THE FUGITIVE:

AN

EPIC POEM.

IN ONE CANTO.

BY P. VIRGILIUS MARO.

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN DRYDEN BAGS, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

BOSTON:
FETRIDGE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
1854.

THE FUGITIVE:

AN

EPIC POEM.

IN ONE CANTO.

BY P. VIRGILIUS MARO.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN BAGS, ESQ.,

WITH NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

BOSTON:
FETRIDGE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
1854.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

Though Virgil died so long ago, he still lives in "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" he has left behind him; and I am sure his immortality would be further secured by these thoughts on Burns, were they to be presented in the purity of the original language.

I have, with some trouble, made this translation that the people at large might make themselves acquainted with the latest work of one of the greatest of Poets; that object accomplished, I may be induced to submit the original to the learned for their approval and criticism.

The doubts which may arise, that Virgil could have written this Poem, or could have known the circumstances he relates, will be removed when I disclose the manner in which the precious work fell into my unworthy hands.

It was communicated to me by an extension dining table of the most formidable dimensions, and a chest of drawers of the most antiquated pattern. These two articles of furniture, having first announced that they were in the hands of the Poet—the table being moved by his right and the drawers

by his left hand—rapped out the Poem in alternate strains of twenty-five lines each.

You can imagine, if you have ever formed part of a spiritual circle, how tiresome a task it must have been to obtain the Poet's words in writing; for they were all spelled out in Latin, to the Medium—a very intelligent female who didn't understand a word of the language addressed to her—who repeated the letters to me who took them down; and so you see it has been an almost endless task, since our departed friends, who are with us in spirit, don't seem to have the same intimate acquaintance with the alphabet now, as they did when they were with us in flesh.

As the Poet was very often wrought up to a pitch of uncontrollable enthusiasm—as was manifested by the furniture in a fine frenzy rolling—the original table and bureau with which the first verses were sung, did not survive long; and one set relieved another, during which intervals of rest two or three cabinet-makers, with their assistants, were engaged in setting on their legs again those that had been put *hors de combat;* and if any incoherence appear in the course of the Poem, it will be owing to the fact that the Medium, between Virgil and myself, sometimes mistook the sounds of these artizans' hammers for the rappings of the Poet.

I do not mean to blame Virgil for this violence, but I cannot, at the same time, help thinking and giving utterance to the thought, that if the furniture had been his, or if he had been obliged to pay for it as I was, he would have treated it with more gentleness.

The communications began very suddenly on the night of Wednesday the 24th of May, and were continued nightly

until the day of the rendition of Burns, Friday the 2d of June. As I was engaged through the day in arranging and translating what I had taken down the night before, I was almost entirely deprived of food and sleep, during the whole of that time, and must confess I was very glad the Poem was no longer than it is.

To the Medium—may her custom be large—who so obligingly sacrificed her rest and comfort in my service, my heartfelt thanks are due, and I herein tender them, together with a copy of the Poem. She may be found—I hope not in her grave, after the fatigue and the hard knocks received from the inspired furniture—by addressing the translator.

To Mr. Virgil, also, I am greatly indebted for the frequent assistance he rendered me while engaged in the arduous task of translating—an assistance his recently acquired but still imperfect acquaintance with our language enabled him to give. He would have composed in English, as he said, so saving me much trouble, but he uses the language as yet in rather a fractured condition, and doubted his ability to compose a complete work in any but his mother tongue. "Moreover," he was kind enough to add, "I wish to share the fame this work may bring me, with you, as the great Mr. Dryden has formerly divided it with me."

The furniture which was of so much use upon this occasion, has been placed on exhibition for a short time, and may be seen, for a moderate sum, levied to pay expenses, at the store of Mr. ———, No. —, —— St., where also may be found the cabinet-makers and their assistants who furnished the necessary repairs; they have kindly consented to be present and point out their respective workmanship.

*

Any proceeds remaining over and above expenses, will be devoted to the formation of a fund for the support and education of young furniture—billiard-tables and smoking-chairs alone excepted—with a view to making them still more skilful rappers of more worthy subjects than now keeps them busy.

Virgil has evidently, by his long silence, or the bad company he has been keeping, lost much of his original power. The Poem before us, on the whole, is not equal in beauty of imagery, smoothness and grace of diction, vigor and clearness of description, or lofty and poetic flights and soarings, to his other great work, the Æneid; and these short-comings, not to call them failures—for much may be pardoned in one who has been great—are the more evident since Dryden has not been the translator, since my weakness must be added to the original one of the inspired author. Moreover, all the Poet's thoughts have been seen, in the first place, through a dense and perhaps a refracting Medium.

With regard to my share in the work, I will say, though modesty should condemn me to silence, that the great English Poet has expressed himself well pleased with the results of my labor, and during its progress, more than once expressed his approval by spinning my desk across the room; this manifestation I considered fully equal to being patted on the back.

I only ask the critic, who is disposed to be severe, to put himself in my position for a moment and regard the matter calmly; to consider the vast amount of time, labor and patience that must have been expended in the composition, communication, taking down, translating and writing off a

work of this nature. He will be the more willing to deal gently with us, when he looks upon the matter in this light, especially when he remembers the intense excitement we all labored under at the time, and considers the constant desire we had, and were obliged to repress, to run down to Court Square to see what the state of things were and how people got on without us.

With this brief apology, or rather explanation, I throw myself upon the charity of a merciful, indulgent, and, I hope, intelligent public.

THE FUGITIVE.

Arms and the men I sing, who late did stand (*a*)
In Court Square ground a military band;
Heroes encased in pants of sober hue,
And braced in coats, that seemed as if they grew
To those who wore them, and stuck out before,
Beyond their breasts, perhaps a foot or more;
Armed head and heel — with cap and flaunting
feather,
And boots, what boots 't to say were made of leather;
Each in the liv'ry of foul war arrayed,
Cigars in case, and by his side his blade;
Each in his hand his trusty carbine bore,
And well-packed knapsack on his shoulders wore.
These valiant train bands summon'd from their beds,
Handled their muskets and received their leads;-
Eager to do or die they quickly run,
Called to their posts by th' sleep-stirring drum.

But gentler hearts than theirs are sorely flurried,
That into dangers they are rashly hurried.
Mothers and sisters wring their snowy hands
And would, but cannot, stay th' departing bands.
"O go not forth to-night," one maiden said,
Soft to the youth to whom she was engaged,
"Oh! go not forth to-night, in step to tread,
For who knows but the day may find you dead.
It is not evening drill; I know 'tis not;
Powder, I heard the message say, and shot."
"'Tis duty calls," the valiant youth replied,
"And love must shut up shop—must be denied.
If, when day breaks, my bloody corse you see,
Give not to grief the heart you gave to me;
Restrain your tears, that make your eyes so red—
Eyes that will charm when other charms are fled—
With fan and 'kerchief in your rosy hand
Go and see Campbell's 'nimitable band."
So spoke the gallant soldier and then forced
By war's imperious call to sign his loss,
Did so upon her cheek, 'gainst which he laid
His loving lips and blessed the shining maid—
Wrought to a pitch of agony intense
(For when the Old South clock struck four and hence
From that time with smok'd glass she had been busy,
In looking for th' eclipse, till she was dizzy,)

This maiden's brain the shock could not withstand,
This separation from the youth, who'd fanned
And waited on her many a time and oft
With ices, oysters, cake and—and so forth;—
This separation and the sudden fright,
Undid her wholly and she swooned outright.
Happy! the man for whom bright eyes run streams;
Happy! is he who lives in such one's dreams;
Happy! thrice happy! for it proves no paint,
He who loves one can pale and make a faint—
But cease my muse these trifles to retain,
Higher and greater things demand my strain.
Come! Phœbus thou, and lend the inspiring aid,
Come, and bring with thee Wisdom's sober maid.
Help me to sing what's caus'd all this confusion
More stirring than the war wag'd by the Russian.
Help me to show in numbers easy flow
The *casus belli* and the direful woe.
Grant it to me, O God of all the gods,
To do these things. He smiles, and yes! he nods.
Then to my task, a light one, full of love,
Since smil'd on by the God's and by great Jove.
On Brattle streets' convex'd and shady side,
There sometime kept, a man by men denied,
Since Ethiop's sun had tann'd his skin a black
And he was born a slave, alas! good lack.

Somewhat displeas'd with his constrain'd position.
And filled with whims by men of abolition;
Thinking that near the North he'd find it cooler;
Driv'n by some madness that might be Luna;
Urged by some cause I yet have to discover,
He pull'd up stakes and left—his hut and brother;
He left behind, without a sigh or tear,
His loving lord—the reason why's not clear.
He had an inclination, dangerous failing,
In quest of other laws to go a sailing,
To seek his liberty and freedom learn;
For this the earth his glowing feet did burn,
For this, Virginia's sultry clime he fled,
Where working hard is hardly ever bread,
Where, if you trust what rabid men will say,
They work them hard and feed on work next day.
Having escaped for reasons best known to him,
Who for himself did undertake to do 'em,
The ardent man the North pole quickly spies,
Just as the steel to th' attracting magnet flies.
Entered this city where all men are free;
Set up his shop and sang, "Old clo's." You see,
Alas! he'd not been taught in Horace' odes to read,
And did not know that happiness, indeed,
Is quite another thing than change of station,
And must upon our soundness have foundation.

Not to the manner born in which he stood,
He made a blunder of great magnitude;
Briefly I'll run it o'er for your instruction
And let you make and print your own deduction.
He wrote a letter to his enslav'd brother,
Told him that where he liv'd it was quite another
Sort of thing, (and much to be preferred,)
Than living South and digging in the earth.
This letter, dated Boston, full and fair,
To Canada was sent and post-mark'd there.
This wily dodge was ta'en with some intention,
By it, the black man proved his deep invention.
His aim, 'tis plain, 'tis patent and was wise,
Was to pull wool down in his master's eyes;
But the result of this device most rare,
Failing, brought trouble to his own short hair.
Forgive this prolix, this prolonged prefatio,
I wish'd to recommend me to Horatio; (*b*)
I wished to make the antecedents clear,
Before I 'ssay'd the consequences dear.
Now, be it mine to sing the stony fate
That struck such fearful blow on Burns's pate.
There are so many versions of the story;
So many people eager for the glory,
I find it difficult to choose between,
And, at selecting, own I'm very green.

Some say one thing and some another,
Some that *'tis* Burns and some that 'tis his brother.
One story has it both in black and white,
And proves beyond a doubt that Burns, so hight,
A Fugitive from bondage sought our lea,
And turned up wanted from the Black, Black Sea.
Another version has 't that Charley's seven
Nabbed Burns—who really thought his time for
Heaven
Had surely come; and every question scorning,
Suppos'd 'twas right—or would be in the morning—
Nabbed Burns, I say, and put him into quod,
On accusation of a man he'd robbed.
Others affirm that he was bid to stop
For dissipated life and love of "Pop."
My story's this, give trust to it or not,
'T 's as good as many and the best I've got:
On Wednesday, post meridian, half past four,
(If not just then, perhaps a little more,)
Two men, equip'd with stars not yet out-shone,
Took Mr. Burns and put him in a dungeon.
In the "slave-den," so called by men notorious,
Who 're apt to get excited and uproarious.
Did old Sol leave the skies when this was done?
Did Nature breathe a sigh and look more glum
Than Ball Hughes does when Oliver won't tick,
And Tom wont lend him money nor will Dick?

Did the wide earth its mighty circle heave
As tho' t' admonish man 't was time to leave ?
Did any other well-established custom
Fly its fix'd order as from rents does fustian ?
No ! none of these. Alas ! unmoved and cool
The rapping spirits never mov'd a stool. (*c*)
Not even they would show, and they have leisure,
Their disapproval of this direful seizure.
This damned black deed distorted not a feature
Of smooth-faced nature, vain and fickle creature.
Rivers did not retrace their wearied channels,
And men still kept on all their winter flannels.
Rivers still flowed from out their fountain wells ;
And Atwood's busy hands op'd oyster shells.
But altho' nature show'd by no low mutter
She felt emotions far too great to utter ;
Those cast in Nature's mould were not so weak
And since they could not act, resolv'd to speak.
Wand'rer from Southern climes, Burns could not tell
Whether the best or worst of fortune him befell.
But gen'rous friends, tho' ignorance is bliss,
Soon let him know how much they him should miss ;
Without much trouble made him understand
'T was best for him to stay in this free land.

Burns took the hint, made up his mind accord'n,
Never to move to t' other side of Jord'n. (*d*)
Parker and Phillips, men of abolition—
Who stir up riot and begin sedition—
Who could not bear the weight of that great shame,
And wished, moreover, to keep up their name—
These men, and others of like brazen face,
Convok'd in Faneuil Hall of every race
The representatives, and solid burghers
Of this fair city; down from Pat to Fergus.
At sev'n o'clock, those so disposed, and ladies,
With some reporters of our foremost dailies,
Made their appearance, thinking they'd have cause
T' applaud the speech of Lamson and, p'rhaps, Orr's.
Before great things the small we often see,
And up hopp'd Bird, a very chipper, he:
Thus he began and sung his roundelay
O'er which he'd conn'd, perhaps, the total day:
"The dirty, lying and disgraceful scamps
Who print our news and entertain our lamps,
Refuse to print, free gratis, what I write;"
What 's to be done?" The audience answered
"Fight!"
Bird, in italics, with a scoffing sneer,
Said "'Fight' had meaning once, but now a mere
Sound it has grown. Old times the word had
weight,

But now it only means, at present date,
Nothing at all." With such a peroration
The little birdling took his former station.
Like hurtling bolt from out great cross-bow sent,
Next Swift swift sprung up and his fair countenance lent.
"Friends, country people, mourn with me," he said,
"Our dearest hope, the Constitution, 's dead;
Stab'd more than once in a disgraceful scrimmage,
Bowing, it fell, at base of Webster's image." (*e*)
He ceased, and lively murmurs spreading round
Attest his merit and to his praise redound.
One valiant voice from out the numerous crowd
In bravest accents shouted out aloud:
"I to the Court House feel inclined to go,
And walk that slave out in a way not slow."
Then Howe his voice in trait'rous speech essayed—
A wag ill-natured said he only bray'd—
"To fight against the tyrant," this man said,
"Is to obey the God who has us made." (*f*)
Into Virginia's coat our arms we 'll thrust,
And prove from off her seal what must be must."
Then Phillips, he, did climb the rostrum stand
And hurl'd defiance from his clench'd hand.
"Free-men, alas! what sight is this I see;
Once more a brother snatched from liberty.

Shall we again be humbled to the ground?"
("No! No!" and "Never!" echoed all around.)
"Has Simms' case appealed in vain, and worse,
Since, once more, Justice takes the offered purse?
Brib'd by the South to do us dreadful harms,
She'll throw Burns back to their fond, longing arms.
The man 's a Christian, noble and has eyes; (*g*)
And mentioned, with great sorrow, all the lies
The newspapers have told with so much knav'ry,
That he was going back content to slav'ry.
When laws are driven from our borders hence,
The people's sovereignty must then commence;
With Simms and Shadrack you had different minds,
See you, to-morrow, which way turn the winds."
Phillips sat down amid the loudest cheers,
And all the ladies clapt him, little dears!
Parker, of irony the lord and master,
Who pours forth oily gammon faster
Than his great namesake, friend of city gobblers,
Can mix up drinks, or those refreshing cobblers;
Parker, the same who weekly fills the Hall,
That Bands and Lecturer's fail to fill at all;
Parker next rear'd up all his graceful height,
And did proceed to argue with all might.
"Men of Virginia!" he began — then waited —
Till some one, seeing that he hesitated,

Shouted "No! No!" "Well then, of Boston?"
"Aye!"
"Tell me, is 't better to be free or die?"
"Free by all means." "I did not make it clear;
I mean, is life or liberty most dear,—
Know then, O men, that this same captured Burns
A life of slav'ry resolutely spurns;
Nothing but freedom will him satisfy;
Rather than lose it he will *freely* die.
If, twice before, you people had done right,
Such times would not have called us here to-night;
If you'll exert the force that's in you latent
You will succeed, and make Burns' way North,
patent."
'When you adjourn, adjourn to old Court Square;
Make no attempt, of course, but watch while there.
'T would be no sin, if you kill every mother's
Son of them there who'll take what is anothers;
"'T would be no sin and I give my forgiveness
For every thing you do, except remissness."
Soon as he'd ended, down sat Mr. Parker
Ready for all things but to be a martyr—
Ready to suffer all but that, and danger,
And when they talk of money he's a ranger.
"Subscriptions raised for setting niggers free,
I much approve, if the're not brought to me." (*h*)

Phillips got up again and made a postscript
To the short speech that o'er his tongue had tript,
And introduc'd in't the Herculean statement,
That he would violate, without abatement,
All human laws that had it for their aim,
To seize the slave and send him back in shame.
Just at this time a dreadful din arose—
A man, who used his voice through his nose,
Made this announcement:—"I have learned but now,
That in Court Square there is a horrid row,
Eight hundred men are busy raising Ned
And I move we all go," he said, and led.
All follow'd after in most dire confusion,
And I, too, went convinc'd, t'was all delusion.
I made my mind up on my way up street
To stand safe distance off and have retreat.
The night was dark but well each gas-light's ray
Did all it could to turn it into day.
Failing of that, the lamps illum'd the fight
With just about the medium, happy, twilight.
Shouting and yelling, throwing stones and curses,
A crowd of men ambitious for their hearses,
Were vainly pressing 'gainst the solid doors
That on court days shut in the horrid claws
Of even-handed justice, and keep out
Those who 've no business in—the mob and rout.

Stones, brickbats, hatchets plied 'gainst door and
sash
Filled the whole Square with noise; and startling
crash
Of shatter'd glass, brought to their feet the few
Who, shut up in there, wonder'd what to do:
There were assembl'd in deliberation
Twelve honest men, deprived of ev'ry ration,
Till, in a verdict, they could all agree,
Wilson to spare, or hang him on the tree.
There all the Judges sat in solemn state,
Sleepy and conscious that 't was getting late;
Sheriff and 'ttorney of the Commonwealth,
Fugitive and Marshall wishing each a health,
Or each regretting t' other was n't further,
And sorely tempted to perform a murther.
Meanwhile, without, the war-wag'd loud and wide;
Up in deep surges rag'd the rabble tide,
Ebbing and flowing, and at each tenth wave,
Shaking the sturdy oak until it gave
Deep groans like anguish at the mighty shock,
Then brac'd itself and stemm'd it like a rock.
At last a score of men rais'd a great beam
Which, batt'ring-ram-like, started soon a seam.
Redoubling blow on blow they quickly urge;
And now at last the door admits the surge.

But in the threshhold stands a valiant band;
And now the contest rages hand to hand;
The clash of steel resounds thro' all the night
And dropping shots illume the direful fight.
Blows giv'n and taken, prove each others hate,
And one fair life is lost, O! cruel fate.
But hark! the alarm-bell gives it metal, tongue,
Proclaims aloud the deed of blood that's done;
The clanging bell's discordant, noisy throat
Roused from their slumbers men of every note,
And in the heart of the beseig'd, inspired
New courage, while the foe repuls'd retir'd.
Up jump'd the sires, and up jump'd son and darter;
And Mayor Smith, in his haste, forgot his garter.
Swift to the scene of strife they quickly run
And to the open Square transfer the fun.
Taylor, the head, and of Police the Chief,
Rag'd like a comet, and with manner brief,
Not to say summ'ry, headlong charg'd the mob,
Who, rather worsted, soon disliked the job.
Some men prevented by the horrid rush
From getting near and joining in the brush,
On action of some sort being firmly bent,
Cast their eyes round to see what to attempt.
One who loves Shakespear, climbs a lamp-post's height,
And while he's climbing, says "Put out the light;"

"And then put out the light." Just then his legs,
Dangling below, are seized by one who begs
He'll drop from off his lofty elevation,
And take a lodging in the Police Station.
Another, bent on warring with his kind,
Thus to a canine foe address'd his mind:
"O! thou great dog, subject to fatal madness,
Thou hast a muzzle now, I see with gladness;
But when I met you, not a week ago —
The truth of what I say, d'ye doubt, I'll show —
You were not licensed, muzzl'd, no nor own'd,
And from your fearful bite, thro' State-St. ston'd,
I own I fled: but now the case 's revers'd
And for your blood I *madly, madly* thirst."
So saying, his slender dirk he quickly drew
And stabb'd that poor dog's heart quite thro' and
thro';
And having glutted his just appetite
Gave himself up to the next neophyte.
At last the rioters, o'ercome by force,
Retreat in silence to count o'er their loss.
The two I mention'd just above, are miss'd,
And those proposing rescues badly hiss'd:
It seemed to be the general opinion
They 'd fought enough, and that each single minion
Of power, 't was best to let alone,
Or trouble only with three times one groan.

The ground was clear'd, guards posted, and the
doors
That had been batter'd down in this vile cause,
Were once again secur'd; and gentle quiet
Reign'd o'er the scene of the late fearful riot.
Troops from the Fort and from the Navy-Yard
Being invited, answered to the card
In presence bod'ly, arm'd with ammunition,
Fitted to quell this direful sedition.
This was the cause of what I've sung before —
'T was to protect and vindicate the law —
That through the highways of the slumb'ring city
The drum and fife gave forth th' inspiring ditty;
That hurrying cohorts sought th' disputed field —
Men born to die rather than ever yield.
For this, fair maidens saw their lovers fly,
For this, fond mothers wip'd the tearful eye;
The young American, being also "fast,"
Rous'd from his slumbers, mindful what the last
"Know-Nothing" said of foreign rule and Pope,
Flew to the scene, excited by the hope
That Catholics were up, and that the Irish,
Losing some blood would give up chanting Kyries.
The morning after — twenty-seventh of May —
Before 't was light, almost before 't was day —
Crowds of all sorts secur'd a good position,

And watch'd the House, as tho' 't were a magician —
Bound to transmute, by aid of Long Pond water,
Court, Judge and Prisoner into some other sorter
Aspect or shape than that they 'd always fill'd —
Hoping, besides, to see the p'licemen mill'd;
All day long the crowd with eyes op'd wide,
Star'd at the door where entrance was denied.
I, even I, who really thought my shape
Beyond all question was, and that the *cape*
Of strict *look out* I could with safety double,
Mounting the stairs, was turned back for my trouble.
There, on the square that once was pav'd with wood,
Call'd to "attention," or at "ease" there stood
The ready troops who'd turn'd out, on the askin',
In uniform complete or handsome bear-skin:
Around them, gather'd dense admiring throngs,
Viewing with love the men who'd "right dress" wrongs;
While men of peace, bereft of martial feeling,
Gloomily croak 'bout this high-handed dealing:
"'T is true the Court House 's not again in chains,
But ruffian troops, and men who sail the mains,
Embrace with ruthless arms and fiery ardor
The building rear'd calm Justice' seat to harbor."
There is no ill but has its good — that 's lucky —

And, for the reason that these men were plucky, (j)
Those of our city who live but by amusement —
And furnish'd that, resist all strong inducement
To larger sins — found food for their reflection,
And did, with easy grace, give grave inspection
To what they saw; talk'd over all the deeds,
Bought and ate apples, and spat out the seeds.
In peace and quiet calmly pass'd the day;
Men fill'd the square and each one had his say;
Without commotion time pass'd smoothly by,
Except when some one crazy, or, p'rhaps high,
Was now and then "took up;" straightway the mob
Was much delighted, since th' affair did rob
Time of its slow and tedious flight so heavy,
Making it pass more quickly; or the levy
Of standing troops, went through an evolution
To dissipate mens' minds from the solution
Of problems grave, or cunning schemes for making
Another rush to consummate the taking
Of that grim building that they there stood viewing;
A building most men 'd like to see a ruin.
A gloomy mansion, stern and very dread,
Built by a man who by it earn'd his bread,
But very little fame. Perhaps the cause
Why we have never giv'n him much applause,
Has been as follows: that, until this season,
Failing of int'rest there has been no reason

Why commendation it at all deserved;
But now, that 't is becoming the observed
Of all observers, we may perhaps discover
Beauties in it — of one sort or another;—
You may, in fact, discover many beauties
Among the men who there perform their duties;
For now and then a soldier, like Lucinda, (*k*)
Makes his appearance, lolling at the winder.
Such things as these have cut out all the rappers
And furnished items for our daily papers.
Heralds — editions one, two, three and four —
Are sold like cakes, and still there's call for more.
I wander round among the curious crowd,
Hearing men talk, for they all talk aloud;
Rumors float round with five times hundred tongue;
Telling what has been, and what might be done.
One man propos'd, and thought it would be right,
Into some white-wash, introduc'd at night,
To dip black Burns and make him white from black,
And save our city thus from seige or sack.
Vision chimerical that seem'd to be
To all the crowd, who nathless wish'd him free.
And then I took my stand as near 's was proper,
To those brave men who'd prov'd an efficient stopper
On the rebellious boors 'ffervescing charge,
To keep it in nor let it go at large.

There stood the troops, each massive form array'd
In regimental coat and p'rhaps cockade;
There at their ease the noble souls remain'd
Indiff'rent either if it shone or rain'd;
Only indignant that they stood so quiet,
And only sorry that there was no riot.
"Come, gentle people, why not show your might
And with your brothers join the dreadful fight;
Give us, we pray, but chance to make one charge,
And those who 're left alive may go at large.
One charge is all we want, we are no pullets,
And when you move 'the air shall whirl with bullets.'" (*l*)
Lucky for those who or must eat or die,
Parker 's at hand — to him men quickly fly.
There, too, 't is possible, with apt persuasion,
To get a drink, or drunk, fit for th' occasion.
Thither, and also down the lane to Tafts,
Constantly, all day long, in search of draughts,
Roll'd the excited crowds—black, white and yellow,
Each one to treat himself or p'rhaps his fellow.
The company Cadets, corps independent —
Whose glorious star 's always in th' ascendant —
Who 've had the taste, I 'm very glad to see,
To take the grey and let the white suit be;
Detail'd for duty, had done it all day long —
At least till two—when to the Tremont they 'd gone,

And there procured, what they most needed —
dinner.
When they return'd, though tir'd each war-like
sinner, (*m*)
To help digestion, they went through their motions
And did them very well in spite their potions.
Then the next Govr'nor, who's now Smith the
May'r,
Made an address out in the open air:
"Soldiers and friends," he said, "and you, O!
Dobbs,
You men of war, and too of war the dogs,
Into your hands without a fear, I put
The peace and quiet of our city *gut*—
That's Dutch, but never mind, I know full well
You 'll understand and do whate'er I tell —
To you, and to your bravery, we trust
The safety both of low and upper crust. (*n*)
Watch ev'ry man you see and closely eye him;
Two dollars cash, is each one's pay *per diem.*"
"Three cheers for Smith," I heard a loud voice sing;
And two small boys made all the welkin ring.
And all the crowd who were assembl'd there,
Wonder'd who Dobbs was; whether black or fair.
Some other parts of Dr. Smith's remarks,
Met with objections from those men whose barks

He had provok'd by his canine comparison,
Who charg'd his speech as tho' 't had been a garrison.
As their remarks were not polite, but strong,
I' ll leave them out and go on with my song.
Officials, then, by no means ugly men,
Clear'd out the crowd that late so large had been.
Gently they did their work, as our good wives,
From out their darken'd parlors brush the flies.
The square was swept, and only those admitted
Who tea at Gibb's, and p'rhaps they 're to be pitied.
Quiet descended like a young girl's veil,
Which keeps out impudence, and stops the tale
Young men would tell, if they were not prevented,
Of wond'rous beauties seen, as though demented.
Quiet descended on the square and city;
Nothing disturb'd it save a wand'ring kitty,
Or now and then a watchman on his round,
Who soon in peaceful slumber's chain was bound.
Slept the perverters of all law and order,
Slept the dark pris'ner and old —— his warden;
And I, fatigu'd by sight of things so om'nous,
Dropp'd myself gently in the arms of Somnus.

On Sunday morning, peaceful rose the sun;
Quiet all nature and the sons of Gun.
Nothing occurs to show the iron rule
Of war-like men, each with a dang'rous tool;
Nothing appears about the empty streets,
To show that force alone controls the heats
Of burning men, inflam'd by every passion,
Glad in their cause sharp bayonets to dash on.
P'rhaps, but not oft'ner than occasionally,
Forth from his arm'ry a brave soldier 'd sally,
His whistle dry to whet, or purchase cigars
And give his *real* opinion of the "niggars."
These men who 've bravely watch'd us while we doz'd
Have to foul slander often been expos'd.
'T is very often said they raise the devil,
And meet for nothing else but to do evil;
That in their arm'ries screen'd from human eye,
Deeds there are done, would make their parents sigh.
But I, who 've watch'd them — and no man me see'th —
Throw the foul slan'drous lie back in their teeth.
To turn out Christian soldiers 's their intention;
And Sunday drill is surely no prevention
To that fix'd purpose, which we all approve,
And must regard as a most proper move;

One that will tend to make them perfect bricks,
Who 'll bear with great composure, all hard licks.
All the confusion that we chance to meet,
Is found in Washington and Winter street;
Parker, the greatest leader of the rout,
In Boston Music Hall pumps full his spout.
To him, who 's dy'd in brother's blood his hands,
Crowds eager flock to form his faithful bands.
No anguish feels he for the crime committed,
Nor sorrow for the duties he 's omitted;
Conscious of every virtue and a God,
He stands triumphant and harangues the mob.
Mothers and little children, babes in arms
Not yet disturbed by harsh war's alarms,
Come to this fountain of celestial bliss
To drink their full of heav'nly happiness.
At noon appear'd this ever-grateful news:
"Burns will yet stay and eat more oyster stews.
Twelve hundred dollars and a gen'rous master,
Have cut out lawyers and have done much faster
What they, perhaps, would not have done at all."
This the announcement. What a sudden fall
For those who swore Burns should be carried back,
E'en if the city had to suffer sack.
But all men are not bless'd with hearts like mine,
And in complainings many of them join:

"Shall wars no more engage the public mind?
The slave releas'd! what a demm'd horrid grind!
Twelve hundred dollars set the black man free?
Three times that sum shall quickly planked be
To keep back Burns, and let the people see
Which party, in fair fight, the victor 'd be.
When for sedition we were all prepar'd,
To have the thing end so, is much too bad."
But the excited multitude were calm'd,
When from head quarters it was really learn'd,
That the exchange had not been consummated,
And that the news had been too rashly stated.
On Monday, then, the trial was begun:
Outside the Court House there was little fun.
Marines with bay'nets were near by posted,
And constables with poles — mor'n half roasted —
Kept all men out, save those who had a pass,
And would n't even take one from Job Sass.
The troops were in their quarters, shut up close;
And standing all day long is such a dose —
Unless there happens something new or rare —
That few remain'd a great while in the Square.
Men came and went, and went and came again,
And always look'd as tho' they 'd come in vain.
Nothing occur'd to break up the mont'ny,
Except the saucy answer — "Hav n't got any" —

That constables receiv'd, who ask'd the business
Of boys, who seeming struck by sudden dizziness,
Whirl'd swiftly through the crowd into the square
And wonder'd much to find themselves in there.
Parker's wide-swinging doors, always ajar,
Admitted crowds who eager sought the bar.
I, and my friend, known here as General Bates,
Went to the cheerful "Shades," where in past dates,
He long, and well, did reign the jolly god,
And from ten thousand friends receiv'd the nod.
Such things as these, and the sublime parade
The "Sons of Freedom," down from Worcester, made,
The public mind diverted for a season;
And of the "Sons". 't was asked, and with good reason,
Whether or not their mother — Mrs. Freedom —
Knew they were out — and how long since she 'd seed 'um.
So Monday went, and so too Tuesday pass'd;
Wednesday and Thursday did the trial last.
The excitement much abated, men grew cool:
I even heard one man call Burns a fool.
On Wednesday all adjourn'd to see "May Training,"
And, strange to say, the day passed without raining.

Men stood in groups, with "Herald" in their dexter,
And of the "Commonwealth" boys cried the "extra."
On Thursday night the excitement waxed strong,
And nature heaved a sigh both deep and long.
Great preparations, it is said, were made,
Barrels of powder brought, and deep mines laid;
Carboys of vitriol, and scores of little axes,
By men, too, who own houses, and pay taxes.
On Friday morning—glorious day for slav'ry—
'Twas ordered, as they say, through foulest knav'ry,
Burns should go back with his old master, Suttle,
Who'll mind, no doubt, the words of Capt. Cuttle.
Arm'd legions, who'd been bid last night to stand,
In readiness, at eight, to save the land
From being conquer'd by a rabble riot,
Stood round the Court House, very brave, but quiet.
Grim faced artillery, with a heavy frown,
Smiled a foul smile, and aw'd the people down.
Government soldiers entertained the strangers,
By playing with the gun; and rifle rangers
Went thro' volutions quick and very well,
As I bear witness here and the tale tell.
Great crowd's assembl'd round the Court House throng,
And quite full fill the stores and streets along.

Each and all windows, where there is a chance
To see the fun, are seized without a glance
Of request, or even by your leave, or
We shall be much obliged by this favor,
By ladies, who, in crowds, up dark stairs scramble,
And enter into rooms, where, week-days, if they
ramble,
They're looked on with suspicion and thought "fast."
But never mind for that, for now at last,
At last! the troops begin to make a motion,
And down the steps Burns came, as with a notion,
That having gone to bed, slept well and late,
He'd wak'd and dress'd, and found himself grown
great,
In whole new suit, black hat, and for his nose
A red silk 'kerchief; pleased with his fine clothes
Th' unhappy, miserable, reclaimed nigger,
Cut a by no means despicable figger.
He knew each black man there would not refuse,
But would be glad, to stand in his new shoes.
He made a pretty show in most mens' eyes,
While others call'd him dress'd for sacrifice.
These last, 'tis plain, but little know the heart,
And cannot tell the white and black apart.
They are, of course, no judges of th' affair,
And their assertions only make men stare.

On the procession takes its armed way,
And all the people stood, nor dar'd to say,
"On with the fight! let rage be unconfined,
No quarter give, nor mercy our hearts bind:
On with the fight! Shoot down the slave-kidnappers,
Send each foul shade to sup with spirit-rappers;"
But basely in the back-ground boldly hissed.
The show was fine though, and they 'd not have missed
Of seeing it—not they. Once some rash souls
Made a stam-pede, like wild and half-tamed foals,
P'rhaps to inspect the grape-shot in the gun,
And calculate the chances they would run,
S'posing it fired, "pint blank," among the crowd
If damages from the city 'd be allowed.
These were repuls'd without much trouble or noise,
And the more eas'ly since they were all boys.
Near me there stood a man quite old and grey,
And, as I stood, I heard him whispering say,
"Where are the leaders of the late commotion?
Have they refus'd to drink this bitter potion?
Where are the stirrers up of fearful riot?
Have they remorse-struck chose some other diet?
Where are the men who utter'd threats so horrid,
That out of other tongues their words seem'd borrowed?

Where now is Phillips, Bird, and mighty Swift?
Were they but here they'd give the cause a lift,
And Parker in his arms-concealing shawl,
Would show the ignorant mob the way to brawl;
Would satisfy their minds, their hopes engage,
'And teach the doubtful battle where to rage.'"
And now the deed, the eventful deed is done,
Without a blow struck or a shot from gun.
All the loud speeches of the Free Soil folk
Have been for naught, and ended in mere smoke.
Finished at last is this great nine-day's wonder,
Retired to business ev'ry son of thunder.
So the great majesty of law we've proved,
And would have done't if Heaven and earth had
mov'd.
Not in a cab, nor in the dead of night,
Was Burns remov'd, nor either in a fight:
Calmly and peacefully he Southards started,
Cheer'd by the sight of those from whom he parted.
And just to show how quickly we all turn
From old to new, the same night, as I learn,
A man was heard to speak, and not of Burns:
To other things each man his mind now turns.
But whoa! Pergasus, stop your flight I say,
You must be tired, and deserve your hay.
You've earned your salt, I must confess, O! muse;
So to your attic take it, when you choose.

'Tis true, ere this, I have your aid required
In singing higher things, by more admired.
It never yet has been, nor will again,
Of a more thrilling tale to sing the strain.
My muse, not used to mode of spirit-rapture,
Has, in the telling of this slavey's capture,
Labored beneath a galling wearing chain---
Never will I abuse her so again;
But if, at any time, some easier manner
Of making statements, but this hammer! hammer!
Shall be discovered by us spirits here,
I'll write again, and until then *adieu.*

NOTES.

(a) Virgil wished me to state that he means to cast no slur upon the citizen soldiery. Speaking of this arm of the service, he said, in his majestic manner, "It looks very pretty, and with a little iron plate-work, would compare very favorably with the Roman legion in its palmiest days." His voice faltered—that is to say, his manner of expressing himself did, and a large tear dropped upon the floor. The Medium and I observed a respectful silence until the table's trying to get all its legs into one drawer of the chest, convinced us that the old Roman had recovered from the grief the contemplation of his degenerate country had plunged him into.

(b) I was somewhat puzzled to know what this meant—what, or rather who, Horatio was. Upon mentioning my perplexity to Virgil, he pleasantly said he thought I was rather stupid—that Horatio was his friend and contemporary Horace, who was looking over and commenting upon what he wrote; just as he had been in the habit of doing when they were both in the flesh, and fond of making jokes at each other's expense.

(c) Although one of the class himself, it is pleasant to see that Virgil does not hesitate to administer a gentle rebuke to

those uneasy and restless shades who make communications upon the most trifling occasions.

(*d*) Virgil seems to have become inocculated with the popular enthusiasm of the day; and by this allusion to one of our favorite melodies, proves that it is sung in realms above, or below, and forms a part of the celestial harmonies.

(*e*) The sentiment of this short speech proves that the inhabitants of the spirit land either re-publish the works of mortals, or repeat their own productions to each other, or are about us all the time, and very likely looking over our shoulders when we read—for certainly the above idea occurs word for word, in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

(*f*) The author has shown great invention in this perversion of the words, "Whatever is, is right." He means to show that the party has done, and is doing, nothing as yet, but that whatever they engage in will be right, and is justified by the motto, taken from the seal of Virginia, "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God."

(*g*) Mr. Phillips, when granted admittance to Burns, seemed to be much struck with the fact mentioned in this line, viz.: that he had eyes. He not only mentioned that little circumstance several times, but commented on it at some length.

(*h*) Virgil, who, in his present condition, enters all men's most secret thoughts, recited that verse as a soliloquy of the gentleman he was speaking of. It seemed to me rather dangerous to embrace it in quotation marks, since Mr. Parker had never really uttered the sentiment; but the Poet said, "You may as well say a thing as think it all the time," so I have followed his directions.

(*i*) As regards the manner of Mr. Burns' capture, it may be proper to state that Virgil dictated a song, to be introduced here, which he solemnly affirmed he heard the prisoner sing on the night of the attack upon the Court House. It does not

become me to doubt my author's word, but it seems to me, and when I mentioned it to Publius—as I got into the habit of calling him—he appeared to be struck with the plausiblity of the reasoning; it seems to me, I say, that although a spirit, Virgil could not have been indefinitely divisible, that he could have been ubiquitous. He has given so minute an account of himself, during the whole of that night—an account that would be satisfactory to the most anxious and suspicious of mothers—that it appears to me impossible he could have been near the prisoner long enough to have heard him sing five or six verses of a very sweet song. I don't so much doubt that Burns sang the song—for we all know the fondness and genius for music the Ethiopian race has—as I do that Virgil heard it; and I am rather disposed to consider the verses as emanating from the inventive and busy brain of our respected Author. Moreover, the song would have proved an interruption to the Poem, being composed in any thing but heroic verse.

I will give one stanza that my readers may judge of its merits; for all of the verses were as good as the first.

> "Lightly the constable touch'd me just here,*
> As I was hastening home from my beer;
> Thinking on Massa bewailing my loss,
> P'liceman! P'liceman! why take this horse?"†

Now that, I think, would n't sound very well in the midst of an heroic Epic. I am confident the scholars will be on my side but if they decide against me, the song can very easily be introduced in future editions; or it can be published by Ditson or Wade, as the favorite melodies from the popular plays are.

(*j*) I asked whether the rioters or the officers, were referred to here; but was indignantly answered, that if I could n't tell, I

---

* Pointing to his shoulder.

† Vernacular hoss, of which horse is a corruption somewhat in vogue among the vulgar and illiterate.

might remain in ignorance. Virgil was a little disturbed at the time, in consequence of the insult he had received at the hands of the officials, and did not evince the usual sweetness of temper which has been characteristic of him from the time he wrote his first Eclogue. It is my opinion that the rioters are referred to; for it is to their bold assault that the war-like preparations and display are owing.

(*k*) Another allusion to one of our popular melodies. In fact, Virgil seems to know that the kind of music, called the Ethiopian, is that which has secured the largest number of admirers with us.

(*l*) Quotation from daily paper. It was so fine I could n't resist making use of it.

(*m*) Virgil wishes me to state to the Cadets, that he does n't regard them as sinners, above the rest of mankind. He thinks men are all weak and liable to err, but none less so than the members of that company. And below, in line 509, "in spite their potions," he means that he don't think they had a fair allowance of grog; certainly not enough to enable them to bear, with comfort and safety, the fatigues they were exposed to.

(*n*) In spite of the facility of communication between this world and his, Virgil evidently thinks that the same distinctions in society exist here as were in being when he was so many years ago. He evidently thinks that we are divided, as were the Romans, into Plebeians and Patricians. It is scarcely necessary to add that I corrected so erroneous a notion; but as he made no alteration in his line, neither shall I in mine.

VALUABLE WORK,

PUBLISHED BY

FETRIDGE & CO., BOSTON.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY,

FROM THE

CREATION OF THE WORLD

TO THE

BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE LATE

HON. ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER,

Lord Woodhouselee, Senator of the College of Justice, and Lord Commissioner of Justiciary in Scotland, and former Professor of Civil History and Greek and Roman Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh.

In *two volumes*, large octavo, of more than a *thousand pages*, with a complete *index*.

This important work has been stereotyped at considerable expense and is now published in the most substantial and attractive form

THE BALM OF

THOUSAND FLOWERS,

FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION, AND REMOVING ALL

TAN, PIMPLES, AND FRECKLES;

FOR SHAVING, AND CLEANSING THE TEETH.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From the Editor of the London Mail.

BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.

This is the euphonic and very poetical name of a new and valuable cosmetic. Its inventor, Dr. A. De Fontaine, of Paris, has been at great expense and labor in its composition, and has succeeded, to the utmost of his wishes, in preparing an article which will prove conducive, in the highest degree, to the health, comfort, and enjoyment of all who use it. Composed of plants and flowers of the most healthy, innocent, and powerful properties, collected from different parts of the world, being highly perfumed by its own ingredients, and peculiarly pleasant in its operation, it cannot fail to impart satisfaction to all who employ it for the purposes for which it is so happily and wonderfully adapted. It is designed for the toilet, the nursery, and the bath, and as such it is recommended by the faculty of London and Paris, as well as of the principal cities of the United States, and it has been decidedly approved by thousands who use it in preference to all other cosmetics.