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IMAGINATION;
THE MANIAC'S DREAM,

AND

OTHER POEMS;

BY

HENRY T. FARMER, M.D.

MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY KIRK & MERCEIN,

AND

JOHN MILLER, COVENT GARDEN,

LONDON.

William A. Mercein, Printer.

1819.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

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Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

By EDW'D. TRENOR, Asst. Clk. &c

PS
1654
Fall

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. CHARLES BARING.

FAR in a desert's melancholy wild,
Where seldom dew-drop wept, or sunbeam smil'd,
A humble flower uprear'd its faded form,
Chill'd by the wind, and shatter'd by the storm,
Its early leaves were from the branches rest,
And scarce a trace of feeble life was left;
When lo! a minstrel came, whose fostering power
Remov'd it, kindly, to a cherish'd bower;
Where it had thriv'd, but, still by fate fore-doom'd,
Though buds appear'd—that flowret never bloom'd.
So, when misfortune o'er my childhood prest,
Didst thou translate me to thy fostering breast;
Bid me, 'midst fortune's sunny cliffs aspire,
You sought a blossom—but you found a briar.

Accept thy strains, for if there be one tone,
Endued with power, to make the exile blest,
Or lend a momentary dawn of rest,
Such cadence is an echo of thine own,
That stole, o'er mountain, moor, and woodland lone,
The faint vibration of thy lofty lyre,
Which caught my youthful ear, and jarr'd my
mouldering wire.

H. T. F.

CONTENTS.

	Page
DEDICATION - - - - -	vii
Introduction - - - - -	13
Imagination - - - - -	15
On the Ruins of Sheldon Church - - - - -	38
The Maniac's Dream - - - - -	45
On the Separation of Lord and Lady Byron - - - - -	54
On the Death of Thomas R. Shepherd, Esq. - - - - -	58
Sonnet to Sorrow - - - - -	62
On a Jessamine - - - - -	63
On a Bluebell - - - - -	65
On the Moon - - - - -	66
On seeing an Infant asleep - - - - -	68
On the Death of Mr. Hodgkinson - - - - -	69
The Maid of Lodi - - - - -	71
Sonnet to Genius - - - - -	73

To Nature - - - - -	74
On the Death of Captain E. Coffin - - - - -	77
Epitaph on Dr. David Ramsay - - - - -	79
Battle of the Isle - - - - -	80
Epilogue to the Tragedy of Altorf - - - - -	89
To the Æolian Harp - - - - -	91
On Mind - - - - -	92
Lines, written in a blank leaf of Burns' Poems - - - - -	93
Epitaph on T. L. C. Esq. - - - - -	94
On hearing a Lady sing - - - - -	96
Sonnet to Despair - - - - -	97
Sonnet to Genius - - - - -	98
To a Withered Rose - - - - -	99
Lines, written after walking late in a Garden - - - - -	100
On Worldly Prudence - - - - -	102
Lines, addressed to Miss F. - - - - -	103
Lines, addressed to Miss C. - - - - -	104
To the Æolian Harp - - - - -	105
Lines, written after seeing a Painting of Malbone's - - - - -	107
Tribute to the Memory of a Lady - - - - -	111
Tribute to Mrs. Barnes, of the New-York Theatre - - - - -	115
To James Eddy, M. D. - - - - -	117

CONTENTS.

xi

Epitaph on the Rev. Andrew M'Cully	-	-	-	118
An Essay on Taste	-	-	-	119
To the Memory of Mrs. C. W.	-	-	-	144
To Mrs. Bartley, of the New-York Theatre	-	-	-	146
To an Unfortunate Lady	-	-	-	148
To Friendship	-	-	-	149

Hassen and Zeolede; an Eastern Tale	-	-	151
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INTRODUCTION.

COME lovely Virgin, drest in vernal flowers,
Here bend thy steps, here turn thine eyes of light;
Without thy aid, the sky of Genius lowers,
And Fancy wanders thro' the realms of night:
'Turn lovely maiden, turn thy glances bright
On him, who twines a garland for thy hair,
Who seeks thy smile—then bless his wandering sight,
For thou canst chase the phantom of despair,
Far from the Poet's breast—come Inspiration fair.

Oh! for the harp that lone in Ettrick swings,
'Neath the witch-elm tree, fam'd in minstrel tale;
Oh! for the bard who swept its trembling strings
On Benvenue, and fair Loch Katrine's vale,
Old Allan-Bane, that bending wizard pale.

Deep, in a ruin's ivy-cover'd walls,
Unknown to Fame, my rustic lyre is laid;
It only murmurs when the rain-drop falls
Upon its strings, all moulder'd and decay'd.

Among those strings, by dampness worn away,
The flitting fire-fly shows his evening light;
O'er that sad lyre unnumber'd glow-worms stray,
Like restless meteors, o'er the vault of night.
Come Inspiration! lift it from the ground,
Restore its shatter'd wire, and wonted sound.

IMAGINATION,

THE FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

METHOUGHT last night a stranger guest
Came to my couch, disturb'd my rest,
And bade me hasten to explore
With him, some lone mysterious shore;
His face was pale, his long beard gray,
He murmur'd softly—"haste away;"
I sought the stranger's name to know;
He answer'd pensively, "'tis Wo."—

A marble gateway soon appear'd,
On huge Corinthian pillars rear'd;
A sentinel this gateway kept,
A wizard pale, who seldom slept.
His mind in musing trance seem'd bound,
Unfinish'd scrolls were scatter'd round,
Upon his brow his hand was prest,
All seem'd not well about his breast;

His glance was searching, quick, and wild,
And fearful—for he never smil'd.—
By time his feeble form was bent,
His robe was old, and thin, and rent;
To leave the gate he seem'd inclin'd,
So frequently he look'd behind,
As if upon the distant plain
Were somewhat, he would view again.
Well did this restless wizard know,
The melancholy form of Wo;
The latter his embraces sought,
Whisper'd his name, and called him "Thought;"
Shook from his brow the bursting tear,
Led to a cavern damp and drear;
Enter'd its wide unseemly door,
Which closed—and they were seen no more.

Soon as I lost my pensive guide,
I found a seraph by my side,
A wreath resplendent bound her hair,
The leaves that never rest in air,
There wildly flutter'd, and the hue
By turns was crimson, green, and blue;
For all those leaves of aspine bright
Were lumin'd by the prism's light.

Her sparkling zone I scarce could view,
So frequently the maid withdrew;
And when again I scann'd it o'er,
It seem'd to differ from before;
She smiled and drew a circle round
Where tranced I stood on fairy ground,
Then vanish'd—Oh! thou sprite of air—
When shall I meet a form so fair?
'The hapless Bard when sore distress'd,
If with thy magic visions blest,
Screens from the wind his bosom cold,
And wraps around thy mantle's fold;
Bids fell reality to flee,
And sooths his soul with dreams of thee.
I wander'd soon, to fairy bowers,
Hung round with sweet, embroider'd flowers;
Some were illum'd with brilliant light,
And some were dark as pitchy night,
In some Love's rosy couch was spread,
Whilst others held the silent dead.
Here, near a torrent's bursting wave
Reclined Childe BYRON, on a grave;
Beside him, loose wild flowers were spread,
Which fell from off his aching head,

And left the willow chaplet bare
Alone, to deck his sable hair ;
The roses fresh, in early bloom,
Had wither'd on that turf-clad tomb ;
The wreath that bound, had burst apart,
Sad emblem of a broken heart.
Who sought Childe BYRON'S hidden cave ?
Who visited that lonely grave ?
Pale Conrad's ghost, that Corsair drear,
Sought his lost, lov'd, Medora here ;
Here, sometimes, too, with bosom bare,
That beauteous, bloodstained, shade Gulnare,
Would steal in silent hour of night,
To catch one glimpse of Conrad's sprite ;
And here alone, full many an hour
The broken-hearted, frantic Giaour,
Would gaze upon that crystal wave,
And seek his dark-hair'd Leila's grave.

Anon, I heard a hollow sound,
A sudden horror shook the ground !
'Twas he, swift o'er a distant mead,
The Giaour came thundering on his steed ;
Down, down, he sprung his brow to lave ;
" I come, he paused—to seek her grave—

“ I come—in grief his language flow’d;
“ I come—his cheek with madness glow’d;
“ I come”—his hand thrice smote his breast,
A bloody mark remain’d imprest.
“ I come, like conquering hero proud,
“ With thee, to share thy snow-white shroud.
“ Leila! thy murderer’s blood I’ve spilt;
“ Behold this faulchion’s shatter’d hilt,
“ Behold this caftan too, he said,
“ And know that Hassan curst, is dead.
“ On Lakura’s rude flinty stone,
“ He darkly dwells, nor dwells alone;
“ Night’s dunnest robe now hides his grave,
“ He hid thee, ’neath the deep blue wave:
“ I come—I fly, like warrior proud,
“ With thee to share thy snow-white shroud.”
He plunged into the fountain’s flood,
And tinged its waves with Hassan’s blood;
But that clear fountain’s sloping shore,
The Giaour shall never tread it more.

Not far from thence, near beauteous grot,
Reclin’d, that magic minstrel, Scott,
With harebell wreath his brow was bound,
With Scotland’s sweetest flowers, wove round ;

A slender wand own'd his control,
And it had power to lead the soul
To sorrow's haunt, or fairy grove,
Or Paphian bowers design'd for love :
Beside him hung that ready lyre,
Whose sound can charm, inflame, inspire ;
The witch-elm's boughs around were spread,
Its dead bark dropp'd upon his head ;
He plucked some sprigs of bending yew,
To strew the grave of "*Roderick Dhu* ;"
That mountain chieftain, whose command,
Directed fell clan Alpin's band.

Who, leaning on a harp his head,
Seem'd to bewail fell Roderic dead ?
Old Allan-Bane, with temples bare,
All tangled was his thin gray hair ;
His sable robe, that drooped around,
The wind had lifted from the ground ;
Against the trembling wire it swept,
The minstrel rais'd his head, and wept :
Like sad farewell, when friends depart,
That sound had touch'd his aged heart :
" The wind *may* wake a tender strain,
" But what ! shall Roderic wake again ?

" Not Ellen Douglas, were she near,
 " To scatter rosebuds o'er his bier!"
 Then through the shades a prelude rung,
 And thus that aged minstrel sung:

" Low in the earth his bleeding body lies;
 " Yon lovely wildflower withers o'er his bier;
 " Lone in her hall his widowed mother sighs,
 " She cannot shed one soul-relieving tear:
 " Oh! to her bosom when shall peace return,
 " And sooth her senses with the balm of rest?
 " Never—it withers in that cold, damp urn,
 " Which bears a just resemblance to her breast.
 " There all is silent—there the spectre Grief
 " Spreads a dim cloud, and slowly damps the light:
 " A pale, cold hand, there proffers her relief,
 " And smooths her couch in Death's long starless night.
 " Oh! to her bosom when shall peace return,
 " And sooth her senses with the balm of rest?
 " Never—it withers in that cold, damp urn,
 " Which bears a just resemblance to her breast."

* * * * *

Calm, pale, dejected, far apart,
 With folded arms, and heavy heart,
 Did Minstrel CAMPBELL softly sing,
 CAMPBELL, the bard of Wyoming;

That great magician, whose control
Softened rude Outalissa's soul,
And o'er sweet Gertrude's funeral bier
Bade flow his first and latest tear.
There was a melancholy grace
Upon his thoughtful, care-worn face,
And on his pallid brow deject,
Seem'd writ that chilling word, *neglect*.
A waving cypress-wreath he wore,
He, careless, seem'd to seek no more ;
Though every cultivated flower
That blooms in Beauty's freshest bower,
That e'er o'er Fancy's robe was spread,
Or bound Imagination's head ;
Nay, even Variety's gay store
Was offered ; but he sought no more.
To distant climes he look'd for rest,
By Hope's soul-cheering presence blest ;
That soft enchantress, nymph divine,
Round whom unnumber'd beacons shine ;
The least of which has power to light
Despair's lone sedentary night.
Oh ! what would this world's desert be,
Were it not, maid of Heaven, for thee ?

* * * * *

MOORE seem'd in silence to deplore
The fate of that unhappy shore,
By various bards of old confest,
The sweetest isle on Ocean's breast.
The rose perpetual deck'd his head,
From some lone buds the hues had fled;
But others freshly bloom'd in air,
Like cheek of virgin beauty, fair;
A sparkling zone around was brac'd,
Pluck'd from the Muse's slender waist,
Who gaily danc'd in pleasure's bowers,
With this he bound his tiara-flowers.
Anon, he struck the sounding lyre,
And sung the deeds of patriot fire
In tones so loud, so wild, and deep,
They waken'd Echo from his sleep:
He stopt to dry a bursting tear,
And laid his harp on EMMET's bier!
ANACREON, from an amber cloud,
Call'd upon MOORE to leave that shroud;
Bade him his harp with flowers to twine,
And drown his woes in rosy wine;
Or join the airy syren train,
Which love had bound in silken chain;

In vain—he would not join the throng
That swept in giddy dance along;
He notic'd not their garish wiles,
Nor would he clothe his face in smiles.
“ Think'st thou no real bliss is found,
“ Save in fantastic pleasure's round ?”
Within the melancholy breast
The soul of Genius seeks for rest;
There she forgets all worldly pelf,
And finds new beauties in herself;
So, in the damp and ruin'd tower
Blooms many a wild ambrosial flower,
And, in the sad and gloomy mine,
Golconda's brightest jewels shine.

Along the grove there flashed a light
That quickly caught my aching sight;
A lofty pile appear'd on fire ;
'Twas a funereal Eastern pyre,
Beside the flame, on golden bed,
Kehama's vengeful son lay dead;
In trance stood SOUTHEY near the hearse,
As if he bore that Sultan's curse :—
Around the poets' wilder'd head
A blooming lotos wreath was spread;

For he disdain'd a flower to wear
 That did not bloom in Eastern air,
 Though Genius bright, with aspect sweet,
 Cast many a rosebud at his feet:
 For Fancy loved this restless wight;
 But he, alas! loved Fancy's sprite;
 He seem'd to shun her real charms,
 And woo a shadow to his arms.

* * * * *

Lone, near a willow's drooping shade,
 Was BURNS, the pride of Scotia, laid,
 And near him many a cowslip grew,
 And o'er him many a daisy blew;
 Above him, waving blue-bells swung,
 On a dead larch his lyre was hung;
 Its form had almost pass'd away,
 Approach'd by that fell blast, decay;
 It seem'd, as moving slow in air,
 'The fated omen of despair :
 So, while he lived, his breast was rent,
 So was his noble spirit bent;
 No pale star cheer'd his eve of gloom,
 His bosom was joy's rayless tomb;
 And many a pealing storm of care
 Found his ill fated temples bare;

Until, by frequent chills depress'd,
He fell—and found that blessing—rest!
I deck'd his moulder'd harp once more,
With vines and flowrets strew'd it o'er;
Around the strings, all damp, decay'd,
The hyacinthine tendrils stray'd,
And hid the wreck with seeming art,
Like smiles that hide the broken heart.

* * * * *

The wind, in darken'd column wound,
Came sweeping headlong o'er the ground;
Just at my feet that whirlwind stopp'd,
And from the midst a coffin dropt;
Which still, in hurried circle, turn'd,
Till off its mouldering top was spurn'd:
Then, clad in ample folds of white,
Appear'd a melancholy sprite,
His face, half veil'd beneath a shroud,
Like moonbeams by a wintry cloud,
Was youthful—but the fiend Despair
Had fix'd her dreadful signet there:
A hemlock crown the spectre wore,
With glow-worms thickly cover'd o'er,
Where'er he journey'd through the night,
Around his brow they cast a light,

And show'd his eyes like stars of day,
Whose fires have almost pass'd away.
Some hemlock from his brow he took,
Steep'd it within the running brook;
A cup he drew, from 'neath his gown,
And drank the cursed poison down.
One sentence from his pale lips broke,
These words that youthful phantom spoke:
" Oh!—bear me from the face of day,
" Bear me to Lethe's cave away;
" Give CHATTERTON a quick release,
" And yield his aching bosom peace."—
Oh!—born to sound the Minstrel's lyre,
Glowing with all the poet's fire;
Thine early light beam'd fresh and gay,
Like hills on which the sunbeams play;
But Want was doom'd those hills to blight,
And rob their sunny cliffs of light.
Ye who for misery never feel,
Think ye that CHATTERTON could steal;
And ye who cavil o'er his end,
When have ye prov'd the wretch's friend?
Far be it from the muse to spread
A spotless garland o'er the dead;

She fears to scatter one fair bud,
Lest she should stain its leaves with blood:
Extenuation pleads this truth,
His mind unform'd, his morn of youth;
Near him he saw no kindred mind,
The world's success he could not find;
That world, deceitful and uneven,
He left, and sought the way to heaven;
But urged by madness and despair,
He dar'd become an outlaw there;
He left, on earth, affliction's rod,
And sought with guilty hand his God.

A female* form stole gently by,
Like white clouds o'er an autumn sky,
Pale was her cheek, her eye distress'd,
Like summer's flower on winter's breast;
Of sorrow's plaint she did not speak,
But, it was written on her cheek;
What in that forceful brow was told,
The Sybil did not write of old:
It was the language most admir'd
By kindred souls, the thought inspir'd

* The person to whom this Poem is dedicated.

Which speaks within the poet's eye,
And utters volumes in a sigh;
'Tis understood from pole to pole,
The fairy language of the soul :
Her bosom to the winds was bare,
One rose-bud drest her flowing hair;
Harsh was the piercing wreath that bound it,
For briars were closely twisted round it.
They seem'd against the flower to press,
Like beauty wounded by distress :
A spectre followed close behind,
Who steals from truth, and preys on mind;
Who haunts perfection's lonely bed,
And plucks the pillow from her head;
Who rides imperious o'er the wild,
And leads in bondage, Fancy's child :
When pointed lightning cleaves the sky,
It spares the low, but blasts the high :
While humble shrubs unhurt are bent,
The towering pine in pieces rent;
Leaves his exalted throne at last,
And headlong to the earth is cast ;
So genius, fancy, worth, renown,
Are pluck'd by rancorous Envy down :

Oh! when shall cease thy fell control,
Thou baneful vampyre of the soul?

Fast by I saw a streamlet glide,
The stranger gaz'd upon its tide,
And pour'd its cold wave on her head;
The rose was wither'd now, and dead;
The briar-wreath from her brow was swept,
She wearied fell—and falling slept;
Her mind seem'd tranquil and beguil'd,
For in that trance of sleep, she smiled:
When lo! the tragic muse drew nigh,
I saw her start, but heard no sigh;
Nay, she betray'd no sullen frown,
But laid her cup and dagger down;
Knelt, where the lonely stranger slept,
Strew'd flowers upon her breast, and wept.
The fallen wreath of thorns she broke,
Look'd up to heaven, and sigh'd—and spoke:

“I've laid my cup and dagger by,
“Steel need not wound thy soul;
“Thy dagger is affliction's sigh,
“And wo thy poison'd bowl.
“Sleep, and I'll bring thee magic spells
“From that delusive shore,

" Where bliss in fairy confine dwells,
 " And Wo is seen no more :
 " I love thee for thy sufferings past;
 " Pale sister this we know,
 " No friendship shall so surely last,
 " As one that's formed by Wo.
 " Sleep! and I'll bring thee magic spells
 " From that enchanting shore,
 " Where bliss in fairy confine dwells,
 " And grief is seen no more.
 " Since no one binds thy sleeping brow
 " With flowret, sprig, or vine,
 " I'll leave this chaplet with thee now,
 " 'Twill suit thee—for 'twas mine :
 " 'Twas torn from winter's blasted heath,
 " 'Midst drifted hills of snow;
 " A maniac Druid form'd the wreath
 " Of weeds and misleto:
 " The leaf with bloody drops is red,
 " Fresh from " Virginia's"* side;
 " This lock I pluck'd from *Dabdin's*† head,
 " Just as the monarch died.

* Heroine of the Tragedy of "Virginia."

† *Dabdin*, hero of the Tragedy of "The Royal Recluse."

"Soft! I must bid a sad farewell,
 "My shadowy court is near;
 "I hear sad Zeuleme's* passing knell,
 "And go to deck her bier.
 "Sleep, and I'll bring thee magic spells
 "From that enchanting shore,
 "Where hope in fairy confine dwells,
 "And grief is seen no more."

* * * * *

I saw a rock o'erhang the deep,
 Like terror o'er the couch of sleep;
 And leaning on its flinty side,
 MONTGOMERY'S wo-struck form I spied;
 His night-shade wreath with blight was dead,
 The cold dew dropp'd upon his head:
 If ever on the brow was drawn
 The character of soul forlorn;
 If ever real wo could speak
 In language of the eye, or cheek,
 Sure that lone bard, of peace bereft,
 Had scarce a single blessing left;
 So pale his cheek, so sunk his eye,
 So blighted o'er with misery.
 To him the muse brought gems of yore,
 That gleam'd on Eden's happy shore;

* Zeuleme, heroine of a Tragedy.

Show'd him the minstrel Jubal's lyre,
Which, like his own, could once inspire;
Pointed the plain where Abel stood,
When Cain, accursed, shed his blood.
She led him to those spicy bowers,
Where Eve first press'd a couch of flowers
Where Innocence, her handmaid, stray'd,
And drest in rosy folds the maid,
E'er from the shade she sought the light,
And burst on Adam's raptur'd sight.
The lovely flowers which there entwin'd,
Were splendid, as MONTGOMERY'S mind;
But now their passing charms have fled,
Hope's evergreen is almost dead;
Whose branches wear continual bloom,
And drop their blossoms on the tomb.
E'en thou lone bard, when cold and dead,
Shall wear fresh garlands round thy head;
Above thy melancholy tomb
Shall sprigs of fragrant cassia bloom,
And youthful poets seek thy bier,
And beauty bless thee—with a tear.

Far o'er a blasted heath alone,
A pillar stood of marble stone;

Its capital, and slender form,
Were rifted by the thunder storm;
In bonnet blue, and Scotland's plaid,
Near that tall spire a minstrel* play'd;
He sung of Scotland's Queen and State,
Of *Rizzio's* harp, and *Mary's* fate,
And *Ila Moore*, "*Kincraig's*" child,
Who far, o'er haunted mountain wild,
Though young, and fair, and lone, and poor,
Sought "*Mador*," minstrel of the moor:
The sounds stole gently o'er the plain;
So sleep steals o'er the brow of pain;
But soon the trembling strain was o'er,
The echo spirit sung no more;
And when the last sad murmur died,
Deeply that woodland phantom sigh'd.
So Hope, when every joy is past,
Sighing takes leave—but goes the last.
He rais'd his brow, he dried a tear,
When lo! he saw *LORD BYRON* near;
He dropp'd the lyre, and hung his head,
As though his minstrel skill had fled;

* Hogg.

But why ? for merit never knew
A judge more skill'd, a friend more true :
From him, where is the real bard
Who sought, and did not find regard ?
He,* who bade murd'rous Bertram tear
A gauntlet from his coal black hair,
And raise his fell vindictive hand,
In secret, 'gainst Lord Aldobrand :
By woe's o'erwhelming power was prest,
Unknown, unfriended, and unblest,
Till BYRON came—then sorrow fled,
And fame rul'd o'er his bower instead,
And he was hail'd with plaudits loud,
Not by the undistinguish'd crowd,
But by the gifted, who could view
At once the light and shadow too.

Childe BYRON took the minstrel's lyre,
And swept, with force, the bending wire;
His wilder'd touch it could not stand,
But snapp'd beneath his ruling hand :
Then, with no soft, or gentle tone,
He sternly turn'd, and gave his own :

* Maturin.

His friendly words have still been few,
His part is not to say—but do.
Oh! I have known the sweetest smile,
And softest murmur, harbour guile;
E'en in Elysium's field we meet
The deadly serpent of deceit:
The storm foretells its ruthless power,
Its clouds, like threat'ning heralds, lower;
In Egypt, e'er the blast of sand
Whirls headlong, o'er the desert strand;
Or that quick wind, whose burning breath
Deals to the hapless wanderer death;
Some warning voice, some mark of care,
Bids the ill-fated wretch beware;
But who, when thy fell smile is nigh,
Whispers thy name, Hypocrisy!
And yet, the wretch's harshest doom,
The blast of sand, the fell simoom;
The lightning's bolt, the mountain sea,
Yield, in destructive force, to thee.

CONCLUSION.

Once more I leave thee, in thy ruin'd cave,
There the cold rain-drop may thy strain renew;
Or bursting storms, that thro' thy dwelling rave,
Or rustling vines, that bend with morning dew.
Here, should the wanderer seek his evening rest,
And cast his body on the leafless ground,
May fairies scatter roses o'er his breast,
And zephyrs raise a soft delusive sound;
Such as the musing pilgrim faintly hears,
In vision blest—the music of the spheres.

ON THE RUINS OF SHELDON CHURCH,

NEAR BEAUFORT, SOUTH-CAROLINA.

LIKE chieftain, gray with many years,
Whose armour hack'd and rent appears,
Whose shield is pierc'd with battle spears,
Whose helm its tangled plumage rears,

To waive in air;

Is this high temple, drear and lone,
For time hath grayed its marble stone;
Its columns are with weeds o'ergrown,
The echo-sprite hath built his throne

Upon its turrets bare :

Like stately lady, bright and fair,
With eyes that shame the diamond's glare,
And form, like sylphic sprite of air,
And rosy cheeks, and flowing hair,

And spirits gay,

So did this temple bless the sight,
The sun-beam clad its steeple height,

And drest the walls in mantle light,
Till ruin came, with cloak of night,
 To pall the day,
Burst the huge door with arm of might,
 And let, therein, decay.

Hail, sacred remnant of the times long past!
Hail to thy shatter'd walls; the drooping vines
That linger on thy roof, like me seem joyless
At thy wildered state, and mourn thine honours past.
On yon tall column, where the woodbine flower
Displays its crimson folds, sits pale Decay,
With eyes long dimm'd by age, and sunken cheek,
And hair all tangled by the wintry storm:
He is related to the wanderer Time,
And near akin to fell destructive Death.
Oh Time! destroyer of the bloom of youth,
Of thought, and love, and health; what change appears
Since first this structure rear'd its sacred head,
And strength and beauty reign'd upon its front.
Once in these walls, religion's hallow'd voice,
Gave thankful praise to Him who rules supreme:
Once in these walls, rung music's swelling peals
And minstrelsy, of virgins in their bloom:
But now, the railings of the surly blast,

Or deep-ton'd thunder of the midnight storm,
Or gushing torrent of descending rain,
Alone break silence here. Here, has the youth
Put up his fervent prayer, and begg'd the nymph
Who bless'd his soul with love;
Here, has the elder man, with furrow'd cheek,
And eye of sorrow's melancholy cast,
Retir'd to pray, for rest and peace in heaven;
And here, the maiden blush of pure delight,
Has revell'd on the blooming, youthful cheek,
When the bright eye of him the nymph held dear,
Came in soft contact with her modest glance,
And spake the fairy language, taught by love.
The toiling slave, his weekly duty done,
In the short space that rests his weary limbs,
Has wandered here, to learn the laws of heaven.
Oh, hapless slave! for whom nor law, nor right,
Nor kind protection, ever plead on earth,
There may a time arrive, when thy bruis'd reed
Shall waive in freshest meed of flowers.
The vow of lasting love hath here been made,
And the pure altar bound in silken chain
The youthful votaries of Hymenial bliss.
Alas, Matilda!—here thy youthful swain
First told his tender tale, when evening lin'd,

With orient gold, the west: here did he breathe
The magic soft discourse, that gain'd thy spotless heart.
Near yon lone willow didst thou love to roam:
In life, it drooped around thine auburn locks,
But now—waives o'er thy turf-clad, mouldering grave.
Raymond was young, and health's ambrosial tint
Glow'd on his manly cheek; the ways of truth
He loved, and early had been taught the lowly
Wiles of baseness to despise.—

The reverend man, whose life from youth to age,
Had been devoted to the ways of heaven,
Here join'd their hands, and here their fates were join'd.
Oh life! in thy dull round of measured time,
There is no joy so pure as hallow'd love:
Oh earth! no flower upon thy bosom blooms,
So rich in tincture as Matilda's cheek;
Nor hath thy hidden cavern one rare gem,
So purely radiant as her sparkling eye,
Or half so brilliant as her soul's intent.
Their days pass'd on, in gently smiling peace,
Till three short months had crown'd their mutual bliss,
When Fate, grew envious of their happy state,
And wrought a work of fiendlike dark design.

When early morning waiv'd her flag of blue,
And shook the dew-drops from her rosy crown,
Young Raymond cross'd Port Royal's placid wave,
No breath of air upon its surface play'd,
The Nereids slept within their coral bowers ;
But when dull evening, with her sombre pall,
Hover'd above the world, bleak winds arose,
And tempests hurl'd their gloomy vengeance down,
And ruffian Horror, from a throne high raised
Upon a vasty wreck, laugh'd hoarsely loud,
To see the hideous uproar rage so fierce.—
Ah, luckless maid! where is thy Raymond now ?
He, whom the morning hail'd with rosy cheek,
And glowing pulse of health—Where is he now ?
Not in his peaceful dwelling blest with thee,
Nor list'ning to the music of thy voice ;
Nor gazing on thy vermil painted cheek.
Ill-fated youth ! before he gain'd the beach,
A sudden whirlwind plunged him in the deep,
The hand of darkness shadowed o'er his brow,
And pallid faintness chill'd his clay-cold limbs.
He strove in vain—the ruthless wind was loud ;
He strove in vain—the angry flood was deep ;
He strove in vain—for life forsook his breast,

While his last accents linger'd on the name
 Of 'lorn Matilda, doom'd to mourn his fate.
 Too soon the fatal story reach'd her ear;
 And yet—no sigh bespoke her grief; no tear
 Bedew'd her cheek; but a wild laugh foretold
 That sanity had left the throne of her
 Distracted breast—for two long, weary, days,
 She neither spoke nor wept; but when lone night
 (Array'd in plumes of dark, mysterious hue,
 O'er which were thinly spread small diamond sparks,)
 Resum'd her sable throne, she wandered forth
 Into yon gloomy, unfrequented wood,
 Where wild distraction thus betray'd her grief.
 "Oh! never—never—my thirsty brain is moulder'd
 "Into dry dust—my heart is chain'd in ice.
 "Wretch, bathe thy temples in yon mighty wave,
 "Plunge quickly, that the hissing spray may splash
 "The stars, and cause a din so clamorous and loud,
 "That Echo shall scream back its counterpart!
 "Cold, say'st thou, love? my heart is chain'd in ice,
 "But in my brain there is a burning spark,
 "Shall quickly thaw it thence—Ha! did he call?
 "That voice was low and soft—Matilda!
 "I come—I plunge—Oh! clasp me once again."
 She fell—and quivering anguish closed her

Eyes in death——————oh! madness!
To what pale demon shall I liken thee?
Thou art sick Fancy's ghost, tired Memory's
Troubled dream; monarch of wild surmise,
Who, with unequal rule, drags trembling horror
From the breaking heart, and chains it in the
Confines of the brain.—

Near yon gray ruin's aisle her body lies;
But Time has been so busy with the spot,
That no small trace remains, whereby the mind
In pensive mood, might contemplate her grave;
For all is desolation round, and wears
The ruin'd garb of many years:—

Ruin! potent Lord, to whom all nature bows,
And who claims tribute from the firm-set earth;
When shall thy havoc cease? Never—never,
Till thou hast dash'd the sun forth from his sphere,
And from its axle heav'd the ponderous globe,
Down to the depth where haggard Chaos reigns:
Then Death shall stalk amidst the jarring wreck,
And gloomy Echo, with appalling shriek,
Make mockery at the mighty end of Time,
And revel o'er the fragments of a world.

This Poem was suggested by the Author's having seen a maniac in the yard of the Pennsylvania Hospital. He was sitting on the ground and drawing lines with a shrub. He had been engaged to a lady, who was shortly afterwards consumed by fire, in consequence of which his reason deserted him.

TO PROFESSOR DAVID HOSACK,

PHYSICIAN OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM OF NEW-YORK;

*This Poem is Dedicated, being an humble offering to his genius
and acquirements.*

THE MANIAC'S DREAM.

“—————oh! madness!

To what pale demon shall I liken thee?

Thou art sick Fancy's ghost, tired Memory's

Troubled dream; Monarch of wild surmise,

Who, with unequal rule, drags trembling horror

From the breaking heart, and chains it in the

Confines of the brain.”

FARMER.

A PILGRIM, sad, friendless, obscure, and alone,
Stood gazing on Schuylkill's bright wave,
When, soon he beheld a pale sepulchre stone,
And a Maniac stretched on a grave.

His bosom was bare, and his aspect was dire,
And his hair with dead lichens was bound;
He started, and snatching a neighbouring briar,
Stoop'd down, and drew lines on the ground.

But the lines that he drew were erased by the wind,
And he smote on his bosom so bare;
Ah! what can erase from the desolate mind,
The lines that are traced by despair.

Draw near, and I'll answer, he said with a sigh,
Thy question was tender and meek;
'Twas ask'd by a gentle and pitying eye,
'Twas writ on a weather-worn cheek.

Such language I love, it communes with the breast,
Such language to sorrow is given;
'Tis well by the brow, and by silence, express'd,
And 'tis used by the angels in heaven.

Be calm ye that revel, nor smile ye that hope
For the sunbeams of bliss on the morrow;
The path that ye trace is a desolate slope,
And descends to the confines of sorrow.

For joy, like a beam of the evening hour,
Is lost in the darkness around it,
And hope, like the distant Cimmerian flower,
Is hid—for what wretch ever found it.

And peace and contentment are shadowy forms,
That smile upon fortune a day;
But, where thought stalks abroad amid gathering storms,
They flit like a vision away.

And all that we feel, or behold, or desire,
All things that are true, or that seem;
All glories that mount, are eclipsed, and retire;
They are merely—a Maniac's dream.

If one angel form should be dear to your soul,
By fortune's reverses unshaken;
Distrust—for you taste not joy's flattering bowl—
'Tis a dream—still distrust, till you waken:

Nay seek not—for mine is no gathering flame
For the mob of the world to discover;
Oh! he that makes current a love-cherished name,
Deserves not the name of a lover.

When the rain falls at night, and the wind whistles by
 I have heard a sweet voice gently calling,
 And I've seen a pale cheek, and a glimmering eye,
 That look'd dim, like a star when it's falling.

List—list to my tale, though the sky is o'ercast,
 Still memory traces a lingering beam;
 Like a comet it speeds, and gives light to the past,
 To illustrate—a Maniac's dream.

As pensive, musing, I reclin'd,
 Near Schuylkill's fragrant side,
 Sleep stole delusive o'er my mind,
 Like shadows o'er the tide;
 How sweetly then Aurora smil'd
 Within her Eastern bower,
 And Fancy o'er my bosom, wild
 Made every weed a flower.

The sand seem'd gold, the clouds above
 Look'd fair, like angels dreaming;
 The dew-drops of the vernal grove
 Seem'd sapphires brightly gleaming:
 Yes, flowers were sweet, and clouds were light,
 And fair the spangled blossom:

But sweeter far the lovely sprite
That lean'd upon my bosom.
She press'd my hand—her grasp was cold—
Farewell, farewell, she sigh'd,
But e'er she fled, shriek'd out—" behold!
" Behold thy destin'd bride!"
A sybil with dishevell'd hair
Stood gazing on a briar;
Her brow was deeply mark'd with care,
Unstrung her shatter'd lyre:
She held a taper in her hand,
The light was backward cast;
It beam'd upon no other strand
But that already past.
The blossoms that compos'd her wreath
Hung faded round her head;
She glean'd them from a desert heath—
They grew above the dead.
" Welcome," she cried—" we must not part
" Till death our hands shall sever;
" I hold my empire o'er thy heart,
" And thou art mine forever.
" My kinsman is a wizard, dread,
" By wakefulness distress'd;

“ He never rests his weary head
“ Except on Fancy’s breast.
“ His name to joy is seldom known,
“ His power is dearly bought;
“ He seeks the mountain cave alone,
“ And mortals call him Thought.
“ He leaves unclosed his cavern door,
“ But I still near it stray;
“ Or Time would soon despoil his store,
“ And steal his scroll away.
“ Come, wedded lord, the cave is near,
“ Within its haunts we’ll rove;
“ I’ll show you pale Revenge’s bier;
“ I’ll show you—one you love.”
Then swiftly changing, spectres past,
When lo ! an angel came;
Her robe was shatter’d by the blast,
And wrapt in livid flame.
My bosom by her hand was press’d,
Its living impulse fled;
And forms that rul’d my aching breast
Seem’d mounting to my head.
“ Farewell !—within this cavern drear,
“ With Memory for thy bride,

“Near Thought’s pale star, and Fancy’s sphere,

“Be ever blest,” she cried.—

“For though the earth may fade away,

“These lights shall never leave thee;

“And when you seek my couch of clay,

“They never will deceive thee.”

Convuls’d I rear’d my aching head,

But saw no torches gleam;

The airy forms of anguish fled,

’Twas but——a Maniac’s Dream!

But soon Reality appear’d,

The shadowy screen withdrew—

Then, then my wounded brain was sear’d,

For mark!——I found it true!

The night-demon shook her dark plumes o’er the wold,

And conven’d her assembly of images dire;

Dull silence prevail’d till the ’larum bell toll’d,

When the heavens were lighted with volumes of fire.

Fly, fly to her rescue—hence, maddening pain;

She rises above on the wings of the blast;

She descends, and her arms now encircle my brain—

I clasp her—she smiles—for the havoc is pass’d.

'Tis false—I still see the fell monarch of fire,
With a flame on his helm and an orb on his crest;
He escapes!—and his glittering torches expire
As I grasp them convuls'd to my shuddering breast.

Though wounded and fallen, like a warrior proud,
I offer thee nought but contempt and disdain;
I dare thee again from thy dim thunder cloud,
Tho' thy lightning now pierces my brain :

I smile at thy efforts, I scorn all thy power,
I seek not the deep swelling wave,
Nor the mist, nor the dew, nor the chill winter shower,
I'll cool it with mould from her grave.

Soft—soft, I recover, oh! loveliest sprite,
Still, still art thou near to relieve me;
No giant, by morn, or by noon, or by night,
Of this mould has the power to bereave me.

Farewell—but I'll whisper this truth in thine ear,
The world is a desolate cave;
Its smile is a phantom, its radiance a tear,
And its couch of repose is a grave.

For all that we feel, or behold, or desire,
All things that are true or that seem,
All glories that mount, are eclips'd, and retire;
They are merely a Maniac's dream.

ON THE SEPARATION OF LORD AND LADY BYRON.

A FRAGMENT.

THE meteor-blaze that fires the sky;
Is only sent to flash and die:
The scene that cheers the joyous heart,
Bears on its front, the words, "We part!"
And all our passing blessings seem
The shadow of some empty dream,
That meets the fancy and retires,
That kindles, and alas! expires.

Oh! who would seek the various bowers
Where Genius spends the listless hours?
Where momentary brilliance gleams,
And passion deals in curst extremes;
Where joy delusive beams around,
Where wilder'd ecstasy is found;
Where madness often dwells; and where
The shroud is wove for fix'd despair?

Within those bow'rs there's little rest,
 Beneath those shades how few are blest!
 An Eastern bride was not more fair
 Than she who met Lord BYRON there:
 The freshest vines around were spread,
 And roses strew'd their bridal bed,
 And Hope appear'd in visions bright,
 And Care was hidden from their sight.
 Old Science came, with locks of gray,
 To bless his daughter's wedding day;
 And Fancy, as the spot she pass'd,
 Whisper'd, "This scene of joy shall last,
 And floods of classic light shall roll,
 From mind to mind, from soul to soul."

* * * * *

I said the passing hour seem'd blest,
 That flowers o'erspread the couch of rest:
 They now lie wither'd, sad, and dead,
 Hope soon withdrew, and Pleasure fled;
 When, in a voice like funeral knell,
 Lord BYRON bid his bride "Farewell;"
 Fled from that peaceful couch of rest,
 And sought the troubled ocean's breast.

* * * * *

Behold that cheek, that brow of care,
 The firm grasp'd hand, the bosom bare;
 What agony is there exprest,
 Can BYRON on the cold earth rest?

* * * * *

“ Stay, sweet illusion, stay; once more
 “ That form, that voice, that look restore.
 “ Methought, upon a tower I stood,
 “ Which overhung the raging flood;
 “ When, as I view'd the restless swell,
 “ With sullen joy,—down—down I fell;
 “ But e'er I reach'd the midway air,
 “ An angel, with dishevell'd hair,
 “ And heaving bosom, held me fast;
 “ Upon her brow one glance I cast,
 “ Oh! 'twas serene—it struck my heart!
 “ She said, ‘ forever we must part.’—
 “ From my cold grasp she strove to sever,
 “ And said, ‘ forget me—Oh! forever.’
 “ Stay, sweet illusion—stay,—once more
 “ That form, that look, that voice restore;
 “ She's gone—I saw her bosom swell
 “ With inward grief—‘ *farewell, farewell!*’

" This aching heart will never let me
 " Obey her mandate, ' *Oh! forget me.*'*
 He smote his breast, his eyes gleam'd wild—
 " Nor can I e'er forget ** *****."

'Tis midnight; still yon mourner sighs,
 Sleep has not clos'd her lovely eyes;
 Her child, how often has she prest
 Upon her solitary breast;
 Her hair fell gently o'er that child,
 The mother's scream was loud and wild;
 For shaded by those ringlets fair,
 She caught the father's likeness there :
 " *My love,—my lord,*"—her tears she dried,
 And strove the breaking heart to hide;
 But what aloud she dare not speak,
 Is writ upon her brow, and cheek,
 And in her babe's unconscious ears
 A name is whisper'd oft in tears.

* 'Oh! forget me,'—a poem, said to be written by Lady Byron after her separation.

ON THE DEATH OF
THOMAS R. SHEPHERD, Esq.

A POET

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA.

“ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
“ Nor the furious winter’s rages;
“ Thou thy worldly task hast done,
“ Home art gone and ta’en thy wages :
“ Golden lads and girls all must,
“ Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE moon in silver tiara drest,
Lean’d ’gainst a darken’d cloud to rest;
A shadowy mist of paly red
Around her pensive brow was spread,

And cast a beam upon the sky,
 Like glance from poet's raptur'd eye;
 No noise disturb'd the passing hour,
 The dew fell gently from the flower,
 The zephyr-sprite had left the lea,
 No wave disturb'd the glassy sea,
 And man sleep's drowsy pillow prest,
 And weary nature seem'd to rest.

A female form stole o'er the ground,
 And stopp'd beside yon earthy mound;
 An eye so bright, a cheek so fair,
 Should never court the midnight air:—
 A wreath of wither'd flowers was spread
 Around her melancholy head;
 Loose on her arm the lyre was swung,
 Aside her flowing hair she swung,
 And thus the plaintive descant rung:

On Ora's steep a flowret grew,
 Its early hues were bright;
 It glisten'd in the morning dew,
 But wither'd e'er the night.

Oh! minstrel thus, thy morning hour
 By Genius fair was crown'd;

She call'd thee to her freshest bower,
And there thy temples bound :

But ah! before the evening fled,
That pensive maiden sigh'd!
The chaplet fell from off thy head,
And all its roses died.

Tho' others pass unheeding by
Thy lone sequester'd bier;
Tho' others heave no kindred sigh,
And drop no pitying tear :

Still will I seek that lonely wold,
And dress with flowers thy head,
And scatter cypress o'er the mould,
And mourn the minstrel dead.

On Ora's steep a flowret grew,
Its early hues were bright;
It glisten'd in the morning dew,
But wither'd e'er the night.

She ceas'd, and threw from off her hair
The drooping flowers that wither'd there;

That pensive lady seem'd inclin'd
To leave her magic lyre behind.
The moon now hid behind a cloud,
Like pallid maiden 'neath a shroud,
And darkness stalked from pole to pole,
Like madness o'er the wretch's soul.

In lovely brightness once again,
The moon look'd down upon the plain;
Her quick glance o'er the dew appears,
Like sudden joy when steep'd in tears;
Then—no one stood beside the dead,
The gentle maid of Heaven had fled;
But loosely scatter'd o'er the ground,
The broken silver strings were found.

SONNET TO SORROW.

SAY, gentle Sorrow, tenant lone of night,
Where is thy mystic solitary bower?
Does Genius, there, display her beaming light,
And art thou govern'd by her fairy power?—
The vulgar soul his joy alone explores,
Where riot runs her clam'rous, noisy dance,
Or where supine eternal Dulness snores,
With senses bound in dark Oblivion's trance:
But fair refinement to thy power is given,
For thee hath youthful Genius struck the lyre;
Thou art the daughter pure of poet's heaven,
That first essay'd bright fancy to inspire;
Yes, Sorrow! in thy bower of drooping vines,
The star of fancy gleams and genius shines.

ON A JESSAMINE,

THAT BLOOMED TOO EARLY, AND WAS KILLED BY THE
FROST.

THOSE early blossoms, lovely flower,
The morning sunbeams blest,
But now they droop in winter's bower,
And wither on her breast.

So, early hope is nurs'd by care,
So, sorrow withering lies,
So, stripp'd of every blossom fair,
The spring of fancy dies.

The parent vine no shelter gave
To screen thee from the blast;
But now it bends upon thy grave,
And honours thee at last.

Such too is merit's hapless fate,
That living, finds no friend,
Till pilgrims seek the spot too late,
And o'er the relics bend.

Oh! joy is but a tinsel gem,
That sparkles for an hour,
And life is but a rifled stem,
And hope,—its frosted flower.

ON A BLUEBELL,

WHICH WAS IN BLOOM AFTER A STORMY NIGHT, BUT FADED
IN THE SUNBEAM BEFORE NOON.

How wildly o'er the chilly night
The tempest-demon flew;
Still art thou free from stain or blight,
The storm though stern—was true.
But shun those beams, thou fairy flower,
That o'er thy beauties stray;
They only seek thy fragrant bower,
To steal thy sweets away.
So, over beauty's drooping head
The fell despoiler sighs;
She looks—and all her peace is fled,
She listens—and she dies.

LINES,

ON THE MOON SHINING THROUGH A WINDOW, UPON
MY BED.

How softly blew the evening wind,
How gently heav'd the billow,
When, on my pensive couch reclin'd,
A light shone o'er my pillow :
Then silence rul'd the weary hour,
No pageant cloud was flying;
The moon, within her starlight bower,
Look'd pale, like beauty dying.
I started from my couch of night,
Tho' nothing dread was near me,
And wonder'd that a friendly light
Was ever sent to cheer me.

I should have slept, had angry storms
Urg'd their dread fury past;
I should have slept, had fearful forms
Their spells about me cast :

I should have slept—if fortune bleak
 Had frown'd upon my bed;
But ah! it was a stranger meek
 That gently touch'd my head:
For he who feels the wint'ry storm—
 The sun's refulgent glow—
Must still call that a stranger-form,
 Which cheers his brow of wo.
Some start at terror's maddening host,
 And some at pale distress;
But wounded bosoms shudder most
 At things that come to bless!
'Tis past—e'en now thy mantle lay,
 Like diamonds o'er the lea,
'Twas then as bright as fortune's day,
 'Tis now, obscure like me.

LINES,

UPON SEEING AN INFANT ASLEEP IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.

SLEEP on, no cares thy couch molest,
No terrors yet alarm;

Now, little stranger, thou art blest,

Thine empire, is a mother's breast,

Thy shield—a father's arm.

The early rosebud hid in leaves,

That form for it a fragrant bower,

In stormy nights no ill receives,

But wo awaits the full-blown flower.

Sleep on—no worldly blight is near,

Sleep on, secure from danger;

I whisper to thee with a tear,

Thou knowest all the bliss that's here,

To wo alone a stranger.

May He that shelters the distress,

Secure thy soul from guile;

And may'st thou ever sleep to rest,

And ever wake to smile.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. HODGKINSON,

FORMERLY ACTING MANAGER OF THE CHARLESTON
THEATRE.

MOURN thou, Melpomene ! and o'er my verse
Strew drooping flow'rets to bedeck his hearse :
Thy son is gone, and with him all the power
To smooth rough care, or chase the lingering hour.
To him were given, throughout the various part,
The fires of genius, with the stars of art;
A voice, that music from her slumbers woke,
A brow that govern'd, and an eye that spoke.
He gain'd in tragedy the first applause;
That wondering silence, which perfection draws;
And when in comedy, the mask he wore,
Gray age and wisdom joined the general roar.

At his last scene, no soothing friend was nigh
To whisper peace, or close his death-veil'd eye :

Nor were, alas ! his orphan children near,
To ask his blessing, and return a tear.
The curtain's down—the restless drama o'er,
His exit's made—never to enter more.

THE MAID OF LODI.

WHERE yon lorn drooping willows
Their branches waive around,
The hapless Maid of Lodi
A last retreat has found.
Her eyes were bright like morning,
Or sparkling gems of blue;
Like magic were her dimples;
Her teeth, the snow-drops hue.

Her eyes are now like evening,
When gloomy night is nigh;
Her lips, ambrosial roses,
Were doom'd to blush and die.
Ah, hapless Maid of Lodi!
'Tis very hard to prove
The pangs that rend the bosom
Of one who dies for love.

Ye maidens in the morning,
When bending flow'rets waive,
Strew Spring's ambrosial roses
Upon her lonely grave.
The dew within the cowslip
Its glittering tears will shed,
And weep, oh Maid of Lodi!
O'er thy once lovely head.

SONNET TO GENIUS.

WHERE, lovely maid, is thy delusive cell ?
Where is thy drooping amaranthine bower ?
Does pallid sorrow in thy confines dwell,
Or lone despair obey thy magic power ?
Say, is there rest within thy sacred pale,
Where memory, tired, his weighty record keeps ?
Where Fancy's busy summoners prevail,
And load with care the silent couch of sleep.—
Come OGILVIE,* display thy dazzling wand,
Point out her haunts, explain her mystic ways;
For thou hast wander'd o'er her diamond strand,
And round thy temples worn her freshest bays :
Great NEWTON's mind trac'd the bright stars of heaven,
To trace bright Genius, to thy mind was given.

* The celebrated orator.

THIS POEM IS ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR FRANCIS, OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW-YORK, WITH THE AFFECTION-
ATE REGARD OF THE AUTHOR.

Written at the Cave near Newport, Rhode-Island.

TO NATURE.

“There is a twilight in the soul,
That knows nor joy’s nor wo’s control,
When passion sleeps, and thought is weary,
And scenes are neither bright nor dreary ;
Alas! she quickly ends her tranquil reign,
And yields her power to night, and wo again.

FARMER.

HAIL! lovely stranger, clad in vernal flowers,
Nymph of the cavern wild and mountain hoar;
The times have past since I beheld thy bowers,
When listless childhood spent the fleeting hours, [shore.
Where Schuylkill’s glassy wave reflects the woodland

Thro' youthful memory's faintly shaded screen,

They still appear'd as lovely as before :

For flowers tho' dead, and sloping hills not green,
Are cloth'd in verdure when at distance seen,

And Fancy lights her lamp at Memory's waning store :

Then, Nature, I beheld thee in a dream!

The briar-rose clamber'd o'er thy rocky throne,
And clustering bent above a murmuring stream :

So childhood bends attentive to the theme

Of haunted cell, where dismal torches gleam,

Or wizards dance, or dead men dwell alone.

This rifted fragment o'er the deep

In awful grandeur lowers;

Within yon cavern fairies sleep

On Ocean's sparkling flowers.

There, Mystery, in dripping shroud,

Waives her dull sceptre round—

The bolt that bursts the thunder cloud

Rends not her cell profound.

Around that cell a feeble ray

Is sometimes seen to beam;

It leads the pilgrim from his way,
O'er fen, and moor, and stream.
So Hope, thy little taper shines,
Unquench'd by winter's blast:
So he that follows soon repines,
For he's deceived at last.

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN E. COFFIN.

“ And grateful title may I plead
 For many a kindly word and deed,
 To bring my tribute to his grave ;
 'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.”

SCOTT.

ONCE more I seek thee, oh ! thou wilder'd lyre,
 Once more I take thee from the yew-tree's shade,
 Once more I tune thy damp, thy mouldering wire,
 And touch thy strings, all broken and decay'd :
 Stern Darkness gathers round the woodland bower,
 And every star and evening beam has fled—
 The rain-drop presses down each slender flower ;
 So worldly minions press the aching head.
 The oak lies prostrate : may the surly blast
 Spare the young buds that shelter'd there ere-while,
 The deadly bolt has spent its force and past ;
 Oh tempests, cease to lower—oh Nature, wear a smile !

I did not, Coffin, bathe thy head,
Or know thy parting hour :
But I will strew thy lonely bed
With many a fairy flower :
And they shall blossom o'er thy bier—
The dew-queen need not dress them;
Their dew-drop is a widow's tear,
And bending orphans bless them.
Misfortune, on the cold damp ground
Hath sought thy aid and found it;
And where thou could'st not heal the wound,
Thy pity gently bound it.
Farewell! one moment let me bend
To deck thy hallow'd clay;
These fragrant buds, like thee, my friend,
Must quickly fade away.
But now they blossom on thy bier,
The dew-queen need not dress them;
Their dew-drop is a widow's tear,
And bending orphans bless them.

EPITAPH ON DR. DAVID RAMSAY,

THE LATE CELEBRATED HISTORIOGRAPHER.

YE, who have sought, amidst ambrosial bowers,
For fairy genius drest in April flowers,
And ye, who seek for wisdom's hallow'd cave,
Here stay your steps, and view this lonely grave.
Here on this spot, tho' damp, and low, and dread,
Here genius bows the venerable head;
The bays are wither'd—they shall bloom no more,
On earth's unhospitable, wintry shore;
Where every weed in glowing health is found,
Whilst flowers of promise wither on the ground.
Come, view this grave—here, mortal, shalt thou find
The wreck of more than matter—wreck of mind,
And wreck of wisdom too, that second sight,
Which places science in her loveliest light;
That great magician, who from fancy's store
Parts the resplendent diamond from the ore :
This heaven has done—here Ramsay's body lies,
His genius soars amidst the starry skies.

BATTLE OF THE ISLE.

PART I.—THE ISLE; A COMICO-TRAGICAL TALE.—*Dedicated to the Officers of the United States Army.*

ON the verge of the deep, where the dark sea-bird hovers,
Where the wave, in loud fury, bursts wild on the shore;
Near the light-house, whose flame to the wand'rer discovers
A beam, like the glance of those long sever'd lovers,
Who meet in blest rapture, to sever no more;
An Isle of white sand, like a desert is seen,
Where no wild flower blushes in meadow of green;
But, where long tangled sea-weed is cast on the strand,
Like the gray locks of age, pluck'd by merciless hand;
For the storm tore it up from its deep oozy bed,
As the ruffian tears locks from the wanderer's head:
Oh! ye, who would view "this famed desert" aright,
Go visit the strand by the "pale starry light;"
When the bleak wind is high, and the breakers are gleam-
And the owl is abroad, and the sea-gull is screaming; [ing,
Then, sit near yon circummured castle awhile,
And behold the fell grandeur of Sullivan's Isle.

The moonbeam just gleams on yon ruin so bare,
 One moment the moonbeam has fled;
 Like the quick frantic smile on the face of Despair,
 When she bends o'er the couch of the dead.
 Oft to visit this spot a blest seraph is seen,
 With an eye ever bright, and a robe ever green,
 And a cheek, where the red rose forever must bloom,
 And she covers with daisies the path to the tomb :
 The youth that she smiles on is certainly blest,
 He has strength for the chase, and fair visions for rest;
 I have wip'd the big drops from a brow cold as stone,
 But I've seldom seen Health on her diamond throne.

Far famed was the castle, now lost in decay,
 That frown'd o'er the high surging sea ;
 Tho' pale is the bloodstain, and long past the day,
 Still, who has not heard of that noble affray,
 And its banner, the green island tree ?

PART II.—THE NIGHT.

In bugle bed-gown frown'd the night,
 Like angry witch with baneful spite;
 She scarce allow'd the stars to light
 The sandy hills around.

The moon, 'tis thought, was fast asleep,
In distant cavern dark and deep,
Where silence doth her vigils keep,
 In mystery profound.

The stricken drum announc'd the hour,
The sentry pac'd 'round fosse and tower,
And fearing much a drenching shower,
 Around his watch-coat drew :

A sudden sorrow fill'd his mind,
His memory, with hint unkind,
Spoke of past times, and he repin'd

 His coat was now not new.

Ah! little did that watchman dream
Of battle field e'er morning beam,
Of noisy shout, and piercing scream,
 From virgin beauty fair;

Or he had bow'd his lofty crest,
And wip'd his eyes, and smote his breast,
And 'gainst his brow steel gauntlet prest,
 In token of despair.

Now arm in arm, or hand in hand,
Two knights pass'd slowly o'er the strand,
Unarm'd with battle-axe or brand,
 Or faulchion broad, or spear :

Anon they stopp'd before the tower,
 Where fair Floressa* slept in bower,
 Far from enchanter's baneful power,
 Or haggard wizard drear.

“ I know this beauteous virgin rare,
 “ And by yon vaulted arch I swear,
 “ A foot more light, a face more fair,
 “ And 'sooth an eye more bright,
 “ On earth before has never been,
 “ And she yclept the fairy queen
 “ By wilder'd knight, or damsel seen,
 “ Would wither in her sight.
 “ Let poet SPENCER deftly tell,
 “ Of Britomart and Florimel,
 “ And loudly wild his numbers swell,
 “ In either damsel's praise :
 “ Or e'en let ARIOSTO rear
 “ A trophy to Marphisa's spear,
 “ Or TASSO crown his virgin dear
 “ With never fading bays:
 “ For these must bow before her shrine,
 “ And e'en the Amazon divine,
 “ Who tasted Alexander's wine,
 “ And Joan of Arc beside.”

* Floressa, a rich widow of S. C.

Thus spoke the foremost knight, and strode,
In silence, o'er the sandy road,
That led toward her blest abode;
The gate flew open wide.

PART III.—THE VISIT.

Slow o'er the platform pac'd a knight,*
In glittering vest and armour dight;
High on his helm, like passing cloud,
With awful nod, a horsetail bow'd.
'Twas said by Douglas, in his pride,
“ *Right fairly*” doth Lord Marmion ride :
To give this mailed chief his due,
He rode as well and fairly too.
The steed Bucephalus of yore,
Triumphant through the battle bore
Great Philip's son, in warlike pride;
'Tis said, when that fam'd stallion died,
The monarch many a tear-drop shed,
And built a city o'er his head :
Our chief, for love of faithful steed,
Had done almost as good a deed ;
To build a city, though not able,
He built, 'twas all he could—a stable.

* The hero of the piece, who kept livery stables.

The knights* who to the gateway came,
Call'd on Florissa's honour'd name,
Saying, within that lady's bower,
They came to spend a short half hour.
The mailed chieftains, turning, said,
"That lady bright has gone to bed:"
The knights his manly port admired,
And bowing—would have soon retired;
When quick they heard a mighty jar,
A tumult wild, a din of war :
High on the castle's slanting stair,
Appear'd the form of female fair;
Wild was her look with haggard fright,
Her hair was loose, her dress was white :
Down—down she swept, like fell Simoom,
Left all her armour in her room,
Toss'd from her eyes the flowing hair,
Brandish'd her stalwart arm in air;
And thus 'midst thunders, fire, and smoke,
That tender, lovely, virgin spoke.

* Two officers belonging to the United States army.

PART IV.—THE BATTLE.

“ Hold! thieves and murderers, on your lives,

“ Bring pistols, scissors, carving knives,

“ And shed their impious gore:”

She caught the foremost by his coat,

Grasp'd with her sinewy hand his throat,

To dash him on the floor;

“ A knife, a knife, fly quickly, fly,

“ Attack the villains or I die.—

“ What, pistols, ho! is no one nigh?

“ Quick, minion, on thy life;

“ My castle for a gleaming steel,

“ To make those damned robbers feel,

“ The deadly blow this arm can deal;

“ My kingdom for a knife!!—

“ Fire quick”—a flash beam'd ruddy bright,

A bullet took its erring flight

From smoking petronel.

Death now appear'd to call his court,

For soon as if in playful sport,

A seeming victim fell.*

* One of the visiting officers.

" Off, from my hall, you scoundrels base,
 " Let no one longer show his face,
 " This is my own domain and place,
 " Let no damn'd slave deride it;
 " Who dares among you all to frown ?
 " I paid in yonder distant town,
 " Each farthing of the money down,
 " The very hour *I buy'd it*.*
 " Down with the huge portcullis straight,
 " Go, quick as lightning shut the gate,
 " The lowly villains bind;"

With that, she gave a hearty damn
 To either knight, the gate goes slam,
 And one remains behind:
 Gleam'd in her hand the pointed knife,
 'Tis aim'd at that lone captive's life,
 With many a deadly thrust;
 The servants shudder with affright,
 For never was a mortal wight
 So handled, and so curs'd.
 Against such gentleness, such charms,
 What knight could wield his missile arms ?
 Sure all must be subdued !

* " I buy'd it," the motto in F——'s war chariot.

And he who tarried in her hold,
And saw her meek demeanour bold,
 In cool amazement stood!!—
The chieftain with the waiving crest
Felt some compunction in his breast,
 And op'd the gate again;
From whence the captive soon withdrew,
And oaths like hailstones after flew
 In Eleusinian strain.*
Thus ended, without blood or spoil,
The battle's rage and loud turmoil,
 And imprecations vile;
From hence ye warriors all beware,
Still ponder on that lady fair,
And ever in your memories bear,
 THE BATTLE OF THE ISLE.

* We are told that, during the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, the Athenian ladies were in the habit of rallying each other from opposite wagons, in the same refined and courtly dialect as the ladies of the English fish market are wont to use upon certain occasions.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF ALTORF,

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARNES, THEATRE NEW-YORK, IN THE
CHARACTER OF ROSINA.

WAK'D by the grateful tribute of applause,
I burst my bonds, and spurn'd death's icy laws;
Methinks e'en now, I see Elysium beam,
But soft, ye fair—and I'll unfold my dream.
Old SHAKSPEARE led me to ambrosial bowers,
And DRYDEN crown'd me with a wreath of flowers;
While OTWAY wept, for that sad pilgrim knew
The bliss of genius, and her curses too :

How soon, alas! that fleeting bliss expires,
She dreams of roses, but she sleeps on briars;
Convenes in pomp a magic court of air,
Then starts and finds her wilder'd bosom bare;
Nay more, when 'lorn, and weary, and distrest,
Suspense, that vampyre, banquets on her breast;
While sleepless Envy with her shuddering brood,
Relentless dips a dagger in her blood.

Ye, who award to sterling worth its due,
And love the flow'ret that your garden grew,
With heart, with impulse, and with fostering hand,
Greet this sweet scion of your native land :
The lovely *dew-queen* of succeeding years,
Shall bathe its future buds in sparkling tears;
Unnumber'd leaves its cherish'd blossoms shed,
To deck the patriot's grave—and virgin's bed.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

THERE is a harp that yields a 'wilder'd tone,
Swept by the gloomy minstrel of the wind,
But it hath power to sooth the hapless mind,
And bards have listen'd languid and alone,
From such delusive lay to frame, alas! their own.

Both harp and bard expos'd to wind and weather,
May, with some truth, be said to thrive together,
For being hous'd and foster'd, then ere long [song.
The harp is heard no more—no more the minstrel's

ON MIND.

THERE is a lone ungovern'd hour,
When mind foregoes her ruling power,
And, like some luckless foundering bark, is cast
On unknown strands, without or sail or mast;
Or like autumnal leaves that strew the ground,
Where all are scatter'd wide, nought regular is found.

How swift is her change from the gay to the grave,
Yet some listless beings approve it;
One moment she frowns like Niagara's wave,
Then smiles like the rainbow above it:

Still Genius clings to that wandering form,
In the morning of bliss, and the midnight of storm,
And 'tis said when she's lost, and dismay'd, and distress'd,
She weaves his bright chaplet, and covers his breast;
Then frown, smile, or wander, be true or unkind,
The bard must still love thee,—'lorn angel of mind.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF BURNS' POEMS, PRESENTED
TO DOCTOR HOSACK.

GRANT me one beam of thy ethereal fire,
Lend me the influence of thy magic lyre,
Immortal BURNS! that I may deftly spread,
A screen of roses over Hosack's head:
Oh! I have sought thee in my musing hours,
And bound thy wilder'd harp with drooping flowers,
And scatter'd cypress on thy lonely bier,
And bent, alas! each tendril with a tear;
Then, grant one beam of thy ethereal fire,
Lend me the influence of thy magic lyre,
Ill-fated BURNS! that I may deftly spread,
A wreath of roses over Hosack's head;
To shield his brow from baneful dews of night,
From Envy's scowl, and from Detraction's blight.

EPITAPH ON T. L. C. Esq.

YE grave, and ye gay, and ye heedless, draw near,
Here's a theme for a *smile*, and a thought for a *tear*,
For the mortal still lives, and is wrangling with Wo,
While the epitaph hints that he's happy below :
However——to banish all scruple and guile,
I'll presume to point out where 'tis proper to *smile* ;
Then smile on the dead ! like the infantile flower,
That blooms o'er old leaves, which have fall'n but an hour ;
For they thriv'd on the stalk, and were lovely in bloom,
Sustain'd all their fragrance, and pass'd to the tomb :
Their fame thus establish'd, what stain can annoy it ?
No changes can brighten, eclipse, or destroy it ;
But weep for the rose-bud admir'd and in view,
It's expos'd to the night wind, and chill'd by the dew,
Yea, anger may tear it, detraction may wound, [ground.
And its leaves, soil'd and wither'd, be strew'd on the
Our Tom's not yet dead !——of *this* fact I am sure,
He's a voice for the just, and a purse for the poor,

An arm for the faltering—a bow for the seer,
A sigh for mischance—and for pity—a tear!
For the church he's an hour—for the sermon a nod,
A dread of what's evil—a fear of his God;
An eye, shall I name it? like that laughing Roman,
Who relinquish'd the world, and renown for a woman!
He's a fault not uncommon, but settled and deep,
For he talks, and he walks, and so forth in his sleep;
When he marries, of course, there'll be struggling and
 strife,
For I'm sure this same Tom will be waking his wife:
Oh! what starts, and what tremors, what moans and
 what sighing,
There will certainly be—when Tom's really dying.

ON HEARING A LADY SING.

OH! 'twas a soft, a murmuring sound,
Like that by fairy minstrel given,
From vaulted cavern under ground,
Or, from the lightest cloud of heaven;
Its rising swell excell'd the lyre,
On Sappho's arm of snow reclining,
When 'erst her fingers struck the wire,
To music all her soul resigning;
But soon its cadence died away,
Like sorrow's moan, or lover's sighing,
Or like the closing wind of day,
When on the mountain's bosom dying.

SONNET TO DESPAIR.

HENCE, fell Despair ! in yonder dreary cave
I saw thee stretch'd in agonizing sleep,
I saw thee start, and heard a murmur deep,
Like dying winds, that sweep the pilgrim's grave.
Within thy cave I saw a taper gleam,
Its waning light shone dimly o'er thy breast,
On thy pale brow, a paler hand was prest,
The taper fell, and thou didst cease to dream.
The orb eclips'd, again beholds the light,
The wint'ry stem brings forth another flower,
And fancy builds again her shatter'd bower;
'Tis not for thee—sole exile of the night:—
In heaven alone, a living spark can gleam
To cheer thy feeble light, thy darken'd dream.

SONNET TO GENIUS.

THY light, oh Genius! I have dimly seen,
Low on the earth, beheld its smallest spark;
It show'd me ills I knew not in the dark,
And as I thought, till then, had never been.
Thy gleaming fire was fed by flames on high,
And far above I saw no trace of wo;
But all who linger'd near that spot below,
Still struck the pensive breast, and bent the downcast eye.
Why do we follow, then, thy conscious fire?
For sudden death gives not the sleeper pain;
He feels no wound, he sees no sanguine stain;
To be aware of much, it seems—is fortune dire.
Then fell perception quench thy deadly spark,
Leave mortals still to wander in the dark.

LINES,

Addressed to Miss Parker, on seeing a withered rose upon her bosom, and being requested to compose something extempore.

TO THE WITHERED ROSE.

WHY dost thou droop thy fragrant head,
Where is thy vernal bloom?
Are all thy damask blushes fled,
And is that breast thy tomb?
Is it because her sparkling eye
Excels Aurora's smile?
Or, did the fragrance of her sigh,
Thee of thy sweets beguile?
No, languid flower, no, rose forlorn,
Envy the blow hath given;
For thou didst, blooming, grace a thorn,
Yet died when placed in heaven.

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER WALKING LATE IN A GARDEN AT
ROSEMONT.

THIS musing trance, this evening hour,
 With misery agree,
Yon willow shades a lovely flower,
 It does not bloom for me :
Dear early pledge of blushing spring,
 Protection thou hast found;
But I—like you neglected thing,
 Must wither on the ground :
Yes!—I am like you bending stem,
 No pausing pilgrim views it,
The dew-nymph lends no evening gem,
 And heedless footsteps bruise it.
Farewell—for night advances slow,
 To hide thy fragrant hues,
To-morrow's sun shall bid thee glow,
 Beneath empyreal dews :

But what shall chase the night away,
That settles round this head ?
The morning sends no cheering ray,
Where Hope has shuddering fled—
Come then, thou dull appalling sprite,
Thy reign is fitting sorrow;
I will not lose thy mantle night,
Nor cast it off to-morrow.

ON WORLDLY PRUDENCE.

YE who would rise in fortune's day,
Wake early in the morning,
Send truth and candour far away,
And mount on high by fawning;
Consider neither law, nor right,
Nor word, nor theme, nor matter,
His sun shall shine supremely bright,
Who stoops to fawn and flatter :
But he who fairly speaks his mind,
And spurns all foul dissembling,
Meets brows averted, looks unkind,
And lives in fear and trembling.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS F.

OH! say what is heaven, bright heaven above,
But the blest seat of purity, beauty, and love,
And what is an angel, or seraph on high,
But one who bears peace and delight in her eye;
Then sure, lovely nymph, blooming maid, it must be,
That thou art like heaven, and heaven like thee;
For thou hast the purity, beauty, and love
Which belong to bright heaven, to heaven above,
And thou like the angel or seraph on high,
Art blest both with peace and delight in thine eye :
Then sure, lovely nymph, blooming maid, it must be,
That thou art like heaven, and heaven like thee.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS G.

TEN springs o'erspread with rich embloom,
Of flowers that yield a sweet perfume,
Shall o'er thy bosom quickly flee,
E'er virgin bloom shall smile on thee;
Then when the graces deck thine eye,
And zephyrs court thy balmy sigh,
And roses deck thy flowing hair,
And snow enveils thy bosom fair;
When smiles bespeak thine artless glee,
Sometimes, I beg it—think of me;
Before these years shall bless thy sight,
Should I be number'd with lone night,
Where fairy ghosts so lightly tread
The gloomy regions of the dead,
I'll flee to where thy garden blows,
And waive for thee some favour'd rose;
But, if I still on earth should be,
My memory shall roam to thee,
And linger o'er thy bosom fair,
And breathe for thee a fervent prayer.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

I NEVER hear thy trembling string,
Its wild, its mournful notes prolong,
That fancy does not quickly bring
To mind, some bard of early song:
For once like thee his magic tale
In music's wildest lore was drest,
When sorrow bid his numbers wail,
Or hope delusive soothed his breast;
But now—he wants the zephyr's breath,
That hovers o'er thy trembling wire;
That poet's voice is still'd by death,
And cold those lips that could inspire:
So—shut thee from the airy sprite
That gives thy mournful song its breath;
The swell that erst gave such delight,
Shall close its lingering notes in death;
To sound no more—for damp decay
Upon thy mouldering strings shall dwell,
And thou shalt breathe no further lay,
And thou shalt raise no future swell.

The bard whose harp is now unstrung,
Whose eye is closed, whose cheek is cold,
Again shall hear his anthems sung,
And see them play'd on lyres of gold :
A lovely muse, with sparkling eye,
Shall wake him from his listless sleep,
And lead him to the orient sky,
Where merit is not doom'd to weep :
But where a fairy minstrel's hand
Shall strike such lingering notes as thine,
While Shakspeare, with the poet-band,
Shall rouse the organ's peal sublime.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING A PAINTING OF MALBONE'S, CALLED
"THE HOURS,"—IN WHICH THERE ARE THREE FEMALE
FIGURES, REPRESENTING "THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FU-
TURE."

OH! where has Genius deck'd her vermil bowers,
To what lone covert has the fairy fled,
She built with ecstasy these blooming hours,
And wove a chaplet for her Malbone's head.
In that fair wreath did every wild-flower bloom,
And it was twin'd with shadowy cypress round,
Which droop'd—sad omen of his early doom,
And every leaf fell withering to the ground.

Methought I linger'd near the dreaming bowers
Where Fancy dwells fast by the dimpling wave;
The earth was spread with ocean's sparkling flowers,
There Genius bent o'er Malbone's early grave.
Her wreath with ozier sprigs was made,
Among the leaves pale glow-worms stray'd;

Her brow was thoughtful and distress'd,
And blood-stain'd was her snowy breast :
For Envy, like a withering blight,
Stole o'er her blossoming shades at night;
Sear'd every rose with baneful art,
And aim'd a dagger at her heart.
She spoke:—" Oh Malbone, when distress'd,
" I bath'd thy brow, and sooth'd thy breast ;
" And when I heard thy latest sighs,
" I smooth'd thy couch, and clos'd thine eyes.
" Ye moonlight fairies hasten around,
" And deck with me this hallowed ground;
" The silent echo-phantom raise,
" And bring the harp that zephyr plays;
" Go, gather from the bending flower
" The cold bright dew of midnight hour."
'Twas done ; the dew gleam'd o'er his grave
Like fearful comets o'er the wave ;
Such lights remorse holds high, to show
The never-ending void of wo.
Next she unwound a chain of flowers,
That hid her favourite's work, "*The Hours* :"
She held the picture near her sight,
Which cast a glimmering ray of light;

For e'en the lowest dungeon dark
Is 'lumin'd by that living spark,
And o'er the mist of fen or spray,
She throws the clearest light of day.
Yea, things that in the tomb have lain,
Rise in that light to life again.

A murmuring strain the silence broke,
And thus immortal Genius spoke :
“ How softly steals the moonlight ray
“ Across the dimpling water;
“ How softly steals the bloom of May
“ O'er Beauty's blushing daughter.
“ So inspiration softly steals
“ O'er brows by thinking riven;
“ And he who owns her empire, feels,
“ One moment—feels in Heaven.
“ When thoughts conflicting rule the brain,
“ Health's rosy semblance flies;
“ When warriors combat o'er the plain,
“ The trodden wild-flower dies.
“ So softly 'mid the mental strife
“ Stalks fell disease unknown;
“ So, Malbone gave his pictures life,
“ By shortening his own.

“ The present hour to me is sad,
“ It does not seem so here ;
“ The future wears an angel smile,
“ The past hour hides a tear :
“ Her mind intent on things gone by,
“ Seems lost, in fields of gloom,
“ As though her fixt, and pitying eye,
“ Descried this lonely tomb !
“ Smile on, enchanting future hour,
“ For future hours shall give
“ To me a talisman of power
“ To bid him rise, and live.
“ Then sovereign fame shall hover near,
“ To lift this mould’ring stone,
“ And prism-spirits deck his bier,
“ With colours like his own;”
While life shall light the dwelling dire,
On death’s mysterious shore,
And use the same Promethian fire
That Malbone used before.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY, WHO DIED UPON HER
BIRTH DAY, AGED 23 YEARS.

THOU who hast travell'd, o'er and o'er,
The ponderous world, from shore to shore,
And view'd vast nature's mighty store

Of matter rare;

Say, hast thou seen the dreary port,
Where death convenes his pallid court,
And makes the fleeting breath his sport,

And pain and care ?

Thou, who hast turn'd, from youth to age,
Art's varied works, from page to page,
And knowledge gain'd from hoary sage

Or wisdom's lore;

Say, hast thou found the secret fire
That can the lifeless mass inspire,
And re-illuminate death's taper dire

On Lethe's shore ?

Ye who have wander'd o'er the lonely wild,
 And made acquaintance with pure nature's works,
 And heard some pilgrim's melancholy tale,
 And wept at 'lorn misfortune's plaint—attend.

Ah! well-a-day! the time has long since past
 When Eden's garden bloom'd upon the earth,
 And death was bound in trance——alas!
 Youth's rosy tinge is made the scorn of fate;
 Like some high banner, which proud chieftains rear,
 And death wars most against it.

Come, solitary Muse, from some lone haunt
 Prepare thy melancholy wailing lyre,
 And, in a symphony more softly wild
 Than zephyrs breathe upon their airy harp,
 Sing of the early loss of her I mourn.

In youth's ambrosial spring, when beauty bloom'd,
 And every virtue follow'd in her train,
 The cruel tyrant came, bade her depart,
 And leave that mazy labyrinth, the world.

It was her natal day; upon that day
 When her fond mother drest her face in smiles
 As she did bless her:—ah! now the scene is chang'd;
 That mother's heart is rent, her eyes are dimm'd with
 tears;

Two infant babes are left; 'tis theirs to tread

The thorny paths of life—without a mother
To direct their steps, or bless them with her care.
Ah, lovely babes! ye know not yet your loss;
But ye shall slumber in a stormy night,
And in the morn no mother meet you:
You shall weep! she cannot dry your tears.
Thou, mournful partner, hast one dreadful foe;
That foe, Reality:—she points to thy great loss,
And goads thy bosom with unceasing pain;
But memory more kindly leads thee back
To some sweet garden, where she lately trod;
To some wild rosebud, that once claimed her care,
And, like a blushing virgin, bows its head.
Hail, memory, thou picture of the past,
Thou stern recorder, thou reflected light;
Soul of all science, and ally of thought!
Farewell, unconscious shade; o'er thy pale bier
A drooping mother mourns; a sister weeps,
And a lone brother drops the manly tear:
In domes more brilliant than the Indian pile,
High rais'd and burnish'd with resplendent gold,
Where angels whisper sacred madrigals,
And breathe the praises of heaven's mighty King,
Her tranquil soul has rest;—above her head

A canopy of Tyre's imperial die,
Fann'd by the zephyr, waves, and beaming gems,
Like stars that glitter on the robe of night,
Shine o'er its ample folds.

TRIBUTE

TO MRS. BARNES, OF THE NEW-YORK THEATRE.

Genius is never honour'd till she's past;
Is never gifted, but when wanting nought;
Is never worshipp'd by the callous world,
Save by some monument, or marble urn,
That tells you where she starv'd.

FARMER.

SHALT thou unnotic'd tread the mimic stage,
And bear no trophy from the minstrel's page;
Forbid it, heaven! though humble be the power
That boasts thy fame, and though the faded flower
Remains alone to deck her feeble head,
Pale as the tomb, and cheerless as the dead;
Yet still, my muse shall bid thy memory live,
In this dull song—'tis all she has to give.

When shipwreck'd Bertram gain'd the desert strand,
And sought the towers of warlike Aldobrand,
Who can forget the magic of thy part,
Which held in bondage every feeling heart?

When wild distraction rul'd thine aching head,
The drama vanish'd, and the actress fled;
No more was study, art, or fiction seen,
'Twas truth—'twas madness,—it was Imogine.
When fix'd expression marks the glazing eye,
And speaks with power, that even words deny;
When wo deprives the wasted form of rest,
And desolation haunts the stormy breast;
When impulse governs, and when murmurs die,
That claim, from kindred minds, the kindred sigh,
Assert thy claim—the tragic laurel wear,
And, like immortal Siddons,—take the chair.

TO DR. JAMES EDDY,

UPON HIS LEAVING NEW-YORK FOR BATAVIA.

WHEN far upon the waters deep,
May no fond cares distress thee;
May'st thou on blooming poppies sleep,
And passing shadows bless thee.
May fortune strew thy devious way
With golden sands and flowers;
May mind's imperial impulse sway,
Health lead thee to her bowers :
And, when returning home, my friend,
May spring-gales rule the billow;
May blushing beauty deftly lend
Her aid to deck thy pillow;
For he who on the friendless strand
Seeks fortune, could not bear it,
Did he not dream that some fair hand,
A wife's, perhaps, would share it.

EPITAPH

ON THE REV. ANDREW M'CULLY, FOUNDER OF THE MASONIC
LODGE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

BENEATH this stone, in solitary bed,
A brother Mason rests his wearied head;
His heart was once by tender pity sway'd,
And pale misfortune found his ready aid;
But well-a-day, when helpless age drew near,
Too poor to aid, he spar'd distress a tear;
The heavenly *Master* saw his frame deprest,
His mind decay'd, and peace denied his breast;
In his behalf that Master interpos'd,
And here, alas! the lodge of life he clos'd.

AN ESSAY ON TASTE:

DEDICATED TO DR. J. W. FRANCIS, PROFESSOR OF THE INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE AND FORENSIC MEDICINE, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW-YORK.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE pang, my valued noble friend,
Disturbs my aching heart;
Our kindred greetings soon must end,
Yes, FRANCIS, we must part.

Far o'er the waste of waters loud,
Ere long thy friend shall be;
But fancy, in a silver cloud,
Shall light him back to thee.

This offering to thy fostering hand,
As memory's boon I give;
'Tis cast upon no barren strand,
Thy name shall bid it live.

Aware that in a favour'd view
 - It fondly meets thy sight,
 Like SCOTT, I will not say adieu,
 But merely add—"good-night."*

In these sad words, a long farewell
 Is seen if construed right;
 For few with golden daylight dwell,
 The world—the world is night.

Farewell! but I shall hold thee nigh,
 When scenes are bright and gleaming;
 In fancy's mental mystery
 We'll still converse when dreaming.

TO CROAKER.†

When last I saw your elfin muse,
 She smiled, and gaily beckon'd;
 And begg'd that I would not refuse
 Forthwith to be her second.
 I bow'd, and undertook the task;
 No whispering fiend was nigh;

* "Good-night to Marmion,"

† A satirical writer, whose poetical effusions are, at this time, enriching the gazettes and chronicles of the day; much to the merriment of our worthy "Knickerbockers."

'Tis hard when gentle women ask
For poets to deny.
Oh! there was rapture in her laugh,
Her eye—old Nick was in it;
That intellectual telegraph,
Spoke volumes in a minute.
Thy pen from baneful ravens take,
Shield in a cloud thy form,
Get poison from the Stygian lake,
And wildness from the storm.
But aim not at some brow distress'd,
Let not thy shining dart
Wound pale misfortune's heaving breast,
Or rankle in her heart.
Guard lovely woman's name from ill,
From slander and from guile;
For he that soothes an angel still
Shall have that angel's smile.
I've broken many a helm and spear,
Ye fair ones, to protect you;
And ever held your worth too dear,
To let the muse neglect you.
Not for the lovely vermil hue
That blushes on the face,

Nor yet the eye's celestial blue,
Exterior form, nor grace :
These, let the gazing fool admire,
Whose vision is confin'd;
The theme of every angel's lyre
In heaven—is only mind.

Some love the sun's meridian glow,
Some love the moon declining;
Some love the fair, while some bestow,
Like me, their love on rhyming.
Old SOCRATES lov'd tranquil peace,
His wife was loud and cross;
The Roman senators lov'd geese,
CALIGULA—his horse:
OCTAVIUS lov'd the voice of fame,
Young AMMON—brimming glasses;
LUCRETIA lov'd a spotless name,
And ANTHONY—the lasses.
BRUTUS lov'd honour's fair control,
Despising guile and pelf;
While envy govern'd CASSIUS' soul,
He only lov'd—himself.
Old CATO lov'd the voice of truth,
Great HANNIBAL lov'd walking:*

* Alluding to his numerous and extensive marches.

And CICERO, in age and youth,
 Lov'd boasting and loud talking.
 Immortal WASHINGTON alone
 His bleeding country lov'd:
 Around him beaming halos shone,
 And men and gods approv'd.

High in the motley school of taste,
 Behold Lord BYRON stand;
 One faithful friend his fortunes grac'd,
 A dog* of Newfoundland:
 And when, ah melancholy doom,
 The dog's short life was o'er,
 His lordship built a splendid tomb,
 And in his place chose MOORE.†
 But still the first runs in his head,
 As o'er the East he's prowling;
 Hence they who have "Childe Harold" read,
 Declare he's always growling.

Next COLERIDGE, prince of rhyming wights,
 For friendship had an itch;

* See his lordship's "*Epitaph on a Newfoundland dog.*"
 To mark a *friend's* remains, these stones arise,
 I never had but *one*, and here he lies.

† Lord Byron, soon after losing his dog, dedicated a poem to Moore, commencing thus, "My dear friend."

So straight a poem he indites,
 About a "Mastiff bitch."*
 But fell misfortune always gives
 Her share of ills, 'tis said,
 For though the friendly mastiff lives,
 The book, alas!—is dead.
 From OTWAY this same taste was got,
 That rules such snarling natures;
 For in his fam'd Venetian plot,
 He called "dogs, honest creatures."
 SCOTT'S dogs of dark St. Hubert's breed,
 Oh shame—have just been sold:
 For them he has no further need,
 His present friend is gold.

BOB SOUTHEY has a curious taste,
 What is the man about?
 To make a slender virgin waste
 Her strength on "stone and shout."†

* See his "Chrystabelle," where, among a host of other beauties, are the following lines:

"Sir Listine, that baron rich,
 Had a toothless mastiff *bitch*."

It was no doubt in consequence of this, that Lord Byron called it "That singularly beautiful Poem," as no other dog is mentioned in it.

† See his "Curse of Kehama," where the Heroine,
 ———with stone and shout,
 Assails the bats obscene, and drives them out.

Mark how the whirling brick-bats fly
 Along the frightened town;
Oh! Brahma, if she flings so high,
 She'll knock her candles down.*
Fall, lovely maiden, on thy knees,
 Make haste and say thy prayers;
The night's inclement, sure you'll freeze,
 Before you get up stairs.
Indeed, indeed, the lady said,
 My chamber's much too high,
What put it into SOUTHEY'S head,
 To snore in yonder sky.
The way to bed is very long,
 My shoes, too, want repair;
Lord, how these idle fools of song,
 Love castles in the air!

VOLTAIRE, voluminous and long,
 Had still a taste uncivil:
For like immortal MILTON'S song,
 His hero is the Devil.

* " Her chamber lights were in the *starry* sky,
 " The winds and waters were her lullaby.

STERNE, that eccentric king of wit,
 STERNE had a taste for folly;
 And stealing here and there a bit,
 From BURTON'S "Melancholy."

Our JARVIS* loves to steal they say,
 Like Robin Hood of yore;
 He gives what he has stolen to-day,
 To-morrow to the poor.
 Indeed, the allegation's dire,
 No matter—he is given
 To filching sundry sparks of fire,
 Promethean fire from heaven:
 What he acquires in this sly way,
 How readily he gives;
 Each picture shares a magic ray,
 And hence his canvass lives.

DRYDEN, that master of the age,
 Had learn'd the art of sinking;
 And show'd, upon the English stage,
 His precious taste for "blinking."†

* J. W. Jarvis, the celebrated portrait painter, of New-York.

† See his play of "All for Love, or the World Well Lost;" where his general makes this remark, "See how he blinks."

Immortal POPE, that spiteful elf,
Had one ungracious failing;
He own'd no female sway himself,
His taste was, therefore, railing.

SWIFT, though a parson, lov'd to jeer,
E'en better than to feast;
His taste, indeed, was sometimes queer,
But vulgar as a beast.

CAMPBELL, by impulse swept along,
To Wyoming is carried;
He loves (we learn it from that song)
To get the ladies married.
The ardent lover scarcely bow'd
To Gertrude, fair and lone,
Ere with determin'd haste* he vow'd
To make her hand his own.
His taste—but soft—I'll pass it by,
Lest my frail muse should falter;
For ladies sometimes smile and sigh,
And tremble at the altar.

* See "Gertrude of Wyoming."

From Europe's gardens let us pass,

Have we no native flowers ?

All hail Columbia's HUDIBRAS,

Yes, FRENEAU* still is ours.

His name to every heart is dear;

When liberty distress'd

Reclin'd against her shatter'd spear;

To bind her bleeding breast;

She found the patriot-minstrel nigh,

He stay'd the foeman's rage;

His voice was then her prophecy,

Her banner was his page.

And shall I pass great EDWARDS† by,

No—halt thou wandering muse;

Yield him thy tributary sigh,

Scatter Castalian dews

Upon his melancholy bier :

O'er turf and flowers around,

Religion claims thy hallow'd tear,

For EDWARDS, the profound.

* Philip Freneau, a native of New-Jersey, whose poems and other literary labours, no less than his patriotism in the cause of American freedom, entitle him to pre-eminence.

† The celebrated President Jonathan Edwards of Princeton College, New-Jersey, whose theological writings are familiarly known in both hemispheres.

Theology has never known
A friend more skill'd or pure,
Than he who sleeps beneath this stone,
And made his blessings sure.
Rest, patriot of angel choirs,
From early youth to age;
'Till thou art wak'd by gleaming fires,
Like those upon thy page.

Old FRANKLIN, like a wizard dire,
Was fond of working wonders;
So he usurp'd the light'ning's fire,
And left the fair its thunders.
On every land, and every coast,
This proverb has been granted,
That mortals still bestow the most
Where there is little wanted.
He hated tinsel and deceit,
Avoided courts and riot,
His taste was not for roasted meat,
But vegetable diet.*
He seldom threw an hour away,
He scorn'd to bow and flatter;

* See his works, where more than forty dishes are enumerated, made up of vegetables alone.

But, if a lassie pass'd that way,
He cast a "sheep's eye" at her.
And this is not a whit more strange
Than other idle stories;
For he who through the heavens would range,
Must study woman's glories.

First in the drama's tragic page,
See COOPER* take the chair;
That ruling monarch of the stage,
Has now no equal there.
His voice, unbounded as the storm,
When thunders shake the sky;
His brow commanding, and his form,
The type of symmetry.
His eye, expression's quick appeal,
Transmitter of the soul,
Might almost make a Dutchman feel
Its wizard-like control.
"For England" hold thy course again,
Thy beamy lance prepare,
Pale envy's short attack sustain,
And be—a GARRICK there.

* Thomas A. Cooper, Esq. of New-York.

Of COOPER'S taste, what shall I say,
I'll let the subject rest;
Hence, stranger, hence, and see him play,
Old SHAKSPEARE tells it best.
For me, a wild in enthusiasm,
Hath rul'd my bosom still;
COOPER long since usurp'd a chasm,
That none, save he, can fill.

Yon bark along the foamy deep,
Flits swifter than a dream
O'er labour's sound refreshing sleep,
For she's propell'd by steam.
Long shall bewailing science mourn,
O'er FULTON'S* cherish'd name;
The crown from Neptune's brow is torn,
To grace the god of flame.
He lov'd, 'mid thought's ravines, to dwell,
Deep by the tempest riven;
He trac'd perfection to her cell,
And then—pass'd on to heaven.

Uninjur'd if one chord remains,
Upon my shatter'd lyre,

* Robert Fulton, Esq. See his life by Colden.

If ever it was blest with strains,
To govern or inspire;
Ye whispering spirits of the lea,
Who glide in shadow's light;
Raise one delusive symphony,
To genius and to WHITE.*
Alas! how soon the forest flower
Is chill'd by early frost,
And intellect's discarded bower,
In poverty is lost.
In WHITE was every mental charm,
And moral sense combin'd;
No fatal prospect could disarm
The vigour of his mind.
His ardent spirit still was blest,
Mid falt'ring health's decay,
For honours cheer'd his youthful breast,
'Till death usurp'd its sway.
Life's taper sometimes scarcely gleams,
Where genius is resplendent;
Nay, magic fancy often seems
On death's approach attendant.

* The late Henry Kirk White.

In ruin'd shrines, and shatter'd walls,
A thousand sunbeams stray;
So, in the spirit's rifted halls,
Beams intellectual day.
His taste a minstrel pilgrim gives
To whom his fame was known;
His name in BYRON'S numbers lives,
It lives too, in his own.

STUART,* thou know'st the bounded sway
That rules my rustic lyre;
Alas! it yields no fairy lay
To gladden or inspire:
Or I would bare my trembling arm,
And raise its numbers loud,
Till every-sounding wire should charm
Some angel from his cloud.
According numbers then should give
Thy genius its due,
And every voluntary live,
Because it breath'd of you.
Proceed in thy admir'd career,
Though unobtrusive, strong;

* Thomas Middleton Stuart, M. D. of Beaufort, South-Carolina.

Though tranquil, ardent and sincere,
And lofty in thy song.
I need not dwell upon thy taste,
Although the theme invites;
'Tis splendid, polish'd, learn'd, and chaste,
In short—'tis HENRY WHITE'S.

If I forget thee, RUSH,* may rest
Flee reckless from my bosom;
May I, unhonour'd and unblest,
Sink—like the wint'ry blossom.
May every favour'd muse retire,
And every friend forego me;
May fell detraction break my lyre,
And minstrels never know me.
No favour'd poet writes thy name
Upon his magic scroll;
I give (thou'rt not in need of fame)
The impulse of my soul.
O'er thee a lonely woodland muse
Shall weave a shadowy screen;
And fair Aurora's freshest dews
Shall keep thy grave-turf green.

* Benjamin Rush, justly styled the American Sydenham.

Yea, there shall thrive continual bloom,
 No stem shall droop or die;
 Detraction shall avoid thy tomb,
 And whispering envy sigh.
 His taste was to improve the age
 By reason's power divine;
 His life was all a pilgrimage
 To her unvarnish'd shrine.
 Tradition's mystic lore he scann'd,
 Anatomiz'd* the mind,
 And, with a master's ruling hand,
 Cast error to the wind.
 Nay, he explor'd the maze of doubt,
 Trac'd science to her throne,
 And where he found her lights were out,
 Supplied lights of his own.

Next RUSH in science and in name,
 See gifted HOSACK† stand;
 Endow'd with England's proffer'd fame,
 The BOERHAAVE of our land.

* See that unrivalled production, "Rush on the Mind."

† Dr. David Hosack, F.R.S. &c. professor of the theory and practice of medicine, in the University of New-York.

O'er reason and conviction still,
He holds imperial sway;
Possessing, with unbounded skill,
The talent to convey.
Clear as the fountain's limpid streams,
That over crystals sweep,
His mind a polish'd mirror seems,
And his research is deep.
Go, view those sweet neglected flowers,*
Like Eden's groves of yore,
E'er ADAM left his fragrant bowers,
To seek some wilder'd shore:
There did the mingling plants† around
A wonderous scene unfold,
For, strange to tell, these lovers found
Return, unsway'd by gold.
And stranger yet, though many a fair
By many a youth was blest,
No noisy scandal rent the air,
No jealousy distress:
Like spotless innocence they smil'd,
This—this was HOSACK'S taste:

* The Elgin Botanic Garden.

† See the "Loves of the Plants."

Now, withering on the sterile wild,
They're trampled and defac'd.
Oh! once he held communion sweet,
And silent through the day,
With forms that hid no deep deceit,
And smil'd not to betray.
To bosoms scath'd by misery's blight,
What solace can be given,
Like flowers that wear the hues of light,
And speak the words of heaven?

Come, lonely muse, the deep-ton'd storm
Is bounding through the sky;
I always seek thy angel form,
When storm or wo is nigh.
And I have found thee in thy cell,
When passing ills deprest me,
From morning's beam till midnight's bell,
Thy smile has sometimes blest me.
For thee I shun the hurried joy,
Where noise and mirth preside;
If there is bliss without alloy,
I've found it by thy side.

Then cherish SMITH'S* declining hour,
Mark his time honour'd hair,
Like snow upon a wasted tower,
Whose roof is thin and bare.
On fair philosophy, erewhile,
He plac'd a firm reliance;
You'll find upon his page her smile,
But health fled with her science.
Ah! 'tis a melancholy truth,
That application's sway
Still preys upon the spoils of youth,
And hastens time's decay.
But he was blest, for in his bower
There bloom'd a lovely maid;
His daughter was a fragrant flower,
But flowers are doom'd to fade.
Her smile shone o'er his aged form,
And half his anguish fled;
When, like the rainbow o'er a storm,
She bent, to bind his head.

* Samuel Stanhope Smith, D.D. LL.D. late president of Princeton College, whose sermons, lectures on moral philosophy, and other writings, evince the Christian and the sage.

'Tis past, no human power could save
From blight, that early blossom;
Ye, who would view the daughter's grave,
Go—seek the father's bosom.
Theology's pure lines he trac'd,
Far o'er contention's wild;
Her mandates found his early taste,
Before he lost his child.
And since, when bow'd with age and grief
Of that sweet flower bereft,
Religion is his sole relief,
His only blessing left.

What chain can fetter rising thought,
Or hold in bonds the mind?
Where are the bands of fancy wrought?
Can genius be confin'd?
Behold yon exile,—is he free?
Can shackles bind his heart?
Can long protracted misery
Enslave thee, BUONAPARTE?
The soul, immeasurably great,
Is to the body join'd;
What voice, within the haunts of fate,
Can cry, “hold, hold” to mind?

As soul to body, and no more,
Is BUONAPARTE held down:
Go, visit stern Iberia's shore,
E'en now she wears his frown;
Then seek the sanguine battle field,
There, still behold his arm,
His sword, see warlike science wield,
Which could himself disarm.
Within the Russian Kremlin drear,
Shriek but his boding name;
You'll see him glitter in the spear,
And redden in the flame.
Then—turn ye to bewailing France,
By ceaseless pangs deprest;
He's there, in every veteran's glance,
In every soldier's breast.
Yea, in the stormy midnight hour,
When Europe's monarchs start,
They feel the arm, and dread the power,
Of exil'd BUONAPARTE.
His taste was bent on havoc rife,
Who can forget the wood,
Where murder soil'd her reeking knife
In brave D'ENGHIEN's blood ?

He sunk, exhausted on the plain,
Like tempest-beaten flowers;
His murderer feels eternal pain,
Through years, and months, and hours.
Remorse, with smoking carnage red,
Still rings D'ENGHIEN'S knell;
Still plucks the pillow from his head,
And points to worse than hell.
Had he, in anger, rais'd his arm
'Gainst a vindictive foe,
And, hurried by her quick alarm,
Like light'ning dealt the blow;
Extenuation might have sought
Some screen to cover blood;
But this infernal deed was wrought
In cool, deliberate mood,
When calm reflection's moonlight shone
Upon the murderer's lair:
Exile—I leave thee there, alone,
Alone—thou'rt always there.

But, let us leave this dreary theme,
And seek some happier shore;

Where genius, wit, and humour gleam,
 Upon the brow of NOAH.*
 Long have I known his talent rare,
 His fascinating power
 To smooth the furrow'd cheek of care,
 And charm the fleeting hour.
 There is a candour in his soul,
 Unknown to art or guile;
 'Tis shackled by no foe's control,
 'Tis barter'd for no smile.
 Proud of his country, of her fame,
 Her government and laws;
 He comes, a champion in her name,
 To *Advocate* her cause;
 Not with a cloak, nor hidden steel,
 Nor yet, with rancorous chalice;
 Too proud to cherish, or to feel,
 E'en 'gainst his foeman malice.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* M. M. Noah, Esq. Author of "Shakspeare Illustrated," and "Noah's Travels."

All things must end, the poet says,
But it excites my sorrow,
To end my solitary lays,
And leave New-York to-morrow.

May she be blest with bright renown,
No jealousy provoke her,
Unrivall'd as a trading town,
Immortal for her CROAKER.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS. C. W——.

THOUGH others pass thy cold, unconscious bier,
Without the tender offering of a tear;
Here will I linger, and, with reverence, bend
O'er the sad dwelling of my youthful friend.
Come, calm reflection, trace me back the hours,
When health, ambrosial, strew'd her path with flowers;
When her dark hair in loosen'd ringlets flow'd,
When on her cheek the rose of Ida glow'd;
When her eyes, beaming with celestial light,
Betray'd no omen of the coming night:
That path, alas! is now o'erspread with yew;
Those flowers no more are bathed in morning dew;
I see thy face—but ah! no smile is there,
And that pale brow—'tis like the brow of care:
Was thy pure spirit to death's arms resign'd?
Could'st thou part calmly with thy noble mind?

For that has fled—alas! 'tis but transferr'd
To those pure realms where angel choirs are heard,
And when the final signal shall be given,
Must be return'd to fit thy frame for heaven.

TO MRS. BARTLEY,

OF THE NEW-YORK THEATRE.*

WHEN hurried anger, with unmeasur'd art,
Spreads, swift as light'ning, to arouse the heart;
When fell revenge, or overwhelming rage,
Sweeps, like a mountain-torrent, o'er the stage,
BARTLEY, unrivall'd, still her claim maintains,
Bears off the crown, and, like an empress, reigns.
Next in expression contemplate her skill,
The power that reasons when the lips are still;
That, quick as thought, or fleeting fancy roves,
And tells the youth if the sly virgin loves.
When FAZIO, summoned by the fatal bell,
Takes, ere his death, an agoniz'd farewell,
No maddening fury rules BIANCA's head,
Her conscious spirit seems forever fled;
No tear appears, no murmur moves her lips,
The stars of mind are veil'd in dark eclipse.

* Formerly Miss Smith, of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

Death stalks abroad—and yet she does not fear;
She comes to listen—but she does not hear;
She comes to follow—but she does not move;
She comes to bless him—but she does not love :
As though all nature's attributes had fled,
Or chang'd their course, she is alive and dead.
Oh ! it is magic all: ascend the throne,
Expression proffers thee, and thee alone :
Oft have I wonder'd at thy skill before,
And thought thee great—but, now, I find thee more.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

I'M sorry that a form so fair
To error's course is driven;
Go—leave this pestilential air,
And be—a form of heaven.

Oh! bow not to this heedless sway, —
But make thine offering pure;
For young repentance is a ray
That angels still endure.

But when pale age shall bend thee down,
No seraph shall caress thee;
Then, ministering angels frown,
And none shall know, or bless thee.

Oh! cease, while yet that form is fair,
Or thou shalt soon be driven
To dwell with anguish and despair,
Dower'd with the curse of heaven.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

DEDICATED TO DR. FRANCIS.

CHILL falls the rain-drop from the darken'd sky,
O'er the dull home a dreary spell is cast;
The passing wind moans like a deep-drawn sigh,
And seems prophetic of the stormy blast.

Where shall I turn to some endearing power?
The heavy gloom seems gathering on my breast;
There every shadowy spectre 'gins to lower;
Where shall I turn for cheerfulness and rest?

Come, Friendship, smoother of the rugged way,
Thou minister of candour and delight;
Thou fairy impulse—thou resplendent ray,
Bid o'er the heath thy heavenly sunbeams play,
And screen the bending flower from mildew and
from blight.

Oh, F——s! when by listless woes distress'd,
I seek thy noble mind—and all is rest.



HASSAN AND ZEOLEDE;

AN

EASTERN TALE.

THIS Tale is dedicated to Professor DAVID HOSACK, as a
Memento of the Author's affection, gratitude, and admi-
ration.

“'Tis little, but 'tis all I have.”

SCOTT.

HASSAN AND ZEOLEDE.

As I journeyed through that beautiful valley in Thesaly, which has been immortalized by the people of antiquity, I resolved to halt, until evening, in one of those fragrant grottos that surrounded me. The flowers were lovely as the blush of beauty, and the distant murmur of fountains was sweet as the voice of truth. Being fatigued, and my senses becoming soothed by the gentle fall of waters, I reclined upon a rock under the boughs of a large palm, where sleep soon overpowered me. I had not slept long before I was awakened by the sound of a human voice, which did not accord with the surrounding gayety of the scene, for it was the voice of sorrow. At some distance from me, and near a small sheet of water, I beheld an old man; his countenance was not in unison with the blooming forest, for it was the countenance of affliction. He was thin and very pale. The sun shone full upon his visage, and discovered traces of no common grief. The sunshine added to the gloom of his brow, as the taper adds more

gloom to the face of death. I resolved to continue hidden, in order to behold him. He drew near to the water, knelt down by its side, and taking a miniature from his bosom, turned it towards the brook; he then looked down himself, exclaiming, "Now are we both together, Hassan and Zeolede. On thy face, oh! Zeolede, sitteth youth, and on thy dimpled cheek the graces hold their court; for thy dimples are like the dimples of the cowslip, and thy teeth are whiter than the snow upon Mount Cithæron;—once more hast thou brought us together, thou limpid stream. Thy tremulous wave gives life to her semblance; her lips move, her eyes beam upon me."

Here he ceased speaking, but still continued gazing on the water; his eyes seemed fixed, his mind entranced; his thoughts appeared to sleep in lethargy. After some time he arose, replaced the miniature in his bosom, and proceeded forward. I followed slowly at a small distance. After walking about a mile, he stopped at a large steep rock, near the top of which a bluebell had climbed; he considered it attentively for a few minutes, and said, "Sweet flower, thou resemblest my fortunes; unlike the world, thou seekest the dwelling of misery, and spreadest thy little blossom to cheer the bosom of distress. How tranquilly dost thou rest on my cave;—

so rested Zeolide upon my bosom. Lovely flower, thou shalt fall to the ground, and all thy beauties be forgotten; like thee, Zeolede was young; like her thou shalt fall." When he ceased speaking, I came forward and said, "Father, I am weary, and the sun has almost found his western cave! allow me, therefore, to tarry this night with thee, for I am a stranger." He took me by the hand, and led me under the rock, which formed a spacious cell. "My fare is humble," said he, "but my desires are more so; that which is mine I offer thee with all my heart, and only regret it is not more worthy thy acceptance." After a frugal repast, the Hermit spread some rushes, pointed to them, and bid God bless me. Sleep soon scattered her poppies over me; sleep, that restoring angel, seeks the lowly couch, crowns the brow of labour with roses, leads peace to the bed of suffering virtue, and gives the captive leave to roam through the blossoming gardens of fancy.

Early in the morning I arose, and taking the Hermit by the hand, begged he would relate the history of his life; adding, "It is not to gratify idle curiosity that this request is made, but to store my mind with useful information, and to hear the accents of wisdom even in the wilderness." He consented, and wiped from his cheek

a tear which philosophy could not arrest, nor religion quite dry up: after which, setting down upon a fragment of the rock, he related the following tale:—

“ My father was Grand Vizier to the Kaliph of Bagdat, and I was consequently brought up in the lap of magnificent profusion; but I took little delight in the bustle of a court, having very early in life become enamoured of solitude. My elder brother, Amgrad, was precisely my reverse in disposition, being pleased with nothing but pomp and pageantry; he was proud, lofty and overbearing. In consequence of my taking little pleasure in pomp and confusion, I was seldom in Bagdat; besides, I had imbibed a love for travelling, and was frequently absent four or five months at a time. In the course of my wandering, I became acquainted with a Christian misanthrope, who inhabited this cave; a learned, melancholy man; and, but for this circumstance, I might still have remained in that state of utter darkness which overshadows the followers of Mahomet. His greatest pleasure was to give me instruction; he placed in my view the beauties of Christianity, and, finally, I became his convert. After this, I returned to Bagdat, and attempted to dispel the mist that surrounded the belief of my father. ‘What,’ said the

Vizier, 'hast thou deserted Alla and Mahomet his prophet? Go, thy youth hath indeed blinded thee; look at these Christians closely, and you will abhor them. They are the worshippers of gold, not the followers of Alla. The poorest Mussulman has more hospitality than their Cadi; more charity than their Imans; more honesty than their Viziers. 'Go,' said he in a rage, 'go from my presence; before to-morrow's sun kindles his flame upon the eastern hills, let me hear of thy penitence; or, by the beard of Omar, I swear, thou shalt linger out the remainder of thy existence at Stamboul, in the dungeon of the seven towers!' 'Oh, my father,' said I, 'judge not of the Christians by the traders thou hast seen at Bagdat; look at the beauty of their belief—their faith.' —'Hold, reptile,' replied the enraged Vizier, 'they have no belief—action is the fruit of belief; he who believes yon fire will burn, does not wantonly thrust his hand into it!' To conclude, I was dowered with his curse, and cast into a loathsome dungeon, where my father implored the prophet to send his angel and lead me back to light. Being a favourite, I soon found means to escape, when I again visited this cave, to behold and bless my more than father. But—I found him dead upon his couch! I loved him; wept for him, and

buried him; after which I travelled to Athens, that magnificent theatre of arts and arms, of which my benefactor had so frequently spoken. Here, after disposing of my jewels, I lived in retirement, till I became enamoured of a lady, who would have borne the palm of beauty from Helen of Argos, or the bright-haired virgins of Circassia. Her ringlets fell almost to the ground, and her eyes like stars beamed with intellectual light. She was almost an angel. But of this no more. Suffice it to remark, that I obtained her hand, and despatched a messenger to the Grand Vizier, giving him an account of my marriage, asking his forgiveness, and blessing. When the slave was admitted to his presence, my father tore his gray hair in agony, called upon Alla for vengeance on my head, and vowed, prostrate in the dust, to shed my blood, as a peace-offering to the prophet of Medina. But the circumstance preyed upon his spirits, and he shortly after died of a broken heart. Upon this, my brother, the proud Amgrad, lost his senses, and became a frantic maniac. He arrayed himself in a robe and a tiara flaming with barbaric gems, seated himself on a magnificent sofa, and ordered my messenger into his presence. After remaining silent for some time, he arose, and delivered himself thus:

‘Yes, I will have vengeance,—it shall be painted in bloody letters on my caftan.—Ha! is it Hassan: does he smile upon his father’s corpse? ’Twas thou who didst tear those gray hairs by the root, to cast them in the dust. Athens! my steel shall glitter in thy streets; thy mothers shudder at my approach, thy towers tremble at my footsteps. Alla! strengthen the arm of thy minister, and direct his dagger aright. Go,’ said he, ‘inform the apostate murderer, that when Amgrad wakes he remembers Hassan—when Amgrad sleeps he dreams of Hassan.’

“ Upon receiving intelligence of these disasters, I was overcome by immoderate grief, and almost lost my senses; but Zeolede ministered to my afflictions like an angel of comfort, and whispered the accents of religious peace to my soul. Soon after this I was blessed with a son. Two years had scarcely elapsed since my father’s death, when news was brought that the unhappy Amgrad had followed him to an early grave. One evening, when the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from the lofty spires of Athens, Zeolede and myself beheld from a portico the awful sublimity of the scene. Suddenly was heard the sound of a guitar near the Acropolis, and soon afterwards a melancholy voice accompanied the instrument with the following lines :

‘ Hail, temple high with moss o’ergrown,
And mouldering spire and pale gray stone,
All hail ! ye suit my pensive breast;
Within your pale I’ll seek for rest;
Once were thy walls with banners drest,
And through thy portals chieftains prest,
And smiles bespoke triumphant glee,
But now—thy walls resemble me.

‘ The weeds that wave upon thy stair,
Are tangled like my raven hair;
Her storm has stain’d thy marble white,
And tears congeal’d have dimm’d my sight.
In youth how gaily pass’d my hours,
I wak’d to wealth, and slept on flowers,
And smiles bespoke triumphant glee,
But now—thy walls resemble me.’

“ The music ceased, and we beheld a man clad in the habit of a pilgrim, who craved admittance for the night. This was readily granted. His robe was torn, his feet bare and wounded, and his face almost hidden by a large hat pulled closely down. Zeolede proffered him a robe and sandals, but he refused them, adding, in a hollow voice, ‘ Affliction seeketh not costly raiments, neither

does she wander upon flowers; nevertheless I revere thy hospitality, and thou shalt be rewarded. Long have I wandered in search of a murderer; he too possesses hospitality. Surely thou art fairer than the Houris in paradise.—Yes, it shall be so.’ He started up in an instant, and, with the quickness of lightning, stabbed Zeolede to the heart; off fell his outward disguise; when my brother of Bagdat stood before me, arrayed in eastern magnificence. Motionless with horror—fixed like a statue I stood. ‘Thou seest, Hassan, that Amgrad remembered thee when awake—when asleep he dreamed of thee. He swore to use his dagger, and called on Alla to direct it aright. Amgrad has not shed one drop of thy blood, but still his dagger has reached thy heart. I am revenged—go thou forth and rule in Bagdat.’ He then raised the dagger and smote his bosom: his diamonds impeded the full progress of the blade, but the wound was mortal. ‘Oh! thou lovely ghost,’ said Amgrad, ‘go—speed thee to paradise; there rule supreme; take thou the crescent from the fairest brow and place it on thine own. Comb down my father’s locks—they are torn out by the roots; carry them to him; tell him relent Amgrad sent thee—go, be his daughter now. Oh, Alla! pour out thy cold dews upon my brow, and place thy hand upon my beating heart.’—He died. I had forgotten to say, that when Zeolede fell,

four men entered in masks, two of whom disappeared with our child, while the other two held me. Allow me to throw a veil over what followed; and let those who love, ponder on my sufferings by imagining themselves in my situation. Premature age spread his snow upon my head, and the hand of affliction left channels upon my brow. After making many fruitless inquiries for my child, and searching in vain for the place of his concealment, I once more sought this friendly cell. Here have I continued for twenty years. When the flowers bloom they remind me of Zeolede; when they drop their blossoms, I mourn her loss; when again they bud in the spring season, I look forward to a meeting that may take place in heaven. But my son must be left behind; he shall not smooth his father's rushes, close his father's eyes, receive his father's blessing. He shall not be folded to this desolate heart, nor shall I again behold the cross impressed upon his bosom." At these words, I started and exclaimed, 'Oh heavens! my father, here, here is that mark.' I bared my bosom. His eyes were glazed—he fell. He took from his breast the miniature—his eyes sparkled again: "'Tis your mother's—it leaves me—we part—hold it fast, thou long lost stranger. I will tell Zeolede in heaven" ***** he ceased. The autumnal leaf falls silently to the ground; the last breeze on the mountain's bosom is

scarcely heard, and the dew-drop falls almost noiseless from the flower: in a whisper soft as these, he said, "I will tell her that her son is"—*** he expired, and silence threw her pall over the unfortunate Hassan forever.

"Thus, must the wounded deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep,
So goes *this* world away."

THE END.

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