





Class PS 991

Book .A1W3







A WALK ABOUT VICKSBURGH,

"

AND

Other Poems.

~~~~~  
BY A GENTLEMAN OF NATURE.

~~~~~  
— "For honest men  
Are the gentlemen of Nature."

~~~~~  
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## TO THE READER.



THE following Poems, with a few exceptions, were composed early this spring, to divert my mind from the low associations of Southern life; and to banish that insupportable prurience of an unsophisticated heart—caused by the absence of female society. Having burned a volume a few years since, I tried to recall them, but in vain, with the exception of a few pieces. I commenced a Poem on “Sensibility,” and after writing some sixty stanzas felt more sensitive and melancholy than ever. I decided on taking A Walk about Vicksburgh;—to smile, frown, or laugh at the follies, peccancies, or peculiarities of this truly unique and extraordinary place! I had no intention of being satirical, but humorous; and having “suffered some,” and felt more, my humor changed to satire, and occasionally to ridicule. Believing to hold up certain pretenders, and hypocrites to merited contempt,—to portray the inconsistencies of certain professing Christians,—the meanness and wickedness of some gentlemen of honor,—the frivolity, emptiness, and pride of a portion of the ladies; would be an amusing and profitable task, thinking I could do so without offence to the virtuous class. To be brief in the text, I have dwelt principally on the dark side. And as my perception is keen, my feelings sensitive, and coming from a portion of our common country, which is twenty years in advance of the *far* south, in morals and prosperity—I may seem high colored. But those who *know* me, know that malice or revenge does not dwell in my bosom. And if in a few instances, I say “Thou art the man?”—it is to hold up the action to censure. For save *one* exception, I have been treated by men with respect. This Poem was composed in a few days, while at work; and was not then intended for publication, save some fifty stanzas. But learning a volume of poems, from an *obscure* individual, would not pay the expense of publishing, and having committed myself to a friend South, that I would publish something, and

rusticating for health; I give this small volume to the public, "with all their imperfections on their head." I will be considered ungallant, if not indecorous? But truth is sometimes the greatest libel. A distinguished preacher was looked upon as a monster, for telling a "lady" she was on the road to hell. And although the idea is entertained south, that a lady like the king, cannot err: I have thought different, and expressed myself accordingly. The opinions, customs, and fashions, that are prevalent in many cities, are very arbitrary, — I merely express my dissent. If I am harsh, it is more in appearance than in intent. If the "galled jade should wince," it will not be by the severity, but *truth* of my strictures! And although the idea of a "working man" assailing the cherished customs of the "chivalry" may be an unpardonable offence, — I shall think myself a man for "a' that." And I admit that my ideas of Ladies, are the antipodes of theirs. And have the foolish notion that man is *quite* as exalted a being as woman! I despise cant, and affectation, and mock-modesty, even in poetry; and if any muse is simple and severe, she is also ingenuous: — and claims the right to be heard, in a land where no mercenary dedication to a titled nabob, or "hereditary peer of the realms" is necessary to install you in the affections of your countrymen, — but where genius shall shine brighter from its former obscurity; and your fame will be commensurate with mental and moral qualities; the splendor of your genius; the omnipotence of virtue; the "aristocracy of thought; and the monarchy of Mind!" Yet I make small pretensions to wit, or genius. But knowing there are a few retiring and sensitive beings, who would prefer the simple and heartfelt strains of a child of nature, to the more learned and pedantic muse of the scholar; I add a few short pieces, the product of "hours of bliss." And if there is *one* stanza that will be treasured in *one* warm heart, and repeated in her cherub lips with rapture, it will be the source to me of more joy, than, poor as I am, to possess the wealth of Astor. Call this enthusiasm — ye who think gold is the source of all pleasure? I had intended to have added copious notes, but finding I would be voluminous, I stopped short. Of criticism, I am entirely indifferent, and care not for malice — having "counted the cost" of giving this longest Poem publicity.

EDWIN A.



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A WALK ABOUT VICKSBURGH.



## PREFACE TO "A WALK ABOUT VICKSBURGH."



THIS Poem was written for my own amusement, and a few copies are published solely for the amusement of my fellow mechanics south. And not feeling poetical while revising it—as a composition it may be beneath criticism. The wit, humor, or satire, has only a local reference, and will not be seen save by a resident. And though I have lopp'd off some stanzas, it will be tame, dull and uninteresting, save to a few. My motives will be impugn'd, and character belied, by those who are offended at the freedom of my censures. But those who are like myself,—“Lookers on in Verona;” will see neither exaggeration nor falsehood in these lines. And though there are many excellent persons in Vicksburgh, those characteristics, and inconsistencies, which strike a stranger, are such as I have described them. The “amazonian dame,” is a slight exaggeration; and the “full sized doll,” was from a friend's observation. If I have spoken lightly of Southern Methodists, it is from a knowledge of their conduct:—and a more miserable set of pretenders, and hypocrites, than a large portion of them are—never disgraced the Christian Church! Yet there is a few even in “Sodom,” who have not “defiled their garments.” But who constituted you a judge? some will ask. I answer, by their actions you shall know them!—By their loud professions coupled with the inefficiency of their piety,—by their treatment of their slaves,—by the utter contempt in which they are held by worldly men; and the disgrace they bring on religion. Of the Catholics, they have always been a curiosity to me—and if I laugh at their superstitions, it is from the fact, that no other weapon but ridicule can reach them! Being a novice in writing,—acquainted with no *one*, of whom I could ask a single question; I have doubtless made many mistakes. If I should publish another small edition, I shall substitute some stanzas on “Sensibility” for this Poem, which was only intended to be ephemeral.





## A WALK ABOUT VICKSBURGH.

---

“Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

### I.

I LEAVE thee now, — a long and last adieu !  
Enthroned 'mongst hills, in all thy stately pride ;  
For I have been with thee, a year or two,  
And can upon thy pleasantness decide ;  
The flowers of love, or pleasure that do strew  
Thy barren soil, are scattered far and wide :  
But ere I go, I'll take a walk around  
Upon thy far famed — if not classic ground.

### II.

I'll take what we may call a retrospection,  
Or, as some Frenchmen say — “one grand review;”  
For we may have for some things an affection,  
And wish our old acquaintance to renew ;  
Or we may be inclined to the rejection  
Of old things, and seek for something rare and new.  
Like a bad portrait it may our senses strike,  
Because our beau ideal — 'tis so unlike !

## III.

A novel view, I think, for Catherwood,  
 Since his Jerusalem painting has been lost ;  
 The panoramic scene is doubtless good ;  
 I do not think it very much would cost,  
 E'en if get burned the wondrous painting should ;  
 A fine Pictorial it would make for Frost !\*  
 This is the city of the hundred hills,  
 Whose *reality* — not romance, my head fills.

## IV.

And where for to begin, and where to end  
 I do not know, I've hit upon no plan ;  
 For good and ill in strange admixture blend,  
 And I'm a thoughtful, desultory man ;  
 An hour or two in travelling I may spend  
 On this rectangled parallelogram ; —  
 And as description is the muses' forte,  
 W'll introduce her ladyship to court !

## V.

Here pause a moment — let us take a look  
 Around, see what is, or what may be, the fashion ;  
 View this old codger pouring o'er the book,  
 Looks like a brother of great Andrew Jackson !  
 He is the Judge, not quite a John Horne Tooke,  
 Though his decisions are not often clashing.  
 And this bluff face he seems to be a lion,  
 He is a son, I think, of — “Madame Guion.”

---

\* The author of the Pictorial History of the United States.

## VI.

Him with the specks, thoughtful, sedate, and pale,  
Oh that's Chilton, quite a clever fellow ;  
The next is Tompkins — loves to tell a tale,  
When fashionable drinking makes him mellow ;  
The next is Hurst, so ruddy, and so hale,  
But hear him — mercy, how he tries to bellow !  
And this huge man some six feet and a trifle,  
He tried to shoot some *robbins* with a rifle.

## VII.

And who is this so studious in the van,  
A pouring o'er some old and musty deeds ?  
Who always *acts*, and looks, the gentleman,  
Without the usual strut and swell, — 'tis Smedes ;  
He has a very lovely wife, and can  
Gain attention, for he is one that reads.  
He's getting new ideas, I am thinking,  
While many others spend their time in drinking.

## VIII.

There sits his partner, though not very handsome !  
And like big men sometimes, not very big  
In size, — I've ta'en him oft to be a grandson,  
Whom the old man had will'd his last red wig !  
'Twas but the other day I saw him land some  
Girls from the boat, — with whom he danced the jig.  
The Lawyers here do drive quite a *fair* trade—  
Lawyers' and Doctors' fortunes soon are made.

## IX.

The law is here a most genteel profession ;  
 A suit of broadcloth and a pair of specks  
 Makes, on soft heads and hearts, a strong impression,  
 For they do always manage the effects  
 Of widows ; which since their lord's sad secession  
 By death, has been exposed to great neglects :  
 He becomes, by law, bone of her dear bone,  
 But is, like " Albert," one behind the throne.

## X

The Doctors are of course from " Old Virginy !"  
 And they do very rare, or " never tire,"  
 Of getting at the heart of some dulcinea,  
 Whose *anatomy* they doubtless much admire,  
 If she is sickly, and the boys from Guinea  
 Don't belong entirely to her sire ! —  
 Perchance a rival waxes rather hot —  
 Then the lucky man is always the best shot !

## XI.

This little fellow with the squirrel eye,  
 Who looks so wild, you'd think him disconcerted,  
 As if his searching glance were destiny,  
 And law, and evidence, had been perverted !  
 Reading his briefs in Church *we* did him spy,—  
 Doubtless for fear that he would be converted !  
 He is, or rather was, district Attorney ;  
 A countryman, *perhaps*, of J. G. Birney.

## XII.

And this old colt, who is so full of feeling, —  
 He says there is no other place like Erin  
 For honesty, his client has been cotton stealing ;  
 And now he does get his final hearing,  
 Which is the fact unto them all revealing,  
 That he must unto limbo soon be steering :  
 How piteously he whines for a new trial ?  
 The Judge denies him, and his blarney spoils all.

## XIII.

And who is this, his hair is turning grey ?  
 Oh, why, a *Christian*, — formerly a Squire !  
 He thinks full often of the law's delay —  
 Especially in paying for horse hire.  
 This bushy head, — Oh that is Mr. Ray,  
 A man whose charges I don't much admire !  
 There's two or three a cutting at the table,  
 To tell their names I surely am not able.

## XIV.

But here's a man of genius who did fill,  
 I won't say he deserv'd — a lofty station ;  
 He's very fond of breaking of a Will,  
 To keep the sons of Afric in this nation ;  
 And in the judgment day I think he will  
 Be fill'd with overwhelming consternation.  
 Some say in speaking he does it up quite crisp ;  
 I think he'd go it better without the *lisp* !

## XV.

Vicksburg is not what it's cracked up to be,  
 He sometimes thinks, when he gets in a pet ;  
 That there's too little aristocracy —  
 The kind perhaps that go it on the "sweat !"  
 He says, that there are only two or three  
 Gentlemen, that he has met with yet.  
 A friend of mine these wondrous sayings heard  
 Supposing he meant himself, and *me*, and Pinchard !

## XVI.

And there's a genius fresh from out a bog !  
 So busy cutting, I almost forgot ;  
 The juice he squirts would salivate a hog, —  
 A science fighter, though some say he's not.  
 I saw him whip two men about a dog,  
 And both John Bulls, but then he wax'd quite hot.  
 He is here an indispensable reckoned,  
 In most duels — either first, or second.

## XVII.

The wind is fresh, we'll take another tack,  
 Ho — the great dramatist, a cobbling laws !  
 Poor fellow, he looks hypocondriac —  
 I judge him like a farrier, by his jaws !  
 "Seems rather wolfish," — hope he wont attack  
 A gentleman, without an honest *cause*.  
 He's been to Ithaca and ta'en a wife,  
 With uxorious interest, for his life.

## XVIII.

But see behind the church, close to the fence, —  
 Is this small house intended for the preacher ?  
 Let's take a squint — gods, what a countenance !  
 He wears the specks, he surely is the teacher ; —  
 No girl would parse him in the present tense !  
 Yet he without the golden bait might reach her :  
 For 'tis in love, like ev'ry other trade,  
 With *luck*, and *impudence*; your fortune's made.

## XIX.

This stuff of courting — nonsense, by the by ;  
 Trying for days and nights to make a breach  
 In some hard heart ; to catch the coquet eye  
 That smiles on all alike within her reach,  
 I ne'er could understand, I knew not why,  
 For I could never in my life beseech  
 For favors, — and if I'm married e'er to be,  
 Some kindred heart must fall in love with *me* !

## XX.

For this is leap year, I may have a chance —  
 I've seen one buxom widow at me gazing !  
 For fear of failure, I shall not advance,  
 Although my temperament may seem amazing ;  
 Though modesty I know will not enhance  
 My merit, — especially in a *laisson* :  
 Still I am fondest of my beau ideal, —  
 Imagination makes it often real !



## XXI.

I've been where there was much of female grace,  
 And always found that they would have their way ;  
 Some fellow, with a bull-dog head and face,  
 Has led the prettiest envied one astray ;  
 The modest handsome gentleman gives place  
 Unto the bold, who " smile for to betray ;"  
 But to sum up this stanza, and be terse,  
 In Vicksburgh things are *nearly* the reverse !

## XXII.

Here comes a female, I think needs assistance, \*  
 A Chinese waddle—shuffle—somewhat smirk—  
 Her sense 's acute, she 's smelled us at a distance ;  
 She turns her side upon us, a la Turk !  
 A believer in the creed of non-resistance—  
 Or takes us for the vulgar things vot vork !  
 You have no wife, like me, to hold the purse,  
 You pay your debts, perhaps not worth a curse.

## XXIII.

But it may be she's only in a trance,  
 Or takes me by my whiskers for a bear,  
 Or head is giddy from the last night's dance,  
 Or vexed may be by some mischievous fair ;

---

\* The *southern* fashion of some simpletons placing a parasol before their faces, when they see a man before them, *straining* their eyes from or of turning their side to him, as they pass him, struck me as a touch of the sublime. On turning a corner upon them, the ridiculous manœuvre is insulting. A man is doubtless a very vulgar animal to a lady, (I mean when he is not in a ball room.) Besides, it indicates modesty! Some Caspar Hauser, who had never seen a female, might mistake them for Houries.



Afraid, perhaps, of vulgar insolence,  
 Of those who at a lady turn and stare;  
 Or she may think we're anxious for a hug,  
 And take *me* for that nondescript, John Bug!

## XXIV.

Appropos of this lion,—by the way  
 John is said to be a perfect gentleman ;  
 He makes, 'tis true, a *masculine* display  
 About the mouth ! but then the fellow can  
 Treat you decently, by night or day ;  
 And ladies very seldom from him ran !  
 John's independence does a stranger strike,  
 He's the only *big bug* here that I much like.

## XXV.

John takes the *lead* in singing often times,  
 He goes ahead as rough as a bassoon ;  
 He likes the preacher to give out the lines,  
 It gives him time, he thinks, to *change* the tune,  
 Which sacred music unto him refines ;—  
 But John's been struck with love, or by the moon.  
 And my good soul, don't go to Arkansas,  
 Or, like Matthias, they will clean your jaw !

## XXVI.

What means those *asses*, mules, is it a fray ?  
 Some with a gun, a jug, or fishing line ;  
 Why, don't you know ? it is the Sabbath day ;  
 To break the Sabbath here is thought no crime,

E'en when with dogs they hunt a runaway ;  
 And pious ladies go abroad to dine.  
 The Methodists I found the greatest sinners—  
 They care less for their Bibles than their dinners.\*

## XXVII.

See, see, the toupees, jewelry, and lace, —  
 This is the Vicksburgh Methodist Society !  
 It is, I'm sure, a democratic place,  
 And there's, somehow, a great variety  
 Of *spitters*, scarce an intellectual face :  
 I've no barometer to guage the piety.  
 There's one *high* in the church, I think a sample—  
 Few copy by his head or his example.

## XXVIII.

'Twas here Judge Taylor gave such a surging†  
 To " Holy Mother " on purgatory ;  
 As I suppose to her as good a purging  
 As a double dose of fish-hooks well could be ;

---

\* Having been frequently amongst the Methodist brethren, I can vouch that their *Sunday* dinners are very fine. If they have a parson to dine with them, the hubbub among the " niggers " is quite *agreeable* to one who loves peace and quietness on the Sabbath. Not being over fond of communing with heaven, they make amends by stuffing their bellies.

† You will often hear the question asked here,—will Judge so-and-so preach to-day ? As they are men of disciplined minds they have a large auditory. And whether they think it beneath their dignity to consecrate themselves wholly to the ministry or not, I cannot say ; or whether they wish to reap laurels from both professions. For men having plantations and large incomes, it savors little of the apostolic spirit. And as Dr. Winans stated in New York, many of the *best* (heaven help the worst !) of their preachers could not read, I should think a few learned men would be an accession. Thus you will hear it said, Judge —— tried a cause,

But some thought him from the point diverging,  
 So he quoted from their authors two or three,  
 And lighted up their heads with such effulgence,  
 That the old woman cried for some *indulgence*.

## XXIX.

I visited these folks, in conference time,—  
 I mind it well, though it is long since past ;  
 The preacher had a most uncommon whine,  
 And sometimes in his preaching did stick fast,  
 When he would come grandiloquence sublime,  
 But in an hour the Rubicon he passed !  
 He went it hot on his peroration,  
 The soul's post-mortem examination.

## XXX.

When in the pulpit he announced his text,  
 He squinted round with a peculiar frown ;  
 It made me think—good heavens ! what's coming next !  
 Then he commenced to rant worse than a clown,  
 At least with repetition me he vexed :  
 His dress, I think, was either blue or brown ;  
 I was relieved when he at last sat down :  
 The conference ought to vote this bore a *gown*.

---

married a couple, and preached a sermon the same day,—in the same gilt-buttoned coat, of course. But I need not say their influence in the ministry, however pure their motives, is extremely limited. How different many of the brightest lights of the church, who left a lucrative legal profession,—the late Dr. Jennings of Nashville, — Blair Linn, and Dr. J. P. Wilson of Philadelphia, and a host now living.

## XXXI.

They have religion here in noisy form ;  
 In *numbers* they, as usual, are quite strong,—  
 At the camp-meetings they are in a storm—\*  
 It shows to what communion they belong—  
 In the class meeting they get rather warm—  
 But 'tis soon over, like a lady's song.  
 There's many do not have family prayers,  
 They are what Wesley would pronounce the tares.

## XXXII.

These Christians have, it seems, a discipline,  
 Which says—they shall not dare to buy or sell  
 Their brother, for it is a grievous sin ;  
 How they get over this, I cannot tell :  
 It says, they shall not marry near of kin,†  
 Or infidels—'gainst this they do rebel :  
 For some, I know, would wed a Puseyite,  
 If he had the bait—and would let them bite !

---

\* It is generally rainy weather during a camp meeting. As most of the bloods and sporting gentlemen have horses, the attendance is very large. Some get *converted* regularly every season ; but the strong desire to shoot a runaway, see a horse-race, go to a ball, or " feed the tiger," soon plunges them in the " slough" of rascality. I was listening to a fervid and eloquent exhorter in Memphis, (Tenn.) and asked a preacher who he was,—He said he was a *powerful* man ; he had backslidden three times, but he thought he would " hold out" this time. They will have things better when they get a few more slave-holding bishops !

† I offended some of the brethren by telling them, that Dr. Adam Clark, speaking of Christians marrying " sinners," quotes the following verse : " Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity against God ?" And yet many here will jump at a man, however immoral, if he has the negroes. And the minister scarce asks the question of those who present themselves as candidates for matrimony. Burn your discipline, I beseech of you.

## XXXIII.

It says they must not have deceitful curls, --  
 And, to be even, they do curl the true  
 Hair, which is a venial act for girls,  
 Who read the Lady's Book, and nothing do ;  
 And they must wear no ornaments or pearls ;  
 Like plug tobacco some their hair do screw :  
 But I presume they make a reservation  
 To break the rules, when they've the inclination.

## XXXIV.

And here's a *member*, with a hang-dog look,\*  
 You'd think he robbed a butcher of his meat ;  
 He's conning o'er *his* Bible, the hymn book ;  
 Familiar there, his knowledge is complete :  
 The preacher oft him for a *sinner* took,  
 His carcass slanterndicular on the seat :  
 He is a Washingtonian, true grit,  
 An ignoramus and a hypocrite.

## XXXV.

Like a conceited coxcomb, he is prim ;  
 He deems all those, save Wesleyans, a faction ;  
 Their hair is very seldom cut so trim,  
 They have no *froth* for him, and too much action ;

---

\* This is a *character* I meet frequently in church and class meetings. Their utter "abandon" of common sense, modesty, and gumption, makes it difficult how to classify them. To me their squinting, staring, and grinning indicates the ass ; and their looks insult me. They have the *fundament*-al organ largely developed.

See, how he stares as females enter in !

But I can't see the point of his attraction :  
They veil from *vulgar*' gaze their facial muscle ;  
He doubtless is attracted by the *bustle*.

### XXXVI.

The ladies here, I think, do have the sway,\*  
For the majority, you know, must rule ;  
In meetings they do very seldom pray,  
And when they do, they manage to keep cool ;  
Or when they chance to go to the next play,  
They might be classed with some poor simple fool.  
If Wesley could rise here, he'd make a muss,  
And die exclaiming, " the devil is with us ! "

### XXXVII.

And pray, what is this building here below,  
Grated and barred, much like a nunnery ?  
I see a *black nun* looking out the window !  
This is the place for evil company,

---

\* It is worthy of note, the comparatively large number of females who are members of the Church south. Few single men join, except their intention *is*, to get acquainted with the sisters. Out of the church you are looked upon as a loafer. How many "dairyman's daughters" belong to the society, I cannot tell. But the notions of some of the tee-total ladies, that a *little* wine or egg-nog, on new years', is no harm, is funny. It is fashionable to be a member of the church here, and few duties are exacted of members. To say grace and go to camp meeting comprises the religion, I should judge, of the largest number ; and I affirm that the accounts of conversions in many places south, published in the S. W. C. Advocate, are empty exaggerations. I would be thought an arrant liar, if I stated facts as I knew them to be in Memphis, Tenn. But do not many deplore this state of things ? Are there no Elijah Steeles left ? Yes ; but as it is respectable to do nothing, and puritanic to take an interest in the spiritual welfare of their servants, their piety burns low, and, for want of exercise, becomes extinct.



Where petit larceners and loafers go:

The duelist and cut-throat go scot free ;  
Murderers here are never kept in jail,  
If they can find some "straw," or other bail.

## XXXVIII.

And if a darkey chance to run away,  
With his own legs and body, they keep him here,  
As a kind of lunatic, gone astray,  
Till some one, called an owner, does appear ;  
And then he's very often made to pay  
The forfeit, with a burned breast, or cropped ear ;  
'Twas here they kept the infamous *Wild Bill*, —  
This fellow nearly ate them out of swill !

## XXXIX.

'Tis wondrous with what boldness, and how free  
From care consummate rogues do shove along ;  
With a kind of obsolete dignity,  
Sans every thing but *reputation* gone !  
Great bloods for mirth, and fight, and revelry ;  
And when their necks want stretching, they are on  
Their way to Texas, that land of gentility,  
Where diamond cuts diamond with civility !

## XL.

See this large house, the garden trim and slick ;  
Pray who lives here ? But knock, or ask the porter ;  
This is the place, I think, of ——— Vick —  
No, no ; of him who wed his pretty daughter ;

He *thought* he touched the Baptists to the quick,  
 By proving that they used too much cold water ;  
 He was, some years ago, a good mechanic,\*  
 Which puts one old maid often in a panic !

## XLI.

Perhaps I may ere long propose for her, —  
 I'm of the natural aristocracy ;  
 And noble blood, would certainly prefer  
 A scion of the true nobility ! —  
 To which pretensions should she once demur,  
 I'll go it solely on gentility,  
 With the exception in the marriage writ —  
 That I can't be an empty hypocrite !

## XLII.

“ Frailty, thy name is woman ! ” — one hath said  
 Who human nature read, plain as a book ;  
 He hit the nail I think upon the head,  
 Presuming he a walk round Avon took :  
 And then we know that he was married ; —  
 His Mary's frock — the pretty *dear* to *hook* :  
 Angels ! that God in mercy banish'd here,  
 But tainted by earth's vicious atmosphere.

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\* A man who has been a *good* mechanic may make a good preacher ; but one who has not skill enough to fashion the “ material ” would make sad work to mould for good the “ immaterial.” I boarded with one of this kind in Memphis, Tenn. He said he had experienced Christian perfection twenty years. One evening in the *act* of rising from prayer, he said fiercely, (having heard the dog bark while praying,) “ I must have my gun loaded ; I bet I'll pepper some of them niggers who are strolling around here.” I concluded he might take my hat.



## XLIII.

He is, 'tis true, a man of sterling merit,  
 Fine roman nose, a forehead high, and bold,  
 Hair a la Maffit — conceited, full of spirit ;  
 But what is worth or character to gold,  
 Which if you from a horse thief should inherit,  
 You'll be in every Album here enroll'd !  
 But worth and merit often live to be  
*Above* a mushroom aristocracy.

## XLIV.

And, pray, what house is this down here below ?  
 The garden is quite pretty, trim, and tasty ;  
 That is Chapman's, — what, him that tries to crow ?  
 Or he who brother Mina kill'd so hasty ?  
 The man who makes the razor strop I trow,  
 Which makes you shave as slick as eating pastry ?  
 You seem to know too much, pray do keep cool,  
 Chapman — the man that keeps the female school.

## XLV.

Oh yes ! and here's another at the Phoenix,  
 A monster, for to rise from out its ashes ;  
 'Twas this which put ——— in such a fix,  
 And broke this child of mammon all to smashes.  
 Look at the window, see that little vix-  
 en the school-mistress — what eye-lashes !  
 I'd like to be her bright “ particular star ” —  
 But seem to think I would prefer Miss Car !

## XLVI.

One Sabbath here I with a friend did roam,  
 We met four beauties, all were dress'd in white,  
 Not meet, for to surround the upper throne, —  
 The “Lamb” does there the “pure in heart” invite!  
 One bawled, or bellow'd, in a harlot tone  
 Between a sucking calf and screeching kite ; —  
 “What’s the matter girls, don’t be afraid of them,  
 They’re only a simple pair of Irishmen.”\*

## XLVII.

But here the petticoats usurp control,  
 And manly modesty of course is dumb ;  
 For when these pure *Sapphiras* go the whole  
 Hog principle in ethicks — we succumb ;

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\* I made enquiry about this virago, and learnt that she was a *decent* girl, probably a boarding school miss, who had been stuff'd with the idea that a man was an inferior animal—(especially if not made by the tailor;) and the prerogative of her sex to insult with impunity must not be questioned. The expression of her countenance, and tones of her voice, were extremely insulting. A short time afterwards, coming from work in the evening with a large butterfly in my hand, when passing a sweet dark complexioned creature—I can see her bright eye now!—a tall cadaverous ugly wench by her side, while the former smiled, the latter hemm'd and scraped her skeleton throat—with the *intention* of insulting. These are small matters to some, but to the sensitive and discerning they portray a character truly despicable. The female who makes the prerogative of her sex—(exempt from chastisement,) an excuse for gratuitous insult; is scarce fit for a brothel. If young women knew the sentient hearts that beat under a rough exterior, and how cheering a pleasant countenance and modest deportment was to those whose station in society may be below theirs; they would not sacrifice even their good wishes for the indulgence of a petty spleen, or the *gratification* (which is peculiar to slavery,) of inflicting pain. For many a modest young man, who has been insulted by an empty headed Miss for his poverty, has lived to see *his* daughters dignified with virtue, while *her* progeny has become a nuisance on the earth.

You'll lose your body, if not lose your soul,  
 By a stray bullet from some gallant's gun ;  
 For you're a stranger, shocking — but a male !  
 And he'll believe the tender *virgin's* tale.

## XLVIII.

I've known some splendid specimens of yore,  
 And always seen that they reap'd their deserts, —  
 Cuckold their husbands or else turned w——,  
 Live on the fullness of their rotten hearts ;  
 If they don't chance to turn to dust before  
 They long have practised their hellish arts ;  
 And when they wed, their temper's at the worst,  
 Their children rise henceforth — and call them cursed.

## XLIX.

But why be disconcerted by a goose,  
 Whose noisy babblings frequently assail thee ?  
 They have no fear, you will their *front teeth* loose,  
 E'en though with billingsgate the furies hail thee ;  
 Nor would you wish them drowned in a sluice —  
 Though you might skin them were they not too *scaly!*  
 The softer sex, how *hard* that cheek can be,  
 That loses woman's charms — sweet modesty.

## L.

Some females are most brutal and ingrate,  
 Towards those whose ev'ry action deem them kind ;  
 And who to pain a slave would hesitate —  
 And who to wed their equals have declined —

Retiring virtues *impudence* does hate ;  
 The god of fashion does these hecates blind :  
 They jeer at modest merit, manly worth,  
 Then wed the meanest vagabond on earth !

## LI.

See here ! — is this a Jewish synagogue ?  
 I have no doubt they'll let a stranger in ;  
 Or we, perchance, can get in here incog,  
 Unled — unfettered — unrestrained by *Gwin*, —  
 He'll tell his hearers something for to jog  
 Their memories — when he does begin,  
 But list the music ! these are very brisk airs ;  
 The man in the robes — I don't like his whiskers !

## LII.

A lady's man, — and he's been getting spliced  
 Unto a damsel — pious, proud, and wealthy,  
 Though gold I do not think his heart entic'd ;  
 Perhaps he feels that preaching is unhealthy,  
 As once a week has barely some sufficed —  
 And then his visits where not short or stealthy :  
 At temperance meetings he is never seen,  
 Or Bible anniversaries, — 'twas too plebeian !

## LIII.

There is a sprinkling of the upper classes,  
 The ladies dress'd, as for Dick Johnson's ball !  
 But there is one, who all the rest surpasses ;  
 In person graceful, dignified, and tall —

It may be "Alice," here there are no "masses,"  
 They read the prayers, not praying, one and all.  
 This is the "true Church," I very much suspect  
 'Tis Bishop Otey's — but not God's elect !

## LIV.

They had a *fair*, and 'twas a sin to Moses  
 To see the notions, if not pretty faces ;  
 A half eagle bought a bunch of posies,  
 And *ten* a very pretty pair of braces —  
 Which the great wealth of "Oliver" discloses ! —  
 He'll wear this "roland" doubtless at the races.  
 In fairs, it seems there's many things *unfair* ;  
 I cannot say, I was but seldom there.

## LV.

Friend Lawrence here his calling does pursue,  
 To hammer Greek and Latin in the head ;  
 Although he looks at *green* uncommon *blue*,\*  
 He is a gentleman, I think well *read* ;  
 Whether or not he likes his timid crew,  
 He'll ne'er "give up the ship," till he is dead :  
 I took him for a Scotchman by his pate —  
 But he affirms he is from New York state.

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\* That an aged and respectable Divine should be cowhided, for the *audacity* of turning a young lady out of school for misconduct, is not remarkable in a city where a *petticoat* "has the splendor of a coronation garment." And if the jury award him damages I shall think it more remarkable !

## LVI.

About these parts there is a poetess,  
 Whose verses, have a most melodious chime,  
 And who she is I surely cannot guess,  
 Although her stanzas were preferr'd to mine —  
 Still that has never caus'd me much distress,  
 For there is one who can us both outshine —  
 You've doubtless read, it thrill'd me through and through  
 That peerless gem, — call'd the last "interview."

## LVII.

The moral's very curious to be sure,  
 It is the praise of rank hypocrisy, —  
 To kill yourself another for to cure,  
 Whose love perchance may also fickle be ; —  
 But woman's love some say is always pure,  
 Until a *wealthier* rival she does see !  
 But to turn critic is not my intent —  
 I waive the moral for the sentiment.

## LVIII.

'Tis what I call "exceeding beautiful !"  
 'Twould look so pretty in the best review ;  
 Although it does not seem to give in full  
 The reason, why she did that course pursue ;  
 For women oft are stubborn as a bull, —  
 And when they will — *will* force a passage through.  
 Led on by impulse, fancy, or desire,  
 In loves intrigues, they very seldom tire !



## LIX.

And she, quite probable, don't write for hire ;  
 Her poetry is not a " compilation,"  
 That general readers never can admire,  
 Or some Professor's wonderful translation,  
 To show that perseverance does not tire ;  
 She gives it fresh her own warm heart's creation ; —  
 Like Pollock, scouting Painim's base mythology,  
 For love, and holy Virtue's etymology.

## LX.

Sing on, sweet nymph — thou strik'st a magic lyre !  
 For the sweet " bird of Paradise " \* has flown :  
 Pow'r, beauty, genius, brilliancy and fire,  
 And melancholy sweetness is thy own, —  
 Thy muse will many a tender thought inspire,  
 In hearts that have not all been turn'd to stone.  
 For, dear madam, I would kiss your *big toe*, †  
 Before the lips of beauties here below ! " ‡

## LXI.

We'll go to Hacks, — perhaps he'll not complain,  
 If one should call just as a visiter ;  
 For we may get a job to measure rain ;  
 Or take observations since he's lost his sister ; §

---

\* Mrs. Hermans. † As I am a *catholic* admirer. ‡ Below—down the river.

§ This horticulturist, who published barometrical observations, the quantity of rain which fell, &c,—suddenly stopped his learned diary, during the fall and winter rains. His sister, who understood these things, having died, some wags attributed the " observations " to her pen. But as the rains were tremendous, it was probably found impossible to measure them.

Or he might pettishly seize up his cane,  
 And raise upon my tangled moss a blister !  
 For since the rain, his Oracle's not spoken  
 The quantity — I think his gauge has broken.

## LXII.

Here, see the rail-road ! but it does not please  
 The denizens, it takes the trade to Jackson,  
 When Graves the treasurer stuck that breeze,  
 This likely is the road he made his tracks on :  
 It's managed by three assignees,  
 Who, it does seem, most always have their hats on ;  
 Eight thousand dollars *only* for each one,  
 I'd do it *all* — for merely half that sum.

## LXIII.

This old baronial white wash'd castle,  
 (Or should be old,) — 'tis worthy of a lecture  
 From Roscoe ; to my notion it is past all  
 Order, and ideas of architecture ;  
 But as we are on the top of the last hill,  
 We will not bother much about the texture  
 Of things within, nor will we stay to grieve  
 For the "days," — or picture of "Adam and Eve."\*

## LXIV.

Here lives Tom R——s; Tom is quite a genius,  
 At least since the great rail-road bank did break ;  
 There's a resemblance, I do think, between us,  
 Especially in whiskers, — but that don't make

---

\* A copy of Dubufe's great painting.



That crime of thine, great duelist, less heinous,  
 Trying to make a widow of Mrs. Lake.  
 Tom, my dear friend, don't fight another duel —  
 The de'il *may* have you, whiskers and all, for fuel !

## LXV.

Here's *life* — a riding on a fine black horse,  
 How unlike "death on the pale horse," West's gifted  
 Picture ; looks like a baron, rather sour and course—  
 As if some rogue his money bags had shifted !  
 He neither looks to right nor left, the force  
 Of habit ; I'd like to have his head sifted  
 By some Phrenologist, — to see if he could stray,  
 " Above the *golden* path, or *milky* way."

## LXVI.

Here see a sight ; — those tall wax candles burning !  
 Is it a wake ? — I wonder where's the whiskey !  
 See ! See ! — that lad, mouth open like a sturgeon,  
 Fins sprinkling " holy water " quite frisky ! —  
 Oh, bless my stars — he's praying to the Virgin !  
 I took him by his *coat* for Prezaminsky : \*  
 But the *performance* here does beat the Jews —  
 I wonder if they'll let us in the pews ?

## LXVII.

He'll tell us sure how man was made a crature,  
 And Cain was born some time before his brother,

---

\* A Polish exile, I was mistaken : still I think he was a *pat*-riot.

That there is, *very clarely*, ev'ry fature  
 Of the Apostles' Church in Holy Mother ; †  
 And tnat in purgatory you may mate your  
 Dearest friends, and know one from another !  
 But to my mind there's something very stygian ;  
 In this ould *Irish* Catholic religion.

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† It is curious to an observer of men, to him with a sensibility acute, subtle, and discriminating, with "no education" to bias his judgment, to mark the wide difference between the profession and practice of those who arrogate to themselves the sounding title of the Holy Apostolic Church. There are so many, especially from Europe, who are incapacitated by prejudice, or want of soul, to think,—that the name answers for the essence. And although to a child of nature, a wild Indian, or a Negro, the discrepancy between their pretensions and actions is apparent ; they oppose insult, and condemn those who, with purest motives, practise a pure religion. The questions arise, what is Christianity ?—From whence our knowledge of God ? In the view of a *sane* and sensible man, religion does not consist in mummery,—in mere form,—in any externals merely whatever ; but to "love thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." And can those love God who are ignorant of his character, and take the instructions of card playing priests for the teachings of the Bible ? It would puzzle the great author of all error, as well as evil, to tell the motives of the originators of the various systems of error which have cursed the earth. To the honest inquirer after truth, the Bible is a sufficient guide. Men being fallible and peccable beings, they will disagree on unimportant things. But the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err if he is *honest* in heart, in all that pertains to salvation. What *Christian* would reject that hymn of the sublimest of poets ;—"Alas ! and did my Savior bleed ?"—What Catholic but looks upon it as rank heresy ? Not having that faith which purifies the heart, and overcomes the world, penances and purgatories are resorted to as an offset !—Miserable deceivers !—Foolish sciolists !—Insane reasoners !—Infatuated beings !—The preaching of the Cross which is to these *Greeks* foolishness, is to the poor Indian the power and the wisdom of God. The Christian missionary who labors among the heathen, addresses them from the Holy Volume. But he that dispenses with the Bible for the teachings of the "Church,"—must *first* have his paraphernalia of images, wax candles, &c., to humbug the staring natives into a *belief* of Catholicism ! I remarked, south, that it was rare to find a negro simple enough to be a *sincere* Catholic ! They meet two or three of them together to pray and sing hymns of praise, and know, and feel when their sins are forgiven. But among the large number of Catholics I have known, I never knew any to have a prayer meeting ! I have known them meet together to *curse* the heretics ! Some of these "lights of the world," will be offended at my remarks. Who thought Bishop Hughe's denunciation of the advocates of the Bible in New York, (as infidel agrarians, and subverters of the true faith,) was sound doctrine. If they were Christians, (I mean generally—I do'n't say there cannot be such among them in *spite* of their doctrines,) would they

## LXVIII.

See, how the fellow shakes his incense round !

(God loves the incense of a heart sincere ;)

And then the childish bells must often sound,

To tell them when, and what, for to revere ;

While the priest enters with his bows profound,

As if to say, you heretics, stand clear !

'This fellow's rubbed himself against the college,—

Still his priest's head retains more *brogue* than knowledge.

not pray for and strive to convert their erring brethren ? Who would take the last words of Bishop England to be those that a Christian would naturally utter ? I was much amused at a controversy in Memphis, Tenn. between a Mr. Stewart, a builder, and the priest or *schoolmaster* of the place. Mr. Stewart denounced their church in the process of erection, as a black altar of superstition, &c. The grandiloquent and jesuitical reply was worthy of Hughes himself. His *argument* was the usual one, to wit :—that Carrol, and Gaston, Hosiusko, La-fayette, &c., were all Catholics,—though he might have known that La-fayette told a distinguished American citizen, that if the liberties of this country were ever endangered, it would be by the intrigues of the Jesuits. He did not add Pope Alexander, Voltaire, &c., to the list. Before their church was finished, (part of the money for the erection of which was sent from Rome,) they held their meetings in a wretched old school house in the “grove.” On passing, one Sabbath, the door being open, my attention was arrested by a genius with a slouchy looking theatrical dress on, bowing and crossing himself before two wax candles, in common brass candlesticks, on an old table with a small image (intended for) Christ, while some were gaping at him with their mouths wide open. I thought for a moment that the fellow was conjuring with the devil !—not dreaming of the “august ceremonies” of Holy Mother being *performed* in this crazy tenement : the first emotion was involuntary laughter ! The next was the incomprehensible idea, that any one could take this to be the *intelligent* worship of Him, who requires truth in the inward parts, and whose sacrifices are those of a broken heart and contrite spirit. But the confidence these votaries place in their ghostly instructors is unbounded. I worked a few years since in Troy, with two brothers, (McGuires,) rather intelligent young men : In an *argument* in favor of Catholicism, he adduced the words of the great Dr. Moriarty, since “burnt out” in Philadelphia. In a sermon to the faithful in Troy, this eloquent “defender of the faith,” used the following language :—“If an angel was to come from the shining courts above and stand in this aisle, and proclaim with a voice of thunder, that the Catholic religion was false, I would say, away, thou demon damn'd—the Church is founded on a rock ; and the storms and commotions of ages has not shaken the glorious fabric,—and she will arise in splendor, and be adorned with majesty, when all other systems shall fall ; and the true Apostolic (i. e. the Catholic,) religion shall pervade the earth !” I need not say that this was to them a demonstration *stronger* than proof of Holy Writ.

## LXIX.

And those young actors coming on the stage,  
 To enlighten Yankees with their Latin singing ;  
 And O beno, homo, romeos, by the page ;  
 Like Roman improvisatries, numbers ringing !  
 And they do look so pretty and so sage,  
 Their star-spangled dress (not banner) round them  
 swinging ;  
 If these young priests are never to be mated,  
 For fear of danger—let them be c——d !

---

But when men reject the Bible, from whence our knowledge of God is derived, to follow vain traditions, what can be expected of them? But one says, there are great and good men among Catholics. So there are among Mormons. If this work is of man or God, judge ye? Look into Catholic countries and see the workings of the system: see Louis Philippe, having his palace repaired on the Sabbath! Look at the Pope appropriating money for a theatrical exhibition, in Carnival time. See his last "Bull," trying to *gore* those who dare read and think for themselves! See the miserable state of Catholic Ireland compared with Protestant Scotland!—and let the Bible be the light of thy feet, and the guide of thy path.

The assertions of Catholics that the Bible has made a hundred sects, is as philosophical and true as that all within their fold think alike, or that the triumph of Catholicity is the hope of the world. And the disingenuousness of certain "Protestant" editors when speaking of what they call sectarianism, furnishes the papists with a strong argument, (to him at least,) against the Bible. With such men, a Tyng, or a Barnes, a Cheever, or a Chambers, or any other pure patriot who would speak in favor of the Bible, are sectarians. There is no common ground with them on which "evangelical" Christians can meet: and if a man have the piety and learning of Baxter, the moment he opposes fundamental errors, he is sectarian. But I shall not dispute with *nothingarians!* We have lately had an example of the spirit and modesty of the Catholics; in the form of an address to Messrs. Clay and Frelinghuysen, ostensibly to ask their views of certain matters; but really to irritate and insult the Protestant portion of the community. I have not this paper at hand. They call them knaves and hypocrites for carrying a Bible in a procession; and ask for the evidence that Protestantism has ever been the distinguishing religion of the United States. I add a note from a New York paper. With "characteristic" meanness and falsehood, they make most protestants participants in outrages, in which probably no member of a Christian Church was engaged in. These exponents of American principles are particularly severe upon the "Native American" party; and the idea of carrying a "Protestant" Bible in a procession, was as painful to their feelings as the elevation of the "host" in New Orleans, is insulting to the common

## LXX.

I cannot help but blame the architect,  
 Who has not placed upon the *roof* a cross !  
 This should be done ; it is a sad neglect,  
 As there's *none* in their preaching — a great loss !  
 Or they might pay St. Peter some respect,  
 And carve him with the keys, as he's their boss !  
 Or Torquemada, or if some better *Man*,  
 Stick up a bust of Madam Pope Joan !

sense of a heretic. When the great high priest of their profession, Daniel O'Connell, gets matters arranged in Ireland, I hope they will return—install him their Vicar General, and as the millenium will soon commence, they will be from the annoyances, the tract and Bible societies of Protestants, and that "licentious liberty of the press," which is so fatal to their success here ; and which from their associations, habits, education, and *anti-republican* religion, they are utterly disqualified to appreciate. I hope my fellow mechanics will acquaint themselves with the genius and spirit of Roman Catholicism, that they may be able to oppose it successfully ; and *burn* the mark of the "beast" so deep in her forehead, that all their holy water will not be able to wash it out.

In one of the largest churches in St. Louis, during the "performance," the priest holds up to view a golden image, (Nebuchadnezzar like) of a foot in length ! This sight, with the concomitant of good music, draws hundreds of Protestants to the church. In New Orleans, the services are diversified with,—I'm stuck now ! Imagine a small hearse lined with velvet, tassals, &c.,—four things carrying it, and the silver hairs of one of the apostles' successors, (Oh dear ! Oh dear !) peering above the top, like Paddy in the sedan chair with the bottom out ; and you will have some idea of the mummeries practised in the "One true, Holy Apostolic Church," which would disgrace Mormonism itself !

How an "Irish Gentleman in search of a religion," could select this as his beau ideal, is somewhat inexplicable to "a gentleman of nature."

THE RELIGION OF '76.—In a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Smith of Washington, on the Fourth July, 1844, entitled "*Religion and Patriotism of '76*," the statement is quoted from Dr. Baird, of the number of ministers and churches existent in our country at the time of the Declaration of Independence. The Episcopalians had 250 ministers, and 300 churches ; Baptists, ministers, 350, churches 380 ; Congregationalists, ministers, 575, churches, 700 ; Presbyterians, ministers, 140, churches, 300 ; Lutherans, ministers, 25, churches, 60 ; Associate ministers, 13, churches 20 ; Moravians, ministers, 12, churches 8 ; Roman Catholics, priests, 26, churches 52 ; German Reformed, ministers 25, churches, 60. Total : ministers, 1441 ; churches, 1940.

Thus the Declaration of Independence was a Protestant act. There is but one Roman Catholic name on it, out of 56. The Presbytery of Hanover, in Virginia, was the first body of ministers of any denomination



## LXXI.

They paint the windows to keep out the sun ;  
 But there's a beauty, shining like a star !  
 She from the beauteous "groves of blarney" come,  
 The peace of some poor heretic to mar ;  
 I'd like to know if her heart has been won,  
 I'd pray to *her* — my prayer she might not bar, —  
 She would *protest*, 'tis likely, against me,  
 Or go, perhaps, into a nunnery.

## LXXII.

Hereditary ———, let them go  
 At a priest's beck, and tremble at his nod ;  
 Hoodwinked — humbugged — their actions show  
 They love the humbug, while they kiss the rod.  
 "Nescience, the mother of devotion," know  
 Is an insult to reason and to God.  
 These are a curiosity — Ahem !  
 So *requiescat in pace* — Amen !

---

that openly recognized that act. This they did in a memorial to the Assembly, now among the archives of the State. The spirit and temper, as well as the doctrines of the Puritans, are well known. The men who declared and the men who achieved our Independence, believed *in the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice*. Nay, Congress officially recognised the Bible. On the 11th of September, 1777, a Committee of Congress recommended the importation of 20,000 Bibles, as the proper types for printing a Bible could not be had in this country; the importations to be made from Holland, Scotland, and elsewhere. Whereupon, it was moved that the Committee on Commerce be directed to import 20,000 Bibles from Europe. Among those who voted for this resolution, are the illustrious names of Samuel Adams, (a Puritan indeed,) John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, John Witherspoon, Laurens, &c. How they must have felt their dependence on the overruling providence of God! And this is our Protestant Bible which the Romanists would exclude from our public schools! Holland, that gave a refuge to the Puritans, had it; Scotland, the land of the free, the fearless and heroic contenders for the faith, could supply us with the Word of God. These things should not be forgotten, especially in these times of resistance unto blood. The enemy of the Protestant Bible is abroad. May a standard be raised against him! — *New York Journal of Commerce*.

## LXXIII.

Here comes a beauty, without dress or paint,  
 If not in countenance, in character ;  
 For modesty on her lays no restraint, —  
 And at vulgarity she don't demur ;  
 A naked regiment would not make her faint !  
 And virtuous feelings are not much to her :  
 She may be called one of the vulgar great,  
 Known by her manners, and her large estate.

## LXXIV.

She says she is a widow : — “ By my sowl,”  
 (As Paddy says) that is too much for me ;  
 For I am sure, if I did wear a cowl,  
 It would draw out my risibility !  
 And I don't think there's many here would growl,  
 If she goes to Maria's nunnery.  
 But as true love is very often crossed,  
 I'll tell you how the widowee was lost :—

## LXXV.

Her *better* half was going to be hung,  
 Was on the way which to the gallows led ;  
 The sheriff said to him, but not in fun,  
 To save his neck from stretching, he should wed !  
 The dame full scon, with squire and bridesmaid come,  
 In hopes for to be lawful married ;  
 But in place of yielding her his hand and heart,  
 He bawled out fierce, — “ Hangman, drive on that cart !”



## LXXVI.

Yet she is not of fretful, southern blood ;  
 She is of a harder and more northern stock ;  
 And though she's somewhat *past* her maidenhood,  
 She's fixed in *brass*, as solid as a rock !  
 Perhaps she'd wed a stranger, if she could,  
 And wind him up as we do wind a clock ;  
 And if she names the ground, and time, and place,  
 I'll run some Cuff\* for her — a scrub-foot race.

## LXXVII.

Here, rushing, comes a southern exquisite !  
 I took him, at first sight, to be a stager ;  
 A southern belle was by his *riding* smit ;  
 For see, he rides as if 'twas for a wager !  
 He has more nonchalance, 'tis true, than wit ;  
 With a rich *Pa* he surely can engage her ;  
 Though he looks savage, he is not a cannibal,—  
 Still his propensities are rather animal.

## LXXVIII.

Fierce, furious, with an independent air,  
 A half-genteel, though rather martial bearing,  
 As if to say, " insult me, and take care,  
 This bowie knife your vitals shall be tearing !  
 I'll send your spirit that place for to share,  
 Where Hagan's coward ruffian should be sharing:"  
 Of Homer's heroes here you few will find ;  
 Where " mildest manners mark'd the noblest mind."

---

\* And take care that he wins.

## LXXIX.

Is this a creek or river, here below,  
 Deep sunk between those slippery banks of mud ?  
 This is the Mississippi, whose overflow  
 Does cause a pestilence when falls the flood ;  
 Its rise is caused by Misissouri snow,  
 Ohio rains, a sprinkling of negro blood ;\*  
 This is the river Flint has oft been praising,  
 But, to my eyes, it does not look — “ Amazon.”

## LXXX.

My body I would often been for hiding  
 In this north water, if it had been thinner ;  
 The waves are small that I would be for striding,—  
 Still I might make an alligator’s dinner !  
 The ladies notice you when you are riding —  
 I’d rather be unnoticed, a good swimmer :  
 I would not swim across this far-famed stream,  
 For the brightest belle I have in Vicksburgh seen ! †

## LXXXI.

The ladies here, to me, are not superior ;  
 As some would make believe, an angel race,—  
 Except a few, I think they are inferior  
 In form — in soul — in majesty — in grace —

---

\* When the young negroes come down to the river side for water for the hands on the plantations, the alligators, which are lying in the sun, gobble them up in a minute, spilling, of course, a few drops of blood.

† I except one vidder.

I've seen some handsome ones in the interior,  
 But then they would not look you in the face,  
 If you had no negroes, and, like me,  
 That seal of reprobation — poverty !

## LXXXII.

Some love to show themselves, as at a fair,  
 Good heavens ! — but look how they do drive !  
 Here's one a coming now, with the cropped hair, — \*  
 Jack, she'll be over us, as I'm alive !  
 She's riding, probably, to take the air,  
 Or on the dust she raises, she can thrive !  
 Here comes a *belle* — what an Egyptian walk !  
 Her graceful mien has been with me the talk.

## LXXXIII.

Sometimes they go to Mississippi springs,  
 Or Brandon, famous for her many sins ;  
 And if time pass not by on golden wings,  
 They let it pass in playing of ten pins ;  
 While their shrill voices through the alley rings,  
 As with the “ ponies ” one the decade thins :  
 These springs are famous for some *childish* plays ;  
 And, worst of all, upon the Sabbath days !

---

\* It is not uncommon to see a delicate creature alone, without a bonnet, whip in hand, driving a horse at the top of his speed, blinding a fellow with the dust, to the admiration of gaping gents, (who, some how or other, have a notion that a “ lady ” is a very extraordinary piece of humanity,) who would think it *immodest* to look at or to speak to a plebian ! But as they generally hold the purse, they do as they please.

## LXXXIV.

'Twas sport for me to be on a plantation,  
 For sometimes with the ladies I have ate ;  
 Like abbesses, they know, and feel, their station —  
 Some dirty-shirted slave does on them wait :  
 I saw one leer at me with hesitation, —  
 They think all “ workmen ” scratch a *woolly pate* !  
 By different ones my talents have been rated,—  
 But here a fellow is annihilated.

## LXXXV.

And, for myself, I'm of the Quaker notion,  
 My person clean, I like all clean around me :  
 To see a set of dirty sweeps in motion,  
 If I'm poetic, it surely does confound me ;  
 Their butter is not made so clean as “ Goshen ” —\*  
 I did not tell them this, or they would pound me !  
 Or they might say I'm nicer than a prude —  
 With more than female tidiness endued.

---

\* On the plantations it is rare to see any neatness or taste among the servants. The kitchen would *frighten* a Quakeress ! The miserable arrangement to draw water—the crazy old tubs, &c. for washing—the scanty cooking utensils—the manner in which they sleep with their clothes on, frequently until they become lousy,—“ did me much exprise.” The difference in the appearance of the *house* and inmates, however, is very striking. The ladies seemed to me to *try* how many dresses they could rumple, soil, &c., knowing that the washing cost nothing. It is common, (though a modern innovation) for mechanics to eat at the same table ; but for a young lady to notice you as if you were a human being, is “ vastly ungenteel.” With three or four ladies sitting opposite me, I have tried repeatedly to catch their eyes, but in vain. I mention this for the novelty of the thing. It is apparent that you should not sit with them, if they had their way in the matter. To one who has been used to be treated like a *white man*, and smiled on by the beautiful, it was cutting—very !

## LXXXVI.

Pray what is this, a smoke-house, or a stable ?

A place, most probably, to boil pitch in ;

Oh, see the negro, squalling, *on* the table !

This is what they call, down south, a kitchen ;

The house, and cooks, to me, are rather sable,

Although they turn their eyes up quite bewitching !

But I must travel very quickly from it,

Or it might give a fellow the *black* vomit !

## LXXXVII.

I worked once in Louisiana,

Where a tall creature *tried* to hide her face,

When she would pour the coffee, hand the manna —

(I mean corn bread,) or took her mother's place ;

Her name, I seem to think, was Julian,\* — A

Remnant of a somewhat prosperous race :

She kept her bonnet on, much like a nun ;

To some it was insulting — to me 'twas fun !

## LXXXVIII.

I wrote these stanzas underneath her roof ;

If she had known it, I would have had to bolt !

I wish I had her portrait by Dubufe !

My friends might think perhaps I was a dolt —

\* I saw one of those ladies, so much afraid of *seeing* a “ poor fellow,” (her father, when he *squatted* here some twenty years ago, was as poor as a beggar,) take a board several inches wide, and wail a little negro till she squalled considerable. That slavery *annihilates* the gentleness and tenderness connatural to the female heart, I have seen many *striking* proofs.

“ Oh ! there is something about Julia, that is very peculiar !

I know she's flesh and blood, I have the proof, —  
 She made a negro squeal worse than a colt !  
 To some, some things quite feminine do seem ;  
 To others, *assinine*, in the extreme !

## LXXXIX.

How numerous are the ladies that can chat —  
 How few we find are able to *converse* !  
 They can ogle, giggle, wriggle, and all that,  
 Or some stale, snivelling balderdash rehearse ;  
 Some have set phrases wonderfully pat ;  
 And some are always whispering, which is worse ;  
 To me the girls are either kind or rude.  
 The good for nothing — or the very good !

## XC.

They 're not like the male gender, apt to *think* —  
 E'en when they read in church the holy Psalter,  
 They *feel* sometimes, when feeling strikes a link  
 That chains affection to the holy altar ;  
 Or from a billet-doux ideasdrink,  
 Which makes her very tender heart to falter ;  
 As with the revelation of his flame,  
 He gives the day, when she must change her name.

## XCI.

The Scripture says, they are the weaker vessel ;  
 'Tis true, they cannot do without a *mate* !  
 This is the notion, I believe, of Cecil,  
 Or Milton, blinded in the marriage state ;

Some pregnant dears are very apt to mess ill ;  
 Though barrenness, like old maids, they do hate !  
 Some are destructive as the little weavel —  
 But still, withal, a necessary evil !

## XCII.

How pale some look, for want of exercise !  
 For *coward* custom holds them in her thrall ;  
 The dusty atmosphere, and sunny skies,  
 Renders their chance of riding rather small ;  
 Their lungs are strengthened by their frequent cries  
 For help — if they should let a toothpick fall !  
 If they are married, and should have an heir, —  
 A *black* wet nurse would make a stranger stare.

## XCIII.

Two modest beauties, — stop till they are past —  
 How lovely both to an unpractised eye !  
 But in their minds how *wondrous* the contrast !  
 Though the exterior scrutiny defy :  
 The one has charms that will forever last —  
 The other is a painted butterfly ;  
 But are not both of them surpassing fair ?  
 So oft are idiots — save a vacant stare.

## XCIV.

Oh, could we in each beauteous mien descry \*  
 The mental worth that unto each belongs !

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\* Nothing has more strikingly arrested my attention than the *infinite* difference between the minds of persons in the same stations in life. With some little observation I have mentally ejaculated in places where I have



How often does the mien the soul belie,  
 Though flatter'd with love's eulogistic songs ?  
 How many empty heads would be passed by,  
 That gain the homage of admiring throngs ?  
 How high does seem a palace from a bog !—  
 How infinite an angel from a hog !

## XCV.

I've seen some females who were quite fastidious,  
 And look'd as dumb as any telegraph ;  
 Whom, notwithstanding, I did find perfidious,  
 And deal behind you in a rude horse-laugh ;  
 And *meant* their sneers, and looks, to be invidious, —  
 A modest, poor young man with them's a calf ;  
 Though God on him hath majesty bestowed,  
 He the immortal pyramid — they the toad. \*

---

been, judging comparatively,—there sits an angel—here a fool—there a *provokingly* lovely woman—here a beautiful wretch, impudent, and scarce above a brute ! And yet such is the assinine nature of a majority of bipeds, that a man is judged of by his coat, gold, or any and every thing, save morals and brains ! I have rarely seen females who had common gumption in this matter, save and except those who were “ children of God ;” and they are as much above my eulogy as the great mass of conceited and smart ladies are beneath the contempt of a man of sensibility. If a young man of genius, after struggling for years with poverty and scorn, becomes distinguished as a man of merit, how anxious some ladies are for his smiles and company, not one of whom but would have frowned on him with contempt a few years before. If nobleness of soul, if exalted virtues, if sensibility and mental qualities, were always portrayed in the beauty of the countenance, and the opposite qualities by the reverse, I doubt not many beauties would strikingly resemble the pig-faced lady ; and some pale and rather disagreeable features, would be lovely indeed.

\* Some one, speaking of O'Connell's slander on Washington, compares it to a toad spitting its venom at the base of the immortal pyramids.

## XCVI.

Here is a lady, lovely in her mien,  
 Con-natural grace — a modest dignity ;  
 As if like “ Vic ” she had been born a queen !  
 From vulgar pride — patrician meanness free.  
 For have you ever in her presence been ?  
 She’ll treat the meanest slave with decency :—  
 And as your husband only kind of lent is —  
 I’ll be your second, if he’s shot, Mrs. P——— !

## XCVII.

Woman, dear woman ! in thy sunny smiles  
 We taste the purest bliss, nor wish for more ;  
 Thy heavenly converse anxious care beguiles,  
 And makes the cup of ecstasy run o’er, —  
 But Oh, my fond heart ! thou art many miles  
 From those transcendant ones, I half adore :  
 I’ll yield my heart to their supreme control —  
 For I do love them, body, heart and soul.

## XCVIII.

Oh, might I nestle in some quiet place,  
 Where this fond fluttering heart would be at rest !  
 Where I could see some kind familiar face,  
 Like an unmated dove share her warm nest !  
 Then twilight hours would not all run to waste, —  
 But in sweet converse be entirely blest :  
 The bliss, that Christian intercourse bestows !  
 The love, that on her sainted features glows !

## XCIX.

For dear to me is female modesty,  
 Hearts that *can* feel, and cheeks that oft do blush,  
 Yet not with guilt ; eyes that *can* suffering see,  
 As the warm tears from “ feelings fount ” do gush !  
 A model pure of filial piety :  
 With love’s warm kiss, a sister’s cries doth hush.  
 How thought of love the youthful bosom warms !  
 To hold heav’ns masterpiece within our arms !

## C.

Not to be welcome’d by some sylph-like form,  
 In sickness for to comfort — health to *tease*,  
 Is for to be disconsolate — forlorn —  
 Enduring pangs that man cannot appease ; —  
 Some burning heart we would not, could not scorn,  
 To plead for mercy on our bended knees !  
 Woman — thy potent charms what tongue can tell ?  
 Though we have loved not “ wisely, but too well ! ”

## CI.

Oh love ! first love ! with purest pleasure fraught —  
 The selfish, proud and base, feel not thy flame ; —  
 Whose bosom heaves with purity — each thought  
 Glows with affection, virtuous and immane ;  
 As if an angel in our arms we caught,  
 And from her native heav’n did detain !  
 Some hasten to be angels from their birth ;  
 And soar on high, to wean our hearts from earth.

## CII.

Oh blest enchantment ! — let me linger here,  
 Where sacred music does my heart rejoice ;  
 Released from toil most arduous and severe,  
 How sweet the tones of dearest woman's voice !  
 Shut out from wan anxiety, and fear,  
 The world's vain bubble, its delirious noise.  
 How fine the fibres of a sentient heart ?  
 How glorious nature, when sublim'd by art !

## CIII.

But pleasure upon earth, how rare, how brief !  
 For few and evil are our days below :  
 And those loved ones that gave our hearts relief,  
 Alas, how soon, are monuments of woe !  
 See this dear woman ! overcome with grief —  
 And will not heav'n some cordial now bestow ?  
 She lingers on the memory of her son,  
 And Oh ! why not ? — he was her only one.

## CIV.

Exalted matron — though in widow's weeds,  
 Thou hast the charms that should be beauty's boast ;  
 Thy works of love — those charitable deeds  
 That never gain from vulgar lips the toast :  
 For suff'ring worth thy tender heart oft bleeds,  
 And those who know thee best, love thee the most, —  
 But thou dost seek a brighter world to come —  
 A pilgrim here, far from thy father's home.

## CV.

We'll wend our feet unto the place of sculls,  
 Where there at least is true equality,  
 Save in the monumental stone, that gulls  
 The stranger, with unwonted eulogy ;  
 And though there may be silence here, that lulls  
 The senses, here I would not wish to lie ;—  
 No tender heart to shed the burning tear —  
 To stand in deepest sadness o'er my bier !

## CVI.

Almighty death ! how potent is thy sway ?  
 How galling thoughts of thee to pompous pride ?  
 Beauty lies here, 'twas hop'd would not decay —  
 E'en in the honey-moon the lovely bride ;  
 The stranger, who did chance here for to stray,  
 With no intention long for to abide ;  
 Here servants lie, those who are soon forget —  
 Perhaps with them may be the happier lot.

## CVII.

Death's open throat, how hard to be supplied !  
 Thou heedest not the tender infant's cry !  
 Nor those that have thy arrows long defied,  
 As if they'd take some holi-day to die,  
 When this world for a paradise they've tried,  
 Hoping that earth could lasting peace supply :  
 How insecure, how fragile is our breath, —  
 "Thou hast all seasons for thy own, Oh death !"

## CVIII.

Here lies the young, the mirthful, and the gay,  
 The sons of pleasure, and the slaves of crime ;  
 He whom the assassin's demon hand did slay,  
 And many more the rigors of the clime ;  
 And some the fruits of Southern Chivalry—  
 I see the grave of one, the youthful RYAN.\*  
 What can this *coward* custom here restrain ?  
 "These laughing stocks of devils, and of men."

\* This young and modest looking man, who assumed a station for which by nature and habits he was disqualified, to wit, conducting a party newspaper ; when but a few weeks at his post, fought a duel with the same "gentleman," (none but gentlemen fight duels!) who succeeded in killing him. Their feuds being irreconcilable, and pressed on by *friends*, the deadly meeting took place. Each being provided with several pistols,—the rules were to fire—then advance, till one should fall. "Earth to thy knees, and cry for mercy—cry!" And this dreadful business is arranged with all the formality and system, that would become a wedding. And hundreds of married men and youths, (professors of religion included!!) cross the river to look on, some of them armed to the teeth, and drugged with rum—ripe for a quarrel. I have several times stood on the banks of the river as they passed over, and could scarce credit their murderous designs, till I heard the firing. If such a thing was perpetrated in Hoboken, all New York would be excited, while here it is looked upon as a matter of course, the females scarce noticing it, never as I heard, in the way of censure! And this is called honor!

The corse was carried to the house of one who had frequently tried to murder his fellow-man ; and as usual had a larger funeral, than probably would have followed a devoted minister to his grave.

In Louisiana, duels are frequent ;—*Senator* Waggaman, Houston of the Baton Rouge Gazette, and many others having paid the forfeit. A friend who resided a few years in New Orleans, spake in this wise :—"I had often seen a fresh colored and remarkably good looking man, who kept a wine store ; I missed him—he had fallen in a duel ! He had seen many fight, whose livid countenances and agitated frames, told the emotions of the preceding night ; and yet they must pass this *fire* of "Moloch,"—sacrifice to the demon of custom. A French "gentleman," having insulted a lady at the hotel he boarded at, he told the rascal he deserved a cowhiding. The fellow with his black eyes starting from his head, bellows, "Suppose I challenge you, suppose you fight me ?" If he had been a coward he would have put "his life upon a throw, because this bear was rude and surly," in place of choking him a little. A friend of his of known courage, having offended a "parlex vous," he was sent a challenge by three bloods. On looking at it, he told them to bring the disaffected and he would flog the four of them with his fists ! *Monsieurs*



## CIX.

He who has written, that "thou shalt not kill,"

Will he amerce the wrong'd though guilty soul ?

Did not thy fate thy soul with horror fill ?

And would no thoughts of kindred thee control ?

Swayed by revenge, which agonies instil,

Inflaming wrath, while endless ages roll :—

Custom oft makes the voice of conscience dumb !—

Justice pursues them in the world to come !

## CX.

And he the victor, whither shall he go

To escape the curse of this most damning guilt ?

"A vagabond, to wander to and fro

Upon the earth" — "A brother's blood he spilt

Cries from the ground," in frightful tones of woe,

And he go free ! — Yes, custom hath it gilt

With names of honor — courage — chivalry !

Thus they are prais'd, who're stain'd with infamy !

found they had come to the wrong shop and sloped ! A Frenchman, he observes, would sooner fight a duel, than drink a bottle of wine, or eat a frog !—They abominate fisticuffs however. I'll give a specimen of a duel that took place nearly about the time of the first spoken of.—Having measured the ground, stripped themselves, and arranged preliminaries, directions being given, (there's nothing like science in killing a man,) their yagers on their shoulders, at the word ready, they were to hold their weapons perpendicular in the air; one being a "Novice," brought his yager down as if to fire, his opponent putting down the butt of his piece gruffly said,—"that makes a God damn'd sight of difference !" Things being re-arranged, the novice shot too quick and missed. The other taking good aim, shot him near the heart ! This gentleman, in anticipation of a duel some months back, had a flying Dutchman (a board the size and shape of a man,) hanging to a tree to practise on ! He also *made* his slave stand a distance off, and hold a potato between his fingers over his head, while he sent a ball through it ! "Can these things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder ?"



## CXI.

Most wretched men, they know not what they do !  
 Fill'd with revenge, and most malignant hate;  
 For conscience will the guilty wretch pursue,  
 E'en in another and immortal state,  
 Where they'll have time forever to review  
 The wretchedness, their passions did create,  
 And own the Christian rule — that to forgive  
 Our enemies, is for to doubly live.

## CXII.

For what is law, if pride's the arbiter ?  
 If *death* must be for insult the award ?  
 If Christian actions fail for to confer  
 On man respect, elicit their regard ?  
 If ladies can a murderer prefer, \*  
 Their heartless smiles and welcome — his reward !  
 Must we resort to wrath and deadly strife ?  
 Let's clothe in skins, and take the scalping knife !

---

\* Prefer him to one of less influence, but more merit. That the ladies here generally favor duelling, I do not mean to assert ; but that they wink at it, who will deny ? That expression of countenance—that tenderness of heart—that seeming identity of interest—which would be felt and expressed in New England, is uncommon here. You will see no groups at or after church, talking of the matter with smothered grief and indignation ; but it is passed by with indifference,—so much so, that I often thought they regarded the murder of a man as a small affair, thinking there were plenty left. One reason of their insensibility is, the want of “brotherhood of feeling,” that is peculiar to the *far south*. A stranger who enters a church in New England *feels* at home. He meets with a glance of recognition from bright eyes, and is not looked upon as a loafer, while he *acts* and *looks* like a gentleman. There is no straining to keep their eyes *from* him, or pulling up their garments if you happen to sit in a pew with them, as if you were infected, as I found at the Presbyterian church in Vicksburgh. All is *natural*, sensible, affectionate, unconstrained ; and many lovely faces furnish food for poetic raptures and warm emotions, though forever unknown to us. As many of the business men,

## CXIII.

Oh, damning custom ! — which rulest over law,  
 Justice, and mercy, kindness, love, and truth ;  
 Those whom the bonds of friendship firm should draw,  
 In all the freshness, frankness of their youth,  
 Are killed, for words that would not be a straw  
 To charity, yet edge a tiger's tooth ;  
 The climate, female influence, agree  
 With custom, to dignify barbarity !

## CXIV.

This blue stone yard belongs unto a clique,  
 That's called the mutual benefit society ;

and most of the mechanics are bachelors, with no female relatives here, and board in houses where the lady does not *show* herself, they are without the pale ; and in temperance meetings are denounced and abused, without any interest being taken in their welfare, or apparently any desire manifested for their conversion. This is very Christian and philosophical — very ! The wife of Col. ——— observed, when spoken to of her husband, going to fight a duel, — she would rather be the *widow* of a brave man than the wife of a coward ! She would make a good squaw ! Another young lady refused a gent, because he did not resent an insult in a *manly* way ! Another sweet creature would not wed her intended, until he settled a difficulty with an enemy, which she *knew* would result in a duel. She might have known his determination, however, and not wanting to be a widow as soon as wed, waited till he risked his immortal all on this fearful venture ! How different the wife of Gen. ———, of Philadelphia, a few years since, when she heard that her husband was about to fight a duel. She rose up with all a mother's heart, and influence, and majesty, and with a " voice potential," and a determination not to be misunderstood, rebuked and stopped the murderous design. And who will dare call this gallant defender of his country a coward, for listening to the mother of his children ? or deem this an undue stretch of female influence ? Shame on the female, (she has not the heart of a woman) who could abet or wink at this damning guilt ! Her epitaph should be written in blood ? She should be tattooed like the New Zealander, that her frightful visage might emblem faintly the malignity of her rotten heart ! And the very dogs should bark at her ! But we will hope for better things. There has been an anti-duelling society formed lately. May we hope that this is not the usual *spasmodic* effort of the head, but the healthy action of the heart.

Here is an epitaph, almost\* unique,—

“ He was honest ” — I don't say 'tis a lie ;  
 It would suit better chisseled in Greek,  
 It would not then have shocked my modesty !  
 By way of antidote, or just for greens,  
 They might have said, 'twas meant for the “ marines.”

CXV.

For honest men, like mermaids, I think rare,  
 Or like black swans, they're very seldom seen ;  
 Rogues should be labelled, that we might take care  
 They could not come the “ Yorkshire ” o'er us keen ;  
 There are a few in these parts for to spare,  
 If some stone building they would keep them in !  
 I knew one honest soul, a man of pith,  
 His name I do remember well — John Smith !

CXVI.

And here's a tomb, whom one that did not know,  
 Would think contained an angel — a paragon  
 Of excellence, pure as the Alpine snow,  
 Which feet of man hath never trod upon !  
 But lapidary praise is here the go —  
 I'll give the poetry, and then I'm done : —  
 Last lines, — “ In man place not your trust,  
 The strongest liver is but dust.”

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\* There is one, at least, like it. Vide “ Signers of the Declaration,”  
 Matthew Thornton.

## CXVII.

Now this was meant for sense, or poetry,  
 Though some poetic souls might think it neither ;  
 I've known a daring genius soar as high,  
 Extemporaneous — when taking ether !  
 His maudlin muse, perhaps, was very dry,  
 Or in hot whiskey punch the fellow seeth'd her ;  
 But this would granny Reilly much surprise —  
*Iriland*, spelt by a Pat with two II's!

## CXVIII.

Here's a small yard, dress'd, as it were, in mourning,  
 Though roses in the interior fresh do bloom ;  
 The child's and mother's resting-place adorning,  
 Who share one vault — can it be called a tomb ?  
 Her body here is kept, to him a warning  
 That death his *second* wife may have full soon !  
 How strange to keep her corse from out the ground,  
 When the freed spirit hovers us around.

## CXIX.

Here, see ! a monument to the unknown,  
 Though some here know his melancholy fate ;  
 A cumbrous pile, no trace upon the stone  
 To give his name, profession, or the date  
 Of his decease, unflattered and alone,  
 Though lapidaries often make men great :  
 Perhaps 'twas meant this incongruity  
 Would give his memory perpetuity.

## CXX.

We'll enter, for the bell hath ceased its hum,  
 Although the congregation seems quite thin ;  
 The hymn is over, and the prayer begun,  
 And yet the " Campbells " they come rushing in, —  
 The prayer is ended, still some stragglers come,  
 Sick of good breeding, if not sick of sin !  
 But it would be as well to shut my mouth ;  
 I'm not in New England — I'm down south !

## CXXI.

What ails the sexton ? for his heart seems breaking  
 With deepest anguish, not the effect of fear ;  
 His crime how dreadful ! for he had been taking,  
 Without his master's leave, one he called dear ;  
 And so his collar bone he was for breaking,\*  
 Which Christians north would think was quite severe :  
 Strive hard to get to heaven, by faith and prayer,  
 You'll have no fear to meet your master there !

## CXXII.

He has not lost his *standing* in the church —  
 I think one awful day he'll lose his *footing*,  
 That is, be left forever in the lurch,  
 The boot long faced on the other leg be putting !

---

\* It was mean and malignant enough, one would think, for a professed Christian to *shoot* and cripple his slave for disobedience, without insulting citizens, (I knew some who would not enter the church on that account,) by thrusting the poor fellow, with his arm tied up in a sling, before them as sexton of the church. The man who could do this thing has no more sensibility than a brute ! and I hesitate not to say, is " a chosen villain at heart, and capable of deeds that durst not seek repentance."

Though he may feel that cutting and recherche,  
 While devils damned, univocal are hooting ;  
 For, 'tis with men as with a guilty nation,  
 Some actions seal their deathless reprobation.

## CXXIII.

Some south grow fat on inhumanity ;  
 Seem made to curse themselves, and others curse,  
 Have banished honor with urbanity,  
 And do the Savior's golden rule reverse ;  
 And if they murder, why, it's called insanity !  
 The jury look not at their crimes, but purse ;  
 Old Hosea Ballou would make a poor fist,  
 To turn this traveller — *Universalist* !

## CXXIV.

The man of God ! — how solemn and serene,  
 Calm, practical and argumentative ;  
 Who strips the heart from error's selfish screen,  
 And bids the sinner but believe and live ;  
 Would fain the heart from worldly pleasures wean,  
 And, as a friend and brother, all receive.  
 I'd rather kneel to kiss a good man's hand,  
 Than court the useless wealthy of the land.

## CXXV.

For he's a Christian gentleman — not bred  
 In folly's lap — ambition's vulgar school —  
 By no sectarian prejudices led ;  
 Nor " wise in his conceit," a hopeless fool ;



A tender heart, an intellectual head,  
 God's holy word his study and his rule ;  
 Whose bright example hath a potent sway —  
 Courteous and kind, the Christian scholar — GRAY.

## CXXVI.

E'en impudence and pride respect the good ;  
 Those who adorn the holy ministry —  
 Who feed their waiting flock with spiritual food,  
 And have a holy, Christ-like charity ;  
 Who have among the faithless, faithful stood,  
 From fear, from favor, and from mammon free :  
 True piety's restricted to no clime,  
 Benevolent — diffusive — chaste — divine !

## CXXVII.

There's a few matrons here, that I do like,  
 So unobtrusive, modest, gentle, meek,  
 And quiet spirits ; Alas ! how much unlike  
 Those giddy things, whose dress their minds bespeak,  
 And who the shallow fop with wonder strike !  
 I've sigh'd to kiss at least one widow's cheek :  
 My heart has *daguereotyp'd* some forms below,  
 Which, seen in heaven, I instantly would know !

## CXXVIII.

'Tw'as here I listened to the able Hunt,  
 Who is a " host " on total abstinence !  
 A comprehensive mind, witty, though blunt,  
 He gave some bloated rumheads here offence ;



They hired a hick-or-ey animal to grunt ;  
 Paid him juleps for his base defence :  
 Friend Hunt did *skin* this animal quite famous,—  
 He'd *pierced* him, if he'd been a hippopotamus !

## CXXIX.

Great patriot, philanthropist, and sage,  
 The pray'rs of many Christians rise for thee !  
 Thou dost not fear the impuissant rage  
 Of those who glory in their infamy ;  
 Thou can'st the dragon in his den engage,  
 And with the sword of truth he'll vanquish'd be :  
 By-the-by, friend Hunt, I'm anxious for to know  
 When you will have that fellow for a show !\*

## CXXX.

'Twas here they had a furious, hot debate,  
 Somewhat one-sided, but they took the vote —  
 " If counterfeiters they should lower rate,  
 Than the *devil's agent*, him who made the bloat ;"  
 They back'd the forger, though some liquor hate,  
 And slyly pour the *vinous* down their throat !  
 If they had made it bad as negro stealing, [ing.  
 There would have been some swinging, and some *squeal-*

---

\* That most successful, and, to my mind, able and comprehensive lecturer on total abstinence, while lecturing here, was grossly slandered by the "organ" of the rumheads. A friend of mine knew of a clique who *intended* to lynch him. Those who heard his reply to the "Captain," will admit that Sheridan himself could not have used him up better. Happily Mr. Hunt had "all the decency" with him. He remarked, among a thousand things "racy and new," that he expected soon to have the last rumseller, and take him around the country for a show !

## CXXXI.

What is the virtue of coercive law,  
 When public sentiment's the law behind ?  
 For duels here, a Judge will often draw,  
 As if the laws were not for them design'd ;  
 Some cut-throats think a kind of Johnny Raw,  
 Whom it were better for to kill than bind :  
 Lenient to murderers — to servants cruel ;\*  
 " Consistency," — thou art indeed " a jewel ! "

---

\* The ease with which a murderer escapes the halter here, if he has money, is proverbial. But let a poor slave be guilty of a theft, and wo unto him ! A friend of mine saw a runaway who could not be restrained from stealing, led through Jackson, (the capital,) his hands tied, followed by two-legged bloodhounds—some of them drunk—beating him with canes, guns, &c., till they got him a short distance from the city, where they deliberately shot him as if he had been a dog ! A lady died a short time since in Vicksburgh, leaving an aged servant, over sixty-three years of age. He was very large and fleshy, and was well known, having served the market with vegetables for many years, making a small fortune for his mistress. Her executor, a long-faced Methodist, hired him out to a planter. Being unused to such hard work, he became sick, and came into town to see the executor, who is a physician ; not finding him, he lay down to rest in the market-house. The overseer soon missed him, and having found him, put a rope round his neck, dragged and whipped him to the next plantation, some three miles out,—when there, tied him up with a chain, and whipped him horribly. In the morning he was dead ! The papers merely stated that " he had choked himself." There was a little buzzing about the matter with some who had known the servant for years, but it was soon hushed. The overseer probably paid him a few dollars for killing him. How hard, when a servant has wasted his best days in working for his owners,—when they die, he must be hired to a taskmaster, and toil unceasing till he drops in the grave ! A southerner told me of a like circumstance that happened in the interior. An overseer was on trial for causing the death of a slave, by beating him on the head with a whip. He was one of the jury. Some thirty overseers had assembled with loaded whips, pistols, &c. He said they were intimidated ; but the physician relieved them by stating that his death was caused by " congestion of the brain ! " The jury knew the primary cause to be beating with the butt of the whip. A planter exposed his boy all night naked to the mercy of the mosquitoes, to punish him for some trivial act. In the morning he was dead ! What of that ? A southerner would say, he is his property ! But the idea that forces itself on my mind is this,—how can such things take place under the eyes of boys and young men, (ladies scuth never see any of these things,) without demoralizing them ? The notion that there is any law for slaves, (excepting so far as some influential person advocates

## CXXXII.

Here sits a gent, he's in the hardware line —  
 By a coquettish damsel he was *peel'd* ;  
 He thought the heartless beauty half divine —  
 Her charms his "beau ideal" all reveal'd .  
 Opposed by *gold*, he could no longer shine ;  
 And the "forsaken's" doom, of course, was seal'd !  
 You might have wed, my friend, ten years ago ;  
 Your second wife you might have had, I trow !

## CXXXIII.

A bachelor I seldom do respect ;  
 Though there are many here I do excuse,  
 If they affected misses do reject —  
 Who never will a moneyed man refuse —  
 The want of *heart* is the supreme defect —  
 The difficulty is the who to choose :  
 A few of *nature's* belles, from England's isle,  
 Would light some hearts with love's effulgent smile.

## CXXXIV.

And here's a gentleman,\* whom if I knew  
 Not, I would think a "second Daniel,"—

---

their cause,) is a falsehood. Is it strange that many cry out against the whole system, while cruelties are, or *must be*, winked at by the conservators of the laws? Is it through fear that these things are not denounced from the pulpit? I can believe what one brought up in slavery, (a member of the Presbyterian church in Memphis,) told me,—that he believed the institution of slavery would be the means of sending more to hell than any other scheme of Satan,—for it begat a domineering spirit, inimical to the spirit of Christ; and, without extra, peculiar, and perpetual vigilance, it *would* harden the heart.

\* It is rare to find a Virginian, south, who is not a gentleman. The majority of those who abuse their negroes, are poor devils from the barrens of North Carolina, or the other side of sundown,—where the light of the "schoolmaster" is rarely seen!

Would take him for a sample of that crew,  
 That scourg'd and crucified, the blest *Immanuel*:  
 He thinks all servants are, or should be true,  
 And fawn upon their master, like a spaniel.  
 He sent his boy afar to see his kin,  
 And wonderful — he came quickly back again

## CXXXV.

In spite of abolition knavery,  
 Which could not from his fealty lure away :  
 Not thinking, though he be wed to slavery,  
 There's many do not wish in bonds to stay ; —  
 Perhaps their victuals are not cooked so savory—  
 Or in half life time they do want some pay !  
 But all pro-slavery tenets are delusion ;\*  
 I mean now days, premises and conclusion.

---

\*This highly respected citizen, who gave his boy money and a "pass," to see his people in Virginia,—on the boy's safe return, wrote (perhaps it was editorial,) a piece headed, I think,—“ A nut for the Abolitionists,”—remarking that they had tried in vain to persuade his slave away, &c.—As this was a curious argument for slavery, I could not help but notice it, especially as I formerly had some yellow men under my charge, who would give a large fortune to be free—if they had it. And what is the argument? This slave loves his master, (being a good servant, and not hard worked,) and of course all others do—there's logic for you! The poor fellow don't know how long before he will have a *new* master—and most probably would like to *stay* in Virginia if he could. One of the worst features of slavery, is the hiring system; and though there are many who are better in bonds than if they were free, there are numerous white ones who would like to own their *own* carcass! A gentleman, a resident of New Orleans, told me of a pretty woman who had frequently run away—but was always caught. Her master keeps her in the calaboose, (I think pays her board,) from year to year, for the crime of being too *white* to be trusted out! An acquaintance was much amused in Charleston, S. C. by a trial of a man for kidnapping—i. e. trying to sell a white man. The man was white sure enough!—but the “Autocrat,” brought forth his parchments to prove,—that his mother's great-grand-mother's wife's cat's aunt, had *looked* at a slave when she was pregnant; and this was the same “old coon,” that was born at that time! My friend sloped to save *his* bacon! There is a curious case on the tapis at Memphis, Tenn. of two

## CXXXVI.

The car of Liberty is rolling on !

They must be crush'd, or keep from off the track !

For the millennial day will shortly dawn —

And the poor Ethiop will a master lack ;

His manacles and shackles, all be gone, —

Nor can a Texian army bring them back ;

Nor Carolina's far fam'd doughty son,

The valiant — the pot-valiant Hamilton !

## CXXXVII.

You've read his letter, doubtless, to McDuffie,

Wherein he waxes hot for annexation !

Denounces Webster, and tries to stuff ye,

That this will be the Union's salvation !

Now him and Mac, are very hard on cuffie ;

Like Richard, sticklers for amalgamation ;—

But read the letter of the immortal CLAY !

And you will find these cobwebs brush'd away.

## CXXXVIII.

Some southern gentlemen would have us think,

That slavery is our country's greatest boon !

---

brothers, merchants,—one contending that his brother, who is a shade darker than himself, is the son of a mulatto slave, and not the true grit !—The other, (who I believe is the smartest man,) successfully opposing him. This case has been in law a long time, and considerable property is involved in the issue. I know not that it has been decided yet. A friend saw a beautiful mulatto, and white child, sold to an ugly old Frenchman, at the same time a lad who was *whiter* than himself, was sold to a merchant for two hundred dollars,—who told him, if he was dutiful for one year, he should have his liberty. Will not some second D'Israeli, or the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside," give us a new volume entitled the "curiosities of slavery !" here is more laurels for some one !

Where Washington and Franklin, smell'd a stink,  
 Their nostrils to exhale a sweet perfume !  
 If you oppose them, the country's on the brink  
 Of bankruptcy, — and *slavery* ! — and ruin.  
 Some southern statesmen deem themselves quite *wise*--  
 While freemen north, their croakings do despise.

## CXXXIX.

If slavery is a blessing to mankind,  
 Why don't some southern lyre sound forth its praise?  
 Alas ! Alas ! poetic hearts, would find  
 Naught to inspire, in such degrading lays !  
 A wreath of *hemp* would suit his brows to bind —  
 Or in a mad-house, he might spend his days !—  
 Hell-born — degrading — tyrannous — and vile ;  
 Curse to the land, which owns Jehovah's smile.

## CXL.

Here, see, the prince of asses, an old gawk !\*  
 I'd take him for a miller, by his coat  
 He does essay, but 'tis in vain to talk ;  
 Though he can swear and gabber, as by note, —  
 I once had thought the blackguard for to balk :  
 His cursing amongst females did denote  
 His breeding, — but some have this obliquity ; —  
 And live to fill their measure of iniquity !

---

\* On coming from Clinton to Vicksburgh, on the railroad, in a large car, with a dozen or more females, this personage commenced with a string of vulgarity, obscenity and falsehood, the filthiest and most insulting—taking gestures, voice and manner together ; that it had been my lot to *endure*, (for I could not leave the car,) save a deck passage I took from



## CXLI.

A dapper man whose likely fond of *chowder*,  
 Judging like fortune-tellers by his name ;  
 A taste for painting, but don't make him prouder,  
 He often paints for money, not for fame.  
 On politics, and nonsense he talks louder  
 Than most men—in "councils" he's somewhat tame.  
 I laugh when to the paper I do turn,  
 At the stereotype, — *I* move this board adjourn !

## CXLII.

Here's a mustachioed dandy — quite a beau !  
 A would-be gentleman without the means ;  
 This is a species of the Kangaroo,  
 That thrives in Cuba, France, and New Orleans !

---

Louisville to St. Louis. A description of which I wrote to a friend in Vicksburgh, the following being the concluding lines of a stanza :—

"Of all things—base, ill, or reprehensible ;  
 This made me feel a 'hell on earth,' most sensible !"

He commenced his conversation with a history of his sickness, vomiting, taking gruel, &c. very interesting : but his *forte* lay in damning the missionaries, they raised funds to gamble on steamboats, &c. (judging them by himself.) They were damn'd rascals in general,—fond of other men's wives, &c. I don't wonder a man should lose his voice, (he has a kind of grunt,) who is such a vocabulary of ribaldry and blasphemy.—Perhaps he is striving for the crown (of swearer Lauriet,) from the "Prince of darkness." But if a man is a blackguard, why not have a decent respect for the feelings of others—for women are not the most sensitive in these things, (they are always *falsely* judged by their sex, and not by their sensibility.) One reason is, it is no disgrace to swear before ladies, *if* you have the *monish* ! morals are comparatively of small moment ; besides it is somewhat fashionable. I observed, to a gentleman present, Dr. W. L. Balfour, of Madison Co., that the thing ought to be put out,—he replied, he was your great Whig ———, high in office. If I had had a female with me, I should have insulted the nuisance. What different estimates men make of manliness !



For honesty and courage, about so, so, —  
 They live on *calf*-head, *goat*-soup, and horse beans!  
 Mustache, some think an honor, others a rule  
 To judge a man of gumption — from a fool !

## CXLIII.

Here comes my “ partner,” rather tall and slim,  
 Though few like him are always full of *mud* !  
 One reason to my mind why he’s so thin, —  
 Worse than a jack-ass, he will chew the cud :  
 He learned ’tis true, this negro practise in  
 Louisville, for he’s of Kentuck blood.  
 He’s his wife’s third, I think it is a sin,  
 If she puts not this *tray* — a *mud* hole in !

## CXLIV.

He cheated me, and might with him is right !  
 He’ll keep the money truly if he can  
 From one who is not very apt to fight, —  
 ’Tis *burn’d* into his features a mean man !  
 Though some do think the sneak, is only tight  
 In money matters ; — he for Marshall ran :  
 Pity he did not get the office then —  
 “ A rogue, to catch a rogue ! ” he has the ken.

## CXLV.

But ev’ry dog, of course, must have his day,  
 Two legs, or four, the world indeed is wide ;  
 A settling of accounts, will not delay —  
 A reckoning which the bully must abide —

And braggart ass, will dare not to gainsay,  
 Though he on earth for filthy lucre lied.  
 The honest heart with pleasure there will swell !  
 While meanness shrinks into her native hell.

## CXLVI.

How doubly mean is base ingratitude —\*  
 Men who are selfish in their ev'ry act ;  
 A toad-eating spirit, and who are endued  
 With Vidocq's subtilty — Apolyon's tact ; —  
 As if from out of filth, the spawn was spew'd  
 By some anadrodjena — or cataract !  
 And by some second Doctor Faustus's sense —  
 Live on the fat and blood of innocence.

## CXLVII.

For mud with merit, fain would run a race ;  
 His dirty banner, see — 'tis now unfurl'd !  
 But merit doth disdain the filthy chase, —  
 His lips with pain and virtuous scorn are curl'd :  
 He leaves to fawning meanness, pomp and place —  
 The sycophantic friendship of the world,  
 And lives a holier life, in solitude  
 Of heart, than mix'd with mammon's viperous brood.

---

\* I expunge here a very long note, not wishing to dwell on a personal difficulty ; but to describe a thing who would cheat and insult a decent man, though he would be honest with a rumhead, for fear of a flogging.— Will not some *plasterer* send me a cast of this fellow's head?—I want to study Phrenology this winter !

## CXLVIII.

How high the aspirings of a noble mind ?  
 Above all selfishness ; nor vain with praise :  
 Not coward custom can his spirit bind ;  
 Immortal virtue, crowns him with her bays !  
 For joy, and peace, the pure in heart shall find,  
 Those who do walk in wisdom's pleasant ways ;  
 They have within their breasts a feast of joy,  
 An angelic shield — when *brutes* their peace annoy.

## CXLIX.

Here comes my friend, his open hand extended ?  
 Like a chaste maid, his heart glows in his eyes !  
 Which tells his friendship is not all pretended ;  
 Within his breast the warm affections rise !  
 Virginia's son, a stranger has befriended —  
 And friendship with the noble, never dies.  
 Two noblemen, in this mean place I met ;  
 Which this fond heart can never once forget.

## CL.

He has a most aristocratic smile !  
 That light'ning flash acrost the mouths right angle,  
 That some do try to show, but still the while  
 It is an awkward grin — they do it mangle ! —  
 His lips, like mine, do not the girls defile  
 With serpent juice, his speech does oft entangle  
 The pretty girls, and catch them in love's snares ;  
 But he don't like those starch'd up southern airs.

## CL I.

A mutual chum, — but he's been salivated,  
 Judging the covey by the way he splutters !  
 His mouth half open — as if he hated  
 The stinking *waters*, when he cross'd the gutters.  
 His genius is below *zero* rated ! —  
 He seldom speaks in English but he mutters ! —  
 He's from the land of wooden onion seed —  
 A shanks-mare galloping, Velocipede !

## CL II.

The sun has barely set, and yet 'tis night !  
 And though not wearied I must homeward tramp ;  
 Or some scar'd runaway, may me affright ;  
 And southern evenings, are impure and damp,  
 As if 'gainst scorching suns to show their spite :  
 And for my guide, there is no public lamp.  
 Well, if I am not by some bull dog bitten ;  
 I'll go to bed, and muse on what I've written !

## CL III.

I love the freshness of the early morn,  
 To take a shower bath in mint spring cascade :  
 The ladies here, I find the day break scorn —  
 From the plain matron, to the plainer maid !  
 The men are up, and ready for a horn ;  
 One gunsmith, a few of the *mason* trade.  
 A lame one here, the market people plagues, —  
 This *sucker*, sucks at once six dozen eggs !

## CLIV.

The market here, I surely must describe; —  
 The Mayor's aloft, he's ex-officio  
 President, chairman, secretary, and scribe ;  
 Savans and servants, go it down below :  
 They buzz like bees around an open hive,  
 While some are carrying burdens, to and fro.  
 In rainy days, they're apt to get the blues,—  
 Not that they lose their temper, but their shoes !

## CLV.

The ladies ! I must mention them again, —  
 They lie in bed, and dreaming *hug* the sheet !  
 Their better half, does steer through mud and rain,  
 To get the pretty dear's some dainty meat.  
 The servants cannot very much complain,  
 They have *old ned*, and *dodgers* for to eat.  
 Speaking of living, I would merely say,  
 I did not *live* down south — I did but *stay* !

## CLVI.

The butchers here, as elsewhere take it easy,  
 That is, when they have customers enough, —  
 Fat, boisterous, impudent, and greasy,  
 And like their beefsteak, most extremely tough !  
 No odds for that, they will demand the specie ;  
 And stint you in the weight, if you look gruff !  
 But though they seem to live such murderous lives,  
 In all the States, the most have pretty wives.

## CLVII.

Here is a fellow, with a head and chin,  
 I think would not disgrace Sir Walter Scott !  
 I do suspect, the creature is some kin  
 To the "liberator man," I don't know what !  
 For some that know, do say it is a sin  
 To Crocket — what an organ he has got  
 Of philoprogenitiveness !\* it's so elated,  
 It has his very visage — elongated !

## CLVIII.

For this thing they call amalgamation, †  
 'Tis somewhat common here for to pursue !  
 The mass of men, from ev'ry clime and nation,  
 Think when in Rome, they'll do as Romans do ;  
 And deem it natural, when one generation  
 Of slaves are gone, for to create a new ! —  
 And that's the way they always do succeed,  
 In *southern* fashion — for to cross the breed !

---

\* I speak poetically—not phrenologically.

† It must be laughable to southern ladies, to read the frequent denunciations of this thing in their papers, while there are so many pledges squalling around them ; and when they know that a good looking yellow girl rarely, or never, escapes pollution—even if married. It is next to impossible for single men to be chaste here, such is the climate. But why try to saddle this thing on the north, when the south is the hot bed of it ? But northerners and strangers are all alike in this matter ! And many buy good looking girls for their pleasure. I do not blame the ladies for winking at this thing—many would have to remain single if they were squeamish. But I think it is brutality for a man to club his servant, because she does not want to leave him on account of his marriage. Or for a gentleman to call in the aid of the police to take his "Rose" to jail as he has tired of her,—though she had saved his life by careful nursing, when he had the yellow fever. Slavery and ingratitude are twins ! Doctor M—— left here for Virginia, selling his pretty servant and two white children ; but as he had no family by his wife, I excuse him ! A



## CLIX.

In the free north, though it exceeds belief,  
 To walk with blacks, you might as well be dead, —  
 Some bold seducer — vagabond — or thief —  
 Would hurl a brickbat swiftly at your head,  
 Though you were listening to a tale of grief ; —  
 While here, they sleep all night in the same bed !  
 And, northern mobites, think not I lie to thee ;  
 Go where you never smelt — in good society !

## CLX.

Here, see a mixture of base mud and grease,  
 A large sized doll, she dresses very fine !  
 From prudence, and good sense, she's ta'en a lease :  
 Her smiles, her nods, her coquetry the sign

friend done some work for a lawyer in the country—he married an amiable lady who knew he had two children by a servant—this servant lived in a separate house,—but he returned to his first love ; and his wife spurned him from her as a dog, though she had even fondled his young brunettes. I knew a Col. H——, near Memphis, Tenn. who was engaged to be married ; his intended hearing he was increasing his stock, refused him. I met him on his way to New Orleans, with his pretty servant, big with child—to sell her ! How few men there are, take them on the voluntary principles, and not fetter them by laws, that have true honesty, or nobility of soul ? How many that requite the affection of their servants with the blackest ingratitude. I had written a long note on this subject, but add only these items, to show the nonsense and mendacity of the southern press, on this subject. Some planters prefer yellow women, if they treat them as wives. I have nothing to say. I have known some who sent their children to Europe to be educated. One Col. G—— takes his beautiful and bright mulatto, in the cabin of the steamboat when he travels ; and being a fighting man, and somewhat wealthy, few oppose him. It is a sight to see the pretty mulattoes in Huntsville, Alabama ! It is not going to far to say, that the ladies are jealous often of the attention paid to them ! I was somewhat astonished at the result of a protracted meeting here, which lasted near a fortnight—conducted by one of the most devoted and zealous divines of the present day. Out of hundreds of young men there were no accessions : Why ?—Most single men here own female servants.



She has no heart ; I trust she now will cease  
 To run her gay " accommodation line."  
 A thing, who has her dainty carcase sold  
 Unto a mummy ! — for his bones — and gold.

## CLXI.

I wonder, how the dear can sleep at night ?  
 To hug a rotten stump — a gouty stock —  
 And such a ghostly visage, 'twould affright  
 A bull — *without* the paralytic shock !  
 And she can press his shrivell'd neck quite tight,  
 And with deceitful kisses, love can mock ;  
 Drinking the breath of the octogenarean —  
 Rise in the morning, for to take an airing.

## CLXII.

Of all I can conceive of human ties,  
 There's none I look upon with deeper hate :  
 Repulsive beings — love's affinities !  
 And yet some deem it is legitimate, —  
 Though one the heartless beauty must despise.  
 But Oh ! she is his voluntary mate.  
 Yet mammas all, will not with me agree ; —  
 'Tis what I call — a moral felode see !

## CLXIII.

She would, I doubt not, her sweet body sell,  
 If 'twas the law, to one quite black and sooty !  
 And her *big* heart, with pride would seem to swell ;  
 I mean, of course, if Sambo had the booty !

His breath would certainly no *worser* smell !  
 And for to love him, it would be her duty.  
 Some, who have been long years *venerealiz'd*,  
 Have caught these things, as honey catches flies.

## CLXIV.

For they are common, the wide world over —  
 Sometimes they are compell'd, or ma's enrag'd —  
 But this one done it, for to live in clover !  
 A pretty bird, within a harem cag'd,  
 Sighing, and simpering, for another lover,  
 As her affections are quite disengag'd !  
 And let the aged lecher, chance to die —  
 How many *musheads*, for her heart would sigh !

## CLXV.

How prone we are to judge by the outside,  
 As if a beauteous form was virtue's guest ?  
 Or if a selfish, and deceitful bride,  
 Were pure, though laws their plight'd faith attest ?  
 But who, some ask, shall on this case decide,  
 Where there is not pollution, and incest ?  
 Well there's the rub, but as the thing was recent,  
 It struck me as consummately indecent !

## CLXVI.

See the theatre ! looks like an old barn, —  
 This place the ladies love to patronize ;  
 That ladies here should think there was no harm  
 In their uproarous mirth, does not surprise :

The very timid sit without alarm,  
 Though oft in church they like a veil's disguise ;  
 And hide their tallow faces, to enhance  
 Their modest beauty in the midnight dance.

## CLXVII.

For ladies south at the theatre shine ;\*  
 And fops a beauty by *apparel* prize ;  
 A costless dress, silk scarf, a gold lepine,  
 And diamond ring ; she's lauded to the skies !

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\* The comparatively large numbers, who attend theatres and balls here, to the northern cities, is remarkable. During Henry Clay's visit to Memphis, Tenn., a large portion of the *members* of a certain church were anxious to go to the ball, and bothered the pastor greatly with questions. I think he let them have their own way. At an anniversary of the Bible Society in Vicksburgh, on a fine evening, attended by four divines, there were less than a dozen members. I was much surprised, as the speakers were uncommonly animated and eloquent. On going homeward, I found that Yankee Hill was reciting his comicalities to a crowded house, (Southern's Hall.) A foreign vocalist made several hundred dollars a night, by singing the "Gambler's Song" here ; while it seemed impossible to raise three hundred dollars to establish a depot for the sale of Bibles. A few miles in the interior it is entirely different, and many good people find it difficult to attend night meetings. But are there no anti-duelling, anti-throwing-money-away, and pious females, here ? Yes ; but their society is not prized by the fashion : and, for various reasons, their influence is extremely limited. One reason of the scarcity of intelligent and devotedly pious (women,) few "ladies" have any piety, doubtless is, because they are not appreciated. If a female should wilfully absent herself from the amusements and recreations of polite society, she would be looked upon as a tame and simple creature, unless she had strength of mind and energy of character to make her influence felt far and wide. We hear so much of the sunny south, and yet how little romance and poetry there is in the composition of the ladies. For my own part, I think there is something in a southern climate incongenial to virtue. Whether it is the mosquitoes, or the "institution," that spoils your temper,—or the perpetual summer, that excites to lust, or disposes to indolence,—or the want of lectures, reading rooms, &c., for the "many,"—and, above all, for the want of females, i. e. of social and affectionate beings,—I cannot determine. For take a good Methodist from New England, and place him here, in a few years he will be apt to turn rascal. — "Oh, that horrid hole !"

The laurel wreath their taper fingers twine  
 For actresses, whose cheeks a blush defies ;  
 To whom there is such mark'd attention paid,  
 As if, without them, they would retrograde !

## CLXVIII.

Sometimes the ladies know not what to do,  
 Or where to go, in search of novelty ;  
 Then they are quite overcome with ennui,  
 Till comes a gala day or jubilee,  
 Or what they call down south a barbecue, —  
 Half-roasted hog, and half enough — all free ;  
 After the eating, then does come the fun —  
 A “ bran dance ! ” — saw-dust the ground upon.

## CLXIX.

Doctors and lawyers there you'll see as thick  
 As blackberries — Judges, full a score —  
 Colonels, as many as you can shake a stick  
 Well at — with Majors — line the ground all o'er —  
 Some Editors, who are on the trigger quick —  
 With Class Leaders, I think only three or four —  
 And of the genus *Loaferandi*,  
 A few the ladies smile on, quite the dandy !

## CLXX.

This is a bevy, a prodigious troop  
 To dance together, or at once to mess ;  
 But see, they go it in a smaller group,  
 Where they form squads, but do not coalesce !

For ladies, you must know, can never stoop  
 To see a working-man — 'twould her distress !  
 Though few industrious, smart, and honest come,  
 The most to see the sport, and drink the rum.

## CLXXI.

Oh, do but see them ! — what a pretty row !  
 The music's playing — now they do their best ;  
 There, he's upon her " light fantastic toe,"  
 Or rather on her *corn* ! — now she must rest ;  
 Watch how they quiver, shiver to and fro —  
 They do not look so amorous as Celeste !  
 Well, I should think that this would jerk their tripe —  
 See ! see ! her hand — I'm sure she's got the gripe.

## CLXXII.

There's one upon the rostrum — he's a Judge ;  
 He goes against the bonds, and a high tariff,  
 And a little of every thing — all fudge —  
 And they must have Calhoun president, — *if*  
 They can get him ! here a whig does him nudge —  
 Van-Buren is too small, and Clay too stiff  
 In his opinions ! out upon the bore —  
 Such *premeditated* nonsense he does pour.

## CLXXIII.

Hear him ! — he is a true republican ;  
 He never turn'd his coat, nor never lied ;  
 His father was a revolutionary son ;  
 But a great pity he so early died.

He stepp'd into the breeches, then, of one  
 Who had the people always on his side ;  
 And flogg'd the banks, and British aristocracy —  
 The great — “ unterrified democracy ! ”

## CLXXIV.

He's of the Jeffersonian, true succession !  
 Although he cannot go for little Marty,  
 Who fell from favor by one great transgression ;  
 He's for the nominations, true and hearty —  
 Repudiation ; — Texas, or secession !  
 We're for the country ; Clay is for a party ;  
 And if he's chosen president to vex us,  
 We'll go like Crockett — or to hell, or Texas ! \*

## CLXXV.

On with the dance, both Creole and brunette ;  
 You're out of town, of course you want no mask !  
 The graceful danseuse, and the pert coquette,  
 Do deem this exercise an easy task ;  
 There's one has danc'd until her bosom's wet —  
 She'll dance again, if *dollars* should her ask !  
 Well, it is time for to be going now ;  
 I *calculate*, they'll break up in a row !

---

\* This very foolish, though brave and witty man, soon after his arrival in Texas, had a dinner given him. After being toasted, he made a speech, the conclusion of which was,—I was studying where to go, and concluded I would either go to hell, or come to Texas ! Query — might not a man go to both places at once ?



## CLXXVI.

Well, here is a caution ; hold — hold — Macduff ! \*

A naked, natural, tobacco sign !

His stomach, like a bladder full of snuff —

His legs, well fitted up a post to climb —

In features, quite baboonish enough —

Though rather large, his age is over nine !

The public roads are with these beauties grac'd,

For 'tis a part of Mississippi taste.

## CLXXVII.

This is a stripling fire-arms for to handle — †

He is a shot, he very seldom miss'd,

At twenty yards, a snuffing of a candle :

He may be call'd an embryo duelist, —

---

\* A friend of mine, journeying in the interior, met a boy some ten or twelve years old, and being rather modest, (I believe there is more genuine modesty and *sensibility* in men than in women,) as some ladies were riding by, he felt ashamed ; but was much surprised to find they did not notice it. I despise mock modesty ; but the notion of blacks, from two to six or eight years of age, running about with white girls as I have seen, was one of those *inexplicables* which “killed me dead” in relation to the far south ! I confess, from a certain freshness of sensibility, which time cannot subdue, and not mixing much in society, I may be hypercritical ; and things present themselves with such vividness and force to my mind, that the bare mention of them may seem satirical. Few south will dispute my facts in the main, though they may deem me unfair, partial, splenetic, and insulting. For it seems impossible with some to say any thing against slavery without being an abolitionist—any thing against the foolish customs, ideas of honor, gentility, &c., and a hundred other things that obtain in a community,—without offending the mass. Some will attribute my remarks to disappointment, in not getting into certain society, &c. Such is not the fact. If I have any peculiar characteristic, it is a love of truth ; and though I have laughed more over these stanzas than some south will, I have had no malicious desires to gratify—no wish for to gain notoriety ; but simply to describe my first impressions, and present the pictures to a few, who, like myself, are observers of human “nater.”

† It is the custom to learn the boys to shoot very young. The small gun is as indispensable as the small saddle. It tickled me in some *pious* families to hear nothing else talked of but hunting. The excitement

Precocious youngster ! though he can stand ill  
 The John Bull plan of fighting with the fist ; —  
 These lads are early taught to thumb the triggers ;  
 They begin on squirrels, then practise on the niggers.

## CLXXVIII.

Look at this wretch ! he's dress'd quite fashionable,\*  
 Though deepest villany his soul does stain ;  
 He wander'd here for to be nearer hell,  
 I do suppose ! from the far north he came ;  
 He is a demon damned, without the yell —  
 A reprobate, without the mark of Cain —  
 A bold seducer — one who does despise  
 The widow's broken heart — her orphan's cries !

## CLXXIX.

The wretch who tortures youth and innocence,  
 What deep damnation shall he not receive !  
 What can she plead ? abused confidence ;  
 What can she do, but sorrow, pine, and grieve ?  
 Thy love so pure, unselfish, and intense —  
 With *God*, thy character shall all retrieve.  
 And does he in thy sorrows bear a part ?  
 A walking nuisance, with a rotten heart !

---

of the climate makes reading operose ; and riding, shooting and racing supplies the place of more intellectual pursuits. The practice of shooting familiarizes them with blood. And to see striplings, with overseers and others, hunting runaways, anxious for a shot if the runaway does not stand when they see and halloo to him, is not uncommon. A friend has saw two young ladies, daughters of Anderson M——, each with a pistol, fighting a mock duel with great glee !

\* I took him at first to be a merchant of New York, but was mistaken, hough the *resemblance* was striking.

## CLXXX.

I'll have the cursed rascal by the throat,  
 If he does not his venom on me spit !  
 But see ! some hand the guilty dog has smote !  
 For this base crawling viper now has bit  
 A file ! but hear his imploring note,  
 As if his seared conscience could be smit ;  
 And see him writhe in agony of pain ! —  
 Thou demon damn'd, thou turnest but in vain !

## CLXXXI.

A virtuous heart for villany must bleed ;  
 Thy parchment cheek refuses for to burn ;  
 Thy rotten heart within thy eyes I read —  
 Come, justice, once again to earth return ;  
 A mother's love for me won't intercede —  
*She will her first-born from her bosom spurn !*  
 Thou shalt into the lowest pit be flung,  
 To *feed*, on thy own rotten heart — thy dung.

## CLXXXII.

If I but had a pincers on thy nose,  
 I'd maim thy carcass, or I'd hold thee fast ;  
 See, like a porpoise how the rascal blows ! —  
 But the “ undying worm ” has thee at last,  
 As to the fiercest hell thy spirit goes, —  
 VIRTUE'S BOLD MURDERER, thou shalt there be class'd,  
 Where unto fiends thou may'st thy deeds rehearse,  
 The *meanest* thing, that Heaven e'er stoop'd to curse !

## CLXXXIII.

A "forlorn hope," is coming, a recruit  
 Of Satan's, fresh from Bruner's gambling hell !  
 I rank these gamblers far beneath the brute,  
 Although they do with human beings dwell ;  
 But tell them this, they will a fellow shoot —  
 'T was trying to secure them, — fell !  
 A posse of these *thieves* sometimes they catch,  
 Make a nocturnal spree — a hanging match !

## CLXXXIV.

Their fears occasionally do prevail,  
 And they do smell—alias, dread the tar ;  
 And sometimes give their enemies leg bail ;  
 For they have scouts that smell the storm afar ;  
 Not relishing a ride upon a *rail*,  
 They take a journey upon a rail-road car  
 To Jackson, help the sages for to break  
 Those laws — the good coerced them to make.

## CLXXXV.

A hundred lashes, cogently applied,  
 Would much refresh the memories of these larks ;  
 A la Edwards, upon the naked hide —  
 And scientific, for to leave the marks !  
 Suppose the law a penalty provide ?  
 Why not inflict it on the cursed sharks !  
 'T is like the laws 'gainst dueling, a pretence —  
 The influential oft it countenance.

## CLXXXVI.

Oh ye, who usefulness and virtue prize,  
 “ Who feel the Christian’s and the patriot’s flame !”  
 Come, lead your sons and daughters to despise  
 Corrupting customs, and unholy gain ;  
 With needy worth and virtue sympathize,  
 Who no affinity with cut-throats claim ;  
 Seducers, duelists, and gamblers, — brand  
 The offals of the earth — the LIVING DAMN’D !

## CLXXXVII.

A son of Galen here does take the shine  
 Off modern fops, though rather short of sight ;  
 In looks and voice he’s somewhat feminine ;  
 His breeches certainly are strapp’d full tight ;  
 They say he goes it in the killing line,  
 Albeit, he’s very seldom known to fight :  
 He takes, indeed, a very great delight  
 In hearing sung, — “ Oft in the *stilly* night.”

## CLXXXVIII.

And here’s another, like a *broad-axe* keen,  
 With face as red as comb of chicken cock,  
 Which seems to say, that he’s accustom’d been  
 To drinking something stronger than mere hock ;  
 He *swears* a clergyman shan’t enter in  
 To see his sick, till death their jaws does lock.  
 I hope, dear friend, a *rope* may never surge thee,  
 Or you might crave the benefit of clergy !

## CLXXXIX.

Here is a beauty, and she stares at me !

I take her (please excuse me) by her skin ;  
The reigning belle this beauty used to be,  
Ere she fell from innocence, the sin  
Of tasting food from love's forbidden tree !

Of course, her hopes of marriage are quite slim ;  
And if the clime would not her beauty mar,  
She'd shine in Texas yet, a brilliant star !

## CXC.

She might petition Texas for some land ;  
For beauties, if not chaste, are sometimes lucky !  
Or some base wealthy foreigner command,  
Like the fam'd harlot mendicant, *Vespucci* ; \*

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\* This "beauty without paint," was lately rustivating at Ogdensburg, New York, with a cavalier servante. The interest some honorables took in the *claim* of this fair one, while Mrs. Decatur was neglected, was more gallant than patriotic. And the way some beauties hold out their charms to the highest bidder, is a caution ! A handsome woman without piety, or a strong mind, is apt to be a fool. And the many faces we meet in the street, that seem to say :—am I not pretty ?—would'nt I make a pretty play thing, for a rich old bachelor ? are apt to make us think, that unsophisticated and unselfish hearts, (excepting among Christians,) are small in number. I have seen a beautiful wanton take the "pass" in Broadway. Mothers with their daughters gaping at the "fallen angel," as if she would set the north river on fire ; while those matrons, and young women, who were on errands of mercy, met no friendly smile of recognition. But a beauty in a New Orleans ball, (get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,) if she has not the stomach of an ostrich, she will be surfeited with the good thing slavished upon her ! — She is there something like "Vic," among the nobles.

I knew a cherub creature, whose innocent looks, and modest and voluptuous charms, would make the boldest seducer stare, and whom virtuous young men looked upon with delight and admiration,—who was a *nuisance* at the time ;—and what was more remarkable, had no idea of the *nature* and criminality, of concupiscence : passionless—not pure !—Still beauty is bewitching ! Yet how strange that some should prefer that blotch of red, that seems glued to the skin ; to those spiritual features which *show* a blush, or express the holier emotions of the heart.



For beauty there, I think, is in demand —  
 Some say it is not so in Old Kentucky !  
 But for myself, I never once was zealous  
 For a *rouge patch* — I fear I should be jealous.

## CXC I.

Oh ! had she been that meek, retiring one,  
 Her father's pride, her virtuous mother's praise, —  
 Whose thoughts, whose heart, was purer when alone,  
 Than if her beauty was the ball room's gaze ;  
 Her virtues with a steady light had shone —  
 Time would have concentrated all their rays ;  
 And when beloved friends wept o'er her tomb,  
 Some lovely daughter would renew her bloom.

## CXC II.

Oh wedded love ! I would thy raptures sing,  
 With heav'nly purity, and peace inspir'd ;  
 Fountain, from whence perpetual pleasures spring —  
 Where virtue dwells, an angel guest retir'd ;  
 Love's altar ! where the pious heart doth bring  
 Her offerings, — the bride for heav'n attir'd.  
 And though one heart be widow'd left, and lone ;  
 How sweet this type of an eternal home !

## CXC III.

Those lovely cherubs laughing in their tears,  
 Sweet innocence and beauty, deck'd in smiles ;  
 How warm a mother's love ! the thought she rears  
 For immortality, where sin defiles ;

Her glowing hopes, and Oh, her rising fears,  
 E'en when she views their artless glee and wiles ! —  
 Mothers of freemen, be worthy of the name !  
 Like pious BETHUNE, or the sainted GRAHAME.

## CXCIV.

But many ladies do prefer a *rake* !  
 One reason why, they deem them extra smart ;  
 And always handy, when they wish to take  
 A walk, officious, anxious for a start ;  
 A modest man, they stereotype — “ a cake ” —  
 He is not won't to take an active part  
 In hugging them, which leads to their undoing —  
 And they are thought too cautious about wooing !

## CXC.V.

This beauty was the “ observ'd of all observers,”  
 At the theatre, concerts, or the balls ! —  
 Her servants, they were not your common servers, —  
 But Chivalry tormented her with calls !  
 And some, like “ Werter,” were o'reome with fervors  
 Which vanity inspires, — in folly's halls.  
 But to my mind, the devil oft stands sentry,  
 To lead spoil'd beauties, down his own dark entry.

## CXC.VI.

“Beauty is paint !” and those 'twas thought would bless  
 Some manly heart, instilling purest joy,  
 Through weakness, or temptation, oft transgress,  
 And parents, lovers, brothers, hopes destroy.

Oh ! how I've felt, for *seeming* loveliness,  
 My cheeks have crimson'd, even from a boy ;  
 And gazing, thought it would be hard to die,  
 No kiss from beauty's lips—no tear from woman's eye.

## CXC VII.

A lady kiss'd *me* a few years since,  
 I do remember well — 'twas in December !  
 And though I blush'd, I'm sure I did not wince —  
 I felt as warm, as red hot glowing ember  
 s ; some you know, do not the matter mince —  
 Most frequent those with waists not over slender !  
 But if I fall in love, I'll go the death,  
 For pearly teeth, sweet lips, and sweeter breath !

## CXC VIII.

Down south, it is not lawful for to kiss !  
 At least, I'm sure it's very much neglected ;  
 It's somewhat rare, to see a blushing miss,  
 I've many seen prodigiously affected !  
 One reason of their frequent *pouling* is,  
 'The Indian weed, the young men lips's infected.  
 Let me to north, I love a kissing scrape ! —  
 Here it is deem'd worse than a servants rape. \*

---

\* If you should kiss a lady south, you would stand a chance to get a bullet socked into you.—If you deflower a bright mulatto, it is venial—or you may be mulcted in a small fine ! An intel'gent lady of Nashville, told me, that her lover did not *dare* kiss her till after marriage. Quite funny for the sunny south ! There are exceptions to all rules, however. A fellow chip of mine, was impudent enough to kiss a rich widow, and imprudent enough to tell me of it ; but he is a gentleman like myself, and don't faint ladies,—good looking ! “ But it takes the vidders ! ”—

## CXCIX.

Some think a little hand aristocratic, —  
 Give me a beautiful mouth, that does not scorn  
 A burning kiss ! —so simple yet emphatic :  
 (Which utters words, affectionate and warm,  
 Though they may not be always most didactic ; )  
 Like Jacob's kiss, that surely was no harm !  
 But when I kiss the girls, I do not cry ; †  
 Some lovely one's, I know, I've made to sigh !

## CC.

The haughty beauty's lips, are always dry —  
 The modest virgin's, like an infant's, sweet :  
 Whom if you ever chance to kiss, you'll try  
 This pledge of dearest friendship to repeat ; —

How few can kiss a " lady," no—no—a *woman* scientifically ? How few have an aristocratic mouth ? I don't mean your tobacco chewing gentry, who are only fit to live in a bar-room,—nor your mustachioed booby who looks as if he was turning into a monkey !—But the modest gentleman. Who ever knew a poet, that had not a pretty mouth ? I don't mean the tribe of poetasters however, for their " name is legion ;" nor do I wish with him of the " archangel's harp,"—

That all the beautiful had but one mouth,  
 That we might kiss at once, from north to south.

By the by, what a time they must have at some Persian weddings ? How many I have seen I would prefer kissing to Queen Victoria ? I had one such in my mind, when I penned—" Affection's Kiss." But like all other luxuries it must be indulged in with moderation. I speak to the " Elect " now ! I remember a few years since, in Mount Holly, New Jersey, to have seen a woman with the prettiest mouth imaginable, though her lips were chapped by the cold, and *sighed* for a kiss !—That woman's mouth, (not features,) I never can obliterate,—I can't tell why. To have one that loves you, cling to you at parting, and with tears in her eyes—kiss you ! who can ever forget it ? But I must live in the past—not in the future.

† " And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept."

A few there are, and they I trust know why,  
 I'll kiss them *if I can*, where'er we meet !  
 Affection's kiss, 'tis love's effectual leaven —  
 I've sometimes wonder'd if they kiss'd in heaven !

## CCI.

The girls are lovely in the quaker city ;  
 One reason why, they're bathing ev'ry day ;  
 Which makes their ideas, bright and witty,  
 And purifies their *awkard* lumps of clay !  
 The quakeresses, I do think quite pretty,  
 Unskill'd the sweet piano for to play.  
 They spoil, however, in this southern state —  
 For most, save negroes, here deteriorate !

## CCII.

My eyes ! — here comes an amazonian dame !  
 Some think all vulgar animals are male ; —  
 A bull head creature, with a giant frame  
 And one well fitted for to *take the whale* !  
 So hideous ugly that she gives me pain, —  
 She'll wear the breeches if her lord should fail.  
 'Twas one of this kind, a fierce Lucinda  
 In London, threw her husband from the window !

## CCIII.

A truce, a truce, I now must surely stop,  
 Not for the mud, musquitoes, or the heat ;  
 But for a good, or rather a bad cause,  
 The rain confound it's wash'd away the street !

Which like some characters is full of flaws —  
 Well, I'll return and try some other beat.  
 Stagnations boast ! the rain and fire, will kill her,  
 And leave but little for good parson Miller !

## CCIV.

For Satan here has stablish'd his head quarters,  
 ('Twas formerly by Natchez's river side,)  
 Where red hot chivalry, and fashion's daughters,  
 Are steel'd in impudence, or starch'd in pride ;  
 And e'en in church the " roaring lion " loiters,  
 He likes a cloak his cloven foot to hide.  
 Down east, the natives drove him to the bush,  
 But here he goes it with a perfect rush !

## CCV.

Thou land of dust, and mud, and ugliness,  
 How any one did take thee for the site  
 Of a great city, I could never guess,  
 Unless he stray'd here somehow in the night,  
 And sigh'd to live in utter loneliness,  
 At least from those, whose skins are somewhat white!  
 Newport, Troy, and Bennington, knock under, —  
 Vicksburg, does eclipse you all to thunder !

## CCVI.

This Burgh would make a good " Botany bay,"  
 For Newport gentry guilty of high treason ;  
 They'd find it somewhat hard to *run* away —  
 Particularly in the *rainy* season !



They might get the hydrophobia !—

And that indeed would be the only reason,  
Why they should have a remedy, therefore —  
Make them swear allegiance, or bar the *door*.

## CCVII.

Or they might place him on the highest hill,  
With Marshall's telescope to watch each star ;  
There he might gaze, or stare, or sleep, until  
The morn, depriv'd of a mosquito bar ;  
Or listen to the cry of whip-poor-will —  
Or the shrill whistle of the midnight car :  
'Twould not be long before he'd lose all hope,  
And call for coffee for one — and a rope !

## CCVIII.

Here's a poor wretch, I very often meet, —  
Thou knowest what it is to be a slave ?  
No shoes that can be call'd such to thy feet —  
With half a shirt the elements to brave ;  
Thy crime, old age — success' with thee defeat,  
For thou a life time to some ingrate gave,  
Who hast thee now on servant's mercies thrown ;  
For slavery, turns e'en female hearts to stone !

## CCIX.

And these professors, seldom do they pray \*  
For slaves, and try to have them for a star

---

\* It is a rare thing for the house servants to be called in to prayers, they pray for them not to die sometimes,—but faithful, earnest prayer for them, and interest in their spiritual welfare, is uncommon. On the plantations

In their eternal crown ; their *actions* say, —  
 Oh let them go to hell, I fear they'll mar  
 My joy in heav'n, if they should get that way,  
 My nerves so delicate, would surely jar —  
 God never intended, that they should walk the street  
 Of New Jerusalem, with their *flat feet* !

## CCX.

Like brutes they live, and worse than brutes they die—  
 There's few that careth for my soul, or me  
 They well may say, to lead my thoughts on high,  
 Or show the glories of eternity.  
 But Ethiop's sons, to heav'n soon shall cry !—  
 " Servant of servants," though they now may be.  
 For the millennium, many here do pray ;  
 Yet strive to keep far off that glorious day.

## CCXI.

Some hold that negroes are beneath the brute,  
 Though they do deem them human, in the use  
 Of them, when taste or appetency suit ;  
 Then worse than brutes the sufferers abuse ;

of many professing Christians, *no* plan is devised, *no* arrangement made for their instruction. I have known a small quarter house used, that would not hold one half of them, while the hateful overseer *must* be among them preventing all good. The extreme degradation of some of them is incredible. Ask them who they belong to, they cannot tell ! And as they are compelled to work for their masters or themselves on the Sabbath, it is difficult to tell how they can be Christians. The washing, chopping wood, &c., being on many farms a Sunday job. Many are compelled to hawk vegetables about the city on the Sabbath—professors buying the

Poor suffering wretches must of course be mute,  
 Hopeless, till death their painful bonds does loose :  
 Here's one delights on them to curse, or frown,  
 Though scarce above a negro — yet he's *brown*.

## CCXII.

See on this *grove* there stands an ancient frame,  
 Where there appears as usual quite a crowd !  
 Some founder'd — others halt, or blind, or lame,  
 ' Some smoking, cutting — others swearing loud—  
 Some brought up north, others again that came  
 Down on a raft ! of course not over proud.  
 So unlike me, if you are fond of much men—  
 Why walk in, it's kept by a buckeye Dutchman !

## CCXIII.

This is the place where they do *take in* boarders,  
 And where the chinses stole my flannel shirt !  
 As I suppose, it went without my orders ;  
 And these perfumers do a fellow hurt :  
 The women folks, are like most money hoarders,  
 They love the money, and *neglect* the dirt !  
 I can go *part* frog, or sourcroust in my eating, —  
 But cannot go the *whole hog*, in my sleeping !

---

same as others ! And from their extreme ignorance of Scripture truth, an occasional sermon is of little benefit—for they must not be preached to as free men. An acquaintance knew of a singular circumstance a few years since ; the minister in preaching to the servants made use of some *indiscreet* expressions—telling them not to break the Sabbath—to obey God in preference to man, or ideas of that import ; this would be Scripture to free men—but to those whose souls and bodies are bound, it was treason !—he was accordingly dismissed.

## CCXIV.

I've often fanci'd I saw Hogarth there,  
 The time, say one, when we sat down to dinner ;  
 To watch some covey how surpris'd he'd stare,  
 As flesh, and fish, most magically grew thinner !  
 Or the expression of his calm despair,  
 Especially if a new beginner ; —  
 He'd think with me, the eloquence of eating  
 Was action, action, three times repeating !

## CCXV.

The madam is not so ugly, or so thin,  
 As a raw fellow might at first suppose ;  
 She has, 'tis true, a fascinating grin,  
 For those whose silver in her pocket goes ;  
 And 't may be sometime yet, ere nose and chin,  
 Forget their friend between, and come to blows !  
 But henceforth I'll try to steer clear of such, —  
 The *green* Irish, the *brown* Spaniard, and the *black*  
 Dutch !

## CCXVI.

In travelling you're apt to get acquainted  
 With strange bed fellows, as all know is a fact ;  
 From some how hard to keep from getting tainted,  
 More nauseous than a dose of ipecac !  
 I thought some of these beauties to have painted,  
 Though coloring matter, I should oft have lack'd.  
 If this sells well, and I can raise the means,  
 I'll take a walk, I think, round New Orleans !

## CCXVII.

For I have ta'en but a little canvass,  
 And daub'd the likeness of a few, not all ;  
 There's one at least, that I have wrote an ass —  
 And he's in soul, if not in body, small !  
 The men do here the ladies far surpass  
 In ev'ry thing, but getting up a ball !  
 And I do think, a new importation  
 From old Kentuck, would work a reformation.

## CCXVIII.

It's a strange place, where there is nothing queer,  
 Though some will say it's all the force of habit ;  
 For if you chance to Peking for to steer,  
 You'll find they dish up rats, much like a rabbit !  
 In other places dog meat is quite dear, —  
 'Twould make you *howl* to see the children grab it!—  
 In El-dorado, where they want some force,  
 They go it neck and ears, upon the horse :

## CCXIX.

It is not bad, although it's somewhat coarse,  
 If salted nicely, and cook'd till well done ;  
 'Tis true, that you may feel a little *hoarse* —  
 Instilling life 'twill help you for to *run* ;  
 Improve the senses, for to *smell* the source  
 Whence comes the bullet, from a Camanche's gun !

But to sum up this stanza and be brief,  
I'll tell you in a note, of the horse thief. \*

## CCXX.

But I have walk'd until my legs are tir'd ; —  
Here see a blood — a native Cherokee !  
The Vicksburgh ladies have these lads admir'd,  
Dress'd in the *height* of fashion do you see !  
These fellows can't be bought, or sold, or hir'd  
To work ; — they are the “ fierce democracy.”  
From time immemorial, these outlaws  
Have scalp'd the Christians, and have beat their squaws.

## CCXXI.

In this dull city you will see no Quakers,  
Or as they wish for to be called, Friends, —  
They always are, or try to be peace-makers ;  
The poor and needy, one and all befriends.  
I've seen some dames here, who would make good  
Shakers !  
And here the moral of this stanza ends.—  
Mormons, Shakers, and the “ great idolatry ; ”  
Are to the devil all I think an oddity !

---

\* A young man who had served in the Texian wars, observed, there was at one time no hanging for murder, though there was for horse stealing, on account of the difficulties they were put to by being deprived of their horses. A noted rascal having murdered a young man, a jury was summoned and the rascal tried—but what was the surprise of the judge when the verdict was rendered by the foreman,—we find this fellow guilty of horse stealing ! They got him on the hip that time.



## CCXXII.

Here's a gay lady, I would not upbraid  
 For following foolish customs, had she wealth ;  
 She's bought a yard of cambric — she's afraid  
 To carry it, 't might injure her dear health !  
 See a bare-footed and bare-headed maid,  
 Does creep behind her close, as if by stealth,  
 To carry the enormous bundle home,  
 Weight of a box of pills, or corset bone !

## CCXXIII.

Oh affectation ! simple — prudish — shy —  
 Thou art to men of sense, a laughing stock !  
 To me at least a curiosity ;  
 A pretty pet, the tenant of a frock.  
 How strange that they in bed with man should lie,  
 You'r apt to think they would prefer a block ! —  
 Give me the flashing eye, warm flesh and blood ;  
 None of your puling, mincing, icy brood.

## CCXXIV.

Who comes ? A gentleman — or should I say  
 One who is thought so, must I tell you why ?  
 His father *once* was rich, though he can't pay  
 His debts, and, worst of all, he will not try !  
 And brought him up a loafer, though he may  
*Fight* himself to be editor, by-and-by ;—  
 But do the ladies treat him with politeness ?  
 Oh, certainly — their eyes do flash with brightness !

## CCXXV.

If you had the mien of the pig-faced lady —  
 The actions of a trog — the manners of a boor —  
 If Pa has *had* the “brads,” they won’t upbraid thee ;  
 For some a murderer with gold endure !—  
 Not quite so natural as Byron’s Haidee !—  
 Though Don Juans do often them allure.  
 What matters, if you’re handsome and a scholar ?  
 You are a fool, without the potent dollar !

## CCXXVI.

Who is a gentleman ? — pray let me ask ? \*  
 “ One that’s effeminate, with lady’s hands,  
 Does in the sun of gold and beauty bask,  
 With slaves by hundreds tilling of his lands ;

---

\* Who are gentlemen ? What constitutes a gentlemen ?—are questions few answer to my satisfaction. With some he must have dignity of character—must be able to converse to edification—*must* love the society of females, &c. In Memphis, Tenn., a man who owns two negroes, a thirty dollar horse, and can raise a *potgut* on himself,—he’s a gentleman ! In Vicksburgh the son of a planter, or any one who can live without work—him that has property or a profession—a penniless lawyer, or quack physician—are more respectable than a working man with property. (I allude to the estimation in which they are held by the ladies, and speak of things in the general.) There is a vast difference, however, between a man thinking, and calling himself a gentleman, and one who *feels* he is one. I somewhat offended a young man on his mother’s plantation, by telling him that some young gents, who were sitting talking to his sisters, cursing and swearing, speaking savage to the servants, &c., could not go into the society a *decent* mechanic could down east. He would have it that money made the gentleman, or at least the ladies in the parish made him think so. I enjoyed a hearty laugh with a middle aged gentleman in Memphis. A Mr Scott, of New Orleans, was preaching in the Presbyterian church. We went frequently to hear him ; my friend was *known*. He had been a man of wealth in Kentucky—was now poor. The “business man,” Mr. Bias, always put him in a back seat, though I was taken to a front one. In a short time, however, he placed me back ; he had ascertained I was a plebeian, and mistaken me for a gentleman ! The pews at this time, I think, were not rented. It is strange to one who could never look on wealth in the same light with the mass, to see the vagabond son of a rich father, how he will be caressed by females, who would scorn a young man of low extraction, though he had the person of Milton when young, the sensibility and soul of Pollock, or the conversational powers of Burns.

Who squanders wealth, though widow'd age some asks,  
 With looks of suff'ring and with wither'd hands ;  
 With empty head, dress'd like a peacock fine !  
 Unfit 'mongst men of genius for to shine ? ”

## CCXXVII.

“ The man of spirit, with the oath profane ;  
 As if without he could not be believ'd ?  
 For to be *decent*, seems to some too tame ;  
 The devil has his children much deceiv'd —  
 Like the bold harlot, glory in their shame,  
 As though they were awhile from hell reprieved,  
 To wax continually from bad to worse,  
 Till they resound hell's everlasting curse ! ”

## CCXXVIII.

“ Not those who boast of honor, and have none ;  
 Integrity, and often from it swerve ;  
 A spotless reputation, when it's gone,  
 Or such as blustering politicians serve :  
 I made a bargain on a time with one  
 Whom I did think, had honor, sense, and nerve ; —  
 Hunter's mistake — a skunk, oft for a hare ;  
 But I mistook a jackass, for a *mare* ! \* ”

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\* There is one thing in the character and conduct of many gentlemen south, that I abominate, to wit—the meanness and duplicity with which they treat those they deem their dependants, or inferiors. If a man goes south in the capacity of a “gentleman,” nothing is too good for him, even the ladies notice him. But change the pretended gentleman, (for such he may be,) to a generous and intelligent mechanic, and how different the treatment. You may eat at the same table, there is no conversation di-

## CCXXIX.

The well bred gentleman is always mild,  
 Like the great Washington — modest, yet firm ;  
 Whose lips profanity hath ne'er defil'd —  
 Who would a swearer from his presence spurn ;  
 Bright virtue's unobtrusive, honor'd child,  
 Whom gold nor menace could from duty turn :  
 Meek, modest, noble, virtuous, thoughtful, brave,  
 Who'd scorn for to insult or pain a slave.

rected to you—you must sit mute. The servants will scarcely serve you at table ; they will give you something similar to a hog pen to sleep in ; and then set a watch on you for fear you will hug Dinah. If you are riding through the country, especially Louisiana, it is almost impossible to get a place to stay over night, Among the Methodists it is rare they will treat a stranger with the courtesy of decency. The young ladies will gabber without even a *decent* recognition ! I judge not only by my own experience, but of others also. The master of the house is frequently *too* familiar, but his daughters, whom you would not kiss perhaps for a “diamond,” think it indicates quality—and, Oh saw my leg off ! respectability to cut you.—(Those of education, and who *drum* on the piano, I do not include.) What a difference in places north where I have been, the farmer's daughters would so *pester* you with their attention, that the roughest of us would blush considerable. And were they less respectable ?—I trow not. I made a bargain with a wealthy planter near Milliken's Bend, La., in Vicksburgh, and said to him,—Now sir, I depend upon your “honor” in this matter, for when you reach home you will find a rival who will try to bargain with you. It was all right, I must ride up, measure the building, &c. When I arrived within a few miles, I met my rival, with a note from the man of honor, that I need not come for he had engaged others—of course his word was nothing with a mechanic,—but with a “gentleman gambler,” it would have cost him a shot. I had the satisfaction of walking back ten miles in the rain and mud, beside expense of going in the boat. An acquaintance spent some twenty-five dollars in riding and waiting on a planter, who *said* he wanted a house builded ; after he had troubled him sufficiently—he told him he should not build *now*. These things, perhaps, are not general, but the idea of being honorable to those who they deem beneath them is something not included in the code of a gentleman. And the notion of a man travelling as a gentleman, to know any thing of the manners and customs of the south—is all fudge ! To know things as *they are*, you must travel (to them) incog, i. e. as a gentleman in the capacity of a mechanic.

## CCXXX.

What means this crowd?—Hays' selling human cattle;\*  
 Not "Old Hays" though, but listen to his brogue!  
 Is this not strange? I have not look'd in "Vattel;"  
 But 'tis a business very much in vogue  
 About these parts, which makes some north to tattle:  
 But hear him lie—hark! listen to the rogue;  
 He says her age is forty, and no more,—  
 I'll bet a likely negro, she's three score!

---

\* To a person who was never south—the first time he sees a bright mulatto sold, it will make him stare! The ideas of revenge, of oppression, of lechery, and of infinite meanness, will flash upon his mind;—at least it was so with me. But when he hears a "broth of a boy," from *oppress'd* Ireland, selling his fellows, it sets him a thinking. But only make a thing lawful, and conscience sleeps. I seriously believe, if "burking" was made lawful,—that a certain class of men could be killed with impunity and profit; you would see many signs with,—The best price given for large and sound subjects. N. B. Those with mustachioes preferred! And some gent whose sables was rather rusty, might overhear a couple of ruffians behind him saying,—here's a good subject, and take to his heels as if the devil was after him! I saw some yellow girls, sisters, who were about to be sold, and their pleading looks gave me pain—they knew they must be separated. I judged by their resemblance to their master, that he was their father. I went down to New Orleans, a deck passage with two slave dealers, they had six or eight slaves with them, one woman fifty years of age, blind of an eye, they offered for one hundred dollars. A man of forty-five years old, a blacksmith, they told him he must say he was only thirty-five: a boy of sixteen, amused the company by telling them of his compulsory *fathership*!—while the most of them looked as if they had been torn from their humble homes, by these heartless speculators. It is doubtless necessary to sell or transfer slaves, but a little observation will convince you that it is frequently a rascally piece of business. One of the wealthiest traders in Virginia, commenced business with an old negro that his father gave him—by taking him to N. Orleans, and selling him for fifty dollars! I know an extensive brick-maker who was a brute with his hands, when the few months were gone which one of his negroes had been hired for, the negro told him—he was glad his time was out, for he was too hard a man for him; he went immediately and bought him: was there no meanness in this? That the African race were doomed by God to slavery, few will doubt,—but that those whose black blood is nearly run out, should be ranked with them, is to me cruel and unjust. And I can see, and feel, how slaveholders can be Christians—(those born and brought up under the system,) but in this day of light, when the Eagle of liberty is hovering over the nations ready to take his final resting place, the man who is free from this curse, and engages in it to possess and retain slaves, sins against his own conscience; and becomes as far as my observation went, destitute of piety—if indeed he ever had any.



## CCXXXI.

There's many things that seem to us quite strange,  
 And fill us at first sight, with consternation ;  
 Till time, and habit, does our feelings change  
 And we have somehow got a " new creation "  
 Hellward, though we feel inclined to range  
 In mammon's marts, e'en to the soul's starvation !  
 Past the post-office quickly now I slope,  
 There is a boat in sight, I humbly hope.

## CCXXXII.

Here is a high, and somewhat splendid store,  
 Though Dr. H. think strange, yet I do ween  
 Since Dr. Green poor fellow is no more,  
 The ugliest men in Vicksburgh may be seen !  
 But this the ladies must have known before :  
 Still there is H——t, but he's no kin to Win, —  
 But go in good society this fellow can,  
 Do you ask why ? — why he has kill'd his man !

## CCXXXIII.

Well, here's some heads would suit the friends of Gall—  
 For great, and small, about these quarters lurk ;  
 Here's one large man, whom some are apt to *call*  
 Or name him " Mac," he is not fond of work !  
 And this owl face, you'd think he'd made a haul  
 At gambling — he does gang unto the " kirk."  
 But I am off, they are not worth the trouble  
 Of a review : I'll have a chat with Hubbel.



## CCXXXIV.

Well I have but a tithe of things survey'd,  
 Yet like the wandering Jew I'll journey on ;  
 And yet though cautious, I am much afraid  
 Of having skipp'd some things in days by gone ;  
 But I must not by trifles be delay'd,  
 For I hope soon, to see some verdant lawn,  
 Where I shall have the pleasure for to greet  
 Some long lost friend, within some lov'd retreat.

## CCXXXV,

Oh might I live in some retired spot,  
 With some fond heart, by heav'n in mercy sent !  
 Alike the world forgetting, and forgot,  
 With health and love, (a competence,) content ;  
 I would not envy mammon's slave his lot —  
 Chain'd to his gold, till life's best blood is spent.  
 But far from venal selfishness would try,  
 To live a peaceful life, in peace to die.

## CCXXXVI.

'Tis probable I will grow fat sometime,  
 When I get clear of trouble and of sorrow !  
 Or on the couch of ease I do recline, —  
 Which will be I am thinking, on the morrow :  
 And if the past will serve us as a sign,  
 A lucky hint for years to come I'll borrow,  
 In passing through earth's fiery ordeal —  
 Have some conception of the hell that's real !

## CCXXXVII.

And now, I have a notion for to halt ;  
 Not that my muse, but audience may be tir'd ;  
 Though that would truly be the muse's fault —  
 E'en if she had good humoredly desir'd,  
 To give these boys a dose of " attic salt " —  
 For being oft within their mud-hole mir'd !  
 And if from coming back I'll be debarr'd,  
 I'll leave these lines — as others leave their card !

## CCXXXVIII.

Though they may seem nor poetry, nor wit,  
 Reliev'd and ornate, with no learned lumber ;  
 Still burning thoughts into my brain would flit,  
 Though I kept cool as melon or cucumber ;  
 And shall, till " Poe " does get me on his spit !  
 Though he cannot disturb my nightly slumber ;  
 Yet he like *Ellery*, might clinch me hard,  
 And take me for an " amateur," or *Ward*.

## CCXXXIX.

An oblong square, a monstrous pile of brick, —  
 The Prentiss house as you may plainly see !  
 'Tis part upon a rock, the walls quite thick —  
 But Childer's, not Saint Peter keeps the key.  
 I done some of the work there mighty slick,  
 And have the luck to have the dimes with me :  
 This house may do for Vicksburgh, and for Prentiss,  
 But there is one which kills it dead at Memphis !

## CCXL.

Well, I am swamp'd at last, I've lost my way, —  
 Fire ! murder ! rape ! — I've nearly lost my boot !  
 It serves me right, I should have ta'en the dray ;  
 For I believe I've almost taken root  
 In this black mud, or Misissippi clay ;  
 If I stay here to summer I shall shoot !  
 Good heav'ns ! I'm out, and don't I look poetic !  
 I know, at least, that I do feel quite hectic.

## CCXLI.

Well, here I am, if not adrift — afloat —  
 And fierce for fight, my pen's the sword I wield !  
 I'll prick the chieftain of this huge wharf boat :  
 He'll bring his Irish *porters* in the *field* !  
 He's impudence personifi'd — he smote  
 A fellow man — his heart's 'gainst mercy steel'd :  
 Such men are qualified to get along,  
 Among a motley, and a swell-head throng.

## CCXLII.

But here she comes, black as a British steamer !  
 Looks much, as I suppose, like Noah's ark  
 Without the upper story, perhaps meaner :  
 But such a puffing, bellowing, mercy — hark !  
 Let " Chuzzlewit " describe her, he's a screamer, —  
 A coward whelp, which loves it's snappish bark.  
 The girls, and boats, are handsomer in York,  
 Those graceful swans — these awkward as a stork.

## CCCXLIII.

Heigho ! Heigho ! I'm on the king of rivers,  
 Not quarter'd on the deck this time however !  
 She's off—she's off—good heaven's how she quivers !  
 The captain though and crew are mighty clever ; —  
 Fire up my boys, and let her go to shivers !  
 There is ties behind, for me to sever ;  
 I'd rather blow up here, with none to pity,  
 Than die a natural death, in Vicksburgh city !\*

## CCXLIV.

The rolling wheel the water fast displaces,  
 We leave the model city far behind ;  
 Thou land of gelid hearts, and pallid faces,  
 I leave thee now, a *warmer* home to find !  
 And fancy, I do feel their warm embraces, —  
 Those that do love me constant, true, and kind ;  
 Farewell ! farewell ! — no love is lost between us,  
 I've only been a “looker on in Venice.”

## CCXLV.

How swift we glide, what raptures now are mine —  
 Lo ! see ! the fated city view again !  
 The river is so strangely serpentine, †  
 We've run five miles, five hundred yards to gain.

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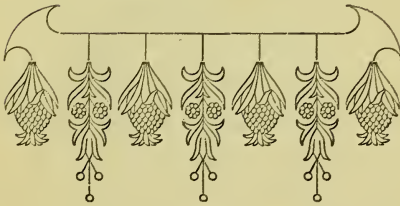
\* I am not so bad as a Virginian who spent part of the winter here, he observed, he would rather be *hung* in Virginia—than die a natural death in Vicksburgh !

† When you have journeyed some five miles you are nearly opposite the City, the river running almost to a circle : the possibility of the river cutting through a narrow Isthmus, and leaving the city some two or three miles in the rear, has of late years much alarmed some Vicksburgians.

If it would cut a channel on a line

The city then would high and dry remain,—  
Like “Tadmor in the wilderness” to be  
Immortal Vick — a thing of memory !

10\*



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO ——— ———.

I've seen more beautiful than thou !  
With cheeks of ruddier, healthier bloom ;  
The form of majesty — the brow  
That wit and genius does illumine ;  
Sweet lips of beauty's purest mould —  
The swan-like neck — the melting eye ;  
And oh ! those thousand charms untold,  
That make the youthful heart to sigh :

But though more brilliant I have seen,  
Where art doth every grace bestow ;  
Even since my heart thou hast subdued,  
I feel there's none like thee below !  
As pillow'd on thy breast I lay,  
So tender, guileless, free from stain ;  
I in a moment, chase away  
Whole years of misery and pain.



I've seen the beautiful advance,  
To join the gay and giddy throng !  
To thread the mazes of the dance —  
The queen of beauty, as of song !  
How many hearts can she command ?  
If haply she hath none undone ;  
And he who gains her heart, and hand,  
Doth deem he hath a kingdom won !

But thou dost brighter, holier shine,  
Religion's meek and lowly child ;  
Whose dowry is of grace divine,  
By sin untainted — unbeguil'd ;  
Exemplar of pudicity,  
And heritor of bliss thou art ;  
How white thy vestal purity !  
How blessed are the pure in heart !

For thou dost leave the scenes of mirth,  
For the sick couch where want doth lie —  
Like messengers of love to earth ;  
Or guardian angels from the sky !  
To wipe the tears from mourners' eyes,  
To lead the young in wisdom's ways ;  
And where foul blasphemies did rise,  
To wake the melody of praise !

How oft thou'st mourn'd in agony,  
That daring, fashionable guilt,  
Which deems no insult wip'd away,  
Until a brother's blood is spilt, —  
Oh ! had thy prayers but power to stay  
This relic from a barbarous age ;  
This blot on southern chivalry !  
This stain upon our nation's page !

I see around the proud, the gay,  
The lov'd, the flatter'd, the admir'd ;  
The pageants of an idle day,  
Hearts fill'd with hope — with rapture fir'd ;  
But that angelic purity —  
Those works of love — that lovely brow  
Where virtue clasps humility —  
Does tell me few are blest as thou !

The forms of beauty's fairest mould,  
Though vigorous, will fade full soon ;  
And every grace which it infolds  
Will be infolded in the tomb :  
'Tis virtue only shall remain,  
To charm all hearts — delight all eyes ;  
Like thee, dear woman, freed from stain  
To bloom fore'er in paradise !

## THE SHIPWRECKED MAID.

MOUNTAINOUS high the billows rise,  
The winds as mighty thunders roar ;  
While darkness veils the frowning skies,  
And hope departs forevermore ;  
The vessel sinks — the good, the brave  
Find in the deep a watery grave.

One awful rush — we sink ! we sink !  
They in one mighty chorus cry !  
As on eternity's dread brink  
The prayer — the shriek — does pierce the sky !  
Not one of all her crew is sav'd —  
None seen, save one distracted maid !

The fury of the storm gone by,  
And hush'd the elemental shock,  
The light returns, but to descry  
The wretched maiden on the rock ;  
Her bleeding breast, and loosen'd hair,  
Picture the image of despair !

As if our Savior there had stood,  
To calm the raging of the storm ;  
So in a wild, yet awful mood  
The virgin seem'd, cold and forlorn ;

A mother's love was near her heart,  
 And his from whom 't was death to part.

Our hearts all bleed for thy dread fate —  
 Each bosom heaves a sigh for thee !  
 The bark has ventur'd, but too late !  
 See ! view her speechless agony !  
 As by the billowy surges driven —  
 She's lost to us — restor'd to heaven !

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#### THE UNKNOWN.

SHE does not seem to notice me,  
 Though very often we do meet ;  
 And I do yearn her form to see,  
 In crowded church, or open street ;  
 Though when we pass, it gives me pain,  
 My bosom then feels doubly lone ;  
 I think we may not meet again —  
 I feel that we must be unknown !

Oh, if she knew I did admire  
 That mien, no picture can express !  
 That soul, that shames the poet's lyre  
 For to portray its loveliness !

Then she, perchance, might smile on me,  
With smiles that bless her mother's home ;  
But oh, the thought — 't is agony,  
That we must ever be unknown !

I see her kneeling now in prayer,  
I know, I feel, she is sincere ;  
No selfishness can e'er be there,  
I've seen her wipe the burning tear ;  
Her thoughts are centred now above —  
They dwell, they rest on Christ alone ;  
My heart is fill'd with burning love,  
For one who is to me unknown !

Oh, hours of bliss ! I love to muse  
On joys that never will be mine ;  
For we have not power to choose  
Our destiny — at least in time !  
I think how alter'd she will be,  
When months and years of care are flown ;  
And sigh to think her destiny  
Must be to me on earth unknown !

Without some virtuous heart to love,  
How cold, how dreary is this life ;  
No one to welcome or to soothe —  
No dear beloved friend or wife :

I've thought no one could feel like me,  
In secret for some heart I groan ;  
But I must disappointed be,  
To her that bleeds my heart unknown !

But years have pass'd — I miss thee now,  
Though southern belles come riding by !  
But they to money only bow,  
I do avert from them mine eye !  
This is no land of poetry,  
Where lovers for a mate do moan ;  
A land where all's sterility —  
Where I do wish to be unknown !

But Oh ! I shortly shall return  
To tread those isles, my feet have trod !  
Yet thou may'st lie in the cold urn,  
Thy spirit have return'd to God.  
And the blest thought, that we may meet  
In peace, around the heavenly throne —  
The thought how ravishing, how sweet,  
That we will not be there unknown !





## STANZAS.

Joyous hopes of youth arise,  
Memory do your active part,  
Brighter scenes and sunny skies  
Hasten for to glad this heart !  
Let me linger for a while,  
In beauty's arms — 'neath beauty's smile.

Come with all your welcome train,  
Nights of love and days of joy !  
Gives me pleasures back again,  
For the sorrows that annoy ;  
Let me kiss again the rose,  
That sweet maiden's cheeks disclose.

Pleasant days of childhood come,  
Welcome to this pensive heart ;  
Laden with rich sweets from home,  
Thou dost much of bliss impart ;  
Thoughts of love that cannot die —  
Sabbath hours of ecstasy !

Hopes and loves of early days,  
In our hearts you linger still,  
Joys that time cannot erase :  
Though our eyes with tears do fill,  
As some lost one slow does pass,  
By sweet mem'ry's looking-glass.

And those hours of sweet pleasure  
 In her heav'nly company ;  
 When life seemed a bright treasure,  
 Hid, and swallow'd up in thee !  
 But thou liv'd for Christ alone,  
 And in heav'n are still mine own.

Days of prayer, and holy fear,  
 Conscience tender, motives pure ;  
 Constancy, and truth sincere,  
 Friendships which do still endure ;  
 Time will wane, and hearts grow cold,  
 Yet memory will not grow old.



SONNET TO THE SUN.

LUCIFIC orb, with majesty divine  
 Thou speak'st the glory of thy maker God ;  
 As 'mid celestial glories, far abroad  
 On millions of immortals thou dost shine !  
 Supernal beam ! thy vast and boundless light  
 Does banish melancholy far away ;  
 Magnific grandeur ! whose lucidity  
 Enthrones creation on the womb of night !

Thou shone divinely on the primal morn,  
 Reviving nature with thy cheering ray ;  
 But in the "last, decisive, solemn day,"  
 Thy lucid beams shall be forever shorn !—  
 Jesus, the "Sun of righteousness," shall be  
 The lamp of life, to all eternity ;  
 And those who in this world refus'd his light,  
 Shall wander hopeless on — in everlasting night !

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HOME.

How sweet is the spring, how gay and enchanting,  
 As over the valleys we roam ;  
 While beauty and fragrance, all sorrow supplanting,  
 Chaste rapture does triumph alone ;  
 And the girls they are smiling,  
 Our spirits beguiling,  
 To remind of dear pleasures at home.

Oh the charms of the fair, they delight us,  
 Though our bosoms be troubled and lone !  
 And their sweet pretty lips, they invite us,  
 To the sweets, of the sweet honeycomb !  
 And they sing with such pleasure,  
 It speaks of the treasure,  
 We enjoy in the bower of home.

But a stranger to permanent pleasure,  
Unpitied, unfriended, I roam ;  
Oh my heart the fond treasure, the treasure,  
That awaits thy reception at home !  
Joy and peace shall go with me,  
And love my passport be,  
To the blessing of blessings, sweet home.



## SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, welcome to this breast, refreshing sleep,  
And chase away my spirit's agony ;  
As discompos'd and nervous here I lie,  
Wrapt in emotions, sombre, dark and deep.  
Come, and my senses in "oblivion sleep,"  
And feast my spirit with Saturnian dreams,  
That life may be a moment what it seems,  
Though in the morn, I wake but for to weep.  
Emblem of death — and prelude to the tomb —  
How like the closing scene, these closing eyes ;  
Perchance no more to see the sun arise,  
But ere the morn have met my deathless doom !  
Oh may I now lie down, at peace with God ;  
Cloth'd with the merit of a Savior's blood.

## ON BEING DISAPPOINTED IN MARRIAGE.

How sweet this music's echoes to my ear,  
 As on thy banks, fond Trenton, I do rove ;  
 While thoughts of —— and unrequited love,  
 Does force from "feeling's fount the burning tear."  
 Alas, for joys most holy, and most dear,  
 Connubial — consecrated — tender ties !  
 My spirit now does groan with agonies,  
 That will increase, severer — and severe.  
 Pensive and lonely ever I must roam,  
 Nor fortitude to act a manly part,  
 Till time with lenient hand, does heal this heart,  
 That never more may feel the sweets of home.  
 But though supremest grief my heart does thrill,  
 'Tis resignation whispers — "Peace, be still !"



## TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. CHARLOTTE WHITE CANSEL.

AGED 23.

"No *pageant* marks thy couch of lowly sleep,  
 But living statues there are seen to weep ;  
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb —  
 Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom."

Thou spirit of grace and of love,  
 Why hast thou *our* Charlotte remov'd  
 So early to regions above,  
 Though on earth so endear'd and belov'd ?

With the martyrs, and saints to rejoice,  
 Though the summons our hearts has distress'd ;  
 But Oh, we'll not grieve that her voice,  
 Now warbles the songs of the bless'd !

'Thou hast met thy dear father ere this,  
 Whom you lov'd with devotion supreme ;  
 To thee what unspeakable bliss !  
 While the " crucifi'd Lamb " is your theme.  
 Thy heart was as warm as the sun,  
 To cheer the sick, wretched, and poor ;  
 How they wept when thy spirit was gone !  
 When no mortal thy ailment could cure.

Single-minded, pure-hearted, sincere,  
 Thou show'd what a Christian should be :  
 Toward thy Savior, affection and fear —  
 Thy opposers, forgiveness most free ;  
 Toward thy sisters from virtue beguil'd,  
 Prudence, effort, importunate pray'r ;  
 For thou wert simplicity's child —  
 Of endless salvation the heir !

Thy dear scholars will never forget  
 Their instructress, so meek, firm, and kind ;  
 Thy dear brethren and sisters regret,  
 That you left not your equal behind :  
 But they'll put on your armor so bright,  
 And strive in God's name to o'ercome ;  
 Nor faint, tire, or fail in the fight,  
 Till they hear the blest plaudit — " Well done."



I knew thee when thoughtless and vain,  
As giddy, as folly could be ;  
But Oh, when I met thee again,  
How alter'd thy language to me !  
Thy features with holiness glow'd —  
In converse, or singing, or prayer ;  
Thy heart with affection o'erflow'd —  
And we all felt that Jesus was there.

Thy love an unquenchable flame —  
No efforts thy spirit could tire —  
To be holy, and useful thy aim —  
Thy heart to do good was on fire —  
The timid and wavering did feel  
That faith, hope, and love lur'd on high ;  
While they quicken'd afresh at thy zeal,  
For thy ardor they could not but sigh.

Still sorrow had enter'd thy breast,  
And through much tribulation 'twas given ;  
(Though thy motto was — “ All's for the best, ”)  
To enter the portals of heaven !  
A soul so ethereal as thine,  
How unfit for a temple of clay !  
Those orbs that the brightest do shine,  
Their lustre does soon pass away.

But eulogy we would not give,  
The glorifi'd elogy subame ;  
In our hearts, thy example does live —  
High and low, young and old, lisp thy name !

Thy memory will ever be green —  
Thy grave be a hallow'd spot !  
Those meetings for pray'r where thou'st been,  
And thy presence, will not be forget !

Then why should we mourn for thy loss ?  
Thy savor of grace does remain —  
Thy affections were nail'd to the cross,  
And death, though our loss, is thy gain.  
Oh thou saint, so devoted — deplor'd —  
How few upon earth live like thee !  
Great Jehovah, my Savior and Lord,  
Grant her mantle may fall upon me.



“MY OWN DEAR LOVE.”

Thou writest dearest unto me,  
As if thy love I had not prov'd ;  
As I had once forgotten thee,  
Or thou wert not by me below'd.

Remember thee ! yes dearest maid,  
While e'en mortality is mine ;  
My heart, my soul on thee is staid,  
And thou dear girl art only mine.

Remember thee !— can mother's e'er  
Forget the first-born of their womb ?  
Can kindred hearts be insincere ?  
Nor live, and love, beyond the tomb ?

Remember thee ! yes when my mind  
In meditation, soars above !  
By hope, and happiness, sublim'd  
By innocence, and youthful love.

Remember thee ! yes tenderly,  
When we shall meet to part no more ;  
When holy sensibility,  
Our pristine raptures shall restore.

Think not though ocean rolls between  
Thy heav'n lighted home and me,  
This heart hath ever callous been,  
Or I have once forgetton thee !

Though duty call'd me far away,  
I left thee love, reluctantly ;  
Yet flowers will strew the pleasant way,  
That leads my footsteps unto thee !

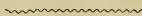
And Oh, this semblance beauteous fair,  
Thy smile, thy winning smile, I see !  
And as I gaze, I seem to share  
Thy parting look of love for me.

How hard to leave the heart behind,  
When we to foreign clines do roam ?  
But Oh dear girl do be resign'd,  
I'll think of thee, and thy dear home.

And will you shed the chasten'd tear  
Of sensibility, for me ?  
Yes virtuous maid, forever near  
Thy heart, you'll often muse on me !

Oh day of bliss ! — ecstatic hour !  
When I in thy embrace shall be !  
When love's supreme, absorbing pow'r,  
Shall own — I've not forgotten thee !

But hope shall be my beacon star,  
And love the wanderer steer to thee !  
Yea, guide my spirit from afar  
To find a paradise in thee !



#### THE INDIAN CHIEF'S LAMENT.

Farewell to the land of the brave !  
Hawaii forever must part ;  
My Sisto is dead, and my children have fled,  
And the cold barren earth I reluctantly tread,  
Responds to my quivering heart !

The eagle has taken his flight,  
To crimson his beak in the dove ;  
And the panthers do cry, as the fawns startle by,  
And my heart echoes wildly, is it I — is it I —  
That must leave the fond land which I love !

But Sol in his glory's departed  
To crimson the crest of the sea ;  
And I take my sad flight, mid the darkness of night,  
Bid adieu to the scenes of my early delight,  
When none but Mentelai\* can see !

Our warriors brave spirits surround me,  
Though their ashes are trod by the foe !  
And the death song of war, that was heard from afar,  
Is now changed for the flute or the lively guitar  
Whose contrast increases my woe.

Farewell to the land of our braves !  
I shall look on my birth-place no more !  
But I must be gone, and forever unknown  
In the land of the pale face till death I must groan,  
With none to console, or deplore.

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\* The great spirit.



Till the cold tomb thy wretched form receive ?  
For no green laurels shall bedeck thy tomb,  
But hemlock wave sad emblem of thy doom !  
No vestal tears, bedew the unhonor'd spot,  
But like the vile, thy " memory shall rot !"  
One glowing outline but supplies the whole —  
The immortal madness, of the immortal soul ;  
Proverbial for the deeds that stain'd thy name,  
By lechery damn'd to everlasting shame.  
Like the proud graceful ship that left the shore  
In majesty, strange regions to explore,  
Majestic glides before the driving wind,  
Though many leave their hearts, and hopes behind,  
But ere she reach'd her purpos'd destiny,  
She found another in the boundless sea !  
Thus on the ocean of her passions tost,  
Reason the helm — Virtue the compass lost —  
Her treacherous bark on desert shores is driven,  
Beyond all mortal aid, the scorn of heaven !  
Yea, on the wings of hope triumphant, she  
Reach'd the dark bourne of endless misery ;  
By lust o'ermastered her spirit fell,  
And rank'd its victim with the spoils of hell.  
Not so the sister of a holier faith,  
Who vice resisted even unto death ;  
Who when the siren open'd wide her arms,  
Resisted all her fascinating charms ;  
Who the straight path of thorny virtue trod,  
And overcome, and now is with her God.



Like the proud buttress of some lofty rock,  
Which hath withstood the tempest's mighty shock,  
Or lifting high its huge and mighty form,  
Does seem to laugh the raging waves to scorn,  
Or when the strife of waters has pass'd o'er,  
Is made more clean; brighter than before ;  
So with the helmet of salvation on,  
She bid the surging tide of sin begone.  
The shield of faith, she would not, dare not yield ;  
While hope, and patience, do maintain the field.  
It was with thee " a holy war " — the strife  
Thou felt was only over with thy life.  
In every state of life how truly blest,  
Thou held that sorrows all were for the best.  
Dear sainted one, how few on earth like thee !  
A " voice potential " — holy energy.  
No one could know thee for an hour, nor see  
That Jesus was the all in all to thee.  
The aged felt when thou with them did plead,  
It was no common saint did intercede ;  
And where thy charity made thee a guest,  
Thou wast by all a heav'nly one confest.  
For no one grace assum'd the mastery,  
But meekness, patience, and simplicity,  
With holy love, and faith, and zeal combine,  
To show that " hope's assurance " all was thine.  
Had thou liv'd here,\* where piety is rare,

How many sermons would thy worth declare !  
Here have I known the useless rich, to be  
The subject of a lengthen'd eulogy ;  
And those a feeble star, to thee a sun  
Deem'd by their friends immortal glory won.  
Yet though no flowing pen thy memoirs write,  
The young, the sage, thy works of love recite ;  
The schools you gather'd though a sable race,  
And taught with all the majesty of grace ;  
Meetings for pray'r, where Afric's sons could kneel,  
And pray to Christ that he their hearts would heal :  
Thy burning words, thy looks of holy love,  
That could the old and harden'd sinner move !  
Thou burn'd with an Apostle's holy fire —  
The missionary cause thy heart's desire ;  
But God, who sees as with unclouded eyes  
When all to us is full of mysteries,  
Cut short from this proud world thy lovely breath—  
This world whose "friendship seem'd as cold as death:"  
And left it for his spirit to record,  
How blest are those who die in Christ the Lord !  
The savor of their grace does still remain, —  
Their works of love and faith, do follow them.



## AFFECTION'S KISS.—TO——

How sweet rapt music to our ears,  
From virgin hearts of tenderness !  
But sweeter far, what love endears,  
Affection's fond, and fervent kiss !

Congenial minds create delight —  
Congenial hearts awaken bliss —  
But who with coldness, can recite  
The raptures of affection's kiss !

Oh, for one glance of her I love,  
To give this troubled bosom peace !  
But potent more my heart to move,  
Affection's undissembled kiss !

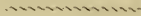
I'm frigid in this sunny south —  
Sick of the cold, and formal miss ;  
Oh give me beauty's eyes — the mouth  
That welcomes me with love's warm kiss !

Of " hope deferr'd " my heart does ache,  
I seek I sigh in vain for peace ;  
For Oh this heart will surely break,  
Unheal'd by love's uxorious kiss !

You shant have time for to upbraid  
When we do meet, the reason's this,  
If love should linger he's afraid,  
Nor trembling steals the honied kiss !

Restless, impatient of control,  
 I sigh for the mellifluous bliss  
 Which thrills my heart — fills my soul —  
*To wed with love's avenging kiss !*

——, my love, I pledge to thee  
 My heart, for thou dost it possess !  
 Then in love's reciprocity,  
 We'll seal affection's burning kiss !



### BEAUTEOUS ELLEN.

SHE was the prettiest girl  
 My eyes e'er dwelt upon,  
 It seem'd in every auburn curl,  
 A ray of beauty shone ;  
 And when she " rais'd her voice," the swell  
 Of utterance, none but love could tell.

With wit, and sprightliness,  
 And rapturous minstrelsy,  
 To while the light wing'd hours, and bless  
 Our hearts with ecstasy.  
 How lovely was her form to view,  
 With damask cheek, and eyes of blue !

But the sweet rose in bloom  
Does yield unto the storm,  
Which scatters far its sweet perfume,  
And leaves it all forlorn ;  
No more disclose its beauties rare,  
To scent the circumambient air :

So Ellen fell beneath,  
The stroke of base desire ;  
Her beauty innocence and health,  
Yield to the lecherous fire :  
And those who lov'd her form to view,  
With sore distress her now eschew.

Who first did deflorate  
Her vestal chastity,  
And sink her to this bestial state,  
She never told to me ;  
But justice one day will attest,  
When on God's left, he hears his hest.

The sum of pulchritude,  
Irradiated grace,  
With mental, moral charms endu'd,  
Pudicious in her ways ;  
How alter'd now, no tongue can tell !  
She treads the vestibule of hell.

Her doting parent's hope,  
The fondest of her train ;  
Alas ! their tender hearts she broke,  
But healed not again.  
How sweet her youth, and infancy !  
But how disgrac'd mulebriety !

Ye partners of her love  
In younger, happier days,  
Who now in paths of virtue move,  
Take heed unto your ways,  
And check the buddings of a thought,  
That is with concupiscence fraught.

Her fate ye do lament,  
And sigh alas in vain ;  
For Ellen never may repent —  
Her passions ne'er restrain :  
Base pleasures bought at virtue's price —  
Degrading, soul destroying vice !

Foul lust thy trophies are  
The loveliest of the land ;  
The hideous fiend does beauty mar,  
And tenderness command :  
Who climes of endless happiness,  
Forego, for lecher's base caress.



How was the mighty bow'd —  
    How terrible the woe  
When Babylon the great, the proud,  
    Did meet her overthrow ! —  
But angels wept ! when Ellen fell,  
    From heaven's smiles, to live for hell.

How oft in younger years  
    A mother's lips she press'd,  
Whose chasten'd love, mid nature's tears  
    Her youthful spirit bless'd ;  
And she would cling around her neck,  
And sob, as if her heart would break!

But years that wander by,  
    Do change our destiny ;  
Her mother in the tomb does lie —  
    She lives in infamy !  
The one secure in blessedness —  
The other doom'd to wretchedness.

When in some pensive hour  
    She wanders sad and lone,  
Stern memory with relentive pow'r  
    Brings back her happy home ;  
Those days of love and innocence,  
And all the joys she banish'd hence ;

Then eloquent of pain  
What does her face portray ?  
The hatefulness of habit's chain —  
Sin's wrathful majesty !  
A glimpse of her own ruin caught —  
A struggle for to banish thought.

Most poisoning, damning sin,  
Abaddon's blackest art, —  
The thought itself, ere she began  
Her course, had broke her heart !  
But callous now, by habit steel'd ;  
No sense of shame is e'er reveal'd

Physician of the soul,  
My spirit purify ;  
My rising thoughts, my heart control,  
And fit me for the sky ;  
Passions impure, and base erase,  
And grant me virtue in their place :

Then shall my heart unmov'd,  
This message hear thee say, —  
“By me unsought, unfear'd, unlov'd,  
Ye rebels far away,  
With devils doomed for to dwell,  
In the tartarean pit of hell.”

## SONNET ON THE SABBATH.

I LOVE within thy courts for to appear,  
 With those who worship on the Sabbath day :  
 Who meet with contrite hearts, to praise, and pray,  
 Thy holy word with reverence for to hear.  
 Though bold blasphemers oft this day profane,  
 And trample under foot thy righteous law,  
 My willing feet thy sanctuary shall draw —  
 And Oh my humble praise, thy glorious name !  
 “ Hope of the nation ! ” \* institute divine  
 Of sacred rest, one hallow'd day in seven,  
 To plume our wings more vigorous for heaven,  
 In knowledge of thy law, in holiness to shine.  
 Oh may some work divine those hours employ !  
 To fill our hearts with holy, heav'nly joy.

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 THE POET TO HIS FUTURE WIFE.

“ THY murmur'd vows shall yet be mine !  
 This thrilling hand shall meet with thine,  
 And never — never part ! ”

My heart is sad, and fancy faint,  
 When thinking of futurity ;  
 Alas, I pour the woful plaint,  
 What happiness is not for me !

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\* Beecher's sermons on National Prosperity.

The past, unto my mind is known —  
But darkness veils the years to come.

Oh, happy for the humble swain,  
    Secluded in some shady grove !  
Whose bosom knows no strife, or pain,  
    But revels in the bliss of love ;  
Above the world's ignoble joys,  
His heart domestic bliss enjoys.

For disappointment follows me,  
    And youth's bright hours uncheered pass ,  
I bow, alas, to fate's decree !  
    And seek in vain for happiness.  
But hope relumes the mystic bourne,  
And bids my sad heart cease to mourn : —

“ That lovely one shall yet be thine,  
    Whose image makes thy heart to thrill !  
To soothe, to cherish, to refine,  
    To guide to heaven, to keep from ill ;  
The stranger love, the blest unknown —  
Whose joys, whose sorrows, are my own ! ”

For in the visions of the night,  
    In blest religion's holy hour,  
When all that's joyful glows more bright,  
    And fancy hath a heav'nly pow'r ;  
Then — then — that sainted form I see,  
Which God's own hand hath made for me !

Whose eyes, were with her soul away  
In deep sublimity, and bliss !  
And noble spirit, owned the sway  
Of pure devoted tenderness ;  
A mild, expressive, pensive face,  
Where shone each mental, moral grace :

A sacred, pure, and virtuous heart,  
Of deepest sensibility ;  
An angel's voice, when she impart  
The fervor of her love for me !  
Confiding, modest, pray'rful, kind —  
To venial faults entirely blind.

No glowing roses grac'd her cheek,  
But faded seem to lie ;  
Impressive, full of love, and meek,  
Fruits of serenity.  
No pouting lips that ask the kiss !  
But lips that never spake amiss !

As spotless, as the gentle lamb,  
When first on nature's charms it gaz'd !  
Instinctive virtue, as the calm  
When angel's eyes in heaven are rais'd !  
Instant, in every act of love,  
Like angels in the realms above.

The pray'r of faith, the tear for me,  
As thou dost bend the knee alone,  
And blend my name, with purity  
Of heart, before God's holy throne :  
The warm blood of that heart of thine,  
Commingles, flows, and blends with mine !

Supreme in vestal modesty,  
Attested index of the heart ;  
That blush'd so deep, and oft for me,  
And vow'd that we should never part.  
The pride of life, whate'er befall —  
My guardian angel, and my all !

Oh day of bliss ! Oh welcom'd hour !  
When will my eyes enraptur'd see  
The semblance, love with fancy's pow'r  
In youthful dreams disclos'd to me ?  
The image of my future wife —  
A help-mate through this weary life.

Then sweetly down the vale of time  
In unison of hearts we'll glide,  
And when our vigorous frames decline,  
We'll sweetly sleep by other's side.  
United both in soul and heart,  
That death divided — could not part.

## TO MARY.

I LOVE thee, dear girl, in thy movements and ways  
Familiar, and social, and cheerful, and free.  
And Oh, dearest maid, when thy deignest to praise,  
And say with delight that you love only me !

I love the sweet smile that plays on thy brow !  
And anon the wild blushes, that crimson thy cheek !  
And the calm of the even, that echoes the vow  
Which from thy sweet lips so softly does break !

And as we do walk in the silence of eve,  
To converse so charming, of nature and love ;  
The bliss you impart, the affection you breathe  
With the rapture of youth, and the strains of the dove.

When overburden'd with care for pleasure I sigh,  
Thy look of affection my heart does relieve ;  
The press of thy hand, and the glance of thy eye,  
And love's holy kiss does forbid me to grieve.

Confiding — devoted — affectionate — pure —  
The fairest of earth, but reminds me of thee !  
Of love the inspirer — the chast'ner — the cure —  
Thou hast slighted the wealthy, to fix upon me !



Oh I love thee supremely, sincerely, and solely,  
For virtue, and genius, and beauty are thine !  
Oh I love thee dear maid, for affection so holy,  
Commingling, and centering, and ending in mine !



TO MISS C. W. S.

With a present of a "Basket of Flowers," or youthful piety exemplified in the history of Mary, translated from the French by the late Rev. G. T. Bedell, of Philadelphia.

DEAR Charlotte, receive this sweet "basket of flowers,"  
More precious than Flora in the height of her bloom ;  
It will help to enliven thy pensive, lone hours,  
And warm'd in thy breast, yield a sacred perfume.

So whenever by pleasure you're tempted to stray  
To the hot-beds of sin, some sweet roses to find,  
You'll find that in plucking they wither away,  
And leave but the thorns of repentance behind.

But like dear lovely Mary your motto will be,  
"I have nought in this valley of sorrow to fear  
If sin and its follies I bid from me flee,  
And 'Sharon's sweet Rose' my Redeemer is near."

Then the flow'rets of virtue impregn in thy soul  
 Shall survive o'er the winter, and chill of the tomb ;  
 And while the blest ages eternally roll,  
 In the Eden of heaven, will eternally bloom !



TO MRS. ——— MILES FOLKES, OF VICKSBURGH.

RESEMBLANCE of one lost to earth, I trace  
 In thee much of her moral majesty !  
 From affectation free, and vanity :  
 A lofty soul speaks in thy lovely face.  
 For what is woman without heav'nly grace ?  
 Whose charm of charms is sweet simplicity ;  
 A heav'nly undress ; needful here, that she  
 Assume ere long in heaven, an angel's place.  
 The virtuous wife, the tender mother rare,  
 Pattern of good, the young shall learn thy ways ;  
 Thy tender counsel, and thy nightly pray'r  
 Shall be remember'd, thou thy husband's praise :  
 Society's tri'd pillar ; may you share  
 Unnumber'd blessings, and a length of days.

## ON BEING REPROVED FOR STEALING A KISS.

FORGIVE me, maid, I've done amiss,  
I've ravish'd sweets of thine ;  
I've stolen one impassion'd kiss  
From lips almost divine.

But far from me the consciousness  
That love could e'er transgress,  
Or that my youthful lips impress  
Were black, as traitor's kiss.

Youth's fire, and energy, and bloom,  
My dearest girl are thine ;  
Still those sweet lips *may* kiss the tomb,  
Ere kiss'd again by mine !

Believe me dear, I never will  
While life remains with me,  
Though thy sweet mien my heart should thrill,  
Snatch one *cold* kiss from thee !



## THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

OH sad is the strain of the love-stricken heart,  
When doom'd from its favorite forever to part !  
And sad the poor maiden of parents bereft,  
A beautiful orphan in poverty left !  
But more sad is my heart, from my country torn,  
In the mines of Potosi forever to mourn !

Oh I once had a wife, and a cot of my own,  
A sweet lovely daughter, and beautiful son ;  
But my wife was deflower'd, and children were slain,  
And I with an heart almost broken with pain,  
From my friends and my country, alas I was torn !  
In the mines of Potosi forever to mourn !

Ye gay lovely youth, so serene in delights,  
Most happy your days, and most peaceful your nights,  
Where the violet and rose do grace your soft tread,  
In the land of the free where your forefathers bled,  
Drop a tear of regret for a stranger forlorn,  
In the mines of Potosi forever to mourn !

Oh ye wild winds that topple my own native pines,  
Waft the tale of my sorrows to liberty's climes !  
And ye wild winds of ocean, do murmur afar  
The death-song of heroes, and horrors of war ;  
And tell to the world of a stranger forlorn,  
In the mines of Potosi forever to mourn !

But my spirits are sinking, and pulse beating high,  
And blanch'd is this cheek, and sunken this eye.  
And the land of my fathers I never shall see,  
The home of the brave, and the isle of the free !  
But death shall receive me into his dark bourne,  
No more in the mines of Potosi to mourn.



### I'VE FELT FOR THEE.

DEAR —, the pangs I've felt for thee,  
The grief which fills this breast of mine,  
Will never once forgotten be !  
For love must suffer more than crime.

Those days of innocence and youth,  
The smile, the blush, the burning vow !  
Those words of tenderness and truth,  
Alas, are gone, — are over now !

Gone, sunder'd ev'ry early tie !  
And over each endearing scene !  
We to each other now must die,  
And be, as we had never been.

To wear of hopeless love the chain,  
 How exquisite the agony !  
 The fever of the heart and brain —  
 The “madness of the memory !”

Thou wert my life, my joy, my light,  
 My first, my last, my only love ;  
 To cheer the darkness of my night —  
 To lead my wandering thoughts above.

The image of my mother dear,  
 Her ev'ry feature in thee shone ;  
 Her mind, her form, her dignity,  
 Was centred, love, in thee alone.

—, I lov'd thee most sincere, —  
 How strange that we were doom'd to part !  
 I'll love thee still, when on my bier  
 I yield to death my bleeding heart.

Alas ! 'tis done — 'tis over now !  
 My agony what tongue can tell !  
 Our plighted faith this broken vow —  
 Love's mystic tie, this wild farewell !



## MARIA.

ALAS, and that tongue, and that innocent breath,  
Is hush'd in the sorrow and silence of death !  
That voice that once charm'd us with music and lore,  
The dearest Maria's, we ne'er shall hear more.

The pigeon and stock-dove renew their soft tale,  
And eve echoes the plaint of the sweet nightingale ;  
But her lute and her harp are forever unstrung,  
Though she ravish'd our hearts as she carelessly sung.

The flower of the valley in its beauty and pride  
Where it blush'd unseen, though with none by its side,  
When nipp'd in the bud by the rude mountain wind,  
Does leave but a fleeting memorial behind ;

But the sweet lovely rose that was matur'd with care,  
That bloom'd in the arbor, or grac'd the parterre,  
Most beauteous, most fragrant, most pleasing of all,  
We miss and deplore its sad premature fall.

The visits of beauty to man's low abode,  
Are restricted for reasons known only to God ;  
And the charms of an angel unto us were giv'n,  
To show us the glories transcendant of heav'n !

The bright orb of day as refulgent he shone,  
To cheer our sad hearts, ere his splendor has gone  
To illumine other worlds with effulgence divine,  
So Maria has left us in glory to shine !



Farewell dearest maid ! and surrounding thy urn  
 Affection, and virtue, and genius, will mourn ;  
 And thy friends and companions will ever regret,  
 That the sun of thy virtues so early was set.



LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Maiden ! to write the feelings of my heart,  
 As a memento in this book of thine,  
 'Twere vain, unless some secret power impart  
 The holy inspiration of the " nine " —  
 One kiss, one burning kiss, perhaps may start  
 Emotions pure, impassion'd, and sublime !  
 Then give this holy pledge dear girl to me,  
 And I will give my thoughts publicity.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Favor'd of heav'n ! pudicious maid !  
 In beauty's loveliest garb array'd ;  
 Whose bosom glows with holy fire,  
 As fancy paints the warm desire,  
 And wakes within thy virtuous breast,  
 Those dreams of pleasure unexpressed,  
 I breathe a simple strain to thee,  
 In friendship's lasting memory.

Beloved one ! how soon we part,  
With joys the nearest to the heart ;  
And sensibility does mourn,  
The friends that death from us has torn ;  
And nature's versatility,  
But ill repays the devotee,  
Who sleeping in her shady bowers,  
To sensual pleasure gives his hours.

Dear happy one ! I'll rest content,  
With nature's extern lineament ;  
Those varied charms, that emblem thee  
In grandeur, grace, and purity !  
When revelling in the sweetest thought,  
Her varied imagery had brought  
A semblant angel to my view,  
I feign'd the glorious semblance you !

The inspiring hopes of youth are thine !  
Thy spirit soars in rapture's clime !  
And fervent friendship dwells on thee  
With strength of consanguinity ;  
And fancy wakes a thousand things,  
Which peace and oblectations brings,  
Undying pleasures spring amain,  
With joy, and gladness, in their train.

And hope and pleasure, will be there,  
Then let them be of heav'nly growth ;  
While you earth's hopes, and pleasures share,  
Beloved, consecrate them both.

Thou seem'st too lovely now for earth,  
Though all below the sky must fade :  
Youth is no time for sinful mirth,  
But to gain crowns that will not fade.

Dear gifted one ! I dwell on thee,  
With youth's delirious ecstasy !  
I will not — no, I must not name  
My love, or wish a mutual flame ;  
But give this tribute unto thee  
To wake anon thy memory  
Of one, who feels thy charms were giv'n,  
To lead our hearts and minds to heav'n !



ON AN INFANT SLEEPING.

SLEEP thou lovely innocent,  
Sweetly on thy mother's breast !  
Cherub to us mortals lent,  
In felicious sleep be blest !

In my infant days, when sorrow  
    Ne'er had rankled in my breast,  
Little thought I of the morrow,  
    That had robb'd my soul of rest.

Sleep thou little charmer sweetly,  
    I will borrow peace from thee ;  
Chasten'd spirit, how repletely  
    Nature speaks thy mind to me.

Angels, guard thy lowly slumbers,  
    In quiescence doubly mild ;  
Sing in indistinctive numbers,  
    Thou will yet be virtue's child !

Pledge of beauty, and affection,  
    Sweet and blushing as the rose ;  
Free from weakness, and defection ;  
    May thy youth no vice disclose.

Image of thy beauteous mother,  
    May you emulate her charms ;  
May your opening years be sweeter,  
    Than when sleeping in her arms.

So the halcyon hours of gladness,  
    Shall be temper'd by her love ;  
And the transient gloom of sadness,  
    Her maternal care shall sooth.

Season, when immortal being  
 To thee dearest babe was given !  
 Will the next eventful period,  
 Be thy budding charms in heaven ?

But if doomed to inherit  
 Sorrow, in this vale of tears,  
 May God's ever blessed spirit,  
 Guide thee through receding years.



TO —, WITH A PRESENT OF THE RELIGIOUS SOUEVENIR.

CHARLOTTE, this humble gift receive,  
 Memento from a youthful friend ;  
 And you will dearest maiden give  
 Attention, read it to the end.

For knowledge shines on ev'ry page,  
 And wisdom for to mend the heart !  
 May both thy tender youth engage,  
 And peace, and happiness impart.

The tribute of an humble youth,—  
 Warm friendship's gift to beauty given ;  
 Oh ! may it like God's word of truth,  
 Prove as a lamp to light to heaven.

May joy and gladness follow thee !  
 Thy guide to heav'n, a hand divine ;  
 And Oh, what e'er my destiny !  
 May endless happiness be thine.



### FAREWELL.

“FAREWELL ! if ever earnest pray'r  
 For others weal, avail'd on high ;  
 Mine will not all be lost in air,  
 But waft thy name above the sky.”

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! — the boat is slowly moving,  
 The ropes are loos'd which held her long secure ;  
 The time has come when this heart must be proving,  
 How she the pangs of parting can endure.

The magnet from the steel is now receding,  
 Not by con-natural, but compulsive laws ;  
 My tender heart at ev'ry pore is bleeding,  
 And thou my life, my love, thou art the cause !

Oh more than grief ! — my heart hath drank of sadness,—  
 I little thought my life was “ hid in thee ! ”  
 But now I feel this momentary madness,  
 Enfeebles more, than years of agony !

Farewell ! Farewell ! there must be a reaction ;  
 In deepest grief oft comes a gleam of joy ;  
 And though I leave thee — Sun of my attraction !  
 The Star of hope, heav'n will not all destroy.

Farewell ! Farewell ! — Oh am I not devoted  
 Henceforth to suff'ring, painful and extreme ?  
 Thou angel one on whom this heart hath doted —  
 Oh must it be ! — I'm wilder'd — 'tis a dream !

*She swoons : — slowly recovering, she says : —*

What — and where am I ? — Oh my eyes do swim  
 With tears ! — alas my bleeding heart, and burning  
 brain !

Oh now I do remember ! — though 'tis a sin  
 To love dear Edwin thus, or once complain.

And this is love ! my head — my brain seems reeling !—  
 How poor is language feelings to portray ?  
 This day — this hour, my destiny is sealing !  
 I scarce can live, borne from my love away.

Upon thy faith, upon thy love relying,  
 Thy dearest image thrills my ev'ry vein !  
 No patriot soldier for his country dying,  
 Does feel more chilling anguish in his frame.

A last Farewell ! though duty bids us sever,  
 If we but meet in heaven it will be well ;  
 But Oh ! if we are doom'd to part forever,  
 This last adieu — will haunt thee e'en in hell !



## TO MARY.

What Mary, all sadness, and sighs !

Do tell me the cause of your pain ;

Wipe dearest those tears from your eyes,

Why should youth, hope, and beauty complain ?

For what my dear girl do you grieve ?

What's banish'd the rose from thy cheek ?

Oh tell me dear friend ere I leave,

What it is you have lost, or do seek !

Has sickness o'erpower'd thy frame ?

The promise of youth hath it fled ?

Has torturing anguish again,

Perturbed thy bosom, and head ?

And Oh ! shall I speak it to thee

So wise, so discreet, as thou art ;

Has youth, with most base perfidy

Won, and slighted thy innocent heart ?

Alas ! for our own fickle race,

So selfish, so base, and unkind ;

To spurn so much merit, and grace,

To torture so gifted a mind.

But banish all thoughts of false love,

And cease dearest Mary to grieve ;

Placing all your affections above,

On God, who can never deceive.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN,  
 WHO WORE HER DRESS EXTREMELY LOW ON THE BREAST  
 AND SHOULDERS.

How beauteous is Maria's breast,  
 When with the heat or care opprest,  
     That monitor we see,  
 Like the faint tickings of a watch,  
 We seem its secret hum to catch,  
     It beats so prettily.

Expos'd to view ! so white, so fair,  
 What lily can with it compare ?  
     Moulded with perfect grace.  
 A vestal's pure virginity !  
 A bust of spotless purity !  
     Outrivalling the face.

Though cautious females they should lout,  
 And prudish women loudly shout,  
     — There goes a crazy maid !  
 Lay modesty and fear aside,  
 Eschewing timid damsel's pride  
     Of nudity afraid.

The sweet Circassian female mien,  
 By vulgar eyes is seldom seen,  
     Veil'd from the public view, —  
 But thou, *more* prudent, modest, wise,  
 Present to our admiring eyes  
     Thy face, and bosom too !

So Indian like, thyself divest  
Of the uncomfortable vest,  
    The toilet do away ;  
And let the sages of mankind  
To moral beauty often blind,  
    See nature's purest clay !

But if my counsel you despise,  
Fearful, that in this novel guise  
    'Twere dangerous to be seen ;  
Then known 'tis shame to bare a part,  
That copes — or should, a vestal heart,  
    Provoking thoughts unclean.

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WHAT GRIEVES MY SOUL.

To see a man of noble birth  
Commingling with the base of earth,  
Without a virtuous thought, or shame  
Of scandals heap'd upon his name.

To see the virtuous poor despis'd ;  
Defam'd by insolence and lies :  
Forgotten, cheerless, and alone,  
In penury, destin'd to groan.

To see a blushing, virtuous bride,  
Unto a wither'd man allied,  
Whom threescore years has nurtur'd in  
The ways of lechery and sin.

To see a man of lofty mien,  
Of noble soul, and virile frame,  
United to a sickly form,  
Of some consumptive being born.

To see upon a bed of death,  
A dying man resign his breath  
Without religion's blest control, —  
This grieves, with deepest grief my soul.



## ON BEING DISGUSTED WITH THE TOBACCO SPITTERS

IN THE METHODIST CHURCH, VICKSBURGH.

SEE, 'tis early, but I'm seated !  
My thoughts do soar above the sky ;  
Hark ! what's that so oft repeated,  
Slavering so incessantly ?  
Worse than any ocean spewer —  
'Tis a vile tobacco chewer !

Hear the sacrilegious wretch !  
 Only view his spitting bump ! —  
 If I but had a cane, I'd fetch  
 Him on his *spittoon* such a thump,  
 As would make the dirty bumpkin,  
 Bring next time a scoop'd out pumpkin !

Listen ! a moment's silence reigns,  
 The man of God is now at pray'r, —  
 See ! see ! the wretch will burst his veins !  
 And think you strangled by a hair ?  
 No, the abhorred serpent's juice  
 Has leak'd into the left hand sluice !

His stuff'd toad cheeks, how they do swell,  
 Thoughtful looking at a high belle !  
 Oh horror ! he is sure of hell,  
 For he has slaver'd on the Bible ! —  
 To me almost as bad as that,  
 He's made a spit-box of my hat !

Mary, why your brow contracted  
 With a most ungracious frown ?  
 Why you look almost distracted, —  
 Has the lightning burn'd your gown ?  
 No, some brute's demoniac acid,  
 Has made my silken dress quite flaccid.\*

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\* A female in the Presbyterian church, in Memphis, ruined her dress when sitting in a pew where some slavering hog had been squirting his *dye-stuff*.

See them now together huddle ! —  
Mark the tempest how it thickens !  
In one pew they've got a puddle,  
That would be a sin to Dickens !  
I see a few, one quite a lark,  
Who seem " spitting at a mark ! "

Some have got their heads together,  
A limb of Galen, one of law ;  
He is doubtless asking whether,  
He can spare his friend a *chaw*.  
This practice of the full grown babies,  
Makes them hate to kiss the ladies !

Sailor's, Indian's, negro's pleasure,  
You do bring all to a level ;  
You may be to some a treasure,  
I do wish you at the devil !  
When I do wander here again,  
I'll hope to miss the spitter's pen.



## TO WINTER.

DREAR and gelid as thou art,  
Thou art welcome to this heart ;  
With thy snowy, iced vest,  
Cover earth's exposed breast :

Howling winds, and crackling trees,  
Oft the sombre mind can please ;  
While we circle round the fire,  
And the pulse of love beats higher.  
Music such as thine is sweet,  
Wild, sonorous, and replete  
With awakenings for to charm  
Our spirits, or our fears alarm.  
While our hearts are full of glee,  
Sleigh bells jingling merrily !  
Or the oft frequented slide,  
Does a feast of joy provide ; —  
Chasing — pushing — pulling — slipping —  
Trying all their skill at tripping !  
Then the girls are up again,  
Smarter than the embryo men ;  
While they seize a ball of snow,  
On your shrinking neck to throw ;  
Like love's first kiss, it doth chill —  
Though the heart with warmth does fill !  
Not that you are despairing,  
But her cheeks shall be sharing  
Niveous wash to make them glow,  
Careless who may be her beau !  
Love is fond of wintry weather,  
Cold and courting come together !  
Love don't often make you chilly,  
Though like cold it makes look silly !



When you are deeply smitten —  
 Alias, when you get the “mitten !”  
 Then the happy new year’s day,  
 Welcome as the breath of May ;  
 With dear woman’s love content,  
 Though love cannot ills prevent.  
 Candent hearts, what a treasure !  
 Sacred music, Oh the pleasure !  
 Such a glowing zest of life !  
 Such a chance to get a wife !  
 I must wed on new year’s eve,  
 Then I will not often grieve  
 That the years do hurry by,  
 Sacred hours to memory.  
 Keep me from a southern clime —  
 Let me hear the sleigh bells chime —  
 Rainy, sultry, full of gloom,  
 Ennui is the stranger’s doom.  
 Weak’ning, sick’ning, comfort blighting,  
 Feel unfit for aught but fighting !  
 Winter north is strength’ning, bracing,  
 Makes you ruddy, when you’re facing  
 A north-easter, good for misses  
 Who love Boreas’s icy kisses !  
 Reign without the scathful scene —  
 Let me be the house within.  
 Emblem of the heart’s distress,  
 Winter sight of wretchedness ;

Thou thy wilting round must run  
As the season of the sun,—  
Thou must trespass o'er the green,  
Leaving naught that's virent seen,—  
Freezing up the pretty posies,  
Jessamines and fragrant roses ;  
Though the *tu-lips* hold their bloom,  
Snug, and warm, within the room.  
Love does nurture them, and cherish,  
Lest for *moisture* they should perish !  
But sweet spring shall bloom again,  
Blushing beauty in her train !  
To renew our sadden'd sight,  
And to cheer our visions bright.  
So when blighting age shall come  
Chill'd I lie in the cold tomb,  
May my spirit there obtain  
A place, where spring does ever reign.



## GENESEE FALLS.

The Falls of Genesee, at Rochester, are a beautiful sight—to those at least who have not seen Niagara. The river some three hundred yards in width, when swollen in the spring, rushes with great swiftness over a battlement of rock, in the form of a half diamond, a fall of eighty odd feet. A mile or less below the falls, the water is forced through a space of less than fifty feet, and a fall of forty feet, into a cavern below from whence it takes its course to the lake.

FROM whence this flowing river that we see,  
Rushing in haste to overleap the rock !  
It wins our gaze, yet we scarce feel the shock,  
It glides so silent — falls so noiselessly ; —  
'Tis dark, and dull, and sullen Genesee !  
Form'd by the mountain spring, the upland rill,  
Which like so many arteries do fill,  
To empty all their stores, great heart, in thee !  
But see beyond, a narrow defile worn, —  
The giant stream a struggling to be free !  
Like bosoms by contending passions torn —  
And where despair has gain'd the mastery.  
Thus mortals oft by passions onward borne —  
Despairing, plunge into eternity !



## THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

How light were being, were not Jesus mine !

The world to me a chaos would appear ;  
In vain, yon glorious sun for me would shine,  
Or spring's perennial beauty crown the year.

No scenes of grandeur could elate my heart,  
No buoyant songs dispel unmanly fears, —  
But in thick darkness I should ever stray,  
Nor heed the memory of other years.

In vain for me fond beauty's blandishment,  
When hope has lost her anchor to the soul ;  
Farewell health, wealth, repose, and sweet content !  
While tyrant time does drive me to the goal.

How poor is friendship, and how light is fame,  
When heav'n to me is shrouded deep in gloom :  
Patience, how mean ! love abject, selfish, tame !  
When we must bury all in the cold tomb.

To live is sadness, and to die despair,  
While we against the law of love rebel :  
Oh ! who would sins o'erwhelming bear,  
A willing captive to the prince of hell.

But I am thine, Redeemer, God, forever,  
Nor care, nor sorrow, can us disentwine ;  
To roam in quest of sensual pleasure, never,  
But trembling, fearing, loving, call thee mine.

## THE CONSUMPTIVE MOTHER.

*Summer. — Cottage door open.*

HENRY and MARY — son and daughter, present.

*The mother's hand on her forehead.*

## MOTHER.

“ I feel I'm better, — such a pleasant eve  
Is sweet as spring in holiday attire,  
When nature gives her offering to the Lord ; —  
Sweet smiling savor, type of paradise.  
The air how soft, — I wish it were full moon :  
I love to see her face, though pale as mine,  
And seem to see the hand that leads her on  
A guardian angel o'er a slumbering world,  
And think how tender hearts will drink her light,  
When my brief pilgrimage on earth is o'er ! ”

*Rises — goes to the door of the cottage.*

“ It is not damp — come Mary, let us go  
Under the arbor ; Oh, I love to view  
The stars ! they tell of brighter ones in heav'n.  
And Venus, how she pours her mellow light !  
Queen of the host ! to me the pride of all :  
But lustre gives, inferior to those orbs  
Whose light scarce reaches us, unnoticed here.  
Like queens that sat on earthly thrones, she shines !

Eclipsing to our view some humbler orbs,  
Which in the dynasty of heaven do blaze  
With a superior glory — even now ! ”

MARY.

“ Mother, is Venus larger than the star  
Which came to guide the wise men to the place  
Where Christ was born ? ”

MOTHER.

“ My love, that may have been a meteor  
Created for the purpose, hung like a lamp  
Close to the stable where the infant lay.”

MOTHER.

“ Henry, take a seat close to dear mother —  
It is nor cool, nor warm, these arching vines  
Protect us from the falling of the dew,  
And leave us to reflection, and to God.  
Henry my love; before we do retire,  
We’ll sing a hymn within this lovely bow’r,  
Making sweet melody in our hearts to God ;  
And dearest Mary, thou wilt join the strain,  
For ere yon moon that now begins to streak  
Her silvery light along the marge of heav’n,  
Renew again, her pure and vestal light,  
I’ll join, perchance, the chorus of the skies ! —  
Mary, my love, my dearest second self,  
Affection’s pledge, my darling, and my joy,  
Remember me, when I’m in realms above !

\*        \*\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

And Oh ! if separate spirits have the pow'r  
Of guardian angels, to direct the steps  
Of those entabernacled here in clay,  
Whom ties of consanguinity unite ;  
I'll guide thy tender spirit from all harm,  
And lure to realms of purity and peace."

MARY — *clinging to her mother, and weeping, —*

" Mother, you *must* not die — how can I live  
Without your presence, now dear Pa is gone ?  
To be an orphan — Oh ! I am so young."

MOTHER.

" Don't cry, my love, you're not too young to die,  
To serve the Savior here, then go to heav'n.  
And Oh the precious promises to youth !  
That those who seek me young shall find me  
Their Redeemer, guide, and comforter through life."

MARY.

" Mother, I'd love to die when you do die.  
Be buried with you in the lonely grave,  
And — "

MOTHER.

" And leave dear brother for to pray alone,  
Nor go unto the house of God with thee."

*Mary kisses Henry, and weeps.*



## MOTHER.

“ Our times are in God’s hands, he knowest best  
 Our frame, and what his cause on earth demands ;  
 And though he slay, yet should we trust in him  
 With all the heart, and in deep sorrow say,  
 ‘ Not my will, Oh my God ! but thine, be done. ’ ”

## HENRY.

“ Mother, it is not hard to die — I stood  
 By father’s side, and wept when he expir’d :  
 His dying eyes were lighted up with hope ;  
 And all that vex’d his sainted spirit was,  
 To leave dear mother, Mary, and myself.  
 I was not frighten’d, when he breath’d so slow  
 And spoke scarce to be heard, yet tremblingly —  
 ‘ Jesus receive my spirit ! ’ ”

## MOTHER.

Dear father, I shall soon be found with him  
 Where he is now acclimated in bliss !  
 I dread the pangs of dying, but not death.  
 My heart is wean’d from earth, — I long to soar  
 To that superior world, where Jesus dwells  
 And my dear mother ; partaking of his love  
 Whose is the glory ; in whom all fullness dwells ;  
 My hope, my comfort, my eternal all.”

*Mother kneeling, — let us pray* HERE.

“ Almighty God ! before thou broughtest forth  
 The mountains, or thou didst create the world ;

From everlasting ages thou art God —  
And there is none beside thee ! we would bow  
With contrite hearts obedient to thy will,  
To ask forgiveness for the sins we have this day  
Committed ; or the works we've left undone.  
Oh sanctify affliction ! may the ills  
Which do afflict us here, and are but light  
And transient, work out at last for us  
A greater weight of glory, than though we were  
Like Enoch now translated to the skies.  
And heavenly Father bless my only boy !  
Like Hannah, Lord, I did present to thee  
With pray'r, in baptism, in his infant days.  
Oh may his life be precious in thy sight !  
And like his sainted father, may he be  
A man of pray'r, familiar with thy word.  
And like thy servant Samuel, grant he may  
Administer holy things, with holy hands,  
When I have long been slumbering in the tomb.  
And my dear Mary, — grant dear Lord that she  
May choose the better part, may put on Christ,  
And live, and look, and act Christ in her heart.  
And now my Father wherefore should I plead ?  
Thou ask'st believing pray'r — I do believe ;  
And in the merits of the Savior trust —  
And patiently for thy salvation wait.  
Oh bless my Sarah ! may the words she heard  
From my dear husbands's lips, be treasur'd up  
In memory, and may she henceforth be

A burning light, an ornament of earth,  
 That many shall arise to call her bless'd.  
 Bless all the world, — and may the time soon come  
 When war, and sin, and suffering shall cease ;  
 And thy blest will by those on earth be done  
 As 'tis by angels, and by saints in heav'n :  
 And to the Father, Son, and Spirit, we  
 Will give eternal praises evermore,

AMEN.

*RISING, sees Sarah the maid who has been listening.*

Sarah dear take my arm, I am so weak —  
 And lead me to my couch, for I do feel  
 I ne'er shall seat me in this place again.  
 I groan to be deliver'd from all sin.  
 I yearn to fly into my Savior's arms.  
 Oh hope ! sweet hope ! the anchor of the soul,  
 Thou dost survive above the body's wreck,  
 And unlike earth's decaying joys  
 Thou art immortal.

MOTHER.

*To Henry and Mary, who preceded her to the cottage,  
 and have the Bible open on a table before them.*

Dears read my Psalm, \* — I in my room can hear —  
 And lift the heart in earnest pray'r to God,  
 And he will bless you — yes, will bless you *now*.

---

\*Her favorite Psalm, LI.

TO ADAM BARNES, OF CHARLOTTSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR Barnes! — when first I met thy gaze  
On Vicksburgh's dull and dusty shore,  
I lov'd the candor of thy face, —  
And shall if we do meet no more.

Friendship, known only to the good,  
Prefers the structure of the soul ;  
Where nothing selfish does intrude —  
Where nothing mean usurps control.

For friendship is of noble birth ;  
And you may search the world around  
Among the vain, the dregs of earth,  
And friendship cannot there be found.

A mutual confidence, — a charm  
Of hearts that's incorruptible ;  
Habits which prejudice disarm —  
To gold, or fame, invulnerable.

How many who are insincere ?  
How few with the whole heart we trust ?  
Or sway'd by interest, or by fear,  
Whose looks, whose converse does disgust.

Some we spontaneously elect —  
 Instinctively our hearts decide —  
 Whom memory owns as the select,  
 With them the joys of earth divide.

Some have a friendship that's ideal,  
 As wealth, or kindred grace's charms ;  
 But we will practise what is real,  
 And that thou knowest truly — Barnes.

We've scann'd the character of men,  
 From blinding prejudices free,  
 And women too, and found in them  
 Vexation much, and vanity.

Like me the rosy cherub boy,  
 Hath led your youthful heart astray ;  
 And some one stole your " virgin coy,"  
 While you were napping by the way !

With me dear Barnes you may rejoice,  
 From all the sweets of wedlock free, —  
 For you are single now by choice,  
 And I my model shall not see.

But you are happier far than I,  
 Though far from Charlottesville you roam ;  
 No mother's love to welcome me —  
 No place where I can feel at home.

Still I'm content, and I'll keep cool,  
 I'll live, while I see others live ;  
 And if I've been full long a fool,  
 I'll try my fortune to retrieve.

Insulted, slighted, vex'd, and griev'd,  
 I care not if my cup runs o'er ;  
 There's one who never hath deceiv'd —  
 Whose heart is honest to the core !

Warm, cool, unfeeling, sensitive, —  
 A contradiction sure I am ;  
 So poor, I find it hard to live,  
 Yet one of nature's gentlemen !

Unfit for any branch of trade,  
 I've tried indeed full half a score, —  
 A poet, though by nature made,  
 Unskill'd in much of classic lore.

But I will keep my spirit's up, —  
 The world unto the bold is wide :  
 Like Abraham, hope against all hope,  
 And ev'ry mortal care outside.

A man of observation, I  
 Have been a critic to be sure ;  
 Yet judgment mix'd with charity  
 For hypocrites, who can endure?

Unkindness — inhumanity —

Thou knowest dearest Barnes I scorn ;  
For thou dear friend art kind as me,  
A master — and 'mongst servants born.

And though I insults may receive,  
No mortal pow'r can fancy bind ;  
I'll live to laugh as in my sleeve,  
At the great swell-head — yelp'd mankind !

On woman's charms we do agree,  
Though many south but move our mirth, —  
They're types of heav'nly purity,  
Sent to emparadise our earth.

And now farewell ! for hopes beguile,  
And parted we may ever be ;  
Then may we live, so we may smile  
Together in eternity !





## THE COQUET.

I SAID, " he was a lovely youth  
So exquisitely neat, and clean,  
A heart of probity, and truth ;  
A noble, sweet, and manly mien."  
She said, somewhat with anger fir'd,  
" His person never was admir'd ! "

I said, " his lively company,  
The lads and happy lasses lov'd ;  
His wit, and wild vivacity,  
The gay, the social circle mov'd."  
" That he more witty was than wise,"  
The maid with pertinence replies !

I said, " he had a powerful voice,  
Of sweetest tone, and harmony ;  
With pow'r our spirits to rejoice,  
Or swell our hearts with ecstasy."  
She said, " she could not that descry,  
He always sings so very high ! "

I said, " that he did say to me,  
She kindled in his heart a flame  
With all his heart's sincerity,  
And would not e'en the secrets name ! "  
She blush'd ! and said, " now is't the truth ?  
Sweet, pretty, witty, charming youth ! "

## LINES

ON THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE DECISION OF THE BALTIMORE  
CONVENTION, NOMINATING HENRY CLAY FOR THE  
PRESIDENCY.

'Tis done ! — should have been done before —  
Justice is sure, though it delay ;  
A million hearts, delight to pour  
Their paeans proud, for HENRY CLAY !

Though lowly born of humble birth,  
Thou soon will soar *above* a throne !  
Like those whose mental, moral worth,  
Fair history's page delights to own.

Defeated oft but never crush'd —  
Thy country ratifies thy fame !  
For slander's tongue will then be hush'd,  
When thou the chair of state shall claim !

The Grecian mother sore distress,  
Her worthiest son bears to the strife ;  
Thy country bears thee on her breast,  
Which bleeds — yet clings to thee for life.

Agrarians — demagogues — may frown !  
Thy spirit was not made to bow !  
We'll place the chaplet of renown  
Fairer, and firmer, on thy brow !

To him with matchless pow'rs endu'd,  
 Whose genius is a deathless ray ;  
 We owe a debt of gratitude —  
 A debt, the nation soon will pay.

Thy deeds have been made manifest,  
 Error's black cloud has pass'd away ;  
 All hail ! — thou firmest — truest — best —  
 Great patriot statesman, HENRY CLAY !

From east to west, the voice goes forth,  
 Patriots who *read* attest thy claim !  
 From sunny south, to gelid north,  
 Freemen who *think*, exalt thy name !

Merchants — mechanics — farmers — all  
 The impulse of their hearts obey ;  
 While ladies yield unto the call —  
 Go *heart*, and hand for HENRY CLAY !

They'll weave the evergreen for thee  
 Of deathless love, for actions done ;  
 Thou champion firm of liberty !  
 Columbia's brightest — noblest son !

If an incumbent's death be thine,  
 ('Gainst which we all will humbly pray,)  
 We'll fear no *second* Catiline ;  
 But FRELINGHUYSEN, trust with CLAY !

## THE SAILOR'S HOME.—NEW YORK.

This building which is capable of containing five hundred boarders, was built by some pious merchants and others, as a means of reforming the character of seamen. The advantages of reading, and the order consequent on a temperance house, with Divine service in the establishment—and the cheapness and superiority of the accommodations; render it a great resort for sailors, and the means of much good.

THE good, the useful, the ENNOBLED FEW !

Have thought of those who o'er the ocean roam ;  
And plac'd this beacon light unto their view,  
Where they can find when "ship's in port"—a Home.

No land sharks here upon his purse to prey,  
No strumpets vile with infamous caress ;  
Or vicious comrades, for to lure away ;  
And in rum's hellish service, Jack impress.

But stranded, as it were till serve the tide,  
Though long upon the billowy surges tost ;  
This haven of peace, where virtue doth preside,  
Shall bless the weary, and the tempest toss'd.

Frank, manly, generous, open-hearted, brave !  
Honest in purpose, fearless in the storm ;  
To risk their lives, their fellow man to save,  
Though their rough boat on mountain waves is borne.

How much we owe to thee thou gallant tars !  
How glows thy hearts, as freedom's flag's unfurl'd !  
Proud Neptune's boast, and which the sons of Mars  
Hath made the pride, and wonder, of the world !

And some who cross — "the blue, the open sea,"  
Shall leave this Home with pleasant dreams behind ;  
Though they in foreign climes may shortly be,  
A wife's warm love, or mother's home to find.

How little those who glide the stream of life  
In peace, do know the danger and dismay  
They meet, when buffetting great ocean's strife ;  
Or on some barbarous shore are cast away.

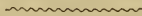
But here they learn submission to their lot, —  
To trust in him who can the waves divide ;  
Who ne'er the pious sailor hath forgot,  
Who on his bended knees for mercy cried !

Though the strain'd ship nor answers to the helm,  
The compass lost, the crew despairing start,  
The raging sea does threaten to o'erwhelm ;  
The sailor has the Bible for his chart :

Which bids him hope, though flesh and heart, should fail,  
Or when they ship the most tremendous sea !  
While faith is anchor'd deep within the vail, —  
A "light house" on a dark eternity !

Life's voyage past, no more to tread the deck ;  
 And o'er the merry laugh, the Oh, he ho !  
 Thy " hull " upon the shoals of time is wreck'd —  
 Thy " hour " has come at last to " go below " —

When the cold corse does meet the briny wave,  
 Scarce heard the splash for ship-mates' stifled moan ;  
 Then as the body meets an ocean grave,  
 The soul shall find in heav'n — a " Sailor's Home."



TO JOHN C. SHALES, VICKSBURGH.

I'LL think of thee while a few hours beguiling,  
 In the queen city, pride of the far West ;  
 To see the beautiful dear maidens smiling,  
 And over ears in love be quite distress'd !

Or in the city like old ruins smoking,  
 I 'mongst the graves for contemplation roam ;  
 I'll think of thee, as thou art fond of joking,  
 And feel rejoic'd that we were born at home ! \*

---

\* In the Catholic burying-ground in Pittsburgh, on a large white marble square tomb, is the following inscription — " Jane Grant, wife of Felix Grant, formerly a native of Ireland ! "

I'll think of thee when I to Fairmount wander,  
With some fond heart on a bright moonlight eve ;  
And as we on our youthful pleasures ponder,  
Will feel so happy — that we'll hate to leave !

I'll think of thee — when David Paul \* is pleading  
Some patriot's cause, say Levins's defence ;  
With more than southern genius interceding,  
And all his former glowing eloquence.

I'll think of thee — when in the park I'm straying,  
Our old resort when near election time ;  
While boys, and girls, and fountains fresh are playing,  
And one dear hand so tightly clasp'd in mine !

When bounding joyous on the gay excursion,  
I down the bay for health and pleasure go,  
While all is gladness — merriment — diversion —  
I'll think of thee — and the “ Bay of Biscay O ! ”

I'll think of thee while some dear maid caressing, —  
For I can here, *mere* monied men outshine ;  
To see him look peculiarly distressing,  
As if to say — “ My friend, that girl is mine ! ”

While o'er the briny waters I am skimming,  
I leave the struggling covies in the rear,  
And see no porpoise in the van a swimming,  
I'll know, thou water rat, thou art not here !

---

\* David Paul Brown, Esq.



And in Hoboken's pleasant arbors walking,  
Some timid damsel, blushing at my side ;  
Love's precious secrets, and sweet nonsense talking,  
As if 'twas honey-moon, and she my bride !

I'll think of thee — on Boston common, viewing  
The Yankee girls, the smartest of our land !  
And while the tropic heat your flesh is stewing,  
List the sweet music of fam'd Boston's band !

I'll think of thee when on my bed reposing,  
Through the clear air I watch the evening star ;  
And have no fears, when I my eyes are closing,  
Those curs'd mosquitoes will break through the bar !



REFLECTIONS OF A COQUETTE—i. e. AN OLD MAID.

My youth and beauty both are gone,  
And I alas ! am left alone ;  
With grief, and penury, and care,  
Those harbingers of dire despair.

My early friends they scorn me now,  
Although I wore a haughty brow !  
When first my spirit bow'd to fate,  
They left me lone and desolate.

No kindred heart to meet with mine,  
Although in sorrow I repine ;  
No hand to wipe my falling tears —  
No sympathy which love endears.

How fancy paints my former years,  
In bright and startling characters !  
Those scenes of bliss I've pass'd beyond ;  
And now must evermore despond.

As in a bark, I seem'd to glide  
Life's stream, with others by my side,  
Some adverse wind from folly's coast,  
My bark on desert island tost.

The mild, the meek, before me bow'd —  
The handsome, gifted, and the proud,  
Have claim'd my heart on bended knee,  
With all love's sensibility.

And those the modest of my sex,  
Whom 'twas so much delight to vex,  
Have sons, and daughters for to bless,  
While I am left in loneliness !

The noble mien — the manly brow —  
Alas nor move my spirit now !  
My wit, and wild vivacity,  
Is chang'd to spleen, and misery !

The sprightly dance ! the festal throng !  
 The rapturous, sweet, hortative song !  
 Have lost at last, their pow'r to start,  
 The finer feelings of the heart !

I would not be a nun — not I,  
 In gloomy cloister for to die !  
 I lov'd one heart, but now I see  
 My heart was wed to vanity.

Alas ! alas ! I feel full soon  
 I'll sink into the silent tomb :  
 And if the public grant a stone,  
 Engrave this epitaph upon : —

“ Here lie the bones of an old maid —  
 Nor liv'd on earth, but only staid !  
 A life of wretchedness did see,  
 The fruits of pride, and coquetry.

---

A PARODY.

COLUMBIA'S SONS, whom rum hath bled,  
 Columbia's sons, whom rum hath led,  
 Come welcome to a drunkard's bed,  
 Or temperance, peace, and victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
 See the front of battle low'r ;  
 To escape the monster's pow'r  
 Drunkeness ! and slavery !

Wha would be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha would fill a drunkard's grave ?  
 Wha so base as be rum's slave ?  
 Tippler ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for liberty and law ?  
 Abstinence 's the sword we draw,  
 Like patriots stand, like patriots fa,  
 Blest Columbia ! on wi me !

By oppressions, woes, and pains !  
 By our sons in drunkard's chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be — shall be free !

Lay the blighting demon low !  
 Alcohol, our nation's foe !  
 Temperance aims the deadly blow,  
 Forward ! let us do, or die !



## HELLEN.

HELLEN, lovely, peerless Ellen,  
 Sweeter than the blushing rose !  
 Care and sadness quick dispelling,  
 Let me on thy breast repose.

Manly worth and beauty ever,  
 Pay their fervent court to thee ;  
 Tell me dearest, will you never  
 Listen to my minstrelsy ?

When in yonder bow'r I met thee  
 Light hearted, cheeks all ruddiness ;  
 Thought you, I could e'er forget thee,  
 Or that stolen rapturous kiss ?

Autocratic, step-dame nature  
 In her versatility,  
 Form'd a aweet angelic creature,  
 Gave my heart to know 'twas thee !

Grac'd with majesty, and beauty,  
 Virtue, and pudicity,  
 Walking in the paths of duty,  
 From all pride, and folly free.

Blushing grace and youth adore thee,  
Model of thy lovely kind !  
Wealth and talent bow before thee,  
For the worth in thee they find !

Reciprocity sublimely  
Circles us in unison !  
With what raptures, how divinely  
Kindred spirits blend in one !

Purest springs attest the fountain  
From whence all their virtues flow,  
Rills that wash the highest mountain  
“ Water oft the vales below : ”

Souls of noblest, holiest feeling,  
Speak their heavenly origin ;  
Voice, and thoughts, and deeds revealing,  
The divinity within !

For thou’st been with holy creatures  
Ere thy spirit came to earth  
Incarnadine — with those sweet features,  
Merely feigning mortal birth !

Guido, Magdalens has painted  
Bringing back the sainted dead, —  
Thou art of the living sainted  
Secret halo’s round thy head !

In thy soul all grace combining,  
 Heav'n has found, or earth has lost !  
 Graces mingling — virtues shining—  
 “ Venus midst the starry host ! ”

Mortals laud thee ! angels love thee !  
 For thou soon with them shall be :  
 Heav'n is in, though still above thee !  
 Angel in simplicity !

Yet thou lingerest with us mortal —  
 Thou wilt be immortal soon !  
 Heav'n in mercy opes death's portal,  
 Calls the loveliest to the tomb.

There you'll range those fields Elysian,  
 Circling round the great white throne !  
 Blest in beatific vision,  
 Till thou “ knowest, as thou art known ! ”

Hard it will be for to sever,  
 For the canker rose I see —  
 But thou goest, where forever  
 Thou'lt increase in brilliancy !





## THE DESOLATE ONE.

How feeble, how faint, and how weary,  
The disconsolate mother appears !  
The cares of this life, its storms, and its strife,  
Have supplanted all peace from the dutiful wife,  
And “ laugh’d in disdain at her tears.”

The hope of her youth has departed —  
Her children, sweet babes, are all dead —  
No sweet rustic urn, where affection may mourn,  
But her dear bosom friend from his country was torn,  
Where beauty and valor have bled.

But the sorrow that preys at thy heart,  
The “ patience of hope ” shall o’ercome ;  
For weeping at night, scarce endures till the light,  
And faith with the holy will soon turn to sight,  
And leave all their ills in the tomb.

But thy wrongs shall yet have redress ;  
The favorite of virtue shall shine,  
Exalted above, where beauty and love,  
Shall eternally dwell, forever to soothe  
That sentient torn bosom of thine.

## THE SUICIDE.

This melancholy and miserable creature, who drowned herself by jumping from a window of the Scuykill "Permanent Bridge," a few weeks since, had attempted suicide before, and was restrained—her excuse being "she was so lonesome." And incredible as it may seem, there are many sensitive hearts, to whom life is a burden, for the want of an affectionate husband, or kind friends, to share with them the pleasures of social intercourse. I was speaking to a matron on my return from the south, of my extreme melancholy in not meeting some friends, who had without my knowledge gone to Iowa to engage in farming,—she said, she knew two excellent and pious young women, who had confessed to her that their loneliness was insupportable. They could have the company of rakes and debauchees; but a virtuous young man never greeted them with a smile. But "truth is stranger than fiction." I know young men, who are *compelled* to associate with the vicious, or become the victims of melancholy fatal to their health. To a person of exquisite sensibility, compelled by poverty to herd with those from whom they shrink as from a viper, and unable to select their own society, life hath no charms. But those persons are rare; the mass of mankind having enough of the *hog* in their composition, to keep them from fretting.

Thou poor disconsolate ! Oh who can know  
 Thy sorrows ! or discern the scalding tears  
 Thou shed'st in secret, though grief oft appears  
 In forg'd smiles to counterfeit her woe !  
 And time with thee dragg'd on so dull and slow ;  
 No gleam of joy — no hope of heav'n to cheer !  
 A heart unlov'd, how desolate and drear !  
 That could the petty joys of earth forego.  
 Thy thoughts like vultures did thy heart consume,  
 To melancholy, and to care a prey ;  
 And though to sorrow death comes oft too soon,  
 For thee, devoted one, he did delay.  
 Thou sought despairingly a watery tomb,  
 When none were near thy rashness for to stay.

## ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HENRY KEELY.

This young man who had been at Vicksburgh but a few weeks, died very suddenly of an inflammation of the bowels. He was engaged to be married to a young woman in Indianapolis, who had presented him with a Bible with some touching monitory lines written on the cover. Ardent in the pursuit of wealth, of vigorous constitution — of unsullied morals — his untimely death saddened a few warm hearts his frank and manly bearing had made here, and cast a gloom over his parents, brothers, and sisters, who reside in Oxford, Ohio. Having left him a few days before in good health, what was my surprise to learn he was buried.

The following lines were suggested while sitting a few moments at his grave, February 11th, 1844.

KEELY — when last I saw thy form  
Glowing with health, and manly pride,  
Thy heart with vigor beating warm,  
And cheeks which show'd the crimson tide,

That virile frame, that lofty brow ;  
How little thought I here to be,  
Upon thy clay cold tomb to bow,  
To weave a funeral dirge for thee !

How sad to me thy early death —  
How unexpected was thy doom —  
To yield so painfully thy breath —  
To find so far from home a tomb.

To death's omnipotent decree,  
Alike or youth, or age must bow ;  
We bow unto God's sovereignty,  
Nor impious ask — " what doest thou ? "

And she to whom thy heart was giv'n,  
Oh ! will she wake from dreams of thee ?  
To hear that thou art gone to heav'n —  
To wail in frantic agony !

Her parting gift she'll not regret,  
Next to her heart, love's holiest boon, —  
Thine eyes that read, were oftentimes wet,  
While faith, her wings for heav'n did plume.

Thy mother watch'd not by thy side —  
She whom you lov'd could not be there —  
From sisters, brothers, far you died  
Unsooth'd by voice of love, or pray'r.

A few warm friends stood round thy bed,  
And shed for thee the manly tear ;  
And one stout heart, for thee has bled  
With anguish deep, and grief sincere,

A few, will oft frequent thy grave  
With pensive hearts, and melting eye,  
I think of Christ who died to save —  
To mourn thy early destiny !

## A PARTING HYMN.

THE hour has come when we must part,  
Dear friends in Christ we will rejoice ;  
Let rapture fill each beating heart,  
And praises tune each trembling voice ;  
And though our parting gives us pain,  
Dear brethren we shall meet again.

Our hopes, our fears, our pray'rs are one ;  
We worship but one God alone ;  
One in the merits of the Son —  
One in affection round the throne :  
And though dear brethren we must part,  
We undivided are in heart.

Christians invoke the God of love,  
To send his choicest blessings down ;  
Let every heart his promise prove,  
And he will then our efforts crown ;  
And through eternity we'll trace,  
His glorious, and electing grace.

Come sinners, bow at Jesus' feet,  
And taste his grace and pardon'ng love ;  
And if we here no more should meet,  
We'll meet at last in realms above :  
And there our ransom'd souls shall raise,  
In loftier songs, his deathless praise !

Christians ! we here no more may meet,  
 Where God his presence doth divine ;  
 But we shall meet, by faith to greet  
 Where everlasting glories shine !  
 United in that world of bliss,  
 Where all is harmony and peace.



“MAY our land be Immanuel’s land,” \*  
 Where righteousness ever shall reign !  
 And her sons be a glorious band,  
 Our freedom and rights to maintain.

No traitors we want on our soil —  
 No priest-ridden ignorant race —  
 The charter of truth to despoil,  
 And virtue’s bright landmarks efface.

Who hold to a despot’s control —  
 Are govern’d by fear and the rod ;  
 And yield up to bishops their soul,  
 Insulting their conscience, and God.

---

\* Inscribed on a banner carried in the Native American procession in Philadelphia, July 4th, 1844.

We welcome the poor and oppress'd,  
The virtuous, the manly, and brave ;  
To the land where the weary find rest —  
While we scorn the base bigot, and slave.

From the farthest green isle of the sea,  
From regions whence freedom is driven,  
Come worship where conscience is free,  
As the bounty and favor of heaven !

To the land where the puritans trod —  
Where the eagle, and dove, find their nest —  
Made sacred to freedom, and God !  
The glorious bright world of the west !

A land where the righteous do rule,  
And the people are made to rejoice ;  
Where the children are taught at the school  
From the Bible, the book of our choice.

Where the church in each hamlet does rise,  
Towering high the heav'n pointed spire ;  
Where no " prophet shall prophecy lies,"  
His lips touch'd with hallowed fire !

Where the Christian and patriot unite,  
Their thanks and their homage to pay,  
To the God who the tyrant will smite —  
Who can drive the intruder away.



For the glory and honor belongs,  
To the "Prince, of the kings of the earth!"  
We'll exalt thee forever in songs;  
For thy word, which gave freedom its birth!

And maidens as chaste as the snow,  
In concert shall echo the strain —  
Singing, "heaven's commenced below,  
For Jesus, the Savior does reign!"

From the north to the far sunny south,  
The welkin with praises shall ring;  
As from one man, one heart, and one mouth —  
"Messiah — Messiah — is King!"

And the stranger with others shall join,  
Their offerings to cast at thy feet;  
While they shout forth — "the kingdom is thine!"  
"Hallelujah! — the triumph's complete!"

May our land, be Immanuel's land,  
No foe our blest union dissever;  
Like a bulwark 'gainst tyrants to stand,  
Where Jehovah shall triumph forever!



## THE DYING YOUTH,

SITTING UP IN BED, AS HE LOOKS AT THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE  
FROM HIS ROOM, HE THUS REGRETS HIS EARLY DEATH :

How sweet this day ! the balmy air instils  
New life, but cannot health to me restore,  
Or scenes which this sad heart with grief oft fills,  
Those pleasures gone, alas, forevermore !

Alas ! those days of innocence and love,  
When maiden's beauty ravished my heart ;  
You've lost your all-inspiring power to move,  
And I from thee forever must depart.

Farewell the virent green where oft my feet,  
With an elastic buoyancy did tread !  
Ye virgins, whose embrace I lov'd to greet,  
How are our joys and oblectations fled !

Adieu, ye scenes of bliss ! my fading eyes  
Shall ne'er behold your glowing charms again ;  
Your blushing beauties never shall descry,  
Nor taste your sweets while life and light remain.

Farewell, the glories of the morn and even !  
Thou sun of grandeur, and of joy, farewell !  
And you ye twinkling stars, that gem the heaven,  
And Luna fair, where lovers' thoughts oft dwell !

Farewell, the roar of waters ! heard afar,  
 In evenings calm, charming my pensive heart ;  
 Sweeter than lute, or harp, or gay guitar,  
 The cascades murmuring, — from thee I part.

How oft within the circle I have been,  
 Where heartfelt raptures utter'd in the song,  
 Did seem as sweet as angels murmuring !  
 As zephyrs swept the chasten'd strains along.

Farewell ! farewell ! my heart does heave the sigh,  
 To feel your pleasures ne'er can thrill again :  
 And in the lonely grave my form must lie,  
 While youth and beauty wanton on the plain,

And Oh, dear Mary ! must we bid adieu ?  
 How deep my anguish, love, from thee to part ;  
 We who have lov'd so ardently, so true, —  
 Enough — enough — it bleeds my tender heart.

I fondly thought my dearest would be mine  
 In wedded ties ; — Alas, prospective bliss !  
 But to the care of Heaven I thee resign,  
 While hope does soar to brighter worlds than this !

Farewell, yon mountain, creature of the flood !  
 A world destroy'd, as 'twere to give thee birth ;  
 How oft upon thy summit I have stood,  
 And felt an inspiration not of earth.

The shadows of the eve do intervene,  
 My doom is written early for to die ;  
 Death comes with fearful step to close the scene,  
 And in the grave my mortal part must lie.

~~~~~

TO ——— ———.

My heart, my memory, will it be  
 When years have wing'd their flight away ;  
 Some virtuous heart will think of me,  
 Dear ———, o'er these pages stray ?

Alas ! that e'er these humble lays,  
 So much of beauty should enshrine,  
 That posthumous, yet modest praise  
 From lips I lov'd, should e'er be mine ;

For this proud heart, that ne'er could prize  
 The mean, the empty, and the vain ;  
 This bleeding heart for sacrifice,  
 That's thrill'd so oft with grief, and pain ;

To be approv'd by thee 'twere well,  
 Though tenderest ties on earth were riven —  
 The thought, that though we bade farewell,  
 We'll meet to part no more in heaven !

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## EXTEMPORE,

ON THE OBSERVATION, THAT A MATRON PRESENT RETAINED HER  
 FRESHNESS AND BEAUTY TO MIDDLE AGE.

VIRTUE\* — which wakes the high desire,  
 And triumphs glorious o'er the tomb ;  
 Preserves thy pristine beauty's fire,  
 In all its freshness and its bloom !

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\* Whose fruits are temperance, faith, hope, and charity.





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