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**BROTHER & SISTER'S OFFERING.**

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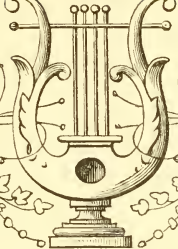




"BUT LEFT THE HOUSE BY HEAVEN'S CHANCELLER,  
"MIDST SNOWY FORMS TO SEARCH AND KNOW ME MORE."



THE



BROTHER & SISTER

OFFERING

BY

ELMER RUAN COATES,

AND

ANN LUCRETIA ROGERS.



PHILADELPHIA:

KITE AND WALTON, PRINTERS,

RANSTEAD PLACE.



TO THE ROSINE ASSOCIATION,

IN CONSIDERATION OF THE GOOD IT

HAS DONE, IS DOING, AND PROMISES TO DO

THIS WORK IS MOST CHEERFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHORS.



# CONFESSION OF A GRAVEYARD.

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BY  
ELMER RUAN COATES.

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DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY.

THOU massive height of mortar, wood, and brick !  
Thou complex form of virtue and of vice !  
A truthful semblance of a world art thou !  
For in the circle of thy sultry bounds,  
Thou hast a mixture of the varied traits,  
All passions, natures, that move mind along.  
Thy compass has disgust and joy for all,  
Which always seen and ever on alert,  
Distracts or gladdens in a ratio  
Of mental grasp, appreciation keen !  
Great focus point of science, art, and trade,  
Of loathsome lust, of virtue vanquished not,  
I flee thy hold, waxed tame by parched strength,  
To taste the where contagion grows benumbed.

Here nature 's mocked by ev'ry living thing!  
The caged dove sings dirge to poisoned life,  
The stifled trees have ta'en a foreign bend,  
(Burlesque most mournful on their native growth,)  
The mellow flute makes discord with the groans,  
Consumptive forms belie the studied smile,  
And make more gloom than had they moaned aloud!  
Fie! let me off! I gladly barter all  
The counterfeit for healthful, current life.  
Yet I'm not missed! A doleful thought, indeed!  
For innate pride endows us with moment,  
And grows our fire to such brilliant flames,  
We wish all dazzled by the lustrous glare.  
No void! no void! poor, complex fraction, weak!  
Unless at home or 'mong the blooded kin,  
Who prize, perhaps, because they're used to me;  
And e'en the latter, often jealous foes,  
Would rather miss, than meet me on life's course.  
Miss'd not! my nature unfolds nothing rare,  
Naught not in common to all thinking minds;  
Compared with some, my vices lose their names,  
And seem well graded on celestial scales.  
Again the fever of ambitious cast,  
The racking grandeur seeking to expound  
And paint its fancies on the roll of fame,  
All wise components, placing me o'er beasts,  
Are found in blossoms, budding and full bloom,  
The latter shaming me, mere germ as yet.

Thus ran my thoughts one sultry summer's eve,

As I, alone on foot, was leaving town,  
My head bow'd low in contemplation sweet,  
In reverie that shames the tongue and pen,  
Reminding oft', a spark of virtue lives.  
The long sung banks of Schuylkill now in view,  
The placid flow made silver by the moon,  
The zephyr soft which pure emotion gives,  
The mournful quiet, save the insect tribe,  
Approving nod of stately forest kings,  
By contrast shook me, trembling with delight;  
And pointing back, in ridiculing scorn,  
Upon the spires dim'd by parting day,  
O'erwhelm'd my soul to glance the snare I left,  
Then breathing satires on ill acted life,  
Confirmed the musings slandered truth had made,  
Refresh'd me more than dwelling in the stench.  
On paced I slowly, swinging my valise,  
Well pack'd with clothing, for a week's sojourn;  
Between the pleasure of my walk and muse,  
The road was short, and cooling, welcome night,  
Saw me ensconced within a comely cot,  
Near Laurel Hill, famed dwelling of the dead!

Oh mad'ning thought, that vice will virtue taint!  
I, who expectant of continued scenes,  
Like quiet Schuylkill or still nature grants,  
Was vexed by offal of the morbid town:  
Coquettish misses, self-conceited youths,  
Proud, girlish mama's—pa's of strutting pus;  
(Effective doses of the vomitive,)



Who laugh'd the more to show affected freaks,  
Than vent the pool of mirthful innocence.  
I, mournful yet, and refugee from such  
Nice, apish action, arts' manoeuvring,  
Could not admire these symptoms of disease,  
Nor wear the robe of graceful frivolty,  
But left the house by Heaven's chandelier,  
'Midst snowy tombs to search and know me more.

The portal pass'd—within the precincts held,  
My happy mood is partially dissolved  
By num'rous throngs in gaiety attired;  
Some walking, skipping, giggling with the flirt,  
Much more impressed with even promenade,  
Designs of sculpture, floral families,  
Their atom nonsense honied for each ear,  
Than with the feeling that the graves inspire.  
Now anger smote me, tender'd by hot tears,  
Aroused before, when none were near to mar;  
But soon 'twas calm'd by superstition's foe,  
Peace-making reason, chooser of the right,  
Who bade me still and study earth's extremes,  
To make allowance for the grosser part,  
For gross they seem'd, when view'd by ecstasy.  
The last was I, now more than generous,  
And would have all enchain'd by sim'lar spell,  
Or see them hardened by the contrast great.  
My muse's voice, I'd have the night make song,  
And guide me 'long discussion's occult path,  
Withheld its flow, but bade me tarry there,

That Tacita would soon unlock her lips.  
The summons strong, and I with truth impress'd,  
She'd prove her word as 'twas her willing wont,  
Impatient stroll'd from observation's scope,  
Perused mementos cut on marble white,  
'Till midnight came and found me there alone.

Now feel I jargon of poor empty words!  
Sore, sick exponents of o'erflowing bliss!  
Coarse, threadbare garments, to clad feeling in;  
Were there a language of a winning tact,  
Endow'd with health, to make narration clear,  
Then might I venture to rehearse a state,  
Some Heaven call, but claim it not for earth.  
When last proud exit of the unmov'd mob  
Left me with midnight made mid-day by light,  
A zephyr soft, thrice sweet by flowret's rare,  
Return'd my muse by glad orchestral flash,  
From tuneful insects that add charms to Nox.  
Accomp'nied well, I seat me on the ground,  
To feast on that most wondrous kind of food,  
That sweet, though bitter; shunn'd, yet sigh'd for soon;  
The rapture wrapping in another sphere,  
And magnifying magnitude so large,  
As breedeth hate for worldly show and pomp,  
To sweat the brow with solemn, plaintive thought,  
Yet force us love the cause that grows this mood.  
While banqueting with haste starvation makes,  
And almost wild with rapid growth of soul,  
The running moon took refuge in a cloud,

The music ceased, and quaking flowers bow'd,  
A fev'rish closeness now pervades the air,  
The sculpture moved as if by vital force,  
Like snow-white angels wearied by the task  
Of standing still to suit an artist's eye :  
The Graveyard roll'd like billows fretted long,  
And, with an effort like Vesuvius,  
Belched forth a laugh that would make thunder mute,  
Hysteric laugh akin to lunacy,  
But diff'ring by the evidence of mind,  
Which proved reflection stock'd with massive fact.  
Now silence reigns ; but gloom maintains the throne,  
Then, growing climax of terrific pitch,  
The Graveyard speaks in rumbling basso voice ;  
And with a style, self-confidence extreme,  
As sages have who know their current deep,  
Superior to common human herds,  
Addressed me thus ; mere courtesy, I felt,  
For well I saw, it knew I'd teach it naught.

## GRAVEYARD.

Ambition ! ha ! there was a time, young man,  
I thought the flame, by shame consumed, would die,  
The word fall prostrate ne'er again to rise.  
Long since I've seen the fitful fancy lives,  
Yet those who grow this caustic on their health,  
Seem satisfied inferiors to be,  
Nor doubt my station o'er all living things.  
Save thy disgust, nor brand me egotist,

Occasions stern when facts should be portray'd,  
Excuse the "I," no breach of modest rule.  
Can one have talent and perceive it not,  
In daily contact with the lower caste?  
Can one have wealth, yet ignorant the time,  
While beggars seek him in his castle grand?  
Can one have beauty, and oblivion  
When piercing eyes of jealousy attack,  
And num'rous tongues do homage to the gem?  
Can one have virtue, yet non-cognizant,  
When thousands speak of hearts by conscience crushed?  
And yet 'tis vain to claim what we possess,  
When anger flies should one deny our right?  
'Tis but self hoax, the hoaxer winks at self!  
Now I will speak my frankest promptings all,  
All being true, my logic kills the boast;  
Yet I'm so great,—of attributes so full,—  
Each one so marked and varied in its kind,  
I'm almost lost in magnitude of theme,  
And to the path that bears me quickest through.

Now paused the voice, in cadence trembling out,  
As though the clearness of oppressive thought,  
Each scion grew to such stupendous size,  
That each claimed right to be considered first.  
More silence pass'd, more apprehensive I  
Lest it should deem appreciation numb,  
Confess! I cried, make not thy ending here,  
Confess! confess! to disappoint would craze!

## GRAVEYARD.

Confess ! confess ! why ask me to confess ?  
 The mandate's thrust to criminals on rack ;  
 But ha ! I see my loud, exulting laugh,  
 Has caused thee think my works are evil deeds.  
 'Twas but the laugh of great ambition, youth,  
 Nor is it vain, for I alone should boast.  
 Though I'm a foe, I'd have thee know me friend.  
 Though I am shun'd, I'd have thee know me sought ;  
 But I'll confess, then judge as pleaseth thee.

That I may not far wander from the path  
 Of thy vast truths intuitively known ;  
 Since weaker heads need rules to centre mind,  
 As pilgrims, guide-posts to direct the way ;  
 Grant me, Oh Grave, the argument at once.  
 An earthquake laugh more ling'ring on the ear,  
 The thunder's crash, then deep volcanic roll,  
 Electric streaks, then instant, blinding flash,  
 Phenomenon of constant glare and sound  
 Revealed vibrations of huge sculptured stones,  
 A frantic state of nature's weaker things.  
 Just then, co-incident with the acting dread,  
 The Graveyard cried in chord with other sound

## GRAVEYARD.

My kingly station o'er the wide, wide world !!

I'll calmly speak, nor chill thee with my tone.  
When chaos, weary of her dishabille,  
Sought neater dress and grew into a world,  
I slighted was, or was not then to slight.  
'Twas not until some breathing forms were dead,  
That useful need marked us on birthright list.  
Then fixed on earth, young unassuming babes,  
Unconscious, babe-like, of the strength we'd have,  
Our minds at ease, elysium of content,  
We saw no goal with sweating speed to reach,  
For racing then was drown'd within content.  
Now soon we saw some agile form grow weak,  
Pert, tonguey eyes assume dumb, vacant stare ;  
The raven hair grow jealous of the snow,  
The sleek flushed skin lose hue, to wrinkles turn,  
Expansive reason changed to babish doat,  
Then first we saw the attributes we had !  
Again, we saw the child grow second child,  
Deny the waning, cling to brilliant life,  
In dotage, ape boys' sports of frivolty ;  
Yet show the tot'ring in the palsied frame,  
Like drunkards, when in beastly, Bacchus state,  
In striving hard to play the gentleman,  
A foreign part they cannot e'en rehearse :  
All this observed, ambition grew a mount,  
And laughter laughed to see the fun in store !  
Sly, thievish time begat more flesh and blood,  
And as this same sought diff'rent spots to rest,  
Incarnal birth gave heirs to carnal trash :  
A fam'ly now, Death, agent was install'd.

The contract drawn, compelled him take the life,  
To give us relics for our share of prey.  
Our firm, enlarged, does bus'ness for the world!  
In early times when Graves were wonders lone,  
A noticed passion took a mountain size,  
But not its course; I speak of avarice,  
Like other passions, this first came a babe,  
And grew an adult by quick action's art.  
Its Argus eyes saw industry at work,  
Fell trees, grow herds, make tents, force seed to crops,  
Saw luxury from stern requirement grow,  
That this was good when meted out to need,  
But when possess'd in shares immod'rate, large,  
Some lost their right, that others grew their sway,  
Then pride stepped in, the kind with av'rice ranks,  
And placed a devil in the humble breast;  
Made happy chiefs loathe tame frugality;  
Then weaving plots, which devils can invent,  
They took the reins and sought to war with Gods!  
This discord germ took root in many hearts,  
None loved to soil their tender, lily hands,  
For him, who lately, was no more than par.  
Ambition now, made hot with red revenge,  
Turned reason sick, and then to swear an oath  
To study art and bring the tyrant down—  
The tyrant, now, who was before a friend,  
The scoffing lips, that once did sympathize.  
Hence war began, and gore to rivers grew,  
Which being quaffed, our thirst has still increased.  
But avarice became our ardent friend,



And leagued with Death to aid in his exploits.  
Our pride enlarged, we threw all rivals down!  
Yes, potent kings bow'd servile at our will,  
Nor raised their heads to see a sister smile!  
Hark! hark! some subjects of a sister speak.

The Graveyard paused, when num'rous venom'd tongues  
All spake at once, as though by given sign,  
Nor did the journey from the old world break  
The clear distinctness of the fury stayed.  
One voice there was, cool wisdom fill'd each note,  
When this was heard all others hushed to hear,  
'Twas Solomon's, wise King of Israel!  
And thus it pleased the ear of Laurel Hill.

## VOICE OF SOLOMON.

Oh thou great canker on the hope of man!  
Thou seem'st to give thy ancient sister joy,  
For robbing me of my regality!

## VOICES OF JEHOAM AND AHAZIAH.

And mine! and mine!

## VOICE OF SOLOMON.

So I have swell'd the sands of life to hills,  
And plucked each day a ray from wisdom's eye,  
To light my senses to proclaim you kings,

And me a subject, servile, meekest slave!  
 Well, boast your strength 'mong petty chiefs of old,  
 Those vagrant sparks seditious any time,  
 O'er ripen'd fruit, too mellow for a shock,  
 Itin'rant, houseless, puny, careworn tribes!  
 Death was an object rather than a dread;  
 You should not boast for putting them to flight,  
 'Twas righteous move to shield them from intrigue;  
 But why direct your Terror grim against  
 The throne refined of favor'd Israel?  
 Did you not know my love of glit'ring pomp?  
 How sweet it was to sit and feel the king,  
 To hear me call'd the same by men of caste,  
 While making laws and quashing old decrees?

## GRAVEYARD.

Of course we did, and laughed aloud  
 To see thy weakness wear a crown!

## VOICES OF JEHORAM AND AHAZIAH.

Oh Grave! we've counsel'd, and have seen the wrong  
 Your race has waged against the kings of old,  
 And that our own is grievous to be borne!

## GRAVEYARD.

I know your thoughts, seek not to be verbose.

## VOICES OF JEHORAM AND AHAZIAH.

Why listen then to Solomon?

## GRAVEYARD.

To gratify my great ambition, serfs.  
 You cannot make a case like Solomon's,  
 His envied seat was out your sphere to fill.  
 No more disturb. I have no wish to hear  
 The weaker kind my office weakening.

The voices ceased, dared not to more address :  
 The Graveyard asks refreshed with keener zeal :

## GRAVEYARD.

Is this not music for ambition's ear ?  
 But these confessions are by no means rare ;  
 'Most ev'ry moment bursts a crowded breast,  
 And long complaints are brought for settlement.  
 Now list ! a voice from yonder grave proceeds  
 Which oft demurs ; a monument it bears,  
 On which is cut more beautiful designs  
 Than are exponents of the one they mourn.

## VOICE OF A MISER.

Sarcastic laugh at Solomon's appeal !  
 I heard it all, and since it does delight

To know that thou art potentate o'er such  
 As strive to vie in governing the world,  
 Why chain me here from modest course of life?  
 I sought no crown, no laurels for my brow,  
 I was no rival, ne'er aspired the post,  
 Wherefore the glory in my massacre?  
 What harm did I do living on the earth?  
 I owed no man—

## GRAVEYARD.

Nor let a man owe thee!  
 That was because thou owedst no man respect  
 That would permit thee owe him e'en a cent.

## VOICE OF THE MISER.

I never meddled with the poor man's lot.

## GRAVEYARD.

Not e'en to know the comfort he might need,  
 Not e'en to soothe him, coming to my arms!  
 Hush! stay thy wrath, thy argument is weak,  
 Thy life was curse, it joys to curse thee now.  
 But to my course, as it is rather long.  
 When mortals saw and realized our might,  
 That we bid fair to make a barren world,  
 Then there arose, to make Hygeia's art  
 A constant service for the stay of Death,

A num'rous clan, who gather'd diff'rent herbs,  
Descried their natures, noted their effects  
On diff'rent systems, under diff'rent states ;  
Compared the action of this thing with that,  
And oft retained the breath within the clay !  
But soon this power made them swell with pride,  
Then was our province trespass'd on too much,  
Our spirits raged, and joy more current came,  
To see them patch poor constitutions frail,  
To rip again, and mock their best attempts.  
Yes! great are we, thus by attrition made.  
We know ourselves when opponents we face ;  
Which pasteboard toys have served to call us out.  
Among the rest who dar'd to win a name,  
Were orators of all persuasions, kinds,  
Their creeds as num'rous as the clan itself,  
Their styles as varied as the blades of grass.  
These sought to move the gaping multitude  
To idle tears, or measures politic ;  
More oft to show their elocution art,  
Than bear conviction to benighted minds.  
How oft I've seen them twist conventions round,  
By learned harangues, or nonsense dress'd to death  
In captious logic, pleasing to mislead.  
How I have laughed to hear a platform creak  
'Neath frenzied stamps to prove an empty point !  
How I have laughed when privately they'd curse,  
Some sleepy-head that could not weave the threads.  
Now judge my joy to see those sluggards start  
When I was mentioned in some dread appeal.

I will not name the wounded, or the slain,  
The flick'ring lights now weak for want of oil,  
The great of Greece, the master minds of Rome,  
Persuasive tongues your senate gloried in,  
Thou art familiar with their names and date ;  
These we allowed to please themselves awhile,  
Then crush'd them in their last and fiery speed,  
Like those stars make which startle as they fade.  
Oh I am full ; 'tis sweet to dwell on these,  
As they profess'd the upper sites to claim.  
Look round, thou'lt find a fair beginning here.  
Philosophers are flatterers we find,  
Especially those of the moral list.  
There is a class so abjectly depraved,  
It ne'er does right from liking of the act,  
And needs a fright to stir conviction up ;  
Then comes your Luther, Bacon, Locke, and Comb,  
With their deep ethics studied into rules,  
But finding reason proveth no avail,  
They mention " Grave," then quick repentance comes.  
See clergymen work with some sinful wretch,  
To make him clean, ere he is brought to me,  
And very oft the " preparations" made,  
Are more for me than that oft quoted place !  
Of moralists, I have imperfect stock,  
A few, yet share, the field is sparsely strewn.  
I would remind thee of another fact.  
The ornaments presented by the hands,  
(If stout enough, would throw me from the world,)  
Are brought me here with tame, submissive yield,

As masters have from dogs that please through fear.  
I mean the sculptor, conqueror of stones,  
Who disinters the marble from the soil,  
And with his chisel subject to his eye,  
Gives it a form, expression, and design,  
Ay, everything, save that which draws  
The line 'tween nature and the work of art.  
Yes, these same men, who grant these splendid gifts,  
Are forced, in turn, to give themselves to us!  
Why art thou fixed so steadfast on the ground?  
Search 'mong the graves, thou'lt find the painter here!  
Who makes a mirror of the canvass coarse,  
The man who takes from mountain, creek or face,  
A counterfeit, that nature can't excel.  
But forms of beauty from the nursling up,  
The prattling infant, lovely, blushing maid;  
The vig'rous man, the venerable old;  
And others, who call'd genius from his brush,  
Are like his work, as light, though not as fair.  
These are not all o'er whom I hold a sway,  
Not all of those who 'rouse my jealousy.  
A race I've marked who powerf'ly intrude,  
Because they bear the mind and heart so high,  
The world is lost, and I with it of course.  
I mean musicians, victims of sweet sounds,  
These are great rulers both of mirth and gloom.  
The first they make by sweet vivacious notes  
That seek the head, the heart, the hand, the heel,  
And seem to argue life eternal here;  
Because thus held, no thought of death creeps in.



The last by soft and ever haunting bars,  
That rather charm than fill with shouting joy,  
With sounds that have this subtle, magic trick,  
Of making one all ears, all eyes, all sense,  
The eyes to see old friends, old places, things,  
The ears to hear past music, accents, glee,  
And sense to muse on all of these combined.  
But strange to tell! a property it has,  
That, though it saddens, flatters length of life,  
If but to live to hear those sounds again!  
These, I repeat, rouse envy in my breast:  
Death notes them, too, and sends me fresh supplies!  
By careful search thou'lt find the poet here.  
The close observer, and the midnight friend  
To oil, reflection, fools-cap, pen, and ink.  
These touch my pride by making me a theme,  
And yet my envy by their much import.  
For they are such a plastic sort of men,  
They'll sap the essence out of—what you please,  
And with this essence make the relic more  
Than nature did before the same was out!  
They'll build such worlds, so heaven-like to this,  
Death finds the trav'ler ere he finds the place.  
This angers me, as I would have mankind  
Enjoy the world, then gratify my lust,  
By falling from the world that is enjoyed.  
Now that I think the poet's not most vain,  
They're moved, by far, much harder than they move,  
Did they not give their brightness to the world,  
The centre'd rays would soon dry up their blood.

They're modest, zealous, headstrong, even rash,  
Sometimes have sense, ofttimes the weakest fools;  
Oft eloquent, at other times all "Oh!"  
Expressing selves in fractured sentences,  
That jargon make to ev'ry human mind  
That can't outwit the tongue by blissful thought.  
They're never one, or rather long at time,  
For doing all, and saying none the less,  
They dream themselves to ev'ry body else.  
I'll not take time to picture them at length,  
Or state their claims. One now will save the task.

A voice commenced, the tone was swelling sob,  
Like that which warns a flow of tears behind.

## VOICE OF A POET.

Oh, cruel Grave! why urge Death place me here?  
Didst thou not wish frail man to love the earth,  
That thou mightst joy to throw him off his feet?  
Why take me then, when I was of avail?  
'Twas my intent to make the world sublime!  
To make love more than ever love will be,  
Destroy the gross and grov'ling passions quite,  
To turn the pains of ailing flesh to bliss,  
And have each one implore to live for ay!

## GRAVEYARD.

Come, cease! I've heard this worn-out plea before,  
But let thee speak, that this young man may hear.

Of this same class were all the poets old,  
Of this same class are all the poets new,  
And Shakspeare, giant in dramatic taste,  
Who did divine and well conceive our strength,  
Who made his Hamlet "pah!" at Yorick's skull,  
Did, like the jester, give his skull away.  
Here, too, are men who've pass'd through years of toil,  
In abstruse science, much conjecture too,  
Geologists, and men of min'rals fond.  
Yes, some are here, and many coming on  
To help make soil for others to observe!  
'Mong all the stock which I have stow'd away,  
There are a few whom it did grieve to take;  
Because they gave the utmost of their time  
To make poor mortals love revengeful earth.  
The benefactor of the race, I mean.  
These vie with angels in their watchful care,  
And make that care the object of a life.  
Time, which is cash, let men of bus'ness speak,  
Is with the gold bestow'd on suff'ring poor.  
These by good counsel prop loose virtue up,  
Or mend it, broken, when all others fail.  
True, they're ambitious, yet they gall me not,  
For their ambition 's not so much to shine,  
As to do good and brighten ev'ry heart.  
This vanity is not the kind possess'd  
By those who wish their ev'ry action known!  
The benefactor, as it were, by stealth,  
Acts privately, nor gives the anxious throng  
A chance to see or trump the deeds abroad.

I've wonder'd youth to see them slight their health,  
While venturing against the raging storm ;  
To see them give, and throw themselves in need ;  
And then, at last, when they would seek some aid  
From wealthy hands, that never helped themselves,  
To save a mortal from pollution's curse ;  
Again to see, low blasphemy on man,  
Scoff at their mission, make their purse strings tight,  
And fin'ly smite the heart by goodness ruled,  
By calling all a trick to raise a name !

How true ! I felt, for this I understood,  
By frequent practice in the very cause !  
The voice made pause to give reflection time,  
And recommenced with mischief in the tone.

## GRAVEYARD.

What great tactitian in the martial field  
Has vied with us in breaking hearts of love,  
In dark'ning hearth-sides, making home a blank,  
The whole world less and all within a void ?  
We've made sad havoc 'mong the idolized !  
So sad, that, thou would'st feel thy blood grow chill,  
In hearing fragments of my vast amount.  
Of two I'll speak, the case bears recent date,  
By Schuyllkill's side, thou trodst the spot to day,  
Two children, schoolmates, lovely boy and girl,  
Were wont to spend their lonely, stolen march.  
Their purest prattle bore no sign of grief,

And faithful fondness, germ of future love,  
Embraced the two 'till their young hearts were one.  
Tell them of death, they'd pass the terror by,  
Tell them of change, they'd look the empty stare,  
Nor could they prune from ebbing of the tide,  
The setting sun, or other striking hints,  
Life's solemn facts, or see analogy!  
Revealing time robbed them of youth extreme,  
And these once buds, now flowers of full bloom,  
Once closed to dull infection's rotten taint,  
Now learned some guile, yet holy love increased,  
Love was their all, their poetry of life,  
And sentiment, which youthful ardor makes,  
The first prime passion and grand eloquence  
Which middle age ne'er takes the pains to rear,  
Was ever breath'd, and lastly by a vow.  
But let me haste. The kiss and ring exchanged,  
The time at hand which puts the climax on,  
Death pluck'd the hero by a graceful trick!  
The maiden, raving with insane despair,  
Still sought the bank, her paradise of yore,  
And each new moon saw her with outstretched arm,  
Implore the sky to render her her own.  
As if to move compassion in the stream,  
She'd sing to it in frightful minor strains,  
Or hurl the dart of sentiment once used,  
'Till, wearied out, she'd sink down on the earth!  
I, satisfied with her protracted woe,  
Sent Death to take her in a sim'lar spell!  
So now the two have proved their constant tie,

Not to each other, but unto myself!  
Now others young are walking in their wake,  
And constant time will prove them constant too!

My weary heart could naught but heave a sigh.

## GRAVEYARD.

I need not cite a stronger case than this,  
If one there is, which now I can't recall.  
Paternal love is not to thee unknown,  
The love a child has for its father, too,  
Anticipation in maternal doat,  
The true affection that is given her,  
The constant care advising sisters have,  
Anxiety the watchful brother shows,  
Then judge the grief, heartfelt, incessant grief,  
When objects of these interested loves  
Are brought to me from home and circles gay!  
Look round, and see the work I've done for love!  
It needs no search, for ev'ry slab I have  
Is reared to mourn a victim mourn'd by some!

Lest I should lose one syllable it spoke,  
I said but "yes," to show I heedance gave.  
A minute's silence, and my flut'ring heart  
Ceased foreign motion for the native beat,  
The scene had changed! the raging warlike scene!  
The lightning left to usher moonlight back!  
The thunder ceased, the orchestra tuned up!

The Graveyard spake, the voice so sweet and mild,  
I knew it only by its sign so marked.

## GRAVEYARD.

Now thou shalt know me for a constant friend ;  
I am not all that viciousness can boast,  
I am ambitious, when I see a chance  
To show it off, and terrify the great,  
But still I'm kind, as hundreds will affirm.

This speech was cue for many Graves to speak,  
And quick replies from num'rous spots around,  
So mingled words with unity of tone,  
Naught but a constant humming sound was heard.

## GRAVEYARD.

'Tis well for thee thou can'st not hear them each,  
For they to prove the kindness I have shown,  
Would burn thy ear with quick successive woe.  
These are of those whom some mistaken steps,  
Some wilful errors, unconsidered acts,  
Have forced to call the brilliant rays of life  
Deceitful bait of ignes fatui,  
Thrown with design to beckon on to ill.  
The darts of gall that sicken'd them of life,  
Were multiform, and cast of ev'ry size,  
Nor are they blunt, as they are piercing still.  
Here are crush'd hearts, breasts weak with hope defer'd,



A faithful wife whose life is turn'd to hell,  
By some foul brute, who pledged to make it bliss.  
Here are young maids betray'd by arrant knaves.  
Here lies the merchant broken down in wealth,  
Whose life of ease was changed for poverty,  
And that when age demanded comforts new.  
Here, here, Oh youth! are men of giant minds,  
Who've sat at midnight by some dying coals,  
And nestling close to half clad, famished wives,  
Have sought to join the chilling night to day,  
That they might try some novel scheme for bread!  
Ay, these same men whose ev'ry aim in life,  
Was to beget and cherish naught but good,  
To furnish light to those who could not see;  
Who in their love of seeing things go well,  
E'en robbed themselves to come to want at last!  
And feeling keenly all the sharpen'd stings,  
That sore reflection never fails to use,  
I've known them weep, with buried hope implore  
My aid to free them from the cruel rack.

Great Grave! I cried, thou art the king of earth!  
Who, hearing thee, can doubt the crown is thine.  
Thou art supreme the greatest foe, yet friend,  
Embodiment of ev'ry passion known!!

## GRAVEYARD.

*And hence my station o'er the wide, wide world!!*  
I have not done, but thou art worn, I see,

I know thou art, my words have that effect.  
Go seek thy rest, I'll tell thee more anon,  
But when thou comest, take both day and night,  
And don't forget thy paper and thy pen.  
Go seek thy couch, while I command these men.

I raised my eyes and saw two men approach,  
Their office told by spades and picks they bore,  
Through fear they'd speak and taint my late repast,  
I left the palace of the silent dead,  
My heart improved, but fever in my brain,  
Which burning, woke me from this lengthy dream.  
I, who had listen'd to this tale of gloom,  
Awaking, found me in my sultry room,  
And gazing in the densely crowded street,  
Observing masses wade through dust and heat,  
Each one pursuing his especial line,  
For fame, for fortune, or to pass his time,  
Then I confess'd to having seen true light  
While from the city on my dreamy flight!

# THE MAID OF LOUVERE.

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BY

ANN LUCRETIA ROGERS.

---

ITALIA! fair land of beauty, love and song,  
We prize thee for thy right,—and mourn thee for thy  
wrong!  
There nature lavish, spread her beauties rare,  
And man's ambition made thee still more fair!  
Thy glowing sky deep inspiration gives,  
And in reflection from the pallet lives.  
There Guido, Raphael, and a kindred band,  
Have spread thy fame as the artistic land.  
Bocassio, and Tasso's well tuned lyre,  
Have swell'd the heart with quick poetic fire.  
And thou, who boldly dared the swelling wave,  
To seek the shore thy reason only gave!  
Thou child of nature, student of her laws,  
Whose truth made bolder in a vent'rous cause;  
Made thee to spurn the gibes the sages gave,  
Of seeking land beyond the western wave,

Thy hope fulfil'd, thy banner then unfurl'd  
Columbia! we hail the new-found world!  
Fair Italy! so varied are thy themes,  
The poet hails them as his brightest dreams.  
And Clio longs to point the glowing page  
Of mental splendor in thy future age!

Nestling near the lofty mountain,  
Half in coyness, half in fear,  
Where the mist rolls from the fountain,  
Rose the fairy spot, Louvere.  
Nature there was all too lovely,  
Truant bards have sung it so,  
For man to plant his might unholy,  
And the seeds of discord sow.

But he heeds not love or beauty,  
Mocks, alas! the silent tear;  
Scoffs alike at love and duty,  
Blighting ev'ry hope that's dear.  
As the mountain shadows flinging,  
Darken all the vale below,  
Thus he stalks whilst round him ringing,  
Are the cries of heartfelt woe!

He idly roves and plucks the flower,  
That on the stem is richly blooming,  
Delighted, wears it for an hour,  
Then laughs to think of his assuming.



“A TINY BARK WITH MUFFLED OAR—  
THE MAIDEN WAITS UPON THE SHORE.”



Laughs! ay, at his wiles, subduing  
All that's lovely, good and fair.  
Mar'd by his unholy wooing  
Hope is lost in deep despair!

Mark the time when he relenting!  
Mark him in his fallen pride!  
See in sorrow deep repenting  
Of the ruin spread so wide.  
Then his better nature waking,  
Gladly would each fault undo,  
Begs each soul where light is breaking,  
Virtue seek and keep it too!

When the glass that marks the ebbing  
Of the days of joy or pain,  
Shows his sand so closely running,  
That it ne'er will flow again;  
When alas! the pulse beats slowly,  
And the brow is pallid grown,  
Woman comes on mission holy,  
Proves her love, and claims his own!

Behold yon marble mansion rise  
In gem-like beauty to the skies!  
There wealth display'd her glit'ring store  
And naught was left to sigh for more.  
Di' Arni's wealth, Di' Arni's pride,  
Were themes for envy far and wide.

There festal song and glowing rhyme  
Were heard till near the matin chime.  
The mandolin or light guitar  
Ne'er slumbered 'till the morning star.  
Each terrace broad and arch'd gate-way,  
The sculptors life-like art display.  
The gushing fountains rising high,  
Their fall the fairies lullaby ;  
While Sol, his magic touch to show,  
On glist'ning drops hung high his bow.  
The flowrets rare so richly blooming  
Are the ambient air perfuming ;  
But there a sweeter charm was seen  
Louvere's chief pride, fair Eloene.  
Di' Arni's voice grew soft and mild,  
When gazing on his lovely child—  
To her no mother's care was given,  
As death those tender ties had riven ;  
But gentle kindred, friends sincere,  
Had nurtured well this bud so dear,  
That blooming, fragrant, full of glee,  
Soon won all hearts in sympathy.  
But ere that gentle spirits birth,  
To scenes more pure than aught of earth,  
The future of her darling child,  
Claim'd every thought, e'en pain beguiled.  
"This pledge my Lord, may sweetly soothe,  
Shouldst thou a tender parent prove,  
Then kindly guard, that her young brow  
In after-life be calm as now ;



And if the bridal wreath she'll wear,  
Roberto's love must place it there."  
Full many came with off'rings rare  
To win her from her father's care.  
A fruitless task! Their mission vain!  
Love ne'er had taught her heart its pain.  
But wild and timid as the fawn,  
That swiftly bounds o'er dewy lawn  
So airy, light, so full of grace,  
Each thought reflected in her face;  
Thus up the hills, both far and near,  
She gaily wandered free from fear.  
The peasants bless'd her when she smiled,  
Or with sweet songs their care beguiled.  
And childhood's happy laugh was heard  
Gay as the carol of a bird,  
As she with tale of Knight or Fay,  
Would wile their little griefs away;  
Or join them in the fairy dance,  
To win from each, one happy glance.  
But, if among the poor and low,  
She won the heart's warm, purest flow,  
Amid the great and gay was seen  
No maid more loved, than Eloene!  
Pure as the snow wreath on the pines,  
That crown the lofty Apennines,  
So brightly glows each mental ray,  
That warms like Sol, those wreaths away.  
Again is heard the lute's soft tone,  
And light from every casement shone,

For balmy summers, seventeen  
Had roll'd o'er gentle Eloene.  
Di' Arni gazed in rapture wild,  
As to the dance he led his child,  
And few there were, the Muses tell,  
Could lead the measure half so well.  
Brave hearts, and noble lords were there,  
With silv'ry tongues to win the fair.  
But keener than the hawk's true glance  
Di' Arni watched the mazy dance.  
Yes, bold indeed, that heart must be  
Who'd dare to ask his sympathy!  
The music ceased, fair groups were seen,  
Disporting 'mid the alleys green,  
Or on the terrace glit'ring white  
Reflecting back the moon's pale light,  
Were list'ning to soft strains that flow,  
From off the placid lake below.  
Now, wearied with the festal throng,  
The music, dance, and mellow song—  
Fair Eloene had stole away  
To muse upon her natal day,  
Beneath an old and wide spread tree  
A streamlet rose, so pure and free,  
'Till meeting roots and rocks so high  
It swells and foams, then rushes by.  
Then through the meadow far is seen  
Like silver trac'ry wrought in green.  
'Twas there in sad and thoughtful mood,  
She sought to think in solitude.

But list! that low and plaintive strain  
Is rising from the lake again,  
And see! the boat is nearing shore,  
Yet scarce is heard the dipping oar,  
Or ripple e'en its prow will show  
Upon thy bosom Iseo.  
How felt the gentle Eloene  
When first its freight was fairly seen!  
One stepping lightly o'er its side,  
Display'd a form of manly pride,  
The other dark, and sternly bold  
Had not his nineteenth summer told.  
They gain the rock, and on it stand,  
(A landing wrought by Nature's hand.)  
The scene was lovely—neither spake,  
Or wished the silence then to break.  
The stranger gazed with pure delight,  
On lake and hall, on mountain height,  
But he, who plied the dripping oar,  
Knew well these beauties long before.  
With servile look, his cap in hand,  
He stood awaiting some command,  
How strong the contrast thus they show  
Between the highly born and low!  
How oft we prize the great and gay  
While from the lowly turn away!  
Nor think we that the daisy fair  
With gaudy flowrets can compare;  
Yet find tho' one is rich in bloom  
The other charms by its perfume.

At length in accents pleasing, bold,  
Crossing the sailor's hand with gold—  
"Sayst thou Conrado, 'neath yon dome  
The proud Di' Arni finds a home?"  
"I've meant thee true my lord, and there,  
Dwells Eloene, his lovely heir.  
This path pursue to yonder tree  
Thy way o'er marble then will be.  
I'll to my boat, nor errand tell."  
"Thanks, thanks Conrado, fare thee well!"  
How felt the maid; she feared to stay!  
The stranger's only path that way!  
'Twere vain to fly, no spot to hide,  
For Luna shone in all her pride.  
He comes. She now resolves to test  
The impulse of the stranger's breast.  
Another step; there 'neath that tree,  
She stood in all her purity!  
He starts, to see a lady there,  
No dame or knight to guard the fair.  
His cap is doff'd with manly grace,  
Revealing all his noble face.  
"Fair lady, whether wife or maid,  
Why lonely seek the leafy shade?  
Didst come to aid reflection true,  
'Midst beauties soften'd to the view?  
To guide and guard shall be my care  
If thine the choice, my gentle fair!"  
With grace she modestly replied,  
"Yes, stranger, thou shalt be my guide.

Though neither name nor place I know,  
I'll with thee to my father go,  
I have not wandered far, thou'lt see,  
From yonder festive company."  
"If right I deem, in thee, my fair,  
I've met Di' Arni's lovely heir.  
Then, lady, 'tis from him you'll find  
My name, my rank, my mission kind."  
They gain'd the hall. Her father's mood  
Was gentle now, though oft so rude.  
What new delight! Di' Arni smiled  
A welcome warm to Alfee's child.  
Then turn'd he to his Eloene,  
To know the meaning of this scene;  
'Twas told with all the maiden's grace,  
Whilst blushes bright suffused her face,  
Thus making her more lovely seem,  
Than poets picture in a dream.  
"The dancers wait, they're seeking thee  
Again to join the revelry,—  
I'll yield thee to Lorenzo's care,  
I, too, am weary of the glare."  
Tho' few the minutes of her flight,  
They woke a wond'rous world of light.  
All mark the change. That gentle sigh,  
The stranger notes with flashing eye,  
And views her with delight and pride,  
As through the dreamy maze they glide.  
'Twas wonder all, none knew his name,  
Or whence the noble stranger came;

But thought his lofty brow and mien,  
Would match their gentle Eloene.  
The revel ceased; slow dawns the morn;  
And softly sounds the shepherd's horn.  
Lorenzo now must yield the maid,  
Who had such witching grace display'd.  
Di' Arni sought, returns the boon,  
With thanks for friendship learn'd so soon.  
"We'll now to rest, to seek repose,  
Then brush the dew-drop from the rose,  
As up yon mount, not far away,  
We hie the antler'd deer to slay.  
And when return'd, 'twill take a day  
To tell of Venice, fair and gay.  
Go now, my girl, to rest, 'tis time,  
For soon will break the morning chime."  
"My thanks are due, thy guest I'll be  
And join the morning sport with thee,  
May sleep, dear maid, thy eyelids seal,  
'Till day again their light reveal."  
The blush still dyed her lovely face,  
E'en when she sought her resting-place,  
To sleep? Ah! no, 'twere vain to try!  
Tho' night's sweet bird was warbling by.  
Now she, whom all had woo'd in vain,  
Sighed deep and blushed, to own love's pain.  
The casement near, a lounge she drew,  
Beneath, Iseo full in view.  
Its placid bosom mocked her own,  
More like the stormy ocean's moan!

Why that gentle bosom heaving?  
So joyous late, was she deceiving?  
Ah no! that night to her revealed,  
The heart's own truth, so long concealed!  
Her natal day rose bright and clear,  
Without a cloud, without a fear,  
Yet soon she proved the ebbing tide  
Of love and hope, spread sorrow wide.  
Oh! why this change? her own lament  
Will tell why thus in sorrow bent.

“Oh! moments sad, this waking from a dream,  
Which truthful flowed, as yonder glit'ring stream.  
So like that stream, from its first gentle flow,  
My life has glided, free from care or woe.  
But now, alas! I see the storm cloud loom,  
And all of brightness, buried in its gloom.  
Oh! why my mother, why proclaim the vow,  
That to Roberto, binds me closely now!  
Ere long he comes his cousin-bride to claim,  
Fresh from the halls of Academic fame,  
Then pain'd indeed, his noble heart will be,  
To prove me faithless, wanting constancy.  
So kind, so gentle has his love been shown,  
'Tis sad to think that no return I own.  
Why came this stranger from his sea-laved home?  
What star hath guided, bid him hither roam?  
For quick as beams, fleet flashing from the sun,  
My heart was warm'd, I felt its love was won:

But thus to give my virgin soul unsought,  
O'erwhelms with shame, confuses every thought."

Old Time again had toll'd fifteen,  
Yet there still lingered Eloene.  
The flow'rets woven in her hair,  
Are thrown aside in deep despair.  
"List! list! my heart, whence come that strain,  
To herald fancies brilliant train!  
From yonder terrace rising clear  
It comes, to woo my list'ning ear!  
'Tis he, the same sweet voice I know,  
That softly rang o'er Iseo."

There is an hour when love's soft power,  
In witching cadence flows,  
Or when the tear, from heart sincere,  
Proves truthfully it glows.

In life's young morn, when Hope is born,  
Then friendship's purest ray,  
Like stars above, soon warms to love,  
To cheer us on our way.

I've roam'd afar. The fairest star  
That o'er my path I've seen,  
Arose to-night, resplendent, bright,  
The lovely Eloene!



Her fate was sealed, each mellow note  
Bid hope's sweet fancies round her float.  
But see! Aurora's rosy light  
Gilds o'er the lake and mountain height,  
While through the lonely dell and brake,  
The hunter's horn soft echo's wake.  
The morning slowly crept apace,  
Yet still Di' Arni led the chase,  
'Till near the time of festive cheer,  
When rang his bugle loud and clear.  
One moment more, the father press'd  
His child with fondness to his breast.  
With sweet simplicity and grace,  
Her soul revealing in her face,  
Her hand she proffered to their guest,  
Which he, with ardor softly press'd.

How swiftly pass the happy days  
When love his rosy wreath displays!  
Lorenzo lingered near the scene,  
Where first he met his Eloene.  
For all the truth of her young heart,  
Was won by his consummate art.  
He gently led the lovely maid  
O'er mount, by stream, thro' forest shade.  
And ne'er did woodland nymph display  
A heart more sportive fresh and gay.  
Then sad to think its blissful tone,  
Should e'er be chang'd to sorrow's moan.

Is not the dearest spot on earth,  
Where first the soul to love gave birth?  
And when that love's a treasure found,  
Then, then indeed, 'tis hallowed ground!  
No dearer trysting place was there,  
Among so many beauties rare,  
Than 'neath that old tree's verdant shade,  
Where first they met, where oft they stray'd.  
'Twas there while glit'ring dew drops hung,  
And sang the lark the boughs among,  
She'd hie to hear Lorenzo's lay  
Of knight or maiden, monk or fay.  
So soft his tones, so true and bold,  
'Twas almost seen, so graphic told!  
Or when his voice attuned to song,  
What melting strains to it belong!  
Then he, with seeming rapture mute  
Would list her strains to harp or lute,  
Or with her wake the echo far,  
With mellow flute and light guitar.  
Thus time so sweetly—swiftly flew,  
Still love's warm current stronger grew.  
But soon alas! a cloud arose,  
And o'er her future, darkness throws.  
To rouse her from that dream of bliss  
Her father sought her, with a kiss  
A missive gave—she knew the seal,  
Knew at a glance, what 'twould reveal!  
How could she meet Roberto now,  
Who longed to seal their plighted vow!

Her deep despair, her tearful eye,  
Would from the boldest win a sigh.  
Oh! how could she her heart unfold!  
How tell the truths that must be told!  
“Why thus confused, what doth it mean?  
Come, tell thy father, Eloene.”  
He drew her gently to his side  
And queried why this tearful tide.

“How can I pain thee father, how unfold  
My heart’s defection from its love of old?  
Since first I learned to lisp Roberto’s name,  
I’ve called him mine, have gloried in his fame.  
’Till late, the fount of love and truth divine  
Were hidden dark, but now they brightly shine!  
I cannot yield me, to my cousin’s arms,  
With him, my father, life would lose its charms.  
Then free me from this vow so rashly given  
’Twill mar my hopes, unfit my soul for Heaven!”

Then like the rock from Etna hurld,  
His eye flash’d fire, his proud lip curled.  
“Hold ingrate, hold!” he sternly cried,  
“Prepare to be Roberto’s bride.  
The vow I to thy mother gave  
Shall be fulfilled, e’en at the grave!”  
When ere Di’ Arni pledged his word,  
’Twas bond enough for all who heard.  
Too well she knew his stubborn will,  
Too well she knew it boded ill.

A torrent now o'erwhelms her soul,  
That lava like, doth rush and roll!

Lorenzo anxious sought the maid,  
In grot, in grove, and fav'rite shade,  
Nor long in that loved spot had been,  
Ere slowly wandered Eloene.

One glance, and all to him was known,  
And now he'd claim her as his own.

“What sorrow rends thy heart my dearest maid,  
That with Lorenzo's love cannot be stay'd?  
Come to these arms, they'll shelter and protect,  
E'en should thy father or thy friends reject.  
Thus, shall I press thee to my beating heart,  
Thus, love and cherish, e'en tho' doomed to part.  
I'll fly this scene, I cannot, dare not stay,  
To see Roberto gloat upon his prey.”

“Oh! name him not, Lorenzo, in that tone!  
His heart will sorrow, yea, much as my own.  
How can I, perjured, proffer him my hand,  
When 'tis the heart's warm tide, he would command!  
Oh! how shall I my father's wrath appease,  
How act, to give my heart its wonted ease?  
The morn Roberto brings; the eventide,  
Alas! must see me led a victim bride!”

“Then dearest, fly! to stay were vain indeed,  
Thy heart's deep suff'rings none perchance may heed.

We'll hie to Venice, there each joyous scene  
Will charm thee back to be what thou hast been."  
"Cease, cease, Lorenzo, urge me not, 'tis vain,  
I dare not add to either heart a pain.  
Oh! rather let me be Roberto's bride,  
Than live to mar their hopes, their love deride."  
"Then fare thee well! To foreign lands I'll roam,  
Nor seek again, in Italy, a home.  
Again farewell! beneath this tree, my fair,  
Thy glance, first charm'd, now sinks me to despair."

He starts to see her sinking form,  
Which now life's current scarce can warm,  
So pallid grown her lovely face,  
Where lately dwelt such winning grace.  
She warms to life, that blush still charms,  
To find she's in Lorenzo's arms!

"'Tis vain to try—from thee I cannot part,  
'Till life's warm current chills around my heart.  
'Twas thou first taught my soul its love to know,  
I'm thine to follow, wheresoe'er thou'lt go!"

Again, the lute's soft echo's wake,  
The moonbeams glitter o'er the lake,  
A tiny bark with muffled oar—  
The maiden waits upon the shore.  
By ev'ry master stroke of art,  
Lorenzo proved the maiden's heart,

Proved all its pure and gentle flow,  
Was his to blight, to overthrow!

“Why fall those tears, is't a repentant tide,  
That thou ere long will be my own sweet bride?  
Soon as we gain the shore, now full in view,  
I'll make thee mine, prove that my love is true!  
There dwells a hermit old. The solemn rite  
He shall perform, that will our fates unite.  
Then cheer thee, maiden! list this simple lay,  
Its measure sweet, thine ear may well repay.”

“So gently falls the dew of evening,  
On the flow'rets sweet and fair,  
The fragrant petals glad receiving  
Gifts, that brightly glitter there.

“Thus, thus, the heart to pure love yielding,  
Softens to each tender tone,  
Its treasured hopes with joy revealing,  
To sympathetic souls, alone.

They touch the shore. The hermit gray  
Now gives the willing bride away.  
How paint the beauties of that scene,  
The midnight bridal on the green!  
The mountains round the lake and streams,  
All glit'ring in the moon's pale beams;

The moss-grown cross, the flow'ry dale,  
Where sings the wakeful nightingale ;  
And Louvere, like a babe at rest,  
Lay nestling on its mother's breast.  
The tiny barks lay moor'd below,  
Their sails now flut'ring to and fro.  
The hermit with his missal old,  
Conrado too, the sailor bold,  
Lorenzo, and his Eloene,  
Knelt by the hermit on the green !  
No altar, save the rocks that rise ;  
Their temple's dome, the lofty skies !

“Thy skill we've proved, Conrado, at the oar,  
'Tis now thy task to bear us from this shore.  
Come, haste thee, boy, night quickly wears away,  
We'll wait thee here, list ! list ! the horses neigh.  
I dare not peril thee, nor linger here  
My gentle bride, Di' Arni's wrath I fear.  
We'll haste to Rome, where rarest works of art,  
Will cheer, instruct, and soothe thy troubled heart.”  
“I'm thine, Lorenzo ! thine thro' good and ill,  
To stay, or follow, if such be thy will !  
Too well, I know my father's deadly hate,  
Yet oh ! to leave him, lone, disconsolate !”  
“Conrado calls, my love, we cannot stay,  
There's danger near ; thy hand, we must away.”

One lingering look, the last for years,  
Then stifled were her sighs and tears.

And now to ev'ry joyous scene,  
Lorenzo bore his Eloene,  
And none he met or far or near,  
Vied with the Maiden of Louvere !  
Not Rome's proud dames or maidens fair,  
Could with her graceful form compare.  
With what delight he marked the smile  
That play'd around her mouth the while  
She listened to his critique bold  
On works of fame, both new and old ;  
Or saw her glowing mind expand  
With grander beauties of the land.  
Few were the charms of Italy,  
(Save Venice, rising from the sea),  
That were not pictured on her heart  
With all a painter's glowing art.  
Thus months sped on in joyous round,  
In bliss so rarely to be found ;  
Yet did no thought of home intrude  
To darken oft a joyous mood ?  
Ah ! yes, no other cloud arose,  
Or o'er her path a shadow throws.  
Her father, lone, disconsolate,  
Roberto's love, now turn'd to hate,  
Were thoughts that moved the latent tear,  
When home to mem'ry rose, so dear.  
'Twas then for pardon she would sue,  
And that of her Lorenzo, too.  
One long, denouncing missive came,  
The last that bore Di' Arni's name



To her so prized, so truly dear,  
That life was dull, if she not near !  
The numbered months roll into years,  
Ere yet our hero's home appears.  
The morning broke, and Venice fair,  
Laved by the sea, rose grand in air !  
A mist so like a veil was seen  
To float around this sea-built queen.  
'Twas all so fairy-like, yet grand,  
She marvell'd whence the builder's hand !

Each festive scene receives new grace,  
Where beamed her fresh, yet classic face.  
Each ringlet charms, as floating free  
In nature's own simplicity !  
And hue, as soft, as Pæstum's rose,  
On her fair cheek so gently glows.  
Her eyes, with soft bewild'ring glance,  
All hearts with pure delight entrance,  
As she would list some merry air,  
Of wand'ring Improvisitaire,  
Or note how fell the silent tear,  
When heard the plaintive gondolier.

What means this change, this beating heart ?  
Tells it of joy's that must depart ?  
It does. Lorenzo cold has grown,  
Too oft he leaves her long and lone !  
We cherish Hope, with aspect fair,  
'Till all is lost in deep despair !  
By ev'ry tender art she strove  
To warm again his dying love ;

But oh! the anguish of her soul  
When proved her love had lost control!  
Oh! madness! Could she bear to hear  
The scoffs of one she prized so dear?  
Thus pass'd the weary months away,  
No light to cheer from love's warm ray!  
Then whispers came of doubtful tone,  
Their truth is proved. She's now alone!  
A note by false Lorenzo seal'd,  
Too soon, a dreadful truth reveal'd!  
The bridal false? A shriek! a moan!  
Then prostrate falls upon the stone,  
Where cold and senseless long she lay,  
'Till borne by menial hands away!  
Long, long, she raved. Her fearful doom,  
Seemed verging to the silent tomb;  
Then roused she from this dreadful state,  
To one, alas! more desolate!  
And! whither fly? No home, no friend  
Who dare a kind protection lend!  
So fallen now, her heart's deep grief  
Sought in the mad'ning bowl relief!  
But deeper yet this lone one's fall,  
So late beloved, admired by all.  
Lost! lost to virtue and to fame!  
A blight upon Di' Arni's name!  
Oh! sad the moment then must be,  
When virtue yields her sovereignty!  
And none but those who love too well,  
Could answer how this fair one fell.

'Twas midnight. Venice slumb'ring lay,  
Forgetting all the cares of day—  
Not all, for list! those orgies loud  
From a Bacchanalian crowd  
A lone friend drew in pity near,  
Whose voice the boldest stop'd to hear!  
There 'mong the vile, so changed, was seen  
The once fair, blooming Eloene.  
Her haggard face and matted hair,  
That eye, whose ev'ry glance despair,  
The tattered garb, yet haughty mien,  
Told what she was, and what had been!  
Oh! dark the picture, once so fair,  
Such promise gave of goodness rare!  
How dark, how dreadful was the hour,  
When came the serpent to her bower.  
Then spurn her not, but pity give,  
And teach the frail one how to live!

Italia! in thy fair land arose  
A mental ray, which yet divinely glows.  
There, where the standard of the female heart  
Is kept half furl'd, by man's designing art,  
There, on a mission of the holiest truth,  
Came one endowed with ev'ry grace of youth,  
Forsaking all that doth the heart engage,  
Of joys and pleasures, at an early age.  
'Twas not in cloistered hall that vow was given,  
To fit the mind, the soul prepare for heaven,  
Far! far, more reason in her choice she gave,  
She sought the vilest, kindly sought, to save.

Divinely sent, Mondovi's gentle Rose\*  
Imparts a grace, a brighter halo throws  
O'er all, (whose paths diverging from the right,  
Were sought,) reclaim'd, by her unconquer'd might!  
They found a home, a parent ever kind,  
Whose loving tones soon won each darken'd mind!  
There industry made all a joyous scene,  
And fill'd the heart with gratitude supreme.  
To this retreat, so sacred, so serene,  
The stranger bore the long lost Eloene,  
So low, yet sated with each sinful wile,  
The heart's quick dawning soon all fears beguile.  
Oh! joyous change, 'twas like a second birth,  
To one who 'd mingled with the dregs of earth!  
Tho' long eclipsed, each mental ray now shone,  
To gild the future, for the past atone.  
Deep yearnings now her father's voice to hear,  
To sue for pardon, banished ev'ry fear.  
She sought the grove, the scene sweet thoughts inspire,  
And voice and lute seemed touched with holy fire!

Sweet home of my childhood, love's star brightly  
glowing,

    Illumined my path when I bade thee farewell,  
Yet tears, oh! my father, for thee were fast flowing,  
    And sorrow's dark cloud o'er my pathway soon fell!

I left thee, for one, whom my young heart approving,  
    Had won its warm tide flowing frankly and free,  
That heart he has spurned, and so darkly deceiving,  
    Hath wrecked me, alas! on life's boisterous sea.

\* Rosa Govona.

Still, still through the gloom, tho' no voice kindly  
cheering,

A soft ray of hope o'er life's rugged path shone,  
I welcomed the omen, 'twas like the sweet dreaming  
Of infants, when slumb'ring with angels alone!

It recall'd the bright scenes of life's early morning,  
When prat'ling I stole to my fond father's knee,  
Oh! tell me, is truth thus the fancy adorning—  
That my father again, with joy I shall see!

Her trembling voice refused its 'customed tone,  
Then dropp'd the lute upon the mossy stone.  
“How shall I dare my father kind to see,  
I, who so late was steeped in infamy!  
How shrinks my soul, to think the wretch I've been!  
How drawn my victims into ev'ry sin!  
What vile pollution, trembling on each word,  
How dark the dens, how filthy was the herd!  
But now redeemed, I'll seek my home, my sire,  
New joy impart, and brighter hopes inspire!”

The vintage carol 'minds of happy days,  
When she so joyous warbled those sweet lays!  
Again the voice of kindness greets her ear,  
Her home is gain'd, receives its welcome dear.  
Di' Arni clasps his, long lost, erring child,  
Each fond caress return'd in accents mild!  
“How shall I thank thee, thou who dwells above?  
My prayer is answered in this gift of love!  
'Twas I, who basely sought to mar these charms,  
And madly drove thee to a villain's arms.”

“Oh! father, spare! The worm that never dies  
Will seek his heart, a fitting sacrifice!”

What mean those joyous groups, that witching strain?  
The false Lorenzo has returned again!  
How strange the workings of the mighty mind  
Divine, complex, ambitious, grov'ling, blind!  
How wond'rous then, that he should seek the shade  
Where calmly dwelt the one he had betray'd!  
But o'er his heart a holy ray serene,  
His path illum'd, 'till found his Eloene!  
Repentant tears had washed their guilt away,  
A presage giving of a happy day.  
Di' Arni bless'd them. At the altar now,  
Lorenzo gave, and truth records the vow

And are there no like fathers on our shore,  
To barter hearts for mammon's golden store?  
Yes! Many pure as Louvere's gentle maid,  
Have fled such tyrants, fled, to be betray'd!  
Such claim our tears, for nature's perfect laws  
Are ne'er perverted, if she try the cause!  
Is there no spirit in our wide-spread land,  
Rosa, like thine, to give the helping hand,  
To raise the abject, point to virtue's way?  
(The path of peace that leads to endless day.)  
There is, indeed! and hearts as warm as thine  
Are swelling now with energy divine  
To raise the prostrate! dash the mad'ning bowl!  
Where lurking serpents coil around the soul!  
Our faith, our duty, few can know, (unseen,)  
Or how the fallen bless our own Rosine!!









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