



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

## AN INSCRIPTION

For the tomb of Gen. Richard Kennon, who died in February 1805, and his daughter Elizabeth Kennon, who died August 10th 1802, and are laid in one monument at Emmerson, Virginia.

Here infant innocence that knew no ill  
And manly virtue sleeps.—At  
heaven's high will  
Repine not ye who view this lone-  
ly tomb,  
And meditate on man's mysteri-  
ous doom.  
The first was soon released from  
worldly woe ;  
The last well exercised in cares  
below.  
In Freedom's glorious cause he  
bravely fought,  
His Country's good with gallant  
firmness sought,  
And, now, with joy beholds, to  
Heaven remov'd,  
That freedom flourish he so dearly  
lov'd.

The following is the ODE deliver-  
ed by Master C. K. Blanchard, at  
the Jubilee of Jamestown.

The POWER that measures  
Space and Time,  
And robes the Stars with  
Light-sublime,

That guides with central force  
aright  
The rapid Comet's fiery flight,  
That holds each Orb in strong  
control,  
And points the planets where  
to roll.

The God who taught the Sun to  
blaze,

And made it strike,  
On mortal sight

The fire of Heaven's reflected rays,  
Sent the sons of the East  
To the sons of the West;  
Taught the Arts with the ray of  
mild evening to shine,  
And blest a New World with their  
radiance divine.

Warm from the Wood,  
With hunting tir'd,

A savage sought the cooling flood  
And far, far off the curling wave  
admir'd,

And as he pac'd the lonely  
beach,

Far as his piercing eye could  
reach,

He tho't he saw the nine trees  
dance,

And on the wave erect ad-  
vanced.

Again he look'd and saw the  
trees,

All wing'd arriving with the  
breeze!

And as he gaz'd with wild  
surprize,

Borne on the full flood tide  
along,

Moving in solemn silence on  
He sees at last the stately ship  
arise

But when from forth the bursting  
side,

He sees the Lightnings glare,  
And hears the deep mouth'd  
cannon roar,

The rattling sounding,  
 Noise rebounding  
 From the Rocks, the Woods, the  
 Shore ;  
 Aghast ! the red man flies and  
 cries  
 (Loud as the veil of death can  
 rise)  
 To all the painted tribes a-  
 round  
 That the "Great Spirit" fell'd  
 with ire,  
 - Involv'd in smoke and clad in  
 fire,  
 Shock the whole earth with  
 thund'ring sound,  
 And raging alow the livid light-  
 nings round.  
 But, ah ! how soon the Savage  
 Nations saw  
 \* The Sun's white offspring  
 were here,  
 And as their mortal wants in-  
 crease,  
 While varying ties together  
 draw,  
 They form a transient  
 peace,  
 And harmonize in vain.  
 Nor mid the towering forest  
 shade,  
 Was the black hair'd Indian  
 Maid,  
 At all afraid,  
 To see the graceful stranger move,  
 Or hear his softest song of  
 love.  
 For Love bewitch'd these *real*  
 Wood Nymphs wild,  
 Wav'd her white arm, and o'er the  
 desert smil'd.  
 This, when the jealous savage  
 knew,  
 And saw beside,  
 The wounded city rise :

\* In all America the white men  
 have been called the children of the  
 Sun, coming from the East.

To arms ! to arms ! he  
 cry'd :  
 To arms the warriors flew,  
 And the shrill war-song sounded  
 to the skies ;  
 Whilst Horror shrieking in  
 the woods,  
 And screaming o'er the hills  
 and floods  
 Warns the white warriors to  
 prepare,  
 And brave the first rude shock of  
 savage war.  
 Our ancestors ! A small but  
 daring band,  
 Led by a Hero first in fame,  
 Cloth'd with courage, arm'd  
 with flame,  
 Against the hideous howling  
 throng,  
 March dreadful on ;  
 And in many direful day,  
 Driving far the foe away,  
 Boldly claim the ensanguin'd  
 land,  
 Their conquering valor won.  
 Driv'n from their usual haunts and  
 floods,  
 Far to their inmost shades and  
 woods,  
 The Indian chiefs retir'd  
 With endless fury fir'd ;  
 Intent, the web of woe to weave,  
 Secret as death, and joyless as the  
 grave,  
 The plot's full time, matured, thro'  
 many a year,  
 At last drew near !  
 And the notch'd arrow mark'd the  
 day,  
 That drew the furrowing  
 tear,  
 Which Time can never wipe away !  
 Revenge ! Revenge ! a thousand  
 voices cry,  
 Revenge ! Revenge ! th' echoing  
 hills reply !  
 Whilst the red tribes in trea-  
 chery strong.

Relentless sweep along :  
 And where the whizzing  
 weapons fly,  
 A thousand Fathers, Mothers  
 die.

Sons, Sisters, Children, fly in  
 vain,  
 Their lifeless bodies strew the  
 plain,  
 And as the infant smiles or  
 cries,  
 It sees the lifted stroke and  
 dies;

Behind the raging flame, are seen,  
 Where dwellings, fields and  
 bodies blaze :

And glaring midst the horrid  
 gleam,

The whooping blood stain'd

*Savage strays :*

O'er, amid the fiend like  
 throng,

Drives the blasting ruin on :

Till (quite complete the blood-  
 dy plan) :

Sad *Desolation* sits and mocks the  
 works of *Man*.

Soft voic'd *Pity* from above,

Fairest daughter of the Sky !

Bent with locks of grief and love,

To the chang'd earth her tear-  
 ful eye.

She saw the smoking ruins  
 round,

And all the arts of peace de-  
 stroy'd :

The groves and walks were  
 ruin'd found,

Which she with peaceful  
 pow'r enjoy'd.

In eac hlov'd scene she hears faint  
 sorrow call :

Whilst o'er the hapless land, her  
 tears benignant fall.

But now see, fair succour fly-  
 ing,

O'er the wide Atlantic wave,

Our few remaining Sires to  
 save,

Every Indian force detying,  
 Bringing comfort to the  
 brave.

Ship after ship amain !

Men after men arrive !

To drive

The Savage to his woods  
 again.

Whilst industry, of force divine,  
 With Commerce, Peace, and pow-  
 er combine.

To seize the fleeting flying  
*Hours,*

And make them deck the helms  
 with flowers.

And late where Desolation  
 walk'd,

And late where glaring ruin  
 stalk'd,

The towers with loftier aspect  
 rise,

And loftier domes salute the  
 skies.

A million patriot sons are born,

A million fair the land adorn,

And *here*, where erst the wild  
 flow'r rose

Alone and undesir'd,

See where the blushing beauty  
 glows :

By every eye admired.

For you, ye Fair, to arms w  
 fly,

Or strike the sounding lyre,  
 For you the soldier dares to die

And ye the bard inspire

Your smiles alone, can bidss the  
 strain;

Alone can make it last,

Till a new century shall have  
 pass'd :

When friends perhaps may mee  
 again,

And sound the high-nung nar  
 of Love,

At the great JUBILEE above

This Ode, although not written in honor of Bacchus, may be called "Dithyrambic," as many liberties have been taken in distancing the rhymes, some of them being eight or ten lines apart, as the reader will please to observe. It is not the better for being longer than most of the Greek, or Latin Odes, although not so long as Boileau's famed Ode, "*Sax la Pri-se de Nannu*." But a thousand poems could not exhaust the subject.

The Verse-writers for the next "*Vinguiad*," are requested to pay their respects to Princess POCAHONTAS, unavoidably neglected in this first ESSAY:



TO GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

By Peter Pindar.

O thou, whose wounds from pity's  
eye  
Could force the stream and bid her  
sigh,  
That god-like valour bled in  
vain—  
Sigh that the land which gave  
them birth  
Should droop its sorrowing head  
to earth,  
And groaning curse the Despot's  
chain!

Her beams around shall glory  
spread,  
Where'er thy star thy steps shall  
lead,  
And Fame thy ev'ry deed re-  
peat;  
Each heart in suffering-virtue's  
cause  
Shall swell amid the loud applause  
And raptur'd catch a kindred  
heat.

In Fance's eye, thy friend, the  
Muse,  
Thy bark, from wave to wave pur-  
sues,  
With fondest wish to follow thee  
way.  
To view the shore where freedom  
reigns,  
(An exile long from British plains)  
And blesses millions by her  
sway.

While thou, in Peace's purple  
vale,  
Fair Freedom, Fame and Health  
shall hail,  
At ease reclin'd amid the shade  
Britannia's wail will wound thy  
ear;  
And lo! I see thy gen'rous-tear  
Embalms her laurels as they  
fade.

On hearing a gentleman say, he  
would never dance with a plain  
woman.

Young Damon vows, nay; hear him  
swear,  
He'll "dance with none but what  
are fair;"  
Suppose we girls a law dispense,  
To dance with none but men of  
sense;  
Suppose you should, pray, Ma'am  
what then?  
Why Sir, you'd never dance again.



Advice to Strephon.

Pensive Strephon cease repining,  
Give thy injur'd stars their due;  
There's no room for all this pining,  
Be Dorinda false or true.  
If she feeds a faithful passion,  
Canst thou call thy fortune  
cross?  
And if sway'd by whim or passion,  
Let her leave thee,—where's the  
loss?