

MOUNTAIN
BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

WOVE IN A

RUSTIC GARLAND.

BY

THE STRANGER,

OF FAIRFAX LODGE, NO. 43—FAIRFAX CHAPTER, NO. 13—
AND PETERSBURG COUNCIL OF ROYAL AND
SELECT MASTERS, NO. 5.

Kunst Macht Gunst.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE
INDEPENDENT SOUL,

THAT NEVER
COURTS A SMILE,

OR

BENDS BENEATH A FROWN

THIS VOLUME OF
ORIGINAL POEMS

IS

DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR

A NATIVE OF CULPEPER COUNTY VIRGINIA.

ADVERTISEMENT

THIS work is swelled to double the limits anticipated by the author when he issued his proposals, consequently, the expense of publication is proportionably increased, without any advance being made on the subscription price.

The engraved Title Page of this volume is the only specimen of his untaught skill, in that line, the author is able to lay before his patrons, and they will readily excuse the omission of the others, when informed that the *printing* of that alone, cost twelve dollars and fifty cents, and if the rest had been added, would have amounted to a sum equal to half the profits of this Edition, supposing every copy will be sold, a result for which his most sanguine expectations do not lead him to hope.

It may be necessary further to say, that the specimen presented, is the third attempt the author ever made on Copperplate

TO THE CRITICS.

GENTLEMEN,

I am unfortunately too proud to attempt ingratiating myself in your good graces, by highflown eulogiums on your taste and liberality, and too sensible of my many imperfections not to know, that I shall frequently have to submit in silence, to the expression of your displeasure, and bow submissive to the truth and justice of your critical decisions. Were I so disposed, it would be vain for me to attempt by flattery or servility, to conciliate the stern but necessary severity, which fancy in fearful colors, already pictures to my imagination, as seated on your austere brows. If you are the persons I have ever believed, like all other high minded men, you are not to be approached through such channels, at best, but fit for conveying the most degraded mind, the most slavish soul, to pay homage at the shrines of vanity and ignorance.—With you, flattery must beget disgust, servility, contempt, and I would add, *defiance*, from so humble an author as myself, would at best, excite your pity, most likely your mirth. Adopting then, an intermediate course, I approach you with all the respect due your characters and profession, and at the same time, with that firm and fearless independence, which should ever characterise the actions of a freeborn Virginian, for the purpose of laying before you in a few words, a statement of plain facts with regard to myself and my Poems, which I consider essentially necessary to enable you to decide with satisfaction to yourselves, on the merits of this work, if it possesses

qualities of that kind, either positive or negative.

The occupation of my early days, was to follow the plough, and the only education I ever received, was obtained from an ordinary country Schoolmaster, previous to completing the fourteenth year of my age.

Circumstances unnecessary to mention, then attracted me from the charms of rural life to a sphere of action, in which I have continued to move for eight years, with various, and not a few painful reverses.—More of my story need not be told: enough has been given to satisfy curiosity, very unlikely to be excited, and in the parts withheld, like those revealed, egotism could find nothing to gratify, nor vanity a crumb of comfort, on which to feed during their relation.

It is only necessary further for me to state, that circumstances beyond my control, measurably compel me to appear thus early in life, before the public in this shape, and I come under the full consciousness that *I am to appear* under many disadvantages—but the hypercritic I disregard, while the friendly suggestions of enlightened and fostering age, shall still be as they ever have been, thankfully received, and scrupulously practised.

Before then, you make up your final decision gentlemen, recollect that it is not the work of an accomplished classical scholar & literary veteran, on which you are about to give an opinion, but the production of an unlearned, and in many respects inexperienced youth.

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THE

VIRGINIAD.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM fully aware that by ushering forth *THE VIRGINIAN* to the notice of the public, I shall draw upon myself from a certain species of Critics, the imputation of being a *selfish mortal*, alive only to the excellence of what is immediately within reach of my observation, and thinking, beyond that boundary, there can be nothing good or great. So far as a proud, and I trust, a praise-worthy affection for my Native State, her illustrious men and excellent institutions, may go to support the truth of such an allegation, I acknowledge the evidence to be correct. But so far, as this testimony may be improperly construed, or intentionally distorted, that an inference may be drawn of my want of patriotic feeling for the true glory and permanent welfare of my country at large, I must deny its validity in the most positive terms.

It is certainly natural that we should feel a predominant attachment for the land of our nativity, *over every other on Earth*. If it be a crime to cherish that attachment,—as I have lived, so let me die in its commission. Born and reared in the *Old Dominion*, I wish never to go permanently beyond its boundaries. Breathing with delight its mild and salubrious atmosphere, I wish to inhale that of no other clime.—Treading on its hallowed soil in life, let me rest beneath it

in death.—Feeling a brother's affection for each of Virginia's loyal sons, (whether by birth or adoption) I prize their good opinions while I exist, and would wish to survive in their memories, when no more.

To the venerable and illustrious living worthies, with whose names I have made free in the following stanzas, I owe an apology for the liberty thus unceremoniously taken. To the PUBLIC I owe *more than an apology* for the imperfect manner in which their several merits are sketched: Language, in many instances would fail to do them justice.⁷ Fame has long since spread throughout the world their names, and Eternity will dawn upon their unfaded worth.

Virginians! I have no expectation that my feeble strain in praise of the honored soil of our birth, will rouse a brighter glow of patriotic emulation in your high-souled bosoms, than has burned there since the first hours of your existence.—Remembering that you bear a name which WASHINGTON has adorned before you, you will not—you dare not, dishonor it by an unworthy action. Seeing the venerable and illustrious JEFFERSON and MADISON still among you, crowned with the fadeless laurels their matchless merits have won, you need no greater inducements to rouse to such exertion as may enable you one day to reach the exalted stations they have filled.—Then, imitate their worth; that you may arrive at their honors.

VIRGINIAD.

*Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.*"—W. SCOTT

I.

VIRGINIA hail ! thou loveliest land on Earth,
Laud of the Great ! of Beauty, and rare worth ;
Each heart that bears the impress of thy name,
Beats high to climb the rugged steeps of Fame.
And each true Son, views with admiring eyes,
Thy glories in their splendid brightness rise ;
While his first care—is nobly to fulfill,
Such tasks as teach to keep them cloudless still.
Muse of the Free ! then, thou the Bard inspire,
Whose trembling hand presumes to strike thy Lyre ;
And in imperfect strains here tries to raise
One Song—to tell VIRGINIA'S young praise.

II.

Great is the theme chose by an untuned tongue,
 A theme—which bards more gifted should have sung
 Those skilled in lore and deeply read in men,
 With chrystal minds to guide the graceful pen:—
 A Sage's years, with chastened judgment clear,
 To point, when he should sing and when forbear:
 Then nervous thought had filled the flowing line,
 And graceful Art assisted it to shine.—
 Not so can his—who now the task essays,
 Untrouth his style and unadorned his lays:
 The hand which dares the Poets pen to wield,
 Has held the plough to till the spreading field.

III.

Well may the task, inspire with fearful awe—
 The pen which dares in colors faint to draw—
 The picture of great deeds,—of gone-by days,—
 And men, too good and great for mortal praise
 There is No hand—that can a mirror show,
 In which are seen in all their native glow—
 Reflected bright, to the mind's piercing eye,
 The lovely scenes which o'er Virginia lie,
 Her varied landscapes spreading far and wide,
 Her mountains towering in their lofty pride;
 Her chrystal streams as on they boldly run,
 Her clime salubrious—her unrivalled Sun! (e)

IV.

O! could one now, who mortal semblance wears,
 But count the Grecian Nestor's lengthen'd years; (6)
 That through the vista of three ages past,
 He still could look and not a cloud o'ercast,
 Nor yet a shade nor shadow intervene,
 To hide the view or to obscure the scene:—
 Then backward borne upon the mem'ry's wing,
 The muse the deeds of other days might sing;—
 Then could be traced, with glowing pen and bold,
 What thou Virginia wert in days of old;
 While sight and sense could each inspire the heart;
 To feel—to paint—to tell—what *now* thou art.

V.

But vain the wish,—which nature's law denies,
 Those days must now be scanned by other eyes—
 Then FANCY, thou, the laboring pen assist,
 To wipe from nature's face time gathered mist;
 And paint the scenes in vivid colors true,
 Which charmed the senses while it chained the view—
 Of those, whom bold enterprise induced to rove,
 For fame,—adventures wild—or lucre's love:—
 Or those, whom rude oppression's iron hand,
 Forced to forsake for e'er their native land;
 To brave the broad Atlantic's briny foam,
 And seek in distant climes a peaceful home.—

VI.

That fate is hard, what e'er it haps to be,
Which thrusts its victims o'er a dang'rous sea ;—
Or tears, from the loved spot, that owns their birth,
And sends them wand'ring strangers o'er the Earth.
Our Fathers driv'n by wrong—or dire distress,
To cross the waves and brave a wilderness ;
As their tall ship mov'd 'fore the swelling wind,
Cast many a long and anxious look behind.
And o'er each cheek the tear in silence roll'd,
While heaved with sighs the breasts of sternest mould—
Till distance hid the prospect from their view,
They thought and felt, but could not speak, *adieu* !

VII.

When erst their eyes glanced on Virginia's shore,
Rude was the scene—but *grand* the face it wore.
Then could they view in distant prospect rise,
Her broad based mounts, which seem'd to reach the skies
Her hills, more humble—and deep shaded woods,
Among which purled her silver rippling floods ;
And greater streams, that in their courses bold,
With wider beds and deeper stillness roll'd,
As they approach'd the Chesapeake's broad tide,
And emptied their deep floods through outlets wide ;
Or to the Ocean wound through many a shade
And in her bosom their broad tributes paid.

VIII.

No sound then echoed from the mountains height,
 Save, th' Eagles scream, that o'er it wing'd her flight
 Or Wolf's long howl or Panther's piercing yell,
 Which spread dismay and terror where they fell.
 Beneath her forest's deep and gloomy shade,
 The tall stag bounded and the young fawn played;
 Thick in the morass—pois'nous serpents lay,—
 In ready coil to clasp their heedless prey.—
 With his bent bow, hunting the fleeting game,
 The Indian roved, scarce less, than wild beasts tame;
 Savage he was—and wild his natural state,
 In mind and body—more than rudely GREAT.

IX.

No civil Art—nor science did he know,
 But war his trade and his delight the bow;
 He marched in deathful garb to the red field,
 Wing'd shafts to speed or flinty spears to wield. (c)
 If in the grasp of his fell foe, he's thrown,
 He bears their tortures without sigh or groan;
 Or if successful,—when the war was done,
 The hatchet buried, his the vict'ry won;
 He home returned to range the forest through,
 Repoint his shafts and string his bow anew;
 Alike to pierce the swiftly bounding Roe,
 Or, if requir'd—to meet again the foe.

X.

Temp'rate he lived—nor lux'ry graced his board, (d)
 But from the wood or flowing streamlet stor'd ;
 The meats were scant and bev'rage lighter still,
 His calabash fill'd from the chrystal rill.—
 Faithful to friend, his nation and his trust,—
 He knew not then, what 'twas to be unjust ;—
 Kind to the helpless—gen'rous in their need,—
 Without *Law*, moral, Righteous, without *Creed*—
 And past his days in the uncultur'd wild,
 Unskill'd in vice—completely Nature's child.
 So found our Sires,—the noble Indian race,
 Of whose existence, scarce is left a trace !

XI.

As snow beneath the sun fast melts away,
 As plants in Autumn's frosts fall and decay ;
 So from the whitemen's view the natives past ;
 So will they fall and be extinct, at last,
 Vain are the efforts which the good approve,
 To teach new customs or the old remove ;
 What most they've learn'd in intercourse with us,
 Was to forget their greatness and grow worse.
 Unsuit'd to their tastes, the cultured field,
 The plough to guide—or cleaving axe to wield ;
 In battle's din they seek a Warrior's Fame,
 Or range the Forests—their pursuit,—its game.

XII.

As lovely spring succeeds the winters gloom,
 And spreads o'er Earth fresh verdure and pure bloom ;
 So changed the scene as fled the savage herd,
 And nature smiled where frowns had long appeared,
 Where morass spread or darkened forests rose,
 The meadow waves or the rich harvest grows ;
 Where stood the reed built towns—or wigwams rude ;
 Now Cities rise and Villages are strewed ;
 Upon those streams pure and unbroken tide,
 Which knew no burthen save a Canoe's glide,
 Now, in the course of e'er revolving time,
 Floats the proud Ships, of ev'ry land and clime.

XIII.

Through trackless wilds and o'er rough mountains
 Broad ways are open'd and the taropikes strewn
 Along which speeds—the traveller secure,
 Beset, by ambushed enemies no more:
 The soil which knew not then, the tilling plough,
 Is deeply turn'd and yearly cultur'd now ;
 Though rough the toil, it gives new springs to health ;
 A narrow.—but the *surest* road to wealth.
 The smooth canal or more ingenious lock,—
 Winds round the fall or shuns the dangerous rock ;
 While, down the floods improved by noble art,—
 Is borne rich harvests to the ready mart.

XIV.

POTOMAC, first—rolls on its noble course,
 And bears the oar-spced bark near its pure source ;
 On its green banks, in beauteous prospect spread,
 The farm appears and village rears its head—
 Cities arise, and Commerce spreads her wings, (c)
 From ev'ry clime their luxuries she brings ;
 And in return bears our products away,
 A rich, abundant and a grand display.
 Commerce nor Art alone the mind attracts,
 But Mountains severed and rude Cataracts ;
 Oft chain the view and frequent intervene,
 To add rich beauties to the charming scene.

XV.

There was a time proud stream ere had begun, (f)
 Thy current broad, its winding course to run ;
 But that time was, ere yet had ever rung,
 Among our woods, the yell of savage tongue ;
 Ere our blue hills had echo'd back a sound,
 Save wild beast's roar and Mammoths trembling bound.
 Then, where the lovely vale of Shenandoah,
 Now sweetly spreads, clad in luxuriance o'er ;
 High on surrounding heights the curious shell,
 Unscath'd, by time or age, remains to tell ;
 The philosophic minds, who searches make,
 That here has stood a wide and beauteous lake.

XVI.

And yet is seen, thro' glist'ning Fancy's eye,
 Its surface spread from Eastern Mountains high
 Westward, to where in bolder colors drawn,
 Dark Alleghany shades blue æthers lawn.
 Wave—rolls on wave and in the sunbeams play,
 While year on year rolls like each wave away &
 Till strength no more the wat'ry mass could bind,
 It rends the lofty walls where 'tis confined:—
 Or Nature,—by some great convulsive shock,
 Earth's centre shook and burst the mountain's rock;
 And through the rent the gushing waters drain,
 Form a grand stream and leave a fertile plain &

XVII.

Hallow'd by the great deeds of other days,
 To YORK'S smooth flood, the Bard with pleasure pays,
 The humble tribute of his humbler song;—
 A feeble strain, where boldest flights belong.
 'Twas here our haughty foeman's strength was broke,
 Here burst the last ties—of a foreign yoke:
 Here the brave allies sent by gen'rous France,
 Up to the Cannon's mouth for us advanced.
 Here WASHINGTON, and noble FAYETTE led,
 Here hundreds fell and thousands bravely bled:
 That, blest Liberty,—they or their's might see,
 And unborn millions, after them, be Free! & . . .

XVIII.

Transported back to the all-glorious sight,
 The mind's eye views the grandeur of the fight;
 Sees *there*, the red cross banner, proudly wave,
 And 'neath it crouch the hireling—soldier, slave;
 While here the *Fleur de Luce* and Eagle fly,
 O'er those who fight for Freedom,—for it die.
 In all their pomp and gay imposing pride,
 The ships of war, on York's smooth bosom ride;
 While bristling o'er the wide and lovely plain,
 Array'd for battle is the eager train;
 And hearts beat high and tongues spoke bold their will,
 That ere the siege was done—were stiff and still.

XIX.

Save comet like and woe portending shell,
 Which bursting hurl'd death's missiles as it fell;
 The day was peace. The night the battle heard, (g)
 Still was the tread—soft the commander's word,
 Who bid the soldier march with scarce drawn breath,
 In that dark hour, to darker work of death.
 The cannon's flash gleams on the bay's steel,
 And sweeps down ranks; while loud its thunders peal
 Up to the heavy breastworks frowning front,
 The hosts advanc'd and braved the slaughter's brunt,
 On! On! For Liberty each Freeman cries,
 Staid for St. George, the salt ring foe replies.

XX.

The storm grew loud, far rung war's clashing rage,—
 MANS grinned a smile to see the hosts engage;
 And with triumphant pride wav'd his tall crest,
 While brother pierced his brother mortal's breast;
 Short was the strife—slaves cannot long withstand,
 The blows dealt by a fearless Freeman's hand;
 O'ercame or fled—the battle's work was done,
 Their redoubts storm'd—ours were the vict'ries won,
 Thus past each dreary, dark and gloomy night,
 (Fit time to view the horrors of the fight:)
 Till faint with strife and battle's fell alarms,
 The foe surrender'd and laid down their arms!

XXI.

No morn e'er dawned and shed its brilliant light,
 Since time began—on a more welcome sight—
 Than when proud England's hosts march'd out to meet,
 And ground their arms—low at their conq'rors feet.
 Brave hearts! what must have been your feelings then,
 Our foes, you were—but not the *less* were men:
 Though joy beamed full from many a Freeman's eye,
 Yet at that scene few Freeman's eyes were dry. (A)
 To millions' hearts—this was a glorious day,—
 And will remembered be—till Earth's decay,
 Till ch'sun is hid,—stars from their stations tost—
 And TIME in vast ETERNITY is lost!

XXII.

But cease my Muse.—Neglected tasks resume,
 Forget the bristling steel and waving plume—
 The martial hosts who for the battle burn,
 And to more peaceful, pleasing themes return,
 Where lofty mounts, the low'ring storms defy,
 And hills and dales meet the admiring eye,
 From chrystal founts which 'mid these scenes appear,
 Sweet RAFFAELANNOCK rolls her current clear,—
 And with broad sweep flows on the ROANOKE,
 ANN'S pure tide by many a rock-fall broke,
 And minor streams, too num'rous far for song,
 Roll their smooth tributary sheets along.—

XXIII.

Hail! modern JAMES—the ancient POWHATAN,
 No lov'lier stream has roll'd since time began,
 From those grand scenes too, in its beauty flows,
 Thy noble flood. Upon whose banks there glows,
 The landscape rich, as Nature ever plann'd,
 The view as fair as mortal's eye e'er scan'd,
 See on those heights where once there only stood,
 The tow'ring pine or humbler forest wood
 Or scatter'd huts of a rude Indian town,
 Where savage Chief ruled with majestic frown
 Now RICHMOND meets the eye and charms the heart,
 By NATURE bless'd as tis adorned by ART: (c)

XXIV.

Here, the collected wisdom of the State,
 Meets in sage council or in warm debate ;
 Here LEIGH and SCOTT with rival lustre shine,
 And MARSHALL'S mind, beams thro' his nervous line.—
 By RICHMOND nurtur'd, have arose a host,
 Their nations honor and their country's boast.
 PALLAS attends her sons with gen'rous care,
 While the sweet NINE deigns to inspire her FATE.
 Sing on fair H*****—and thy pleasing strain,
 Each hill shall echo, and repeat, each plain,—
 Long after Fate, has snatched thy polished Lyre, ←
 And chill'd for'e'er thy chaste poetic fire.

XXV.

On calm ELIZABETH'S unruffled deep,
 The tallest ships, in floating grandeur sweep ;
 And with each sail bent to the swelling wind,
 Roll to her ports—or leave them far behind ;
 Upon its brink NORFOLK her head uprears,
 Varied in form—but sweet the face she wears.
 Here TAYLOR'S eloquence charms or confounds,
 Here talent, reigns and native worth abounds ;
 Here AGE, by kindest feelings is inspir'd ;
 Here YOUTH by Patriot ardor nobly fir'd ;
 Here graceful beauty—with accomplish'd ease,
 Reigns to attract,—to captivate and please.

XXVI.

Grey TIME ! thou desolating Monarch hail !
 Fox to the proud—the humble and the frail,
 Ruthless descends thy iron hand on all,
 The weak—the strong—the lordly great and small :—
 Nor man alone, bows to thy uprais'd scythe,
 Whole Nations tremble, and broad Cities writhe ;
 Wide Kingdoms totter—States, fade swift away,
 Empires fall—and Worlds, at last decay.
 Ask the Assyrian where his BABEL stands,
 Threat'ning the skies?—He'll point 'Euphrates sands
 Spread o'er its ruins—and with sullen air,
 Tell you, its grandeur lies deep buried *there* !

XXVII.

Go ask the homeless Jew with mournful brow,
 Where are the glories of his Temple now ?
 Where sits the Sanhedrim in awful state, (*j*)
 Whose nods are *Law*—whose softest words are *Fate* ?
 He'll sigh—and point the place where Turkish pride
 Has reared a Mosque the sacred spot to hide,
 He'll weep—and tell of Infidels accurst—
 Who ruling, grind his nation to the dust.
 Ask the *Phrygian*—to show you ILLIUM's scite,
 Where Hector met his Grecian foes in fight ?
 He'll tell you not a stone is to be seen,
 To prove that Troy's proud walls have ever been :

XXVIII.

Go ask of GREECE—where is her Parthenon,
 To wisdom sacred—rev'renced by each Son—
 Where her Athens—its porticoes and halls?
 She'll point to broken columns—ruined walls—
 Sculptur'd Capitals which lay scattered round—
 And the broad base—half hidden under ground.
 Enquire of ROME—once mistress of the earth,
 Where is her greatness now—and where her worth?
 She'll point her servile chains and tell, with tears,
 They're gone, and buried in the lapse of years.
 So fades each monument of human pride,
 So are they past by TIMES ne'er halting stride.

XXIX.

And 'most forgotten—on her lovely green,
 Lone WILLIAMSBURG with int'rest still is seen,
 By those, who scenes of other days hold dear,
 Remembering them—how few, do not revere!—
 Here taste and talent—wit and learning shone,
 And beauty reigned, adored for worth alone.
 Here fashion dwelt and highly polished ease,
 Unrival'd breeding—practis'd but to please.
 Within her ancient college halls were bred,
 Full many Sons—whose noble actions shed
 Bright lustre on VIRGINIA'S honored Name;
 And stand alike, dear to HEAVN—and to FAME.

XXX.

GENIUS OF DECAT! hold thy ruthless hand!
 Spare thou the ELDEST CITY of our land;
 Look at thy works of devastation there,—
 And then relent—for pity, bids thee spare.
 Nor let thy mould'ring form—moss covered o'er,
 Stalk through her streets or hover round them more.
 But be those Halls now tenantless and old,
 Repopled, and rebuilt in modern mould.
 Again be heard the business cheering sound,
 Of bustling men engaged in life's rough round;
 And soon restor'd each scene that can impart,
 Joy to the Native—or the stranger's heart.

XXXI.

And shall sweet APPOMATTOX be unsung:
 Forbid it ev'ry heart!—and ev'ry tongue—
 And GRATITUDE, do thou forbid a deed
 Which would deny to honest worth its meed.
 Fair PETERSBURG!—cold must that bosom be,
 Which *having known*,—leans not *fore'er* to thee.
 Within thy bounds breathes many a noble soul,
 Whose board's e'er spread, and ever full his bowl;
 Whose hand is opened and whose bosom glows;
 To give relief and calm the sufferer's woes:
 Prompt service e'er with warm professions blend,
 To prove the real and not pretended friend.

XXXII.

Ye patriot hearts, who bold and fearless dared,^(A)
 Your nation's foes—and to the strife repaired ;
 Where wounds and death your untried valor proved,
 How well you fought and how your country loved—
 In war and peace, your worth as soldiers—men—
 History records—and every Patriot's pen
 And tongue shall eulogise—with honors while,
 Blest freedom reigns or beauty wreathes a smile !
 Ye rising bands ! ne'er be your ardor stayed,
 But onward soar to Fame, still undismayed ;
 And pitying smile, at each forbidding frown,
 That *sordid self* may give, to bear you down.

XXXIII.

Thy FAIR, sweet town,—who light the soul's first fire,
 Who e'er has seen—and saw not to admire ?—
 If one there is—or was—or time shall see,
 His sight and soul must blind and callous be,
 By ART adorned—by NATURE doubly graced,
 Each charm beams thro' a rich but simple taste ;
 And Heaven more kind than nature' taste or art,
 To each has given an angel's gen'rous heart.
 Long mayst thou flourish, warm and friendly town,
 And prosperous grow in wealth and fair renown ;
 Nor WANT,—may e'er, thy sons or daughters know,
 While APPOMATTOX'S tides shall ebb or flow.

XXXIV.

Nor smile nor favor, does the Bard here write,
 Weak as his muse, they ne'er controll'd its flight :
 Nor int'rest won from him a flatt'ring strain,
 To please the giddy or delight the vain.
 And fearless still, he'll wend his humble way,
 Nor own control, save gratitude's warm sway.
 More black must be that wretch's heart than jet,
 Who can pure friendship's favors e'er forget :
 Not is the winter's wind, though chill and rude,
 Keen as the breath of cold ingratitude :
 He who here tunes his Lyre, in praises drest,
 Speaks but the feelings of his glowing breast.

XXXV.

Upon thy banks sweet Appamottox, roved,
 The Indian maid who but too fondly loved;
 Fair POCAHONTAS, of exalted mind,
 And race as noble as her heart was kind.
 When years on years, on fleeting wings have roll'd,
 Her "true love tale," with tears shall oft be told :
 And list'ning ears her mem'ry still respect,
 Mourn o'er her fate and pity her neglect.
 While yet she hoped, oft at the midnight hour,
 On summer eve, she stole from her green bower,
 With bow in hand, and mantle o'er her flang,
 She wand'ring sigh'd or to the MOON thus sang

I.

I love thee sweet ORN—in thy beauty now beaming,
 Mild emblem of peace and queen of the night;
 Upon my warm bosom thy calm looks are gleaming,
 But ah! they view not my bosom's delight:
 Oh! not like thy course is its love ever ranging,
 As vestal's fire pure so burns its first flame;
 Nor yet as thy face, will it ever be changing,
A hundred new Moons shall find it the same!

II.

I love the WHITE WARRIOR—from over the water,
 He's brave in the fight and kind to his foe;
 And the heart that is there, will slight not the daughter
 Of the RED CHIEFTAN who bears the strong bow
 The Necklace he gave me is the color of heav'n's,
 Our priests oft tell us that all there is love;
 And sure 'tis not wrong, when the power is giv'n,
 That Earth should be like the regions above.

III.

I'll weave for my love a gay Wampum belt shining,
 With bright coral shells, so lovely and fair;
 And I'll bind him a Crest together entwining,
 The Pelican's plumage with my waving hair.
 O! then to him quick; I smiling will bear them,
 On his brow and arms; my hands shall them braid;
 That when he's away the FAIR WARRIOR may wear them
 And look and remember his DARK INDIAN maid!

XXXVI.

Thus sang the Princess as she roved along,
 Among the hills which echoed back her song ;
 But him, for whom her chaste affections burned,
 Ne'er from his breast, love's echoing notes returned :
 O ! Smith—thy heart, if ever thou hadst one,
 Was made of adamant or ice cold stone !
 A girl's tend'rest love, pure as the flow,
 Of Æther's tide could ne'er awake one glow ;
 Nor favors great, as man could wish or name,
 Rouse in thy breast a warm returning flame :
 'Tis wond'rous then—that Nature ever gave—
 Being to one, so heartless—yet so brave !

XXXVII.

What dangers SMITH for thee, did she not dare ?
 What toilsome marches for thy service bear ?
 What risks ran not, against a Parent's will,
 In ev'ry need, thy guardian angel still !—
 When thou a captive to the block wast led,
 How bold—how quick—she to thy rescue sped ?
 Thy last pray'r was said—and thy death-song, sung,
 The war-whoop trembled on each savage tongue,
 To give the signal when thy mortal foe,
 Upon thy head should deal the fatal blow ;
 She sprung, and saved thee from impending Fate—
 One moment more and it had been too late ; (n)

XXXVIII.

And yet, thou couldst not love her,—cruel man!
 Nor heed the tears which o'er her features ran,
 Her bosom's heave—her eyes benignant play,—
 Soft as the streamlets wave, or star's mild ray:
 But feigning death cross'd the dark ocean's wave,
 Leaving to weep o'er thy imagined grave. (6)
 Her who, to save thy life risked her own,
 And should have lived and died with thee alone!
 MOSE OF THE FAZE! from dreams of love awake—
 To bolder flights,—thou canst no sweeter take,—
 Virginia's noble deeds and noble men,
 Claim the warm notice of the tuneful pen.

XXXIX.

When mankind's rights were wide asunder riven,
 And they by num'rous wrongs to war were driven,
 See first among the foremost of the band,
 Virginia's sons with fearless ardor stand:
 And these were they, who roused the patriot fire,
 Which from the bosom burst of many a sire;
 To light their sons—and guide them to the field,
 To bid them fight and die—but never yield!
 And while the Bard his humble tribute pays,
 To the immortal men of other days;
 He will remember too, the living worth,
 Which has survived or since those days had birth.

XL.

These be his pleasing and his noblest tasks,
 And this ye Gods! the boon he humbly asks;
 That while his theme shall bear the pen along,
 Be *praise where just*—the burthen of his song
 If *ill* is cherished where the *good's* forgot,
 The *last* be sung—the *first* remembered not
 For *NOBLE* acts should over *EVIL* live,
 What man cannot *forget*—he should *forgive*.
 How weak his muse and how confined its flight,
 Let no base flatt'ry on its wings alight—
 How poor his line—if its true value's *nought*—
 Yet be that line *too rich*, e'er to be *bought*.

XLY.

Like the young Lion ere he knows his strength,
 Lives in, unglorious ease;—and stretched at length,
 Beneath the palm trees' shade in torrid zone,
 Sleeps through the day and breathes unheard, alone
 Till the approach of some bold mortal foe,
 Nerves his great frame and wakes his rage's glow;
 He looks—he leaps—he fights—and his wild roar,
 Proclaims him victor and the battle o'er—
 So HENRY, listless dwelt in wild abode,
 Till WANT—(a cruel, but oft needed goad;)—
 Arous'd his mind—made it with ardor burn,
 To meet—to combat—and to overturn!

XLII.

As op'ning morn's obscured by gloomy clouds,
 Which hide the Sun and Heaven's grandeur abtounds ;
 So was his great, his bright and noble soul,
 Hidden for years, by sloth's inert control :
 But not so splendid, Sol's most glorious ray,
 When winged winds bear the dark clouds away ;
 Than was his mind—when from its gloomy night,
 It burst, to shine, in majesty and might ?
 Tyranny sunk—as rose his manly form,
 Bigotry fled for shelter from the storm,
 Which swelling from his matchless tongue was hurl'd,
 To free a NATION that should awe the WORLD !

XLIII.

'Twas his to scan the face and read the heart,
 Then touch its tend'rest chords by nicest art ;
 With bolder language and less prying gaze,—
 To light its fires and deepest feelings raise :
 To bind with reason's more than magic sway,
 And lead at ease the captive sense away ;
 His was the thunder's voice o'er earth to roll,
 His too, the lightning which could rive the soul ;
 And never was a bolt from highest heav'n,
 With more astounding force to mortals driven ;
 Than when his country's rights be loud proclaimed,
 And "GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR DEATH!"—exclaimed

XLIV

Scarce had these words been hurl'd from HENRY'S tongue,
 Ere they were caught and far and wide were rung :
 Such was their force—and such their magic charm,
 That age grew young and valor nerved each arm—
 The PEOPLE' rose in all their strength and might,
 Prepar'd—advanced—and triumph'd in the fight :
 Sunder'd their chains—dragged tyrant Pow'r down,
 And scorning—trampled on its shiver'd crown.
 Among ten thousand hearts who fearless rose,
 To die for Freedom or o'erturn its foes. —
 First WASHINGTON—a great—a Godlike man,
 Led on to vict'ry—in his Country's van.

XLV.

His name still awes the soul while it inspires—
 The Bard, to rouse his first and purest fires ;
 And with just praise, deep adoration blend,
 For him, our country's saviour—mankind's friend.
 The mountain rearing to the clouds its head,
 The rock broad-based on ocean's briny bed ;
 Round which the battling elements engage,
 To hurl their lightnings and to vent their rage ;
 Ne'er stood more firm beneath the thunders crash,
 The tempests roar or wild-wave's rolling dash,
 Than did his great, his all-commanding form,
 Amid the shocks of Revolution's Storm.

XLVI.

By Mars inspired to grace the tented field,
 Heaven blest his arms and was his constant shield : (A)
 Unsway'd by power or wild ambitious pride,
 A grateful people chose him for their guide :
 He ruled—his acts were just, loved and admired,
 Resigning sway, he to his plough retired :—
 A chief we revered and a friend we loved,
 In dangers tryed and in misfortunes proved :
 Nor tow'ring eloquence, nor boldest lays, —
 Could speak his worth, or half express his praise
 In our warm hearts his MONUMENT shall be,
 And written there his fadeless EULOGY.

XLVII.

Long as the stream of time shall onward roll,
 Long as a heart shall beat, or warm a soul,—
 With patriot thought or freedom's glowing fire ;
 Or 'gainst oppression, feel revengful ire:
 So long his name, his fame, his worth shall stand,
 The boast—the pride—the glory of this land.
 Some future day—nor distant far the time,
 Pilgrims shall come from many a foreign clime,
 To the blest spot where his loved ashes lay,
 Their soul-felt tributes of respect to pay :—
 And priest shall kneel and warrior doff his plume,
 Whene'er they pass the matchless Hero's tomb.

XLVIII.

Behold! next Monticello's deep read sage;
 HIMSELF a VOLUME and each *thought* a PAGE
 Which bears the record of a matchless mind;
 Where envious eye no blemish e'er could find,
 Nor malice point one leaf, stain'd or unsound,
 But perfect all;—in simple greatness bound.
 As when his daily course has nearly run,
 We view the beauteous evening's cloudless Sun—
 While yet his parting rays upon us play,
 To gild the scenes, from which he sighs away;
 So sets the sage—each thought of his great mind,
 Beams to illumine those he leaves behind.

XLIX.

And when, illustrious man—thy race is o'er,
 When thy Sun sets—on Earth to rise no more;
 Thou'lt leave behind thee still, a beaming light,
 To cheer the mind and wide dispel its night;
 An EDIFICE which to commence and rear, (g)
 Has been thy heart's great wish and age's care.
 On that—VIRGINIA looks with anxious eyes,
 There rests her hope—for it her prayers arise;
 While fancy paints the future calm retreat,
 Of learning, science, and the muses' seat—
 And coming day when its far-sounded name,
 Shall rival Cambridge or an Oxford's fame,

L.

To charm the soul with heav'nly truths divine,
 From thence, some Barrow or great Blair may shine ; (r)
 To mend the heart and raise it to the skies,
 Some MILTON bold or CowPER sweet may rise ;
 And deeper still in dark creation's womb,
 Some NEWTON'S eye may penetrate the gloom ;
 Or Herschell's scan, and point the distant place,
 Where a new planet, rolls through ether space.
 Nurtur'd within its walls some NOBLE MIND,
 May burst the chains, by which it is confin'd ;
 And from the lowest—rise to heights sublime,
 The theme of ev'ry tongue—in ev'ry clime !

L.I.

This scene which fancy draws and time will see,
 Virginia owes, great JEFFERSON, to thee :
 As some wide stream—smooth from its very source,
 Rolls on its waveless and unbroken course ;
 So has thy life—so still its current speeds,
Calm in thy way—consistent in thy deeds.
 While Freeman's rights—to Freeman shall be dear,
 While man shall lib'ral principles revere,
 While stands the deathless scroll which thou hast penn'd,
 While lore and science have on Earth a friend ;
 So long the meed of praise to thee, they'll give,
 So long—immortal Sage—thy name will live.

LII.

In sweet seclusion 'mid MONTPELIER'S shades,
 Where NATURE'S face, ART'S finest touch upbraids
 Virginians look and learn with pride to prize,
 Sage MADISON—the polish'd, good and wise,
 From pow'r retired—its loss, he can't deplore,
 Its honors reap'd—he thinks of it no more ;
 But dwells on his sweet farm in classic ease,
 His pride and pleasure, to instruct and please :
 Admired—reverenc'd, and by all beloved,
 Correct through life—his acts stand self-approved ;
 In one bright character we see him blend,
 The Statesman,—Scholar,—Farmer—and the Friend.

LIII.

As the calm steersman on the mountain wave,
 When storms gush down and whirlwinds round him rave ;
 Stands faithful to his high—important post,
 And guides the vessel thus by tempests tost—
 Safely to port—where it secure may ride,
 Unhurt by Nature's shocks or Ocean's tide—
 So MADISON, unmov'd—stood at the helm,
 When WAR and FACTION'S storms swept o'er the realm ;
 (And *this* by force and *that* by trait'rous act,
 Tried to o'ercome—divide and to distract!)
 And ever watchful, faithful—wise and true,
 Steer'd his endanger'd Country safely through.

LIV.

Surrounded now—by all that can endear,
 Life's lustre wanes—but still his MIND is clear :
 Through it he looks as if by second sight,
 And views while his warm Soul glows with delight,—
 The future greatness of his Native Land,
 Rising by rapid steps and marches grand ;
 To heights of glory and exalted Fame,
Few can conceive—and none yet dare to name !
 SAGE—of enlighten'd mind and classic pen,
 Thou finished scholar and the best of men ;
 Accept the honest—but unpolished lays,
 Of him who sings in courtless strains thy praise.

LV.

From toil of office, and its troubles free,
 MONROE—the muse here turns to welcome thee ;
 And in retirement's calm pursuits, now prays,
 That peace may bless the ev'ning of your days :
 When *Tyranny—o'er us, its legions led,—*
 You fought for Freedom, and for it you bled ;
 Your soul was fir'd and your young arm was nerv'd,
 Laurels you won—and laurels well deserved.
 If since that day—there's ought by thee been done,
 In which VIRGINIA did not view her Son ;
 The deed's forgot—the record blotted o'er,
 Ne'er to be written or remembered more.

LVI.

By a free people's choice—ne'er yet misplaced,
 In th' Nation's councils which he long has graced ;
 (And where long may he shine each year to win,
 Fresh honors as his whit'ning locks grow thin ;)
 See RANDOLPH stands—a fair unsullied name, (s)
 Dear to his country and to honest Fame.
 The able champion of our Southern rights,
 He them defends in bold triumphant fights :
 His reas'ning clear—its force he wields with skill,
 His wit—the keenest—which he deals at will ;
 Nor *that* the more—nor *this* the less his *fort*.
 With each confutes—or gives the sharp retort.

LVII.

BARROUR—of great and highly cultured mind, (t)
 With soul as noble as his taste's refined ;
 Stands high among VIRGINIA's greatest men,
 And claims a tribute from each honest pen.
 His ev'ry deed—bears a *Virginian's* stamp,
 His purpose form'd—nought can it thwart or damp
 No selfish views—his actions e'er control,
Philanthropy—the mainspring of his soul.
 Wherever plac'd, his brilliant talents shine,
 In Council wise and in debate divine ;
 Nor, *here* more pleasing—nor, *was there* more great,
 But *harmed* a SENATE as he *ruled* a STATE.

LVIII.

Hail SCOTT! the young, the gallant and the brave, (u)
 Who dar'd the battle's storm and warrior's grave;
 Encircled by the wreathes your valor won,
 This country claims you as a loyal Son;
 VIRGINIA owns with pride, she gave you birth,
 And FAME and BEAUTY—each reward thy worth.
 Wing on your course to glory's grandest height,
 Ten Millions see—and Heav'n shall guard thy flight—
 Smile on your path—and with admiring eyes,
 View in your actions as you boldly rise;
 Love for your country—and a zealous care,
 To raise her name and guard from wrong her FAIR,

LIX.

Brave HARRISON! Whose worth a lustre wears,
 Excell'd by none—the earth has hid or bears;
 Deep in the West—far from his native State,
 Now lives in peace retired—happy as great:
 Though *rarely* mentioned and by *some* forgot,
 What hand, his NAME, can from FAME's record blot;
 What tongue or pen—assassin-like shall dare,
 To place a stain or print a tarnish there?—
 Long may he live—but not, unhonor'd long,
 Such worth deserves more than the lauding song;
 Nor should be left, by time, to be destroyed,
 Cank'ring with age and rusting unemployed.