit prolong
 Far into morn ;—while, here and there, in rags,
 Outside, pale-faced Starvation, shivering, begs.

To lectures many, where, for a “quarter”—
 Some *pseudo-savan* pours out wit—like water ;
 Peers o'er his specs, like goosey o'er a fence,
 And beats the desk, in grandest eloquence :
 With metaphysics heats some simple theme,
 Then gets bewildered in his self-raised steam ;
 Confounded by his own wild exhalations,
 Gets wilder still in deeper explorations—

On waxen wings then tries a lofty pitch,
 But tumbles, headlong, in a common ditch;
 There floundering, gropes about in vain,
 Some very simple myst'ry to explain,
 Drags common sense down with him to his puddle,
 And her, as well as self, doth strangely muddle.
He to be great, all, surely, must agree,
 He's wrote a book! and taken a degree!—
 Up gape the audience at the wondrous man,
 And long to understand him—if they can—
 And if they can't—bemoan *their* want of sense,
 While lauding still *his* vast intelligence.
 So Folly reigns, when blockheads are the Judges;
 And Wisdom seems—what nothing else but fudge is.
 Thus Dullness, under vizer of Minerva,
 Will ever find some wiseacres to serve her.

Others, with morbid fantasies imbued,
 Delight to potter o'er congenial wood—
 Of previous stores their feeble *cranium's* dry,
 They rap o'er *tables*, for a fresh supply—
 Too lofty, mundane things to understand,
 They grope for knowledge in a spirit-land—
 There, all at home where nothing can be clear,
 Nonsense exalt, obscurity revere.

Pale Irreligion aids, with practiced wiles,
 While Vice disguised, o'er future victims smiles.
 Some needy hag as Pythoness is found
 To lie, knock, swoon, or kick the table round.
 For her, great Milton leaves his shining peers,
 To talk with dunces of harmonious spheres—
 For her, staid Bacon skips around the room,
 Upsets the chairs, or rides upon a broom ;
 Rapping some mystic nonsense, by the hour,
 For gaping crowds, as gospel, to devour—
 While Saints and Devils, an obliging band,
 Preach, pray, or cut their capers at command—
 Here, scheming Fraud supplies what Folly lacks ;
 Who start as Fanatics, soon end as—Quacks !

Elsewhere, Miss Grim her glowing vengeance
 wreaks

On Man th' usurper, and her protest squeaks
 'Gainst Woman's wrongs ! a revolution preaches—
 And shakes, in air, her flag—a pair of breeches !
 Strong-minded creatures, grim and gaunt as spec-
 tres,

All sit around chair-lady and projectors :
 No smile, no grace, no love adorns their course ;
 All hard, all square, all stern, all strong, all “horse !”

Long-haired and eared apostles of the cause
 Support the fair, and bray out their applause.
 In vision, now, she feels herself a Sen'tor,
 On rostrum placed, and blows like any Stentor.
 Still, still at Man her mimic thunder hurls,
 Shakes out bad logic and—her corkscrew curls.
 Pray, good Miss Grim, what *is* the matter?
 Why all this gall, why all this ceaseless clatter?
 Why rail at Man, why, so irate palaver?
 The reason's plain—she gets no man to have her.
 O Cytherea!—come thou to our aid,
 And rid us of this ancient, unsexed maid;
 Nor let her, longer, for a fitting mate,
 Be clamoring, in such abnormal state—
 If for her Jack, each Jill may justly call,
 Send *now* her Jack and turn to milk her gall—
 And, Goddess! when her luckless Jackie's found,
 Grant! grant! that he may keep her—*gagged and*
bound!

Affairs of State, here, draw a motley crew
 Of sharper, ruffian, rogue of every hue;
 Pickpockets sly, and pauper politicians,
 Ready, in any way, to better their conditions.
 The hired bully here seeks game to bruise on,

The turncoat there—who calls his changes *fusion*,
 Follows, like hound, the party then in vogue,
 And calls his former comrade cheat and rogue ;
 Takes his fat place, and fattens on his fall,
 Eating his fellows like a cannibal.

There, reeling “Pats,” a new made voting host,
 Bestow their favors on who pays them most.
 Swear to support the laws and constitution,
 From which their ignorance gives absolution.
 In motley garb they follow those that feed ’em,
 And sell their votes before they’ve learnt to read
 ’em.

Here *Candidatus* smirks, and drinks, and bribes,
 And to *all* principles at once subscribes,
 Denounces those in power as arrant thieves,
 Calls for Reform, and for his country grieves :
 While he, the greatest rascal of the day,
 Wants but the chance to be still worse than they.
 So want of power, oft makes those wondrous good
 Who’d reign like very Neros, if they could ;
 Who virtues claim, when placed in humble sta-
 tions,
 But shake them off, when great, like poor relations.

There roars and howls Tiberius Gracchus Brown,
 Who’s on his legs to knock “Creation” down ;

Too groveling he to rise to others' level ;
 So goes for sending all things—to the devil !—
 Of people's rights the drunken patriot bawls,
 " *To arms, to arms!*"—the down-trod masses calls ;
 Croaks himself hoarse, and dry as any frog,
 Then—sells his country—for a glass of grog !—
 So, take the loftiest patriot of the stump,
 Who blows the biggest and the loudest trump,
 Of patriotism prates *ad nauseam*,
 And seeks, with periods and big words to palm
 Himself on masses, as Regenerator,
 Of Right and Virtue the great Vindicator,
 Who claims all " place," all faction to despise,
 So pure—would seem fit saint to canonize :
 When out of wind, and somewhat out at pocket,
 Plump—from his skies he falls, like finished rocket,
 No longer seeks, by humbug, to delude us,
 But sells himself—as cheap as any Judas !

Reserved thy triumphs for a ripened age,
 Time's fav'rite puppet on a changing stage,
 Where all are duped, and all alike applaud
 Thy genius, HUMBUG !—and thy tricks reward.
 Thy dam Hypocrisy, by Falsehood sired,
 By Folly nurtured, and by Fraud inspired—

In nature constant, changing still in name
 In purpose various, in deceit the same,
 All men thy victims, yet thy firm allies
 Thy deeds disclaim, and yet thy friendship prize.
 Enduring Goddess of a fickle age !
 The adult World's ignoble heritage !
 More strong than Truth, than Virtue more pursued,
 Thy pride to cheat, thy mission to delude—
 Yet, as by sinner, so by saint implored,
 By sage enlisted, and by fool adored—
 Mankind thy slaves, yet all the world thy shrine,
 Thy works infernal, but thy rites divine. !
 Thy shield of brass hides Truth's indignant face,
 And flashes Error on a blear-eyed race,
 Thy blatant voice drowns Merit's feeble cry
 Upholding falsehood to the blushing sky,
 With shameless bluster and with bold acclaim
 Announcing wide its own asserted fame.
 Lo ! at thy feet where Worth and Honor lie
 Faith, Virtue, Love, and gentle Purity ;
 Each honest purpose, every generous aim,
 Disheartened, sinks before thy potent name.
 E'en Nature, taught by thee to play a part,
 Yields herself muzzled to thy minion, Art ;
 And like some beast, by Mountebank displayed

Performs abnormal tricks, in masquerade,
 Apostate Justice, doubly blind for thee,
 Yields ready judgment to thy perjury.
 By thee, the guiltless bleed, the culprit lives,
 And dextrous knavery, exulting, thrives :
 By thee, aspiring Dullness upward flies,
 And brazen Vice grasps struggling Virtue's prize.)

Say, must we ever feel thy perjured sway,
 Nor hail the glories of a nobler day?
 Must Man, perfected, lose all manhood's pride,
 Live but to learn, yet learn but to misguide?
 Is Wisdom's end but Falsehood's vile success?
 Must Life's great lesson be but faithlessness?
 Must ever Truth to juggling Fiction bow?
 And modest worth to meretricious show?
 When shall Man's nature rise, in Nature's might,
 And soar above this thick obstructing night;
 Shake off the shackles that constrict the heart,
 And dare, at length, to play true Manhood's part?
 Above this atmosphere of social lies,
 Error's thick mists, and clouds of fallacies,
 Fly to a height, where Truth refulgent beams,
 Her rays unclouded by these noxious streams;
 There, champion of her banner wide unfurled,
 Lead a new life in a regenerate World?

But, let us leave these scenes of brawling life,
With envy, hate, and fierce contention rife ;
Where scum of bubbling Civilization
Thickens, in foul coagulation :
Whence Honor shrinks, whence manly Virtues fly,
The schools of Vice and low Hypocrisy—
Go we, my Muse, to far more peaceful scenes,
Which rather with thy milder taste convenes,
In realms domestic, be it ours to dwell,
Of humbler things, essay we now to tell.

P A R T I I I .

CLOCINDA.

Far in the nether realms terrene,
 Clocinda reigns, the Goddess and the Queen.
 To her 'tis given each mystic change to know,
 That bodies alimantal undergo—
 The frame to nurture, to each taste to cater,
 Nature's most kind invigorator !
 The spit her sceptre, parsely forms her crown,
 Kitchen her realm, and wooden stool her throne—
 With these installed, all powerful her sway,
 When she commands, all tremble and obey.
 Obedient Vulcan owns her sovereign power,
 And Croton summoned sends the prosperous shower.
 Portly her frame, and rubicund her face,
 Calm in repose, but awful in grimace :

Though kind her heart, and soft as freshest dough,
 Determination sits upon her brow.

From her resolve appeals no captious she,
 Firm is her will, and final her decree.

What dread dismay her gathering brows inspire,
 Whene'er, displeas'd, she rages round the fire!

Her voice like pounding pestles shakes the air
 And fills with terror all that linger there.

Swift, for his hole, each mouse affrighted runs,
 E'en crawling roach the raging priestess shuns;

Poor Pompey slinks far in the deepest shade,

And every cat through window, flies dismayed!

John whistles low, yet wisely holds his tongue,

While trembling Betty wonders what goes wrong.

But when, again, upon her rotund cheeks,

A glowing smile, a mind contented speaks,

All else doth smile, all else a pleasure knows,

With cheerful radiance all the kitchen glows—

With greater lustre shines each burnished tin,

And simmering pots their liveliest airs begin,

As when fierce Boreas rules the raging skies,

Summons his winds, and bids the tempest rise;

Marshals, from far, the clouds in grim array,

And spreads their gathering volumes for the fray;

Low, muttered roars a mask-ed fury tell,
 As restless with wrathful power, they swell,
 Till, lowering far, they hang the Heavens in
 gloom,
 And bind the earth within a vapory tomb—
 The howling winds a fearful music make,
 Preluding fiercely, to the tempest's rack :
 While fleecy clouds, as heralds, scour the air,
 And bid the laggarts to the coming war.
 Hark! from the North, that peal, like signal gun
 Declares th' aërial war begun—
 One sheet of flame now pales the lurid sky,
 Then bursts, in awful roar, great Heaven's artillery.
 Huge clouds, like warring vessels, sail the skies,
 Hurling their bolts, as each to each replies—
 Their ceaseless thunders beat the throbbing air,
 Each peal responsive to the lightning's glare,
 Which ever through the gloom, like forked tongue
 Of fiery serpent, darts the heavens among.
 Contending whirlwinds from all quarters rise,
 And floods now burst from forth the teeming skies,
 Their furious waters all the earth invade—
 All trembling Nature prostrate sinks, dismayed—
 Awe-stricken man now owns his feeble powers,
 And Him that rules the raging storm adores.

But see! emerging from the weeping sky,
 As new-born Venus, rising from the sea,
 The lovely daughter of the storm appear,
 Of peace and hope the harbinger,—
 As bright her glowing beauties rise,
 Hushed is the fury of the skies.
 Fierce Boreas, softened, stills his wrath,
 While gentle Zephyrs crowd her path.
 The torrents cease, the vapors fly,
 All heaven owns her mild supremacy:
 Gladly the earth receives the gentle maid—
 And joyous Nature all her charms displayed,
 Recovering soon, from previous fears,
 Smiles still more sweetly through her glist'ning
 tears.

E'en so, Clocinda's rising smile foretels
 A grateful calm, and every fear dispels.

Lo! where, majestic, by the crackling flame,
 She seems a priestess, o'er some mystic scheme
 Divinely rapt, while, pierced by spit,
 Pinioned and plucked before th' embrowning heat
 The victim turns; revolving slow,
 Him she annoints with juices from below,
 While molten fat ascends in savory clouds,

A grateful incense to the household gods.
 Her plastic genius now she bends anew
 To make, what mortals call, the "OYSTER STEW"—
 True talent not alone doth lie
 In great endeavor, and capacity
 To do the loftiest deeds ; but also to bestow
 A higher place on humbler things, and throw
 O'er that, which hitherto obscure hath been,
 The light of genius, and the voice of fame.
 Clocinda's genius elevates the dish,
 And makes it all that man or gods might wish.
 First, in the cauldron cleansed with anxious care
 The savory celery she doth prepare.
 Then, over this inverts the crystal stream,
 And gives the cauldron to the genial flame.
 Then adds the exuberant udder's freshest yield
 Ta'en from the kine, that roam, at large, the field,
 In sunny Orange, nor forgets the grease
 Yellow and sweet, that Goshen, land of peace
 And pasture, justly boasts,—then adds, but sparsely,
 To give a vernal tase, the well-minced parsley—
 Her snow-white tribute, next, doth Ceres give,
 Which, first, Clocinda cares to pass through sieve ;
 Then throws it in, commixed by slow degrees,
 Or more or less, each varied taste to please—

Her vigorous arm now nimbly stirs the mess,
 Which constant skill requires and wariness,
 Lest lambent flames too fiercely lick the pot
 And burn by rendering prematurely hot.

DESTINY.

Ruthless destroyer of each peaceful race!
 Proud man! when shall thy tyrant power cease?
 To meet thy will, to please thy changing taste
 All else must die, all nature sink oppressed;
 Each tie parental, each congenial yoke
 Of nature's humbler tribes, by thee is broke,
 Each lowly joy, each instinct's soft desires
 Each little life envied by thee expires.
 As wild laments his agony reveal,
 In vain contending 'gainst the ruthless steel,
 For thee, torn from his loving mother's side,
 The tender calf pours forth the purple tide;
 For thee, the lambkin yields its budding life,
 And hog, complaining, sinks beneath the knife,
 Where, vainly struggling in a fierce despair,
 With hideous yells he fills the astonished air;
 Each fond companion hears th' unusual cries,
 And to his grief, with answering grief, replies;

Each rock repeats the unharmonious woe,
 Through echoing woods the chorused squealings
 grow,

Startle the wond'ring birds, in farthest glades,
 And drive fair Dryads into deeper shades.

For thee, the finny people meet their doom,
 By cruel barb dragged from their watery home—
 Ensnared by thee, they seize the fancied prey,
 Then, gasping, wondering, pant their life away.

For thee, each cackling mother mourns her young,
 When Bidy seeks a victim them among.

For thee, each gobbler mourns his slaughtered
 mate,

And patient ox, resistless, meets his fate.

Lo! where, in massive strength revealed,

Mild eyed, the gentle giant of the field!

Laborious servant of the exacting soil,

Kind in his strength, and unreserved in toil,

Calmly contemplative, complacent chews

Th' redoubled herb, and simple thought pursues;

Musing on clovered meads, or sparkling rills

That danced through verdure down his native hills.

When all unchecked he ruled his little dames

Browsed o'er the plains and frolicked in the streams.

When doomed for thee, full on his hairy brow

The brawny butcher aims the barb'rous blow.
 Full on the front the ponderous weight descends,
 Through hair, skull, brains, resistless passage
 rends—

As struck by fiery missive from the skies,
 Falls the crushed brute, and bleeding, quivering
 lies—

In one long sigh expels his struggling breath—
 Then sinks supine his giant frame in death.
 For thee, the pheasant, as the aerial blue
 He cleaves rejoicing, when at length in view
 Of piping brood, his daily, sweetest care,
 Hastening with them his gathered toils to share ;
 Struck to the heart, receives the leaden death,
 And stiffening lies upon the ensanguined heath.

Thy fiery mandate bathes the earth in blood,
 Thy life is death—all Nature's tears thy food—
 Insatiate tyrant ! will not these suffice,
 Will these not fill the bloody sacrifice ?
 Must shell-fish too, that mild, innocuous race,
 More victims yield to feed thy wild caprice ?
 More victims yield to that absorbing power,
 That craves all things organic to devour ?
 Alas ! for thee, must mild moluscules bleed,
 Must they too fall thy pampered maw to feed ?

Ready the burning broth, the fated hour has come !
 Trembling, appalled, each dreads the coming doom.
 In memory, each the pleasing scene surveys
 Where passed the peaceful hours of happier days,
 The silvery stream, the far extending shore
 With weed and clam-shells all besprinkled o'er.
 The verdant slime, the mossy rocks o'erhead,
 The yielding mud that formed their native bed ;
 Scenes of their early childhood's simple bliss,
 Or mutual love's maturer happiness.

Where peace, o'er all diffused its magic spell,
 And sweet contentment smiled in every shell ;
 Where Friendship's genial ray each bosom warmed,
 Doubled each joy, and every fear disarmed.
 Where oft by Fancy led, in sportive mood,
 They scaled the rocks, or burrowed in the mud.
 Roamed o'er the pebbly shore, or 'mid the reeds
 Chased their kind loves and sought the cooling
 shades.

There, sheltered close from Phœbus' noontide
 beam,
 Wooed the soft breeze that crept along the stream,
 Told their fond longings to the listening fair,
 And claimed for love its sweetest triumphs there ;
 Where, all at ease, beneath the genial day,

In glowing charms each panting beauty lay ;
Harmonious with surrounding Nature's fires
And dreaming thoughts that dreamy Love inspires.
While some from valves, in wild, mischievous play,
O'er sleeping comrades jerk the cooling spray,
Or sily crack the sea-weed's slimy fruit
Where ardent lover presses earnest suit,
Or nip the bee, or gaudy summer fly
As skimming the stream they flit exulting by.
Or watch, perchance, swift darting from the skies
The screaming hawk secure his scaly prize,
Or mark the nimble trout, in sportive mood,
Leap from the stream and frolic in the flood,
Basking his glittering sides in noontide rays,
Or devious paddling, in a sluggish ease,
While various songsters from each pensile limb
That hung umbrageous o'er the sun-lit stream.
The languid air with warbled richness cloy,
Telling in music all their amorous joy.
As thus, the pleasures of their simple homes
They various see—a deeper anguish comes
O'er each fond bosom, and in hopeless tears
Fond memory lingering murmurs, while appears
Despair with sable banner, through the gloom,
And waves them on, reluctant, to their doom.

The stern CLOCINDA marks them for her own,
 Each by her hand remorseless now, is thrown
 Within the bubbling cauldron ; hissing fires
 Their requiem sing, and bubbling each expires.
 One last embrace, one long, entrancing kiss,
 One lingering dream of love and happiness
 The lovers know, then tearfully await
 The dreadful summons of impending fate.
 Oh ! great divinity of wedded love !
 Let grief like theirs thy kind compassion move.
 And thou, bright Venus ! to thy votaries come,
 And rescue them from this too early doom ;
 Arm all thy Cupids, bid the potent band
 Arrest for once the stern Clocinda's hand—
 Still let them live, and all thy pleasures prove
 Too short, as yet, their happy dream of love !
 How sad, at length when sweet fruition crowns
 Hope's golden dream, and fortune adverse frowns
 No more, but wreath-ed now in smiles
 With bliss before unknown the heart beguiles :
 When, soul to soul, by sweet emotions tied,
 And every wish and every thought allied ;
 Dependent each, and every look revealing
 The depth of joy, the ecstasy of feeling—
 When all the future seems a present bliss,

And life but a dream of happiness,
 The world an Eden, where each joy to prove,
 With time, a slave to minister to love.
 'Tis sad that then an adverse fate should sever
 Those golden joys they dreamt were joys for ever.
 In vain their love, their fondest hopes in vain,
 Vanished their dream—no more to know again,
 Those sweet desires, those springs of soft emotion,
 That priceless gift a heart's unbought devotion ;
 All that of earth to brighten life is given,
 Firm as the faith, and pure as joys of Heaven.
Fate's summons comes ; together clasped they die—
 Together STEWED ! within the pot they lie !—
 Mourn ye fond lovers ! their untimely fate,
 Weep, weep, ye Cupids who on lovers wait—
 Yet—weep them not, nor mourn their early doom
In JULIA'S throat ! they find an envied tomb !

FINIS.







YB 13754

