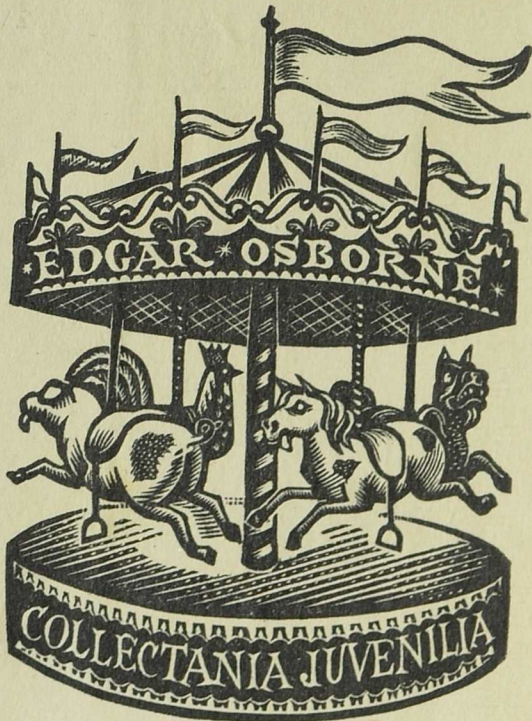




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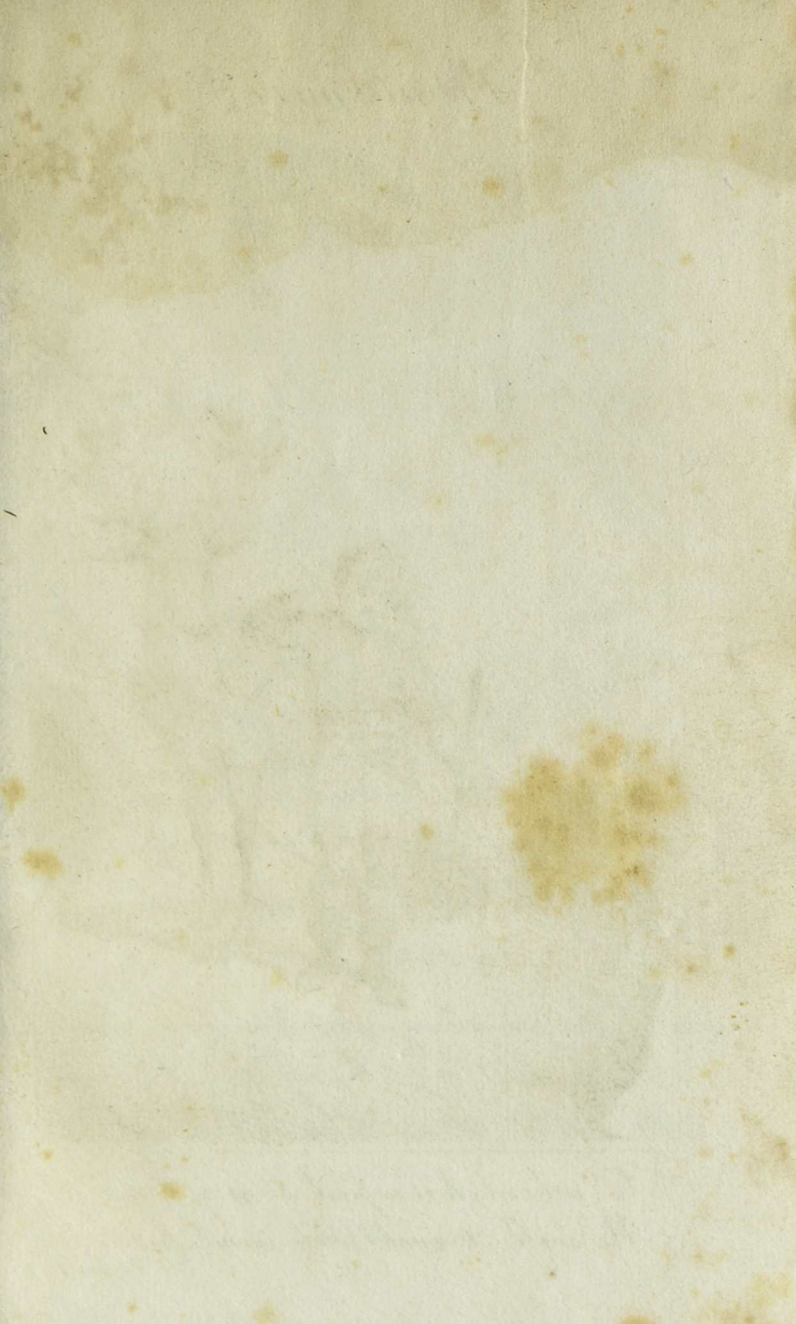


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Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE





Frontispiece.



*"O! when harnessed to my Car,
We will travel wide and far."*

See Page 4

NATIONAL CHARACTERS

EXHIBITED

IN

FORTY GEOGRAPHICAL POEMS,

WITH PLATES,

BY MISS O'KEEFFE,

Author of

'PATRIARCHAL TIMES,' 'ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA,'

AND OF THE PIECES SIGNED '*Adelaide*,'

IN

'ORIGINAL POEMS

FOR INFANT MINDS,' &c.

LYMINGTON;

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, & DARTON,
LONDON.

1818.

NATIONAL CHAMBERS

PRINTED

THE GEOGRAPHICAL FORMS

WITH PLATES

BY MISS OWEN

AND OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

OXFORD

PRINTED BY R. GALPINE

LYMINGTON

Printed by R. Galpine, Lymington.

1851

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LADIES SUSAN AND LOUISA SOMERSET,
(Daughters of Her Grace
THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT,)

THESE LITTLE POEMS
ON
NATIONAL CHARACTERS
ARE JUSTLY INSCRIBED,

Having been written for their Instruction and Amusement,

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

ADELAIDE O'KEEFFE.

*Myrtle Cottage, Ryde, Isle of Wight,
October, 1819.*

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE

LADIES SUEAN AND LOUISA SOFRET

(LADIES OF THE)

THE DUCHESSE OF BRANFORD

THESE LITTLE POEMS

OR

NATIONAL CHARACTERS

AND JUSTLY INCISED

Have been written for their Instruction and Amusement

BY MISS AFFECTIONATE TRIND

ALBANY O'REEVE

Printed and Sold by G. B. ...
... ..

PREFACE.

THE following little Poems on Geography were written with the design of proving to youth that every country under the sun has its peculiar blessings:—they are intended also to excite rather than to gratify curiosity,—the author hopes she has succeeded in both attempts.

It is likewise necessary to point out that they were composed and partly printed upwards of two years ago, since which period *Sweden* has lost her good old king, CHARLES XIII. mentioned in page 12,—*England* her lovely and virtuous Princess CHARLOTTE, see page 19,—and the slaves of *Jamaica* one of their most excellent friends, alluded to, (but not mentioned by name,) in page 107.—The error in page 18; namely, that of speaking of Mr. WEST, R. A. as an Englishman instead of an American, the author hopes will meet with indulgence, especially from Americans.

Under the idea that some of her charming little readers may, at some period of their lives, visit

the beautiful neighbourhood of *Lymington*, in Hampshire, where these Poems were written, the author ventures to give them local interest, by pointing out many of the places where they were composed during her solitary and delightful rambles.

‘The Scotch Law Student,’ and ‘Swiss Soldier,’ with some others, on the Roman encampment, called *Buckland Rings*.—‘The Italian Artist,’ ‘The Spanish Mountaineer,’ and ‘Wild Arabian Boys,’ at *Milford*,—not a few in *Nightingale Lane*, N. W. of *Lymington*,—‘The Persian Girls,’ and ‘Moorish Pirate,’ in the little wood between *Walhampton* and *Vicar’s Hill*,—and ‘The Welsh Curate,’ in *Boldre church-yard*, near the grave of the Rev. W. GILPIN and his wife.—May the author’s dear young friends inquire of their parents who were this excellent pair, and when informed, strive, by imitating their virtues to deserve the memorial engraven on their tombs, and a place in that mansion of bliss which we trust their spirits now enjoy.

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N. B. The Pages referred to in the following Work, are those of Guthrie's Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar, (the Edition of 1812.)

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NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

PART I.

EUROPE.



THE ICELAND GUIDE.

FROM yonder hill I saw a ship,
An English ship I 'spied,
The captain this way comes ashore,
I'll be his friendly guide.

You're welcome sir to green *Iceland*,
I love to welcome you,
How kind of you to see our Isle,
A welcome is your due.

And once a countryman of yours,
 Sir JOSEPH BANKS by name,
 From distant *England* came the knight,
 So great our island's fame,
 (With him, a boy, I walk'd and talk'd,
 For he was fond of me,)
 Some learned manuscripts I gave,
 Beneath yon cedar tree.^a

“British Museum,” said my friend,
 “Shall these rare parchments grace;
 “Your island's learning safe shall lie
 “In that most curious place.”

I clim'd with him hot *Hecla's* mount,
 Yon hill that throws out fire;
 I took him to the burning springs,
 High *Geyser* to admire.^b

And where the waters tepid flow'd
 He bath'd himself and smil'd:
 I show'd basaltic pillars grand,
 Fantastic, huge, and wild.

I sung him all my youthful songs
 Historic, tender, sad,
 He shook me by the hand, and said,
 “My clever northern lad!”

^a Page 78 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^b Page 75 Ibid.

But 'mong the snows he would not roll,
Or plunge amid the ice ;
Nor could I him, with all my pow'r,
To such delights entice.

Spitzbergen sends us floats of ice,
These chill our air 'tis true ;
But then warm gifts they also bring,
Firewood and bears a few.

Ten dollars each for killing bears,
I many times have won ;
On him we dine, but for his skin,
That's for the king alone.

To *Denmark* we send fish and cloth,
Wool, skins, and eider-down,
And in return they send us back
Bread, wine, salt,—all their own.

A happier people on this earth
There never yet was found :
How bold our youths, how kind our maids,
Who tread green *Iceland's* ground.

I have a boat, two nets, one spear ;
I have a horse that's small ;
I have both sons and daughters dear,
And thank my God for all.

THE LAPLAND BOY.

KARL the Lapland boy am I,
Never known to whine, or sigh ;
I have sail'd to Northern Cape,
'Mong wild rocks of hideous shape ;
Seen the sun at midnight shine,
Thought it very rare and fine.

Father has a thousand Deer,
White, brown, spotted, marked in ear ;
So that I know every one,
Rein-deer sire, and rein-deer son.^c

When *wild* rein-deer I have kill'd,
Hunting, fishing, bravely skill'd,
Father will give KARL a sledge ;
Then I'll rise to mountain's edge !
In a storm I'll go to sea,
Drink the air of liberty.

Mother first I must obey,
Never yet did I say nay.

I have spoons and cups to carve,
KARL not work, why KARL must starve.
Then that net which I begun,
And that cordage must be done ;
I must weave another mat,
Make knife, goblet, and all that.

How I pity other land,
They've no rein-deer at command.
What do they for clothes and food ?
Deer to us is every good :
Flesh, milk, skin, and tendons strong,
Food, bed, harness, us among.

I have mark'd one dappled Deer,
He'll be mine I have no fear :
I in him take such delight,
Tall his horns, and eyes so bright—
I loved him from a little fawn,
Follows me o'er hill and lawn ;
Gets at moss which under grows,
Scrapes with hoof the sparkling snows ;
Then I laugh, and fetch him leaves,
When I go he sighs and grieves.
HOLA, is the pretty name
Of my fawn so sweet and tame ;
O when harnessed to my car
We will travel wide and far.

But wild flocks I'll not attack,
 (Of much courage we are slack ;)
 Thus did brother meet his death,
 Goring horns he fell beneath.

To grow tall is what I wish,
 Build canoe, and then go fish ;
 Wear tobacco pipe and sing,
 Sister give gold chains and ring ;
 Shining furs send to the south,
 Fox and Marten, lovely both ;
 Send dried fish, and meat and cheese,
 Which the Swedes and Norways please.
 Send our honest trading pelf,
 Never, never go myself :
 Wish the world both health and joy,—
 KARL live here a Lapland Boy.



THE NORWAY HUNTER.

STRANGER draw near, take shelter from the storm,
 Tho' small my hut you'll find my fire-side warm.

Yes traveller, in me, you now behold
 A healthy man of Norway, strong tho' old :
 Full four score years of age am I this day,
 A hunter free, and born the first of May.

From infancy the cold I braved, I met
(To me the same) ice, heat, or dry, or wet :
I lov'd to breathe the pure, keen, cutting air,
To range the snowy mountains bleak and bare.

From north to south our mighty mountains
run ;
Some weeks ne'er see, and some ne'er lose the sun.
At midnight clear, a book I oft' have read,
The moon and meteors sparkling over head !
O'er precipices high oft' had to roam,
O'er frozen rivers glide to reach my home.

These bear-skin shoes I made, I made these
clothes,
I tann'd that leather, made these gloves, and those
Good boots that keep my legs so warm and dry :
This hut I built ; and all it doth supply
All that my little premises contain
Is th' labour of my hand, invention of my brain :
My grandson's children shall the whole enjoy,
Sweet blue-eyed EDITH and my hardy boy.

One son is gone to hunt the fox to death—
The lynx, the wolf, hyæna, yield their breath,
Kill'd by his valour,—he their skins will take,
Of which warm clothing, I, for winter make.

CONRAD, a birdman, climbs the rocks so high,
 To seize the eagle's nest most valiantly ;
 GUSTAVUS is engaged in herring fishery. }
 A grandson learns to cut down forest trees,
 To make huge masts for ships to sail o'er seas.

I love to watch the stately ships appear—
 Escaped from whirlpools, krakens, and all fear :^a
 And happy they to make our *Norway* strand,
 And happier far on our lov'd shore to land.
 To view our mighty rocks—stupendous heights !
 Lakes, isles, and cataracts—wild, lofty sights !

The *Elbe* and *Dramme*, are streams above compare ;
 Our cities *Bergen*, *Drontheim*, *Christian* fair—
 And then our mines !—at *Konigsberg* rich store,
 Gold, silver, copper, iron,—many more.
 We've salt, coal, sulphur, alum, marble, stone,
 I thank kind Heaven that this land's my own.

Have you yet seen our gracious much-loved king ?
 To drink his health, good stranger, I'll a flaggon
 bring.

THE DANISH SAILOR.

You wish to see our dock-yard Sir?

I'll show it you with pleasure,
The porter will be here ere long,
This is the hour of leisure.

A youthful Dane in me you see,
A sailor stout and strong,
My hair is red, complexion fair,
Teutonic is my tongue.

German and French at court they speak
Before their king so bold,
Great FREDERICK, of that name the sixth,
As often I've been told.

My native land some say is cold,
If so, it is not poor,
Of minerals, alum, fullers' earth,
And vitriol we have store.

Of corn and forests we can boast—
We've oak, fir, beech to build
Yon stately ships that skim the sea—
In making ships we're skill'd.

Our sailors all are so expert
Thro' dangers they will go,
And yet humane and kind they are
To friend and conquer'd foe.

No ships into our Baltic pass
Without our will and leave,
When reach'd the Sound, they pay a toll,
At which they never grieve.*

Gudon and *Eyder*, rivers deep,
Enable us to trade ;
We also have a fine canal,
Full twenty miles 'tis made.

Of universities, the best
In *Copenhagen* stand ;
Orders of knighthood we have two,
The *Elephant* is grand.

Our *Denmark's* now at peace and rest,
May *Denmark* thus remain ;
If there's a creature bless'd on earth,
It is a happy Dane.

* Page 61 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

THE SWEDISH MINER'S WIFE.

I WISH the evening sun were set,
That all the Miners here were met,
My dearest Husband here ;
They surely work much later now
Deep in the Iron mines below—
I live in constant fear.

I think I'd better go back home
And wait 'till ERICKSHAL can come—
My babes are both asleep—
I'll cheer the fire, his meal prepare,
A fellow Miner too shall share
The well-fill'd board we keep.

The pay is great to work in mines,
But yet, below the sun ne'er shines :
Much happier did I feel,
When that my much-loved ERICKSHAL
Work'd at *Trothetta's* great canal,
I then could near him steal,
And in his work he'd often stop,
Sometimes a few kind words let drop,
And turn to kiss our boy—

We'd take him apples, pears, and bread,
 (Oh that was sure a better trade !)

To see him gave me joy.

And yet he likes to work below ;
 He says, privations charms bestow

That none but Miners feel :

Oh with what haste he springs on earth

His face and voice all pleasure, mirth ;

He darts upon his meal.

“ I would not be a Knight so wise

“ Of *Sword* or *Seraphim*,” he cries,

“ *Vasa* or *Polar Star*,

“ I would not be old CHARLES the King,

“ LINNÆUS, or like wiser thing,^f—

“ A Miner's happier far.”

His labour done, what joy to roam

Around the beauties of our home,

Near yonder waterfall

(Nourish'd by a thousand rills),

Up to the top of those green hills,

Where dwell our parents all.

Oh this lov'd Country ! dear to me

Its firs, birch, poplar, fair to see,

Where elks and rein-deer feed ;

^f Page 88 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.



"I'll cheer the fire, his Meal prepare."

Its groves of mountain-ash and pine,
Lakes, floating Islands, all combine—
Who would not be a Swede ?

THE RUSSIAN YOUTH.

ONCE more at home, yet school I love,
My Military School,
Where in each Art our boys improve,
Obey, and learn to rule.^g

My leave of absence soon must end,—
My father will resign
His time to me, a guide, a friend ;
To please his CONSTANTINE.

Cronstadt we'll first a visit make
That fortress I'll survey ;^h
Thro' *Petersburg* a circuit take,—
We'll thus employ this day.

^g Page 116 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^h Page 110 *Ibid.*

I'll see the statue of our Czar,
Immortal his renown,
Czar PETER, great in peace and war,
Wise founder of our town.

And ANNA's icy palace view,
On *Neva's* banks high raised,
Statues of ice—Artillery too !
Which Travellers all have prais'd.ⁱ

Our *Summer* palace see again,
To the Museum go,
There many hours I would remain,
Most curious all they show.

I hear my Father give commands,
Now for our promised ride !
Long bearded ROMANOFF there stands,
Our painted Sledge beside.

I wish to *Mosco* we could drive ;
Poor *Mosco* ! hard thy fate !
May it from ashes yet revive,
Regain its splendid state.^k

When I'm a man and free from care,
My school and studies over,

ⁱ Page 107 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^k Page 111 Ibid.

I'll sail and travel very far
New Countries to discover.

Throughout our Empire wide I'll range
And banish fear and doubt,
But love of Country never change,
Or I deserve the knout.

To-morrow we repair to Court
Great ALEXANDER see,
Thither our school will all resort,
The Emperor's kind to me.

Him and our *Russia* I'll defend
While life and health are mine,
And not forget my namesake friend,
Our GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Standing before this mirror bright
I draw my sword of truth,
Myself proclaim with proud delight
A noble *Russian* Youth.

THE ENGLISH BANKER.

WITH business now I've fairly done,
 A noble fortune nobly won.
 My conscience honest—store of wealth ;
 Cheerful and happy—good sound health :
 Two score and ten I'am years of age,
 In bustle now let youth engage.
 Five thousand pounds I'll give each son ;
 With that the world I first begun.
 My daughters, pious as they're fair,
 Mild and good—well portioned are
 With thousand twigs of Fortune's tree,—
But root and trunk I keep with me.

And now to please my honor'd mate
 I purchase must a grand estate.
 My wife is fond of *London* still ;
 But once a year, with my good will,
 (To see how all our children speed)
 For *London* visit I've decreed.
 That Emperor fired my good wife's brain
 When comet-like he dragged his train
 Whisking to Abbey, Parks, and Halls,
 To Docks, Museums, and St. Paul's.

No, no, a fine estate I'll buy,
 Turn farmer, grazier, cheerfully ;
Woburn and *Holkham* emulate,
 And live in rural peaceful state.
 But *where* to settle ? that's the thing ;
 Where shall I drop when I take wing ?
 Suppose I chuse a sylvan scene,
New Forest, Windsor, Sherwood, Deane.

All rivers are the same to me
 Or *Trent*, or *Ouse*, or great *Mersey*,
Thames, Severn, Humber, Avon, Dee. }
 The *Isle of Wight's* a pretty place,
 Wild nature's charms I love to trace.

What if I purchase near the Lakes,
 My wife in boating pleasure takes :
 Or at the *Wolds*, or famous *Peak*,
 Or land in tin-mine *Cornwall* seek—
 Or *Dorset*, by the soft sea-side
 The prospect grand and nobly wide ?
 Yet that would seem as with a knack
 I on my Country turn'd my back :
 The sea for ever in advance
 My thoughts for ever fix'd on *France.*

No, full in centre of our land,
 Like a true Englishman I'd stand, }
 With English friends on every hand.
 In *Bucks* I'll settle—that is fix'd :
 And I no more am now perplex'd.

I'll richly cultivate my ground,
 While flocks of sheep, small, white, and sound,
 Shall range my pastures fair, around,
 I'll thus repay my Country dear,
 Which me enriched this many a year.

I'll certainly encourage tillage
 And build a very pretty village—
 And all my tenants good shall be :
 I'll give rewards for Industry—
 For ploughing, harrowing, and mowing,
 For spinning, knitting, and for sowing.
 No fighting Cocks—no boxing match—
 No drinking—gaming—I shall watch.
 But wholesome healthy exercise
 Skaiting, dancing, (not unwise,)
 For sports like these I'll give a prize.

For *Britain's* sake, I'll take good care
Home manufactures all shall wear ;
 My full design, my pride, my joy,
 All *native* Artists to employ.
 Bold WYATT, FLAXMAN, charming WEST
 (Painter divine) ! all do your best ;
 And in my spacious oak-built hall
 With English Worthies grace the wall :
 At upper end in royal state
 Place ALFRED, justly named "the Great ;"

Facing the Patriot King, admit
 The statue of lamented PITT;
 SHAKSPEARE and MILTON shew with grace,
 HOWARD and NEWTON give a place.
 Of *British Heroes* give me two,
Trefalgar NELSON there I'd view,
 And ARTHUR WELLINGTON of *Waterloo*.

Then twice a year my joy shall be,
 In due succession there to see
 My children and their family.
 Around my Christmas, Whitsun' Feast,
 Each strive to look and do their best.
 In honour of the Royal pair,
 Prince LEOPOLD and CHARLOTTE fair,
 (May BRUNSWICK never want an heir!)
 "God save Great GEORGE" they all shall sing;
 My final toast shall be "The KING."

My sons, who serve by land and sea,
 My wife yet hopes great Knights may be,
 Of Garter, Bath,—or K. C. B.
 Let them be virtuous, all I ask,
 To *well* perform whate'er their task.
 Grateful to GOD, myself and wife
 Will close a happy well spent life.

THE SCOTCH LAW STUDENT.

AND must I leave thee *Scotland*?

Why then, dear land good bye,

For I must wander far away,

And other Countries try.

My elder brother has th' estate

And right it is he should,

The head of all our ancient House

The best of Scottish blood.

I'll not forget thee *Scotland*, love,

I'll sometimes wear the plaid,

The tartan, bonnet, philibeg,

And dance, a Highland lad.

A noble Highlander my Sire,

A Lowlander my Mother,

My Sister born in Lowlands fair,

A Highlander my Brother.

My Father taught me to obey!

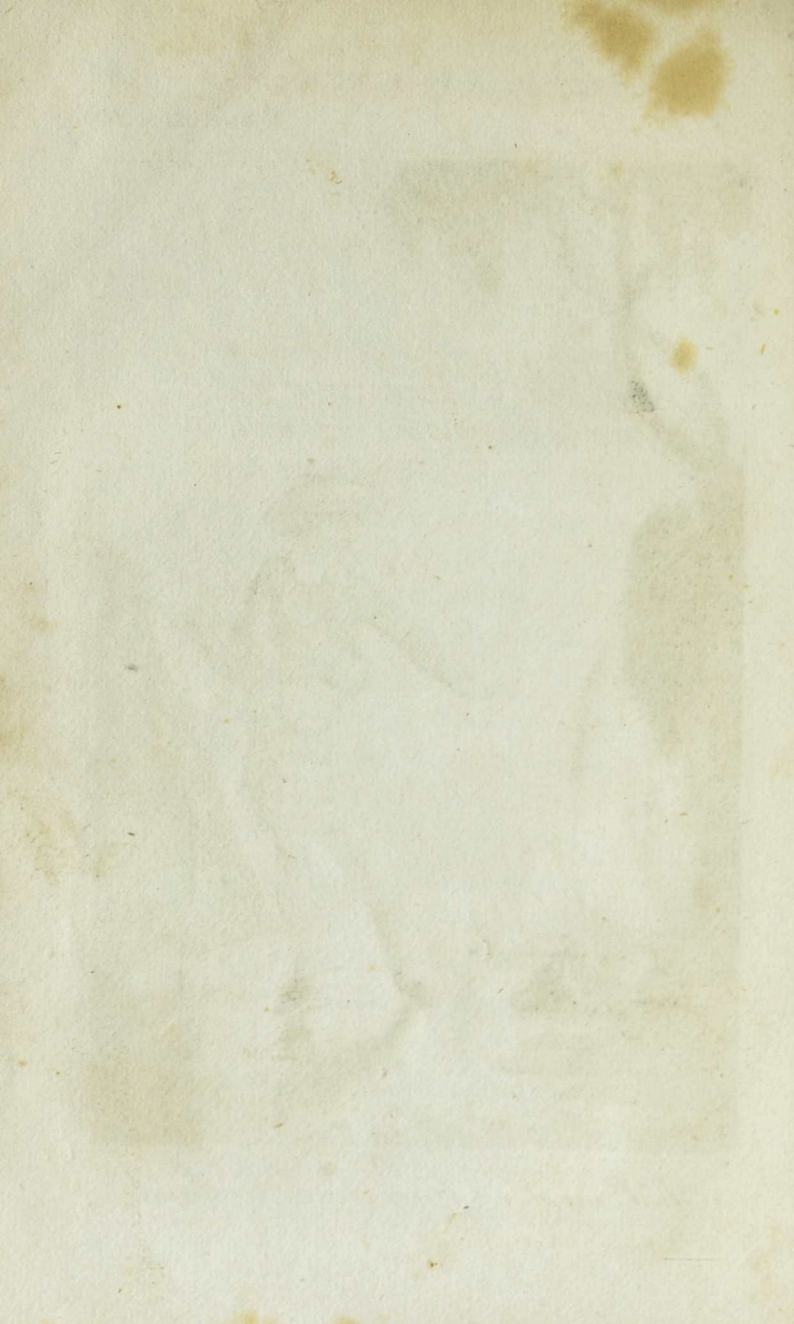
“Be frugal,” Mother said,

“Submissive, faithful, temperate be,

“And blessings on thy head.”



"And must I leave Thee Scotland?"



In all the bloom of strength and Youth,
 St. Andrews sends me forth,
To *India's* shores I soon must sail,
 And quit my native North.

But Scottish musick, Scottish tongue,
 Will sound within my heart,
And patriot love their verses both
 Sweet SCOTT and BURNS impart.
Oh BURNS, my bonny favourite bard!
 And WALTER, thy soft lay
In *Hindoostan's* cool shades I'll sing
 And on my flageolet play.

A Judges's Clerk in hot *Madras*,
 Full well I'll mind my duty,
But now and then and in my bed
 I'll think on *Scotland's* beauty ;
In dreams rove *Cheviot*, *Pentland* hills,
 And climb the *Grampian* steeps,
Ben Nevis' snows I'll dare to tread
 Where winter ever sleeps.¹

In *India's* streams at noon I'll bathe,
 Thro' *India's* groves I'll ride ;
At night, I'll plunge in *Forth* or *Tay*,
 Loch Lomond, sparkling *Clyde* ;

¹ Page 312 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

And eating Dulish, play at Goff,
 At Curling win great fame,^m
 Or chase the roebuck o'er the heights,
 Grouse, heathcock, welcome game.

And should I ever see my home,
 (May this please Heaven to grant,)
 A Judge myself!—I'll purchase land,
 Thick groves and gardens plant :
 To beautify my native place
 I'll house and forests rear,
 And round me, all my Highland friends,
 Contented shall appear.

Then *Scotland* mine, for thy dear sake,
 As much as for my own,
 I'll try to make right honest wealth ;
 Thus gratitude be shown.
 Fear not I'll settle far from thee ;—
 Dear *Scotland* gave me birth,
 Then what is all the world to me ?
Scotland's my all on earth.

^m Page 318 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.


~~~~~

## THE IRISH OFFICER.

PATRICK, is't you ? I'am still awake,  
 The ship so roll'd, I could not sleep, ?  
 And see, the day begins to break ;  
 I'll go on deck, whilst you in cabin stay,  
 And sleep whilst I'am away,  
 For as I think, we're entering now the Bay.

The *Wicklow* mountains full in view,  
 That catch the sun beams as they rise !  
 The Light-house on the great sea-wall—  
 There giant *Howth* points shooting to the skies,  
 Ah well remember'd, lovely objects all !

When last I cross'd this Bay,  
 A sparkling Ensign gay,  
 Proud of Milesian chieftain O,<sup>n</sup>  
 My parents, kindred, friends laid low—  
 From dearest *Ireland* I sail'd away  
 To face a world I could not know.

Riches and honours I've brought back,  
 Experience, growth, and years,  
 The fruits of labour, grief, and fears—

---

<sup>n</sup> Page 357 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Gold cannot buy a leg, an arm, an eye ;  
All these I lost in *Spain* ;—

Instead of JEM, I'm now SIR JAMES,  
With shatter'd body, and bewilder'd brain.

Early in life I wished to wed—  
She promis'd me, yet chose another,—  
That vision fled.

O *Ireland* ! not a day has pass'd  
But I have turn'd to thee ;  
In *England* when the sun went down  
You blessings had from me.  
*Ireland* ! thou beauteous velvet rock,  
On which no venom yet could live,<sup>o</sup>  
With myrtle, rose, arbutus crown'd,  
The land where I was born,  
Do I once more behold thy shore ?  
Wilt thou, my Country kind, receive  
Thy crippled Son forlorn ?

Here in the only hand I now can boast,  
Is still the staff from Allen dug and brought me ;  
The hilly moss of Allen, where when lost,<sup>p</sup>  
My faithful servant PATRICK sought me.

---

<sup>o</sup> Page 355 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

<sup>p</sup> Page 352 Ibid.

The gold and amethyst from *thy* rich mines,  
In rings and pins I wear for thy dear sake :

*Thy* silver on my board, all plate out shines ;  
*Kilkenny's* marbles as rich gifts I'd take.

Sweet CAROLAN's soft airs to me most dear,  
O'KEEFFE's wild genius, claiming smile and tear.

None but *thy* linen, and *thy* cambric would I wear,  
And every March, a Shamrock, my PATRICK he'd  
prepare.

In all thy charming provinces  
My boyish days were spent,

To see the Giant's Causeway  
How fully I was bent :

I swam in green Atlantic waves,  
I saw Dromore and Sligo caves.

Oh when a youth I took such pride  
Into the House of Parliament to glide,  
Debates to hear :

A member hid me by his side,  
And archly smiling cried,

“ A future patriot I fear,

“ A GRATTAN he will grow.”

'Tis now a bank they say—well, be it so.

And in the Courts and Streets springs grass  
I'm told,

Spirit is dead—its grave-stones we behold.

Some where!—I hear him! a prophetic Bard,  
 Divinely sings,  
 “The LION plays upon the HARP too hard,  
 “He’ll break the strings.”

The Castle, Christchurch, and the other  
 I remember having seen,  
 Old Trinity’s grand College  
 Fam’d for virtue, learning, knowledge,  
 Where had I enter’d, I had happier been.

*Killarney* ! now my soul takes fire !  
 No spot on earth can equal thee.<sup>9</sup>  
 I come—give me a home,  
 Grant me a tomb,  
 There I’ll buried be :  
 My foster-brother PATRICK is my heir,  
 Sweet Heaven, Oh take him to your care !  
 He’ll mourn for me.

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<sup>9</sup> Page 352 Guthrie’s Geographical Grammar.

## THE WELCH CURATE.

I'm greatly puzzled by this letter ;  
 What can I do ?

A prudent measure I'd pursue :

Consult my friends, it would be better ;  
 I'd not be over nice,  
 But ask a neighbour's kind advice—  
 What shall I do ?

I'll go into my own Church-porch,  
 And there I'll think ;  
 For sleep I cannot—not a wink—  
 The moon is bright as any torch.

What does my Bishop write me here,  
 “ Dear Sir, to *Wales* a farewell give,  
 “ Come into *Devonshire* and live,  
 “ On Vicarage of Eighty Pounds a year.”

How very kind my Lord LANDAFF !  
 Just treble this Welch Cure—  
 The people here are very poor—  
 'Tis better far by half.

*Devon's a tolerable land,*  
 A house, and glebe, and four score pounds,  
 To my ambition pretty bounds !  
 I shall be very grand.

I think I want another gown,  
 Wig, hat, and surplice—and a coat—  
 For this is very brown :  
 They'll say—Here comes a ragged goat.

The *Monmouth* coach goes thro' at six,  
 For Wednesday I will take my place,  
 In *Devonshire* to fix.

To-morrow I will go my round  
 From house to house, and bid good bye  
 To all my parish—I'll be bound  
 Not one dry eye will there be found,  
 So much beloved am I.—  
 Good bye—Good bye.—

What mean these gushing bursting tears ?  
 What mean these throbs, resembling fears ?  
 Does then my heart belie my tongue ?  
 Is it my heart that says “ You're wrong,  
 “ Mark, where you stand, look thro' the gloom,  
 “ Observe your ancestors' loved tomb ;

“The voice of nature do not brave,  
“Behold your wife’s, your children’s grave.”

Oh parents, partner, babes forgive !

Forsake your dust ! oh never :  
As here I’ve lived, I still can live ;  
I’ll live here ever.

How lovely stands my white-wash’d church !

Nor steeple, tower, nor wall,  
But simple, low, and small ;  
How neat my ivy-cover’d porch.

Beneath each little hill there lies

Before my weeping eyes,

A friend—a friend from birth,  
By me deposited in earth.

And in my Parish all were wed,

All christen’d by my hand ;

To parting souls I comfort read,

And preach’d divine command.

I’m glad that I am thus alone,—

This secret never shall be known.

A kind of shame now mingles with the thought,

I now reject what still I never sought.

The worthy Bishop faithful kept his word,

But ever here I’ll serve and praise the Lord ;

Keep close beside my jasmin'd cottage fire,  
 My simple flock lead, counsel, love, admire ;  
 Range o'er my native mountains in the spring,  
 Cargo safe home of herbs and simples bring ;  
 Strike my lov'd harp at close of summer day,  
 " Ar-Hyd-y-Nos" and noble " Shenkin" play ;  
 Engage in garden, orchard, field pursuits,  
 With parish children share my autumn fruits.

My Landlord's princely House to Heav'n commend,  
 BEAUFORT ! to me and mine, two centuries a friend.

And 'till both health and memory fade,  
                     And warm life fails,  
 Cherish and love, nor e'er forsake dear *Wales*.



### THE DUTCH LABOURER.

A HARD day's labour that high mound and dyke ;  
 My hands are rather sore and stiff—  
     I've worked from rise to set of sun,  
     And now, rejoiced that work is done,  
 Of wholesome good tobacco take a whiff.



Here comes the passage-boat from *Amsterdam*,<sup>r</sup>  
And full of passengers it seems,  
I'll in and see if wife's at home—  
But yet past this way she must come,  
Here with my pipe, I'll watch the sun's last  
beams.

How curious is this floated land of ours!  
How safe from sea-invading foes!  
Welcome to us each trading friend,  
But from an enemy defend,  
Such dykes and mounds as my good labour shows.

Raise but the sluice, in one wide rapid flood  
Deep beds of water far expand,  
Then safe the *Dutch*; or trader, weaver,  
Or noble,—looking snug as beaver,  
We dare the insulting enemy to land.

Yon fine canal, so clear, so deep and wide,  
I take peculiar pride in you—  
I help'd to dig,—the walks to lay,  
To plant those trees the sides display,  
I love the gardens on its banks to view.

If not contented with our present state,  
If at our Country we repine,

Why leave it—try some other spot,  
 In foreign lands be home forgot :  
 Such folly once I now confess was mine.

Absence is certain cure of wayward thoughts,  
 Which sometimes in youth's breast arise,  
 The value of our Country then is known :  
 When *distant*—back are all our wishes flown ;  
 Thus taught, we love, what once we dared despise.

My native *Elburg* early I forsook,  
 To *Belgium* wandered far away ;  
 At *Bruges, Antwerp, Ghent* I work'd,  
 Remorse within my heart still lurk'd,—  
 Reject my own dear land for foreign pay ?

One comfort I brought back—a Flemish maid,  
 Well skill'd in lace, my fate to share—  
 And here she comes—she swiftly flies  
 Along the ice !—new skaits she tries,  
 I made them, for no others will she wear.

She sells our toys, has bought a cheese, a clock,  
 And other comforts of our life—  
 Neat is her house, nor mould nor rust,  
 Her goods all bright, nor soil nor dust,  
 I think I'm rather lucky in a wife.

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THE POLISH PEASANT.

THIS land that now I till, was late my Lord's :
 I then was not my own.—Bound to the soil,
 Transferr'd I was, with cow, horse, sheep, and
 swine ;

The air I breath'd, I could not call it mine.
 But now ! bless'd be ZEMOISKI, who first freed
 The slavish village and the fetter'd man !

O blessed STANISLAUS ! thou princely Pole,
 Who freed my body, freedom gave my soul.

Now that I'm *hired* to labour, labour's sweet :
 I work, am paid ;—if indolent I starve ;

Folly and industry are at my choice,

Nor lash nor frown enforce, but nature's voice.

My task perform'd, I seek this much lov'd roof
 Rais'd by my hands,—I dig my little ground—

I weed, I water, sow, plant, gather, reap,

And what my fields produce, I now may
 keep.

Oh *Poland!* fertile, beauteous, much wrong'd land,
 That every grain in rich abundance yields ;
 Since that sweet hour to liberty resign'd,
 I've wander'd thro' thee with enchanted mind :
 Thy forests, springs inflammable, and groves,
 Thy wondrous salt-mines I've explor'd,
 Great *Cracow* visited, in *Warsaw* slept—
 Saw where *that Battle* was—and seeing, wept.^t
 No longer now a slavish servile drudge,
 In every noble exercise I'm skill'd ;
 I vault, I ride, I skait, I shoot fair game,
 Tho' Peasant still, thus honour *Polish* name.
 Possess'd of this dear hut, yon dearer horse,
 Two suits of sheep-skin—leather boots—fur cap—
 My pole-axe, sabre, plough share, spade, and
 hoe,
 There's not a happier being here below.
 Nobles, superb, magnificent, and grand,
 We peasants glory in your state and wealth.
Poland, a clouded sun,—conceal'd its blaze,—
 Our nobles shine its faint diverging rays ;
 (Rays which still shew that *Poland* yet exists ;)
 The day may come !—till then I'll plough my field.
 With daily labour earn my daily bread ;
 Almighty ! blessings on my labour shed !

THE FRENCH COTTAGE GIRL.

Oh now is the time for our Vintage,
We laugh, and we gather, and play
Among the sweet ripe purple vineyards,
The whole of the sunshiny day.—
We carry our grapes to the vat,
And on them we tread and we dance,
And then flows the rich luscious juice,—
Oh who would not live in dear *France* !

What a fine noble cluster is here !
Uninjur'd I'll carry it home ;
Dear Grandfather he shall eat this,
Poor Grandfather hither can't come.
He's old, and he's lame, and infirm,
I love him with all my whole heart,
And my sister, who soon will be married ;—
How trying with sister to part.
How foolish it is of CLAUDINE
To marry and leave our sweet cot ;
Why I am contented you see,
I never repine at my lot :

Yet I'm old, for I'm turn'd of fourteen,
Our CLAUDINE is twenty this day,
Young FRANÇOIS FAVELLE is her choice,
He'll make a good husband they say.

A very great Traveller he,
O'er *Alps* and sublime *Pyrenees*,
Where LOUIS his brother has been,—
They ramble wherever they please.
They say, that upon the whole earth,
There is not a country so fine,
So polish'd, so cheerful, polite,
As this darling country of mine.

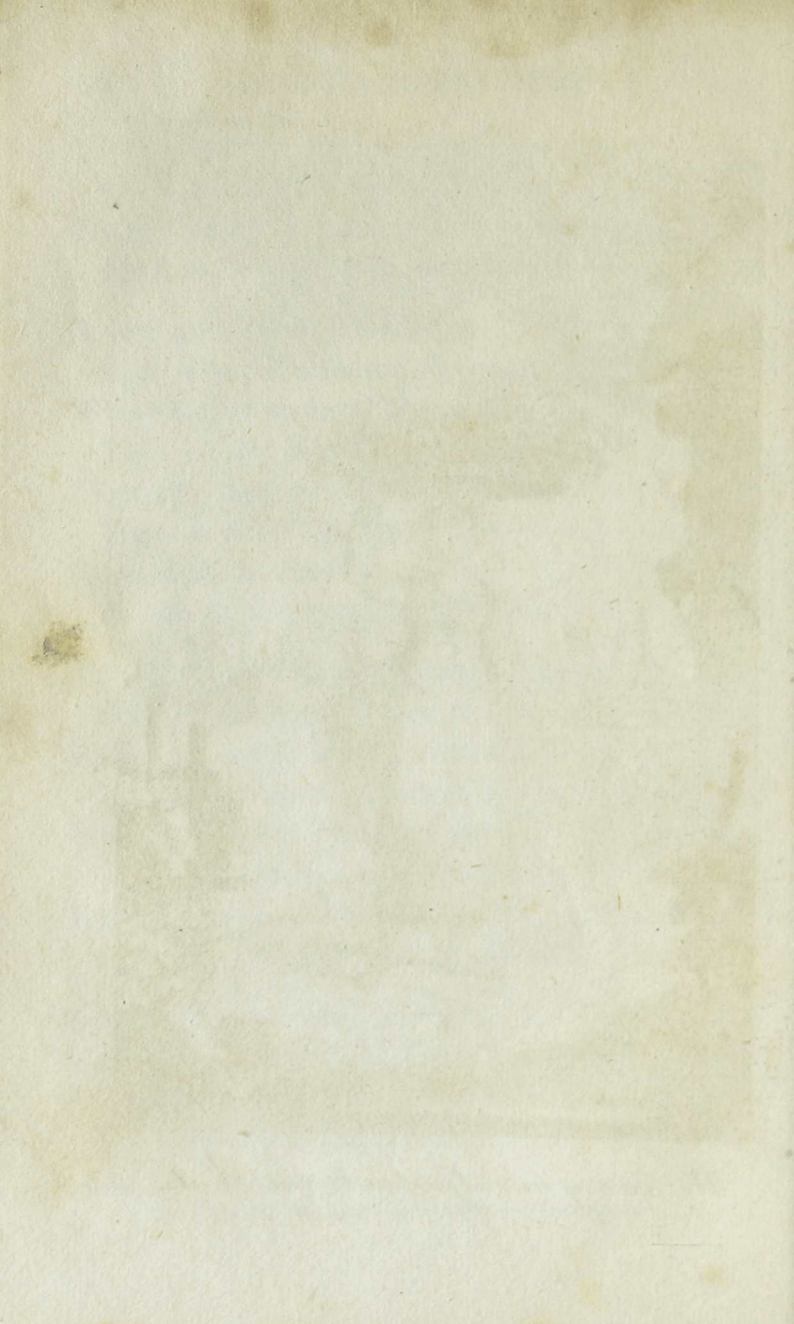
All *Europe* they say now speaks French,
All *Europe* we teach how to dress,
To dance, and to warble, fence, fight,
And *Europe* loves *France* to excess.
Our FRANÇOIS to *Paris* has been,
The *Luxembourg*, *Louvre* to view,
The *Thuilleries*, *Gobelins*, *Invalids*,
Versailles, *Trianon*, and *St. Cloud*.^u

And he all the rivers has cross'd,
On *Loire*, *Seine*, and *Rhone* he would row—
And hunt the wild Stag in the forests,
Of *Orleans* and vast *Fontainebleau*.

^u Page 387 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.



"We carry our Grapes to the Vat."



All this our CLAUDINE loves to hear,
She listens, and smiles when he talks,
Her spinning wheel never stands still,
And LOUIS and I join their walks.

The father of FRANÇOIS is a trader,
A fortune he made with some toil,
He deals in wine, capers, and silk,
Prunes, chesnuts, grapes, figs, olive oil.
How charming is FRANÇOIS' new house!
How red the fine tiles of the floor,
And then the stone stairs are so white!
He's training a rose at the door.

Soft under the lattices bloom
Carnations and *violets* wild,
I asked him some *lilies* to plant,
“I will, if they'll thrive, my dear child.”
How very well stock'd is their orchard,
Their garden is one entire sweet—
The poultry, the stable, the cow yard,
The dairy, the laundry, so neat!

A very great secret I know,
I'll whisper it just to the air,—
For sister's best room he has brought
From *Paris*, some tapestry rare.

And prints from *POUSSIN* and *LE BRUN*,
LE SUEUR, and great *DAVID* I saw—
 I think near *Marseilles* there are none
 More gay than *CLAUDINE* and *FRANÇOIS*.

Well, the future will settle my lot
 At twenty I may have a chance,
 Till then I will grandfather nurse,
 Who bids me love *LOUIS* and *France*.
 Why, *France* I of course dealy love,
 And *LOUIS* I like very well,
 My grandfather means our *good King*—
 And I mean young *LOUIS FAVELLE*.

THE GERMAN PHYSICIAN.

THE year is past ;—how spent by me,
 Here in my Book I'll take a view ;
 Here at one glance I read the year,
 My cures and patients not a few.

An ancient Baron, like me rich,
 Without or family or child,
 Who Science loves, and Chymistry,
 Not doing good his mind runs wild.

How many here are saved from death!
To health, to limbs, to sight restored!
Ere I begin my patient prays—
Aloud for aid I ask the Lord.

How blessed is the healing art!
That class of men, O how benign!
The good physician surely is,
GOD'S gracious minister divine.

Here is the case of young AUGUSTE,
With love and gratitude enroll'd,
The vapourish Baroness I raised—
And seated in her coach of gold:

So languidly she bore her limbs,
“I'm neither well nor ill,” she cried,
“Doctor, you promised me some good,—
“You care not if I died.”

When reach'd the door of palsied WEISS,
I made the nervous fair alight,
And shew'd his wife and crippled babes,
Affecting, melancholy sight!

“These must the springs of *Baden* try,^t
“I send to-morrow all from hence—

^t Page 464 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

“(Baden’s kind waters health may give,)—

“ Say, Lady dear, at whose expense ?”

Quick flies to dimpled cheek the rose,
Her pulses beat with joy’s best blood,
Her humid sparkling eyes exclaim—

“ *At mine*—And now you’ve done me good :”

“ Thus every week I’ll purchase health,
“ Thus on my boundless wealth encroach,
“ I’ll come to-morrow, farewell all ;” —
She smiled, and sprang into her coach.

A different patient stands the next :

Of night colds cured above a score,
To give the cost to some poor sick,
And night diversions take no more

I urged in vain—“ give up *traineau* !”^u

“ I’m wrapp’d in good warm furs,” she said—
“ I’ll show my Car, tis newly gilt.” —

That morning she was brought home dead.

ALTEN, my dear *Hungarian* friend,
Tho’ gone—you’re here among the cures ;
Wounded by wild boars’ tusks so sharp,
Skill heals—but prudence health ensures.

^u Page 467 Guthrie’s Geographical Grammar.

I warn'd you not to make too free,
 Our sumptuous court you wish'd to know,
 Magnificent *Vienna* saw—
 And there met death's untimely blow.

This *Saxon* youth restored to life—
 In *Danube's* waters he was found :
 At church I meet his parents' eyes,
 Their eyes in grateful tears are drown'd.

Here is a man—a case most strange !
 Of singing Birds possess'd rare choice—
 Great sale all over *Europe* had,
 In teaching lost his own sweet voice.

And here a Maniac—comfort-fled !
 Yet oft enjoy'd some lucid hours,
 Her med'cine was the sacred page,
 And *HANDEL's* sweet soul-soothing powers.

Great *HANDEL* ! pride of *German* land,
 And *HAYDN*, *BACH*, *KLOPSTOCK* divine,
LAVATER, *HALLER*, *ZIMMERMAN*^v—
 Death to this list will soon add mine.

Soft pleasing hope is in this thought,
 In practice I ne'er hurt a fly :—

^v Page 478 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

To sad experiments not given—
I shunn'd all torturing cruelty.

My duty here on earth perform'd,
Without regret I yield my breath,—
Temp'rance and exercise prepare,
A peaceful, virtuous, easy death.

THE SWISS SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER once, a Soldier now no more,
Except my country to defend ;
Never again I'll stray ;
Oh joyous welcome day !
To *Swisserland* restored !

No my dear Father, on this great wide globe
No country can be found
Like this enchanted ground :
Oh *Swisserland* beloved !

My Mother, think upon that hour, when I
With MEURON'S Regiment took my route ;
My looks were stubborn, stout,
I threw my eyes about
Determined not to weep.

To *Holland* went—my duty how perform'd
I cannot rightly tell—

My Captain said—“Why BAYARD you excel
Your comrades all.”—Shame burn'd my cheek,
At praise so undeserved,—I could not speak.

And now with courage I resolv'd
No more to fret and pine,
But truly strive to do my best,
With patience hopes combine.

That night at *Rotterdam* I mounted guard,
The Moon was bright, the air serene,
The peace of sweet July breath'd all around,
But soon soft distant music plays—
Now hush'd the sound—
Again I hear it—all again is mute—
And now in melting strains I know the *German*
flute.

Oh Father! guess the tune—I listen'd, wept—
A fever seized my blood—four days my bed I kept.
The secret in my heart
To none I would impart;
I heard the Doctor say
“The sore disease is on his mind,
“He'll not outlive this day.”

My Captain, ever good and kind,
Came oft to see me, but to duty tied,
Sooner than tell him, BAYARD would have died.

The curtains closed, I could not see what pass'd
around,

When sudden,—close at my head,

Sweet music play'd,

Mother! he play'd the *Rans des Vaches!*^w

My agony no longer now suppress,

In tears and cries my secret fled my breast;

Softly the curtains draw,

His angel face I saw,

“You like this tune—here take the notes” he said.

Oh bless him piteous Heaven!—my full discharge
I read.

Discharged with honour is your son;

Sent home your age to comfort and protect,

I'll now resume the trade I once begun,

A rare mechanic you may soon expect.

My watches, clocks, I'll now attend,

Perhaps rebuild the Bridge o'er Rhine—

Built by the Carpenter my Grandsire's friend,

Destroyed by war in bold invasion's fell design.^x

I wish you would to *Lucern* go

And see the General's admirable show,

The model of our *Swisserland* you know:^y

^w The well know National Air forbidden to be played among
the Swiss troops.

^x Page 534 of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^y Page 535 Ibid.

In *Zurich* also I was feasted well,
 For there I saw the hat, and saw the bow
 Of our own WILLIAM TELL.^z

And am I then in *Swisserland* once more?
 Absence from which I ceased not to deplore—
 Surrounded now by *Jura*, *Gothard* high,
Bernard's white head far shooting to the sky,
 And old *Mont Blanc's* stupendous majesty.

By *Glaciers*, falls of water, torrents, rills,
 Heaven-climbing cottages, and vine-cloth'd hills;
 By flocks of sheep, and goats, and chamois wild,
 By my own native air, so pure, so mild,
 By liberty, and industry's increase,
 By dear simplicity and lasting peace!

Thus, at their own fire-side,
 My joyful Father, Mother, here between.
 My fond heart beats with gratitude and pride,—
 How pleased my Captain to behold this scene!

^z Page 541 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

THE SPANISH MOUNTAINEER.

MY FATHER and brothers are gone to their sheep,
 POOR ISABEL'S left quite alone,
 ON his bed, little FERDY I've hush'd fast asleep,
 The whole of our hut seems my own.

I must not be idle, so what shall I do ?
 Shall I read ? shall I work ? shall I spin ?
 I'll weed in the garden a minute or two —
 I do not know what to begin.

To leave little brother ; no, that would be wrong,—
 I'll quietly knit and sit down ;—
 But yet, I may warble my new *Spanish* song,
 A song full of *Spanish* renown.

SONG.

FERTILE, lovely, sunny *Spain* !
 Famed for wool and sheep ;
 Goats and kids with silken hair,
 Which we Shepherds keep.

Favour'd, happy, *Spanish* land,
 Safe enclosed by seas—
 Shelter'd by yon snow-topp'd heights,
 Lofty *Pyrenees* ;

Spanish hills and vallies yield
 Fragrant herbs and roots,
 Figs and almonds, citrons, grapes,—
 Such delicious fruits ;

But our oranges and limes !
 Wholesome lemons too,
 Prunes and mulberries, sugar canes,
 Orchards fair to view.

Montserrat, of *Spain* the pride,
 Mountain-garden fair,
 Monks and Hermits feed the poor—
 Charity lives there.^a

Great *Madrid's* a famous place
 There sleeps our good King ;
 Noble's the *Escorial*,^b
 Foreign poets sing.

Most splendid *Aranjuez*
 Gardens there divine !^c

^a Page 546 of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^b Page 552 *Ibid.*

^c Page 553 *Ibid.*

Ildefonso still doth make,
Mirrors vast and fine.

From *St. Michael's* mountain high
Prospect grand you meet,
Straits, and *Isles*, and *Afric* coast,
Gibraltar at your feet.

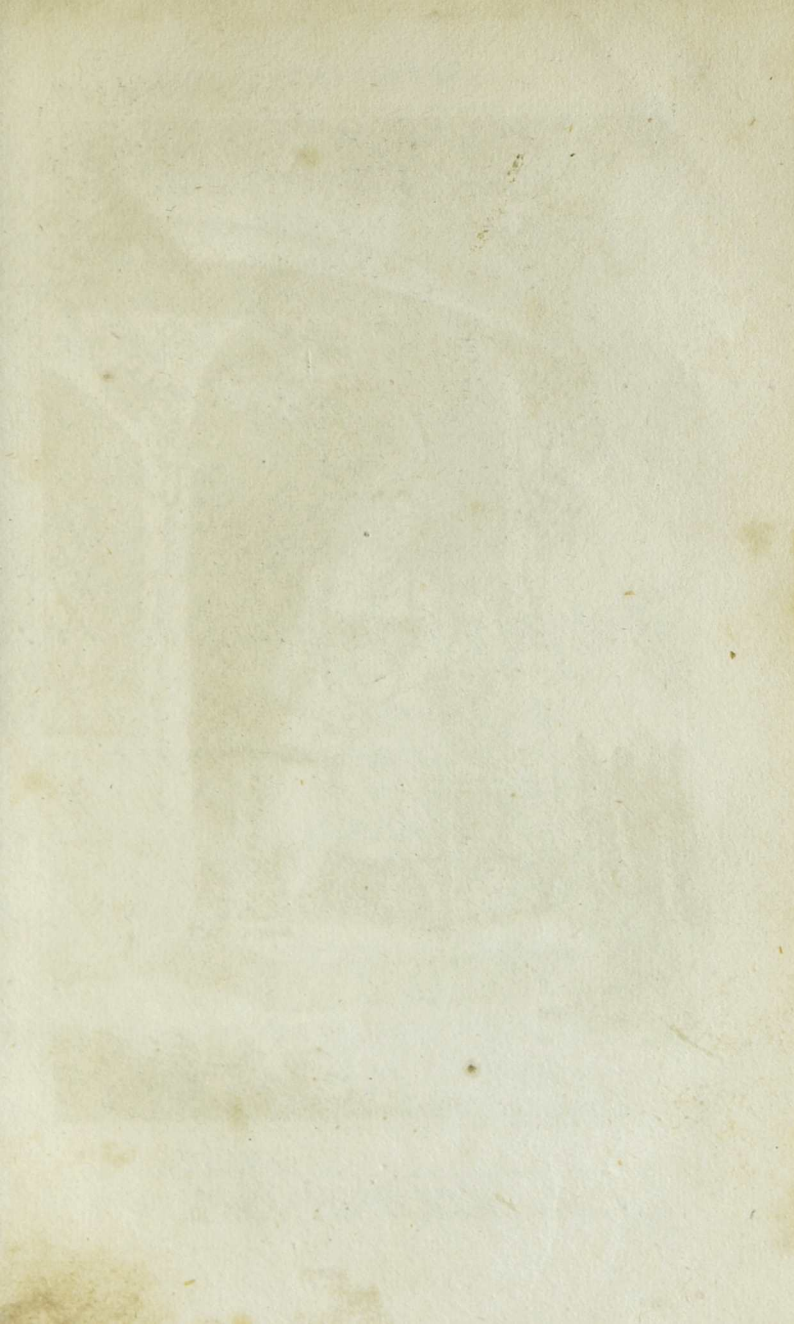
Carthagera works in hemp,
Cables to supply,
At *Valencia* go silk looms,
Stockings there you buy.

Then *Grenada's* royal house !
With the *Moors* begone,
Bull-fights, wolves, *Auta-de-fés*,
Banish every one.

South America's rich mines
Gold and silver give,
Pride and pleasure 'tis to see
Our rich ships arrive.

Sun and clime to *Spaniard* grave,
Sense and wit impart ;
If *Castilian*, better still,
Honor made his heart.^d

^d Page 551 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.





"I'll now teach
Little Brother his Letters."

Who has not *Don Quixote* read?

Gil Blas not admired?

Who has not MURILLO seen—

MURILLO the inspired?

Oh henceforward thro' our land

Wars and discord cease—

Arts and industry revive,

Heaven confirm our peace!

I love this dear song for my *Spain's* gallant sake,

But singing and working good bye—

My FERDY, I see, is beginning to wake,

Ah! look at his dear roguish eye.

An early *siesta* you've taken my boy,

Come rise and be brisk—I'll now teach

Little brother his letters, and then we'll enjoy

Our dinner,—brown bread and a peach.

And father and brother ere long will be here,

To-morrow with Sheep *we'll* be seen,

You shall dance with the lambkins my sweet Moun-
taineer,

I'll sing, and I'll play tambourine.

When FERDY and I are to proper height grown,
I'll wish, (and I'll not wish in vain)—
A fine flock of sheep we may both call our own,
Then Shepherds *we'll* be, of dear *Spain*.

.....

THE PORTUGUESE GARDENER.

MY UNCLE'S gardens promise well this year,
His olive-grounds will turn out well I hear,
His bees likewise have done their duty,
Cargoes of wax and honey we export,
All of the best, the purest, precious sort,
His hives display peculiar beauty.

Our choicest wines last year a good price bore;
Oporto cannot match this Autumn's store—
So fruitful our good vines have been;
Thanks to the sun's all-ripening rays,
Thanks to the giver of these sunny days!
A finer harvest seldom was seen.

Thro' thee lov'd *Portugal* I yearly range;
Small rocky slip of land! I'd not exchange

One foot of thy luxuriant bloom
For *Europe* all entire, so soft to me
Thy fertile bosom and *Atlantic* sea,
Bright coast, and air all one perfume.

Hither, for health, from chilling Northern climes,
The dying relative, if brought betimes,
Sweet health may paint the cheek—
But if too near approach'd the door of death,
Less pain in Paradise to yield their breath,
A heavenly Paradise to seek.

Our golden *Tagus* overflowing bounds,^e
Enriching all the champaign neighb'ring grounds.
Minho and *Douro's* rapid motion,
Hasten in gathering streams from hilly *Spain*,
(Never their rocky springs to see again,)
Plunge wild with glee into the ocean.

Thy hills sweet *Portugal*, if open laid,
With marbles, minerals, precious stones array'd—
How rich thy hidden unprized treasure!
Nor yet less costly is thy fair outside,
Thy fruits and flowers, and vines, my care and pride,
To cultivate my chiefest pleasure.

^e Page 573 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Lisbon ! thus seated on thy seven-hill throne,
The land, the sea, the river all thine own !—

What majesty thy regal tombs display—
Illustrious palaces—superb great square,—
Thy Patriarchal Church—unrivalled are,—
Earthquakes avert, good Lord, we pray !

Great *Afric*, fair *Columbia*, and the *East*,
In gold and diamonds yearly send a feast.

Yet to us subjects happier sport,
To see from hot *Braxil* a welcome fleet
Conveying homeward to his royal seat,
Braganza ! honor'd Prince and Court.

And sailing thence across the deep,
I would some angel whisper'd in his sleep—

“ O happier make thy happy land !

“ The Slave-trade, Inquisition dire, abolish ;

“ From bull-fights all thy people firm admonish—

“ Obey this pure divine command.”

Then bless'd were *Portugal*, sweet country mine !
On which the western beams departing shine,

Gilding the heights of *Cintra*'s grove—

The air is fill'd with apple blossom sweet,

Mimosa waves the nightingale to greet,

Here rose, geranium, myrtle, form a seat—

Then hither come my bride, *THERESA* love !

THE ITALIAN ARTIST.

WHAT? be a drudge! a Banker's Clerk!
 And handle gold, and such like dross!
 Concerning me, good Signor's in the dark:
 For full employment I've no loss—
 This money-trader must be told, and know it,
 I'm Sculptor, Painter, Architect, and Poet.

Blow, blow, ye prosperous gales!
 Ye breezes fill the sails
 Which bear my works afar!
 To *England* float my marble head;
 To *France* my *Risen from the Dead*;
 In *Germany* my Epic will be read:—
 They'll call young JULIO the bright *Roman* star.

Great MICHAEL ANGELO's my aim,
 I'll yet eclipse CORREGIO's fame,
 Emulate ROMANO's name,
 TITIAN, RAPHAEL, VERONESE;
 CORELLI's skill in music mine defies;
 A church I'll build shall grace the skies;
 Before *my* lays soft PETRARCH's flies.

JULIO! on *Europe's* admiration seize!

What would my Mother say to hear this rant?
 Thus shake her head—"Good heaven, my pray-
 ers O grant,

"May JULIO never know or misery or want."

"Follow one certain trade my son,

"Be verse and painting laid aside,

"A sure subsistence when you've won,

"These be your ornament and pride.

"Certain of well-earn'd home and bread

"For pleasing profit paint a head,

"Or chisel, sing, or carve :

"But following fancy, as sole guide,

"Of happiness you strike far wide,—

"My JULIO you may starve."

These were my mother's dying words ;

I'll take her bless'd advice—

I *will* accept that Banker's offer,

I'll do my duty scrupulously nice ;

With cheerful mind my services I'll proffer.

Oh with what joy at *his* command

To travel through my native land !

Pleasure and duty thus united,

My poor fond heart will be delighted.

The *Adige*, *Tiber*, *Po*, to trace,

And lovely *Arno's* wavy grace ;

Every spot described, to see,

Throughout our charming *Italy*.

To famed *Verona*, *Padua*, go,
Mantua, *Milan*, *Salerno*—
 To visit all its curious caves,
 Drink the *Adriatic* waves ;

See island *Venice* in its pride,
Florence, *Genoa*, *Turin* fair,
 Climb *Vesuvius*' burning side,
Etna's summit, I'll be there!
 Down into *Pompeii* go,^f
Herculanium too explore,
 Grasp the *Alps*' eternal snow,
 Wild *Apennines* too ramble o'er.

Stroll thro' *Chamouny*'s sweet vale,
Glaciers' freezing air inhale^g—
 Bask in *Naples*' smiling beams,
 Plunge in *Terni*'s dashing streams.
 Citron, orange, almond groves,
 Wine, and silk, and mulberry ground,
 Chesnut blossom, turtle doves,
 Hark ! the linnets' melting sound.

In fair *Sardinia* I may land,
 To free-born *Corsica* may sally,
 On heights of rocky *Malta* stand,
 And linger long in *Sicily*'s luxuriant valley.

^f Page 594 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^g Page 588

Ibid.

Rome! thy wonders I'll rehearse
 In never-dying verse!
 Pantheons, temples, palaces, and ways,
 Arches and reservoirs,—my lays
 Shall soon immortalize.—Great *Rome* inspire
 Thy true-born son with *VIRGIL*'s fire,
 To Poet's fame, must *JULIO* still aspire.

For tho' to duty bound, yet, genius mine,
 The Arts I never will resign,
 From block of marble still I'll strike the form divine,
 On canvass fix the beauties of a face,
 The beauties of a landscape fondly trace.
 And Architecture! (sublimest Art!)
 Dost order, polish, to our minds impart.

I'll not forsake thee, Genius bright,
 Although to Prudence I take flight—
 Science, I will not *dwell* with thee,
 At leisure hours, come visit me,
 In whispers soft we'll talk of *Italy*.

THE TURKISH CARPET WEAVER.

MY daughter ZULMA's now a happy bride,
 How much I miss my daughter from my side,
 So comfortable to the widow's eye,
 A darling child for ever hovering nigh,
 Like a sweet smiling angel flitting by.

}

A rest seems given to all our carpet looms,
 Here I'll indulge, in these forsaken rooms,
 For all without is boist'rous, thoughtless joy,—
 A parent's mirth hath ever some alloy.

Yet SELIM PASHA, my own ZULMA's mate,
 Comely his person, high his rank, his state,—
 To chuse poor ZULMA, SELIM's love was great.

}

His speech is learn'd and true, his gesture grave;
 Averse to punish, ever prone to save—
 A better governor be sought in vain
 Throughout our royal *Turkey's* wide domain—
 To strangers hospitable, to natives kind,
 To virtues vigilant, to failings blind.

Ten Caravanseras bear SELIM's name ;
 Refreshing springs and wells spread SELIM's fame.^h
 The weary travellers at these bless'd spots repose,
 Where SELIM's bounty grants, fruit, bread, and
 clothes.

On sofa soft reclined with fragrant pipe,
 (Of ease and fond indulgence lovely type)—
 His coffee sipping—talking with his wives,
 When that a courier from the *Porte* arrives,
 Altho' there spread o'er all a sense of dread
 Fearing a mandate for their SELIM's head,ⁱ
 Nor fear nor hope *his* countenance reveals,
 With conscious innocence he breaks the seals.
 "Permitted still to live ! to govern still !"
 Great SELIM cries, " such the Grand SIGNIOR's will ;
 " With thankful heart for this, the coming year,
 " Another Pilgrim-Inn on *Arda's* banks I'll rear."

May my lov'd ZULMA keep his fondest love,
 And every day their bliss and joys improve !

Humble these gifts with which to him we part,
 Yet humble gifts may shew the grateful heart ;
 Five Carpets work'd in this our largest loom,
 Of brightest colours, ZULMA carries home.

^h Page 616 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

ⁱ Page 622 Ibid.

An old *Greek* monk of high *Mount Athos* made
 This marble slab, and this of me dear *SELIM* pray'd.^k
 To wing his arrows, high in air to soar,
 Of eagles' feathers here are just ten score;^l
 From *Antiparos'* grotto, curious stones
 Of various shape—trees, flowers, shells, cones.^m

Slips of my vines and figs my child desired,
 Directions how to dress *Pilaw* required,
 Whilst our *Sherbet* and *Opium* *SELIM* much ad-
 mired. }

These trifles all shall well remember'd be,
 I'll add rose-water, best distill'd by me,
 But above all, to send I must not fail,
 My *ZULMA'S* virgin work, this muslin bale, }
 Turbans for *SELIM*, and her pearl-wrought veil. }
 And this, the board at which they loved to play
 At chess and drafts, at close of sultry day.ⁿ

No more such day, no more for me such scene!
 The husband all preferr'd now steps between.
 Feelings to all most equally are dealt,
 'Tis now *I* feel, what once *my* Mother felt.

Grateful I am that still my child remains
 In this dear land—thus soften'd are my pains.

^k Page 615 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^l Page 615 Ibid.

^m Page 615 Ibid. ⁿ Page 617 Ibid.

Oh no, her SELIM is most truly wise,
 He'll never quit our genial summer skies.—
 Here in *Romania*, bless'd with Nature's charms,
 My only wish—to die in ZULMA'S arms.



THE GREEK CAPTAIN OF A SHIP.

I wish that lazy *Turk* would run!—
 To keep us burning in the sun!—
 I'll anchor weigh without him,—
 See how he looks about him!

Great Sir, 'tis getting late,
 Indeed I cannot wait—
 Come step on board so smart
 That we may hence depart,
 Or else I lose the tide.

So, there—are all on board?—then farewell *Greece*,
 Now sail away my gallant 'Golden Fleece.'

Dear ship so staunch! in yonder Cabin I was born,
 On this deck was bred,
 Of house and land am I forlorn;
 This stands in happy stead.

From town to town, from court to court,
 I goods and passengers transport :
 Now to *Smyrna* am I bound,
 Constantinople then I touch,
 Land my passengers all sound,
 Comprising *English*, *Swedes*, and *Dutch*.

And what are you Sir, may I ask ?
 You'll lodge in suburb *Pera's* street,
 There flocks of strangers you will meet ;
 But through the city you may walk—
 Be civil tho' to Master *Turk*.

In *Besentin* are shops most rare :^o—
 The *Hippodrome's* a handsome square,
 Where *Turkish* horsemen prance about
 Learning the *Russ* to put to rout.—
 Visit the tomb of CONSTANTINE,
 See St SOPHIA'S *Mosque* so fine,
 The wide *Seraglio*, *Turkey's* pride
 Where our SULTAN doth reside ;^p—
 The riches there all Franks amaze,
 You'll wonder, stare, admire, and gaze.—
 Across in *Asia* then behold
Scutari with its domes of gold,

^o Page 618 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^p Page 619 Ibid.

Where our royal court possess
 Gardens beauteous to excess,
 They revel there in happiness.

Such happiness as *they* can feel,
 Their hearts as soft as my ship's keel.
 I wish, the *Turks* to *Asia* driven,
 This Country to us *Greeks* were given:—
 A dozing, idle, opium crew,
 Who nothing know, and nothing do.
 For trade and culture they despise
 They think themselves so very wise:
 But for us adventurous *Greeks*,
 Unknown these bays, unknown these creeks;
 They'd never venture out from shore
 Foreign countries to explore.
 There they cross-legg'd sit all day
 Chewing betel, in their way,
 Like yonder *Turk* so brisk and gay,
 Proud of Turban green and white,⁹
 Hectoring over all in spite—
 And tho' stupid as a log,
 Call us Christians savage dog!

With his yellow ugly beard—
 Do you think he overheard!
 Indeed I'd better silent be,
 His fierce black eyes are fix'd on me,
 I may the *bastinado* see.

And had the *Greeks* all *Turkey* land,
I'd have no more at my command;
All wishes centre in my Ship,
My murmuring well deserves the whip.^r

Yes Sir, your guess was very right,
Yonder is *Lemnos* full in sight—
And there the *Durdanelles* famed strait
Where Young *LEANDER* swam too late,
And *Persian XERXES* met his fate. }

All this no doubt in books you've read—
We *Greeks* repeat it to our sons,
And they to theirs—thus *Grecian* head
On *Grecian* History ever runs.

But while we dance and sing life's cares away,
We *Greeks* enjoy this soil, it must be told,
For *Greek* Physicians, traders, sailors bold,
Agents, Interpreters, and Priests who pray,
In every town thro' *Turkey* you behold.

For *Asia's* Coast now mark we steer—
With Heaven's good Providence we have no fear:
Athens farewell awhile!

To *Europe* give one hearty cheer—
See how my sailors smile,
Each man in heart, as life holds *Europe* dear.

END OF PART I.

^r Page 618 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar,

PART II.

A S I A.



THE WILD ARABIAN BOYS.

CAMEL, let's fly!—Spring o'er the plain,
 Come up with yonder horde ;
 Dost stumble ? dost grumble ?

Which of us twain is Lord ?

Away to the sound of ABDALLAH'S known voice,
 Away to the plunder of rich *Turkish* wealth,

We'll cut the air,

And we'll be there,

Like tiger we couch, and spring on them in stealth.

You seem to shrink from contest dire !

To fight am I too young ?

Why turn about, my Camels tout ?

Would you could use your tongue.

“ ABDALLAH, master, you'd exclaim,
 “ Remember you're a boy,
 “ And I but late a tender colt,
 “ Let us our youth enjoy.
 “ Dromedary, he will carry,
 “ You the battle hot to share ;
 “ In desert I die soon,
 “ I faint in blaze of noon ;
 “ At distant well,
 “ That now I smell,
 “ O let me drink, and rest me there.”

Dearest Camel, then we'll turn
 From these dazzling sands that burn—
 But I no water see :
 On your neck the rein I lay
 Where's this well, my camel say ?
 You're the guide, then trot away ;
 I'm now ruled by thee.

What clouds of dust we leave behind !
 What shouts, what shrieks come on the wind !
 The Caravan's attack'd
 The *Turkish* tents are sack'd—
 Then why not to us *Arabs* tribute give ?
 We then would let them pass, would let them live.—

In strife with us they ever fail,
 To ISHMAEL was this land given,
 By wise decree of Heaven,
 And over *Arab*, foreign power
 No never shall prevail.^s

Why Camel, my colt, how good is your scent,
 Here water your master awaits—
 A welcome cool breeze, a grove of fine trees,
 I'll pluck you a handful of dates.^t

At the foot of this rock come my camel and kneel,
 And in its cool shade I'll partake of your meal;
 How mutual is our obligation!
 For each other provide
 Thus sit side by side,
 While in carnage are dyed
 The *Turkish* and *Araby* nation.

Beneath yon ridge of sand—what's there?
 A Boy, an *Arab*—and he seems asleep—
 And grazing near, a Horse—
 As fine a Horse as e're I saw—I'll creep,
 And at his face I'll take a peep.

^s Page 654 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^t Page 651

Ibid.



*"Whats here?
A Boy, an Arab, and he seems asleep."*

Tis OSMIN my friend !
 Ho ! OSMIN ! arise !
 Your sleep's at an end,
 You also are wise
 Nor battles attend.

Of late my spirit was all fire
 Slaughtering thoughts now all expire.—

How wicked, how useless it seems,
 To plunder each other, to kill one another,
 And delight in war's horrible schemes.

What say you OSMIN to our fate,
 Do you prefer soft love to hate ?
 As orphans we may chuse our state.
 GRAND SIGNIOR would an audience give,
Arab youths he will receive—
 This pleasing duty he'll expect
 Poor pilgrims to protect,

}

And rather would I be the Pilgrim's brave friend,
 If grand to attack—'tis more grand to defend,

I've seen great *Mecca's* golden dome,
 Its hundred gates admired ;
 I've seen *Medina's* holy room,
 Our prophet's splendid jewell'd tomb,
 To plunder which we *Arabs* oft desired ;^u

^u Page 652 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Breath'd *Mocha*, *Juddah*, *Muscat* air,
 Language of Paradise we speak,^v
 Our *Koran* we read well;
 You *OSMIN* can the war-horse break,
 Whilst I in archery excel,—
 We'll to the *SULTAN*'s court repair.

What's yonder?—Motion I spy—
 O reach me my bow :
 An arrow I'll fit, and let fly,
 To *Ostrich* I'll send a death-blow.—
 We'll skin, roast, and eat,
 A much better treat,
 Than twenty poor *Turks* lying dead at our feet.



THE PERSIAN GIRLS.

I WILL not go home, till *MURA* can come,
 The joys of the day she has lost,
 Not lost to attend, the bed of sick friend—
 Such virtue my *MURA* can boast.



"Oh! see Mura dear, my father is here."

I hope mother told her, Oh see, I behold her!

Come MURA my love hither haste,
Enjoy the fresh air, this evening so fair
With me a short hour you can waste.

Near HAFIZ' white tomb, in sweetest perfume,
In this garden of HAFIZ we'll stay
Sit cypress tree under, I'll describe, you will wonder
So brilliant the festival day.^w

This our Poet's natal morn,—
Hither came at early dawn
Youths and maids of *Shirauz* fair,
Wreaths of myrtle in their hair,
Vests of gold, and sashes bright,
Brodered garments short and light,
Turbans sparkling—colour'd rays,
Daggers, hilts with jewels blaze.
Rich and poor assembled throng
Diamonds to the *rich* belong—
In flowers the *poor* of *Shirauz* shine
Flowers, as jewels, work divine.

Give us flowers to grace our breast,
Snowy well-made silken vest,
Pearls and rubies, keep the rest. }

^w Page 667 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Here they came with transport's joy,
 Cheerful girl, and laughing boy—
 To the bowers so gaily tripp'd,
 Fruits and icy water sipp'd,
 O such a sight! so new to me!
 Round HAFIZ' tomb danc'd merrily.

Some read his works, at chess some play'd,
 To bower of *Mosellay* some stray'd:
 In *Locnabad's* soft stream to view
 Their lovely faces, others hung
 O'er the wave of polish'd blue—
 Our Poet's summer lays they sung.

My Mother came to show me all;
 Parents grave, they talk'd of SADI,
 FERDUSSI, great SHEMSEDDIN prais'd,
 Brother preferr'd the works of JAMI.^x

The youthful stranger at our house residing,
 With what attentive eagerness he gazed!
 His admiration great there was no hiding
 The novel scene such rapture raised.

“I've travell'd much,” to father, stranger said,
 “At every Eastern Court resided long,

^x Page 667 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

“But *Persia!* on this land Heaven seems to shed
 “Those blisses which to Heaven alone belong.

“A glorious city is your *Ispahan*,
 “Its streets, baths, palaces, canals, and squares:
 “No good that visit tho’ of KOULI KHAN,
 “A conqueror, conquer’d city seldom spares.⁷

“But this, your *Shiraux!* beautiful, complete,
 “Your *Mosques*, your *Bazars*, splendid Hall,
 “Seated amidst fair bowers, and gardens sweet,
 “Your grapes, your wine, your flowers, perfec-
 tion all.²

“Wool, mohair, carpets, leather, silk,—rich bales!
 “No foreign Manufactures yours surpass—
 “Your fine fleec’d sheep, with large enormous tails,
 “Fed in surrounding fields of perfumed grass.

“Your youth so courteous, elegant, and kind,
 “Listening attentive to the old and wise:
 “I’ve mark’d your son, the polish of his mind,
 “I’ve seen him in your House of exercise.³

⁷ Page 669 Guthrie’s Geographical Grammar.

² Page 662 Ibid.

³ Page 660 Ibid.

“ Graceful your Matrons—but your dimpled maids !
 “ Their modest sparkling looks our hearts surprise,
 “ Before *this* bloom, the bloom of Roses fades”—
 I heard—and blushing shunn’d the stranger’s ar-
 dent eyes.

Oh ! see, MURA dear, my Father is here !
 By the beams of our bright *Persian* moon,
 He comes us to meet, hark ! nightingale sweet,
 To please us, she pours her soft tune.

Now let’s exchange roses, this friendship proposes;
 Or faded, or dead, this I’ll wear ;
 From close to my heart, it shall never depart,
 And again we’ll change Roses next year.

THE INDIAN SHAWL WEAVER.

GANGES, no longer sacred is thy wave,
 Thy waters *Ganges*, cannot sinners save ;^b
 My errors here no longer I’ll deplore,
 Idols I worship on thy banks no more :
 A better doctrine now my thoughts engage,
 My actions guided by this sacred page.

^b Page 683 Guthrie’s Geographical Grammar.

BRAMIN! of all our Tribes the noblest named,^c
 A nobler this—the Christian ever famed.
 Our Missionary, best and dearest Friend,
 Will Bibles, Testaments, such good books lend,
 And poor *Hindoo* most zealously attend. }
 We now know God—we learn to live, to die, }
 For friends afar we breathe the grateful sigh,
Bible, and *Christian Knowledge*, good *Society*! }

A few years back to me were daughters born,
 Sweet Babes! all murdered by a parent's scorn
 Of female sex—our laws thus doom the child,—
 By my own act of offspring thus beguil'd.
 A son came next, how great our happiness,
 Our care, our fondness, all our acts express.
 Grown up to Youth's full bloom my joy my pride,
 The Idol's chariot he walk'd beside,
 Beneath the wheels self-thrown, the Youth self- }
 slaughter'd died. }

This month another female sees the light,
 Which *Christian Mother* rears with fond delight.

O had our priest last year been known to me
 I had been spared heart-rending misery!

^c Page 679 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

My Father died—I lit the sacred pire,
 Aloft quick bursts the raging hallow'd fire,
 I see my living Mother in its flames expire.^d

Spread o'er our *Indian* Realms—Oh teach our
 Youth,
 Bless'd Revelation, Heaven-sent Gospel, Truth!

A *Gentoo* still, no luxuries entice,
 Still will I feed on simple fare of rice :
 In Parent's steps most diligently tread,
 Keep to the *Cast* in which so early bred.^e
 Good weavers they, and I in dear *Bengal*,
 Am much renown'd for silky *Cashmire* Shawl.

Our *Hindoo* laws say, “ *India* never leave.”
 Oh useless law! for who can us deceive?
 Do not all nations to our climate run
 As if sole Paradise beneath the sun?
 I'll not quit *India*—under Banyan tree
 Another *Bamboo* Cottage soon you'll see :
 In shade of yon *Pagoda*, near my own,
 Divided by this garden ground alone :
 This *Cocoa*, best of all my grove I'll fell,
 Its trunk for frame of house will do full wel' ;

^d Page 681 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^e Page 680 *Ibid*.

Its leaves alone will make a solid roof,
 Its fibres—baskets, mats, all water proof.
 That Mango throws around delicious shade
 Among its boughs a terrace shall be made.
 The sweet pomegranate and the peach shall grow,
 Of dates, musk-melons, pine-apples a show,
 Whilst all around, our *India's* brightest plants }
 shall blow.

To keep the tiger off I'll build a fence,
 Wild elephants and leopards go far hence,
 Hyena fierce, rhinoceros so tall,
 Keep to your jungles lions, panthers all.
 But hither come the antelope so soft,
 Peacock and parrot, squirrel perch aloft,
 The gold and silver phæasant here may range,
 For garden fair, their wilderness exchange.

To build, to beautify this spot my care
 None but my wife shall in my labour share;
 This shall my infant daughter's portion be,
 In ten years' time what happiness to see
 Tho' not a son—a son in-law to me,
 Herself and happy mate beneath my Banyan tree.

THE TARTAR HERDSMAN.

Who are you Traveller—wandering here?

I cannot strike, as you're unarm'd,

A Russian-Greek, to me appear,

Approach and speak—be not alarm'd.

You comprehend me—Tell your name,

If that your life is worth a care

ZINGIS' protection swiftly claim—

Why turn and fly! Rash man forbear!

Beyond those rocks to which you run

A thousand *Tartars* are encamp'd,

There, instant peril cannot shun:

What, Traveller, is your courage damp'd?

Over yon *Glacier*—lofty mass

Of coloured ice and piles of snow,

Say did you come? and did you pass

Droves of musk-deer and buffalo?

In summer to the north we drive

Our numerous flocks to pastures sweet,

In winter to the south we live,
 No happier tribes on earth you meet.^f
 Yonder thro' twilight view our horde—
 Nay do not stop—why pause my friend?
 Have you not herdsman ZINGIS' word,
 Whose sabre shall your life defend?

I think I well can guess your trade—
 That branch of commerce never fails,
 By our fine oxen profit's made,
 How soft their flowing silky tails!
 With these the *Indians* fly-flaps make,
 The *Turks* adorn their standards high:
 For ornament the *Chinese* take
 To deck their heads with scarlet dye.^g

The night draws on, come in and rest,
 Enter my tent—I'll milk provide,
 Cow, ewe, mare, camel's, say my guest?
 Fresh cakes of flour are at your side.
 Poor weary Traveller! Oh how tired!
 Nor eats nor drinks—with sleep press'd down,
 Gay spirits gone as if expir'd:
 His eyes now close, and sense is flown.

^f Page 733 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^g Ibid.

These garments tight about his neck
 Must give him suffocating pain ;
 His girdle too—the strings I'll break,
 Untie them all—the attempt is vain.
 Oh what is here !—Oh what a sight !
 From secret cells quick burst around,
 Gold-dust, pearls, diamonds, topaz bright !
 Emeralds and rubies strew the ground !

Now what is he ?—a merchant in disguise :
Golconda, or of *Dehli's* court,
 Frank honest truth is in his eyes,
 He makes his way to *Caspian* port.
 The mountain robbers, merchants of't destroy—
 I will not wake him, sound he sleeps,
 Sleep on my guest, your sleep enjoy,
 A faithful guard your ZINGIS keeps.

Here by his side I'll sit and watch,
 Exhausted nature's overcome—
 Across his lips a smile I catch,
 He dreams perhaps he's at his home.
 Unconscious, helpless, innocent !
 This jewell'd object I compare
 (Last year to *Tibet* when I went)
 To holy Infant LAMA fair.^h

^h Page 749 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

He starts, he wakes, well stranger mine ?

But short your sleep—I still was nigh,
Opening your vest, with good design,
Your treasures round all scatter'd lie.

Why tremble thus, and why so pale ?

None of my tribe yet know you're here.
Oh why should thus your spirits fail ?
Nay, do not tremble, do not fear.

Prostrate before me ! Oh arise,

The language of the heart I read,
Is't gratitude that fills those eyes ?
They're tears of gratitude indeed.

No, my dear friend, your offer's vain,
Honor did ZINGIS ne'er forsake,
Keep, keep your gems—a bribe's a stain,
Not one will ZINGIS ever take.

Whilst safe your jewels you replace

I'll saddle *Khan* my swiftest horse,
The southern *Glaciers* quickly face,
The rising stars will guide your course.

Remember me with some regard,

A *Tartar's* friendship's worth possessing,
Already you have gained me great reward,
The thankful guest's kind honest blessing.

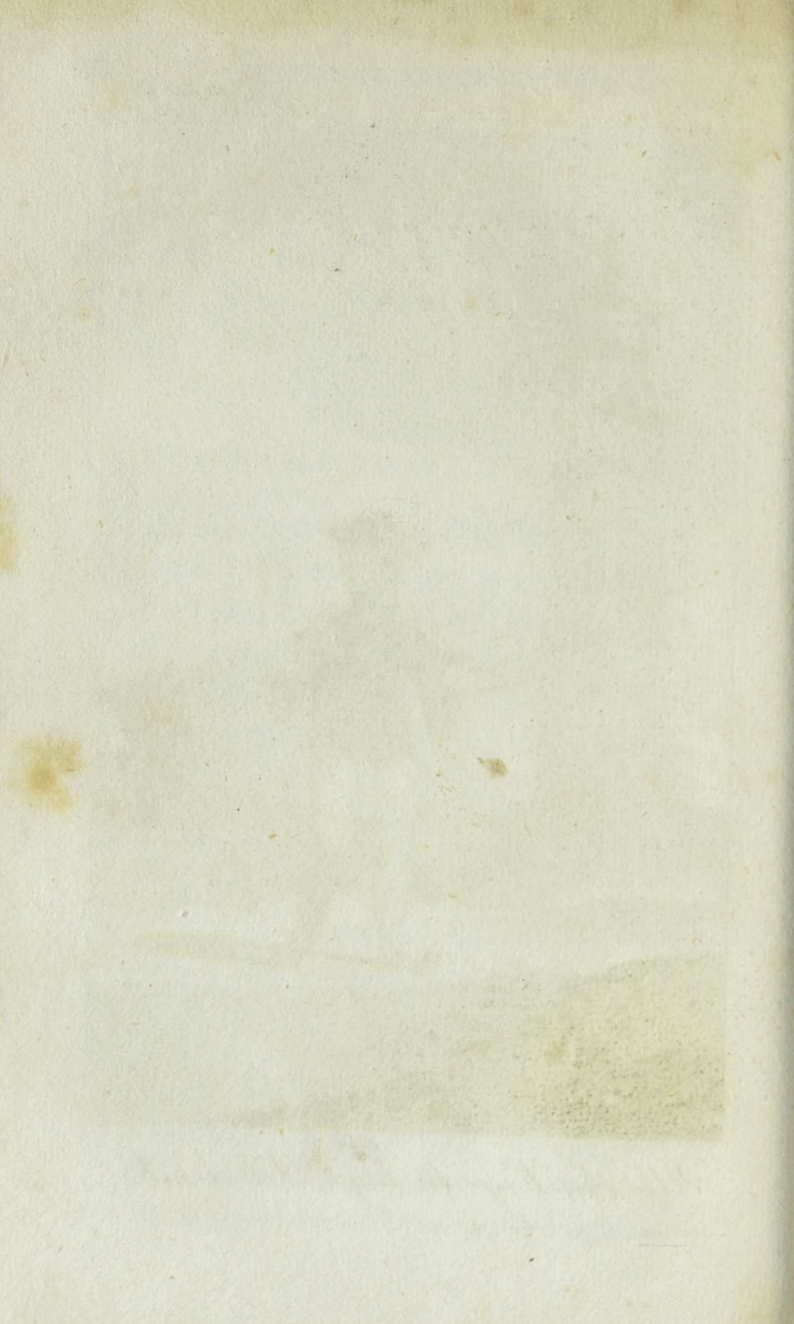
THE CHINESE SERVANT BOY.

UP the *Pagoda* high I'll climb,
 And I'll be down again in time
 To light the lamps in hall below,
 The sound of porter's bell I know :
 Still high, and higher yet I'll rise
 Until I seem to touch the skies.

Here how I love to sit alone
 On *Pekin* City to look down
 Splendid happy glorious town !
 Dear *China*, land of silk and tea,
 Sweet land of peace and industry !
 Gems, gold, and silver stay in mine,
 All *metal* riches we resign.
 Our spreading rice and cotton field,
 Our mulberry-worm good clothing yield :
 The tallow-tree supplies with light,
 Its fragrant oil makes candles bright.



"Up the Pagoda high I'll climb."



Of finest earth our procelain ware :
 Of gums—smooth varnish we prepare.
 Oft, double crops our fertile soil
 Reward the labourer's busy toil :
 For no waste land around us lies,
 Here every foot of land supplies
 Our people with each earthly good,
 Amusement, dress, toys, med'cine, food.

How pleasing thus to look below
 And watch the people creep so slow :
 And yet they think they walk so quick—
 The throng just there is very thick,
 They look like blue-flies in a well—
 Attending some great funeral.
 First stately walks the music round,
 How plain I hear the solemn sound :
 Now silken flag, now banner seen
 Proclaim the dead a *Mandarin*.ⁱ
 His friends in white, the corpse before,
 With tears their noble loss deplore.
 I'll rise and look another way,
 Round the top gallery I'll stray :
 Do I not see a wedding there ?
 Yes—here comes painted golden chair

ⁱPage 718 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Bride to fetch—with flowers 'tis hung,
 Good friends bring presents, old and young^k

Never before have seen each other,
 The bargain made with father, mother
 I know not—but had I my choice,
 Her face I'd see—I'd hear her voice.
 Prudent and faithful be my wife,
 The future comfort of my life:
 With little eyes and little feet,
 Tall figure slim, arch'd eyebrows neat,
 Small scarlet lips, and ebon hair,
 Crimson cheeks, and forehead fair.

Yonder's a *Tartar*, savage tribe!
 I cannot all my fears describe
 When on canal, or in the street,
Mogul's black race, I chance to meet.
 Would they were transported all
 Beyond our great enormous wall!^l
 Our *Yellow Emperor's* of that line
 So in his empire *Tartar's* shine.
 His palace I can see below,
 Its gardens, bridges, sumptuous show!^m

^k Page 718 of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*.

^l Page 728 *Ibid*.

^m Page 720 *Ibid*.

I'm in much doubt when grown a man
 What trade to follow—for this plan
 Morning and eve the lamps to light,
 As well be trained a monkey might.

More active duty I'd prefer,
 Change, variety, bustle, stir;
 Shall I in tea-fields labourer be,
 Or roll and crisp the leaves of tea?
 That's woman's work, unfit for me.

}

The clever fishing-bird to train :
 With ink and colours paper stain,
 To work japan is very good,
 Fans, toys of ivory, sandal wood.
 Or in a junk be sailor boy,
 A floating life I could enjoy.
 On fine canals thro' *China* sail,
 Transport the cotton, silken bale :
 See southern *Nankin*, *Canton* city,
 Porcelain Tower so very pretty—
 Arches, temples, stately walls,ⁿ

There ! the bell poor KANNCHI calls.

Good bye *Pagoda* for this day,
 At night I'll read—CONFUCIUS may

ⁿ Page 721 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Instruct me what good trade to chuse,
 For now my youthful prime I lose.
 A *China* man of great renown
 I'll be ere long in *Pekin* town.

THE JAPANESE SERVANT GIRL.

Who are these strangers we expect
 I should much like to know :
 A man, a woman, and a child,
 Great kindness we must show.

They're rich I've heard, and come from far,
 Wise travellers all are they,
 From Western *China* last they sail'd
 In *Nipon's Isle* to stay.

Our house is mended just in time,
 That storm our building shook,
 The wind burst thro' the bamboo walls,
 And many pantiles broke.ⁿ

ⁿ Page 756 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

But clever master set his men
The damage to repair,
New plaster'd, white-wash'd very neat,
The rooms are all my care.

In *Jeddo's* large and lovely town,
Thro' *Japanese* sweet *Isles*,
No better habitation's seen,
And all within it smiles.

Our finest best floor-mats I'll spread
By mistress's desire,
The three-legg'd copper bowl shall shine,
With blazing charcoal fire.^o

I wonder when they will arrive ?
They landed at the port :
With master gone to see our town
And EMPEROR's splendid court.

Great *KUBO* they may chance to see,
Tho' high his power and might ;
But sacred *DAIZI*, holy prince,
Is ever hid from sight.^p

^o Page 757 *Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.*

^p Page 757 *Ibid.*

Mistress has on her grand silk robes
With silver work'd and gold,
Tied with a rich embroider'd sash,
Most handsome to behold.

I shall my best white cotton wear
And chuse a sash of green,
And twist my shining locks in bands ;
So gaily I'll be seen.

Master and mistress are so good,
To servants all so kind !
We in return respect them both
And all their orders mind.

Yet whilst I talk, I disobey—
What did they say to me ?
For guests prepare rich fans and pipes,
And fragrant cups of tea.

Lay out the brightest lacquer'd bowls,
The gilded porcelain ware,
Imperial tea, and costly weed,
Full well our guests must fare.⁹

They told me also to salute
The strangers without shame,

With humble bow almost to earth,
I'll practice well the same.

But now I see I've lost my time
They're coming thro' the trees,
I'll run to welcome all—they'll say,
"Thanks pretty *Japanese*."



THE KAMSCHATDALE FISHERMAN.

Where are my dogs?—Bring here my dogs—

ТОПАТКА fetch my sledge:

Put in my nets, my spear, my hooks,
For what to me are fogs?

The hail, the rain, give me no pain,
I'll drive to *Carrig's* rugged shore
Thro' marshes and thro' bogs.

Dogs but ten! and deep the snows—

Quick harness me two more,

And at the back, canoe safe lash:

My other coat

Put in the boat,

My eagle cap of feathers bring
 With crooked beak, and flapping wing^r—
 Where are the oars I chose ?
 The fish to rout
 To sea I'll put,
 And brave the storm that blows.

Dash on my dogs,—you know the road,
 Siberian KIRLAG's stolen before,
 KIRLAG o'ertake, his sledge rush by,
 Be first to reach the shore.

By great volcano keep the track :
 Well done my racers swift !
 Tho' blind with leaping clouds of snow,
 By salt-lake fast, and faster go,
 Until with warmth we glow—
 I hear the billows roar !

Too late, too late !
 See there his boat
 At sea far off afloat,
 His nets are spread :
 Dishonest KIRLAG ! he has won the race !
 Ermine and sable, black fox skins,
 I'll proudly pay—thus KIRLAG wins ;
 My sledge to-morrow must this shame efface.

^r Page 755 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

The storm encreases, yet I'll have my wish,
 My boat I'll launch,
 My boat so staunch
 I'll fill with fish.

Return with empty nets, and loss of race,
 For famous *Kamschatdale* too much disgrace!

But stop, more silly still
 To hold with elements vain strife,
 And in the tempest lose my life:
 Is life to be preferred, its precious motion,
 To all the fish that swim in ocean?

I would my happy days prolong;
 Follow the chace by sea and land,
 Still every bliss at my command,
 And sing *Kamschatka's* song.

Kamschatka! native sky!
 The Exile-Swede and *Russian* sigh
 Sent to *Siberia* or to thee,
 'Tis *banishment* alone they mourn,
 As sent from hence would be to me,
 A banishment forlorn.

Come my good dogs, your steps retrace,
 Fly fast as wind,
 For *Russian* empire I'd not tempt yon surf,
 KIRLAG, and raging billows leave behind.

I see him not—yet saw him now,
 His *empty* boat drifts fast to shore !
 His head I see—now see no more—
 Good swimmer, diver, well I know,
 But late in hunting he received a blow—

He's wounded, weak—

A cry I heard !—he calls for help,

He calls on me—

KIRLAG I come—cling to your oar !

A few strokes bring me near—

I fear

Another cry !—he sinks—

I have him here !

Quick, my strong girdle grasp,

Keep firm your clasp

We're now on shore.

Well after this feat, no longer you'll boast
 Our *Berring's* short straits to row over,
 And leap on *America's* coast.

What faint poor friend ! for me you'd do the same,
 Come check this fond emotion.

I said I'd fish,

I have my wish,

Here on the strand

I've brought to land,

The noblest animal that this day swam in ocean.

AMERICA.



THE GREENLAND WIFE.

THIS sea-weed dried makes cheering fire ;
I love a flaming fire to see,
Then in our grounds I sea-weeds lay
'Tis proper good manure for me.
Angelica and sorrel both,
And tansey too will soon appear ;
My juniper and birch-trees tall,
I'll plant a drooping willow near.

I've heard my husband talk so stout
About their ships and mighty whales,
Harpooning this, and slaughtering that,
And spearing gentle harmless seals :

But *great* the perils of his trade,
 And yet the trade all truly love,
 Restless on land, again to go
 Dangers at sea once more to prove.

How grand they say to row among
 Great hills of ice, and floating isles,
 How splendid are the sun's bright beams—
 On frozen landscape darting smiles.
 But when in storms these islands move,
 They've seen such dreadful weather!
 The icy mountains sink and rise,
 And roaring wildly clash together.^s

Once thus their boat had near been crush'd,
 Did not their manly hearts then fail?
 Each with despair look'd wildly round,
 And wish'd himself a diving whale.
 The wounded fish in plunging deep
 Oft saves his precious bone and oil,
 Sometimes the rapid cord takes fire,
 Then lost the bold harpooner's toil.^t

Beneath a towering arch of ice^u
 The hardy boatmen often row,

^s Page 863 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^t Page 863 Ibid.

^u Page 863 Ibid.

The arch gives way, the boat o'erwhelm'd,
The hapless fishers sink below.
But when all's safe, with pride they spring
Upon our *Greenland* native beach,
And cry—"There women take the whale,
"Behold him now within your reach."

How grateful should we be to men
Who brave all horrid dangers thus,
How comfortable make their homes
When *kindly* they come home to us.
In *Greenland* happy, women all
To please their kinsmen ever strive,
We cut the fish, and cook, and salt,
And all our honest labours thrive.^v

I have of household goods and cloaths
A very plenteous handsome store—
But there my husband's boats—they come!
I'll gather fuel now no more.
But home, and light the welcome fire;
The sun tho' very hot at noon,
A fire at night I know they love;
How very good to come so soon!

^v Page 863 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

THE CANADIAN WIDOW.

Ontario ! still the same—O unchanged lake !
 How many woful changes have *I* seen :
 Beside thy banks I mournful pleasure take,
 In thinking what I am, and what have been.
 Dear lake, we've long been friends, for at my birth
 My mother dipp'd my infant limbs in thee,
 My father, greatest warrior of the earth,
 My youthful sports here often sat to see ;
 And when disturbing both with fretful cries,
 He'd seize and plunge me in thy stream awhile,
 Forth out I'd paddle, and now grown more wise,
 Approach, and play around with winning consci-
 ous smile.

Here on thy margin, ATABOO first sigh'd—
Ontorio, dost remember what we said ?
 “YANSEKI, be my dear my lovely bride ?”
 “First dearest ATABOO inter the dead :
 “Within these six years I've my kindred lost,
 “When at our festival their bodies are,

“ (Remains beloved ! my parents most,)
 “ Brought from their scattered tombs with pious
 care—
 “ And reinterr'd in our great nation's grave—
 “ The *Feast of Souls* once pass'd I'm thine,
 “ Wilt thou assist me ATABOO the brave ?”
 Pass'd was the *Feast of Souls*, and ATABOO was
 mine.”

Greatest of hunters was my husband bold,
 How grave his countenance, and his long black
 hair—
 His tall strait hardy limbs of reddish gold—
 The stoutest hunter of the savage bear.
 When young, sedate—attentive to old age,
 When old himself, respected by the young—
 Ever the chace did all his thoughts engage,
 His voice melodious in our hunting song ;
 Three hundred bears by ATABOO were slain,
 Raiment and food, abundant rich supply.
 My ATABOO is dead—I still remain,
 Hear great *Ontorio*, hear the widow's plaintive
 sigh.

Five youthful valiant sons he left behind,
 In *Canada* no mother such could boast.—
 Of all deprived—by sudden death unkind—
 To me my darling sons for ever lost.

My eldest, chief of tribe, a warrior dread,
With musket, club, and hatchet, fiercely stood,
His face so black, and streaked with furious red,
From battle brought—all bathed in life's warm
blood.

My second son a prisoner to the foe,
Was bound to burning stake—nor would be saved,
In vain, compassion did a matron show,
A death of lingering torture he most nobly braved.

My third, who well in hunting and in war
Acted among our tribe as skilful guide,
Who'd follow footsteps of the foe so far
And sly efface their own—in ambush died.

My fourth in war, nor bear-chase took much joy,
He loved to hunt the moose-deer o'er the lea,
The falcon, raven, goshawk he'd destroy,
And goldfinch, whitebird, partridge bring to me.
The squirrel, woodpecker, and humming bird—
All these at home, by his good skill were won,
His death when absent long—at length I heard,
A rattle snake it bit my dearest, favourite son.

One yet was left me—but he loved to range—
To ocean's eastern coast, far, far away.
The aligator, sea-wolf, armed-fish strange
He eager sought—and would thro' forests stray :

Our rivers and its falls determined seek,
 There in the roaring cataracts was drown'd—
 Now say *Ontorio*—Oh in murmurs speak !
 Upon thy banks was no such mourner found ?
 This morn how tempted was my mind to throw
 The poor remains of joyless life away !
 A christian maid appeared—she calmed my woe—
 Again she comes !—then near thy stream I yet
 will stay.

THE PHILADELPHIAN BOOKSELLER.

I *am* displeas'd my friend—go say
 My foreman knows my mind ;
 Leave me and softly shut the door,
 I hope his folly he'll lament,
 Another master he must quickly find.

'Tis all in vain to speak, to plead ;
 Most fully proved his crime :
 A manuscript from some strange hand
 Was offer'd me—I saw with shame
 Vile atheist prose, and sad licentious rhyme.

It was returned—I had to go
 On business to *New York*,
 Was not my indignation just
 To find that in my absence he
 To press had put the despicable work ?

Most happily I here arrived
 Before the mischief spread,
 Each guilty sheet in haste I burn'd—
 Tell him my service he has lost,
 No *wilful* profligate shall eat my bread.—

Once more alone, my mind to soothe
 From this man's guilt and woes,
 The business of the day all pass'd,
 Here in this dear retreat from care
 In solitude I calmly will repose.

Thus seated in my elbow chair
 In this my study sweet,
 I love to look at WASHINGTON,
 Great FRANKLIN, and our WILLIAM PENN,
 Here as I sit, their gracious looks I meet,

On these loved portraits when I gaze,
 Vexation ever flies,
 I seem to catch their spirit pure,
 Mildness and virtue shine in these ;
 What tenderness and truth in all their eyes !

Founder and legislator bless'd !^w

We thank KING CHARLES for thee,
The worthiest act of all his reign
Giving thy sire this tract of land,
Where after, thou didst rule so worthily.

Wisdom and clemency thy guides
And justice all thy aim,
To *native* tribes thy memory's dear,
All loved their quaker friend good PENN,
Who well remembered prior *native* claim.

Great WASHINGTON arose in arms
Columbia to defend !
And FRANKLIN, in each science skill'd,
Philosopher and christian true,
Proved ever poor *Columbia's* staunchest friend.

How could I ever meet those looks
Had that book publish'd been ?
Tho' innocent, I should with grief
Have hid myself from neighbours all,
A graceless publisher, dreading to be seen.

Far different works from my good press
Still issue and appear,
As well can witness *Maryland*
Virginia, Georgia, Baltimore,
And our own virtuous *Pennsylvania* dear.

^w William Penn the son of Admiral Penn.

I'll not debase the noblest art
 Practiced by human skill !
 But print such books as teach us God,
 His works, His law, creation fair,
 His word so pure, and blest Almighty will.

WATTS,^x ROWE,^y and ADDISON, your muse
 Immortal and divine :
 WAKEFIELD^z and MORE^a and CHALMERS^b good,
 From *Europe* waft your sacred works,
 The pen of virtue but with life resign.

Books of each science hither come,
 In such I still engage,
 Or travels, voyages, or verse :
 SOUTHEY, MONTGOMERY^c sublime !
 WEST,^d PORTER,^e HAWKINS,^f rich your
 moral page.

America ! infant giant thou !
 We'll nurture thee in truth,
 Agents for wisdom we appear—
 Wisdom and learning widely spread,
 To captivate *America's* dear youth.

^x Dr. I. Watts. ^y Mrs. Rowe. ^z Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield.
^a Mrs. Hannah More. ^b Author of 'Discourses,' 'Evidences,'
 &c. ^c Author of 'The World before the Flood. ^d Author
 of 'Letters to a Young Lady.' ^e Author of 'Thaddeus of
 Warsaw,' &c. ^f Author of 'Countess and Gertrude,' 'Ros-
 sane,' &c.

THE MEXICAN COCOA GARDENER.

A rover I have been—*America* have seen,
From northern icy pole, to cold *Cape Horn* :
I've work'd at every labouring trade,
Ever a livelihood I made,
From none I turn'd with scorn.
You think me happy friend, my comforts have no end,
Yet know not how my present comforts rose.
The cheerful man you say I'm named,
The happy *Mexican* proclaim'd,
The truth I'll strait disclose.

I was not born on earth—a gold mine gave me birth,
For fifteen years I knew no other soil.
To dig, to handle the bright ore,
To rifle well the golden store,
My never ceasing toil.
I knew no other bliss, no other happiness
Than learning well to read in depths below,
Around the summit of the mine
I sometimes wander'd, with design
Another world to know.

My father kill'd by fall—deprived me of my all,
 In haste I left my dark and dismal home,
 I fled away without a guide,
 Resolv'd whatever might betide,
 O'er all the world to roam.

The *Bible* was the book on which I loved to look,
 That all the riches father left behind.

“Of friends” I cried, “I stand in need
 “To seek the world of which I read,
 “I wander like the blind.

“This ugly world's a waste, as fast I onward haste,
 “Nothing to cheer the mind—my heart's not
 pleased.”

Still on I travell'd—Oh surprise!

A prospect burst upon my eyes,

With rapture I was seized.

Woods, forests, lawns, bright springs; gold birds
 with painted wings,

Fruits, blossoms, flowers, my senses all entice;

Rapt in astonishment I gazed,

Like HIM I stood with hands upraised,

ADAM in *Paradise*.

New-born I might be deem'd, but just created
 seem'd;

In fervent praise I knelt upon the sod,

The beauteous world I thus survey'd,
It seem'd a present just then made ;
I thank'd my gracious God.
So happy from that hour—liberty in my power ;
I knew that labour was entail'd on man,
I offered mine with hearty will,
I work'd at first in sugar mill—
From trade to trade I ran.

The world so new to me, the world I wish'd to see,
Labour and change of place my final choice.
Determined when o'er all I'd been,
To fix upon some lovely scene,
And in my home rejoice.
Here twenty years I've lived, my comforts all derived
From this enclosed small garden spot ;
Yet back my thoughts I often cast,
I well remember all the past,
No incident forgot.

Logwood to cut I hired, of this I soon grew tired.
And left *Hondura* and *Campeachy Bay* :
A ropemaker soon after turn'd,
This useful trade when quickly learn'd
I would no longer stay.
With cochineal good man, new trade I then began,
The crimson insect gather'd and prepared,

A dyer next, of cotton, wool,
Bright scarlet, purple, crimson full,
To ours none was compared.

I work'd in wide salt-plain, my master said my brain
And hands seem'd not right properly to meet ;
To *Mexico's* great city went,
On doing something still was bent,
I manna sold in street.

I next without delay, went to the woods away,
For owls and paroquets, and ivory-bills,
But pelted by the monkies there
Of blows and chattering had my share,
I fled across the hills.

Now fix'd until my death, I'll here resign my breath,
In this my garden of fair cocoa trees ;
By nuts of chocolate I thrive^f
Ample provision I derive,
To live just as I please.

Thus my dear friend you find, God to me most kind.
He said, "A sun-deprived poor drudge no more,
"My great creation go and view,
"That lovely world was made for you,
"The Maker still adore."

^f Page 954 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

THE JAMAICA SLAVES.

No never, never, never !

I'll not go back again ;

I'll scream, I'll cry, I'll shriek, I'll die,

My mother's lost for ever !

I saw her seized, I saw her strip,

Her hands were bound, I saw the whip :

I flew upon the overseer,^e

He dash'd me to the ground,

He chain'd me to a log,

I heard the call—"Bring our your slaves to flog."

Wildly she threw her eyes around,

Trembling with shame and fear.

They dragg'd her far away,

I tore, I broke my chain—

But could I there remain ?

O could I see the cart return

Upon her mangled bleeding body mourn—

O wretched dreadful day !

^ePage 943 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

My fondest, dearest mother !
 My childish faults she'd take upon herself—
 Full thirteen years,
 She's loved me as her soul,
 Now to be steep'd in blood and tears —
 And what her crime ?
 She broke a china bowl !!!

My master savage—but my mistress vile !—
 Woman by woman thus to act !
 And yet she can both laugh and smile—
 Oh mother, mother !
 Never to see you more—you'll die,
 And I'll not live in misery.—

I hear a voice—a rustling in the leaves—
 I'm call'd—I know that voice—
 It calls on me—
 My mother!—Oh 'tis she!

MOTHER.

Look up my darling boy—I am not hurt—
 Well, cry, and kiss me still—'twill ease your heart :
 The whip I have not felt,
 Mercy to me was dealt,
 I come *such* blessed tidings to impart.

The estate is sold, and we transferr'd.—

My child!—his tender heart will break—dear boy!

With choaking sobs oppress'd,

Here lean upon my breast,

Whilst soft I whisper you a tale of joy.

When to the square we came

Twelve slaves were met, for punishment prepared,

All naked to the waist—with downcast eyes
of shame,

And planters many to the spot repaired.

Among the rest one lately to *Jamaica* come;

Him, whom you heard had bought plantations
here,

An enemy it seems to slaving trade

And overseer's dread whip,

From *England* he the voyage made,

In the "*Good Wilberforce*," commercial
ship.

Just as the lash was raised—

Oh heaven be praised!

He darted forward, and astonished spoke,

“ You overseer, what fraud is here ?

“ Did we not yesterday both seal and sign,

“ Did not your master the full property resign ?

“ At your life's peril dare touch these,

“ The estate and slaves are mine—

“ My slaves are free,

“ Their act of freedom it is now preparing,

“ My *hired good servants* all in future be.”

Down fell the whip, we met his eyes,

A shriek of rapture and surprise

Burst from the hearts of all!

To me he then drew near,

And o'er my naked shoulders threw this shawl.

BOY.

I'll die to please him—take me to him mother,

Let me fall down and kiss his feet ;

My eyes, my limbs, my growing arm

Shall him defend from every harm—

His service Oh how sweet !

What ! free my mother ! like the birds that fly,

The fish that swim the sea !

Nor chains nor stripes to suffer more

But cultivate the land with industry ?

May *his* plantations ever flourish,

May dews and sun *his* sugars nourish,

His tamarinds, maize, pimento, prosperous be,

Cotton and tobacco field

Ample plenty yield.—

Mother one kiss—the first,

First kiss of liberty.



THE BRAZILIAN MERCHANT.

THERE sail my ships—now far the fleet
To me appear like sea-birds on the ocean,
So smooth yet rapid is their motion,
Nor storm nor foe nor quicksand may they meet.
How like an eagle I look down
From these wide battlements' bold towering height,
A glorious prospect meets th' admiring sight,
Below, yet high, *St. Salvador's* great town.^f

The finest city on the earth,
Strong, populous, magnificent, and gay,
Crown'd with BRAGANZA's princely sway,
Of ancient royal *Lusitanian* birth.
The rich produce to *Europe* sail,
Of old *Brazilian* and *Peruvian* climes,
For *thee* are dug *Potosi's* mines,
Thy wants, thy power thro' all these realms prevail.
The world's grand treasury are our lands,
From hence it draws abundant stores of wealth,

^f Page 970 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

The precious bark, best friend to health,
 Platina, mercury, silver, gold commands.—
 In yonder fleet my venture rides,
 Hard diamonds, and fine pearls, from northern
 bay,
 Drugs, indigo, logwood, they'll survey,
 Tamarinds and spices, fruits, and plants, and hides.
 How all in miniature must be
 Europe's whole land, its mountains, rivers, lakes,
 In grandest form *here* nature pleasure takes,
 Sublime, stupendous, vast, is all we see!
Plata, and *Amazon*, how great!
 And *Oronoko*—wide impetuous flow,
 High *Cordilleras*, topp'd with snow,
 Some higher still, hold proud majestic state.
 Were *Darien's Isthmus* cut in twain,
 A world itself *America* would shine,
 AMERIGO VESPUCCIO, *this* is thine,
 The northern land, *Columbia* still remain.
 COLUMBUS! honour'd worthy name,
 Beloved, admired, and pitied ever be;
 Thy virtue, truth, humanity,
 Deserved a better fate than chains and shame,
 This our *Brazil*, so rich, so wise,
 Why should it not one learned man produce?
 To its best interest I'll conduce,

To native best historian, I'll adjudge a prize :
 A future ROBERTSON may spring
 To grace *America's* wide noble land,
 Learning from hence may far expand,
Brazilian bard, may yet sweet *Brazil* sing.

END OF AMERICA.

ISLANDERS.



THE OTAHEITAN YOUTH.

HITHER come, my love, Oh come,
Sit under plantain tree,

O why so pensive, why so dumb ?

My true repentance see :

OMAI must he speak in vain ?

Nay speak—if only to complain,

O turn again to me.

OLALU, my faithful maid,

This fountain sit beside,

Close by the orange blossom shade,

From all our friends we'll hide.

My every fault I'll now relate,

Your anger will as soon abate,

You will no longer chide.

Think upon that fatal hour
When foreign ship appear'd,
Our chief was soon in foreign power,
Their treachery I fear'd :
He went on board with them to trade,
Of him a prisoner they made,
That night they westward steer'd.

With dismay the news I heard,
I plunged into the main,
But never thought to send you word
I'd soon return again.
Strait to the ship in haste I swam,
Call'd to my chieftain by his name,
I found him bound with chain.

We reproaches made all round,
Said tyrant captain bold,
"I'm glad *two* natives to have found,
"There stay below in hold :
"To *Africa* I now set sail,
"Should all my other cargo fail
"You *Indians* shall be sold."

Many grievous weeks we pass'd
Deprived of air and light,
A storm tremendous rose at last,
They were in piteous plight

Wreck'd on the rocks the ship went down,
 My chief and I were saved alone,
 An island met our sight.

Soft *Pelew's* bright cheering coast,
 The natives flocked to beach,
 They wept when told that all were lost,
 Great floats of wreck they'd reach—
 With which a good canoe they made,
 In this kind work all lent their aid,
 The old the young wou'd teach.^g—

Dear *Pelew!* I'll ne'er forget
 The happy time spent there,
 Such kind attention we both met—
 With us their all wou'd share :
 We saw their king, a heavenly man,
 Mildness of government his plan,
 His people all his care.

Well his nobles can command,
 In arm a bone they wear ;
 The *Order of the Bone* is grand
 Much honor is their share :
 They often mourn'd a darling prince,
 Who with good WILSON sail'd long since,
 LE BOO of virtues rare.

Finish'd our little ship so good
 We took a thankful leave,
 They in her laid large stock of food,
 And gave, and still wou'd give :
 Bananas, breadfruit, yams, sweet canes,
 And cocoa-nuts to catch soft rains,
 We thankfully receive.

Oh how welcome thy dear smile !
 I'm forgiven then ?
 Absent from thee the tedious while
 One lingering year seem'd ten.
 Could you then think I left thy side,
 Forsook my constant fairest b. ide,
 To sail with foreign men ?

Otaheite could I forsake !
 In ocean no such place—
 Poor COOK, and SOLANDER, they'd take,
 Joy in our favour'd race,
 They oft express'd, my father says,
 A wish to pass here all their days,
 Our happy life t' embrace.^h—

With islanders we often met
 But none so tall as ours,

^h Page 996 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

So handsome, strong, tattoo'd so neat,
 So conscious of their powers :
 Our palm-thatch'd huts much lovelier are,
 Our mats, our blankets, cloth more rare,
 Brighter our sunny hours.

OLALU, my own fair maid,
 Thou art inclined to sleep,
 Then sleep my love beneath this shade,
 But first these take and keep—
 Red coral for thy arms and neck,
 O wear for dear OMAI's sake,
 I gather'd from the deep.

Do not close thine eyes my love
 Until thou'st promised me,
 To my new hut this eve to roam
 My habitation see.—
 She sleeps—I'll shut the boughs with care,
 And then go bathe—Sleep, sleep my fair,
 Thou'rt dear as life to me.

THE MOLUCCA MAIDEN.

OUR nutmeg rich harvest draws nigh,
Mace, cloves, and such delicate spice,
All these the white foreigners buy,
And we buy good sago and rice:
Of which we make sweet wholesome bread,
I've made twenty loaves in a day;
By me the whole village is fed,
With me not a loaf can long stay.

A grove of good nutmegs is ours,
I love to walk under the trees,
To pluck at my feet the bright flowers,
And inhale our *Molucca's* soft breeze.
They say that this grove is so old
Three score of dry seasons has stood,
What cargos of nutmegs we've sold,
How thick is this tall spicy wood!
Of all the spice islands around
Great *Borneo*, *Banda*, and such,

Ternate's the loveliest found,
 Thus declare our old friends the good *Dutch*.ⁱ

What's this at my feet lying here ?

A quiver of arrows so long,—
 To handle these arrows I fear
 Altho' I am clever and strong.

Just one I'll pull out of the sheath,

The point it is poison'd I see,
 A touch of this gives instant death,

Lie safe in your quiver for me.^k
 Such playthings are dangerous things,

Fit only for men and brave boys
 From hunting whose pleasure all springs,
 Soft labour my hours best employs.

Well now in my hut I'll go pass

The remains of this bright cheerful day.

I see something move in the grass—

My blood it runs cold with dismay !

A serpent as large as a tree !

Its eyes are most horribly wild,

Oh dreadful ! what next do I see !

Close by it, a smiling young child ?

One or other of us must be taken,

I'm destroy'd if much longer I stay—

ⁱ Page 759 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^k Page 760 *ibid.*

But can this sweet babe be forsaken !

Can I leave it that serpent's sure prey ?
Oh could I the quiver recover,

Here hangs on a bush the strong bow—
If I move he will turn, and discover—

I can get it by creeping thus low.

Oh Providence ! strengthen my arm !

The longest—the sharpest, best dart—
Remove from my mind all alarm—

I've shot him ?—he writhes with the smart,
Poor baby ! I'll run to my hut,

The serpent, it after us flies !
The door of my cot, it is shut,

We're lost,—no, the serpent it dies !

I'll carry you over our wall

And quickly our ladder up draw,¹
No mischief can then us befall

From venomous animal's maw.

And now let me look at your features,
Who is it I tenderly bear ?

The child of our *Dutch* friends !—good creatures!
But wherefore not take better care ?


Why leave it alone on the ground ?

I guess they had just quitted you,

¹ Page 760 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

I hear a loud heart-piercing sound,
I'll hold it up high to their view.—
Both father and mother behold,
Most anxiously hither they run,
By Providence saved—take and fold,
To your bosoms your darling young son.

END OF ISLANDERS.



AFRICA.



THE GONAQUA HOTTENTOT SHEPHERD.

MY sire's advice I've not forgot,
A *Gonaqua* great *Hottentot*
Meets danger in each dreadful shape,
Not like poor *Hottentot* of *Cape*
Who trembling eyes his great *Dutch* Master,
Compell'd to drudge now slow, now faster;
No foreign power on earth we own
But self-chosen chiefs, and I am one;
As shepherd-chief I must be brave,
Ready to punish and to save.^m

This moon I hold despotic sway
And all the village must obey.

^m Page 817 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

I'm guardian of the flocks this moon,^a
The neighbours must assemble soon,
That tiger shall well hunted be,
I'll end his wild ferocity.

Already he has thinn'd our flocks,
I've seen him lurking 'mong the rocks,
His cave this night we'll beat about,
And from his ambush drive him out.

Mark where the sun is shining now—
When it doth touch you mountain brow,
All silent to this spot repair
Well arm'd with javelin, bow, and spear :
Ten nights I have not closed my eyes
For fear of visit by surprise,
Ten days I've watch'd this tiger close,
To find his lair I'm at no loss :
I know he has a mate and young,
For hour of fight, Oh how I long.

When all my friends the cave surround
And into cave I take a bound,
With furious cry the beast provoke,
On me he leaps, I shun the stroke—
Swift from the cave I dart, I spring,
The hunters all keep close in ring,

^a Page 819 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

The mountains with his yells resound
He throws his fiery looks around,
He plunges forth—he meets his death,
A hundred javelins falls beneath.

Thus for a happy length of moons
No danger to our flocks returns,
To guardianship I now aspire
My claim to prove I'm all on fire :
If I this night the tiger kill
On lions I'll exert my skill,
Slay wolf and elephant so bold,
Rhinoceros, who scares our fold.

How long the sun is going down !
Tho' still much work is to be done,—
I'll now go bore my oxen's nose,
Great sticks insert, the wounds well close :
My stout new yoke I'll also try,
My oxen yet of that are shy.^o

But as I'm sure to kill wild beast,
Should I not first prepare a feast ?
I'll paint my lips with red and black,
And stain my breast, and arms, and back :
I'll wear the tiger's skin for joy
(But first the beast I should destroy).

^o Page 819 of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Here by moonlight we will dance,
 They all in measured time advance,
 Large ivory collars on their necks,
 Their bodies shine with painted specks.
 Until the sun rise up behind,
 We all our airy dances wind.

Yon mountain's brow the sun doth meet,
 Hark ! I hear their coming feet !
 In silence now I head them all,
 Soon dreaded tiger you shall fall,—
 Soon your dire ravages will cease,
 Then *Gonaqua* may sleep in peace.

THE NEGRO KINGS.

I'm glad this great illustrious sight I've seen,
 The kings they look'd as if no war had been,
 In hall of *Abomey* they met :
 Our sovereign wore his gold laced hat and feather,
 His ministers in beavers, round him gather,
 A wise, a noble, stately set.^p

^p Page 810 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

In crimson velvet our good king look'd well,
 About his neck was hung a *Congo* shell,
 His sandall'd feet were polish'd bright ;
 His favour'd queens on mats were placed before,
 His barefoot courtiers prostrate on the floor,
 They dared not meet his royal sight.

Behind, our female-fighting-guards were ranged,
 Full fifty of three thousand daily changed,
 A beauteous *Amazonian* band :⁹
 The king of *Benin's* coming all proclaim,
 The armies ranged without with loud acclaim,
 Cry, " Welcome to DAHOMY'S land."

The flags, and silk umbrellas wave around,
 The flutes, the trumpets, kettle-drums resound,
 A welcome the musicians sing :
 Array'd in panther-hide with looks serene,
 Great BENIN enter'd with majestic mein,
 He sat him down beside our king.

Three great distinguished nobles walk'd before,
 Around their necks they ropes of coral wore,
 Upon their king their eyes were fix'd :
 He gave a nod—they fell back and retired,
 Their looks, and dress, and step were much admired,
 Among our officers they mix'd.^r

⁹ Page 810 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^r Page 811

Ibid.

The kings were seated on their royal mat,
They cast their eyes on this side, then on that,
At signal we went farther off :

DAHOMY spoke, at which great BENIN frown'd,
BENIN then spoke, DAHOMY look'd around,
We all distinctly heard him cough.

BENIN then mutter'd low, and shook his head,
DAHOMY smiled and something pleasing said,
BENIN he gravely smoked his reed—

DAHOMY lifted up his hand on high,
He talk'd, and talk'd, at length was heard to sigh,
BENIN still puff'd the fragrant weed.

The pipe thrown by, he started up in ire,
His sparkling eye-balls flash'd disdainful fire,
His robe DAHOMY caught :

DAHOMY took the angry monarch's hand,
And in it placed the peaceful ivory wand,
Emblem of peace with pearls inwrought.

BENIN he wish'd to break the wand asunder,
He turn'd upon our king with sulky wonder,
But fascinated by that gaze,

His furious eyes soon lost their dreadful glare,
They won from DAHOMY's a little share,
Of mercy's kind and gentle rays.

Still BENIN look'd in doubt to go or stay,
Still DAHOMY in sorrow seem'd to pray,

His way he softly had to wind :
With plaintive earnestness DAHOMY spoke,
Nor yet a sullen silence BENIN broke,
But look'd still savage and unkind.

At length it seem'd his nobles he'd consult,
His counsellors determine the result,
For which intent again he rose,—
But DAHOMY with vehemence seem'd to say,
“ The dictates of your royal heart obey,
“ All consultation I oppose.”

Yet once again our king in accents low—
Not long ere BENIN's tears began to flow,
He listen'd, sobb'd, and wept aloud :
Sudden his arms around DAHOMY flings,
In close embrace are met the negro kings,
With wonder stood aloof the crowd.

Then rushing from his seat, DAHOMY cried
“ Spread the glad signal thro' our armies wide,
“ Bid the loud drum and trumpet play,
“ We both our forces instantly will view
“ Before them all our friendly vows renew,
“ Proclaim what we've decreed this day :
“ This day be all our *Prisoners exchanged* :
“ Let them by companies be all arranged,
“ And man for man pass by,

“ No longer shall our prisoners be *sold*,
 “ Confined in slave-ship’s dark detested hold,
 “ Their hated markets to supply.

“ ’Tis *Europe* stirs up wars along our coast,
 “ Of this our shameful traffic long its boast—
 “ From our sad wars it profits well :
 “ Good BENIN now to me most kindly yields,
 Our subjects shall not die in slavery’s fields,
 “ No longer we our prisoners sell.”

Gracious DAHOMY and king BENIN great,
 Now at review display their power and state,
 Two hundred thousand warriors bring :
 BENIN his southern arm’d brave forces leads,
 DAHOMY his bold female troops now leads,
 Hark ! songs of joy the prisoners sing.

THE ABYSSINIAN CHILD.

LITTLE antelope so shy
 You shall yet be tamed,
 You gaze, you start, and from me fly,
 I’m young ZELULA named.

Come here my love

Why wont you move ?

O come dearest antelope be not ashamed.

Feed you with the sweetest leaves,

Lead you to the springs,

ZELULA garland for you weaves

Under *Acacia* sings :

Then do not run

Oh do not shun !

You fly little antelope as you had wings.

Antelope, *my* eyes are bright,

Not so large, they're black,

My hair is dark, and yours is light,

Soft, pretty spotted back !

O hear me tell

I love you well,

Sweet food and fresh water you never shall lack.

Bed of balsam I will make,

Abyssinian plant,^s

With down and silk for your dear sake

The softest couch you want.

Then come my dear

And do not fear,

Could you ask, all your wishes what pleasure to
grant.

^s Page 788 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Oh such dangers lie abroad—
 You have not been told,
 But *I've* such dreadful stories heard
 Of lions fierce and bold—
 Great river-horse
 And what is worse,
 The crocodile, terror of herd and of fold;

When inclined to stop and drink
 Golden goose will fright,^t
 Large yellow eagle at the brink
 Will flap with all his might :
 Camel step over
 Jackall discover,
 And how can with these my poor antelope fight ?

Then the sun so hot at noon,
 Night so cold and bleak,
 Oh where for shelter will you run ?
 Warmth where will you seek ?
 The dreadful fly^u
 Will wound, you'll die,
 You have no defence pretty antelope meek.

Let me kiss your little mouth,
 Ivory teeth so fine,

^t Page 789 Gu'hrie's Geographical Grammar.

^u Page 789 Ibid.

Look, mine as white, and even both,
Say will you now be mine ?
You understand,
Eat from my hand,
Thus sociable now both together we'll dine.

When I offer thus some food
Which accepted is,
It shews we both are very good,
That nothing is amiss :
I'll pat your neck
With flowers I'll deck,
Rub your nose 'gainst my cheek ! Oh would you
then kiss ?

Come then home my dear with me,
Hide you in the day,
That none my antelope may see
My love decoy away :
The queen's great slave
Wou'd like to have,
For great royal mistress to sport and to play.

But rich *Gondar's* town we'll shun
Worshippers of *Nile*,
Who there to *Geesh's* altar run,^v
They might my antelope beguile :

No, stay with me,
Nor parted be,
Your gambols enjoy all beneath my soft smile.

You my brother, sister, friend,
How we each survey !
Now your wand'rings I attend,
Down in the vale we'll play—
And there we'll rove
My little love,
Come leap, bound, and frolick my antelope gay.

Nurse you well when you are sick,
I'm so kind you know,
And then my little hands you'll lick,
Such cares *you* can't bestow :—
We'll never part,
Come to my heart,
May friendship increase as in stature we grow,

THE EGYPTIAN NOBLEMAN.

HERE colonel, climb with me, the *Nile's* at height,
 From this commanding eminence now gaze,
 My heart is fill'd with patriot delight
 To see the prospect *Egypt* thus displays :
 One wide expanse of water you descry,
 Sun, firmament, and water meet the eye.^w

Do not our villages like isles appear ?
 The tops of forests now alone are seen,
 The pyramids high shooting in the rear :—
 How rich and promising the present scene !
 The overflowing of our bounteous *Nile*,
 Will soon be followed by all nature's smile.

To-morrow we the jubilee shall hold,
 Festivities thro'out the land spread wide,
 BASHAW then cuts the mounds, and strait behold
 The slimy water flows on every side :
 Smaller canals the precious stream convey,
 'Till by degrees the waters pass away.

^w Page 778 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar;

Then the glad husbandman quick sows the grain,
 He turns his flocks and cattle out to graze,
 The fertilized rich soil it lacks not rain,
 The best of fruits and corn his labour pays,
 The land prolific, nurtur'd by this tide,
 Displays a beauteous fragrant garden wide.

This the grand wonder of our *Egypt* seen
 You've others yet as wonderful to see,
 Among our hatching-ovens have you been,
 Which without hens produce a family?
 Most of our poultry thus is cheaply rear'd,
 The practice seldom failing as I've heard.*

Have you yet witness'd our swift river hives?
 The owner with his bees embarks in boats,
 At day-break when in flowery spot arrives,
 Sends forth the swarm—at night again he floats:
 Vast stores of richest honey thus they make,
 Nor does one straggling bee the hive forsake.†

The hippopotamus it seems you saw,
 Our ichneumon, chameleon—changing hue,
 But come not near the crocodile's great claw,
 Or *Europe's* shores ne'er hope again to view—

* Page 778 of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

† Page 778 Ibid.

Our breed of asses none but christians ride,
 Our breed of horses *Turks* alone bestride.^z

Ere your return, my friend, some skins I'll give,
 Of eagle, pelican, and hawk entire,
 An ibis, and an aspic both alive—

Tho' much I fear on shipboard they'll expire :
 Papyrus, lotus, pleasing to the sight,
 And specimens of marbles green and white.

Most interesting relicks yet explore,

The pyramids, the catacombs you've view'd—
 Stupendous works ! the sphinx, and many more.

Poor POMPEY's pillar which hath ages stood,
 Lake *Mæris*, and the labyrinth you know,
 Our CLEOPATRA's needle next I'll shew.^a

First visit patriarch JOSEPH's well,

His granaries still in *Cairo* preserv'd,
 Where *he* once sold, still corn and pulse they sell,
 So dear his memory, and so well deserv'd :^b

Egypt of *Afric*'s land is sure the blest,
 The holy patriarchs all she once possess'd.

From famine ABRAHAM, ISAAC, JACOB came,
 Here JOSEPH serv'd a slave, and ruled a king :
 Here MOSES the deliverer, all proclaim
 God said—"My people out of *Egypt* bring."

^z Page 779 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

^a Page 783 *Ibid.*

^b Page 781 *Ibid.*

Here above all, the infant SAVIOUR fled,
And angels hover'd o'er his gracious head.

You my young colonel cross'd the *Holy Land*,
You saw *Jerusalem*, that sacred spot—
You, who thus read, observe, and understand,
Let not our *Egypt* ever be forgot —
We'll visit next great *Alexandria's* port
To *Turkish* bashaw we must then resort—
Forget not me, tho', at *St. James's Court*. }

THE MOORISH PIRATE.

No, no, I'll go to sea no more :
I'll now enjoy my life,
Did not I promise thus dear wife,
When last I quitted our *Morocco* shore ?
My absence often you've bewail'd,
Thinking of you my heart has often fail'd.
Pirate roving I disclaim
In *Mequinez* I'll now remain,
Here take my rest :
Peaceful habits I'll regain—
Master of comfortable nest
Of dearest wife possess.

To make amends for evils past
 I'll captives ransom and send home ;
 From *Algerine* captivity release,
 And waft them back to liberty and peace.

Are either caravans arrived
 From *Mecca* or from *Negroland* ?
 I fear some danger in the deserts met,
 Arabs and storms I understand,
 Have lately travellers beset.

Poor MULEY and my desert camel both^c
 I hope will come ere long,
 Laden with carpets, leather, mats, and cloth.
 To *Guinea Coast* I sent three moons ago ;
 My MULEY is no traveller slow,—
 That they are safe is all I wish to know. }

Dear wife I here expect
 My ransom'd captives soon,
 May I request a boon ?

Here spread my richest carpets fair—
 Seven high silk mattresses pile there—
 On them I'll sit in lofty state,
 Like *Mufti*, *Cadi*, or the *Dey* so great
 And gravely fix the captives' fate.— }

That's well my wife,—how do I look ?
 Like emperor, Saracen, or proud sultan, say ?

^c Page 679 Guthrie's Geographical Grammar.

Nay, jesting, love, I will not brook—
 This is a solemn—happy day,
 So if you laugh, pray walk away,
 And with your capsa sparrow play,
 I'm like mock caliph in *Arabian* book.

How doing good makes glad the heart!
 Now when they come, do you retire,
 And I'll the pleasing news impart.

They come—full fifty captives here behold,
 Of various nations they,
Dane, Swede, French, English, lately sold,
Italian, German, Russian, Spaniard bold—
American, and *Asiatic* these—
 Purchased by my ill-earn'd gold,
 Gotten by piracy on seas.

When they approach I'll make a speech,
 A learned stately long harangue,
 I can as well as *Mufti* preach,
 Describe the hardships they've gone thro'—
 Vile prisons, masters, whips and chains,
 The horrors of captivity I'll show.

I'll tell them, "I, a pirate brave,
 " Tremendous was at sea,
 " When foe I saw, I said, I'll have.
 " The foe soon struck to me.

“ For twenty years I ruled the coast,
 “ Five hundred prisoners have I taken,
 “ But now, my highest pride and boast
 “ Pirates’ life to have forsaken :
 “ My gold now sets you free,
 “ For *christian* wife rules me.”

My generous deeds I’ll thus expose—

“ You’re furnish’d with fresh clothes,

“ A ship’s prepared—your passage paid,

“ When to *Gibraltar* come

“ Each disperse for *home*,—

“ For all which kindness thank my virtuous ZAIDE.

On issuing thus my high command,

I’ll look around, majestic, stern, and grand.

They’re here before me—

Now I’ll speak—

In vain I strive—my heart will break—

What can I say?—tears burst their way,

They’re *all* in tears—

To Heaven Oh kneel, and not to me!

Go suffering captives, go, you’re free!

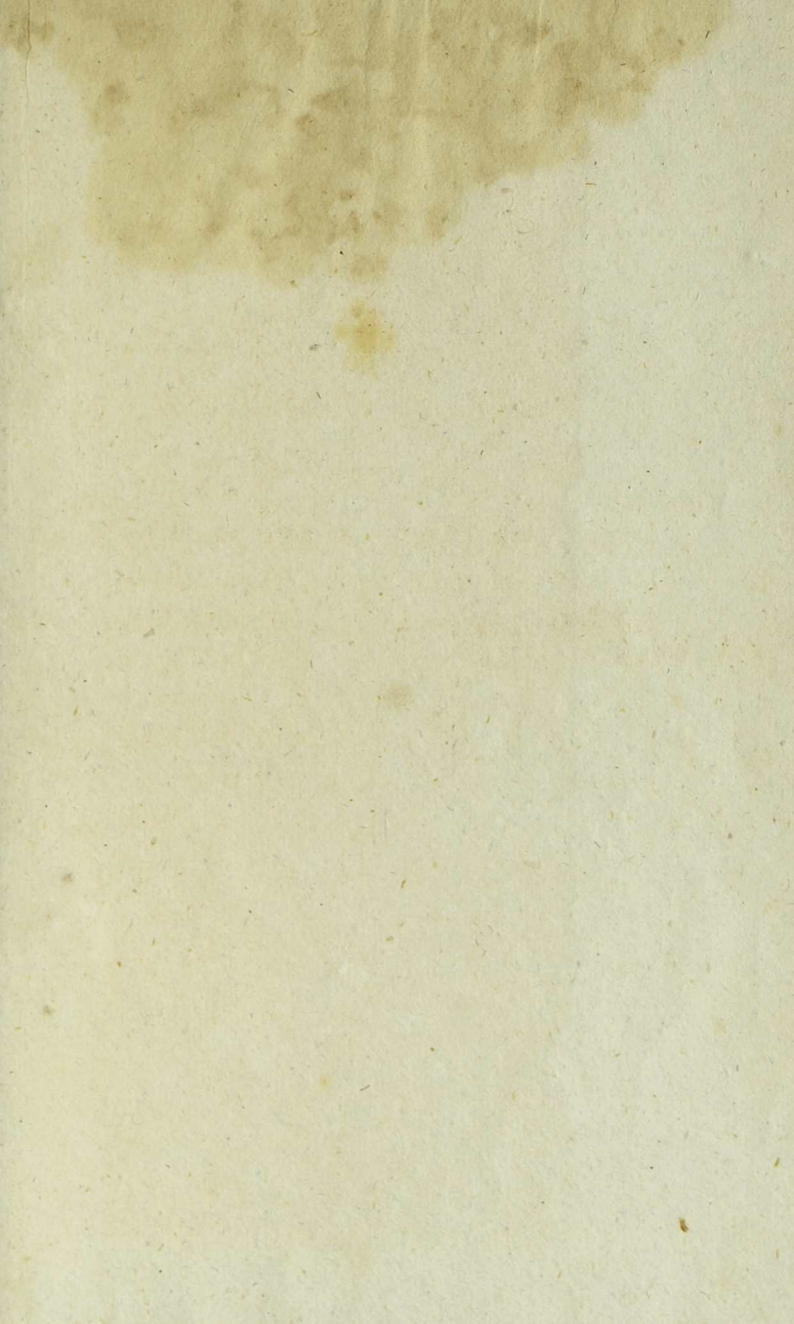
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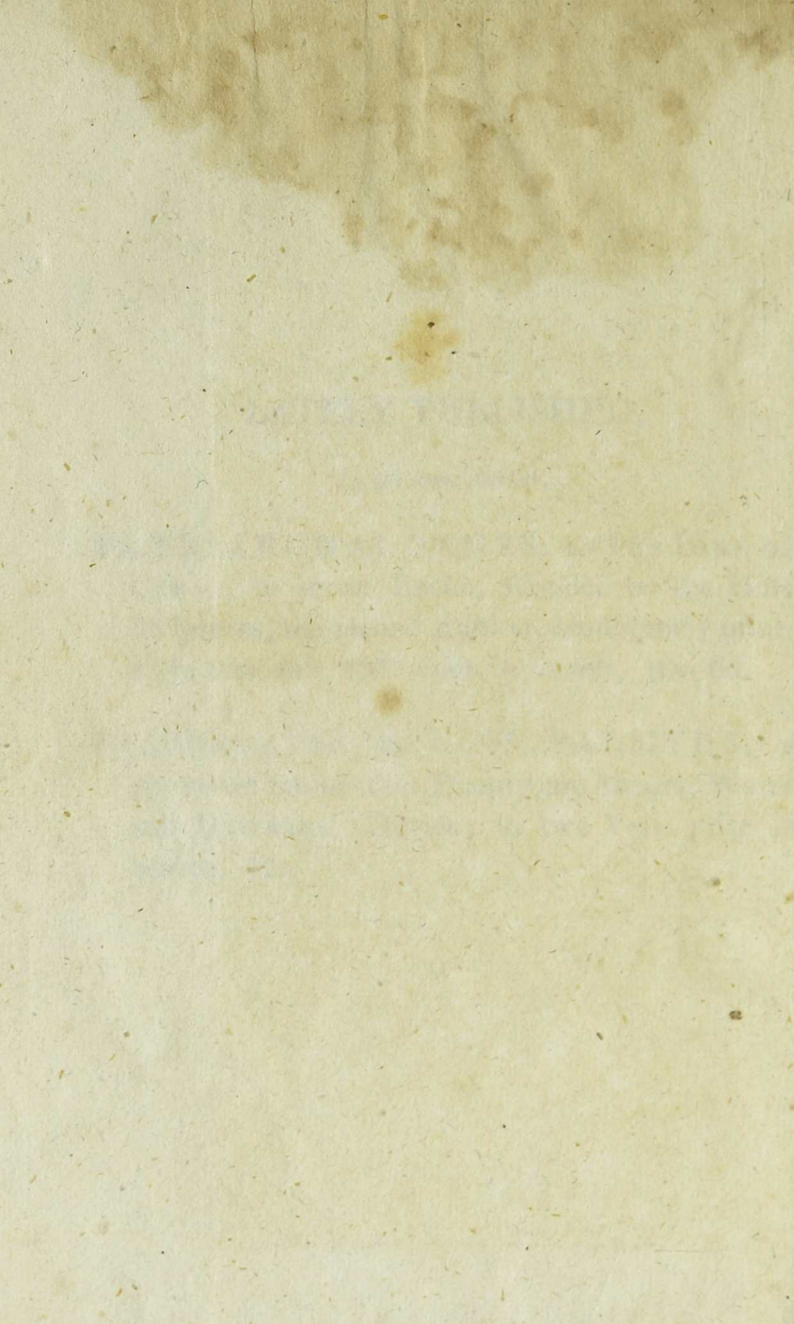
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