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THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



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FUGITIVE POEMS.



1
LEXINGTON,

WITH OTHER

FUGITIVE POEMS.



*Proa per
Montg
W. L. M.*

NEW-YORK:

G. & C. & H. CARVILL.

1830.

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.W38

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, *G. & C. & H. Carvill*, of the said district, have deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"LEXINGTON, with other *Fugitive Poems*."

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

FREDERICK J. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

NEW-YORK:

LUDWIG & TOLEFREE, PRINTERS,

No. 71, Vesey-street.

LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON.

'TWAS calm at eve as childhood's sleep—
The seraph-rest that knows not care—
Still, as the slumbering summer deep
When the blue heav'n lies dream-like there,
Blending with thoughts of that azure steep,
The bright, the beautiful, and fair ;
Like hopes that win from heav'n their hue,
As fair, as fleeting, and as few,
Those tranquil Eden-moments flew :
The morn beheld the battle strife—
The blow for blow—the life for life—
The deed of daring done—

The Rubicon of doubt was past,
An empire lost, a birth-right won—
When Freedom's banner braved the blast,
Flashing its splendors far and fast
From crimsoned Lexington!

There was a fearful gathering seen
On that eventful day,
And men were there who ne'er had been
The movers in a fray;
The peaceful and the silent came
With darkling brows, and flashing eyes;
And breasts, that knew not glory's flame,
Burned for the patriot-sacrifice!
No pomp of march—no proud array—
There spake no trumpet sound—
But they pressed, when the morn broke dim and gray,
Dauntless, that conflict-ground;
Sadly, as if some tie were broken—
Firmly, with eye and lip severe—
Dark glances passed, and words were spoken,
As men will look and speak in fear;
Yet coursed no coward blood
Where that lone phalanx stood

Rock-like, but spirit-wrought—
A strange, unwonted feeling crept
Through every breast—all memories slept,
While passion there a vigil kept
O'er one consuming thought—
To live a fettered slave,
Or fill a freeman's grave!

Though many an arm hung weaponless,
The clenched fingers spake full well
The stern resolve, the fearlessness,
That danger could not quell:
Yet some, with hasty hand,
The rust-encumbered brand
Had snatched from its peaceful sleep,
And held it now with a grasp that told,
A freeman's life should be dearly sold—
'Twas courage stern and deep!

Proudly, as conquerors come
From a field their arms have won,
With bugle blast and beat of drum,
The Briton host came on!

Their banners unfurled, and gaily streaming—
Their burnished arms in the sun-light gleaming ;
Fearless of peril, with valor high,
And in reckless glee, they were idly dreaming
Of a bloodless triumph nigh :
The heavy tread of the war-horse prancing—
The lightning-gleam of the bayonets glancing—
Broke on the ear, and flashed on the eye,
As the column'd foe in their strength advancing,
Pealed their war-notes to the echoing sky !

'Twas a gallant band that marshall'd there,
With the dragon-flag upborne in air ;
For England gathered then her pride,
The bravest of a warrior-land—
Names to heroic deeds allied,
The strong of heart and hand.
They came in their panoplied might,
In the pride of their chivalrous name ;
For music to them were the sounds of the fight—
On the red carnage-field was their altar of fame :
They came, as the ocean-wave comes in its wrath,
When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep ;

They came, as the mountain-wind comes on its path,
When the tempest hath roused it from sleep :
They were met, as the rock meets the wave,
And dashes its fury to air ;
They were met, as the foe should be met by the brave,
With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair !

What power hath stayed that wild career ?
Not mercy's voice, nor a thrill of fear—
'Tis the dread recoil of the dooming wave,
Ere it sweeps the bark to its yawning grave—
'Tis the fearful hour of the brooding storm,
Ere the lightning-bolt hath sped ;
The shock hath come ! and the life-blood warm,
Congeals on the breasts of the dead !
The strife—the taunt—the death-cry loud—
Are pealing through the sulphurous cloud,
As, hand to hand, each foe engages ;
While hearts that ne'er to monarch bowed,
And belted knights, to the combat crowd—
A fearless throng the contest wages ;
And eye to eye, the meek—the proud—
Meet darkly 'neath the battle shroud—
'Tis the feast of death where the conflict rages !

Wo! for the land thou tramplest o'er,
 Death-dealing fiend of war!
Thy battle hoofs are dyed in gore,
 Red havoc drives thy car;
Wo! for the dark and desolate,
 Down crushed beneath thy tread—
Thy frown hath been as a withering fate,
 To the mourning and the dead!
Wo! for the pleasant cottage-home,
 The love-throng at the door;
Vainly they think his step will come—
 Their cherished comes no more!
Wo! for the broken-hearted,
 The lone-one by the hearth;
Wo! for the bliss departed—
 The Pleiad gone from earth!

'Twas a day of changeful fate,
 For the foe of the bannered-line;
And the host that came at morn in state,
 Were a broken throng ere the sun's decline;
And many a warrior's heart was cold,
 And many a soaring spirit crushed—
Where the crimson tide of battle rolled,
 And the avenging legions rushed.

Wreaths for the living conqueror,
 And glory's meed for the perished !
No sculptor's art may their forms restore,
 But the hero-names are cherished ;
When voiced on the wind rose the patriot-call,
They gave no thought to the gory pall,
But pressed to the fight as a festival !
They bared them to the sabre-stroke,
Nor quailed an eye when the fury broke ;
 They fought like men who dared to die,
 For freedom ! was their battle-cry,
And loud it rang through the conflict smoke !

Up with a nation's banners ! They fly
 With an eagle-flight,
To the far blue sky—
 'Tis a glorious sight,
 As they float abroad in the azure light,
And their fame shall never die !

When nations search their brightest page
For deeds that gild the olden age,
 Shining the meteor-lights of story—

England, with swelling pride shall hear
Of Cressy's field, and old Poitiers,
 And deathless Agincourt ;
Fair Gallia point with a kindling eye
To the days of her belted chivalry,
 And her gallant Troubadour ;
Old Scotia, too, with joy shall turn
Where beams the fight of Bannockburn,
 And Stirling's field of glory !
Land of the free ! though young in fame,
Earth may not boast a nobler name :
Platea's splendor is not thine—
 Leuctra, nor Marathon ;
Yet look where lives in glory's line,
 The day of Lexington !

AN APPEAL.

Ah, Monarchs! Could ye taste the mirth ye mar!

BYRON.

Ye worshippers of glory!

Who bathe the earth in blood,
And launch proud names for an after age
Upon the crimson flood—

Pause in your march of terror!

Who hovers o'er your path;
Madness, despair and death, await
The conflict's gathering wrath!

Think ye a throne will prosper,

A nation's glory rise,
When your bark is borne by a people's tears,
And wafted by their sighs!

Look to the peaceful dwelling
Of the peasant and his race ;
There's joy around that lowly hearth,
There's rapture on each face.

That brow with snow is whitened,
Those eyes with age are dim ;
But his face is bright at the twilight hour,
As he joins the evening hymn.

For his children there are smiling :
What a blessed sight it is,
To sit in the shades of a pleasant eve,
And gaze on a scene like this !

Two manly youths are standing
Beside their father's chair,
And a maiden's face, all loveliness,
Shines like a sunbeam there.

A mother's placid features
Are in that circle found,
And her bosom warms with a thrill of joy
As she fondly looks around.

On, through the paths to glory,
Ye mighty conquerors ;
The trumpet's voice is summoning
Your legions to the wars.

Rush on, through fields of carnage,
And tread to earth the foe ;
Where'er your banners float above,
Let your sabres flash below !

Yet stay your march to greatness—
Your breath has been a fate !
Where is the peaceful cottage now ?—
Its hearth is desolate !

No more upon that dwelling,
The twilight shadows fall ;
In a shroudless grave the old man sleeps
Beneath the ruined wall.

Ye tore away his strong ones—
On the battle field they lie ;
The mother pined in her grief away,
And laid her down to die.

That form of seraph sweetness,
Where the eye enraptured gazed,
Is a piteous wreck in its loveliness,
For the lost one's brain is crazed.

'Twere better she were sleeping
Within the silent tomb ;
Oh, never more to her frenzied eye,
The flowers of life shall bloom.

Are these the glorious trophies,
That build you up a name ?
With blood and tears, ye conquerors,
Ye purchase empty fame !

THE RETURN.

“Come home—come home!”

MRS. HEMANS.

I come—I come!—There's a sound of joy,
Of music, in the word:
Oh, that the rapid winds might bear
Me onward like a bird!
I'm weary with these wanderings,
My heart is sad and lone;
Oh, for the treasured sounds of home,
To wake an answering tone!

The voices of my happy home!
The music of the heart!
How oft those gentle whisperings come—
Alas! how soon depart!

I hear them when the forest wind
Is breathing forth its song,
And in the murmurings of the wave
That bears my bark along.

Why should I waken memory
Of that far distant home?
'Twill fling a deeper gloom upon
The lonely path I roam.
Yet fancy loves to wander forth,
And hover round the hearth—
To catch those gleaming looks of love
That light the scene of mirth.

I'm with you there, beloved ones,
Around the household board;
Those pleasant looks—those glad tones—
They thrill the master-chord!
No more—no more! on thoughts like these
I may not—must not dwell;
Or my heart will sink in its loneliness,
And the tear of weakness swell.

I come—I come!—Why should I rove
A dreary wild like this,
When a voice belov'd recalls me back
To share life's all of bliss?
I come—I come!—like the weary bird,
At eve to its shelter'd nest;
Like the pilgrim from afar I come
To a blessed shrine of rest!

PAINTING.

Peopling, with art's creative power,
The lonely home, the silent hour.

'Tis to the pencil's magic skill
Life owes the power, almost divine,
To call back vanished forms at will,
And bid the grave its prey resign :
Affection's eye again may trace
The lineaments beloved so well ;
The speaking look, the form of grace,
All on the living canvass dwell :
'Tis there the childless mother pays
Her sorrowing soul's idolatry ;
There love can find, in after days,
A talisman to memory !

'Tis thine, o'er History's storied page,
To shed the halo-light of truth ;
And bid the scenes of by-gone age
Still flourish in immortal youth—
The long forgotten battle-field,
With mailed men to people forth ;
In bannered pride, with spear and shield,
To show the mighty ones of earth—
To shadow, from the holy book,
The images of sacred lore ;
On Calvary, the dying look
That told life's agony was o'er—
The joyous hearts, and glistening eyes,
When little ones were suffered near—
The lips that bade the dead arise,
To dry the widowed mother's tear :
These are the triumphs of the art,
Conceptions of the master-mind ;
Time-shrouded forms to being start,
And wondering rapture fills mankind !

Led by the light of Genius on,
What visions open to the gaze !
'Tis nature all, and art is gone,
We breathe with them of other days :

Italia's victor leads the war,
And triumphs o'er the ensanguined plain :
Behold ! the Peasant Conqueror
Piling Marengo with his slain :
That sun of glory beams once more,
But clouds have dimmed its radiant hue ;
The splendor of its race is o'er,
It sets in blood on Waterloo !

What scene of thrilling awe is here !
No look of joy, no eye for mirth ;
With steeled hearts and brows austere,
Their deeds proclaim a nation's birth.
Fame here inscribes for future age,
A proud memorial of the free ;
And stamps upon her deathless page,
The noblest theme of history !

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

SON of the mighty Conqueror !

Thy course is well begun ;
Thy home should be the field of war,
Where noble deeds are done :
Thou hast a heritage of fame—
Then bear thy crest on high ;
And be the lustre of His name
The light that fires thine eye.

Ay, smile ! thy heart may well rejoice
To mingle with the throng,
That hear red battle's earthquake voice,
And peal the victor's song :

Then lead thy sweeping squadrons forth,
The van of carnage dare ;
More than thy dukedom's wealth, is worth
One hour of danger there.

The Imperial bird again shall soar
Its flight near glory's sun ;
The banner of thy race once more
Shall float where fields are won :
Then be thy flashing sabre drawn—
The sword thy grasp befits ;
Another Jena yet shall dawn,
Another Austerlitz !

Speed, warrior-boy, in honor's race,
Nor shun the conflict's rage—
When history gives thy name a place,
Let glory light the page.
Still be that leaf of life unread,
Which tells thy destiny ;
The muse may gather from the dead,
Enough for prophecy !

THE BANNER OF MURAT.

Thou, of the snow-white plume!

BYRON.

FOREMOST among the first,
And bravest of the brave!
Where'er the battle's fury burst,
Or rolled its purple wave—
There flashed his glance like a meteor,
As he charged the foe afar;
And the snowy plume that his helmet bore,
Was the banner of Murat!

Mingler on many a field,
Where rung wild victory's peal!
That fearless spirit was like a shield—
A panoply of steel:

For very joy in a glorious name,
He rushed where danger stood ;
And that banner-plume like a winged flame,
Streamed o'er the field of blood !

His followers loved to gaze
On his form, with a fierce delight,
As it towered above the battle's blaze—
A pillar 'midst the fight :
And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,
Through the thick and sulphury air—
And lips shrieked out with their parting breath,
“ The lily plume is there !”

A cloud is o'er him now—
For the peril-hour hath come—
And he stands with his high unshaded brow,
On the fearful spot of doom :
Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—
No fear his soul appals ;
A rattling peal—and a shuddering cry—
And bannerless he falls !

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT.

In pride did'st thou gird on the sword,
As a conqueror wentest thou forth.

BROOKS.

DESCENDANT of heroes! thy fame,
And the fame of thy line are at stake;
For millions of freemen are pealing thy name,
And the world to thy deeds is awake.
Be, onward! still onward! the cry,
As thy cohorts to battle return;
Give thy standards the air—give thy eagles the sky—
And thy warriors at danger will spurn:
Like the crouch of the tiger thou shrink'st in thy might;
Let the Mussulman quail when thou spring'st to the fight!

Spread thy wings to the wind, soaring bird !
And marshal the Muscovite band ;
Let thy cry midst the fight like a death-scream be heard,
As thou sweep'st o'er the desolate land !
Thou, Eaglet, wast fledged from the brood
That guarded St. Catharine's spires,
When the Corsican came where the proud Kremlin stood,
But shrunk from a city of fires !
This flight is thy first, and thy fame is but young ;
Yet thy beak shall be crimsoned, thy glory be sung !

And Ye of the high crested host,
Proud sons of the noble and brave !
Ye pledged to the world, when the dark wave ye crossed,
That the Greek should no more be a slave :
Then speed in the lofty emprise,
Bear the flag of the cross to the sea ;
Let your shout from the minaret-temples arise—
And the race of the Spartan is free !
Then history's page shall your glories record,
And victory's song glad the shrine of the Lord !

And Thou, of the Infidel horde,
 Beware when the conflict shall close ;
For the Crescent shall sink 'neath the Christian's red sword,
 And thy Mosques shall be trodden by foes.
Barbarian ! thy pride is in blood,
 And thy deeds are recorded by fear ;
But vengeance shall come, as the dark rolling flood,
 And thy death-song the Prophet shall hear !
Thy Varna shall fall, battered Choumla shall yield,
Then, Stromboul, the proud ! thou'rt the wage of the field !

CONSTANTINOPLE.

UNBAR the ponderous gate—

Let fall the scimeter !

For the Christian's voice is the breath of fate,

And he sweeps to the glorious war.

Vainly the Sacred-Banner waves—

In vain the Crescent gleams—

Above the Moslem's peopled graves,

The bird of carnage screams !

City of ages past !

A pall on thy glory lies—

The Turk hath dwelt in thy temples vast,

And swayed thy destinies.

Proudly above thy minarets

The unholy symbol flies ;

But thy shame is past, for the Eagle whets

His beak for a sacrifice !

In pride thy splendors shone,
And a glorious name was thine,
When the Greek in his might was on thy throne—
Imperial Constantine !
And nobly there he stood,
Breasting the battle-shock ;
And his banner-shroud was drenched in blood,
As he sank from the shattered rock !

Thou haughty Infidel !
Be brave in thy coming hour—
And the lyre and pen of thy port shall tell,
As thou met'st the Avenger's power :
Look ! to the storied scroll,
That lives on thy crumbling walls—
From the battered towers of Istambol,
The last Palæologus falls !

G R E E C E .

The brave heart's Holy Land.

HALLECK.

Land of the pencil and the lyre,
The marble and the dome !
Whose name is to the muse a fire,
Whose temples are a home :
Clime of a wealth unbought !
Where Genius long enshrined
His treasury of thought,
The Peru of the mind !

Land of that unforgotten few !
The breathing rampart-rock
That towered a Pelion to the view,
When burst the battle shock !

Clime of the fair and brave !

When will the tale be o'er,
Of warriors in the grave—
Of maidens in their gore ?

Land of the fettered slave !

Thy bonds shall burst asunder—
Freedom is on the wave,
Hark to her echoing thunder !
The red-cross banner gleaming—
And Gallia's white field streaming—
And the black eagle screaming—
Sweep o'er the Ægean sea ;
The Moslem horde is shrinking—
The Crescent's glory sinking—
And the land of song is free !

HEBREW.

All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

GENESIS.

A DOOM to the fallen ! The earth where they trod,
Shall be laden no longer with scoffers of God ;
He speaks ! and his banner of wrath is unfurled,
And the avalanche-deluge comes down on the world.

A doom to the fallen ! It rides on the wind—
They look back in terror, the wave is behind ;
While onward, and onward, in anguish they flee,
Still darkly sweeps onward the dash of the sea.

They trust not the valleys—hope perishes there—
But they rush to the hills with the strength of despair ;
The palm trees are bended by myriads of forms,
As forests are bowed by the spirit of storms !

'There's a hush of the weak, and a cry from the stronger—
And the rock, and the tree, are a refuge no longer ;
The waters have closed in a midnight of gloom,
And sullenly roll o'er a world-peopled tomb !

'Tis morn on the wave, like a bird on its breast,
Floats the ark of the godly—a haven of rest ;
A sign and a pledge to the wanderers are given,
And the promise-bow arches the blue vault of heaven !

HEBREW.

Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish ; they are black unto the ground ; and the cry of Jerusalem is gone up.

JEREMIAH.

Oh, Judah ! thy dwellings are sad—
Thy children are weeping around,
In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground :
In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry—
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky !

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well ;
They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell—

How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth ;
Away ! it is sealed—and no more
Shall the fountain yield freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
And the lowly are haggard with care—
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair :
Oh, Jerusalem ! mourn through thy halls—
And bend to the dust in thy shame—
The doom that thy spirit appals,
Is famine—the sword—and the flame !

MELODY.

HOME of our hopes—thou spirit-land !

How fondly do we think of thee,
As of some isle by odors fann'd
Far off amidst the sea :

Bright to our souls thy visions come,
When o'er us clouds of sorrow sweep—
As tidings from their distant home
To wanderers o'er the deep.

Oh, throned beyond the starry way !

What forms are dwellers of thy sphere—
The few, who lent the hues of day
When cares grew darkest here !
How blissful 'twere in thought to trace,
From star to star, a loved one gone—
And deem 'twere some familiar face,
Whose smile that moment shone !

MONONECO.

It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot,—I know it well.

BRYANT.

HE stood upon that soil—
His birth-place and his home of many years ;
His look was calm—his eyes, unwet by tears,
Were dimmed by time and toil.

In days of youthful pride,
'Twas his to lead the warriors in the strife,
To hurl the tomahawk, or sheathe the knife
In vaunting foeman's side.

The mountain passes rude—
The trackless wilderness—to him were home ;
And his free, bounding spirit, loved to roam
The forest solitude.

One spot was ever bright,
To which the Indian's roving step returned ;
For there the holy flame of nature burned—
The bosom's altar-light.

But reckless time had fled—
Beneath the turf, remembered though unwept,
His loved ones, all of kindred currents slept ;
His soul was with the dead !

A stranger race had sprung
Like phantoms, on his sight—the white men came,
His lands were gone—he quaffed the liquid flame,
Till madness round him clung.

The fleeting years rolled on—
His tribe was scattered to the winds of heaven !
With broken energies, and spirit riven,
The hopeless chief was gone !

And he had wandered long,
Through western wilds, and o'er the prairies vast,
Where never footstep of the white man passed,
Or echoed hunter's song.

Yet ever in his breast,
A lingering feeling dwelt ; the days gone by
Came fresh upon his soul ; yet tear, nor sigh,
Told of his blighted rest.

Again he wanders forth,
To look upon the well-remembered scene ;
To tread the ancient grove, and vale of green,
Ere he goes down to earth.

And there he stands, alone—
Like the last pine upon a blackened waste,
When the fierce, desolating flame, hath passed
With its low crackling moan.

And like that scathed tree—
Of scion, branch, and foliage, all bereft—
This last of a proud lineage is left
To tearless misery !

He glances darkly round—
There once his dwelling stood beneath the shade
Of a tall oak ; and there his children played
Their gambols on the ground.

There flows the rippling stream
That bore so oft at eve his light canoe,
Wafting the hunter's spoil as twilight threw
Its dim and shadowy beam.

And yonder rise the hills,
Upon whose craggy sides, full oft his bow
Hath stayed the deer, or brought the wild bird low—
That thought his bosom thrills !

Beneath yon lonely mound,
Whose weed-grown sods a saddening story tell,
His gathered race in one dark chamber dwell—
'Tis consecrated ground !

Ay, lone one ! look thy last :
Thou stand'st upon the soil that gave thee birth,
But not to thee belongs thy native earth,
Thy name and power are past !

There let thy arrows fall—
Upon that hallowed spot—the morrow's sun
May see it levelled, and the plough-share run
Its riot course o'er all.

Where is thy favorite tree,
In youth and age, thy fondly cherished oak?
Its pride hath bowed beneath the woodman's stroke—
This is no place for thee!

The twilight found him there,
The moon went down upon the desolate one,
And morning came—the wandering chief was gone
To die in his despair!

THE FLIGHT.

————— Yet see !

The lattice opens, and a hand as white
As fleecy cloud, or snow on mountain top,
Waves a fair answer. She will come!

LEGETT.

O'ER the lake's gentle bosom
Soft music is sighing,
How sweetly is breathing
The lute's silver sound !
The lover's light bark
O'er the swift wave is flying,
With the speed of a fairy
On love's errand bound :
The maiden is listening—
The echoes are dying—
And light from the lattice
Is beaming around.

One glance to the turret—
Love's signal is waving !
'Tis the star of his hope
To the fond lover's sight ;
Floating light as a sea-bird,
The deep billow braving,
That bark bears the maiden
Away in its flight ;
The smile on her fair cheek,
A tear-drop is laving,
And the lovers are gone
In the shadows of night.

SONG.

BREATHE no more the notes of sadness,

Give to pleasure all thy strings ;

Gentle harp, thy song of gladness

O'er our souls its magic flings :

Where's the breast with sorrow pining ?—

Bring the pilgrim to our shrine ;

Where the spirit's light is shining,

There's the Mecca most divine !

Then breathe no more the notes of sadness,

Give to pleasure all thy strings :

Gentle harp, thy song of gladness

O'er our souls its magic flings.

Here no brow by sorrow shaded,

Comes to mar our mirth with sighs ;

Here no wreath whose flowers have faded,

Meets the glance of sparkling eyes :

Seek ye love? the bosom's treasure—

Here he plumes his keenest dart;

When ye list the witching measure,

Then love plies his potent art:

Oh! breathe no more the notes of sadness,

Give to pleasure all thy strings;

Gentle harp, thy song of gladness

O'er our souls its magic flings.

TWELVE YEARS HAVE FLOWN.

TWELVE years have flown, since last I saw
My birth-place, and my home of youth :
How oft its scenes would memory draw—
Her tints, the pencilings of truth :
Unto that spot I come once more,
The dearest life hath ever known—
And still it wears the look it wore,
Although twelve weary years have flown.

Again upon the soil I stand
Where first my infant footsteps strayed ;
Again I view my “ father-land,”
And wander through its pleasant shade :

I gaze upon the hills, the skies,
The verdant banks with flowers o'ergrown—
And while I look with glistening eyes,
Almost forget twelve years have flown !

Twelve years have flown—those words are brief,
Yet in their sound what fancies dwell—
The hours of bliss, the days of grief,
The joys and woes remembered well :
The hopes that filled the youthful breast,
Alas, how many a one o'erthrown—
Deep thoughts, that long have been at rest,
Wake at the words, twelve years have flown !

The past—the past ! a saddening thought,
A withering spell, is in the sound !
It comes with memories deeply fraught
Of youthful pleasure's giddy round ;
Of forms, that roved life's sunniest bowers,
The cherished few forever gone—
Of dreams, that filled life's morning hours—
Where are they now ?—Twelve years have flown !

S. W. 18

A brief, but eloquent reply !

Where are youth's hopes—life's morning dream ?

Seek for the flowers that floated by

Upon the rushing mountain-stream !

Yet gems beneath that wave may sleep,

Till after years shall make them known ;

Thus golden thoughts the heart will keep,

That perish not, though years have flown.

A SKETCH.

She is not very beautiful, if it be beauty's test
To match a classic model when perfectly at rest.

WILLIS.

'Tis not the contour of her form, or face—
The hue, the soft cerulean of her eyes—
Nor yet the youthful grace of her light step,
Free as the fawn's upon the hill at morn :
There are, whose more surpassing loveliness
Might win from her the worship of the world.
But when I look upon her innocent features,
And trace the currents of the eloquent blood,
Speaking the thoughts that crowd her artless mind—
I do forget myself in the sweet theme ;
And wayward fancy fashions her as one
Lovely as angel-forms that poets dream of
Feigning their Eden-songs.

She's but a child !

And yet a pleasant study for my thoughts.
I've led her by the hand, through the green fields
Jewelled with nature's gay luxuriance,
When bright-hued flowers sprung up before our steps,
And the blue sky slept like an azure lake,
Pillowing the soft white cloud upon its breast—
And with a deep, unspoken joy, have watched
The expanding of her mind, when first awoke
Its young imaginings—intelligence
Floating like incense on her gentle breath :
Methought that sweet unfolding of the spirit,
Was like the birth of fragrance in the flower.

There is a kind and placid temper writ
Upon her brow, type of the soul within.
How dotingly I dwell upon those looks,
That brighten on my heart, amid life's cares,
Like sunbeams to the wave-tossed mariner
Desolate on a sea of storms ! And then
The bird-like melody of her low voice,
Breathing the accents of a love untaught,
Or blending in harmonious cadences !
Blest sounds, that may be in an after year
An unforgotten music to the heart !

But when at eve my laden brow she presses
To her pure lip, and with endearment sweet
Twining her slight and delicate arms around me,
Seeks to beguile my very weariness
And cheat me of a smile—I lose all sense
Of sorrow, and my eyes are filled for joy ;
It is an ecstasy that hath no words.

You'll smile, and say this is a rhapsody—
In very sooth it is—I'm most content
That you should call it so. My heart is full,
To overflowing, of delightful dreamings—
She is my daughter !

A THOUGHT.

As we look back through life in our moments of sadness,
How few, and how brief, are its gleamings of gladness;
Yet we find 'midst the gloom that our pathway o'ershaded,
A few spots of sunshine—a few flowers unfaded :—
And memory still hoards, as her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture—some exquisite pleasures :
One hour of such bliss is a life ere it closes—
'Tis one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses !

THE STAR BANNER.

Flag of the free heart's only home.

DRAKE.

YE stars, with lustre shining
In glory's azure sky !
How dazzlingly your radiance burns
As you meet a freeman's eye !

For yours has been the splendor
Of many a conquered field :—
On the glorious plain of the grounded arms,
Ye saw the Briton yield.

And when St. George's banner
The Lordling-Hero bore,
Ye traced his path through fields of blood,
Till his legions fled the shore.

And where the tempest-spirit
 Broods o'er the crested wave,
Ye have shone above the victor bark,
 And lit the foeman's grave.

How proudly through the battle
 Has flashed your meteor light,
Till the brave have caught from your kindling beams
 New spirit in the fight !

Not o'er the field of carnage,
 Nor on the shattered mast :—
Ye love to shine on the meeting barks,
 When the greeting word is passed.

Where'er a flag is floating
 Above the chainless sea,
Like an altar-flame shall brightly gleam
 The banner of the free.

Shine on ! with a blaze of glory
 Ye gild a nation's name ;
And your rays shall beam as a guiding light
 O'er the ocean path of fame !

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

The music we were wont to love
In days of bliss gone by,
In after years the soul can move
Almost to agony.

THERE was a song I loved to hear
In boyhood's happy hours ;
'TWAS sweet, as a bird-note carolled near,
Or a voice from the dew-lipped flowers :
It was a witching melody,
Like the music of a dream,
Or the sound of distant minstrelsy
Heard o'er a summer stream.

But when the sunny years flew by,
And cares were closing round—
When the flowers that smiled to the April sky,
Lay dead on the summer ground—

Ah, then the warblings of that song
With deeper thrillings came,
For they wakened burning thoughts, that long
Had slept like a hidden flame.

Still from the heart a tone replies
Unto that music's spell,
As answering echoes mournful rise
Around the minster-bell :
The sabbath vesper-chime will cease,
Its sound be hushed at last ;
But ne'er can come the bosom's peace
Till it forgets the past.

Oh, deeply still, this heart of mine
Responds that melting strain ;
As Æolean strings at day's decline,
To night-winds wake again :
The harp will sigh to zephyr's kiss
Till all its chords decay ;
And that song will call back thoughts of bliss,
Till memory fades away !

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE BOWERY THEATRE,

August 20, 1823.

AS PILGRIM wanderers from a far-off land,
With eager footsteps press their native strand—
And, while they gaze with rapture-beaming eyes
On each loved scene, the hills, the vales, the skies,
Forget all perils of the way-worn past,
In joy to meet long-cherished friends at last ;
Thus, cheered by hope, the drama's votaries come—
Your smile the sun that lights them to their home.

Sad wakener of the past ! oh, stay thy power,
Nor e'er recall the horrors of that hour,
When the hot breath of the red whirlwind came,
And desolation fanned the crackling flame.

Lo ! where the appalling vision starts to view !
Destruction glares through clouds of lurid hue—
Fell havoc hovers o'er the tottering walls—
Hope shrieking flies—the mighty fabric falls !
Where towered its pride, a smouldering ruin lies—
The enchanter speaks ! behold, new splendors rise !
Perish remembrance of that fearful night,
Before this scene of loveliness and light.

Immortal Bard ! whose life-reflecting page,
Undimmed by time, descends from age to age—
To thee, is dedicate the drama's shrine ;
Taste rears its dome—the pedestal is thine.
Within this temple, votive to thy fame,
Genius shall kindle at thy muse's flame ;
And the warm incense of the heart shall rise
To nature's minstrel, feeling's sacrifice.

O'er the glad scene where genius sheds his light,
A god-like radiance gilds the mental sight ;
Imperial mind high adoration pays,
And lights her fires at his meridian blaze ;
Within the drama's courts he scatters gems,
More rich than sparkle in earth's diadems :

Waked from her golden dreams in sun-lit bower,
 Where thoughts elysian wreath the captive hour,
 On new-fledged pinions borne through realms of light,
 Imagination soars her eagle flight ;
 While genius leads—earth, sea, and world-strewn sky,
 Unveil their mysteries to the ardent eye ;
 And fancy's bright creations start to life,
 With all the attributes of nature rife.

Let shadowy forms in phantasy be shown—
 Rapt fancy, build an empire of thy own !
 Where yonder gay and sylvan scene unfolds,
 A fairy court its mimic revel holds :
 Amid the mazes of the umbrageous grove,
 Joyous or sad, the air-wrought visions rove :
 Throned in a bower, of blushing roses twined,
 Whose fragrant odors fill the summer wind,
 Queen of the mystic rites, fair taste appears,
 Her flower-wreathed sceptre gemmed with dewy tears.
 What sounds melodious on the zephyr swell ?
 'Tis music, breathing o'er her sweetest shell !
 Apollo's train flits through the viewless space,
 And genius paints the eloquence of face :—
 Child of Italia's sunny skies ! 'tis thine
 To thrill the breast with harmony divine :—

And see, where glides to music's rapturous measure,
The nymph of graceful step and soul of pleasure:—
Thalia's glance its pensive lustre darts,
With smiles to soothe, or sighs to sadden hearts:—
Pale, wan, and desolate, the tearful muse
Stalks darkly by; her glistening eyes diffuse
A melancholy light—that shriek!—'tis past—
The pall of death is o'er her sorrows cast!
The veil of fancy drawn, her dreams depart—
The spell is gone she flung around the heart:
Reality appears! in all the light
Of truth, it bursts upon the gladdened sight.

To shed sweet fragrance o'er life's weary hours,
The drama comes to strew her choicest flowers;
She brings her treasures to your fostering care,
Nor doubts the sunshine of your smiles to share;
Her cherished home in feeling's breast she rears,
Basks in its smiles, and doats upon its tears:
Truth's laws shall rule the fictions of the stage,
Her themes can ne'er offend a moral age:
Life's varied scenes this mirror shall reflect,
While taste prescribes the feast of intellect!

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF METAMORA.

NOT from the records of Imperial Rome,
Or classic Greece, the muses' chosen home—
From no rich legends of the olden day,
Our bard hath drawn the story of his play :
Led by the guiding hand of genius on,
He here hath painted nature on her throne ;
His eye hath pierced the forest's shadowy gloom,
And read strange lessons from a nation's tomb :
Brief are the annals of that blighted race—
These halls usurp a monarch's resting place !
Tradition's mist-enshrouded page alone,
Tells that an empire was—we know 'tis gone !

From foreign climes full oft the muse hath brought,
Her glorious treasures of gigantic thought ;
And here, beneath the witchery of her power,
The eye hath poured its tributary shower.
When modern pens have sought the historic page,
To picture forth the deeds of former age,
O'er soft Virginia's sorrows ye have sighed,
And dropt a tear when spotless beauty died :
When Brutus, "cast his cloud aside" to stand
The guardian of the tyrant-trampled land—
When patriot Tell, his soil from thralldom freed,
And bade the avenging arrow do its deed,
Your bosoms answered with responsive swell,
For freedom triumphed as the oppressor fell !

These were the melodies of humbler lyres,
The lights of genius, yet without his fires ;
But when the master-spirit struck the chords,
And inspiration breathed her burning words—
When passion's self stalked living o'er the stage,
To melt with love, or rouse the soul to rage—
When Shakspeare led his bright creations forth,
Waked the pale dead, or gave new beings birth—
Breathless, entranced, ye heard the spell-fraught line,
And felt the minstrel's power—almost divine !

While thus, your plaudits cheer the stranger lay,
Shall native bards in vain the field essay?
To-night we test the strength of native powers,
Subject, and bard, and actor, all are ours—
'Tis yours to judge if worthy of a name,
And bid them live within the halls of fame!

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS CLARA FISHER,

Nov. 30, 1829.

NO MORE the feigned speech, or smile of art—
I come to pay the tribute of the heart ;
Of favors past, in artless phrase to tell—
Favors, remembered—need I say how well ?
How vain the task—the lips, alas ! too weak—
On such a theme, the heart alone should speak.

But two brief years have flown, since first I came
A youthful votary to these halls of fame ;
I pressed, unheralded, a foreign strand—
Your smiles received me in the stranger's land ;
Still cheered me onward in my glad career,
Vanquished each doubt, dispelled each fluttering fear ;
Till now a veteran of the mimic field,
With lance in rest, I boldly bid you yield !

Capricious as the wind, my course has been,
 In truth, a very Rover of the scene !
 The buskin's pomp—Thalia's mirthful train—
 And motley farce, where folly's features reign—
 The grave, the gay—the galliard, and the song—
 In all, I've mingled with the votive throng ;
 Caught from your glance, new ardor in the chase—
 The meed is here—say, have I won the race ?

Let fancy, for a while, her vigil keep,
 And summon "spirits from the vasty deep ;"
 Nay, look not grave, indeed they're harmless sprites,
 And not the spectral shades that "walk o' nights."
 They rise ! in varied form, grotesque—and fair—
 I'll paint them for you ere they melt in air.
 Yet hold ! So fast they throng upon the view,
 The task were hard, I'll only sketch a few.

* * * * *

Away with smiles—the joyous scene is past,
 And darkly comes the parting hour at last ;
 A wanderer now, through southern climes to roam,
 My dearest hope, to find as bright a home ;

Friendship as warm, as kindly hands as these,
Before such eyes, how can I fail to please !
I go—but when the south-wind's balmy breath
Warms the cold earth, and wakes the flowers from death ;
When, pilgrim like, each bird of spring returns,
And the veiled sun with wonted splendor burns,
Will your bright smiles with nature's reappear,
Shall I then meet as warm a welcome here ?

To part ! what sorrows mingle in that word !
The saddest lip hath voiced, or ear hath heard ;
Full deeply now I prove its chilling spell,
And breathe in broken speech, Farewell—Farewell !

TO FELICIA HEMANS.

— ENCHANTRESS of the heart-appealing lyre !

I may not liken to an earthly sound

Thy minstrelsy—and yet there wander round
Such melodies, when summer winds expire
At the sweet hush of evening's holy hour.

The voice-like breathings of the dying wind,
Have all the purity, the hallowed power

That lives in the rich essence of thy mind.
Not with familiar images alone,

Pictured upon the heart, thou wak'st thy chords ;
Soul-stirring thoughts, and themes of lofty tone,

Like Sibyl-gleams, flash from thy burning words !
Sing on—sing on ! that choir indeed is blest,
Whence strains like thine come thrilling to the breast !

SUSQUEHANNAH.

WRITTEN IN SUMMER.

“ON Susquehannah’s side!”—Roll on in pride
Thou classic stream, for not unknown to fame
Art thou: The Bard of Hope hath sung thy name
In numbers, flowing as thy silver tide.
So peacefully thou glid’st upon thy way,
Murmuring thy songs of pleasant harmony,
That ev’n the sullen hills, their frowns cast by,
And smile, to see thy frolic waters play.
Ah! gentle stream, apt emblem thou of life!
Our bark may float as gracefully at rest,
As yonder shallop on thy waveless breast,
Yet both shall know the elemental strife.
Thou pay’st the mighty ocean tribute: We,
Are rushing on to swell a mightier sea!

TIME.

I speak to Time.

BYRON.

WHAT voice may speak to thee, tomb-builder, Time!

Thou wast, and art—and shalt be when the breath

That holds communion now is hushed in death.

Upon thy tablet Earth—a page sublime—

Are chronicled the wrecks of buried years!

The cities of the lava-sepulchre—

The relics of God's wrathful minister—

Yield up their hoarded history of tears.

The Pyramid, and Mausoleum proud,

Attest of thee, and tell of those that were;

Of sounding names, now heard as empty air,

That once were as the voice of nations loud;

The Persian, and the Greek, are kindred there—

Feuds are forgot when foes the narrow dwellings crowd!

AMBITION.

—— Methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced Moon.

SHAKSPEARE.

LIGHT of the noble mind ! the proud of earth
Have ever breathed to thee their matin song ;
And lofty hearts have mingled in the throng
That gazed entranced upon thy brightness. Worth
To thee a minister hath been ; and birth
No heritage hath claimed ; the student's lore—
The poet's verse—for thee, their visions soar !
Thy beams may gild a throne, or peasant's hearth :
Fond worshippers have followed o'er the wave,
And watched thy rays, as mariners the sun :
Danger hath stood upon the battlement
Where rushed thy votary with his banner rent—
Yet pressed he on, till victory's meed was won,
In wreaths upon his brow, or glory on his grave !

Despots may woo thee to their crimson car,
And havoc lead the way o'er reeking fields
Where trampled freedom all her birth-right yields,
And rapine stalks, while mercy flies afar :
Yet hast thou been full oft the guiding star
That lighted patriots to a deathless fame ;
Their guerdon but the lustre of a name—
Their field, the council-seat or front of war.
Shall god-like reason veil her ardent eye,
Or sun-born eagles perch with birds of night ?—
Shall swelling bosoms shun bright honor's race,
When glory's light is beaconing the chase ?
The soaring spirit wings its towering flight,
Nor stoops its falcon crest beneath the spreading sky !

FANCY.

Spirit of airy hopes and rapturous lay!
I woo thee fancy!

COME, Fancy! with thy soul-enrapturing power,
And lead me through the fairy haunts, where dwell
Thy magic influences; in moon-lit dell—
Mid starry spheres—in dewy bosomed flower—
Or, where the myrtle twines a perfumed bower,
For youthful Love to weave his mystic spell—
Where'er thou art, I woo thee from thy cell,
And give to thee the visions of this hour.
I'll follow thee through ocean's coral caves,
And yield my spirit to deep ecstacies;
The winds discourse thy sweetest melodies,
And gossamer barks are dancing o'er the waves:
O, dip thy pencil in the Iris' hues,
And paint thy dwelling-place—twin sister of the Muse!

Thou sitt'st upon the aged abbey's tower,
Listening the tale that plaining night-birds tell ;
Or glidest through the cloistered aisle, when swell
The midnight chimes : while brooding tempests lower,
Thy chariot is the cloud : in summer shower,
While whispering voices wake thy airy shell,
Thou'rt seen where last the glancing sunbeam fell :
And Spring, the gentle maid of balmy dower,
When nature's chilly breathings first she braves,
Woos thee unto her sylvan mysteries ;
Thy court is then 'midst choral harmonies :
But when the vesper tear thy chaplet laves,
And night's pale Queen her placid course pursues,
Thou lov'st to climb the steep, and brush the mountain
dews !

DESTINY.

Who can control his fate.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHY should the spirit strive to penetrate
The veil that shrouds, stern Power! thy dark decrees!
Whether our bark of life shall sweep o'er seas
Of pain and peril, tempest-tost by fate;
Or glide o'er waves at peace where zephyrs wait
To waft us on our course; be bliss or wo
The haven we approach—the best to know
Would banish Hope, the charmer of our state!
And if the worst—the certainty of ill
Would, like a storm-cloud, o'er life's ocean lower,
Dark'ning the elements around us, till
With self-engendered poison fraught, the hour
That destiny hath cursed should come in gloom—
Vain thought! come, cherub Hope, and smile ev'n on
the tomb!

CHILDHOOD.

I would I were a careless child.

BYRON.

SWEET days of Infancy ! Ye hold a place
Within the breast, where thought delights to dwell ;
The heart, world-seared, will oft life's path retrace
To nestle, bird-like, on ye ; ah, how well
Does miser memory treasure up your joys,
The pageantry of many an after dream !
That happy home, beside the pebbly stream
Which made sweet music with its rippling noise ;
The soft green bank, where noon-tide hours were sported—
The buoyant spirit, scarce subdued in school,
The shout of glee, when paused the pedant's rule—
The bark, whose paper sail the zephyr courted ;
Ah ! innocent delights of childhood's hours,
To the sad heart ye come, like fragraney from flowers !

F A M E.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar!

BEATTIE.

THOU glittering fane, that firest the aspiring mind!
How gorgeously thy dome and columns shone,
When life was young and all its cares unknown:
How eager then I sought the paths to find
That lead unto thy halls—yet ah, how blind
Is mortal vision! few, short years have flown—
Where are those cherished hopes of bright renown,
Wherein I dressed myself? Fled with the wind
That breathes from summer's cloud—gone with the light
That breaks in fitful gleams through summer's storm;
Dark on my soul hath fall'n the wintry blight,
Chilling a heart whose feelings once were warm.
Chastened, but not subdued, in love of fame,
My spirit still reveres the glory of a name!

N O T E S.

NOTES.

LEXINGTON. *Page 7.*

The design of this Poem has been to illustrate the historical incidents connected with the first battle of the Revolution. By the extracts, which follow, it will be perceived, that the writer has not deviated from facts in the narrative. Thacher, in his "Military Journal," says—"The British troops marched to Lexington, last Wednesday, for the purpose of destroying our military stores; our militia collected and met them. The regulars soon commenced firing; our people returned the fire; a smart skirmish ensued, and several were killed on both sides. The British were compelled to retreat in confusion towards Boston—our people pursued, and harassed them. The situation of the king's forces during the day was extremely hazardous, and it is considered wonderful that any of them escaped. Worn down, and almost exhausted, and their ammunition expended, they had become nearly defenceless when they reached Charlestown, in the evening, after a loss of two hundred and seventy-three men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. The loss on the side of the Provincials, is eighty-eight in the whole."

"It is impossible to describe the zeal and military ardor which pervades New England, since the battle at Lexington. The fearful hour has arrived!"

The following extract, relating to this event, is from "Revolutionary Anecdotes." "It was a scene of strange and thrilling interest—they stood there to oppose an authority which they had been taught to fear, if not to venerate. Many were armed but with their wrongs, others had caught up in haste the rude weapons of the chase, but there was determination in every look. Well did the assailants rue their assault upon that little band of patriots. Long will the doings of that day be remembered. It was the opening scene of a glorious drama."

But pressed to the fight as a festival. Page 13.

He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet.

Ivanhoe.

Since the page on which the above line occurs was printed, the attention of the writer has been drawn to a passage, similar both in thought and expression, in a poem, by the author of Marco Bozzaris, which appeared in the *Talisman* for 1829. It might be doubted which were the least excusable offence—actual indebtedness for the words, or forgetfulness of even one line from such a source.

A talisman to memory. Page 22.

A boon, a talisman, O, memory! give. *Mrs. Hemans.*

What scene of thrilling awe is here! Page 24.

It can scarcely be necessary to refer the reader to the painting of the Declaration of Independence by Colonel Trumbull.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON. Page 25.

The Stanzas under the above title were written on reading the following paragraph, from a foreign paper:

“An article from Vienna mentions the arrival of thirty thousand troops, at the camp near Drey Kirschen. As they defiled before the Emperor Francis, the young Duke of Reichstadt, (who appeared for the first time in uniform) attracted great and universal attention. Joy beamed in his countenance.”

Still be that leaf of life unread,

Which tells thy destiny. Page 26.

For the thought in the above lines, the writer is indebted to a very beautiful passage in Lawson's tragedy of Giordano.

“For this, your proof of love, I thank you friends ;
And, as in after days you yet may read
The unturned pages of my book of life,
You shall not find a blot or stain thereon,
To change the love that welcomes my return.”

THE BANNER OF MURAT. Page 27.

Personal heroism was a distinguishing trait in the character of King Joachim. He was defeated in a Quixotic attempt to regain his lost power—after the restoration of the European legitimates—and was shot as an outlaw in Calabria. The soil, that but a brief season before had been proud to own him as its king, now drank his life blood with a greedy thirst. His bearing, in the hour of doom, was in perfect keeping with the chivalrous bravery of his whole life. The appellation *le brave des braves*, was applied by Napoleon, indiscriminately, to Murat, and Ney. The following passage, from Byron's Letters, has reference to the subject of this poem. “Poor Murat! What an end! You know, I suppose, his white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor, and a bandage.” *Moore's Byron.*

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT. Page 29.

On the first repulse of the Emperor Nicholas, in the Turkish campaign of 1828, a spirited poem was published by James G. Brooks, in which the cause of the Ottoman, Mahmoud, was espoused with much grace and eloquence. However beautiful the poetry, the argument, at least, was of doubtful philosophy. The stanzas to which this note refers, were written in reply. The closing lines had very nearly been prophetic; a policy, the motives of which are still shrouded in mystery, alone prevented the Muscovite from redeeming the throne of the Constantines.

CONSTANTINOPLE. Page 32.

The lines under this title were written in anticipation of a more glorious result to the contest between Russia and the Porte, than subsequent events have realized. "Conqueror of Stromboul," were a prouder title than merely "Passer of the Balkan." In explanation of the closing lines, it can scarcely be necessary to remind the reader of the incidents connected with the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, and the death of the last Grecian Emperor.

And the land of song is free! Page 35.

This line is not yet verified. Doubt still hangs over the destinies of Greece. Another move on the political chess-board may decide the fate of that "Land of dead heroes, living slaves!"

On the glorious plain of the grounded arms. Page 57.

The scene of Burgoyne's surrender has been beautifully designated by Halleck, the "Field of the grounded arms."

ADDRESS. Page 61.

The Poem referred to in this note is one of two recited on the opening of the Bowery Theatre, to both of which prizes were awarded by the committee of the New-York Association.

The other production, from the pen of William Leggett, a composition of great classical beauty, was pronounced by Mr. Edwin Forrest. Though high, it is but just praise to remark, that the poem was worthy the reputation of its author, and of the admirable powers of the tragedian.

PROLOGUE. Page 65.

The munificent premium offered by Mr. Forrest, for a tragedy, the principal character of which should be an aboriginal of this continent, was adjudged to the play of *Metamora*. The lines on page 65 were written as a prologue to that production.

The relics of God's wrathful minister. Page 73.

The above line assumes the correctness of the hypothesis, that the alluvial remains sometimes found in excavating the earth, are the relics of the Flood.

Where are those cherished hopes of bright renown,

Wherein I dressed myself? Page 80.

Was the hope drunk,

Wherein you dressed yourself?

Macbeth.

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No. 71, Vesey-street.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

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