

ADVERTISEMENT.

About half past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st of January last, a stranger alighted from a rough, shaggy looking, sorrel horse, at the door of a distinguished Hotel in the City of Washington.

As he entered the bar-room, his faded plaid cloak, rusty hat, yarn gloves, and above all the well worn saddle bags, depending from his arm, caught the observant eye of Mr. ———, and "We have not a spare bed in the house, Sir," was on the tip of his tongue; but the stranger, throwing off his cloak, and lifting the rusty hat from his brows, discovered something to Mr. ———, who was well versed in countenances, which arrested the ungracious sentence. And yet his appearance was not a little "outré." Several yards of very excellent black broad cloth had been spoiled by a country tailor, in a vain attempt to imitate the fashionable *snip* of those courtly knights of the shears who inhabit the great cities, and this *chef d'œuvre* of the ambitious tailor, now evidently worn for the first time, produced all that awkward consciousness of finery which a recluse, on being *vis* bedizzened, always feels. His saddle-bags were scarce deposited in the bar, and his faded, laid disposed of, when he requested a private

conference with the landlord, which was granted; that is, they retired to a part of the room which might be supposed out of the car-shot.

Few men have more command of their features than Mr. ———, yet 'twas plain the stranger's communication had placed him in that dilemma spoken of by Pope, when

"To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
"And to be grave, beyond all power of face."

The conference on the part of the stranger was carried on in a low whisper. The landlord did not appear to consider such precaution necessary, for he was heard to say—"If I can serve you in this matter, sir, I will do it most willingly; but would not the member from your District at once effect your purpose: he is highly respected?"

"He is not respected more highly than he should be,"—returned the stranger—"but extraordinary as it may appear, he is no Poet, Mr. ———; and he declares that his regard for me, and indeed except in this instance I have no reason to doubt it, will not—"

"Permit him to lend his helping hand," said the landlord.

"The estimation in which he is held would lead me to suppose as much."

A sprightly young gentleman entered at this mo-

ment—and laying his hand on the stranger's arm, the landlord continued—"Remain here a moment, sir; I will manage your affair at once." A few words to the young person just mentioned, drew his eyes on the stranger. He rubb'd his hands, as though in great glee—

"I will do it—do it *instantly*. Introduce me, landlord, introduce me."—*This was done in form.*—"And now, sir, follow me, and your wishes shall be accomplished."

"Are you disengaged, sir?" said the young gentleman, opening the door of a handsomely furnished apartment, in which sat a tall, thin man, of most dignified, and commanding appearance.

"I am always at your service, Charles, but just at this moment"—

"Nay, sir," interrupted the youth, "just at this moment, you must let me introduce a gentleman who has come many a weary mile, leaving, for aught I know, Apollo whimp'ring, and the muses crying at home, to consult you on the merits of a poem he is about to publish. Mr. _____, I introduce you to _____"

Nothing abashed at the mention of such a name, the stranger stepped forward, exclaiming, in seeming exultation,—*"this is getting at the fountain-head, indeed."*

"Your muse has done me more honour than I deserve, sir, in submitting her effusions to my

judgment. I assure you, I am entirely incapable of pronouncing any opinion."

"I told him as much," said the youth, "and offered my poor services—but no—no one else would answer. He holds with Johnson that Sir Isaac Newton would have written as fine a poem (had he made the attempt) as Homer; for he argues, that the same vigour that enables a man to walk to the North, would enable him to walk to the South; and thus by a parity of reasoning, he asserts that you, as being the first man of the first nation on earth, must be the best critic, and would be the best poet, if you chose to be such."

"Of a verity," said the stranger, "the young gentleman hath spoken my sentiments."

"But seriously, my good sir," said ———, "I am wholly incompetent to give any opinion in this matter. Allow me to recommend you to ****, who lives hard by."

"What, sir," said the stranger, "the bookseller? No, no—I'll have none of him. I have an instinctive fear of the judgment of booksellers in such things."

"Well, if it must be so—you will leave your manuscript. I presume 'tis contained in the package you hold in your hand?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir. But I write a cramped hand, and if I might just be permitted to read it to you?"—

This was a push for which ——— did not seem to be prepared, but the anxiety of the poor Poet was so evident, that notwithstanding a suppressed titter from his young friend, his benevolence outweighed all other considerations, and the poem was read.

After saying such civil things as the case required, perhaps prompted by his natural candour, observed :

“ Do you think, sir, that the achievements of Captain Smith are sufficiently mellowed by the flight of time, to render them subservient to the purpose of romance ?”

“ Something more than two centuries have passed over them,” replied the author, “ and even to those who may consider that they owe nothing to the memory of a man by whose daring and disinterested efforts those colonies were planted in North* America, which now banded together as ‘ United States,’ have become strong and mighty, greatly to be feared, and greatly to be loved ; even to such, if such there be, the story of Captain Smith must at least be considered now as interesting as that of Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, William of Clowdesly, or of any sylvan hero, with whose exploits in ‘ Forest

*Smith, after his efforts in Virginia, rendered the most important services in New England.

Green, under the Greenwood Tree,' we have suffered ourselves to be delighted."

"I sincerely hope you may find it so," was the reply. "But is not the very distance at which those scenes are laid, favourable to the interest of the foreign foresters?"

"It may be so," said the Poet sighing, "but are not Powhatan* and Potomac Rivers of Virginia, better (to us at least) than all the waters of England?"

"I mean to set these things forth in a preface."

"Take care how you depend on a preface," said the young gentleman, coming forward with a sheet of paper, on which he appeared to have been scribbling.—"Who reads prefaces?"

"Surely," said the author, "all those who would prefer walking in at the door, to jumping in through the window."

"Well, sir, I have written one for you. All you have looked, done, and said, since you have arrived in this city, here it is. What think you, sir?" handing it to ———.

"Why, novelty does much in these matters—and if the gentleman will venture his Poem, I think he may venture your preface."

* Powhatan, the Indian name of James River.

VIRGINIA:

OR,

THE FATAL PATENT.

CANTO 1.

I.

How beautiful are their feet upon the mountain,
Who spread glad tidings of Salvation round;
From every haunted spring and lonely fountain,
Where hideous Superstition ever frown'd,
And claim'd it as her consecrated ground,
Are there not mournful plaints, and frightful sighing?
Do not the demons flit, with rushing sound,
Scared at the rays of Truth?—behold them flying,
And on their altars all, the unhallow'd flames are dying.

2.

As beams the heavenly light, on hill and dale,
Piercing thro' murky clouds and shadows dreud ;
The sullen priests, with fear and anger pale,
Amazed; confused, in haste and terror fled ;
Or where, in dismal dance, those demons led
Their midnight measures round the furnace blue ;
And every vile abomination spread,
Round Lare, and Idol, all of blackest hue,
As beam'd the heavenly light, with shrieks the un-
earthly crew,

3.

Behold the torch divine—which rising bright,
Far over Ocean's utmost limit beams ;
Where'er the glorious Sun diffuses light ;
Whether on Tropic lands he fiercely streams,
Or on rude Zembla's Rock unwarming gleams ;
The blazing Torch of Truth flames in the sky ;
No more deluded by deception's dreams,
Nations shall see, and join the joyful cry,
Which first o'er Israel's land, came pealing from on high

4.

Worms as we are,—and does His gracious hand
 Entrust us with his wonder-working power?
 Does He, who need not put forth his command,
 And crumbling into dust, within the hour
 Pagoda, Mosque, and Minaret, and Tower,
 Down dash'd, in fragments, rattling round shall fall,
 And Hell's rebellious lord, in terror cower,
 And sink to his own place: Shout then his children all,
 To you, he does entrust, this scatter'd flock to call.

5.

Such were the musings of an Exile's breast,
 Who wander'd on the shores of Powhatan,
 What time the Sun was sinking in the West,
 Then 'twas that lone, and melancholy man,
 Far off to seaward, saw the little van,
 Of the first fleet that reach'd Virginia's shore;
 "They come," he cried—and to the woods he ran:
 "No—tho' you bear his name whom I adore,
 Yet will I trust you not—I deal with men no more."

6.

Time serves not; that I tell what man was he
Who thus was tenant of the wilderness;
Or why, in this his great extremity,
His nation's flag, and sail, he should not bless;
Why to the beach he does not anxious press,
And clasp his brethren as they spring to land;
He was spell-bound—spell-bound by such distress,
That wild he shriek'd, as hurrying from the strand,
"No—never let me feel the grasp of Briton's hand."

7.

Unmark'd he fled—the ships came stately on,
The first that sailed upon that noble Bay;
The Sun's departing beams upon it shone,
And tinged its blue wave, with a yellow ray,
Soft on its surface, did the ripples play;
In sooth, it was a scene both sweet and fair;
And ne'er since 'gan to roll the Christian Day,
Rose one which gave to Time, impress more rare,
Than that which saw the flag of England floating there.

But who may paint the Adventurer's surprise,
 As onward from the Capes, their way they keep,
 The lovely Bay still opening to their eyes;
 Where does this wondrous world of waters sweep
 Surely they reach the unknown Southern Deep
 And join the vast Atlantic's toiling wave,
 With that Pacific Sea, which still doth sleep;
 Where no rude storms, no wintry tempests rave;
 But where the surges soft, the summer Islands live.

9.

'Yet Powhatan must now claim chief regard,
 Ere yet they seek to explore the Southern Main
 And now they furl the sail, and lower the yard,
 Fair is the land—they soon possession gain;
 And from the ships pours out the adventurous train,
 Oh what a group they form'd—for now appear:
 Full many a one who bore the mark of Cain;
 Thrust out from country and from kindred dear,
 Country and home again, he seeks to establish here.'

10.

'Twas piteous to behold this motley band,
 'Twas piteous, and in truth was curious too,
 Where all, as oft we read of fairy land,
 Their baffled hopes, and ruin'd schemes renew,
 And oft defeated, still the race pursue ;
 The state, the climate chang'd—unchanged the mind :
 Still to their former passions they are true ;
 Still round their hearts the same false pleasures
 wind,

And they are all themselves—no tolly left behind.

11.

Here might be seen, those who in thrifless youth,
 Had wasted all their miser parent's store :
 Here too were those, who false to love and truth,
 Had left deceived maids on Britain's shore.
 Yet did they gaily laugh, as tho' they bore
 Exhaustless fund of never ceasing glee.
 Oh, in such hearts, yes, in their very core,
 The viper conscience gnaw'd—'twas plain to see,

Their shouts of mirth were nought, but bursts of agony

12.

The ruffian, whom no social ties could bind,
Would, sullen through their town, stalk to and fro:
The thief, tho' there was nought to steal, would wind
Round each forbidden spot; and whisper low,
As though his dextrous art he still would show:
Here noisy Bacchanals, the ear would stun,
While round the scanty wine-cup brisk would go:
And lovers too were here, such mirth to shun,
Who still to noon-tide shades, incontinent would run."

13.

But chiefly here, were found those dreaming elves,
Who sought for El Dorados roof'd with gold:
Long had they cheated—now they cheat themselves,
And in each rocky mount a mine behold;
Oft to their bosoms do they fondly fold
Some useless stone—'tis gold, 'tis silver ore:
Faint from fell famine, pinch'd with piercing cold,
Failing each rough rude ravine to explore,
And more false Mammon love, as he deludes them more.

14

To build, to plant, to rear the fruitful vine,
 None cared to toil; sloth, riot, waste was there,
 On days when summer's Sun should cease to shine
 And wintry blasts make field and forest bare;
 These thriftless beings not a thought would spare;
 And ill that infant colony had sped;
 But that One watch'd it with a parent's care;
 To fertile fields, one daring Chieftain led,
 While still before his arm the vengeful Savage fled.

15.

JOHN SMITH; a name not deem'd, as I opine,
 Fit to be measured in a Poet's song;
 What tho' it soundeth low, alone the line;
 Yet does a hero's name to it belong,
 And down from age to age, in echoes strong,
 Come names which vibrate on the ravish'd ear,
 Of Kings and Conquerors: whom it would not wrong,
 To say in every deed, to honour dear,
 In every high emprise, JOHN SMITH was their compeer

16.

Summer was yielding to mild Autumn's power,
Sinking each breeze of balmy burden'd wing ;
But yet no winds had stript the leafy bower,
Its mantle still it wore, as wove by spring ;
On Poplar tall that bird was heard to sing,
The wonder and the pride of every grove,
Which with Virginia's woodland songsters ring :
Blythe with the Lark, and plaintive with the Dove,
Now thrilling notes of mirth, now warbling lays of love.

17.

Full rich and varied was the charming strain,
It lull'd to rest our anxious chieftain's care ;
Who, from his noisy, thoughtless, giddy Train,
Had sought the shade—and lay, deep musing there ;
Beneath him spread, those fertile vallies fair,
Which now with cultivation's tints are glowing ;
The green sward then, had felt no shining share,
And wild flowers there, unknown, were freshly blowing
And sun-gilt streams, unnam'd, thro' verdant vales
were flowing.

18.

It was a lonely spot—that Chief's retreat,
Thick, lofty, solitary woods surrounding
The mossy bank which he had made his seat.
Above, Virginia's Nightingale was sounding
Its stolen notes.—The air below abounding
With insects fluttering soft, on silken wing,
Thro' the deep glades the stately buck was bounding;
All things conspir'd repose and rest to bring,
And o'er his closing eye, sweet slumbers' veil to fling.

19.

Sweet as that silver sound, which sinks away,
When wrapt enthusiast starts from waking dream ;
Sweet as the murmurs fall, as lone we stray,
Along the banks of some romantic stream.
This gentle strain arose :

SONG.

1.

" Tho' dear is the spot where the mountain spring
gushes,

O'er which the green bough swung my childhood to
rest,

And dear is the mead where amid the tall rushes,
I stole the white down from the cygnet's soft nest.

Yet dearer and sweeter to me is that river,

Where peace still reposes, where beams her sweet
smile ;

Thy charms in this Bosom, shall Fancy paint ever,
Dear, dear ANALOSTAN, mine own lovely Isle.

2.

" How safe did I rest, in thy close shady bowers,
While life slid away like a soft soothing dream ;

'Twas a world in itself: 'twas a world of sweet flowers ;

My joys were all circled by that lonely stream :

Oh bright are the waves which around it are playing,
As evening's red beam loves to linger awhile ?

Oh, when on thy shore shall the Indian maid straying,
Hail sweet ANALOSTAN, mine own lonely Isle ?

Who may we deem

The minstrel that so sweet hath play'd this part ?

Is it sun: Fay, who in the moon's pale beam,

Hath le:rd such measure, as may melt the heart ?

'Tis nature warbling wild—above the reach of art.

20.

“ How sweet he sleeps, and must I call,

“ And break that gallant stranger's rest ?

“ Ha ! dreadful—see a serpent crawl,

“ And coil itself upon his breast.

“ I hear, I hear, the reptile's rattle

“ Rouse the sluggish beast to battle ;

“ The swiftest arrow from my bow ;

“ Could not save the stranger now.

“ Stranger, awake !—dost thou not hear,

“ A snake is breathing in thine ear !—

“ Its curving neck—its flattened head,

“ Prepare to strike—joy, joy, 'tis fled !

“ Amid the grass its scales are shining,

“ Now between the rocks 'tis twining ;

“ 'Tis gone to seek the marshy brake,

“ The hero's life it might not take.

21.

The unconscious sleeper half unclosed his eye,
As the wild words came on the stilly air ;
He thought it but the breeze that murmur'd by,
And sunk again to rest.

“ Stranger, hark ! the wolf is howling,
“ Near thee is the panther prowling ;
“ It cannot be but thou art found,
“ And thy mangled limbs around—
“ Wondrous—the howl sinks far away,
“ The panther prowls for other prey ;
“ The hapless stranger must oppose
“ More dark, more fell, more savage foes.”

With vacant stare

He awoke and listen'd—threw an anxious glare
Around—but it was solemn stillness all ;
Again for sleep he did his limbs prepare,
But now he must attend to danger's call,
For full upon his ear these startling accents fall :

22.

- " The women are heaping
" The red cedar tree¹;
" The warriors are keeping
" Close watch upon thee.
" Soon the cedar will be blazing,
" Loud thy death notes will be raising ;
" Fly thou lone and luckless man,
" Fly the wrath of Powhatan.
- " Too late—they are sweeping
" Thro' glen and thro' glade ;
" And the stranger while sleeping
" A captive is made.
" Christian hero² I am near,
" I am sent from far to cheer
" That unguarded, reckless man,
" Who needs must face dread Powhatan.

23.

He started to his feet—his blade he drew,
Adjusted quick the baldric on his breast,
To right, to left, inquiring glance he threw,
Was nought around but images of rest,
And silence in this deep delicious nest
Reign'd undisturb'd, sole mistress of the scene.
"And was the sound the voice of phantom guest?"
An arrow whizzed—a bough of leafy green,
Cut from the poplar fell, and lay his feet between.

24

Hah! is it even so?—I did not dream;
Manning his noble heart the hero cried:—
Just then a sylphid form was seen to glide
Bright in a sun beam, where the glade spread wide.
One moment's glance was all—for in the next she
hid,
Deep to the forests most impervious shade:
Yet feathers red were brightly seen to glide
Thro' the green boughs, and for a space betray'd
The light and bounding step of active Indian maid.

25.

One perfect glance was all the Chieftain caught,
And that had fill'd him with most wild surprize ;
Yet—yet, another—Oh, 'twere cheaply bought,
With all the mammon this new world supplies.
Sure 'twas not earthly, and my ravish'd eyes
Have gazed upon a thing of heavenly mould ;
Alas, such visitant so swiftly flies,
The extatic rush of bliss scarce cries—behold !
Ere it is lost to sight—gone like a tale that's told.

26.

No longer might he muse—for such a yell,
Before, behind, from right to left, arose,
The dark, dread, demon denizens of hell,
Seem'd round the astonish'd man at once to close
Yet bravely did he face the coming foes—
His sword flash'd like a meteor in the air ;
And tho' alone he must a host oppose,
He rous'd him like a lion from his lair,
And dash'd upon their ranks, daring all man could dare

27.

The death away of his arm they could not face,
They could not bear the lightning of his eye,
And as the baffled wave which beats the base
Of some tall Rock which lifts itself on high,
Rolls back to Ocean for a fresh supply
Of swelling surges to overwhelm its head ;
So did the savage band disorder'd fly,
Dispers'd, confus'd, bewildered all with dread,
In every sound they hear the hero's thund'ring tread.

28.

Full on their flying ranks he follow'd fast,
Panting this treacherous ambush to repay,
And many a stream and many a thicket past,
He urges furious still, his onward way.
But now the Forts, far, far behind him lay,
His strength is wasted, and he must return ;
Poor thoughtless man—thus in thy prosperous Day
How to forbear when high thy passions burn ;
How stop ere yet we fall, is lesson hard to learn.

29.

The night fell deep, ere to the river's bank
 The adventurous Chieftain could his passage make :
 O'er a morass, with vegetation rank,
 Thro' devious paths he must his journey take.
 Oft in those paths is coiled the fenny snake,
 Each step may place its foot upon its fold ;
 And frequent rustlings in the tall cane brake,
 To ear experienced, but too surely told

The wolves were wending now from out this marshy
 hold.

30.

O'er it the night breeze swept with chilling sigh ;
 From fen and pool arose the black fog damp,—
 Haste, haste thee on thy way—fly, warrior, fly,
 Dangers surround thee in that dismal swamp.
 And now tho' lighted but by fire-fly lamp,
 He threads the tangled mazes of his way,
 Frequent and firm resounds his sturdy tramp—
 But wherefore stops he—why does he delay ?

He has sunk in quicksands deep, and there perforce
 must stay.

31.

His efforts to proceed were fruitless all,
Long, dark, and dreary was that dismal night ;
There was no human aid on which to call,
None to relieve him from this piteous plight.
Long did he struggle sore, as best he might—
For cold despair round him no spell could throw,
And all undaunted did he wait the light ;
Tho' round the raven wheel'd to and fro,
And hoarse the mandrake mumph'd, and grumbled from
below.

32.

Day dawn'd at length on that entangled man,
His limbs, his joints, were stiff, and wet, and cold.
A shout rose from the hands of Powhatan,
Their dreaded enemy they now behold,
Ta'en as a wolf which leaps within the fold,
And finds his feet entrapt in cunning snare ;
Swift round the woods the joyous tidings told,
And with a yell which rent the morning air,
Each hideous savage rush'd, in Smith to claim a share.

33.

There was no help, the chief was tightly bound,
And now to Powhatan he needs must go ;
Soon have they pass'd from out that swampy ground,
And entered gloomy forests waving slow.
All day they held their march in martial show,
But night o'ertook them in the wilderness.
Short respite then they gave their sturdy foe,
Suffered his head the flinty rock to press,
And after long fatigue, bade sleep the captive bless.

34.

A noble Oak flung far and wide its arms
O'er the lone spot where now the chief reclin'd,
Beneath such Oak the Druid work'd his charms
Of dreadful import to his votaries blind ;
And now as through the boughs the moaning wind
Sung sad responses to the captive's sigh,
Romantic fancies filled his anxious mind ;
Forms of unusual horror met his eye—
When soft, and sweet, and low, these words were
whisper'd nigh.

SONG.

1.

- " Hapless stranger, cease complaining,
" Tho' thy bed be hard and cold ;
" Hours of bliss are still remaining,
" Days of joy thou shalt behold.
" Fortune's wheel is ever turning,
" Think'st thou it will stop with thee,
" Know thou art but lesson learning,
" Of its mutability.

2.

- " When the beam of joy is sparkling,
" Remember still the wheel goes on ;
" Prospects blooming—shadows darkling,
" Now beds of down, now beds of stone :
" This is but a mortal's measure,
" Droop not, yield not to despair ;
" Who has drained the cup of pleasure,
" But must drain the cup of care.

35.

"The sport of fancy, in her wildest mood,
"Could not deceive me with these airy sounds—

"Say Fairy, Genius of this darksome wood,

"Say am I laid within your airy bounds,

"Or where your elfin circle trips its rounds ?"

The chieftan cried, "Help at my utmost need ;

"Danger and death your suppliant surrounds:

"Haste to relieve the victim ere he bleed,

"And I will list your songs, and call you friends indeed."

"Christian hero, shame, oh, shame !

"Thou that know'st a Saviour's name—

"Thus to Fairy Elf and Fay,

"Thus to woodland Sprite to pray.

"Thou that bearest the Saviour's name—

"Christian hero, shame, oh shame."

36.

A shivering horror thro' his blood was creeping,
No mortal form to this lone spot was near,
And all had seem'd a yrance—but gently sweeping
A pendant bough bent close unto his ear,
And thus the silver sounds he plain might hear
Breath'd from her lips who in the branches hung,
Although her lovely form did not appear.
And now again the limb on high was flung
As deep in darkest shades the Indian maiden sprung.

37.

Amaze and awe had bristled high his hair,
But scene of wonderment was yet in store :
From out the savage band, deep sleeping there,
Did one arise and sigh, as if oppressed sore :
Yet Indian dress, and Indian arms he bore,
In nothing differing from the warrior train ;
But then his words proclaimed, from Britain's shore
An exile he—and soon his arms did strain
The chieftain to his heart, while tears fell down like rain.

" I did not think I would again exchange
 " The friendly grasp of any British hand ;
 " It was my wish in wilderness to range,
 " Far from the crimes which stain my native land.
 " I saw your ships approach Virginia's strand ;
 " I saw, and fled—fled as from direst foes.
 " The bated flag waved as a warning wand,
 " And tore my closing wounds, as memory rose
 " O'er murder'd Raleigh's death, and Amy Rosbart's
 woes."

" Thy utmost deed of valour now must fail,
 " The scouts are posted in each pass and wood ;
 " I may not loose thy bonds, 'twould not avail—
 " Yet be thy friendly songstress understood,
 " Far has that maiden come to work thee good.
 " And tho' thou needs must face the grimly king;
 " O'er the wild savage, in his direst mood,
 " That gentle maid a potent spell shall fling.
 " And to the Christian Chief, relief and safety bring.

VIRGINIA:

OR,

THE FATAL PATENT.

CANTO II.

I.

High o'er the sources of that stream which flows
Thro' famed Virginia's fairest, sweetest vale,
A grim and fearful monarch's court arose ;
Its halls were open to each passing gale,
Beneath its roofs might soaring eagle sail—
For other roof was none, than vaulted sky ;
No pillars had it but the poplars pale ;
Its music was the prowling Cruger's cry ;
Nought varying, but when wolf with hideous howl ran
by,

2.

The gloomy horrors of that darksome wood,
Stretch'd far beyond the grasp of mortal eyes ;
What of the future can be understood,
Who then could see the polish'd dome arise ;
See laughing fields teem under kindly skies,
And commerce spreading wide the frequent sail,
Wafting to every land the rich supplies ;
And love, and peace, and harmony, prevail,
And all refinement's joys, breath on each passing gale.

3.

Along the whole horizon to the West,
Lifting its ridge in outline high and bold,
Was that great chain of mountains, whose broad
- breast
Doth one unvarying vest of blue enfold ;
And when the Sun, his downward course doth hold,
Bright is the beam upon those mountain's glowing
It glist'eth purple, and it glist'eth gold,
Now long and broad, and deep, the shadows throwing,
And now on some tall cliff, day's parting splendour
showing.

4.

The evening shades that landscape had embrown'd,
When one shrill whoop proclaimed that now the
bands

Their monarch's savage residence had found ;
And soon before the King the captive stands.

There is a dauntless front which still commands
Respect and awe from the most savage foe ;

And what tho' tightly manacled his hands,

The Chieftain on the King such look did throw,

As made him back recoil, as struck with sudden blow.

5.

As the King quail'd before the daring man,

An hundred tomahawks were lifted high ;

And mutter'd hum thro' all the circle ran,

Which soon had swell'd to that infernal cry,

Which Indians ever raise when death is nigh ;

Yet ere the weapons hurtled in the air,

The monarch mann'd his heart and fir'd his eye,

Laugh'd a loud laugh that might a demon scare,

As thus he gave command, their torments to prepare.

6.

" Art thou come my thirst to slake—
" Bind him, bind him, to the stake ;
" Blow the flame and heap the wood,
" I pant to shed his Christian blood ;
" As the flames are upward glancing,
" Cease not song and cease not dancing ;
" Spoiler of the Land and Lake,
" Bind him, bind him to the stake:
" Hark ! what sounds come on my ear,
" 'Tis the spirit's voice I hear,
" *Spirits of the Lake and Wood,*
" Bid me spill the spoiler's blood."

7.

" The lonely mountains o'er,
" And on the sounding shore,
" Shrieks of loud lament arise ;
" The demon's whom I serve are dumb,
" No warning voice, with hideous hum,
" No nightly trance, or breath'd spell,
" Comes now from the prophetic cell.
" For see ! where breaks, from Eastern skies,

" A flood of light, upon my eyes;
 " That light shall shine,
 " 'Till savage God, and savage man,
 " Be chas'd afar from Powhatan.
 " I feel its influence, 'tis divine,
 " Still more and more that light shall shine,
 " The bane of all my Gods, and ruin of my line.

B.

" Spirits of the Lake and Wood,
 " Haste to spill the spoiler's blood :
 " While the flesh with fire is flushing,
 " While the opening veins are gushing
 " Lap it warm as red it flows ;
 " Ere the fatal Eastern Star
 " Bind my Gods, and hurl them far ;
 " Yet, ere yet, you must depart,
 " Glad my ear, and glad my heart :
 " Let me near you wildly laughing,
 " As with me the blood you are quaffing.
 " Lap it warm as red it flows,
 " From this the bravest Chieft of all our Christian foes."

9.

His coal black hair had bristled o'er his brow,
Prophetic rage was flashing from his eye ;
To fire the pile he stamp'd the sign—and now
The Indian yell was rising to the sky ;
When soft, as softest summer gale breathes by,
A strain arose, and instant sunk the yell ;
Not sweeter sounds those untouched strings supply
When zephyrs pass, and rise, and sink, and swell,
In notes which bind the soul in music's magic spell.

10.

“ To thee sweet mercy's prince I call,
“ And Thou wilt lend thine ear ;
“ E'en now I feel thy influence all,
“ I feel, I feel Thee near.

“ The cruel heart 'tis thine to break,
“ The broken heart to bind ;
“ Thy direst foe, e'en at the stake,
“ Has but to seek—to find.

" An Indian maid, whom love inspires,
" Love for thy sacred Name,
" Would quench her father's cruel fires,
" And light sweet-mercy's flame.

" But Thou the impulse first must give,
" 'Tis thou must touch the heart ;
" Oh move, and let the captive live ;
" Oh show how great Thou art."

II.

The red swart cheek of the infuriate King,
Waned pale and livid as the strain began ;
He stretch'd his arms—his knee was bent to spring ;
But still so soft, so sweet the measure ran,
He hung suspended, like entranced man ;
It ceased—the father clasp'd the daughter round ;
My child ! my child ! lov'd child of Powhatan !
Shout all my people, let your mirth abound,
Shout forth your monarch's joy, for Powahontas' found.

12.

That only parents know a parent's heart
Is but a truth, which has been often said ;
Yet let the Muse cause no indignant start,
When she sets forth this royal Indian maid
In every native grace of loveliness arrayed ;
Such as might charm not parent's eye alone—
The sweetest smile o'er all her feature's played,
And from her sunny eyes a radiance shone,
That melted every heart, which was not hard as stone.

13.

No orient gems were glist'ning in her hair,
No fabric fine she wore from far Bengal,
No Persian silk, so passing rich and rare :
And what gay nymph may deem most strange of all,
From Cashmere's Camel came no costly shawl :
Yet beautiful was the Indian Queen's costume
Nor are did Fancy, in her airyest hall,
Wave colours brighter, in her fairy loom,
Than those which graceful waved in that sweet maiden's plume.

14.

Soon from her father's arms the princess started,
For the poor captive claim'd her instant care ;
Ere from the daughter's lips the words had parted,
The father's heart had yielded to her prayer.
Then was beheld a sight both sad and fair—
A noble soul o'ercome, which vainly strove
Unutterable feelings to declare ;
While wonderment and joy alternate move,
And fill his bosom brave, with gratitude and love.

15.

But small regard is paid that Chieftain now ;
To many a question fond, the quick reply,
Tells how the maid was lost, recovered how ;
And now with rage would glare the monarch's eye,
And now the father's heart would melt and sigh,
As strange and sad the varied story ran :
But when she beckon'd her deliverer nigh,
He grasp'd, he hugg'd the venerable man,
And tears, yea, Indian tears, flow'd fast from Powhatan.

16.

Forth then began to tell that reverend sage,
How when lone musing in the greenwood deep,
He reckless wandered on, from stage to stage,
Until before a cave, he found asleep,
(While all within he heard a maiden weep)
Of Alleghany's tribe, six savage foes—
How past this guard he caused her safe to creep,
How guided her to soft and sweet repose,
Within a lonely isle, where famed Potomac flows.

17.

"My child's deliverer say," the monarch cried—
A transient gloom o'erspread the red man's face;
He pass'd his hand across his brow, and tried
To clear his aspect of unpleasant trace,
And thus resumed— "Thou art not of our race,
"Whence dost thou come, where do thy kindred
 dwell?
"Fain would I know thy name and resting place!
Then did that lovely breast begin to swell,
As 'twere a task abhorr'd, ought of itself to tell.

18.

Yet was the answer bold, and frank, and free ;

“ I am not of thy clime, or of thy name,

“ For I am come from lands beyond the sea ;

“ Oh native land, thy kindred I disclaim,

“ Long to forget thee has been all my aim,

“ To me thou wast a land of blood and guile.

“ E'en thus to speak, it wakes the smother'd flame,

“ To say that young Tressillian once did smile

“ In him, who is the sage of Analostan's isle.

19:

Then kindled that dark despot in his ire ;

Who may depend upon a tyrant's mood.

Not long can love, or gratitude, inspire

A heathen heart—its nature thirsts for blood ;

Deep thought transfixt him as he musing stood ;

It seem'd as tho' some power he did invoke,

Stretch'd his wild hands to lake, and stream, and
wood ;

Oft mutter'd to himself—then silence broke,

While his thin lips were seen to quiver as he spoke.

20.

" I know thee then—thou art the last of those
 " Whom Raleigh left to perish on our shore ;
 " Far to the south I march'd in fight to close,
 " And dyed my arrows in their Christian-gore.
 " One question let me ask, one and no more,
 " Has Pocahontas"—his voice was deep, and low,
 " Has Pocahontas learnt your God to adore ?
 " What! silent—hah!—the horrid truth I know,
 " And thou shalt die the death my nation's deadliest foe."

21.

'Twas discord all, where late was joy and peace,
 The savage warriors hemm'd the Christian round :
 To entreat, to implore, that maiden did not cease,
 Nor ruth, nor pity now, could there be found.
 With arms uplifted, at the slightest sound,
 The warriors waited to obey their King :
 Sterely he gazed on friends and foe, and frown'd.
 Some scorpion grief appear'd his breast to sting,
 With groans he burst away, and left the crowded
 ring.

22.

The night closed in, a night of doubt and dread,
Scant safety was there for those Christian men—
For hatred in each face might there be read ;
The King had bidden him to a darksome den
Where none durst follow. All throughout the gleam
Wild shrieks were heard, gleam'd fires of paly hue ;
A shivering horror crept o'er all, for then
Well was it known the monarch around him drew,
And held strange converse with, most foul, unearthly
crew !

23.

Of all who dared in that adventurous age
To plant the Christian name, in heathen land,
None bore a truer heart than that lone sage ;
None than that Chicfain drew a bolder brand,
And all unmoved, amid their foes they stand,
Tho' uproar fill'd the Court, yells rent the air.
Sudden the Chief received his sword in hand,
And whisper soft, spoke Pocahontas nigh,
Take me beneath your care, or I must surely die.

24.

Back from the streaming glare of that good sword
The Indian ranks recoil—Nor stop, nor stay,
They dare present—passing each watch and ward,
The royal maiden showing forth the way,
Dauntless as tho' the Sun's enlivening ray
Was piercing thro' the thickets, dark and don,
That maid, and sage, and chief, by break of day,
Distance secure, from fiends and foes, had won,
And reach'd a vale remote, ere rose the glorious sun.

25.

In contrast great and strong, that morning hour
Beam'd o'er the dismal, dark, tumultuous night ;
The gentle princess felt its soothing power,
Soft'ning her soul to love—and young delight
Was seen, one moment, dancing in her eyes :
But soon reflection came, such joys to blight,
Bringing the bursting sobs and smother'd sighs ;
Oh, sad to think, the child—before the father dies !

END OF 2D CANTO.

VIRGINIA:

OR,

THE FATAL PATENT.

CANTO III.

I.

Oh! what a wretch is man, as wild he roves,
Without the grace which Christian love imparts;
Idle the tales of those primeval groves,
Where nature's children walk with guileless hearts.
Look on these heathens—say, with all your arts,
Can other power than Christ's successful prove,
To extract from poor humanity, the darts
Whose rankling venom poisons peace and love,
And makes us all unmeet for holy joys above?

2.

Say, can the Obi man such hearts renew ?
To cleanse from sin, would ought his spells avail ?
Or place me Brahma's cruelties in view,
And on a bed of spikes the wretch impale ;
'Tis Juggernaut's foul car, the votary nail ?
Or, where the rushing rivers mingling meet,
Go hear the drowning female's dying wail ;
Then say if these can render human feet
Worthy to mount on high, and walk the golden street ?

3.

Alas, poor heathen ! whereso ere you are ;
Whether amid these pathless forests straying ;
Or where the Ganges rolls through vallies fair,
Are you in mud and filth devoutly laying ;
Or where three times a day, the chaunt obeying,
Which Imaan pours from mosque and minaret ;
Or where around Pagodas, brightly playing,
The lantern lights are all innumerable set,
And where 'tis loss of life one custom to forget.

4.

Or are you found in regions where the rays
Of every science spread their glories round ;
Where joyful worshippers sing forth his praise,
And where his word in every ear does sound :
All Infidels ! wherever you are found,
Hear to this truth—that no unholy thing
Can ever enter into that blest bound,
Where bliss eternal reigns, and none can bring,
None give this holy robe, save Christ our heavenly
King.

5.

Oh, what a glorious privilege is ours,
To travel by a new and living way ;
Nor angels, principalities, nor powers,
Can ever hide from us that heavenly ray
Which points us through the veil to everlasting day ;
Then let us with true heart, and bold, draw near ;
For He that promised, is a faithful stay ;
And tho' embosomed in this forest drear,
Thro' danger, and thro' death, he will to safety steer.

6.

Thus spoke the Sage—and while their hearts were
warm

With full assurance, gratitude, and love,
That freed from superstitions spell and charm,
Their great high priest was even then above,
Around the Almighty Throne their advocate to
prove !

Their voices rose, their morning thanks to sing ;
Upon their souls came down the heavenly dove,
And peace, so pure, so holy, did it bring,

They felt they were beneath his own Almighty wing.

7.

Is there a heart which never yet hath felt
The sober certainty of calm delight ?

Is there a bosom which did never melt,

As rose the sacred song, while visions bright
Upon the raptured senses seem to play ?

Then springs the soul, as reverend lips invite ;

Then it responds, as sinks the grateful lay,

As comes the welcome call, the solemn—*Let us Pray.*

8.

For farther flight prepared these friends arose,
Strengthened in all that makes a Christian strong ;
By many a stream which now meand'ring flows
Thro' peaceful vales, the wanderers pass'd along
With a swift and silent step—no cheerful song
Of merry boatmen, on those streams was swelling ;
No sound was then, such frowning shades among,
Save when from far was heard the wild buck belling,
Or when the circling hawk scream'd round its airy
dwelling.

9.

But Indians now were on their traces' trailing,
Short were the moments they might give to rest ;
And fast the flying maiden's strength was failing,
As back her fearful eye turn'd to the west,
Down from a ragged mountain's lofty crest,
Rushing she saw the foe. " And must we bleed"—
The Chief has caught her to his manly breast ;
HER modest struggles—no, he must not heed,
But onward must he press, with unabated speed.

10.

Nearer and near, comes the stifled hum ;
Straining their utmost strength, the Christians stride :
" Gain we you stream, and let the savage come !"
The stream is gain'd—" Take her," the Chieftain
cried,
" Take her, and bear her thro' the gushing tide ;
" 'Tis but a life, and 'tis a life she gave :"
The sage has forced her through the waters wide,
But all unconscious of the mantling wave,
She shriek'd, and stretch'd her arms, to her deliverer
brave.

11.

And her deliverer well his part did play,
The foremost savage bleeds and bites the ground :
Red is his blade, for furious is the fray,
Still as they come, death, instant death, they found :
Vain their attempt to overwhelm the hero round,
Fierce on each foe, from right to left he springs :
But one remains without some mortal wound,
Him to the earth with desperate force he flings,
Strides o'er the prostrate form, and finds it is the King's.

12.

" Ere it is ask'd, thy life is freely given ;
I spare thee, Prince, for did'st thou not spare me !
Back to thy home, and make thy peace with Heaven,
And then again thy daughter thou shalt see."
Thus spoke the Chief, and raised his enemy ;
But furious did the monarch's eye ball's glare,
Vain was the proffer'd peace, no peace could be
Within that stormy breast, while clouds of care,
Darker and darker gloom'd, then burst in wild despair.

13.

First like the mutt'ring thunder's distant growl,
Low, deep, and dismal, broke the wretch's sighs ;
Then would they stretch into a lengthen'd howl—
Now sink and die—then fierce and fresh arise,
'Till shouts and curses rent the vaulted skies,
And all the demon glared in open day.
The Chieftain gazed with horror and surprise
On the fell man, then plung'd amid the spray,
Safe joined his rescued friends, and cheer'd them on
their way.

14.

The agitated maid breathed free again ;
But, as the tumults of her soul subside,
Distracting thoughts shoot wild'ring thro' her brain,
While joy and grief alternately preside ;
Strong are the feelings which her heart divide—
Oft she looks back, and wild, and sad, she sighs ;
Then by the Chieftain would she swiftly glide,
As tho' she feared the warrior's kindling eyes,
And scarce to questions fond were heard her soft re-
plies.

15.

While thus they wandered on, from day to day,
More melancholly musings fill'd her mind ;
Yet still she kept unwearied on her way ;
But when to seek repose, they lay reclin'd
On mossy bank, where murmuring waters wind,
And lull the senses with refreshing sleep ;
Forth would she go, some lonely seat to find,
Where all unseen her vigils she might keep
'Till out from Eastern skies the rosy morn would peep.

16.

Since first their flight began, nine days had flown,
 But farther yet the wanderers must go;
 And all the ills of famine had they known,
 But from the Indian maiden's painted bow
 Swift flew the shaft, and slew the mountain Roe;
 And tho' a smile, to see the Chief's surprise,
 With a faint gleam, would on her features glow;
 Yet boiling fears of unknown ills would rise,
 High would her bosom swell, and tearful be her eyes.

17.

That Chieftain's heart was gentle as 'twas brave;
 Those sighs, those tears, he might well understand;
 "From safe retreat she came, his life to save,
 "That life was now supported by her hand";
 Nor was there wanting touch from beauty's wand,
 To give these feelings passage to his heart;
 But then his own, his far, far distant land,
 Where prejudice would point the sneering dart,
 Would rise upon his view, and cause the shudd'ring
 start.

18.

Well did the reverend man distinctly trace
These varied feelings as they rose and fell :
Ah! who might then in that care wrinkled face,
Who in its lines, the story dark might spell,
Of him, who loved so long, and loved so well,
And yet was doom'd to sink beneath such blow ;
That gentle bosoms ne'er shall cease to swell,
Ne'er o'er the page shall cease the tear to flow,
Which tells of Amy's wrongs, and lost Tressillian's woe.

19.

His watchful eye had mark'd the kindling flame,
And yet no fear disturb'd his peaceful breast ;
Oft would he mus'g say—" For this he came,
Long have I felt it was the high behest
(Of him who ever does what still is best,)
To spread his gracious word thro' these wild groves
O'er the unmeasur'd regions of the West ;
Where now the Savage Indian idly roves,
Shall shine the influence bland, of these my children's
loves."

20.

The tenth morn rose in clouds, and moaning sound
Of storm and tempest o'er the wanderers past,
The deafning thunders oft their ears astound,
And bow'd the Forest to the rushing blast ;
Hurl'd from on high the crashing boughs were cast
Death star'd around, but whither might they fly ;
Then to the Chieftain clung the maiden fast,
And 'mid the uproar wild, he heard her sigh,
Oh, spare the Christian Chief! let the poor Indian die.

21.

He might not answer, for the crush was o'er,
And quick their reverend friend led forth the way,
Far to the East they heard the tempest roar,
And sweeps the Forest with resistless away.
The storm pass'd on, yet clouds obscured the day,
Till late the evening hour ; and then a beam
Of splendid colours in the West did play,
'Our wanderers gain'd a height, and saw it gleam
Bright on the placid breast of broad Potomac's stream.

21.

A thrilling shout of joy burst from the maid—

“It is,” she cried—“’tis Analostan’s Isle,

“In all its charms of loveliness array’d ;

“There innocence may wander safe from guile,

“And peace and love forever shed their smile—”

More had she said—but now the aged man

Sign’d her to silence : won’drous thoughts the while

Thro’ his prophetic soul, wild rushing ran,

Till full the vision came—and thus the strain began.

22.

“And has thy hand, insensate James,

“The justice dealt which vengeance claims ?

“Bold Humphry sleeps beneath the wave ;

“Tho’ not all of worth could save

“My Raleigh dear, from bloody grave :

“Yet thy hand, insensate James,

“Has dealt the blow which vengeance claims.”

23.

"When the Patent thou did'st sign,
 "Which gave this Lund from thee and thine;
 "Dreaming despot, did'st not hear
 "Slavery whisper in thy ear:
 "Thou hast struck a fearful blow,
 "And laid my thrones and altars low?

24.

"Fatal Patent, hanging high,
 "Like meteor in the Western sky!
 "I see its influence spreading far,
 "And fan the flames of kindling war.
 "I see it o'er the Ocean booming,
 "Larger yet, and larger looming;
 "I see it bath'd in patriot gore;
 "And Britain's Lion own'd no more;
 "I hear the crash which rends the bonds asunder,
 "And flood yon Eagle cries 'Be Free,' in notes of
 Thunder.

- " Mark that Eagle's tow'ring flight,
" Mark you where that Bird will light—
" See now he cleaves the azure sky,
" And now he rushes from on high,
" As if his feathery form he'd fling
" Down on the plain below ;
" That very stoop is but to show
" The power of his wing.
" For see again he mounts aloft,
" Expands his breast to Zephyr's soft—
" With bolder port, he circles still
" Around the crest of yonder hill :
" 'Tis there the Bird will light,
" And there, oh there, what visions bright
" Of Future Ages roll.
" They come, they fill, they fire my soul—
" What countless glories my prophetic eyes
" See on the wooded crest of yonder Hill arise.

- " I see the tow'ring dome ascending,
" I see the massive arches bending.

" Oh what wonders there combine,
 " There light and shade is graceful blending,
 " And pillars fair are there extending
 " In finely order'd line,
 " 'Tis done—the sight my bosom warms,
 " Its strength surprises, and its beauty charms.

27.

" Floating o'er that glittering roof
 " Wide the spangled banner flies
 " And the Eagle sails aloof,
 " Scatt'ring radiance from his eyes.
 " See—see—he seeks European skies;
 " 'Tis Liberty that bird proclaims
 " Fatal Patent—dreaming Jaures:
 " Not when thy darling Charles lies low
 " Beneath the cruel headsman's blow,
 " Not when thy hapless race shall rove
 " As outcasts from their country's love,
 " Not when the last, like bounding Koe,
 " Is chased o'er Albyn's hills of snow,
 " Will Kingly power—Imperial state
 " Meet such stroke of dreadful fate.

"As when the Patent thou didst sign,
Which gave the ~~my~~ lands from thee and thine."

28:

He ceased, and would have sunk, but as he fell,
Fond farms received him—for with wild amaze
His friends had witness'd this prophetic spell;
But soon, with deeper sorrow did they gaze,
For now his upraised eye began to glaze.
Death, was at hand—the pilgrim's journey o'er.
"Hold me my children—even yet I'll raise
My voice again—I may not go before
I tell what shall befall, when I am seen no more."

29:

Life ebb'd away, the vision flits away,
Yet in the transient gleam, all fair and bright
"I see the sun rise on her nuptial day;
"I see my Indian Maid array'd in white;
"I see her blessed with every Christian rite;
"And faith, and hope, and joy, his steps attending
"Far distant days come crowding on my sight;
"I see—but now the colours all are blending—
He sunk—his closing eyes on Pocahontas bending

NOTES TO CANTO I.

5TH STANZA.

Then 'twas that lone and melancholy man.

The readers of the Waverly Novels, and we presume that will include all the readers this little work can hope to have, will at once perceive, that by this person is meant to be introduced the character of the Tressillian of Kenilworth; nor is the circumstance too much forced: for not only was Smith strictly enjoined in his orders to look out for the remnant, if such there was, of the Colony planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, some ten years before on the Island of Roanoke; but in process of time, one of that colony was actually found among the Indians. It appeared that he alone, then a child, had escaped. He had adopted the Indian manners, and an Indian name, Mettalanough; but as he had an aversion to being naked, had clothed himself completely with feathers, sewed neatly together, and was called by the English, Jack of the Feather.

8TH STANZA.

Surely they reach the unknown Southern Deep.

The first discoverers of the Chesapeake were fully impressed with the belief that it was the long sought passage to the Southern Ocean, and Smith was not a little blamed by his patrons in Europe for not taking a trip to the Pacific. At length, and it was

a wonderful undertaking, he ascended the Bay as high as the Susquebannah, and on making his report, shallops were sent over ready framed, to be carried over the mountains, and launched on the Southern Ocean. Smith, who saw the absurdity of the idea, assured his countrymen that if the vessels must be taken over the mountains, they must first be burnt, and the ashes carried in a bag.

NOTE TO 13TH.

*But chiefly here were found those dreaming elves
Who look'd for Eldorados roof'd with gold.*

Nearly all the first attempts towards settling colonies in North America failed from the preposterous hopes of the settlers relative to the discovery of the precious metals.

The following extracts from the voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Newfoundland in 1583, afford an amusing specimen of the views with which the first settlers were enticed to persevere in their attempts.

"We had with us one Daniel, a Saxon, well skilled
"in minerals, who brought a parcel of ore to the
"General, and protested that, if silver were the
"thing which would satisfy him, there it was.

"I not being satisfied with the assertion of the
"Refiner, took occasion to ask the General's opin-
"ion therein. I have sent it aboard, said he, and
"would have no talk on it made while we are in
"harbour, where so many rortogals, Biscains,

“ and Frenchmen are—when we are at sea, proof
“ shall be made.

“ The 2d September we passed in sight of Cape
“ Race; the General came aboard the Hind, which
“ was our last meeting. He much lamented the loss
“ of his great ship, and something else, for which he
“ out of measure grieved. I could not draw it from
“ him, but guess it to be the ore which Daniel the
“ Saxon gave him.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

14TH STANZA.

For the poor captive claim'd her instant care.

That the life of Captain Smith was saved by the intercession of the King's daughter, Pocahontas, is a fact universally known. The following is his account of a *Mascarado*, as he calls it, with which he was treated by the young princess, on that joyful occasion.

"Then presently we were presented with this anticke. Thirty young women came out of the woods all painted; some of one colour, and some of another, but all differing. Their leader had a faire pair of Buck's horns on her head, and an Otter's skin at her girdle, and another at her arm, a quiver of arrows at her back, a bow and arrows in her hand—another a sword—another a club—another a pot-stick—all horned, all the rest, every one, with their several device."

"These feinde with most bellib-shouts and cries, rushing from among the trees, cast themselves in a ring about the fire, singing, and dancing with most excellent ill-variety; oft falling into their infernal passions, and solemnly again to sing and dance. Having spent near an hour in this *Mascarado*, as they entered, in like manner, they departed."

Thus do they show their feats of arms, and other arts in dancing,
Some others used their Oaten pipes, and other voyces chanting."

NOTES TO CANTO III.

STANZA 1ST.

*Oh! what a wretch is man as wild he roves,
Without the grace which Christian love imparts.*

To those who may think that in this, and some of the succeeding stanzas, the author has ventured his opinion on the future state of the Heathen with less modesty or hesitation, than so difficult and delicate a subject might seem to demand, he would observe that he is far from meaning to assert that the Heathen are necessarily excluded from all possible benefit of the mediatorial sacrifice.

He has no objection, if such an idea can be fairly established, to believe that the prayers of Cornelius were heard whilst a Heathen, and destitute of faith in Christ, and that God may by his Spirit change the hearts of Heathens, as he does those of dying infants, imparting to them the blessings of Salvation through the Redeemer.

It must be recollected, however, that meekness for Heaven is always spoken of in Scripture as an essential qualification. But where, generally speaking, is the meekness of the Heathen? That this *meekness cannot be imparted, save by the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit*, is all he would assert.

16TH STANZA.

*On poplar bough that Bird was heard to sing,
The wonder and the pride of every grove.*

The following description of the Nightingale of Virginia, drawn by a genuine American Poet, cannot, it is thought, be unacceptable to the lovers of poesy.

But hark ! I hear the unenvious choir rejoice,
While music's favourite Bird attunes her voice ;
Perch'd on the top of yonder verdant tree,
She seems to breathe the soul of harmony.
To her alone all pleasing powers belong,
Such varying melody adorns her song ;
With all'ring strains, at ease she mimics still
The chirping valley, and the warbling hill ;
Thro' every note her modulations rove,
Blythe with the Lark, or plaintive with the Dove.
How she repeats the Red Bird's echoing lays,
How sinking soft she earns the Robin's praise.
I see her spread her silver streak'd wing
High in the air, yet hear her sweetly sing,
Descending still she pours the harmonious strain
Till on the spray she gently lights again.
Ear charming Bird, no more let Poet's tell
Of morning Lark, or evening Philomel.
Since all their various notes in thee combine,
And every sound of melody is thine.

From a Poem called "Mount Radnor," written to
Montgomery County, Maryland; April, 1764.