

THE
FREDONIAD :
OR,
INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED.
AN
EPICK POEM
ON
THE LATE WAR OF 1812.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON :
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY WILLIAM EMMONS.
1827.

CANTO XI.

CRUISE OF CAPTAIN PORTER.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation....In consequence of the calamities at Raisin, offensive operations are deferred until the return of Spring.....The sailing of the Essex....Capture of the Alert....Porter returns....refitssails for the Pacifick....enters the Port of Valparaiso....Porter is there discovered by the Phoebe and Cherub....Neutral RightsThe Phoebe in the power of the Essex....The Challenge violated by the Enemy....The Blockade....Porter, with a favouring wind, endeavours to gain the ocean....Defeated by a gale carrying away his main-top-mast....The British pursue him into the Harbour, and commence Action.

The scene is laid at the above-mentioned place.

The time is about ten months : from the commencement of the War, June 18th, 1812, until the Spring of 1813.

From the time the Essex enters Valparaiso, till the day of Battle, is forty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XI.

VOUCHSAFE, ethereal Muse ! from heaven, O deign
To bend thine ear, and hearken to my strain :
Thou, who inspir'st the poet to receive
That hallow'd impulse, which not earth can give !
Come, and bestow thy musick to my song ;
Sublime my thoughts to noble musings strong.
O let me feel thee through each vein of life,
That I may madden in the maddening strife.
O for a spark that Homer did inspire,
That I may burn, and feel myself on fire ! 10
Virgilian sweetness to my verse impart,
To charm with beauty, and dissolve the heart :
Let Shakspeare's fancy, with his frenzied eye,
Rush on my soul, and waken raptures high !
With Milton's majesty exalt my song ;
Teach me to speak with his immortal tongue !
Like Ossian, solemn ; like his eagles, bold ;
And let the flood-gates of the mind unfold !
Wherefore, O Muse ! so partial to the East,
That thou hast there, so lavish, spread thy feast ; 20

While stinted favours, granted to the West,
Seem to be drawn reluctant from thy breast ?

What ! is the rising of the sun to thee
More sweet, than when with golden drapery
The heavens are hung, he, with soft light, retires,
And fills the soul with worshipping desires ?
Or art thou human, to admire the spot
Where thou, with dewy wings, wert first begot ?

Impartial Muse ! let not these feelings bland
Enchain thee longer to the orient strand. 30
Come, view our sun ; he sets in love-scenes bright ;
His evening beauty will thy heart delight.
Our lakes, our rivers, and our mountain clime
Will give thy soul its fancy-work sublime.

But, if these nothing will thy bosom move
To grant the West the smiling of thy love,
With other motives must I urge my suit ;
For I,—no, never,—never can be mute ;
O come, and spread thy pinions o'er the sea,
And thou shalt find thy sister, Liberty ! 40

Through various trials, changes, have I pass'd---
O still uphold me till I sing the last !
From hell to earth---from earth I venturous trod
To gain the outskirts of creation's God ;
The shock, the turbulence of battle, sung,
Where Death his harvest glean'd, whilst pealing thunders rung.

Three parts remain to sing ! Without thine aid,
My soul must languish,—future scenery fade.
I shrink with trembling, when I look before,
Ere the last numbers of my song be o'er. 50

O mount my thoughts on inspiration's wing !
Vouchsafe thy wisdom, or I faltering sing.

On the same morn of the disastrous day,
Which wrapp'd the martyrs in their robes of clay,
Shelby commanded Croghan from his rest,
And him, like father to a son, address'd :

“ Thy youthful warriors marshal, and proceed
To strengthen Lewis at his pressing need.
His heart, all anxious, palpitates with pain
To meet the foe, progressing on the plain. 60
Adair will reach us at declining sun ;
Malden submits ere three brief days are done.”

Croghan departed instant from the fort ;
But soon from Rumour he receiv'd report
Of Lewis' hasty movement from the Isle ;*
Then of the battle ; how, with courteous smile,
Vict'ry had crown'd his efforts. An hour hence,
He learnt the slaughter of the dire defence ;
Of Allen, steep'd in gore ; of Simpson's grave ;
And slaughter'd multitudes of heroes brave. 70

Lo, now, a hurrying villager he spies,
Bearing a wild expression in his eyes,
Who brief describes the massacre of death,
Deliver'd quick in violence of breath.

“ I'll hunt the savage in his den ! My God !
What, have the monsters rioted in blood ?
Graves, Dunn, MacCracken, Woolfork, Hickman,
Hart !

Lead me the way ! With life shall none depart ;

* Presque Isle.

I'll wall their path with dead. My heart's last drop
Shall be expended ! Wherefore do we stop ?" 80

" Young chief, most gladly would I show you forth ;
But see the snow ! how deep upon the earth !
You ne'er can hope these pil'd-up drifts to pass ;
Return you must, from whence your coming was.
Admit that, even now, you'd reach'd the plain,
What good relief could you afford the slain ?"

" Alas ! what tightness binds my breast ! Thy voice
Is cold—too cold ! And nothing left for choice ?
Nothing. My reason tells me I should fail ;
Yea—I to Shelby must declare the tale ; 90
A tale, to strike the centre of his heart,
Sharp as the piercing of a heated dart."

Silent he wheel'd his grieving warriors round,
Their features, solemn, cast upon the ground ;
Sad they their path retravers'd through the snow ;
And Croghan, tearful, spoke the words of wo.

While Shelby heard his voice, he stood, a block
Of statued marble,—pillar'd by the shock.
And when th' expression of his tongue was heard,
A sigh came mingled with each frozen word : 100

" I pray you, peace ! nor tear my soul in twain ;
Declar'd you not, that every life was slain ?
And where was Elliot ? said you not, that he
Was leagu'd to aid the horrid butchery ?
O what unnatural sacrilege is this !
What, burnt with torture in the wilderness !
Dizzy my brain—my heart, my heart i pent,
Breaking oppress'd. What language, utterance, vents

My breast, o'ercharg'd with grief. O, Britain ! what—

“ Forbear my tongue 110

To utter forth her name. Oppression—wrong—

Harder than flint-rock—sharp—cruel as fire—

Purchaser of blood—all the vices dire,

That ever brooding hell hatch'd into birth,

She nurtures in her breast—the damn'dest of the earth !

She stabs, and smiling stabs !

“ While Raisin's flood

Shall mingle with the lake, this martyr'd blood

Will mark her forehead with a crimson stain,

Which not the waters of the dark-blue main

Can ever wash away ! This scene of death

Will rise in judgment from the world beneath ! 120

With blood branded with blood !

“ The theme no more—

My heart is bleeding—breaking at the core !”

The hoary chief stands fix'd in silence, dumb

By the full passion of his soul o'er-come.

Slow, partial by degrees, subside his pains ;

His mind, at length, its former power regains :

So when the northern sea, in tumult thrown

By the rude tempest of the frigid zone ;

Scaling the cloudy battlements of heaven,

Thence to the basis of the ocean driven ; 130

The North outspent, the howling whirlwinds die,

And the loose clouds are scatter'd o'er the sky ;

But not the billows sudden lose their force,

Ascending, sinking, rolling in their course.

At length, by parts, subsiding to a plain,

A deep, dead silence settles on the main :

Thus the commotion in the veteran's breast,
By slow degrees, was quieted to rest.

He thinks no longer to pursue the strife,
Till a new spring shall blossom into life. 140

Now iron Winter rules the northern sphere,
Creation frowns with aged look severe,
The trees stand bleak and naked on the plain,
Their green robes scatter'd by the storms amain,
Save the hard oaks—these rustle in the sky,
And the cold searching of the winds defy.
With howling fury drives along the blast,
While from his wings, ice, snow, and sleet, are cast ;
Drifts pil'd on drifts, deep smother up the earth,
And hold in chains the hostile armies, north. 150
The lakes, the streams, are smooth, with ice bridg'd
o'er,

Save where steep cat'racts down the rough rocks roar.
The spires of ice, which glitter from on high,
Reflect the clouds, which scud athwart the sky ;
Nature stands manacled. The frost so deep,
It heaves the mountains—whirling fragments leap
With sound through heaven, reverberating, loud,
Like thunders bursting from a fire-ting'd cloud.

Now Porter from the poet claims the song—
And while he sings, O Muse ! inflame his tongue.
The mariner demands superior lay ; 161
To live till things of eldest time decay.

When War's rough clarion round Columbia rung,
On board his gallant ship the hero sprung,

The Essex, new with life ; with power supplied ;
 And all in naval trim to plough the tide
 To search the impressing foe. A fearless crew
 His voice obey'd, their glory to pursue.
 And these to Porter next in honour stood,
 To live recorded with the brave and good : 170
 Gamble, and Farragut, Downes, Boswick, Terry,
 And Isaacs, Barnwell, Lyman, Duzenbury,
 Linscott, Macknight, and Finch—whom none excel,
 And Odenheimer, Johnson, Willner, and Cowell—
 Names worthy Porter to command the crew,
 Or guide the battle-ship the ocean through.

At Porter's voice, her wings reflect the day ;
 She walks the waters with her streamers gay.
 Nereids sail round in shells of coral red,
 And bosom'd mermaids show their blushing head. 180
 All the fair deities, that cleave the deep,
 Dance to the motion of the tilting ship.

Soon nine rich flags surrender to her powers ;
 Before her path, abash'd, the Lion cowers ;
 Light as a sea-bird o'er the water swims,
 So the proud vessel through the ocean skims.

Mean time, Laugharne, commanding the Alert,
 Travers'd the main, with royal feelings hurt,
 Seeking the ship, that had the Peacock tore,
 The blue wave crimson'd with her bosom's gore. 190

Through mist, he now not distantly descried
 The Essex dark'd, which dimm'd her on the tide ;
 Hence for the Hornet he her form mistook,
 And thus began, intent her power to brook :

“ The saucy vessel, on the west espied,
 Must be the stately Hornet in her pride ;

Long have we sought to meet her in the strife,
And sink her as she sunk the Peacock's life.
Brief we'll repay, what she to us hath given,
For down to death her standard shall be driven. 200
Extend the canvass ; bear upon her proud,
And wake the thunder guns with vengeance loud."
Before th' impelling wind the vessel flew ;
For now the North with quickening impulse blew.
The shrouds the Britons in their ardour mann'd,
And shouted triumphs with a waving hand ;
Then on the deck descended with a run,
And lit the matches, and the war begun.

When Porter mark'd her bent upon the fight,
He felt his bosom tremble with delight, 210
And thus with smiling cheek : " Lo, with what rage
She leaps the sea, the Essex to engage !
Mates ! give not back, though terrible her ire ;
Behold, she comes to bury us in fire !
With ready sparkle, touch the guns a side,
And let our voice be heard upon the tide.
'Twill never do the horrible to shun,
As cowards do and quail without a gun."

The sea-boys instant to the cannon ply
The madding spark ; the balls instinctive fly, 220
Searching the enemy. From stem to stern
The Albion groans, *Death !* so direful burns,
Inflam'd, the Freedom ship. To shun the grave,
Which yawning gapes below, flat on the wave
The Cross in anguish sinks ! The battle's done ;
A blazing moment, and the fight was won.

The lofty Triton, at the edge of night,
Beheld, but shunn'd the Essex in a flight ;
And Porter's signs, to bribe him to the fray,
But urge him faster in his fear away. 230

Having, at length, th' Atlantick circled round,
And many a regal flag in ocean drown'd,
For York he bent his sails, with smooth winds bless'd,
His ship to furnish for the ocean west ;
But lo, he found two three-tier'd royals there ;
He run them by, and made the Delaware.

During the voyage, no patriot found his death,
But all return'd inspir'd with Freedom's breath.
Ten days ashore, the boreal winds arise,
And forth invite him to the southern skies ; 240
He weighs the deep-cast anchor ; spreads his sail,
And gains the ocean—bounds before the gale.

Now in the south, beneath the solar ray,
Columbia's ensign brightens with the day.
The rapid Essex, on the twentieth morn,
Doubles the continent at bleak Cape Horn ;
The stately bark rejoices in her way,
Ploughing with crooked beak the western sea.

The sign of Freedom she displays above,
The oak-perch'd Eagle, thunder-bird of Jove. 250
Proud from the centre floats her pennon high,
Brushing the clouds, that sleep upon the sky.
Broad waving from the *fore*, to glad their eyes,
The " Rights of Sailors," like a gold cloud, flies.

North, Porter traverses the Chilian coast,
The softest climates, that the world can boast ;

Along the shores of Lima smooth he sails,
Impell'd, delicious, by the spicy gales ;
Cruises from thence round Gallipagos Isles,
Where nature frolicks in primeval wiles. 260

On all his paths, he opens through the tide,
None can his rapidness, or strength, abide :
The Nocton, Greenwich, first their standards bow,
Then Montezuma, king of Mexico ;
The Georgiana, Hammond, Policy ;
Th' Atlantick, deep with treasures of the sea ;
Seringapatam, Charlton, Catharine
And Rose, and Hector, Zealander, resign.
Of these he forms a fleet with Freedom's Star,
And gilds the ocean with its light afar. 270
To isles, unvisited, he bears his fame,
And plants the Eagle in his country's name.

At length, the Albions scatter'd from the west,
No standard seen to bear the Lion's crest,
For Valparaiso he directs his prow,
And flies the ocean on his wings of snow.
In three bright suns, he furls his sails in port,
And drops his anchor opposite the fort.

Not otherwise a whale, from northern flood,
Bent on revenge for pouring forth of blood, 280
Shed by the sharks, foams with excited wrath,
Tinging the waters crimson in his path.
The sharks endeavour to avoid his ire
In vain—full many by his blows expire ;
At length, outspent with labour on the wave,
He seeks composure in his secret cave :

The Essex left the sea ; her view the same,
To give soft quiet to her tired frame.

The mean time Rumour to Britannia bore,
Th' unwelcome tidings of the Essex' power, 290
Which set the nation in commotion wild ;
The maddened pulses of the monarch boil'd,
The tooth of anguish eat upon his soul,
That Porter, born of freedom, should control
The ocean of the west : it made him rave
To think the Essex should command the wave,
And bid defiance to his thousand ships,
Which late had borne the trident of the deeps.

He sent for Hillyar, at the court of James,
And Tucker, from their vessels on the Thames : 300
The first, devoid of honour's guiding chart—
The latter, touch'd with virtue's silver dart.
They came, unpausing, at their monarch's word,
From whom these orders they in silence heard :

“ The tidings know ye not ? Forth, anchors weigh,
And dash your vessels foaming through the sea,
And hunt this Porter and the Essex down ;
Reduce the Eagle to the Lion crown ;
Pluck every quill from out her haughty wing ;
Tear, search her vitals ; her destruction bring. 310
By her, alone, more commerce have we lost,
Than all the battles, wag'd with France, have cost.
Who ever thought, their President would dare
To send a vessel on the ocean there ?
No doubt was Ours, but, ere this period, all
His infant navy in Our hands would fall ;
Of them, the whole had in the deep sea grav'd,
And not an ensign of the Eagle wav'd.
They must have watch'd us with unwinking eye,
And, in night season, run Our vessels by. 320

In darkness thick involv'd, their Hornet flew
From port Salvador, pass'd the Montague ;
But soon, how soon did Brook their Lawrence slay,
When proud he fought him in the midst of day !
When We, in cruising, met the ships of Gaul,
In night, or day, We caus'd their flags to fall.

“ Soon We the Tagus and Carnation fair,
With Lloyd, shall send upon the station there,
Perhaps Plantagenet to him shall give,
That in your presence not a foe may live. 330

“ Bring but the Essex here, or late, or soon,
And We'll reward you with a monarch's boon.”

Hillyar receiv'd th' intelligence with awe,—
As though a deity had giv'n him law.
Tucker, by look, consented—never knelt,
For in his breast a dignity he felt.

They to their vessels presently repair,
With flaunting standards sporting in the air.
Hillyar the Phœbe governs, deck'd with pride,
With thirty guns to blaze upon a side. 340
Engrav'd on each is seen the Cross and Crown,
And Lion stamping with a kingly frown.
Ready a crew of eight times fifty stand,
Prompt to obey each signal of command.
Bradburn stood next, the Phœbe to defend—
A man, that never felt his soul to bend.

Tucker the Cherub guides,—inferior force,—
The Phœbe's consort through the briny course.
Brass twice fifteen, with four times fifty men,
To wield their powers when battle shall begin, 350
Compose her strength ; each bosom in a glow
To strike the banner of the Essex low.

Hillyar commands for sailing : “ Anchors rise !
 Unfurl the willing canvass to the skies !
 See every officer in station plac'd ;
 We cleave the deep for the Pacifick waste.
 There rides a haughty ship—the Essex proud—
 'Tis ours to fold her in a sulphur shroud,
 Which to our character will add more weight,
 Than to have swept from France her navy desolate.”

Forthwith the hardy mariners proceed 361
 To weigh the anchors from their sandy bed ;
 They urge the poising levers with a song,
 Which gives communion to their efforts strong,
 The ships inch slow, as they the windlass turn,
 Which makes the blood within their bosoms burn.
 At length, the flukes move heavy from the sand,
 While the loos'd canvass flutters in the hand
 Of those aloft. Dull-floating on the tide
 The prows swing sluggish with the stream aside. 370
 Fresh from the hills descend the infant gales,
 And fill with rustling sound the shivering sails.
 Like wearied labour travelling, move they slow ;
 But soon the winds with stronger breathings blow ;
 At once they feel their power, and cease to creep ;
 They dart, they fly, they bound along the deep.

Urg'd by the rapid wind, the Cape* they make,
 The Cherub foaming in the Phœbe's wake.
 From every mast a jealous eye they keep
 To mark the conquering Essex on the deep. 380
 From south to north, the ocean round they cleave ;
 But nothing, friend or enemy, perceive.

* Cape Horn.

Now south by east, in varying line, they steer,
Till fanes of Valparaiso dim appear.

Approaching, soon with envy's eye they view
The Essex waving high the constant blue,
Mix'd with red war, and innocence of white,
Which Freedom gave Columbia with delight ;
Round which the Stars effulgent blaze sublime,
That mark'd to Liberty the western clime. 390

The royal vessels anchor'd, Tucker went
To learn of Hillyar, how his views were bent,
Who scornful thus began : " Behold the ship,
That dar'd the ocean of the west to keep !
It makes my very blood indignant rave
To think such weakness should command the wave !
Look, how her saucy standards flaunt the sky !
See how supreme the *Rights of Sailors* fly !
But presently we'll dash these streamers gay
Back from the presence of the eye of day. 400
These glittering emblems from their height shall fall,
And Porter, kneeling, for protection call.

" The Cherub forth for combat you'll prepare ;
But first shall I upon the Essex bear,
Prim'd for the battle—settle on her stern—
These lofty banners in the deep o'erturn.
" But should there danger to the Phœbe seem,
By Essex veering, as to gain her beam,
You'll place the Cherub opposite her bow,
And there your art and naval valour show." 410

He open'd his design. And Tucker, grave,
After deep pause, this prudent counsel gave :
" With reverence due, for your supreme command,
Brief I'd remark, we sound a neutral strand,

Where hostile flags in friendship can resort ;
Hence, a peace offering would I bear in port.
The law of nations sanctifies the place ;
Let not our violence the right disgrace ;
'Twill dim our honour to commit the deed,
Yea, make the bosom of Britannia bleed. 420
Scorn'd should we be—yes, scouted by the world—
On every sea, where rides our flag unfurl'd.
If we the laws annul, which nations bind,
Where shall we hope an allied pow'r to find ?
No—not a friend, except a savage horde
To stain our banners with their deeds abhorr'd :
Thus will our country ever spill its blood,
So long as we shall violate the flood.
For twice ten years, we've slumber'd not in peace ;
Continued wars have swept away our race ; 430
The cause is obvious—open to the sight—
The intermeddling with the nations' right.
Let but another Pitt direct the helm,
And wide destruction will the Isle o'erwhelm.

“ But I discern no shadow of a cause,
That we should now annihilate those laws :
Our strength outnumbered twice the Essex there,
Hence, why should we like dastards on her bear ?
The ship can we imprison at our ease,
Or let her pass, until she gains the seas, 440
And then, by settling on her stern and prow,
Cause her proud streamers on the deck to bow.

“ But mark you not, she's anchor'd at the fort ?
Hence, should we hostile enter in the port,
They might their fortress on our vessels play,
And drive us back—our ships in disarray,

Which sadly should we feel—for now we need
The sweetening fruits, our tainted blood to feed.

“ I, for these reasons, would maintain the peace,
And, for the time, hostilities should cease. 450

“ With voice unmuffled have I spoke my mind,—
Nothing conceal’d in secret thought behind.
With you it still remains to lead the way,
Gentle in peace, or to provoke the fray.
To you inferior, thy command is law—
You’ll find me valiant, if intent on war.”

Thus he. And Hillyar thus : “ Full well I know,
That drops of honour in your bosom flow ;
But think you’ve awkwardly constru’d the right,
On which, I doubt not, I can throw some light : 460

“ I know, that nations, formerly in wars,
Were ever govern’d by establish’d laws,
Call’d laws of nations ; but these laws of yore,
And ancient politicks, are *now* no more.
In former days, blockade to constitute,
Requir’d a force, the passage to dispute ;
But all that’s *now* requir’d t’ effect the thing,
Are *orders*, sign’d and publish’d by the king—
And fast imprison’d is the ocean world—
At least, where Gallick standards are unfurl’d. 470

“ The ancient law admitted neutral powers
To commerce with belligerents, save in stores
Hostile to life—but *now*, ’tis *not* the law ;
If contraband, or article of war,
Let them but enter France,—our vessels seize
Such ships of wealth, and count them lawful prize !

“ But let us closer to our purpose come,
And trace the subject to our bosoms home :

" You apprehend, if we the Essex fight,
 That we should be the first to mar the right— 480
 There's nothing in it true. Did not our king
 Bestow on Nelson royal honouring,
 For entering Denmark's capital, from thence
 Seizing her navy in a time of peace ?
 Poets the action sing ; the tuneful Scott
 Exalts the theme with a melodious note !
 Did not our vessels plunder on the main,
 In the third year,* the treasury ships of Spain ?

" Now these things justified, by modern rules—
 (All doctrines are despis'd of ancient schools,) 490
 Sure, right is ours, t' assail our enemy,
 Or moor'd in harbour, or on open sea.

" You apprehend, should we to war resort,
 The west Iberians would emblaze their fort,
 And drive us back to ocean in our need,
 And every purpose of the war impede :
 Groundless your thoughts—they dare not think the
 thing,

So deep they dread the terror of our king ;
 Our fleet would Copenhagenize each town,
 And with the torch burn every hamlet down. 500
 Put off these infant fears. No doubt is mine,
 But that the monarch lauds our bold design.
 What gifts of costly price he gave to Brook,
 When he the Chesapeake from Lawrence took.
 Never so splendid was a falchion made ;
 His garments stiff with beaten gold o'erlaid.
 No English captain, since king Alfred's name,
 Has e'er been honour'd with an equal fame.

“ My reasons now you fully comprehend,
Hence you my every signal will attend. 510
But conquer now the Essex—and, behold,
At our return, we shall be laid with gold.
I charge you, mark me well—and should the foe
Kindle her ire, be swift upon her bow !”

Tucker, unanswering, to his ship repairs ;
And, while that Hillyar for the Essex bears,
He makes his purpose known : “ For action, clear,
And every Briton to his post be near.
Port-lights conceal, till I the word proclaim,
Then, like enchantment, open with the flame, 520
By which, unguarded, we shall strike them through,
And deep engulf them, where their death is due !”

His coward purpose, glad his crew obey,
As winds the Phœbe in her treacherous way.

Now when the royals bore themselves in sight,
Porter prepar'd his vessel for the fight—
For, by appearances so oft deceiv'd,
No show of peace the mariner believ'd ;
And, as the Phœbe glided down the stream,
He plac'd her, artful, on the Essex' beam. 530

This was the hero's voice : “ The Albion now
Glides into port, with peace upon her brow—
But light the matches, should her aspect lower,
To show the hidden virtue of our power ;
But should she hold as sanctified this ground,
I'll be the last to speak the hostile sound.”

Scarce had he ended, when a sudden blast,
Down drove the Phœbe on the Essex fast !

Hillyar's knee-joints, unhing'd from their control,
Shook with a palsy, which subdu'd his soul. 540
To move, unable—ready to expire,
Through dread, that Freedom would explode her fire.

While Hillyar thus was apprehending death,
Downes came to Porter with a hurried breath,
That he would signal give, to blaze her through—
Urg'd to request from th' impatient crew :
“ Lo, your commands the mariners await,
To touch the match, her life to desolate :
Say, that the sparkle shall the cannon burst,
And, at the word, the enemy is dust !” 550

Porter made answer : “ Honour is the chart,
Which, till eternity, should guide the heart ;
Let not our ardour to begin the fray,
Bear the best feelings of the soul away.
Our nation's fame commands me not to fire,
Hence, bid the crew to quench this false desire :
They this neutrality must first debase,
But we our country never will disgrace.

“ In honour'd warfare, let us die or live,
Then, future glory will our names receive ; 560
But darkness gives that character a stain,
Who fights his foe, distress'd upon the main.”

What time this converse Downes and Porter held,
Hillyar thought nothing, but his ship to yield ;
His crew stood shuddering with expectance dire,
That from the Essex havock would expire ;
Th' ungenerous Briton, speechless with surprise,
Could not give credence to what pass'd his eyes,
Why that his enemy forebore the strife,
To strike his vessel through her ribs of life. 570

So once a traveller, in a weary mood,
 Call'd at an inn for rest and generous food—
 A felon soft pursu'd him to his hold,
 To spill his blood, and rob him of his gold.
 The murderer, arch, assum'd a smiling leer,
 To blind his purpose from the eye of fear—
 But in the hellish act to lift his knife
 To reach the centre of the traveller's life,
 The hand of justice fasten'd him in chains,
 For former crimes, committed on the plains ! 580
 His crimson guilt half took away his breath—
 He pal'd, he trembled at the thoughts of death:

Thus Hillyar stood, expecting to expire
 Beneath the exploding of the Essex' fire :
 There nothing being in his mind but blood,
 He thought the same of others on the flood.

At length, the tumult settling to a pause,
 It struck his thought, 'twas neutralizing laws—
 And, like a hypocrite, with dastard mind,
 Artful conceal'd the purpose he'd design'd.
 Porter, saluting with a flexile knee,
 He thus made smooth his hidden treachery :

“ It seems the warring elements would feign
 Compel us here this sanctity to stain ;
 The nations' law gives reverence to this fort,
 Where, social, we like brothers can consort.
 Pleasing it is—refreshing to my mind,
 You this regard, an honour to mankind ;
 I enter'd with design to seek supplies—
 The tropick fruits and other rarities. 600

“ Though that I've plough'd vast circles of the sea,
 By order of my king in search of thee,

Yet by the honour of the British name,
That never yet was tarnish'd of its fame,
I pledge my faith and write the same with blood,
And call to test it an oath-sealing God—
That I, this fair neutrality will keep,
Nor offer battle, till on ocean's deep."

He ended with the oath. Porter rejoin'd,
A flame of honour burning in his mind : 610

"For righteous Liberty whose flag is mine,
I'd not be guilty of a base design.
'Tis for the hallow'd cause of neutral rights,
And Independence, that Columbia fights ;
Hence, I your views reciprocate in full ;
None can presume your promise you'll annul.

"Now when that you your vessel shall repair,
Then, off the harbour, will I meet you there ;
There, we can battle in the light of fame,
I, for Columbia, you, for Albion's name. 620

"Forty and six, the Essex bears of brass,
With five times fifty,—hearts magnanimous.
The Phœbe far outmeasures her in power ;
Our guns outnumbering, thirteen two and four.
Though thus unequal, never I'll refuse
To meet you, single, at what time you choose.
Hence, ere we mingle in the fight, you'll please
Command your consort distant o'er the seas."

Hillyar rejoins : "My joy is with the brave,
Hence, ship to ship we'll meet upon the wave. 630
Tucker, of Cherub, with the wind shall fly ;
My word is pledg'd, and on that pledge rely.

"See, she approaches with a press of sail ;
But, when refitted, she shall take the gale.

And when departed on the ocean's swell,
A gun from me the circumstance will tell,
Then, I prepar'd shall be, to meet you there,
And prove the virtue of the flags we bear."

The Briton spoke like honour. Porter last,
While still the Phœbe to the shrouds was fast : 640

" I strict shall mark the signal of attack ;
Now spread your square-sails,—take the wind aback,
While from our cordage, we your vessel clear,
That you may anchor in the channel near.

" And while in port, we'll friendly acts display ;
With Tucker, come and visit us to day.

We've all the varities in season now,
Such as within the southern tropicks grow.
And wine of mellow age, our hearts to cheer—
At sea proud enemies—but friendship here." 650

Hillyar turn'd pale, then redden'd,—pale, to find
Such worth and boldness in his foe combin'd ;
For though devoid of virtue was his soul,
He felt its power to bend him to control.
He stammer'd to reply—but all in vain—
His failing tongue seem'd fasten'd with a chain.

A miser thus hard bolts his iron door,
Against a pressing stranger—raiment poor,
Lest he by chance, his homely fare should give,
Nor for the same, equivalent receive ; 660
By long entreatance and the pelting storm,
At length he deigns to suffer him to warm ;
But pines in moodish silence at his stay,
Fearing he'd nothing for the night repay.
But when at dawn, the stranger quits his shed,
He more than satisfies for board and bed ;

The miser stands abash'd to mark the ore,
And chokes, and stammers at the creaking door.

Thus Hillyar stood and stammer'd to reply,
His features mark'd with idiot vacancy. 670

Meantime the mariners, on shrouds and mast,
Loosen the Phœbe, to the Essex fast.
Some cords they sever, others they belay ;
Freed, she winds off and anchors in the bay.
The Cherub moors upon her larboard side,
Her flag reflected in the rippling tide.

Tucker, impatient to the Phœbe goes
To learn the cause, why neither came to blows :
“ I watch'd your movements with an anxious eye,
Till I beheld you with the enemy ; 680
And then I judg'd, as no deep engine roar'd,
You'd chang'd your plan and laid the ship on board,
Hence, wore I down, had you my strength requir'd,
To give you succour, as you late desir'd ;
But think what wonder in my bosom rose,
To see you friends, where I expected foes.”

While Tucker put the question, Hillyar stood,
As though the life were taken from his blood.
Defeated pride o'erwhelm'd him in his shame,
And caus'd a sweat to settle on his frame. 690

“ Just in the act to touch the fire—a gale
Rush'd down the mountains, quartering on the sail,
And drove us on the foe ! who, at a blast,
Might ship and crew beneath the waters cast ;
But, by disguising what was my design,
The ship I rescu'd from the strangling brine.

“ We'll put away the theme—descend below,
 And moist the blood and give it natural flow,
 For now, I'm exorcis'd with fever-dry ;
 These southern suns make English fibres fry.” 700

* * * * *

Three days refitting, they in harbour ride,
 But on the fourth, their vessels trimm'd, supplied,
 The grappling anchors from their beds they weigh,
 Just as the orient purples with the day.

When Porter heard the token, he express'd
 The glowing thoughts that harbour'd in his breast :

“ Hark—hear the whistle to the Albion crew,
 To spread their sheets, and bid to peace adieu !
 Soon will our ears receive the signal gun ;
 And see the red flash o'er the waters run. 710

“ Now, now, my heroes, let no dampness chill
 The heart's warm beating to subdue the will.
 We'll prove superior, though our means are small,
 And wrap their bodies in a bleeding pall.
 This is the hour to waken into flame
 Your bosoms, to ascend the steep of fame ;
 Yes, I behold a spirit in your eye
 To strike yon Cross, or find eternity !”

His voice inspir'd the mariners with life,
 To hear the signal to begin the strife. 720

As when in theatre a numerous crowd,
 Collected to behold some action proud ;
 A Warwick towering with a Shakspeare's soul,
 Bending the will of monarchs to control ;
 Or great Gustavus, character'd by Brook,
 Loosing his people from a tyrant's yoke,

Set in impatience to observe the scene
 Rise and unfold the mightiest deeds of men ;
 As limping Time approaches to the hour,
 Attention stronger fastens every power. 730
 At length, the musick, with prelusive strain,
 Causes a thrill to dart through every vein ;
 By the sweet notice of the varying tune,
 That the green canvass would be lifted soon.
 So like the musick was the hero's tongue,
 The crew impatient, felt their nerves new strung.

Now while the Phœbe and the Cherub sail'd,
 With boist'rous lungs, thus Hillyar, Tucker hail'd :
 " Be true to what I've said. Bear from the strand—
 But mark you well, my signals of command. 740
 Should I by token, ask for your return,
 You'll place the Cherub opposite her stern."

Tucker brief answer'd : " When your signals fly,
 With prompt obedience will my ship comply."

This said, he rounds the helm and shifts the sail,
 And beats the ocean with a sidling gale ;
 Like some huge whale, he foams along the deep,
 Bending his eye upon the challeng'd ship.

What time the Cherub parts the curling seas,
 Hillyar, this motto boasting displays : 750

*God and our Country—Traitors, both offend—
 For Rights of royal Britons, we contend !*

" Instant the signal, let the gun declare !
 And let the Essex meet us if she dare !
 Now be ye ready with a tide of blood,
 Should she approach, to gulf her in the flood."

The moment Hillyar the commandment spoke,
The cannon pour'd its voice in cloud of smoke !

As when a traveller, wilder'd in defiles,
Where no delighting form of human smiles, 760
Through mazy windings, labours hard his way,
O'er fens, o'er bogs, where poisonous serpents lay,
Dejected, heart-sick—Oft he stops to hear
Some welcome echo, to his bosom dear.
The frog's hoarse croaking, and the adder's hiss,
Congeal his blood—his heart stands motionless.
While thus despairing, lo ! a well-known voice
Breaks on his ear and bids his soul rejoice.
With throbs of ecstasy his bosom starts,
While from his eye, an holy rapture darts : 770

Such joy was Porter's when the cannon told
The promis'd time, his valour to unfold :
“ Hearken ! what musick ?—Brief the anchor weigh !
Behold the signal blazing on the sea !
The sound is musick from the heavenly pole—
The quickening flash is glory to the soul !
Beyond this grovelling earth, my mind takes wing ;
A strange sensation touches every string !
See, on the breath of heaven your *Rights* unfurl'd !
Fame catch your deeds and wing them round the
world !” 780

His words were sparkles of electrick fire,
Which flam'd their thoughts beyond this earth's desire.
A tear of transport floated in their eye,
Whilst, *God and Liberty* ! they shouted high.
Slow moves the Essex, veil'd in solemn awe,
Gloomy as night to hurl the bolts of war.

Her look strikes terrour through the Briton's soul ;
 Hillyar can scarce his tottering joints control.
 His cheek turns pale, though clasping death's cold urn ;
 He sets a flag, the Cherub to return. 790
 Lo, as her brass, the Essex bears aside,
 He slips his anchor—bounds along the tide.

Porter crowds sail, the chase to overtake ;
 Full brief the Essex foams upon her wake ;
 Her levell'd engines bellow from her prow,
 And, at the enemy, the chain balls throw.
 At each explosion, sail and cordage part ;
 And oft they search the centre of her heart.

At length, the Cherub to her aid returns,
 And each, whole broadsides at the Essex burns ! 800

* * * * *

As when the sun rejoicing in his height,
 Sprinkles creation with empyreal light ;
 With living brilliance burnishes the whole
 To nature's round, the essence and the soul ;
 A treacherous cloud comes sweeping o'er the ball,
 And shrouds his radiance in death's smothering pall ;
 But soon, he musters to a point his rays,
 And breaks its darkness with effulgent blaze :

So Porter's, kindling, every bosom fir'd—
 For lo, above the earth his mind aspir'd ; 810
 But when the treachery of the foe was seen,
 A cloud of darkness deepen'd on his mien ;
 But rising soon, he swept the cloud away—
 His features brighten'd like the god of day !

“ Avast the ship ! A tier of engines roar !
 A treacherous, dastard foe ! The strife give o'er.

Back to the neutral anchor-ground return,
 And, as we sail, cast thunder from the stern.
 What coward infamy ! No—never more,
 I'll trust a Briton should his heart drop gore." 820

Slow wears the Essex at the order round,
 While thrice the cannon with dire peal rebound.
 Her snowy canvass flickers in the wind ;
 Rustling it fills. She leaves her foes behind.

And now in harbour once again she rides,
 Whilst every tongue the British faith derides.

Porter commands : " Charge, charge the engines
 deep,

And firm for action, each defender keep ;
 The dastard Hillyar, having stain'd his soul,
 Not him, will oaths or neutral waves control. 830
 When man is once to cowardice inclin'd,
 He holds no virtue in his grovelling mind.
 When eagle honour quits her empire *here*,
 The soul runs waste—a barren desert drear.

" Though that his oath in solemn pledge have I,
 That he'd regard this fair neutrality ;
 But what can promises or oaths effect,
 When meanness 'habits in the intellect ?

* * * * *

" But look ! they cast their anchors off the strait !
 It seems their purpose for the time to wait. 840

" Now their design, I apprehend to be,
 Is to imprison, bar us from the sea ;
 If their intention this,—then our design
 Will be to pass, and gain the ocean's brine.
 With ease we'll fly them when the offer's given,
 By breezes springing from the gate of heaven."

While Porter jealous of his enemies,
Tucker, (his vessel moor'd,) to Hillyar hies,
To learn the motive why his vessel run :

“ Scarce you with fire, gave motion to a gun ; 850
Why from the Essex”——

“ Essex ! what of her ?

Are you empower'd to act as arbiter ?
Full well I comprehend my sovereign's will,
And shall perform it—every part fulfil.
Hence, to your vessel and my signs attend,
For I shall nothing of my plans rescind.

* * * * *

“ But stay—I purpose to confine him here ;
Never again he swims the ocean clear.
Close we'll imprison—bind him to the shore,
Till he submit the royal flag adore.” 860

Tucker in friendship readily rejoins :

“ This mode of warfare answers my designs.
But heard you not the monarch's last remark,
That we should strict observe them in the dark,
Or they might shun us by their gifted sight
To wind their way, when heaven is spread with night :
This naught avails him—should by day he dare,
Soon would he find his vessel in the air.

“ As we in number twice exceed his force,
For us, how easy to obstruct his course ; 870
But as, divided, we command this power,
'Tis equal triple, if not one to four.”

Thus Tucker. Hillyar thus : “ I grant with you,
Our *obvious* strength is triple to the foe ;
But well I mark'd the Essex in her ire,
To once of ours, exploded thrice her fire ;

Hence, when that we our *real* strength compare,
Not so unequal our divisions are,
Therefore shall I all methods exercise,
Through least of danger to effect the prize. 880

“ Tagus, Plantagenet, Carnation,—these,
I apprehend are in the neighbouring seas ;
When they arrive with all their armament,
Without resistance, will her flag be rent.”

Thus they on board the Hillyar-ship converse,
And plans of conquest with themselves rehearse.

Now night succeeds to day, and day to night,
While the fam'd Essex, by superior might,
Is barr'd in close imprisonment to port,
Without a gale to make the bold effort 890
To pass the enemy. But Porter, true,
Keeps brac'd in heart the valour of his crew ;
Though thus to be confin'd upon the flood,
Would bring a dampness on the best of blood,
But yet the mariner with cheerful air,
Breaks short the leaden sceptre of despair.

At length, the forty-second dawn appears
With winds tempestuous, from the southern spheres ;
Fierce from the Cape, where infant storms abide,
And issue forth to chafe the western tide. 900

Porter with gladness congregates his crew,
While the winds rushing to the ocean blew.
The quickening impulse to the seamen given,
Was like a visit from the sons of heaven :

“ Proud swell the heart ! Our fame is not yet done !
Mark, mark the chafing billows how they run !

Hsste—heave the biting anchors from the clay !
 Mates ! spring aloft—the ready sheets display !
 Harken !—the starboard cable is in twain !
 The vessel drags the larboard to the main ! 910
 Popitious omen !—touching to the soul !
 The sheets give to the wind !—let every heart be
 whole !”

Th’ impatient seaboys take the word like fire ;
 Quick catching at the rattlings they aspire ;
 Loosen the sails and spread them to the breeze,
 To drive the vessel darting through the seas :
 The main-sails first, with hollow sound unfold,
 And then, the angling jibs, the fierce winds hold ;
 The top-sails—then, top-gallant-sails appear,
 Like silver clouds unfolding in the sphere. 920

The ship like lightning through the water flies :
 “ Take in the gallant-top-sails !” Porter cries,
 “ Reef, reef the jib-sheets. To the windward steer,
 Double the point, and gain the ocean clear !”

His brief instructions rapidly were done,
 While foaming high the bounding vessel run.
 She seems a cloud dark-flying on a storm,
 While lightning fires augment its awful form.
 Like this, the Essex through the mad wave flies,
 To gain the sea beyond her enemies. 930

The Britons gaze—and shrink before their fears ;
 They ply their anchors, as the ship appears ;
 She looks a whale of ocean in her path,
 Tossing the billows to the clouds in wrath.

While thus terrifick round the point she flew,
 A mad tornado from the mountains blew ;

A monster howling in its fury driven,
 With all the strength collected under heaven—
 Loud rushing, roaring, thundering, drove the blast—
 Down crackling, crashing, fell her shiver'd mast ! 940

* * * * *

As when that Fancy, in a midnight dream,
 Translates the soul and opens it, a gleam
 Of blissful Paradise—which wraps its gaze,
 Delighted in a trance of ecstasies ;
 Lo, as she* bears it to the gate of heaven,
 About to open an admittance given,
 She plunges down to hell and brings from thence,
 A form to drive the vision'd glory hence,
 Grim as a goblin, by the moon half seen,
 Setting on graves, where murderers had been ! 950
 Which seizing at the soul with sunken eye,
 Transforms its raptures into agony :

Such feelings thrill'd the veins of Porter brave,
 As proud his vessel bounded on the wave ;
 Such, and so sudden was his joy subdu'd,
 When down the sky-mast thunder'd in the flood.

At length his voice was heard : “ Ruin'd—undone !
 The helm's alee !—back to the harbour run !
 From ruins free the ship ! Let none despair !
 Luff, luff to wind, nor let the vessel wear ! 960
 Away, lads ! bear away—vast ! right—she's right !
 Flame the guns aft and give her running fight !”

Fleet as sounds travel through the hollow air,
 The ship was trimm'd—her stern guns lumber'd war.
 And while they cast their bolts along the main,
 The crippled Essex sought the port again.

* Fancy.

The crew, in three ships' distance from the shore,
 In neutral anchorage their vessel moor,
 And fall to labour, like excited fire,
 To cause another mast to heaven aspire. 970

Now when the Albion saw the ruin fall,
 Cautious they wore, and drove a distant ball.
 Hillyar commands : " Down on the vessel bear,
 And show what we in naval action are !
 Let each be ready at the signal call,
 At far-off distance to elance the ball.
 Though that the ship is crippled of a mast,
 Yet may her guns be terrible in blast.

" I not these neutral waters will regard ;
 But seize the happy moment of reward ; 980
 Yes ; power gives right—this truth our sovereign
 knows,

And justifies all methods with his foes.

" What though my oath I counterfeit did pledge,
 That not in harbour I'd the battle wage ;
 And what are oaths ? as gossamer, or down,
 When great advantage on our side is known,
 And know ye not, 'tis sanctified by laws,
 That oaths bind not from terrifying cause ;
 Hence, I'm enfranchis'd from that pledge of late,
 For then, a hair but held us from our fate. 990
 Our ship was like an infant in their power ;
 The oath preserv'd us in that desperate hour.

" No more. The sheets take in. With caution
 turn,
 And at fair distance settle on her stern ;

Level the balls to strike her life-ribs through,
And let her sides be crimson'd with her crew."

He gave his thoughts. His mariners rejoice
To find a distant action was his choice,
For though unmasted by the whirlwind dire,
Inward they dread the waking of her ire. 1000

The trumpet Hillyar plies with swelling cheeks,
And thus to Tucker of the Cherub speaks :

" Cherub ! attend ! see every part be clear !
Prepare for battle with your strength severe !
Charge deep and prime your cannon for the blow ;
Cast your spring anchors opposite her bow ;
Kindle your matches, let them smouldering burn ;
I at fair distance blaze upon her stern."

Tucker replied : " To me your word is law ;
My every brass is ready for the war." 1010

The shores around and neighbouring heights are
seen,

And house-tops, balconies, with crowds of men,
In breathless silence, gazing on the stream,
To mark the lightnings of the conflict gleam.
Their souls, their hearts, their every fibre feel
A cold ice terror for the Essex weal ;
The slightest motion of the vessel proves
A mark'd attention ; if a haulyard moves,
Or a sail flutters, every bended eye,
With prying look, enquires the reason why. 1020

Porter, at once, their dastard purpose scann'd,
And thus a moment he address'd his band :

“ Behold the foe comes bearing for the storm !
Now prove what hearts of valour can perform !
Though they our ship outmeasure, three to one,
We’ll draw their blood before the fight is done.
Behold what thousands crowd the summits high !
Now show the manner that the brave can die !”

As brief he clos’d, the ships began to burn ;
One on the bow,—the other on the stern. 1030

CANTO XII.

PORTER'S DEFENCE OF THE
ESSEX.

ARGUMENT.

Transactions of the Infernal powers....The Defence of the Essex.

The scene is laid on the White Mountains and at Valparaiso....

The book commences at midnight preceding the attack, and closes with the action, which continues two hours and twenty-six minutes.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XII.

THE Muse must leave the battle in its flame
To show the movements of th' infernal name ;
For they, unceasing, exercis'd their art
To break the chain of Unity apart ;
A chain, when sundered, nothing can unite,
The Star of Freedom will be quench'd in night.

Now, in night-season, previous to the day
That Porter strove to gain the open sea,
The Fiend, involv'd in double darkness deep,
Convok'd his agents on the rude cliffs' steep. 10
They rose, like clouds of smoke at signal given ;
A flash of hell from either eye-ball driven.

At times, the Fiend betray'd an outward air,
Which show'd a bosom canker'd with its care :
Since Freedom's Goddess on the ocean came,
His heart had felt a secret smouldering flame,
Yet with deep art, he kept the pain conceal'd,
Lest it should bend the sceptre which he held :

Not otherwise the monarchs of the earth,
To keep obscur'd the weakness of their birth, 20

Assume a robe of artificial guise,
As though their race descended from the skies ;
But Wisdom comes,—strips off their spider-dress,
And brings to view their native nakedness.

So the Infernal, with a proud effort,
Kept his mind fix'd upon a regal port ;
But oft unguarded, would he raise his eye,
As though he fear'd some terror from the sky.
His heart misgiving, told him to repair
Beneath the mountain,—from the upper air. 30

Thus a deserter from the ranks of fame,
Enroll'd with Albion his detested name ;
From Queenstown battlements, he marks sublime
The Freedom Star, that gilds his native clime.
The sight in secret preys upon his heart,
His eye depress'd, reveals the inward smart ;
He pines with fever to be led afar,
Beyond the radiance of th' upbraiding Star.

So the Deserter from the ranks of heaven,
The time Fredonia to his sight was given, 40
Perceiv'd a gnawing at his heart severe,
As though transfix'd with her celestial spear.
Yet, he began with consequential pride
To bolster up the royals by his side :

“ Proud agency of hell ! great was the art,
That Lawrence bow'd to death—his vessel wreck'd.
Beside this naval conquest on the flood,
Other achievements animate Our blood :
Undying honours crown Our royal son,
Proctor the great ! who, when his race is run 50
On this terrene, in hell shall oversee
The damn'd of the infernal hemisphere ;

But We design to practise him on earth
A time some longer, ere We call him forth.

“ ’Twas known in hell, full thirty years or more,
That Cruelty, who lash’d with scorpions sore
The souls confin’d in chains, was sent a spy
To scourge Columbia, till her name should die.

“ Soon We perceiv’d that those of Albion blood
Excell’d his art to torture on the flood ; 60
Hence, as that hell was empty of the place,
Sudden he thought to mingle with the race,
That one might be created to supply
The station, occupied by Cruelty.

“ With this intent from hell’s wide gate We flew,
Keeping the coast of Labrador in view.
Like flame, up-leaping, soon We reach’d the cape ;
There took We lineaments of human shape.
We wander’d south along a broken waste,
To find an object suited to Our taste. 70
Not small the numbers hearken’d to Our love,
For where is woman, but soft note will move ?

“ At length We found her in a narrow dell,
Though not in beauty did her form excel ;
Searching she was the favourite of the flock,
Which far had wander’d from the sheltering rock.
She look’d, in waning eye, beyond her years ;
A bloody ichor floated down for tears ;
Her forehead swell’d in ridges like the sea ;
Her nose a promontory, form’d a bay, 80
In which her red eyes swam. On either side,
Her cheeks shrunk back and left her mouth full wide
Invading on her ears. Her mouldering teeth
Were half consum’d, by reason of her breath ;

Which to the smell a stronger poison gave,
Than the green nostril of the rotten grave.

“ Soft We approach’d, and call’d her wond’rous fair ;
At which she smil’d—past hell her hideous air !
Our aid the lamb We proffer’d her to find,
Which she accepted with a willing mind. 90
With oily periods and light amorous play,
We loiter’d careless o’er the woody way ;
We sigh’d, then whisper’d, then impress’d her hand,
Which seem’d in fever, like a hell-lit brand.

“ At length, We happen’d at a cedar grove ;
And Proctor prov’d the subject of Our love.

“ In the brief compass of nine moons and one,
Our promis’d offspring gaz’d upon the sun ;
His mother nurs’d him for as many more,
From breasts distilling blood combin’d with gore. 100
And then she fed him on the things of earth,
Abhorr’d by all, save those had hell at birth.

“ He grew apace—and while but yet a youth,
Ways he contriv’d to torture life, uncouth.
’Twould pierce a fury’s callous heart with pain,
Should We his moods of cruelty explain.

“ But where of late he testified his blood,
Was at the Massacre at Raisin’s flood ;
This reckless slaughter will exalt his name
To royal honours in the world of flame. 110

“ Now when his murder in this war is done,
We shall in hell demand Our favourite son.
Each day, he grows more pleasing in Our eye ;
Worthy his sire, and mother Infamy.

“ These proud events Our feelings render glad,
But she, that circles heaven, affects Us sad.

Lawrence she met with rainbow cloud, and bore
 His soul enfranchis'd to th' empyreal shore.
 Curse on her form ! she may in lightning come
 With power divine, and all Our hopes deplume. 120

“ But why these doubts ? why shrink ?—Single,
 not We

Would shrink to meet in arms her enmity.
 From this, Our hand, a bolt of thunder hurl'd,
 Would shrive her spear and drive her from the world.

“ Does not New-Albion aid Us in the work ?

And soon with gold will We dissever York.
 These States at Hartford, in Convention still,
 Will meet—the Union secretly to kill ;
 And Maryland appears a wavering tide,
 Doubting, to learn what manner to decide. 130
 When vacillating thus a People stand,
 Th' event is sure—they do as We command.
 Our labours thicken fast. The State of Maine
 Must be divided from the Union chain ;
 She stands alone—Our friends on every side
 To hem her in, her strength to subdivide.

“ But future, by some casualty unknown,
 Should We, of States be rifled, now Our own ;
 Those, that renounce their Freedom for a Throne,—
 For not the powers of earth, or air, or sea, 140
 Can tell the chance of war's uncertainty,—
 Hence, to be furnish'd, ready for defeat,
 We'll forth provide a cavern to retreat.

And should the powers of heaven prevail with art,
 (The thought of which is distant from Our heart)
 We'll plan an earthquake, ruinous to raise,
 To whelm the States and snatch them from the skies.

“ We purpose now to journey round the earth,
To mark through all its realms what passes forth.¹
Rise, harness for the labour—drive the work ; 150
At change of noon, I shall return by York.”

Stately he rose, when he the order spoke ;
The mountain felt it, and with terror shook.
His form assum'd the lightness of a cloud,
Which wrapp'd the gloomy heights in grave-cloth
shroud ;
His arm was like a pillar on the sea,
Form'd by the gathering of humidity ;
His hand was like th' appearance of a ghost,
That haunts the ruins of a ship-wreck coast. 159
His eyes were two mock moons, broad, sickly, dim,
When deep through murky clouds, they wandering
swim.

The monarch having pass'd,—the Stygian bands
Commenc'd the cavern with their giant hands ;
Earth groan'd with dying pangs ;—so vast their toil,
It made the fluid of their hearts to boil.

So when the Fulton is intent to keep,
'Gainst wind and tide, her course upon the deep,
She feeds her furnace to a glassy heat,
Causing her boilers in their rage to beat ;
To rush her engine with increase of power, 170
And bear her forth against the ocean's roar.
Soon the pent waters feel th' augmented fire,
And with a maddened violence aspire,
Threatening to break their prison with a burst,
And hurl the stately vessel into dust.

Thus, by their toil, th' infernal bosoms chafe
With such commotion, as not life is safe
Within the compass of their breath to stay,
For fear the boilers in their breasts give way.

But Idleness, despicable in hell, 180
Lingers behind, and strives their heat to quell,
Contriving different means the toil to shun,
For whom 'tis grief to move a pebble stone :
While each hard sweats with labour at a strain,
He quits his hold—excuse, his breath to gain.
The half-pois'd rock descends with crashing sound—
Full many a fiend disjoining in the ground.
But lo, they quicken from the pressing death,
And rise from out the prisoning rock beneath ;
Such the mysterious habit of their frame, 190
They wake to life, like Phœnix from the flame.

Still, by excuses, he avoids the toil,
Yet oft he puts the others in a broil.
At length, they sought a momentary rest ;
He seiz'd the time, and thus his thoughts express'd :

“ Sweet friends ! *your* benefit, and not my own,
Has often made me suffer from the Throne ;
But yet, most fervent in my breast I feel,
Base it would be to fly the publick weal.

“ With this desire I nothing can conceive, 200
Why, for convenience, we should not relieve
Our wearied natures ? Why, with toil thus burn ?
Not till the moon the monarch will return.
Alternate spies can watch his coming forth ;
A thousand cubits have we dug in earth,
Hence we, secure, our efforts can delay,
Till the last glimmer of th' appointed day ;

Then, ere his Majesty in wrath shall come,
We, in full strength, our slavery can resume."

At first they doubted—dreading to comply ; 210
But soon they rid them of timidity :
A part retire and stretch them at their ease ;
Others, avidious, the occasion seize
To join in tournament—to wrestle, dance—
Or with a shield to exercise the lance.

Ere the return of day's bright harbinger,
The Fiend came sweeping, exercis'd with care !
The earth was shaken in his passing forth,
As though the storms were loosen'd from the north.
Anxious at heart to make the labour burn, 220
Was the main reason of his swift return ;
Trusting to Proctor to conduct the strife,
Whose only joy was in the wreck of life.

He finds his subjects,—part upon the ground,
Lost in their sleep—a part, with cedar crown'd,
Dancing to musick, form'd by shaking bones—
White human skulls,—in which were pebble stones !

As when the lake of the infernal world
Is by the tempest-cloud tumultuous hurl'd,
Billows on billows toss'd with surging fire, 230
The damn'd in pain, endeavouring to expire :

So like the billows of the lake, the crew
Rose in their terror at the interview ;
Wedg'd in confusion, toss'd from side to side,
Their every eyeball stretch'd convulsive wide ;
As when a maniac in his fit finds death,
Such was their look !—forgetting they had breath.

The monarch seiz'd upon a scourge of wire,
Such as had made our mariners expire,

Whilst corded, cruel, to the Albion mast, 240
Pleading their Freedom, till they groan'd their last :
Such a damn'd whip the madd'd Tyrant fell,
With grin severe, applied upon their hell.
At every stroke gush'd forth a tide of gore,
Burning and black, while stood on every pore
A drop of blood, excited by the pain,
Which kept their eyeballs bursting on a strain.

“ What means this breaking of commands ?” He
spoke,

Distant it seem'd his tongue had thunder broke !
His subjects shrunk in terror from his sight ; 250
His very breath turn'd horrible the night.

“ If from Our mandate ever that ye dare,
By pillars, propping of deep hell, we swear,
From this shall each without a wing be hurl'd
To check his falling to the nether world !
Or in the surging lake unceasing burn ;
Or chain'd in ice, thence never to return !”

He ended frowning. To their giant size,
From whence they'd shrunk, like dash'd-up flames,
they rise,

And to the sinking of the cavern hie, 260
Jarring the mountain like an earthquake nigh.
In solid mass they loose the earth's deep base,
As though its whole foundations they'd displace ;
They break it into parts and hurl it high,
The wonders past of ages to outvie.

As when Archemides of Syracuse
Engines invented for his country's use,
Which drove unwieldy rocks upon the foe,
And crowded vessels shiver'd at a blow ;—

Or by the lever, or the winding screw, 270
 Seiz'd from the deep a fighting ship and crew,
 Whirling it round, a spinning-top in air,
 The dizzy seamen fainting in despair.

With the same ease, th' infernal agents throw
 The mountain-rocks from out the pit below.
 One breaks the mass—another, on the wing,
 Grasps, and, at straining with a desperate fling,
 Hurls it aloft—another, plac'd on high,
 Keeps it in motion with rapidity ;
 Another, ready with his strength immense, 280
 Drives it beyond with burning violence.
 Lo, by this art, so rapid they aspire,
 They heat, and smoke, and kindle into fire ;
 So thick are they, as in a whirlwind sent,
 It seems like *Ætna* in the firmament.

At length the fiends produce unusual sound,
 As with their sledges on the rocks they pound ;
 They hear—and stop their labour with surprise,
 To learn the cause from whence the echoes rise.

“ And what,” (the monarch thus) “ what damps
 your brow ? 290

Dastards ! give backward !—Earthquakes are below.”

This said. He seiz'd upon a sledge of weight—
 Poiz'd it on high with horrid joy elate,
 And round and round, he swung it with a whir,
 Huge as the summit of a mountain spur.
 Its helve was fashion'd of the stoutest oak,
 That ever fell beneath the woodman's stroke.
 With straining backward,—resting on his right,
 His left toe touching on the surface light,

The heel bent outward from his body, round 300
 He struck!—the rocks crack'd crashing with a thun-
 der sound.

Earth, reeling, groan'd through all her caves beneath,
 Sweating cold dampness—cold as ooze of death !
 Down horrid sunk the Fiend ! down, down, deep
 down,
 From day's first beam, till high on heaven's arch'd
 crown

The gold sun stood ! two thousand leagues or more ;
 His iron skull a rock in fragments tore !
 Like Pilot's Tower,* o'erthrown by earthquake storm,
 His whole vast length lies stretch'd out huge in form.
 His eyes swim glaring in a vacant gaze ; 310
 His mind is lost in labyrinthian maze.

At length, recovering as from broken sleep,
 His voice resounded through the hollow deep :
 “ Give way to swing the sledge ! What damps
 your brow ?

Retire ! behold an earthquake is below !
 We'll break its hollow sides !—What, do you feign,
 As though your ears so delicate, felt pain
 To hear the earth groan out ? 'Tis musick rare,
 If We its note to uproar'd hell compare. 319
 Stand—hear it !—it explodes !——

“ What ! sunk to hell !
 When left the earth ? It seems a wizard spell !
 Which way—from whence ? Why whirls this dark-
 ness round ?

Can this be other than deep hell profound ?

* Mountain in North-Carolina.

Our nostrils, sure, familiar brimstone smell—
 Black as Death's chamber ! 'tis—it must be hell !
 But where, and when did We ?—Our head whirls o'er ;
 Mysterious maze ! beyond my reasoning power.
 And what's that light, which glimmers from the north ?
 The light of hell from southern zone breaks forth !
 Attended ever with a deafening sound, 330
 But still as Death's vault is this deep profound.
 A labyrinth !—We know not what to think—
 Our mind is like a chain with broken link.

“ The last that We remember was the rock,
 Which, when it broke, gave earth a reeling shock.
 And was it then that We from thence was hurl'd,
 By wrath of heaven, to this infernal world ?

“ We'll pause to gain Our mind, which seems to
 stray,
 The more We reason, from the truth away.

* * * * *

“ Not otherwise indeed ! We broke the shell, 340
 And through the centre of the earth We fell !

“ Sublime disclosure !—how my thoughts elate !
 Here We, as though in hell, can smile at fate,
 Remote from heaven and heaven's unwelcome light,
 Which by its blaze gives anguish to the sight.

“ We'll search this dungeon never known before—
 Hark ! whence proceeds this far-off lumbering roar ?”

His pinions open'd with a heavy swell,
 (Which time allow'd not, when through earth he fell) ;
 Onward he travers'd with dilated eye 350
 Wide as the circle in a midnight sky,
 When in eclipse the moon half veils her form,
 By which the mariner forebodes a storm.

He meets a vacuum, and with fluttering falls,
And, lizard-like, with effort hard he crawls.

While thus he grovell'd on—half day,—half night,
A distant something riveted his sight :
And now it stopp'd, and now again it mov'd,
Which action vital in the substance prov'd.
Cautious, he gain'd upon the object slow, 360
That more distinct its lineaments might show.
Soft in concealment he approach'd it nigh,
Then sudden rose in wild deformity !
So sulphur'd nitre slumbers in the dark,
Till sharp it feels the animating spark,
When lo, it quickens with combustion dire,
Flashing to view the horrible of fire :

Thus rose the Fiend !—The stranger caught his
eye,
And stood, a time unable to reply.

* * * * *

“ God of this darkness ! thou my life but save, 370
And I will kneel and be to thee a slave !

“ I made inquiry at the north for thee,
To be directed to thy ~~R~~oyalty,
To kiss thy hand—thy Majesty adore,
And crave of thee, these regions to explore ;
But thou wert absent. Now, alas, I find,
My life is forfeit by impatient mind !
Accept of me, a slave ! Years five and ten
I've wander'd here remote from heaven and men.
Perhaps, this calculation may be large, 380
For when a train of miseries surcharge
The human breast, a moment is a day—
A year seems bordering to the earth's decay.

My compass travers'd not, and hence, I've wound,
 Lost in a wilderness of error round,
 My life sustaining on the nascent forms,
 Of creeping things—the rudiments of worms.

“ Once in a cavern I beheld a light,
 Which seem'd to lead me from this world of night ;
 I enter'd through a fissure in the rock ; 390
 But O, what language can describe the shock !
 It prov'd a charnel-house, where death was seen
 In every stage, from infants up to men !
 Their pallid robes were scarcely moulder'd yet ;
 Yea, some retain'd the drops of dying sweat !
 Horrid, they star'd me with an open lid,
 By which I knew 'twas Egypt's pyramid,
 Whose deep foundations on earth's shell were laid,
 To which I'd distant in my wanderings stray'd.
 The light produc'd was from the millions dead, 400
 Shining with death-fire on their nitrous bed.

“ O'erwhelm'd with horror at the dire abode,
 I felt as live things creeping through my blood,
 Despairing ever to behold again
 The smile of beauty, or the face of men.

“ I thus was roaming in my sickening round,
 When from the south I heard this unknown sound,
 Loosening the hanging rocks. I stopp'd amaz'd,
 When lo, thy Majesty before me rais'd !”

Thus he. To whom the Fiend : “ We thought it
 thou, 410

With mischief work, who caus'd the lumbering now.

“ But who inform'd thee of Our empty sphere ?
 Say, what enticement brought thy coming here ?

And is it not enough for thee to dwell
 Fronting the sun on earth's external shell,
 That thou must come a traitor to Our realm ?
 Proclaim thy purposes, or death shall overwhelm
 Thy feebleness in dust ! What, could not We
 Here reign secure from man's avidity ?
 It seems, if it were possible to trace 420
 The path of hell, he'd search the dreadful place.
 And should I e'er behold its Magistrate,
 I'd give him caution, that he bar his gate,
 Or discontented man might inroads make,
 And from his hand his rightful sceptre take.
 " But say, what mammon you expected here,
 Or what inducement brought you to Our sphere ?"

" Simple my answer : Science is my name—
 By searching, lo, I found, and spoke the same,—
 The earth's concavity. The serpent tongue 430
 Of scoffing ignorance with lissing rung.
 Yet still I gloried, though the spurn of all ;
 And even Freedom hiss'd me from her hall.
 But not by scoffs, was I to be dismay'd,
 Till I in person, had the truth survey'd.
 Vain were their efforts to unman my soul ;
 I pass'd the ice and enter'd at the pole.
 My course was guided by the martin's flight,
 When north she flew to spend her wintry night.
 You know my hist'ry since. I'll now describe,
 What secret motive acted as a bribe.

" Great I desir'd with Newton to be nam'd ; 440
 Beyond the character of Franklin, fam'd ;

I thought to notice how the springs were form'd,
And, through the poles, how earth was inward worm'd.
Pure veins of virgin silver,—mines of gold,
I doubted not, delighted to behold ;
Pearls, gems and petrefactions, diamonds bright,
I apprehended would enchant my sight ;
And all the treasures in the deep sea hurl'd,
My mind conceiv'd had found this darksome world ;
For, by the test of geometrick line, 450
I learnt the greatest depths of ocean's brine ;
Hence my philosophy had plac'd them here,
Dropp'd through the centre of earth's concave sphere.

“ These were my views thy regions to explore,
And not for mammon or his mines of ore,
Hence, O my life in mercy deign to save,
And I will kneel and be thy menial slave !”

“ We keep no slaves !” The Fiend with frown
rejoins,

“ Slaves groan above, but not in Our confines.
Though man enjoys the influence of heaven, 460
No greater monster to the world is given,
Since he, of all created by a God,
Stands mark'd with hell in slaving of his blood !

“ Go, measure back Our trace,—’twill lead thee
north,

And through the pole direct thee to the earth.
Thou hast sufficient punishment endur'd,
The madness of thy brain must now be cur'd.
Go, and proclaim what wonders thou hast found,
We thought it thee, who caus'd this jarring sound.”

With feat of wings, false Science flew with haste ;
The backward progress of the Fiend he trac'd.

Ere long he mark'd earth's window at the pole,
Which shot new happiness along his soul ;
From thence to Greenland he pursu'd his way ;
A vessel there was ready for the sea :
With swelling sails he made his native shore,
And told of wonders never told before.

Meanwhile hell's monarchy strode hurrying forth,
To learn what cause convuls'd the central earth.
At every step he reach'd eight furlongs o'er, 480
In compass guided by th' unceasing roar,
Which, as more near upon the south he drew,
Loud and more loud its deep concussion grew.

At length he paus'd upon a beetling height,
Round which in vain the ocean spent its might ;
By earth's quick motion spinning round her pole,
Causing the waves impetuous back to roll ;
He stood aghast at the tumultuous scene,
A dark convulsion gathering on his mien.

But soon he broke the spell : " What, pause with
fear ? 490

We, who can smooth through hell's mad ocean steer !
What though these chafing billows foam around,
We'll learn the cause from whence the thunders
sound !

Thunders which seem this sea to undulate ;
Why doubt we thus ?—We are impell'd by fate !"

This said, his arms he fasten'd to his side ;
His feet together in a knot were tied ;
To earth he settled, as he chang'd his form,
Like Norway monster, hatch'd midst ocean's storm.

His length twelve furlongs, and his compass round 500
Would thrice outmeasure, roll'd along the ground,
The largest wheel, that wind or water power
Ere drove to crush the golden wheat to flour.

In this dread shape he edges to the height,
Which overhung the ocean, flashing light ;
For by the dashing of the billows dire,
The foaming surf shot particles of fire.

Now on the hanging rocks in volumes round,
He coils and coils to make the dreadful bound.
His head slow rises from the centre full, 510
With one eye glaring from his ridgy skull,
Like the moon struggling in the earth's deep shade,
As though Death's hand upon her cheek were laid :
Like this, appears the terror of his eye,
From the vast summit of the cliff on high.

And now his head hangs dreadful o'er the steep,
Measuring the distance to the surging deep.
This done, the horrid shape with rapid whirl,
Darts back his head within the serpent coil ;
At once quick-rising with impulsive bound, 520
Making a groan surpassing thunder's sound,
Leaps in the foam ! Alarm'd the ocean roars,
And flies with horror from the startling shores
Beyond the compass of his utmost reach,
Leaving the monster dry upon the beach !

But hovering Fate, (invisible till now)
Thus to the Ocean—lightnings round her brow !

“ And art thou ign'rant whom that thou hast fled ?
The king of hell, most terrible to dread !
Ocean ! return thy billows to the shore, 530
And bear him forth to where these deafenings roar.

Yea, should'st thou pause a moment to return,
 His fiery breath will cause thy waves to burn !
 Or change thy liquid kingdom into stone !
 A moment pausing and thy name is done !"

The ocean heard her voice : And with a sound
 Like battling armies breaking the profound,
 Roll'd back his frightened billows to the shore,
 To swim the dæmon with their buoyant power.

Instant the Fiend was balanc'd on the deep, 540
 He summ'd his strength its turbulence to sweep ;
 So swift his length along the waves he throws,
 The waters for a time forget to close ;
 A spacious vacuum in the ocean stands,
 Till Fate advancing, shuts it with her hands.

Nearer the monster gains upon the sound ;
 It seems that hell upon their anvils pound.
 A brighter green reflected through the sea,
 Inspires his hope of rising into day.

Sudden, behold a water-spout in form, 550
 He lifts his head confounded in a storm
 Equal to hell, when forging of its fire,
 'Neath which th' infernals for the time expire !

He stands astonish'd with a dizzy eye ;
 And back most gladly from the scene would fly—
 But motive powers fail ! At length the chain,
 Which cramp'd his heart, gave way, and he amain
 Receiv'd the giant vigour of his might,
 And his quick keenness of discerning sight,
 By which he scann'd the nature of the blast, 560
 A naval battle, roll'd in thunders vast !

He yawn'd his mouth to gulp the Essex whole ;
 At second thought, he thus express'd his soul :

“Jaws ! be ye shut, and, Appetite, be still !
Yon island in the bay thy maw shall fill.

“And shall We now these royal ships befriend,
That they more able may in fight contend ?
We’ll never do it—no. The Essex there,
Scarce on her foes a single brass can bear ;
With this advantage, if they not excel, 570
They may be conquer’d, and be sunk to hell.”

When to himself these sentiments were said,
Beneath the troubled wave he dipp’d his head.

What time these scenes transpir’d, the conflict blaz’d
So vast, the monsters from their caverns rais’d
To learn the cause, which burnt upon the flood,
And made them tremble in their deep abode.
They look’d, and fled affrighted from their death,
Far in the depths immeasurable beneath.

The brazen engines, with terrifick sound, 580
Disturb’d the slumbers of the sleeping ground.
The earth through all her entrails dire was shock’d,
The neighbouring mountains with the deafening, rock’d.
The fulminating peals, so vast the fray,
Resembled thunders of the Judgment Day.

So fierce the Essex’ blaze, the Cherub now
Not longer can endure—she leaves the bow,
Cautious she winds from whence the lightnings burn,
And, with the Phœbe, settles on her stern.

Till this the springs upon the Essex stood, 590
By which the heroes warp’d her on the flood,
And dread explosions burst from either side,
Pouring a flaming deluge o’er the tide ;

But now the chain balls of the enemy
Asunder rend them, as they leap the sea ;
But Linscott, Barnewell, reckless of the blast,
Soon make new cables to the anchors fast,
Then round the sailors with the capstans play,
To bring the vessel opposite the fray ;
But as they place the ready guns to bear, 600
Again the hawsers separate in air !
Barnewell again, and Linscott, forth renew
The sever'd parts, supported by the crew.
But as the gunners whirl the linstocks round,
The match to brighten ere they touch to sound,
Behold the springs are broken by the fight ;
Again the heroes, with a leaping light,
The separations with swift hands belay,
But soon the wild fire shatters them away !
Like spiders' threads before the storm they part, 610
While fierce the battle drives against her heart.
Guns nine time ten impetuous ruins pour ;
Purpling her waist descends the trickling gore ;
The gazing shores, as they behold the fight,
Wring their sad hands and sicken at the sight :
So when the arm of tyrannizing power
Brought to the scaffold the exalted More,
He stood, unalter'd in his virtue great,
And smil'd indignant at the stroke of fate.
The gather'd multitude with wonder gaz'd 620
To mark his soul above death's darkness rais'd :
But when he bow'd to taste the bloody axe,
Their passions soften'd down like melting wax ;

Lo, by the strangling passion of dismay,
His up-turn'd hair grew aged in a day !

At length, his tongue was loosen'd from its chain,
And thus to Tucker he reveal'd his pain,
Their vessels board to board ; " Spread sail and fly !
Nothing can live that breathes mortality !
See how the harness of the ships is cut !
Behold the life-ribs broken by the shot !
The balls have smote us wind and water low— 660
Hark ! how they rush !—We've met with overthrow !
Our vessels drink the sea ! We drown—we drown—
Gone—lost forever in the ocean down !
Labour the suction !—urgent, every hand ;
Let none distinction feel ! We strand, we strand !
Perhaps with effort we may yet survive,
Till abler strength from Albion shall arrive.
I'll fight no more, till Tagus foams along,
And others aid us in the battle strong."

Thus he. But Tucker with excited pride 670
Dissenting, thus right gallantly replied :

" You've pain'd my heart ! By England's honour'd
name,
By the proud glory of our naval fame,
Renounce, throw back, this purpose of disgrace,
And prove the nobler daring of our race.
As now have we the gloomy fight begun,
What would our nation, should we dastard run ?
Yea, school-boy striplings would around us press,
And wag their heads and scout our littleness.
Hark ! how the Chilians shout upon the shore ! 680
They now detest us ;—should we fight no more,

They'll point the hissing finger of their scorn,
And scoffing cry : '*Behold the ocean-born !*'

" Cast from your mind this womanish affair,
And prove, but death our courage can impair.
What though a portion of our strength is dead,
Observe the foe ! her waist with blood is red !

" On starboard quarter we'll the war renew,
Where not a gun can reach to strike us through ;
There, we secure, upon her life can aim, 600
And, void of danger, set her in a flame.
Her cannonades will nothing her avail,
While we, at distance, shall her life assail.

" Most true, in many a battle have I been,
Where ocean redden'd with the blood of men—
At Cape Trafalgar, and at Egypt's Nile,
Where death did feast and on the banquet smile,
But never such defence was ever known,
As Porter and his mariners have shown ;
But if no cannon bear upon our life, 700
We must become the victors in the strife."

While Tucker thus dissuaded to retire,
Hillyar, with grapes distill'd, arousd his fire :

" The every fibre of your heart is true ;
You've wak'd a spirit in my bosom new.
Proof have you given, that English is your blood,
A heart of oak to sink her in the flood.

" Distant we'll cause her banner to submit—
Behold how swift our mariners refit !
Replace the broken spars—the braces mend— 710
We creen her, lads !—we creen her, beam an end !
Moisten your courage—let the goblets flow ;
We'll waste with fire, or strangle her below.

“ But I'll not be a miser in my fame,
Each shall have room to send aloft his name ;
Hence, for the present, I my place will yield,
That, Bradburn, you the ship's command may wield ;
But I'll be with you, should the fight grow warm,
And place my bosom opposite the storm.”

With this excuse, he left th' impending scene 720
To Bradburn's care, renown'd with valiant men.

While each with each convers'd, the crews repair'd
Their ships for action, by exertions hard.
Beyond the striking distance of the brave,
They drop their anchors in the neutral wave.
Remote from danger, cowardly renew
The dastard fight, striking the Essex through,
While not a gun is possible to bear
Against the foe, so angled from a square.

Thus Putnam, chivalrous, in days of yore, 730
Was bound a captive on the northern shore ;
Two hideous savages, with passions fell,
Approach'd the hero, burning in their hell,
And hurl'd their darts unerring through the air,
But shunn'd his life,—the compass of a hair ;
While piteous from his cheeks and arms and side,
Gash'd with deep wounds, sad stream'd his crimson
tide :

Thus was the Essex by explosions rent,
While bound, disaster'd, like imprisonment ;
So, like the savages, the Britons stood, 740
And drew in gushing streams her best of blood.
On every side, the prime of mortal clay
Reel'd, gasp'd, and fell, and splash'd into the bay.

Clouds ting'd with death around the vessel spread,
And stifling seem'd to fold her with the dead.

Yet Porter brightens as the darkness crowds,
A light, reflecting on the coffin clouds ;
Pure like the splendour of a star at night,
When others all are curtain'd from the sight
By heavy-hanging clouds :—in flame he stands ; 750
O'er death he triumphs, and the brave commands :

“ Immortal deeds !—Sunder the cable twain,
And run upon the enemy amain.
Never—no—never shall the standard sink—
Not while the mind has liberty to think !”

The cable parted, as the word he gave ;
The vessel moves like madness on the wave ;
But, by the shifting of the wayward gales,
To board, the hero in his purpose fails,
Yet by superior knowledge of his art, 760
He runs between and strikes them to their heart.
So fierce, so terrible the Essex' ire,
She seems a dragon with broad wings of fire,
When through the regions of deep hell he flies,
At Death's command, to search his enemies.
The Phœbe, Cherub, summon all their strength,
And blaze—their distance scarce a vessel's length ;
Betwixt the three, thunder on thunder rolls—
The jarring earth seems loosen'd from the poles.
By frenzied fire the bolts of wrath are driven— 770
The ocean burns with solid flame to heaven.

Were Hecla and Vesuvius side by side
Of Ætna plac'd, by earthquakes yawning wide—
And all, and each in height of fury rais'd,
Each to outdo the other as it blaz'd :

Scarce less terrifick would the conflict seem,
Than the dread battle burning on the stream.

Now by the turbulence the ships are hid ;
And now they show a blazing pyramid.
But soon the smoke commixing with the fire, 780
Smothers each vestige of their forms entire.
A moment,—and a halliard breaks between—
Perhaps the motion of a flag is seen—
Instant the whole is muffled from the eye,
Wrapp'd in the folds of deep obscurity :

So when for many moons a drought prevails,
By which the gushing of the fountains fails,
The tender flowers sink drooping to decay,
Beneath the fervour of the parching ray ;
At length at midnight in the south appears 790
A chain of clouds which soon involves the spheres ;
Contending thunders in their anger peal,
Which cause the pillars of the earth to reel,
Whilst lightnings, kindling with incessant fire,
Affright the world with apprehensions dire ;
A moment, now behind the clouds they hie,
Which leaves obscurely seen the curtain'd sky,
Deep, dungeon'd, dark, in awful tumult roll'd,
Thick-crowding, broken, heaving fold on fold ;
But scarce a thought is to the mind allow'd, 800
When the keen lightnings burn upon the cloud,
Filling the circle of the heavens with blaze,
Blinding the eye that ventures at a gaze.

Like this, the streams of fire and thunders swell,
The ocean spirits answer audible.
Columbians, Britons, weltering in their gore,
Close their dark eyes—to waken never more.

A vengeful bullet leaping at Cowell,
 Fractur'd his ancle ; brief from life he fell ;
 The stream of life came pouring from the wound, 810
 And left his breast on Death's cold bosom bound.

As Wilmer with strong arm his brass applied,
 A splinter smote and hurl'd him in the tide,
 Astounded with the blow which jarr'd his breast,
 He sunk without a struggle to his rest.

Though Death has cast your bodies from the world,
 Your names shall live while ocean shall be curl'd
 By virgin zephyrs from the mountains west,
 Where large you drank the streams of Freedom blest.
 A wild, sweet musick from the sea shall rise 820
 To glad your Spirits sailing through the skies !

No Patriot sinks alone—the royals die ;
 Knap, Bufort, Elder, fall promiscuously—
 And other names are stricken from the earth,
 While in their heat to urge the battle forth.

* * * * *

At length the Cherub second time retires,
 Unable longer to withstand the fires
 Bursting from Porter's engines—impotent—
 Her hulk in ruins and her cordage rent.
 The Phœbe flinches back—but Bradburn bold 830
 Inspires her crew the contest yet to hold :

“ Britons ! stand firm, and in that firmness die,
 Rather than cowering from the scene to fly !
 Yea, thrice endure the exercise of death ;
 Say, that we'll live, or find proud graves beneath !”

This language stay'd the Phœbe on the flood,
 Though her dark waist was overlaid with blood.

Porter observ'd their failing, and begun :
" Behold the thunders of the Cherub done !
Stand—and the foe must render up the fight— 840
The Phœbe, see ! exhausted of her might
She flutters in the wind ! She groans in pain—
Yea, prove the soul, and we their flags shall gain !
The canvass, spread it forth,—jib,—top-sail sheet !
Board, board the foe ! The Lion's at our feet !"

Instant the sails upon the ship they bend,
But ah, too broken to retain the wind !
Their buoyant hearts misgave them at the sight ;
Their hope of triumph darken'd into night.

So the ship Hesper on the rocks was lost, 850
Steering for Boston with her freight of cost ;
Her boat was all that liv'd—so dire the scene—
And this was crowded with her hopeless men.
In night,—without a compass for their way,
They bound, uncertain, on the uproar'd sea ;
While thus bewilder'd on the billows driven,
Behold the northern star appears in heaven !
A rushing joy in every bosom crowds,
To mark their compass shine between the clouds ;
But lo, while steering by the heavenly ray 860
To seek the shelter of a friendly bay,
A scowling cloud obscures the lovely light,
Which wraps their promise in the pall of night.

Thus sunk their hopes to mark the sail wings torn,
Like shipwreck'd mariners in grief forlorn ;
Each soul o'erpower'd, reveal'd a reckless stare,
Though breaking down beneath a dead despair.

Now at this bleeding moment of distress,
McKnight to Porter, offer'd this address :

“ Our gallant vessel in the strife is done ; 870
Her last—last particle of sand is run !
Our guns are like the minute guns of death,
While the foe strikes and settles us beneath ;
Our masts are wounded—tottering from their height—
The cordage rent,—the hulk in shatter’d plight ;
The deck is cover’d with the parts of men ;
The room of surgeons is a direful scene ;
And still, incessant, our companions fall,
But yet they smiling meet their funeral !
Behold ! what flames come bursting from below ! 880
No hope remains, but yielding to the foe !”

“ Yield to the foe !—never while breath survives—
How soon the race of man by nature dies !
How few the days that we forestall of Time !
To die in battle is to die sublime !

“ See Odenhiemer, with unflagging zeal,
Quenches the flames, that bursted from the keel !
The hearts, that show such daring, never melt—
To mortal man such spirits never knelt. 889

“ But mark you not, a gale like heaven has sprung !
It wafts us to the shore ! with feelings young,
Urge on the lagging vessel to the strand,
And spread the fire, and every hero land !”

’Tis doubtful, which most cheer’d the sinking crew,
Or Porter’s voice, or gales which favouring blew
And bore the suffering Essex to the shores,
While drops of blood run sweating from her pores,
For still the Phœbe kept a distant roll,
Touching at times the centre of her soul !

But the gale freshening, bearing her to land, 900
 Imparted vigour to her deathless band.

Hope's rainbow'd visions in their beauty came
 To gain the shore, and light her in a flame.

But ah, the wanton breezes shift their wing,
 And opposite the foe her length they bring,
 Helpless, expos'd to all the Phœbe's fire,
 Piercing her life—increasing in her ire !

By this, the Cherub had her wounds made tight,
 And join'd the Phœbe in the unequal fight ;
 Both ships united, feel their strength sublime, 910
 T' erase the Essex from the book of time.

Through every vein of life the Chilians ache ;
 Heart-bursting sighs from every bosom break ;
 Tears, rank with bitterness, proclaim their grief—
 They see no hope, but yielding, for relief.

Yet still with souls unconquer'd are the crew !
 Nor can the enemy their *will* subdue.
 A something more than mortal seems to live
 In Porter's eye, from which the brave receive
 An inspiration of immortal fire— 920
 To die with him sublim'd is their desire !

Lo, at this instant, like a ray from heaven,
 A daring thought was to the hero given :

“ To anchor of the stern a hawser bend !
 Till the last struggle of our life, contend !
 From bows, the cable loose ! Round poize her head,
 And cast a flame to strike the living dead !”

Scarce had the order echo'd from his tongue,
 When at the foe, the deep-charge'd cannon rung.

The Cherub, Phœbe, trembled every gun— 930
 In vain they strive the iron storm to shun ;
 Blood, like new fountains, gushes every side ;
 They fail, they sink, their decks are in the tide !
 Each moment threatens their expiring last,
 The Essex' thunders striking every blast !

The gazing patriots, lifted from the earth,
 Shout to the glory of Columbian birth :
 " The Essex conquers—gains the victory !
 Britannia sinks with all her infamy !"

The shout was heard beneath the ocean's swell, 940
 Like bursting clouds, by monster Shape of hell ;
 In serpent form he rose above the sea,—
 Beheld his vessels in extremity.

" Is hell upon the earth ?" (in dire surprise,
 Flashing red horror from his scorpion eyes ;)
 " What, is the Essex strangling both of Ours ?
 Is this the effort of the Albion powers ?
 No—never can it be !—What, two——

" Swift We must go—
 Or gone forever in the floods below !"

This said ; he backward darted in the deep, 950
 And plac'd his length beneath each sinking ship,
 And buoy'd them up—his might so wonderful !
 Just as the waves were burying up their hull,
 And hurrying them to death !—His vessels sav'd,
 (Though Ocean thought them in his empire grav'd,)
 Brief he contriv'd the Essex to subdue
 With flame, and bring despair upon her crew.

CANTO XIII.

SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

ARGUMENT.

At the opening of the second campaign, Proctor invests Fort Meigs
....Croghan proceeds to Sandusky....A Night Scene.
The events of this book are laid at Malden, and in and about
Fort Meigs....The time is twenty-four hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XIII.

THE sun returning in his bright career,
Gives gladdening promise of the quickening year ;
The flowery-footed Spring with all her train
Of joys, and loves, comes sporting o'er the plain.

The snows dissolve insensibly away ;
The ice turns liquid by the sun's warm ray.
Unbound from winter's chain, the rivers move
With silver bosoms through the budding grove ;
Through vallies teeming with the floral birth
Of cowslips, vi'lets, smiling in their mirth. 10

A robe of woven grass adorns the mead ;
An infant beauty o'er the earth is spread ;
The lambkins frolick in their youthful heat,
The ewes loud call them, and they answering bleat.
The heifer snuffs the essence of the gale,
And strays to taste the sweetness of the vale.
At sunny noon the bees are on the wing
To sip the luscious honey of the spring.

The fishes feel the renovating heat,
And, light of heart, from winter caves retreat ; 20
The salmon flounces from his sea-weed bed,
And darts the river to its fountain head.

The trout, the swallow of the streamlet, flies,
As blush of morning reddens in the skies ;
At noon he sleeps beneath the alder's shade ;
At evening frolicks in the rippling glade.
The embryo blossoms of the orchard groves
Show their red lips, like beauty when she loves,
While songs, sweet-noted, warble from each spray,
And hold the listener in soft ecstasy. 30
Light marble clouds bedeck the orient heaven ;
Young life in rapture to the earth is given.

Though Spring returns with gladdening smile of peace,
And from stern Winter gives the world release,
And with the musick of her mellow voice,
Bids nature live, and in her life rejoice,
Yet loud and martial round Columbia far,
Sound the hoarse trumpet and the drum of war.

And now, that Winter with his hoary train
Of frosts and snows, had vanish'd from the plain, 40
Proctor at Malden, at the purple dawn,
Rose, and his squadrons rank'd upon the lawn,
Ready to pass the lake and seize the fort,
And give his name a more sublime support—
Sublime in murder, not in valiant theme,
But such sublimity as Raisin's stream.

His numbers mate the buds upon the trees,
Or hoarse collecting swarms of hiving bees ;
The scarlet Britons, dazzling on the sight,
The painted Indians, clamorous for the fight. 50

Thus savage bears, what time that winter raves,
Lie chill'd and torpid in their darksome caves,

But when the spring thaws out their frozen blood,
They wake and raven for supply of food.

So through the winter had the Indians slept,
And scarce from out their dens their length had crept,
Lock'd in unsocialness—no converse spoke,
Veil'd in an acrid cloud of stifling smoke ;
But, as the animating spring returns,
Their fiery blood with inward vengeance burns. 60

Lo, now a banner rising in the wind,
They hush their broil till Proctor speaks his mind :

“ Warriors ! whose bayonets vindicate the Throne—
And Brothers ! long for deeds of daring known—
Great is my joy to see your passions burn,
To leave the winter and to blood return.
Behold, in person, I command the field ;
Never I sheathe my sword till foes shall yield !
Yea, we shall pour a blindness on their sight,
And prove our flag Death's banner in the fight. 70

“ Yes, should they dare resistance at the fort,
'Twill then sublimely with our views comport ;
For we unsparing will their lives consume ;
The whole Republick bury in the tomb.

“ With warriors, you, Tecumseh, cleave the lake,
And the west bank of the Miami take ;
In ambush there, your banded host secrete,
To rise, and at a blow their lives complete ;
If past the river they from us should fly,
You'll sharp your daggers for a butchery. 80

“ Cawataw, you, and you, Tekelah good,
Will land with me at sunrise from the flood ;
The fort surrenders ere the close of day ;
The Eagle flutters in her death away.

“ Cherish in mind they tore away your soil ;
Now for the deed, let every blood-vein boil.
Never the olive we present our foes,
Till yield they north of th’ Ohio flows.
Drive but the vile intruders from the plain,
And that vast country shall be yours again.” 90

Thus spoke the hell-begotten, born of Sin ;
The savage heard, and smil’d a hideous grin,
Expressing that which words can never tell,—
Like that depictur’d in the pains of hell.

They load the barges, sweep the waters o’er,
And land, like swarming, on the freedom shore.

Twelve hundred Patriots in the fort are all
To play the brass and aim the rifles small ;
And had not Harrison, learning the fate
Of bleeding Raisin—from Ohio State 100
Procur’d and hurried the supplies and men,
In infant weakness would the fort have been.

The time that Proctor, with imperious pride,
Drew forth his strength to navigate the tide,
The venerable Shelby, silver hair’d,
The fort defenders in it centre squar’d ;
His purposes proclaim’d : “ The winter gone,
Soon shall we hear the martial beating tune
Inviting us to arms. But Raisin’s plain
Compels us here defensive to remain, 110
Till youthful Perry shall his ships complete,
To bear us o’er, the allied host to meet.

What though adversity constrains us now,
Here to resist the inroads of the foe,
Brown is preparing at Ontario’s wave
To cross with Chauncy and dig deep their grave.

And doubt there cannot be, but now the height
 Of Queenstown shines with Liberty's pure light ;
 Express to me has made it evident,
 That Rensselaer was moving the descent. 120

“ The human soul is limited to time—
 When proud on reason's wing it towers sublime,
 Planning with wisdom for the future hour,
 To grasp its hope in fullness of its power,
 The shifting of a breeze, a song, a straw
 Will break its flight and prove how weak we are.

“ We thought our plans with judgment deep were laid,
 That we, ere this, the Eagle had display'd—
 But by the giddy changes of an hour,
 We stand in weakness—wither'd all our power——

“ How ? wither'd !—never ! Though in numbers
 small,

Our strength is ample to defend the wall.
 None more I wish, the enemy to check,
 Till Dudley shall arrive, their ranks to break ;
 I've heard his passing of Ohio's flood
 With twice six hundred of Kentuckian blood.”

The veteran chief was broken in discourse
 By Hamilton, returning with his force,
 Sent as a spy, should enemies appear,
 To bring the tidings to the General's ear : 140

“ Warrior of many fields !—two leagues below,
 In martial pomp, advance th' invading foe,
 Deep as thick mist, slow travelling o'er the vale,
 Borne on the pinions of the summer gale.
 Cawataw, I, Tekelah, Proctor, saw—
 I search'd to find Tecumseh,—arm of war,

But him, I not beheld. Elliot was dress'd
 In royal robes, more haughty than the rest.
 Reynolds and Muir, like stars mid clouds of night,
 Reflected on the host a partial light." 150

The herald ended. Harrison began—
 To spare the waste of blood renown'd the man :
 " With modest deference to your judgment now,
 Would I propose retiring from the foe ;
 With awe profound for thy superior age,
 These darkening thousands we can ne'er engage
 With shadow of success. Deep they'll surround
 This infant fortress, raze it to the ground.

" I'd be the last to recommend retreat,
 If but a hope remain'd to shun defeat ; 160
 Should we this small but patriot army lose,
 Then would the States be thus compell'd to choose,
 Or rush upon their steel and there be slain,
 Or yield our freedom to the foe again.

" But should we backward to the river* hie,
 In safety we could shun the enemy ;
 Protect the troops advancing on the rear,
 And by our prudence save our character."

Thus he. And Shelby then : " Most true, I feel
 Your heart is wedded to the publick weal— 170
 In conduct, prudence is a polar star ;
 But in this virtue we may go too far.
 'Tis not to be disguis'd, that we severe
 Have lost by reckless passionate career.

" 'Twixt rashness, courage, wide is the extreme—
That brings defeat, but *this* substantial fame :

* Carrying River.

Ever by courage, steadfast warriors tower,
And stand superior to unmarshall'd power.
'Tis not to numbers that the victory's given,
But to wise conduct, and the smiles of heaven. 180

“ Warriors ! yea, more than ample is our force
To curb this Proctor in his savage course.
The hopes of Freedom on our arms depend ;
We stand a rock, our country to defend ;
If few our names, more worth shall we evince,
And place our deeds on fame's proud eminence.
Prove your hearts chorded with your fathers' nerve
Never to shrink from danger, never swerve.
Where danger comes not, courage ne'er is seen ;
The day of battle proves the souls of men. 190

“ Though even now, the enemy comes forth
In multitudes to bury us in earth,
Croghan to fort Sandusky must repair
To guard the passage of the river there.

“ Proceed, fair warrior,—strike for volunteers,
Twelve, ten times number'd, equal to thy years.”

Straight at the order Croghan pass'd the lines,
While Harrison to Shelby thus rejoins :

“ A leaden weight upon my heart I feel,
Longer my thoughts of danger to conceal, 200
Hence, on the principle of publick good,
I must divulge what darkness I forebode ;
Wisdom is gifted with a patient ear,
The calm opinion of her friends to hear.

“ And do you purpose that the youth should stand,
If savage hordes should swarm upon the land ?
A single brass the bulwark would destroy,
And cast in air the inexperience'd boy.

Yea, and I fear that we ourselves must die ;
 My soul forebodes a horrid butchery ! 210
 We need our every warrior for defence ;
 It seems too daring to detach him hence."

" This fear you not : In days of ancient Rome,
 When to her portals Hannibal had come,
 She with her Scipio despatch'd away
 A numerous army into Africa,
 By which bold act she elevated high
 Her eagle—and appall'd her enemy.

" The boy will mount his name—Promethean spark—
 A beam of fire, inherited from Clark,* 220
 His warrior uncle. Fearless he'll engage
 The prowling savage and subdue their rage."

They thus : while Croghan visited the line,
 The youths inviting to the bold design.
 His eye look'd brilliant like a star new made ;
 A graceful sweetness in his features play'd ;
 The blush was martial, deep—but yet so rare,
 That Beauty strove to win a conquest there.

" For warriors suited to my years I come—
 Fall in behind the musick of the drum. 230
 Come—and with me, a character support,
 By proud defending the Sandusky fort,
 Come every youth whose bosom beats to live—
 'Tis offer'd now, bright glory to achieve.
 The angel bosoms of our loves will roll—
 They'll sweet embrace us with delighted soul !"

Scarce had his tongue proclaim'd the welcome news,
 When, rear of musick, fil'd the Pittsburg Blues ;

* Called the Hannibal of the West.

The next, exalted youths, estrang'd from fears,
Of Petersburg, Virginia's volunteers. 240

While Croghan leads the way, the drummers beat,
And soon the complement is made complete ;
His youthful chieftains burning for their fame,
In future ages to transmit their name ;
Meeks, Hunter, Johnson,* in their pride appear,
And Bayley, Anthony, with sword and spear ;
Dunkin and Ship, the banners proudly wave,
Whose starry emblems animate the brave.

Now his fair band like beauty he display'd, 249
Bedeck'd with nodding plumes, white, tipt with red.
The venerable chief with placid look,
Wav'd his scarr'd arm, and to their bosoms spoke :

" To you have I submitted the command,
That ye may prove the promise of the land,
And high upon the laurell'd mountain stand !
Make it fame's birth-day—far in time to live,
And a new honour to your country give.

" I feel your hearts :—when I in years was young,
To strike for Liberty my bosom sprung ;
Nor was it long, before the period rose, 260
Which offer'd battle to the enslaving foes ;
The summons caus'd my heart's best drops to thrill—
It flam'd my blood with fire unquenchable.

" But suffer not these thoughts to press too far ;
'Tis yours, defensive to maintain the war ;
Strengthen the fort, and, with attentive eye,
Mark well the movements of the enemy.
In mind, conceive them ever in your sight,
Then they'll surprise you nor in day nor night. 269

* Capt. Benjamin Johnson, of Boon County, Kentucky.

And when they crowd the shore, your worth maintain,
Should they like waves come pouring on the plain ;
Smother your brass till they shall strive access,
Then let its voice your hearts' resolve express.

“ My blessing now receive. My words obey—
May fame attend you on the trial day.”

As when a father gives his sons advice
To shun the path of infamy's abyss—
Points to the laurel on the mountain height,
Where Virtue sits enthron'd in amber light,
Ready to place the wreath upon the brow 280
Of those, who clamber from the vale below :

With such solicitude the hoary sage
Gave his instructions to the green in age,
Who, while he spoke, stood silent in their gaze ;
But when he ceas'd, they echo'd forth his praise :

“ Thy words engrav'd upon our hearts we bear—
And O, may heaven protect thee in its care !”

The offering from their soul touch'd Shelby's form
With glow exquisite, as when boreal storm
Has rag'd a winter's day, but lo at even, 290
Breaks and displays the angel robes of heaven.

Croghan commands in centre of the line :
“ Each eye-beam steady to the right incline !
By tens break off ! The musick beat resound !
Forward !” They move with spirit from the ground,
Waving their banners as they wheel in file,
Their features soften'd with departing smile.

Soon as was lost the musick on the air,
(While still unbroken was the martial square,)

Brief was the veteran's order : " Each to post ! 300
 Away ! Behold the standards of the host
 Flicker in sight ! And let them darkening pour,
 We stand a rock to break their flooding power."

The Patriots heard, resolv'd upon the war
 'To stand, till death life's charter should withdraw.

While this was passing,—with a haughty port,
 Proctor advanc'd to overcome the fort ;
 But far beyond its reach he stay'd his force,
 And call'd his chiefs—address'd them this discourse :

" Transport your warriors, Elliot, o'er the wave ; 310
 Be ready there, their stubborn hearts to grave ;
 Against the fortress cast a breast-work mound,
 Early at dawn to strike it to the ground.
 Your fighting-men, Cawataw, on his rear
 Will move, to wield the battle-axe and spear ;
 And should you there superior numbers need,
 Fly to Tecumseh with a tiger speed ;
 Ambush'd he lies in yon deep vale of wood,
 Whetting his axe to search their hidden blood.

" Reynolds and Muir conduct your legions round, 320
 Rear of their flag, and let your brass resound,
 Unless the Eagle's wing shall flap the dust,
 Their swords reverted—in their scabbards thrust.

" With Chambers, I, upon their front shall stand
 With good Tekelah. Like an iron band
 We'll lock them here,—none from the fort shall hie—
 Whoe'er attempts it—on our steels shall die !"

Each in due form complies : Elliot glides o'er
 Miami's stream and lands upon the shore :

Cawataw follows, silent on the flood, 330
His features working with the thoughts of blood.
Reynolds and Muir proceed upon the rear ;
Proctor and Chambers on the front appear.

Thus while beleaguer'd is the forted power,
'The royals feel their hearts' ambition tower ;
Their looks express impatience to behold
The Stars sublime, in dark submission roll'd.
With mouths half stretch'd, the savage, leaning bend,
To see the Eagle from her perch descend ;
Uneasy gestures prove their fretting mind, 340
That the proud bird still rides upon the wind.

So mountain panthers, watching their repast,
Of lambs, or spotted kids in covert fast,
Move with soft breath and easy footsteps round,
Contorting, crouching smooth along the ground ;
Their eyes reveal the raving of their maws
To suck their blood and tear them with their claws.

Not otherwise the druling savage seem
To act the theatre of Raisin's stream.

Elliot at length upon the adverse bank,— 350
Cawataw's fighting-men on either flank,—
In regal pomp his battle-line drew forth,
And strove to smite the Eagle to the earth.

The forted Patriots, as he circled round,
Observ'd his motions—rivetted profound,
That should he venture where their globes would reach,
A wholesome caution to his pride to teach,—
Hence, when he open'd with his line of fire,
Ready they stood—all anxious their desire

To ply the match—the chamber'd dust to burn, 360
And back their life to elements return.

They bend their ears to catch the veteran's word—
Who in the centre standing, bar'd his sword,
And spoke them patience : “ Be not hasty, men—
To me this warfare is a sporting scene ;
Against their efforts we securely stand ;
But soon their blood we'll sprinkle on the land.

* * * * *

“ Behold, unwary, in a cube they crowd !
Advance the fire, and give them thunder loud.”

The act was done before his word was cold— 370
The guns disgorging, ranks of Elliot roll'd
Headlong to ruin,—piecemeal every part,
While some yet quiver, bleeding from the heart.
'The savage scatter with bewilder'd eye,
And bear their slaughter'd with a howling cry.

When Elliot hurl'd his vollies o'er the stream,
The soul of Proctor mounted every flame ;
At times he thought he stood upon the fort,
And, that the Indians had begun their sport ;
But when the heroes bade their engines speak, 380
A ghastly paleness settled on his cheek ;
His soul sunk grovelling in the dust of earth ;
He felt the rotten fabrick of his birth.

A bacchanalian thus, in heat of wine,
With swaggering boasts the lineage of his line ;
And as the fumes pervade his reeling brains,
Beyond the reach of thought his sumless gains ;
While thus he on the wing of fancy soars,
Till he concludes his name the world adores,

By falling from a precipice on high, 390
He gains his reason with sobriety ;
His fancied grandeur passes like a dream ;
He views his nakedness and rags with shame :
 So Proctor when he saw the cannon's flash,
Felt an ice feeling, cold as water's dash.

At length, when rous'd his blood, to Chambers, Short,
He gave instructions with a regal port :

 " It seems yon mound retains a serpent's nest,
Hence, we this night no thought must give to rest.

 " Short, this commission bear to Reynolds, Muir, 400
That they intrench and make themselves secure
Against the fortified. At day's first gleam,
Their battering-guns explode with levell'd flame.
Chambers, 'tis yours to draw the lines at hand,
To bow their haughty standard in the sand.
At equal distances three bastions raise,
That at the moment Reynolds, Muir shall blaze,
To let the mortars cast the shells to heaven,
That down to death the enemy be driven."

Short pass'd the word to Reynolds and to Muir, 410
While Chambers stood to make the front secure,
Soon as approaching Night her veil should draw
To hide his purpose of besieging war.

Lo, now the lamp that burns with oil divine
Drowns in the ocean—all its golden shine
Fades meltingly away : but soon appear,
A troop of stars in heaven's broad theatre,
Partial conceal'd by floating clouds, as light
As angel mantles, edg'd with spotless white.

The royals soon their different works commence, 420
 None scarce breathe whispers, labouring for defence.
 With pointed instruments some break the soil ;
 To raise and form the mound another's toil.
 They force their energies till chaf'd with heat—
 Their panting bosoms bath'd in reeking sweat.
 Through embrasures, half form'd, the cannon grin,
 Ready at dawn explosion to begin.

The meantime Shelby to each officer,
 These thoughts express'd to probe his character : 429
 " While night's deep curtain veils the prospect round,
 What daring chief will venture from the ground,
 And reconnoitre Albion's camp afar,
 To learn what method he intends to war ;
 Or with his ladders to o'erleap the walls,
 Or them to batter with his bombs and balls."

Scarce his design the veteran warrior broach'd,
 When numbers anxious for their fame approach'd .
 To search the enemy in darkness forth,
 And spread their names of valour through the earth.
 Payne, Bradford, Longham, Miller, Johnson,* bold, 440
 And Campbell, Butler, Metcalf, Guin, enroll'd
 With those of honour—Nearing, Stoddard tall,
 And Alexander, reckless of the ball ;
 Each lays his claim of honour to engage,
 And courts the danger as a privilege.

" By lot must I this noble strife decide,"
 Shelby half tearful in his joy replied.

Hasty within a canister he threw
 Ten blanks and one—the twelfth he gave their view, 449

* Judge John T. Johnson, of Georgetown, Kentucky.

Then dropp'd it speaking : " Who this prize shall gain
Shall rule the scout of night upon the plain."

In turn each hero for the number draws,
As though his life depended on the cause ;
For, without fame, this life is small avail,
Like a dull song, or thrice repeated tale.
They draw with trembling bosoms. Lo, the prize
Campbell receives, which ends anxieties ;
It touch'd him with a thrill through every part,
Like a rich jewel to a miser's heart.

In olden time his sire in battle stood 460
With Shelby, Williams, and Seveare the good ;
And he, of late, had drawn his scimitar
On the red fields of Mississinewa ;
But short and brilliant is his race on earth ;
The season rolls but once when heaven will call him forth.

Six he makes choice, each gifted with a mind,
Which nought but paralyzing death could bind ;
Clark, Jones, and Williams, Norton, Ellis, White,
To give him succour through the walks of night.
They gird their armour, battle-axe and sword ; 470
And now they listen to the veteran's word :

" Use every caution—every act beware ;
Note every object as you onward fare ;
You'll estimate their numbers if you can,
And who commands the left, and who the van ;
Where lie the savages, and who their chief,
And what reserve is ready for relief.
Be bold yet cautious, and your fame will rise,
And be remember'd for the enterprise.
The waning moon at midnight will appear, 480
And then you'll hasten to rejoin me here."

“We prudent thy instructions shall fulfil,”
Campbell replies, “should heaven but grant our will.”

This said, he bow’d his sword and onward pass’d.
Faint o’er the plains the stars a glimmering cast.

While this transpir’d, Bratlet to Proctor came,
(Th’ intentions cherish’d in his breast the same)
To whom he gave his views : “And would you know
The numbers, strength, and purpose of the foe ?
Or whether he resigns,—or desperate bent, 490
Will guard defensive his imprisonment ?”

Proctor quick answer’d : “Who, what man will dare
To venture forth and gain the fortress there ?”

“That venturer, I am he ; yes, I dare go,
And the whole secret of the fort I’ll know ;
Their habits I can imitate so well,
With ease can I my character conceal.
This royal scarlet I’ll exchange for blue,
And then their dialect will bear me through.
Without a stammer artful will I say, 500
That I was captur’d on that slaughter day,
When Allen bow’d to death,—but now had fled
While you were slumbering as though life were dead.
This would our labours cover till the light
Brought them to view—completed for the fight.

“This plan my heart informs me will succeed—
Approve my purpose—I’ll perform the deed.”

Proctor rejoin’d : “Bratlet, of daring men,
More brave are you than ever I have seen.
At your return large honours will be thine, 510
You with proud gifts magnificent will shine.”

The thoughts of regal bounties swell'd his pride ;
 He doff'd his royal robes to be supplied
 With such as freemen wear. And false to show,
 He fix'd an eagle helmet on his brow ;
 Breast-plate a star. A hunter's garb was thrown,
 Loose o'er his shoulders, that he might be known
 As native of Kentucky's fattening earth,
 Or that Ohio was his place of birth.

Transfashion'd thus to the Kentuckian guise, 520
 With lofty stepping through the night he hies.

The meantime Campbell, cautious, mark'd the ground,
 His ear attentive to each rustling sound ;
 With bended eye he pass'd from left to right,
 Conceal'd beneath the growing shades of night.

" Listen ! methinks I hear a stepping sound !
 Keep close—crouch low—lie prone upon the ground.
 Hark ! more distinct it strikes upon our ears !
 The moving shadow of a man appears !
 He seems though musing in a happy vein— 530
 Silent—no whisper—let him pass the plain.
 But at the moment he beyond us hies,
 Smother his voice, and seize him by surprise."

This soft he breath'd as Bratlet strode in view,
 While fancy's pictur'd visions round him flew ;
 Musing delighted on his promis'd fame ;
 The titles royal to salute his name.

" In honours shall I class with Wellington ;
 Then, no inferiors will I look upon ;
 The king will deign a smile—and London stare, 540
 And, pointing as I pass : ' That's Bratlet there,

The knight of Meigs !—with ornamental star !
 A prize his valour purchas'd in the war.'

" Delicious sounds !—it ravishes my heart !
 What bosom can desire "——

The Patriots dart,
 And seize him in his pride !——

In golden wheat,
 Like him a peacock stepp'd with haughty feet,
 Arching his plumes ; his wings hard swept the ground.
 His feathers trembling, buzz'd with humming sound.
 It happen'd that a fox was passing by, 350
 Who, couchant, mark'd him in his vanity,
 Ready to leap and seize him in his teeth,
 And bend him humble in the dust beneath ;
 Lo, at the time he whirring wheel'd around,
 Reynard sprang forward from his hiding ground,
 And fix'd upon his throat !—his plumes sunk low,—
 A trembling captive to his artful foe.

Not otherwise the hopes of Bratlet fled ;
 His heart ceas'd beating—for the moment dead.
 Campbell the motion of his tongue confin'd, 360
 His voice to smother from the telltale wind :

" Attend me while I speak ! But whisper loud,
 Your soul shall shriek on yonder midnight cloud !
 But thou shalt kindness from our hands receive,
 If equal favour you to us shall give ;
 To be a captive is the fate of arms ;
 But hold thy peace and cast away alarms."

This said ; the muffle from his lips he took ;
 Bratlet made answer while his knee-joints shook :

“ Your friend I’ll ever be ! My life but spare, 570
 And I will nothing of the truth forbear !
 Yea, should I not minute each purpose tell,
 You forth may slay me like an infidel.

“ Proctor abides in front—two thousand strong—
 The same in number opposite belong
 To Elliot and Cawataw—brewing spite,
 Tekelah rules a thousand for the fight.
 Reynolds defends the left, sustain’d by Muir,
 Outnumbering Elliot—names to long endure.
 Tecumseh stern, unconquerable in mind, 580
 Lies in deep darkness with reserve behind ;
 Should Elliot succour need, he stands conceal’d
 To stretch your people cold upon the field.

“ Hard now they labour breasted works to raise,
 Early at day upon the fort to blaze.”

Campbell with promptness to his speech rejoins :
 “ I did not urge you to divulge your lines ;
 Your voluntary act. I pass’d my word,
 That I to you protection would afford ;
 That wretch my soul abhors of human kind, 590
 Who treats a captive with a savage mind ;
 But Raisin——O thy stream !——

“ The thought expire !
 Nor rouse my bosom to avenging ire—

* * * * *

“ I understand you, that the royals now
 Are at intrenchments—thither let us go !”
 He question’d for the truth. Bratlet replies :
 “ I’ll lead you to the tent where Proctor lies !”

Campbell with frown return’d : “ It may not be
 A traitor heart to be a guide to me !

“ At first I thought you overcome by fear ; 600
To guard your life, became a volunteer ;
Describ'd minute where your divisions lay,
And what their secret purposes at day ;
But then a soldier, jealous of his fame,
Would rather ask to plunge in melting flame,
Than he the plans of warfare would disclose—
Spreading them open to his country's foes.

“ 'Tis true, a man who trembles for his all,
Might for the moment from his duty fall ;
And the sharp cruelties at Raisin's shore, 610
Might start the life-streams back from every pore,
Causing the blood to curdle at your fate,
That we avenging would retaliate ;
But when sincere I plighted you my word,
That I to you protection would afford,
Without a motive you divulg'd the plan,
Which prompts your army from its rear to van.

“ Ah, but your soul fair Virtue doth defile ;
Hence, you forebode that others are as vile.

“ At first, I purpos'd nothing to believe, 620
For much I thought you labour'd to deceive,
Till at this moment you'd direct the way
To search for Proctor, and his friends betray.

“ Though that to me the information given
Is precious, bord'ring on the light of heaven,
Yet still my bosom feels the traitor vile,
Causing my blood indignantly to boil ;
Worse than a serpent, secret in his wrath ;
Insidious winding, poisoning in his path.

“ Williams and Newton, bear him to the fort 630
And to the chief the circumstance report !

But, Ellis, you and Jones, and Clark, and White,
Will farther aid me to explore the night."

Newton and Williams to the veteran led
The humbled Bratlet,—while with smother'd tread,
Campbell proceeded to the Albion line,
Where they intent were urging their design.
They hear the mattocks as they rip the ground,
And the rais'd earth that rumbles on the mound.

Slow as they move, a serpent eye they keep, 649
Watching the shadows of the midnight deep.
A row of shining points they near descry,
Which gives them note a sentry passes nigh,
Obscure, like poplar broken by a storm,
Man's height from earth—thus doubtful was his form.
The burnish'd barrel of his weapon shows,
As though a branch from out its side arose,
And that o'erlaid with ice, from which the shine
Of stars was back reflected in a line. 649

Clark whispers Campbell : " Mark that object there !
A royal watch, that bids us to beware ;
I feel a stirring in my soul inclin'd
To move without erupting of his mind,
And seize and muffle, that no sound may rise
T' alarm the foe, and break the enterprise.
Secur'd he must be, ere that we can hope
To pass beyond him to observe their scope."

Him, Campbell answer'd : " By this elm we'll rest,
While you proceed to compass your request ;
Notice, the top has a peculiar bent 660
To be your guide—accomplish'd the event."

Clark moves with heedful caution o'er the heath,
By parts expiring and receiving breath ;

Now scarce he feels his heart—but now enlarg'd
 With gladdening hope, and rushing blood surcharg'd,
 It strikes so strong and full upon his breast,
 He thinks the sound is thunder from the west.

A tree, vexatious, intercepts his way,
 O'erthrown by lightnings in an ancient day ;
 He feels his path, and inches by degrees ; 670
 For he the guard so evidently sees,
 He apprehends his eyes would him remark,
 And aim his life and leave him in the dark.

At length the tangling of the boughs was pass'd,
 Save one, but that, unhappy, held him fast !
 His heart that moment with rich blood was full,
 But now he thought the bullet touch'd his skull !

His foot to disengage he turn'd him round,
 The brittle branch broke short !—which in its sound
 Seem'd to his ear more loud than thunder storms, 680
 When mid-day tempest heaven's bright face deforms.

The Briton startled though a ghost had come
 To seize and drag him downward to the tomb !
 Wilder'd he erring at the object fir'd,
 And with hair straighten'd, from his post retir'd.

Swift through the lines the sentries caught th' alarm,
 And by quick volleys notified to arm.
 The drums loud rattled,—sharp fifes whistled shrill—
 Discordant voices echoed horrible.

“ Snatch,—seize weapons ! ” the officers command ; 690
 “ Where rush th' enemy ? ” sounds through all the land.
 The instruments of toil are hurl'd away ;
 But some in panick bear them for the fray.

A horrid multitude, confus'd they fly,
Grasping their arms to face their enemy.
Proctor awakening midst the uproar'd sound,
Abrupt exclaims ; " Is hell upon the ground !"
Elliot, the Indians on the flank and rear,
Leap from their bloody dreams with howlings drear ;
The 'larum engines start the ear of night ; 700
Reynolds and Muir stand planted for the fight.

So, late in Boston, when the night was still,
A watchman standing on her State-House-Hill,
Beheld a sparkle at a distance rise,
Which soon enlarging flashes up the skies ;
Fire ! fills his voice, which to a shriek he strains
T' alarm the watches through the devious lanes ;
The nearest watchman hears the direful note,
And forth the same is echo'd from his throat ;
Another, and another, and another screams, 710
Till the dread tumult gains the far extremes.
A various din comes pealing from the bells ;
The city wakening from its sleepy spells,
Startles with wildness from its bed of down
The raging element with floods to drown.
The whirling engines o'er the pavement tear,
A deafening sound convulsing on the air ;
The panick seizes on the old and young,
The turmoil thickening with confusion's tongue,
All ignorant, asking whence the flames proceed, 720
As on they hurry with a panting speed.

With such commotion swells the dire alarm
Through every circle of the camp to arm.

Meantime in safety Clark to Campbell came ;
And each, diverted, saw the passing game.

“ Listen !” Campbell exclaim’d, “ methinks I hear
The sound of carriage passing from the rear !
Yes, through the night the cannon I perceive ;
An army now we’ll make them to believe.
Reynolds in hurry has despatch’d it forth, 730
Proctor to save from falling to the earth.

“ Brief from the coward scabbard bare the sword,
Ready to rush when I pronounce the word.”

They draw their falchions at command, and lie
In ambush, till the brass comes jolting by.

“ Battalions ! strike the heart !” The heroes dash,
Wielding their brands, with which death wounds they
gash,

Like four dark spirits leaping from a cloud,
With spears of moon-beams lighting up the shroud.
The Britons bleed—four slumber with the dead, 740
The rest surpris’d, stand overcome with dread.

“ Yield—render up the brass, or each shall die !
For Raisin’s blood your lives we’ll crucify !”

A trembling voice replied with bosom pent :
“ We yield—and crave thy anger to relent,
Behold, our arms are broken in the dust !
In thy protection merciful we trust !”

“ And never was that mercy crav’d in vain,”
Him Campbell answer’d in the mildest strain.
“ Newton, in front of the escort proceed, 750
And to the fort conduct them on with speed !”
(With art the warrior made a lofty show
In words, as if superior to the foe.)

“ White, Ellis, with your guards pursue their rear,
While charge shall I, this savage Proctor here !”

“ General !” (thus Newton echo’d the deceit,)

“ To me no second time your words repeat.

“ Britons ! observe my progress o’er the field,
And know, my arm shall be your guardian shield,
But should you vary from the onward path, 760
Brief be your prayer, for sudden is our wrath.”

No more is utter’d—for they need no more—
Newton they follow to the fortified power ;
While Clark and Campbell in their place remain,
Profound in silence on the uproar’d plain.

Meanwhile the allies such confusion made,
No echo reach’d them of what Campbell said.
But soon they silenc’d, caution’d by their fears,
Their eyebrows bent and listening with their ears—
Not daring movement—dubious of the way, 770
That Campbell’s army should their strength assay.

Now Proctor, mounted, passing round the lines,
This on his host repeatedly enjoins :

“ Britons ! stand watchful !—evil is the hour,
But let none doubt but we’ll subdue their power ;
At stirring noise, or at the sign of flame,
Let every Albion vindicate his name.
Diverge the right wing, Chambers, to the bank
Of the Miami to protect its flank.

“ Who would have thought they’d burst their prison
doors 780
In depth of night to strike us from the shores ?”

While Proctor thus to his battalions spoke,
Campbell to Clark these observations broke :

“ And mark you not how solidly they form
 To brave the shock, should we with bayonets storm ?
 But scarce can I presume that you, or I,
 Have strength alone to make an army die ;
 Though much I doubt, that we in this shall bear,
 Yet still I feel to act upon their fear,
 By which we might their growing works delay 790
 Till Dudley shall arrive, Adair, and Clay.”

He paus'd. And Clark with modesty began :
 “ Our feats already have delay'd their plan ;
 But obvious it is not, how we can more
 By artful enterprise disturb their power.
 What can our weakness 'gainst a host perform ?
 An elephant as soon would crush beneath a worm.
 But could we secret wind upon their rear,
 We might, perchance, continue them in fear ;
 But no vain circumstance will now suffice, 800
 As each stands listening for an enterprise ;
 But what your pondering wisdom shall devise,
 To break the labour of our enemies,
 With best endeavours will I push the plan,
 In centre, or the wings, in rear, or van.”

The time that Clark with Campbell thus conferr'd,
 Scarce by the chief a syllable was heard,
 So absent, musing in the depth of mind,
 Some better plan within himself to find.

Like him, was Newton on his theory bent, 810
 Searching what cause upheld the firmament ;
 Tracing the compass of the sun in heaven,
 The earth, the moon, the planets round him driven ;
 Measuring the comets infinite in flight
 Through the deep darkness of chaotick night,

From thence, he kenn'd them in his mental eye
 Through the waste regions of immensity ;
 Vast as they wheel'd their mighty circuit round
 Back to the glory of high heaven profound,
 He mark'd the boundless ocean of their blaze, 820
 Which fill'd the race of mortals with amaze !
 While musing thus, with wisdom's light illum'd,
 He heard not thunder, with himself entomb'd.

* * * * *

At length a thought, most obvious when it came,
 Shot through his mind like flashing of a flame ;
 His thoughts far-stretch'd were roving o'er the land,
 While all the means were ready at his hand.

So hunters, harness'd for excursion long,
 Enter the wilds with resolution strong ;
 Pass down the vallies—rise the hills—descend— 830
 Ford the broad rivers—round the ledges bend,
 Which hold the mountains up,—then scour the plain—
 But not the object of their toils they gain ;
 At length exhausted by their vain pursuit,
 Back they return, their efforts to recruit ;
 But lo, as they their starting place draw near,
 Close at the path they spy the herded deer,
 Which they had pass'd unnotic'd in their heat,
 In slumber crouch'd directly at their feet. 839

Thus Campbell's mind, while labouring to conceive
 Some swift alarm with hurry to achieve,
 Had wander'd, like the hunters in the chase,
 While all the means were ready at his place.

“ How truant are my thoughts ! The cannon deep,
 Charge, and plant angling through their lines to sweep,

Then let a slow-match to the prime bear fire,
And while it sparkles, to the fort retire !”

Scarce this design was echo'd from his tongue,
When both excited with a feeling young, 849
Prepar'd the brass—Deep in its womb they cramm'd
The flaming dust, then hard the glut they ramm'd,
On which, with labour that made short their breath,
They drove with hollow sound the means of death ;
They prim'd the vent, and o'er it plac'd the fuse—
This done, they wheel'd it to effect their views.

And now, while all is in expectance dark,
Campbell from smitten steel emits a spark,
Lighting the match-fuse with a hissing fire,
And while it sparkles they to fort retire. 859

The Albions on the watch quick caught the flame :
“ Behold the fire ! With vollies smother them !
Pour th' artillery forth ! Life turn to dust !”

As Proctor spoke, the pregnant cannon burst,
Death in its sound ! Five twenties felt no pain,
And twice that number groan'd upon the plain !

* * * * *

But soon the foe, recovering from the shock,
With harmless war the shores of Erie rock.

Thus when deep night pours down an opiate rest,
A sable cloud, thick-rolling from the west,
Breaks and lets blaze its thunder on the earth, 870
To root the mountains from their place of birth ;
Bolt after bolt, with lightnings in their train,
Drives through the heavens like fiery hurricane,

Yet jar the mountains not,—firm bas'd beneath—
Though oft they scath the stubble of the heath,
And seem to speak the agency of death.

Scarce with less turbulence—less deafening sound,
The Albions fight the air and unresisting ground !

While thus the enemy their strength employ'd,
The fort'd warriors the proud scene enjoy'd : 880

“ This deed of Campbell will old Time defy—”
Thus each the other strives in praise to vie,
“ This night is his, his name to glorify !”

At length the moon on Alleghany's height,
Show'd her bent horns, and half dissolv'd the night ;
The royal pride was cast upon the earth,
To see how empty was their strength put forth.

So banded robbers break upon a store
Of wealthy merchant for his shining ore ;
They seize a package—bear it off with toil 890
To their concealment to divide the spoil ;
In high expectance, lo, they burst the band,
And find their treasure but a chest of sand !
Their golden feelings are reduc'd to lead ;
They stand shame-smitten with their prospects dead.

Thus, while the enemy the concave tore,
They thought the patriots gasping in their gore,
But when the moon expos'd the naked heath,
Their haughty feelings lapt the dust beneath ;
They hung their heads dishearten'd with their shame,
While each accus'd the other with the blame. 901

CANTO XIV.

DEFEAT ON THE MIAMI.

ARGUMENT

Reinforcements arrive from Kentucky....The Fort is summoned to surrender....Bombardment....Elliot driven from his position on the west....The ambushade....The death of Dudley....A remnant save themselves by breaking through the enemy.

The scene is laid at Fort Meigs and on the banks of the Miami....

The time is eight hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XIV.

WHEN, by the moon appearing in the east,
The foe, o'erspread with shame, his blazing ceas'd,
Shelby, Harrison, by themselves withdrew,
Their country's welfare ever in their view ;
To plan a method, Proctor to defeat,
Or drive him back, or bring him to their feet.

By balancing the weight of either side,
In this position, they at length abide,
Patient their active measures to delay,
Till Dudley should arrive, Adair, or Clay, 10
Of which eight captains out of twelve should land
Where Elliot stood, and smite him with the brand,
While from the fort a sortie should proceed
And quail the foe, or in the effort bleed.

While these events were passing, led by Clay,
The bold Kentuckians had pursu'd their way ;
Dudley, then Morrison was next in grade ;
Meade, Murray :—Trimble was the general's aid,
Since worthy found, and honour'd with a seat
In Freedom's Hall, where sages, patriots, meet. 20

Down the Miami in light keels they run
To reach the foe, that had the murders done :
And while that Shelby in his wisdom plann'd,
And Harrison, to drive them from the land,
Twelve furlongs, reaching from where Reynolds stood
They leap'd to shore, rejoicing from the flood ;
And Trimble to the fort was sent to learn,
Where they against the enemy should turn.

As back from earth the shades of night were driven,
The morn appearing at the gate of heaven, 30
Trimble with jealousy the guards had pass'd,
When backward they on their position fac'd ;
So soft, eluding, were his cautious feet,
To watch his time that nothing should defeat
The purpose of his heart to reach the fort,
And bear the welcome message of support.

Forth at his entrance he to Shelby strode,
(His chiefs around) and thus his coming show'd :
“ I've pass'd, thank heaven, the dangers of the night,
My tongue to you a promise to recite ; 40
A promise that my soul forebodes will be
Fulfill'd with honour to thy memory :

“ Dudley and Clay, with twice ten hundred men,
Stand in drum beating on Miami's wave ;
I've come to learn what purpose you design,
That they may form in ready decipline.”

Thus he. And Shelby thus : “ Bold messenger,
The tidings you've express'd delights my ear ;
Our minds have been impatient to receive
Thy gladdening words to cause our hopes to live. 50

“ This order you’ll return : ’Tis my command,
 That Clay detach eight hundred of his band
 Miami to descend, and this, remark,
 That they, with arms unflinted, disembark,
 And search with steel yon new-made batteries there,
 Then choke the cannon, and to *this* repair ;
 For lo, Tecumseh is in ambush laid
 To watch each pass, and give the bulwarks aid.

“ He with the others on his arms will rest,
 Till he shall hear their volley from the west, 60
 For, when detachment on the left shall land,
 Forth I design a sortie to command :
 At the same charge we Proctor shall attack,
 And with the bayonet drive his legion back ;
 Clay then will pour his strength upon their rear ;
 Kentucky yet was never known to fear.

“ Brief you’ll return by yonder spreading beech,
 While through their works shall I attempt a breach ;
 And artful thus divert them from the line,
 Where runs the path to favour your design.” 70

Young Trimble press’d his hand and bow’d assent ;
 Departed, for the beech his footsteps bent.
 The fortified engines with combustion sound,
 And bring life’s period to a narrow bound ;
 The half-unfinish’d breast-mounds piecemeal tear,
 And hurl the earth with violence in air.
 The royals kindle all their fires at once ;
 Death drove at death, destructions dire announce.

Proctor discover’d to his sorrow soon,
 That all resulted to Columbia’s boon, 80
 Hence, he the drums instructed forth to play
 To hush the broil—a summons to assay.

The fife a moment strikes the promis'd key,
Ere the drum echoes to its harmony—
A musick sharp and piercing to the ear,
When heard high noted in a circle near—
Cuts through the organ of the brain a scream,
Whistling—but soft, reflected o'er a stream.
The drummers presently the beaters ply,
Rattling the tune vibrating through the sky ; 90
To curb the wandering notes the time they beat
By equal motion—rising of their feet.

Soon as the parley of the drums was done,
'T'o Chambers, Proctor haughtily begun :

“ Haste—and a banner to the fort display,
And bid its chief surrender up the day ;
It nothing signifies the balls to blaze,
Hence, we must plan to gain them otherways.
Should he our summons disregard, why then,
Threatening declare, we'll massacre his men ; 100
Yea, as at Raisin, not a soul shall live,
For them, the whole, Cawataw shall receive !”

Chambers in silence with the flag advanc'd,
On which full soon the eye of Shelby glanc'd,
While on the parapet with pondering mind,
He stood to learn what purpose was design'd—
His wonder grew when Chambers reach'd the fort,
And told his coming with a conqueror's port :
Shelby had thought, that Proctor wish'd to gain
A truce from battle, till he'd tomb'd his slain. 110

“ Chief of the starry bauner ! lo, I come
From royal Proctor to proclaim thy doom ;
He, fix'd in purpose, bade me to declare,
That, longer if yon Eagle rode the air,

He, with his thousands, will the fort destroy,
 And give the scalping savages employ !
 But O, resign !—his tender mercy then,
 Shalt thou receive, and all thy helpless men.”

A hectic flush'd upon the veteran's cheek
 Mix'd with the lily pale,—unpower'd to speak. 120
 The thought of Proctor's mercy touch'd his heart,
 Something of ire, which made his frame to start ;
 The tide of blood produc'd the crimson air,
 But soon it fell and left the lily there.

“ His mercy ! O, why breathe it to my soul !
 It makes my blood through hurried veins to roll.
 Soon would the liquid of my heart be flame,
 Did grief for slaughter'd friends not cool the stream.
 “ What ! *Proctor's* tender mercy ! Gracious God !
 He—whose delight is massacre and blood ! 130
 Talk you of Proctor's *mercy* ? O the shame !
 Mercy !—his mercy would deep hell defame !
 Compar'd to him, the savage name is white—
 Yea, as the rainbow to eclipse of night.

“ Hath he not heard our matrons shriek in death ?
 Seen hungry flames suck out the virgin's breath !
 Hath he not listen'd to the infant's pain,
 Their warm, live bowels twisting on the plain !
 Hath he not smil'd to see the best of life
 Melt into dust by the infernal knife ! 140

“ Much sooner shall the scorpion lose his sting,
 And be as gentle as the lamb of spring ;
 The condor cease upon the dove to prey,
 While with sweet note she coos her amorous lay ;
 The leopard lose his stains by nature given,
 And be as spotless as the face of heaven ;

Or the fierce tyger, maddened as with fire,
Be as the kid, that bounds with young desire ;
Than Proctor's heart will ever change its steel,
And the soft touch of weeping mercy feel. 150

“ Avoid my presence—vanish and retire—
My soul I feel ungovern'd of its ire !
Come—let his thousands come,—dark, black as clouds
in heaven,

Back from this earth my soul shall ne'er be driven !

“ Before I'd yield this monster-man my power,
Whose tender mercies unwean'd babes devour,
This hand shall light the magazine beneath,
And roll both armies in the flames of death !”

As when a cloud, on wings of darkness driven,
Smothers the sun and all the face of heaven, 160
The wary hunter marks th' approaching blast,
And flies to shelter with his soul aghast :
Thus deep his frown, while he in anger spoke ;
His voice like thunder through the darkness broke.
His eyes search'd Chambers' heart, like lightning,
through,

Which, at the time, was damp'd with bloody dew ;
His joints were threadless as relax'd by death :
He left the parapet half robb'd of breath.

At once the Albions rouse themselves to war ;
Dread in reply Columbian thunders jar ; 170
Forth leap the globes, excited by the flame,
And many a warrior ends his life with fame.
Bombs, like star-pestilence, at each are driven
With hissing fires, that wander over heaven.

For five long hours, thunder on thunder breaks,
But none yet wearied with the combat shakes.

Meantime Tekelah from his warriors cull'd
Those who for nimble efforts had been school'd,
And led them near the fort with crouching sly,
Where pines and lusty oaks invade the sky, 180
And overlook its walls ;—on these they climb
With feather'd shafts, and gain their tops sublime.
Their course they crept so secret through the grass,
That none within the fort beheld them pass.
As high they clomb with caution, by degrees
Their forms were hid by intervening trees.
No eye observ'd them till their bows were bent
With steel-crown'd arrows—thirsting to be sent
Through life's warm fountain. Dark the savage stood,
Obscur'd behind the body of the wood, 190
All, save their forehead and a half-seen eye,
To drive the arrow to its destiny.

Jarvis, a youth, was first to mark their rise ;
He sought the chief,—impatience in his eyes,
And thus with hurried voice : “ Behold them there,
With arrows looking downward from the air !
See how they bend” ———

No syllable—not one,
He added more—for lo, his life was done !
Deep through his crown, where shone the pearly skin,
The feather'd shaft with fatal strength went in ; 200
Glanc'd through his brain—the jaw inferior broke,
As he, pronouncing, had the word half spoke.
Thus a young willow, on the lake's fair side,
In spring puts forth its tender leaves with pride ;

Lifting its head rejoicing in the sun,
A whirlwind snaps it and its life is done !
To mark the young plant fade, the aged drew
A sigh of sorrow deep—but arrows flew
Like trains of lightning, shooting through the sky,
Wrapp'd in the foldings of obscurity. 210

The peril check'd his grief ;—and forth his tongue,
To warriors, keen of eye, commanding rung :

“ To this, the rifles in their haste repair,
And stop the shafts from flying in the air !
But stand in place till they expose their eye,
Their arrows to elance with certainty,
Then, with quick sight, draw fire upon the lead,
And drive the bullet through the half-seen head.”

Forthwith the patriots, habited in green,
Wheel and advance—their eyes, like lynxes, keen ; 220
Their left-hand fingers on the guard they place,
The same arm crowds the rifle to their face ;
The left, extended firm, sustains its weight,
Or moves,—its far extreme to regulate ;
With head declin'd—left eye from vision hid ;
The right keen bent upon the silver bead :—
Instant it glimmers opposite the foe,
The ready finger lets the death-spring go—
The flint darts forward, driven by the lock,
Fleeter than thoughts, that the conceptions mock ; 230
Batters the cover that conceals the prime,
And throws it back in momentary time ;
The flint, conflicting with th' opposing steel,
Flashes the sparks—the sleeping death-grains feel
The glowing particles, and burn to life
With speed of lightning in a thunder strife.

The bullet quickens at the touch of fire ;
 Stung with the smart, it leaps with mad desire
 To cool its anger in the savage blood,
 As down they sight their arrows from the wood. 240

With mortal efforts hard the oaks they grasp,
 And sweat and struggle with a dying gasp ;
 By fingers, spasm-cramp'd, they hang in air,
 And, by the touch of death, they shiver there ;
 But when their fountain streams forbear to flow,
 They fall as dead things on the plains below.
 Moss, bark, and leaves, thick follow their descent,
 Which they in falling shatter'd as they went,
 And partial hide them, ghastful as they lie,
 Their skulls deep enter'd o'er their dexter eye. 250

Thus did the rifles toil, whilst deep and dark
 The cannon bursted, kindled with a spark,
 Touch'd to the vent, loud roaring up to heaven,
 Deafening like thunder o'er the welkin driven.

At length both armies, wearied with the toil,
 With one consent, remit the furious broil.

The patriots forth, unbroken in their soul,
 Soon make the ploughings of the cannon whole.
 This done—of strengthening viands they partake,
 Ready with brand on royalty to break, 260
 When the battalions from the ranks of Clay
 Should land—and Elliot with the steel assay.

While these events with either host transpir'd,
 Trimble pursued the happy path desir'd,
 And pass'd the warring enemy unseen,
 And join'd his ranks display'd upon the green.

His chief he found pavilion'd on the bank,
With whom was Dudley, of inferior rank,
But not of soul, him liberty inspir'd
Deeds to perform, which honour'd name acquir'd : 270

“ Lo, these instructions I from Shelby bring,
To waste the banded legions of the king :

“ He bids you sort eight hundred warriors strong—
Those that have blood within their bosoms young,
And, on the west, the enemy attack ;
Rout—spike the cannon—then the path retrack.
For lo, Tecumseh, with a numerous host
Valiant in arms, who never battle lost,
Lies in reserve, and bids you to beware—
Elliot, Cawataw, hold the bulwarks there. 280

“ Now when this troop upon the west shall land,
The fort in sortie strikes th' imprisoning band ;
Presently when you the strife shall hear,
Rush with your arms—pour slaughter on their rear.
Reynolds we dread—compel him to retire
Before the burning of a chain of fire.

“ Both armies now in fierce contention raise,
Reaching to heaven a solid wall of blaze.”

Trimble, when seated—Dudley modest, then :
“ I plead for conduct of these chosen men ; 290
True to the order, I'll effect the storm—
Silence the hold—and then retreat in form.”

“ I grant your daring purpose,” Clay replies ;
“ You know the circumstance—where danger lies ;
Strive to suppress the ardour of your force,
Who deep remember Raisin's bloody course.
The vents confine with steel, then brief retire,
Or by Tecumseh will your strength expire.

Go—lead your warriors in the path of fame,
While I, the rear shall charge, of Albion's name." 300

They rise—and forth their willing ranks divide,
Their every bosom fill'd with valour's tide.
Twelve hundred on the right remain with Clay—
Two thirds that number Dudley's voice obey.
Thus he salutes them : " Candidates of fame !
In glory's field we this day lift our name,
We storm the bulwarks on the western shore,
Where Elliot and Cawataw hold their power ;
Silence the guns—the conquest not pursue,
For lo, Tecumseh ambush'd is in view. 310

Not in your hearts let too much fire prevail,—
Attend my voice, or we in dust shall fail.
Let every warrior, at the sign, retreat,
Or all our fame will darken in defeat.
Let your advance be chain'd in links of fire ;
When spik'd the guns, like gather'd mist, retire.
Mark the instructions ! To the stream away—
With charging steel we glorify the day !"

The Patriots heard, and shouted to the sky :
" Lead us to battle where the murderers lie !" 320

Forthwith they press the barges, and descend—
With hearts high bounding, on the land they bend.
Coombs, Trimble, Murray—in the bloom of years ;
And Meade, and Morrison, Cox, Boswell, Spears.

" Kentucky ! form the column on the right !"
Dudley proclaim'd. 'Twas rapid done as light.
" The name of Simpson is the rising word !
Trust not the flint ! Let death be in the sword !"

"Simpson is death!" They shouted high, and rose
Horrid with steel, to mingle with their foes. 330

Meantime, without a thought of danger nigh,
Behind their earth-walls was the enemy ;
Cawataw first discover'd it in sight,
And thus to Elliot he : " They come in fight !
See, from the river, how in steel they rise !
Let big gun burst, out-thunder, split the skies !"
Him, Elliot answer'd smooth : " Dream not of
fear ;
None of Kentucky dare assail us here ;
Unwary let them come, these heights to scale,
We'll cast them tempest-fire with leaden hail. 340
One blast will overcome——

" Behold, they form,
Like clouds collecting mountain heights, to storm !
Let blaze the cannon—barrell'd weapons all—
Bury—consume, sweep down with grape and ball !
Behold, they rise in solidness with awe !
With thunder cover them,—roll down the war !"

The cannon felt the sparkle-fire and spoke
With bellowing tongue and roll'd the heights in smoke ;
In concert dire the lead-drove muskets peal—
But Freedom presses on, a moving ridge of steel ! 350

Thus when from ocean rolls a storm of clouds,
Thick'ning and deep'ning, each the other crowds,
Till one black mass involves creation whole,
Awful in fashion—heaving roll on roll ;
But lo, the sun emerging from a fold,
Thron'd high in heaven, emits a shower of gold,

Which bathes the cloud above with streams of light,
 Whilst all below is one black scene of night :
 Such the pure brilliance of its brow on high,
 That angels gaze with wonder in their eye— 360
 While such the darkness of the cloud beneath,
 It seems as curtain'd with the pall of death.

So deep below, and black the column move,
 Whilst gleaming steel illumines its path above.

The allies battle at the brave in vain—
 Behold, the summit of the height they gain,
 And plunge with whetted bayonets on their foes,
 Who fly the battlements, like whirling snows,
 When boreal blasts descend upon the earth
 With all the muster'd fury of the north. 370

“ Unpower the cannon !” Dudley spoke. ’Tis
 done—

The vent is chok’d with steel, of every gun.

“ Now lock the ranks, and to the fort retreat !
 What deafs your ears ? Progression is defeat !
 Attend my voice ! Dread heaven ! if you press on,
 Death swallows all !—forever lost—undone !
 Why stay you not ?—destruction hovers nigh !
 I will be heard ! the man that moves shall die !”

As when a vessel in her sailing pride,
 Assays to stem the Mississippi tide, 380
 But ah, the gales too weak apply their force
 To urge it up against the current’s course ;
 The powers a moment equal strength maintain,
 The ship stands balanc’d on an even strain ;
 The waves descending, on her progress bear
 While the faint breezes just retain her there.

At length the dashing waters turn her prow,
And down she settles with the stream below.

So Dudley strives his reckless band to stay ;
They bear him onward like the stream away. 390
The ocean when it foams in all its wrath,
Is smooth and gentle to their raging path.

“ Raisin ! its massacre !” they shouting cry ;
“ The blood of Elliot or eternity !”

Meantime Tecumseh, in concealment, stood
Deep in a valley of embowering wood,
Silent, but thoughtful—centred on his mind,
To catch the smallest whisper of the wind.

Soon as he heard the battle-breaking sound,
He form’d his savage men in circle round ; 400
Frightful their visages—red, blue, and black,
With fury whetted for the dire attack.

“ Hark ! hear the echo of the war at hand !
Now every warrior do as I command.
See knife—see tomahawk, for blood prepar’d ;
Me lift my voice, let every chief regard ;
Break to the battle like big rolling cloud ;
Like deep-mouth’d thunder sound the war-whoop loud ;
Crimson earth’s bosom ! Strike, strike deep for
blood—

Large let it stream, like rivers in a flood. 410

“ But when they ask for peace then spare from
death—

He dies, who scalps the wounded on the heath !
Though Proctor bids, to naked leave the whole ;
Tecumseh spares who bends to his control.

The blood of feeble never stain'd his hands,
Nor shall it stain a warrior he commands.

“ Listen !—the war comes bursting on us nigh !
Retire ! Me speak, let death-note split the sky !”

The circle instant vanish'd from his sight,
As shades are scatter'd at th' approach of light. 420

Meanwhile Kentucky, urging their pursuit,
Laid many a savage with convulsions mute ;
Headlong they rush'd, with vengeance for their guide,
Till they for murder should be satisfied.
The speed of Elliot passes by the wind ;
The sound of Raisin chills upon his mind ;
Like him a culprit, moving to his death
On the lone common, or the wizard heath,
Deep in his ear-drum thinks he hears a bell,
Tolling his funeral to the vaults of hell. 430

Close on his path the wild men roar aloud,
Deafening the woods—a thunder-broken cloud.

Soon near they gain upon the ambuscade,
Where the dread chief in silent watch is laid :
His warriors round, in couchant posture lay,
Like hungry panthers, druling for their prey.
One eye is bent upon their chief to mark
The sign to rise,—the other, like a spark,
That burns upon the end of lightning chain,
Observes the bands of Dudley on the plain,— 440
For now obscure, through blinding woods they spy
The reckless train come rushing on to die ;
But think they nothing of the savage tomb,
Ready to open and decide their doom.

Behold, the signal of their death is given !
Tecumseh's voice peals audible to heaven.
The other voices, though they hideous jar,
Urging the tumult violence of war,
Are like the drums that sound the muster roll,
To solid thunder bursting from the pole. 450
So dire the yell—so grim the savage air,
Kentuckians stand and gaze upon despair !

As when, (day glimmering on the skirts of night,
And many a star looks pleasant with its light,)
Hounds of sagacious scent awake the deer,
Starting the chase with well-known accent clear ;
The listening hunter hears th' inspiring strain,
And to his charger loosens all the rein ;
The noble steed disdains the goading spur ;
The hounds in musick, make his spirits stir ; 460
Snorting he leaps and snuffs the fresh'ning gale,
Which lags behind him as he sweeps the vale.
As loud, more loud, the opening pack he hears,
He pricks more keen the sharpness of his ears ;
They scour the country round o'er hill, or dell,
With different echoes, as they sink or swell.
At length from craggy precipice on high,
Down leap the deer, the hounds pursuing, die !
The courser thunders on with uncheck'd force,
Nothing to stay the fury of his course ; 470
Gaining the steep, he stops upon its verge,
Sudden ! Dismounts his rider with a surge :
Foaming,—with head thrown back and mane in air ;
Straining his eyes with a distorted glare ;
Shivering convuls'd upon the brink of death,
Stands—struck with awe—holding his mighty breath.

Or as a vessel in the northern seas
Bounds with full sail before the hurrying breeze ;
The skilful pilot warns the crew in vain
Of Norway's whirlpool on the treacherous main ; 480
But they, unmindful of the caution given,
Pursue their course till in the whirl they're driven !
Ah, then they mark a dreadful something strange,
Twinge through their blood to feel the whirling range.
They hear the monster in the deep rocks yell,
Like some dark spirit rising out of hell !
Near and more near, the forceful suction draws
The struggling vessel to its gaping jaws !
Though wide the circles from the centre sweep,
Yet, at each compass of the hopeless ship, 490
More short and rapid are the whirling rings,
Hurrying the vessel to the narrowings.
Alas, before the vision of the crew,
The gulf appears, appalling to their view !
The trembling bark but lives another sweep,
Before she sinks, eternal, in the deep !
With eyeballs glaring, and tight-straining breath,
They stand and shiver on the verge of death !

So when Tecumseh with a shout arose,
Which seem'd to wake the dead from their repose, 500
The band of Dudley in a panick stood ;
Their palsied hearts forgot to stir the blood ;
Death, grim'd with gore, stalks round with hideous
air—

But lo, they quicken from their dead despair—
And rise in all their majesty of soul,
And back the volleys on the savage roll !

The face of light a gathering darkness shades ;
On heaven the thickening turbulence invades.

As when the vapours of the ocean rise
Round Alleghany's tops, that touch the skies ; 510
Deep gathering into clouds, slow moving round,
Which wrap the mountains in a gloom profound :
At length surcharg'd they burst in ceaseless shower,
And soon a thousand streams begin to roar ;
Outswell their barriers—sweep whole herds and flocks,
And dash them headlong o'er the pointed rocks ;
Chafing with whirlpools, maddening on their way,
They rage and thunder to their parent sea.

Such the wild tumult—such the deafening noise ;
The strife augmenting with the savage voice. 520

At length, such numbers of the allied power
Hem in the brave, and kindle such a shower
Of raining fire, the patriot ranks give way ;
Despair returns,—their hearts made cold like clay.
But Dudley wields his dripping brand on high,
And lifts them up beyond mortality :

“ Charge through the circle ! Break the ring of
death ! ”

The fainting catch the spirit of his breath,
And plunge upon the foe with pointed steel,
Which makes the circle, binding them, to reel. 530
A host of Albions gasping find their rest ;
Blood spouts hot leaping from the savage breast.

But yet Tecumseh and Cawataw stand,
And join the fracture, where the charging band
Break down the links of the tremendous chain,
Which binds the struggling heroes on the plain,

Or wall of fire, in solid blazing vast,
While death in smiles is seen upon the blast.

“ Break through, nor think of life !” Dudley ex-
claims : 539

“ With hostile blood extinguish,—quench the flames !”

The time he spoke, from earth he seem'd to tower,
As though his form were some superior power ;
The foe stood cramp'd, yea, motionless with dread ;
He smites the living, leaps bounding o'er the dead !

Now, where Tecumseh, where Cawataw stood,
He urg'd the pass, all dabbled o'er with blood,
For many a partial wound unnotic'd drains
The little streamlets of his heated veins.
Lock'd was the passage that Tecumseh held ;
And on Cawataw back he desperate wheel'd. 550
But the stern savage, as the hero came,
Quick bent his rifle—touch'd it to a flame,
And sent the bullet glancing through his side ;
Its burning anguish chaf'd his heart's brief tide.

So when a cougar feels the hunter's dart,
Avenging blood runs burning through his heart ;
He tears the earth,—the oak before him falls—
His eyes flash wrath like heaven's red meteorous balls.

Thus Dudley maddens—where his blade sweeps
round,
Black piles of dead lie smoking on the ground. 560

Lo, now he meets Cawataw eye to eye,
Which show like stars when skirted lightnings fly ;
They front upon the heath in darkening form,
Like two tall rocks midst ocean wreck'd with storm.

A moment, and his axe the savage drew,
And pois'd it high as Dudley's falchion flew ;

Sheer through his skull the glittering ruin sped ;
His brains gush out—he plunges on the dead !
The sword firm-wedg'd, within his skull remains,
For Dudley's strength forsook him on the plains, 570
By which the blade was loosen'd from his hand—
He reels, he faints,—no longer can he stand ;
His heart is drain'd—extinguish'd are his fires—
Stretch'd on Cawataw his proud soul expires !

A woodman thus to fall a mountain oak,
With heavy swing redoubles stroke on stroke ;
A hunter calls him off—he leaves it there,
Half through—its honours waving in the air :
But soon exhausted—all its juices spent,
It groaning falls and shakes the element : 580
Thus Dudley fell majestick in his fame—
And unborn ages will revere his name.

Where Dudley fell, a narrow pass was made,
Through which the patriots, toiling with the blade,
Hew'd out their way beyond the savage chain,
And breath'd a moment on the open plain ;
To make the river, now is all their aim,
To seek a rescue from the favouring stream.

Cox, Murray, Trimble, were the happy three,
Leaders of fame, that broke the enemy ; 590
And Meade beyond the savage line had pass'd,
When lo, a lead was from a rifle cast,
Which, in a line, burnt searching through his eyes,
And left him blind in gory agonies !
Yet still his soul in every action great,
Without a groan endur'd th' afflicting weight.

Murray and Trimble caught him by the arm
To bear him onward, with affection warm ;
But Meade requests they leave him in the wood :

“ Put off this tenderness—was death withstood ? 600
Look back and see what millions, that inspir’d
The breath of being, have from earth retir’d !
Your graves, perhaps, are distant—mine hath come ;
Think not of me—I would not stay my doom ;
I’m but a clog, and fetter your retreat ;
I scarce would live, could I command my fate.

“ When thou, my wife shalt meet, O tell her this—
’Tis all I ask—with grief ’twill mingle bliss :
Tell her that though in dying I was blind,
Her lovely image dwelt upon my mind ; 610
Methinks I feel her hand upon my breast,
Soft as an angel’s soothing me to rest !

“ We meet in heaven.—Hark !—how the yells re-
sound !

The savage come to compass you around !”

The time denied to answer him a word,
For lo, Tecumseh, brandishing his sword,
Came sweeping on with all his train behind,
Whilst tyger howlings tore along the wind !

Tecumseh knew not at the moment first,
That, where Cawataw stood upon his trust, 620
Was broken by the brave, himself subdu’d,
And, for the grave-worm, a delicious food ;
But when the turbulence was pass’d away,
And smoke and dust, that blotted out the day,

The cause was open to his judgment seen,
And to the river, through a deep ravine,
He led his warriors. Having gain'd the van
Of Trimble's flying ranks, he wheel'd his clan,
And met them, hideous, with the scowl of death, 629
Like some fell ghost, that strides the midnight heath !

Hope vanish'd from the brave, like gold dreams
rare,
And left behind the darkness of despair.
Death shook his barbed dart on every side—
The thought of life within their bosoms died !

But Trimble, rising, animates the brave :
“ With one proud effort sink into the grave !
Unfold—make manifest the Spartan worth,
Whose names will find eternity on earth !
Prove to the world, Columbians dare the same,
Crown'd with Leonidas in deathless fame ; 640
On Freedom's altar let our bodies die,
A bleeding sacrifice for Liberty !”

They kindled at his voice with heaven's pure fire,
And as they rose, cried : “ Lead us to expire !”

As mountain billows roll upon the shore,
Driven by tempests, mix'd with thunder's roar ;
As rocky shores resist the waves in storm,
Lightnings and thunders, and the whirlwind's form :
Thus Freedom charges—thus Tecumseh stands,
A burning pillar midst his warrior bands ! 650

But what can deeds of desperation stay ?
With three times fifty, Trimble smites his way !
The rest lie mix'd with savage monsters slain ;
Some fled to heaven—some weltering on the plain.

Meade yet had life !—Tecumseh saw him blind,
And pity came and melted down his mind :
“ Tecumseh, I am he !—His soul remark,—
He shines a light to travellers in the dark !
Me guide you safe to yon big oak in heaven—
To cool your blood, there water shall be given.” 660

Meade heard his voice—and now his hand he felt,
Which caus'd the life-cords of his heart to melt ;
Silent he follow'd his majestick guide—
At length he gain'd his utterance and replied :

“ Great chief of noble mind ! I now would live,
That I might show you what my heart would give ;
The world would feel its shame, could I declare,
A man of nature, with fraternal care,
Proffer'd his hand, a blessing to supply ;
A guiding angel to blind misery !” 670

Such was their converse, while Tecumseh led
The sightless warrior from the field of dead ;
Full in the breeze beneath a shading oak
He sat him down, remote from noise and smoke ;
But ere Tecumseh could the draught provide,
His blood grew chill—he sunk away and died.

Meantime, Cawataw's clan, t' avenge his death,
While flames appear'd to issue with their breath,
Rush'd like a whirlwind on the hapless brave,
To scalp and massacre with lingering grave. 680

Grim Mai Pock heads the band, whose lurid eye
Shoots the dire glance of savage cruelty ;
A panther's hide hangs o'er his shoulders fell—
His painted features show the work of hell ;
Fast in his belt the murder'd scalps are tied,
From which blood, oozing, trickles down his side ;

The thunders of his voice the concave rend ;
He comes all dreadful, like a roaring fiend.

The hideous monster makes a sport of life,
For, as he wrathful plunges in his knife, 690
He stamps his heel beside the gaping wound,
To see the blood spirt upward with a bound !

Murray lies bleeding by the side of Cox—
Fierce with hell rage, he fixes on his locks,
And drags him, foaming, o'er the piles of slain,
While his fair body writhes along the plain ;
The youth expiring gasp'd, deform'd with gore,
Then roll'd his eyes to heaven, and view'd the light
no more.

So, for his pastime, a rude stripling tears
A lilac, blooming in its tender years ; 700
It weeps a sorrowing dew upon the earth,
To be thus broken in its days of mirth ;
A fragrance rich as heaven, breathes every flower,
Whose purple tints outvie the new-born hour.
Its charms the little truant's breast excite—
He views it o'er and o'er with new delight ;
But soon, the flower his wayward fancy cloy—
Lost its late beauty and bewitching joys.
Neglectful of its sweets, he whirls it round,
And trails its loveliness o'er miry ground ; 710
It fades, it languishes, it wilts, it dies,—
The urchin smiling at the sacrifice.

Thus Murray faded in his youthful bloom,
And sunk, unlovely, in the gory tomb.

Tecumseh heard the massacreing strife ;
The grating sound of battle-axe and knife ;

Backward he flew, indignant at the scene,
To save from murder's thrust the weltering men.

He met with Mai Pock on the carnage heath,
Scalping the dying, as they choke for breath ! 720

The lightning passion of Tecumseh flash'd,
And at the fiend with tyger strength he dash'd ;
His brand descending cleft his skull in twain—
Grim Mai Pock falls and bites the gory plain,
His hands convulsive grasp the gouted blood—
His eyes roll strangled, 'neath the sanious flood,
Which foams like matter from a dæmon's skull,
Crowding his eyeballs with his warm brains full.

Tecumseh thunders forth : " No Indian dare
To lift a knife, the scalp from skull to tear ! 730

Mai Pock behold ! and fear to meet the dead,
Not dare lay finger on a warrior's head ?

Tecumseh's hand sustains a bleeding foe—
Quick death is his, who smites another blow !

Me hate the coward—timid, like the deer—

But joy is mine, in battle day severe,

To meet Kentucky strong, a mountain oak—

It never bends—it breaks by lightning stroke !"

His voice struck terror through the savage life—

They stood in muteness and withdrew their knife. 740

The dying Patriots view him with an eye,

That shows a tear of angel purity ;

Faint as their pulses ebb to dusky death,

They lisp his virtue with their failing breath :

" Oh had we power to utter what we feel !

But ah, life ceases !—yet, with blood we'll seal

That speechless *glow* of heart, which tongue hath given

A name, but not the thing"—

They die,—they visit heaven !

CANTO XV

SORTIE FROM FORT MEIGS

ARGUMENT.

Simultaneous with the Assault on the western bank of the Miami, a Sortie is made from Fort Meigs, which is the subject of the present Canto.

The scene is laid in and about Fort Meigs.....The time is about six hours—from Dudley's landing on the west, till night.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XV.

WHEN of their cheer the forted had partook,
Shelby to Miller of Ohio spoke—
Miller of Hampshire at Quebec was chain'd,
The work of Hull, by which the land was stain'd
With mark so deep, that thousand years of dew
Will never bleach the canker spot from view :—

“ Miller, the charge is thine. Haste and display
The warriors ready for the bold assay ;
Soon, opposite our banner, strike the shore,
Then, rush we forth, and Proctor overpower : 10
By which, diversion from the west we'll make,
And force th' invaders back upon the lake ;
Let nothing of the drum or fife be heard,
That no mistrust be in their bosoms stirr'd.”

Miller, obedient at the summons, rose,
To each the daring purpose to disclose ;
To Stoddard, Ritzer, Johnson,* Sedwick, Todd ;
Ball, Metcalf, Alexander, Bradford, Wood ;
And thus to them in turn : “ Your cohorts form,
Ready with steel besieging powers to storm ; 20

* John T. Johnson.

Time hurries brief, when we expect to mark
The barge descend to mount yon bulwarks dark."

Immediate at the word each chief obey'd,—
Soon stand the squadrons in deep rank array'd ;
Their burnish'd arms like gleaming ice appear,
Flashing broad day upon the sight severe.

And now the veteran, crown'd with hoary hair,
Forward advances with majestic air
To give an inspiration to the band,
Strengthening the heart to do the bold command : 30

" Columbians of the North ! born free, as brave !
Are ye not weary to be bound a slave ?
And will ye, felon-like, in prison lay,
With scarce admission to the light of day ?
No—never—rise and break the prison doors,
And dash the foe impetuous from the shores.
When land our brothers to assail them west,
Then rush with steel and plunge it in their breast ;
Now to your sons a noble fame bequeath,
And round your brows unfading laurels wreath. 40

" In two divisions let the war commence ;
Miller strike home on Reynold's, Muir's defence ;
And, Alexander, you your cohorts lead,
Where Proctor stands, and do the signal deed.

" 'Tis now ! Behold, fast landing from the stream,
The heroes form ! How dire their bayonets gleam !
Silent advance, and firm in purpose keep,
And smite in sortie with the falchion deep."

In two divisions without sound they move,
Like clouds dark rolling in high heaven above. 50
Todd, Sedwick, Stoddard, Johnson, Ritzer, Ball,
Miller make strong, on Reynolds, Muir, to fall ;

Wood, Metcalf, Bradford,—Alexander join
To charge on Proctor and subdue his line.

While this was passing, Chambers, on the bank
Of the Miami, mark'd the steely rank
Of Dudley, forming on the adverse shore
To search the venom'd drops of Elliot's gore.

He flew to Proctor with a hurried breath,
His eyes with terror glaring: "Lo, with death, 60
The foe descended !—landed on the west,
A darkening horror plum'd upon their breast !"

"Thy brain is turn'd ! Not possible the foe—
Yes, I behold the ridgy bayonets now !"
Proctor rejoin'd—convulsions on his brow.
"They rise—they rush—Behold ! Chambers, pour on—
Dash rapid o'er the stream and crush them down !
They heed not Elliot's thunder ! give support
With bayonet——"

"Lo, the breaking from the fort !
On all sides death ! A bold resistance show ! 70
Drench them with fire ! Their standards overthrow."

He spoke like courage, but his heart shrunk back ;
His nerve too trembling for the bold attack,
Led on by Alexander dark and still ;
But Chambers stood, the patriot band to kill.

"Britons ! shrink not—but look them in the face !
Shame to the soul, that falters with disgrace !
Let flames in volumes, 'gainst their ranks be hurl'd—
And prove your arms victorious to the world."

His words were not concluded, when the roll 80
Of deafening battle, sounded through the whole ;

The leaden ruins sung along the skies ;
 No curtain wink'd of the Columbian eyes ;
 Though many a random bullet glanc'd a vein,
 Yet none, save one, fell bleeding on the plain,
 And that was Bradford. Through his thighs, a ball
 Tore its rough way, and brought him to a fall ;
 His burning anguish was o'erpower'd by mind :

“ Push to the mark, and never look behind !
 Here fix'd will I remain to view the man, 90
 Him, who dare wave the colours in the van,
 And plant them high on yonder parapet ;
 And then, my soul this torture will forget.”

Metcalf was pressing hard upon his rear,
 And heard his voice, which brought him to a tear ;
 He snatch'd a standard waving by his side ;
 Leap'd to the foe, as leaping to his bride.
 The eagle higher in the air was seen ;
 Proud as she rose, she fann'd the fire within.
 She rests upon the parapet !—A cheer 100
 Informs the Bird of heaven her strength is near !

“ Now let the sharpening of the steel declare
 What deaths must come, when Freedom wills to
 dare !”

The time allow'd not Alexander more,
 Or he would told them how to strike the core ;
 Thick in the thickest of the blaze they dash ;
 Blood, hot with life, is seen at every gash.
 As arrowy light contends with morning mist,
 So pierce the steel points through Britannia's breast ;
 The royal strength, with savages combin'd, 110
 Scatter like chaff, that whirls upon the wind.

Forth Alexander spreads a ruin round ;
 Dismounts the cannon from the breasted mound ;
 Breaks their supporting arms :—in triumph, then
 Despatches to the fort his captur'd men ;
 But stands himself reserv'd, a stretch'd-out chain,
 To keep the foe from passing round the plain,
 Aid t' impart to Reynolds on the rear,
 With whom, the gallant Miller strives severe. 119

While Proctor thus was conquer'd, Reynolds, Muir,
 Stood for the conflict in their might secure ;
 Reynolds the squadrons holding on the right ;
 Muir those the left, determin'd in the fight.

Ere for the charge, had Miller reach'd the gate,
 Stoddard approach'd, his name to elevate :
 “ Earnest I plead the opening of the strife—
 T' assail the foe in centre of his life ;
 My soul desires to meet him, steel in hand,
 Whilst thou, reserv'd, shalt mark my wielding brand.”
 “ Brother in arms ! to thy request I yield ; 130
 Cheerful to thee, I render up the field :
 I know thy bosom palpitates for fame ;
 Lead to the battle—seek a deathless name.”

The instant Miller yielded his consent,
 Stoddard proclaim'd it to his regiment :
 “ Warriors ! 'tis our to strike preparative,
 And to the foe a palsied stroke to give ;
 Let every bosom for the field enlarge ;
 Portend the spear-points—heavy thunder, charge !”

As down the mountain cliffs the whirlwind roars, 140
 Giving dread notice of tempestuous showers ;

Such the wild echo of the warriors' tread,
Jarring the earth in solid phalanx dread ;
Against the Albion's left the tempest rolls ;
A brewing hail-cloud sweeping from the poles.

When Muir, with lion watch, the squadrons saw,
His strength he strengthen'd to resist the war :
 " Behold the darkness of the column nigh !
Britons ! prepare to break it, or to die !
Remember Wolfe—and if ye fall like him, 150
Fame from oblivion will your names redeem."

His voice was lost in tumult—by the sound
Of clashing armies meeting on the ground ;
Men mix with men—in desperate strife they join,
While bayonets, streak'd with blood, gleam horrid
 through the line.

The Albion centre from the field retire,
Where Stoddard's brand shot particles of fire ;
Muir, mad, beheld the slaughter of his steel,
And touch'd his charger with his goading heel,
And, at a leap, forth rush'd upon the brave ; 160
A moment, each stood frowning like the grave !

So when the moon ascends in midnight deep,
Climbing through clouds from Alleghany's steep,
Half viewless on the blast is seen a ghost,
Striking with lightning spear a gloomy host
Of angry spectres, prostrate in his wrath,
Which fall like dying meteors on his path :
But lo, in moon-robcs clad, fierce from the north,
A hideous form with thunder-brand comes forth,
And fronts him in his rage ! yet ere they raise 170
To strike and set the elements in blaze,

While standing on the edge of adverse cloud,
They frown so deep it muffles heaven in shroud !

Thus Muir and Stoddard met upon the field,
And in suspense the warring armies held.

The pausing done—in circles broad they sweep
Their fiery blades—and clash, and clash, and leap,
And rise, and bend, and push, and fence, and thrust,
To smite each other backward to the dust ;
And while the sparkles round their falchions gleam, 180
Their eyes, fast riveted, unwinking beam,
And pierce the hidden soul, marking the blow,
Ere the quick arm the circumstance can show ;
Oft in the distance of a hair, they play
Just as the other parries it away.

At length, their passion to a frenzy rais'd,
Dreadful they thrust ! The sword of Stoddard graz'd
The life of Muir—his plume, and horsehair white,
Are cleft away—but, on his helmet bright,
The steel is shatter'd with a ringing sound ; 190
The glittering point flies sparkling to the ground.
Muir's lifted brand descends upon his brow ;
The high-arch'd brain-wall fractures at the blow ;
His hands forego the reins—he reels, he dies ;
He yields his spirit to th' indulgent skies.

As stands some monument of lofty brow,
Above the elemental clouds of snow
That float along the sphere, to speak to fame
Rescue from tyrants, or some patriot's name ;
Fix'd on its base, immoveable in form, 200
It laughs defiance at the uproar'd storm ;
But lo, it totters, by an earthquake riven :
Reels—falls to dust—its place is lost in heaven !

So Stoddard fell in ruins on the plain,
Mix'd with his enemies, promiscuous slain.

While Stoddard's blood flows forth, Miller displays
A thick, black cloud, edg'd round with lightning
blaze ;

Hot, fierce, and dark, the maddening battle comes ;
Guns thundering, bayonets gleaming, rattling drums ;
Columbia charges with the edge of steel ; 210
Again, the royals from the combat reel.

But Reynolds now his solid files pours on,
And stays the flying squadrons of the throne.
The powers conjoin'd, make earth beneath them jar ;
Fierce slaughter swells the gory tide of war ;
In equal balance the contention burns ;
Each rank progressing—none with faltering turns ;
Miller, obscur'd with dust, exerts his might,
And loud proclaims to hold the desperate fight :

“ Deep plunge the reeking blade with soul in
wrath ! 220

Let carnage smile with grimness on our path !
Or vict'ry's light shall dwell upon our brow,
Or death shall fold us in our blood below !”

His squadrons catching flame at every word,
Mix steel with steel, and clashing sword with sword.

As when a vessel, by the strength of steam,
Surmounts the current of Ohio's stream ;
The glowing furnace gives her engines play,
Which, through the water, forces her away.
She gains the falls—and now, to mount them o'er, 230
Requires a stronger exercise of power ;

The hardy watermen with reeking toil
Quicken the furnace with inflaming oil,
Which forth with violence excites the blast,
As fire infernal to the flames were cast.

So Miller's voice augments the strife of arms ;
With groaning tumult swell the dire alarms ;
But Reynolds, Muir, stand equal in their fame,
And lighten heaven with one unbroken flame.

Thus when the Oragon tremendous pours 240
Down the rough mountains, swell'd with torrent
showers ;

From thence rolls onward with impetuous force
To drive back Ocean to his mother source ;
Old Ocean, rising hoary from the main,
Piles watery battlements to guard his reign ;
The waves resistless meet in warring shock ;
The shores reverberate, and reeling rock ;
The spongy foam in tortur'd wreaths is driven ;
The mad-toss'd billows break the clouds of heaven.

Columbia charges thus,—thus Albion stand, 250
Whilst War's rough voice roars bellowing round the
land.

Many and various were the wounds that show'd,
From which the purple streams abundant flow'd.

The plume of Ritzer from his crown was shot,
And the fleet ball the temporal artery cut,
From which the warm blood trickled o'er his face,
And made him look like Albion's allied race ;
But soon a bandage skilfully applied,
Suppress'd the jetting of the crimson tide ;

Nothing the foe was favour'd by the wound ; 260
His very look spread fearfulness around.

Sedwick, while wrenching from a grenadier,
With tugging effort hard, his deep-drove spear,
Between the sacred* and vertebral bone,
Heard, icy, on his left a dying groan,
Which call'd his eye away ;—whom should it be ?
Todd in the throes of sweating agony !
An esponton was driven through his foot,
While near at hand, a British captain mute
Held to the far extreme with nerves cramp'd tight, 270
Whom Todd, the moment, had depriv'd of light :
Sedwick forth sprung—forsook the grenadier
To give him succour in his grief severe.
In sitting posture, pressing with each heel
Beside the wound, he drew the torturing steel ;
Todd, by the sudden losing of his pain,
Fainted—two soldiers bore him from the plain ;
And Sedwick seiz'd the weapon of the dead,
And done such deeds as made his path look red.

Johnson, (a name remember'd with delight,) 280
While with his brand was urging on the fight,
He found him hurl'd bewilder'd on the ground ;
In vain he sought discovery of the wound ;
His brain was jarr'd, and hence amaz'd he stood,
Lost to himself—but soon, supporting blood,
With hurrying motion, hasten'd to relieve
The reason-working power—his thoughts revive ;
Instant the cause is obvious to his view ;
A cannon globe had pierc'd his charger through,

* Bone next the loins.

Whose entrails large were spread upon the plain, 290
 No more to feel the cramping of the rein.
 Johnson the momentary pause redeem'd ;
 Lock'd with the foe, a fire his falchion seem'd.

Vain would it be to number all that bled,
 Or those who sunk on valour's gory bed ;
 The Muse would faint, and never could there be
 An end of singing to their memory.

Now Muir, half seen, by Miller is descried,
 Urging the battle in his native pride ;
 The warrior spurs upon him with his steed— 300
 He finds him sweating where the bravest bleed.

Each looks defiance at the other's eye ;
 At once in troubled air their falchions fly ;
 The dauntless Briton gather'd in his might,
 Strikes—to plunge Miller to the shades of night ;
 But, by quick bending, he avoids the blow—
 Rising, he wields his brand upon the foe,
 Which as it circles in a downward sheer
 Cleaves the depending portion of his ear—
 Tears the cheek muscles—shatters out his teeth, 310
 And splinters wide the bended jaw beneath.
 Swift from the pulsing artery, that supplies
 The head with life, the blood with jetting flies ;
 His swimming eyes in heavy darkness roll ;
 From wound unsightly wings his airy soul.

In gory dust depends the warrior's head—
 Sad accident !—the stirrup holds the dead !
 The steed uncurb'd—affrighted to behold
 His strong-arm'd rider in his life blood roll'd,

Snorts, and flies bounding with the corse behind ; 320
Wild as he leaps, it mounts into the wind,
Then, in descending, dashes on a rock ;
The walls of reason shatter by the shock ;
Wide fly the brains commingled with the blood ;
The courser dashes frenzied through the wood.
Ere long, oblique, the body strikes a tree,
Which breaks the thigh and dislocates the knee ;
The tight-wedg'd foot from out the stirrup flies,
O'erwhelm'd on earth the mangled warrior lies, 329
With empty casements where once look'd his eyes.

Meanwhile the Patriots, on the rear with Clay,
Heard the assault, impatient for the fray ;
Soon they the order heard : " In column form !
Hark ! hear you not the breaking of the storm !
How the earth trembles ! 'tis the bold sortie
Dash'd from the fort to bend the tyrant knee :
But wherefore this delay to souls like thine ?
Rich is your valour as Potosi's mine ;
Hard gripe your arms with sinews lock'd as death,
That when you strike, life withers on the heath." 340

They press'd with flinty bosoms—join'd the blast,
When Muir by Miller on the earth was cast ;
At the same instant Alexander came,
And flank'd the enemy with wasting flame.

Assail'd upon the rear—on front and flank,
Their souls shrink inward, and their lines disrank ;
But Reynolds stands unconquer'd in his might—
His eyes like burning of the sparks of night :

“ Shrink not ! Let each sublime his name to
heaven !

Against th’ encircling powers let steel be driven ! 350
Stand—rise superior to the storm of death,
And as ye fall, with smiling yield the breath !”

The fight was madden’d by his voice ;—but all
His efforts are in vain—his people fall ;
Blood makes them faint—they waver—break, retire—
Miller pursues them with assailing fire.
As column’d smoke is scatter’d by the wind,
So fly the enemy, with terror blind ;
Hard at the borders of the lake they crowd,
Wild rout and havock waste away their blood ; 360
They loose their barges with a dashing oar,
Whilst bolted thunders strike them from the shore.

The Patriots shout the victory on high,
Back comes the joyful echo from the sky ;
Then to the fort, flags waving, they repair,
While the shrill musick dances on the air.

With heart o’erflowing Harrison proceeds :

“ Brothers !—co-patriots of immortal deeds !

On eagle pinions will our memories rise

For this day’s valour in its victories !

370

Your every footstep on the soil this day,

Will make it holy till old Time’s decay !

Yea—and a monument, where now we stand,

Will speak the daring prowess of the band,

Who, for the love of Liberty’s sweet breath,

Conquer’d their enemies in face of death,

And pluck’d the laurel green”——

* * * * *

He paus'd ! what damp'd his tongue,
Which with sweet musick to the warriors rung ?

Alas, 'twas Trimble that appall'd his sight,
And struck him palsied from his mental height ; 380
With blood yet oozing from his wounds he came—
His tottering step declar'd his feeble frame ;
His band, unable to sustain their weight,
Fainted through weakness ere they reach'd the gate.

The scene of wo subdu'd the patriot breast
From the proud bearing of their vict'ry bless'd,
Thus when Columbians on th' *immortal Fourth*,
Sublime to celebrate their nation's birth,
Make the wide welkin echo to the sound
Of welcome thunders, breaking from the ground ; 390

And after which, with pomp the musick comes
Of pipes and hautboys, clarionets and drums ;
The goblets dance with overflowing wine,
Touching the heart with something that's divine ;
Proud to the zephyr's breath the Stars are given ;
Balloons, exulting, climb the orb of heaven ;
A round of pleasures captivates the soul
With toasts, and musick, and the flowing bowl.

Lo, in the midst of joy the tidings come, 399
That Jefferson has fail'd, and Adams found the tomb !

No longer welcome thunders sound to heaven,
But mournful lumberings to their tones are given ;
The fifes, the hautboys, clarionets and drums,
Change their shrill notes to something that benumbs.
The goblet's brim, that touch'd the spring of mind,
Sickens the soul—leaves bitterness behind ;
Balloons, supported on the mounting air,
Drop to the earth, as weighted with despair.

The Stars grow dark—sink mourning from the mast
 Half its descent, and sigh at every blast ; 410
 In cheeks late dress'd in smiles, deep grief appears ;
 Their joys are dampen'd with a shower of tears.

Such was the saddening change when Trimble stood,
 Gash'd with deep wounds and purpled with his blood.

At length, when seated—and of wine partook,
 He thus with feebleness the silence broke :

“ My soul gives back to speak the fatal day—
 Our brothers slumber in their robes of clay ;
 They sleep the solemn sleep—the sleep of death,
 Wrapt in the shrouds of blood upon the heath. 420

“ Dudley ”——

By grief his utterance was suppress'd,
 Till the pent sigh was vented from his breast :

“ Yea—Dudley rich with life hath found his doom ;
 He asks the charity of a covering tomb.
 His strength in battle was a whirlwind's breath ;
 Ranks fell before him in the gasp of death ;
 His falchion was a gleam of heaven's fierce light,
 When fiery clouds are on the brow of night ;
 An angry meteor, burning in its path,
 Flaming the edges of the clouds in wrath, 430
 Was Dudley's brilliant course, then, like a spark
 Lighting the storm, he dropp'd into the dark ! ”

* * * * *

A solemn stillness—something like despair,
 Follow'd his voice—no whisper stirr'd the air ;
 Yet Dudley's valour dull'd the edge of grief,
 That seem'd too sharp for possible relief ;
 Thus was the passion working on the soul,
 Compos'd of wonder and despairing dole.

At length, the hoary chief the deep pause broke—
He wip'd his tears and these reflections spoke : 440

“ Men are like flowers, that quicken, bud, and bloom,
Then languish, fade, and wither in the tomb ;
Mark, when a rose, begemm'd with virgin dew,
Is sever'd from the stem where sweet it grew,
A softening pity steals upon the mind
To see its beauty scatter'd in the wind :
But when the season of its prime is done—
Never no more to blush upon the sun,
We heed it not—for nature bids it die ;
We acquiesce—nor mourn its memory : 450

“ And thus it fares with man—when green in charms,
His life pale withers in Death's icy arms,
We mourn his exit—sorrow pours the tear
To mark his beauty shrouded on the bier ;
But when, with age subdu'd—gray, palsied, blind,
He weds the dust and yields to heaven his mind,
The heart scarce feels it—Man but lives to die—
When press'd with years, how slight the passing sigh !

“ Happy the man, who withers in his bloom ;
The tear of sorrow sanctifies his tomb. 560
So Dudley's grave will be forever blest ;
A nation's grief will glorify his rest.

“ But nothing longer must our sorrows stay
The last sad office to his hallow'd clay ;
All that the living can bestow the dead
Is to enfold them in their dusty bed.

“ Johnson, the barges ply with muffled oar,
And pass Miami to the fatal shore,
And there the dead inhume—but his remains
Bear o'er the flood to shrine them on the plains ! 470

And, Metcalf, you with your battalion go,
 And glean the battle-field of friend and foe ;
 Bring Stoddard to the fort, and slaughter'd Muir,
 Who, though a Briton, yet his soul was pure.
 A generous foe deserves an honour'd grave,
 To sleep death's slumber with th' immortal brave."

With hearts, freighted with sorrow, at command,
 The chiefs proceeded with selected band.
 They do the solemn rite with reverence pure ;
 Metcalf conveys to fort both Stoddard, Muir. 480
 And Johnson bears the lifeless Dudley o'er,
 While the sad guns by measur'd minutes roar.

The shrouded bodies in their graves they lay,
 As mellow'd heaven withdraws its evening ray ;
 The clods descending on the coffins, sound
 With hollow rumbling deep—the mourners round
 Hear the chill note, and shudder on the ground.

Three solemn vollies o'er their tombs they roll,
 That speak a language awful to the soul ;
 And then, with crowded bosoms, evermore 490
 Leave them to moulder on Miami's shore.

The anxious traveller, as he journeys by,
 May know the spot where they in darkness lie :
 Where rests the head of Muir, an oak has rose,
 Spreading its shadows as it loftier grows ;
 O'er Dudley's tomb, and Stoddard's mouldering grave,
 Two infant cedars in the light breeze wave :
 Eternal roots support their heads serene,
 Rob'd in the beauty of unchanging green. 499

CANTO XVI.

SANDUSKY.

ARGUMENT.

Disaffection of the Indians....The descent of Fredonia....Investment of Fort Sandusky....The Flag of Truce....The Bombardment....Proctor defeated.

The scene is laid at Malden, in Heaven, on the White Mountains, and at Sandusky....The time is three days.

FREDONIAD

CANTO XVI.

MEANTIME the wild-men driven from the shore,
For Malden hurried with impetuous oar ;
Landed—they show'd a strangeness in their cast,
Like those condemn'd to perish in the blast
For gibbet crimes. In vain they strove to rest,
For dreams of dying lurk'd within their breast.
They shrunk with panick thoughts :—yea, even yet
Their fancy sees upon the parapet
The gallant Metcalf wave the standard forth,
And hears the shout that bounded from the earth, 10
As band of Alexander rush'd along
With death's deep promise breaking from their tongue ;
They think at times, that Miller's sword is seen,
Like fire of heaven, that smites the souls of men.

At length, new day appearing in the skies,
The race of blood in dire confusion rise ;
A sourness gathers in Tekelah's eye,
That his young warriors found mortality.
Cawataw's cannibals reveal their ire,
By reason that Tecumseh sav'd from fire

Their victims, captur'd on the Dudley shore,
Where their grim chief was slaughter'd in his gore.
They beat their bosoms with bewilder'd air—
And, mad with fury, fix upon their hair,
And rend it, bleeding—dizzy in their brains,
With dismal howl they start th' affrighted plains.

So gaunted wolves with raven maws surround
A snowy flock to seize them at a bound ;
But, cautious, wait the fading of the day—
In mind already fasten'd on their prey ;— 30
Behold the village swains their path beset,
And make with gushing blood the pasture wet ;
Some breathe no more, but others wing their speed ;
A look subdues their life—they stop, they bleed.
At length, with panting, they descend their cave,
Where soon with hunger they begin to rave ;
Each maddening each to desperation's height,
By each accusing other of the flight,
Pealing, in concert dire, a deafening yell,
Loud as the scream of agony in hell. 40

Like this, the allies of the Albion king,
With frightful howlings make the welkin ring.

Tekelah, lowering with a settled gloom,
Points with his bloody battle-axe for home ;
Silent his clan take notice of the sign,
And press behind him in a deepening line.

Tecumseh saw the disaffected host,
And swift pursu'd it ere the whole were lost ;
A keen vexation eating on his heart,
To think the chiefs should darken and depart. 50

He seem'd to wing his way—on air to swim,
Such inward spirit quicken'd every limb.

Thus when a carriage on descending plains,
The post resigning to the steeds the reins,
Flies with hot motion—darting by the wind,
Leaving a cloud of up-whirl'd dust behind ;
Each wheel so rapid on its axle turns,
That earth beneath it with the friction burns ;
The whirling spokes, deceptive mock the eye,
Lost in the circle of rapidity. 60

Such was the progress of Tecumseh's speed,
As half enrag'd he bounded o'er the mead ;
And like the wheel-spokes were his flying feet
Mix'd in the sight, their motion was so fleet.

Soon he Tekelah in his path o'ertakes,
And brief the purpose of his coming breaks :
“ Brother, why home, and rest the tomahawk ?
Bid stand your warriors—hold we here a talk.”

Tekelah at the summons wav'd his hand—
Sullen in place, his train like murder stand. 70

He paus'd,—and thus : “ Tecumseh, we despise
Proctor—he fly before his enemies ;
Large did he promise plunder in the fray ;
But noise of battle make his heart give way.”

Tecumseh then : “ Too near of truth you talk ;
Proctor pale blood—he crooked in his walk ;
But hatchet bury not—keep mad the wars ;
The Spirit Great will give to us the cause.

“ Our fathers' ghosts behold us in their joy—
Yes, soon shall we our enemies destroy ; 80
On airy cloud in heaven, in loose robes white,
I saw them smile for my success in fight ;

Cawataw's shade in prime of youth was seen,
And other chiefs in years of beauty green !

" Admit that we in strife of arms should die,
Would we not mount like eagles in the sky
To sport with nimble feet upon the lawn,
Or chase the elk, or tame the speckled fawn ?
There, game of every wing in flocks appear,
And buffaloes, and flying-footed deer ; 90
There, when we list, the silver streams we'll swim,
And drink till gladness lightens every limb ;
Should death the brave man startle with affright,
When such rare scenes are ready for delight ?

" Have you not often eagerly pursu'd
The flying chase through many a boundless wood,
Till your joints trembled with excess of toil,
About to sink and breathe upon the soil ;
But in the act of yielding up the cast,
A lucky arrow took the game at last : 100

" So now, perhaps, our greatest toils are done—
To-morrow glories in a brighter sun.

" Think not of home—rejoin the fight with power—
We'll drive them yet beyond Ohio's shore ;
Me give you large wide hunting ground and good—
From the Miami to the Wabash flood ;
Prophet, from thence to Mississippi west ;
To other chiefs me portion out the rest."

* * * * *

Tekelah thus,—when broken was his pause :

" Wise be your tongue—me join you in the cause." 110

No more of words between the chiefs was said—
Tekelah drew his tomahawk—a dread

Deep muster'd in his eye as forth it came,
Which storm'd his countenance and shook his frame :
He whirl'd it round and pointed to the path ;
Instant his clan express'd their former wrath,
Pealing the war-song with discordant yell,
Like furies loosen'd from the bonds of hell.
To Malden back they hie with gestures dire,
At every step their madness kindling higher. 120

And now, his charger Proctor mounts in style ;
His army squar'd and solid every file.
His left the bit commands—his dexter hand
Sustains with regal port his polish'd brand ;
Its burnish'd point above his shoulder gleams ;
And, in appearance, brave as Wolf he seems ;
His words come boasting with a pompous sound
To royal legions—savages around :

“ What though the Fort hath not surrender'd ours,
Few suns shall pass before we gain its powers ; 130
Our courage yet is whole. I've form'd a plan
By which we'll subjugate their every man.
Ere this, should we have scatter'd them in rout,
Had it not been for that deceiving scout,
Which stay'd our bulwark labours in the night,
And made us vain the empty darkness fight ;
But understanding what is their deceit,
Never again can they their arts repeat.

“ Though our endeavours at the fort were vain,
Has not Tecumseh strew'd with death the plain ?
An army triple of his own destroy'd,
Which, with the foe has made a dreadful void !

Let none look grave with a desponding eye,
We yet shall strike, and strike with victory !

“ We'll now retire. But when bright day shall
come,

And we awaken'd with the stirring drum,
In ready barges rapid we'll repair
To Fort Sandusky, to assail them there.
A spy, who hurried to the camp at light,
Informs, a boy but stands against our might, 150
With others green in years !—These, when they spy
The Cross—for mercy, on their knees will cry ;
But spare not—lift the hatchet—slay the brood—
Take ample vengeance for the red man's blood !

“ Now when Sandusky to our will is bent,
Then, by our strength and skilful management,
Soon we'll compel Miami to resign,
And on th' Ohio post our southern line ;
Yea, from the lakes to that dividing flood,
The foe surrenders, or he swims in blood !” 160

Each eye approving smil'd to hear the plan ;
The hope of conquest shone from rear to van ;
In which delusive light they lose the pain
Their late disaster on Miami's plain ;
Nor heed the darkness which at distance lowers,
Again to overshadow with death their powers.

So when deep clouds a village overcast,
Borne in thick squadrons on the winged blast ;
Thunders explode with hail and forked fires,
While the red tempest in its rage aspires ; 170
The trembling villagers stand shock'd with dread,
To mark the horrors bursting o'er their head.

At length, disparting on the wings of heaven,
 The clouds fly diverse—through the concave driven ;
 The swains rejoice to view the welcome sun ;
 All their past terror with the tempest gone,
 Not heeding of a spot that stains the north,
 Soon to enlarge and hurl new terrors forth.

Not otherwise their minds forget the past ;
 None dream the gathering of a second blast, 180
 At distance brewing, heavy to descend
 In showers of death their brittle life to rend.

To Proctor now Tecumseh broke his mind,
 What he had secret to himself design'd :
 “ I well approve of the Sandusky fight ;
 But we with art must compass them aright.
 What talk you how the enemy deceive—
 How by his scouts he make you false believe ?
 In Indian too, deceit—at Tip’canoe, 189
 Their chief thought not but Prophet meant him true ;
 But we deceive, to strike upon him dead
 Ere he should break the slumber of his bed.

“ Now listen to Tecumseh : Meigs surround—
 With me, Tekelah circle on the ground ;
 While you Sandusky fight, this nest we bar,
 And thus divided carry on the war.
 Me form sham battle, as their friends had come
 Laden’d with things of luxury from home ;
 They hear my rifles—issue from the fort,
 And then Tecumseh show them day-light sport.” 200

Him, Proctor smiling, thus : “ Brother, you’ve stood
 The first in council, and the field subdu’d ;

But this your plan of warfare is the best,
 That e'er your judgment hath made manifest.
 But should your battles be in vain, why then,
 When Croghan yields, with royal-hearted men
 I'll storm the fortress—overleap the wall—
 The Eagle fluttering, in the dust shall fall.

“Dixon, to you Cawataw's tribe I give,
 That in your presence not a youth may live. 210
 But, Reynolds, you in readiness will stand,
 Till I secure possession of the land,
 Then, with reserve, the lake you'll compass o'er,
 And plant a conquering standard on the shore.

“Now to pavilions, royalists ! repair,
 And rest the mind, made weary with its care,
 And feast the body on luxurious fare ;
 But when at day, the reveillé shall beat,
 Rise, and make dark the waters with the fleet. 219

“But who comes straining from the east ?”——

He scarce had said,
 When who should reach the field, but Vincent's aid ;
 Of triumph breath'd his voice : “Proctor, behold,
 The pride of Freedom in the dust is roll'd !
 At Queenstown Heights, our fame hath reach'd its
 heaven—

Before our steel, invasion back is driven !
 And, as by York, I dash'd along the path,
 Sheffie stood frowning in a cloud of wrath,
 Ready the landing of the foe to strike,
 Led in their daring by the sword of Pike !”

A shout, like thunder rolling, broke to heaven, 230
 Thrice to the earth, the echo back was driven.

Proctor exclaim'd : " The States, the whole are
ours !

They wilt before us like the noon-mow'd flowers !
The English oak will shade them from the sun—
Their summer's past, their winter has begun !"

They shouted thrice again—and fil'd away
To be prepar'd against the coming day.

Meanwhile the empyreal glories of the skies
Beheld the war with their immortal eyes :
High on the diamond wall, sublime they stood, 240
Their clear orbs rolling in a lucid flood
Of amber light—But now, with grace divine,
Imbower'd with fragrance, in the grove they shine ;
On golden seats, reclin'd in crescent rings,—
Their bright forms shaded with their rainbow wings ;
Love pours its holy transport from each eye,
And every passion of sweet ecstasy.

Justice arose, unalter'd in his look,

And with a dignity of utterance spoke :

" 'Tis now decreed, Fredonia, heavenly Maid, 250
That thou descend and give thy offspring aid ;
Deep have they suffer'd for disunion, now—
Hence hope gives promise never more they'll bow
To hell's grim agency—but wisdom learn
By past affliction and to faith return ;
They now for trial probatory stand,
To be united, or a broken band ;
Hence, not as yet 'tis given thee to consume
The host infernal, till I speak their doom."

He spoke the consult, and resum'd his seat, 560
And Independence rose with soul elate :

“ Joys of divinity my breast inspire,
Touching my heart with a celestial fire,
That young Columbians on the battle day,
Th’ immortal daring of their sires display ;
Hence, with the foe I’d nothing interfere,
But yield to them the fiery fields severe ;
Yet with strict guard observe the powers of night,
They aid not Albion to maintain the fight ;
But let the freeborn build their own renown 270
By native effort, striking back the crown :
As late, Fredonia on Niagara’s tide
Touch’d with her spear the Fiend—subdu’d his pride,
Then, let the war take course—so, even now,
Her care should be to foil the gloomy foe ;—
But if that Heaven with battles interfere,
Where would the valour of our sons appear ?
Lo, with one effort we could sweep away
The race of man, reducible to clay ;
Let mortal single against mortal stand, 280
That each may prove the virtue of his land.”

Ere he had ended, every heart was won,
The war should be conducted as begun,
Save but to curb the future strides of him,
Who burst from hell, in Freedom’s blood to swim ;
But nothing farther, till the States in one
Should weld their strength to break the chaining
Throne ;
Then they decree, Fredonia from the earth
Should strike him backward to his place of birth.

The Goddess now, and the celestials, rise 290
To leave, for earth, immortal paradise ;

She gains the battlements of heaven divine,
 Where all the synod in due order shine ;
 Infantile Spirits hover round the Fair
 With golden harps to strike the sacred air.

Loose round her temples, whiter than the snow
 That sleeps unsullied on the mountain's brow,
 A garland twines—compos'd of myrtle rare—
 The rose, the lily, and the jessamine fair :
 These bloom luxuriant, of exquisite dye, 300
 That wakens beauty in an angel's eye.

Her hair as touch'd with Love's soft fingers curls,
 And o'er her neck like melted amber furls,
 Flowing exuberant, wonderful to behold,
 Like burnish'd threads of pure effulgent gold.

Light o'er her polish'd limbs, a robe is cast,
 Which, in its texture, nature's works surpass'd,
 Wrought by the butterflies, that spin in heaven,
 Where life abundant at its source is given :
 Not like those worms, that labour on the earth, 310
 Dying the moment they receive their birth—
 But when the winding of their silk is done,
 They shine like rainbows glittering in the sun ;
 And, like the things of heaven, their forms improve,
 Sporting eternal in the beams of love.

The souls, that never touch the earth, receive
 These beauteous webs, and, with light fingers, weave
 The robes of seraphim,—in which appear
 The mimic stars, that decorate the sphere.

Such was the wond'rous robe Fredonia wore 320
 To take her flight from the empyreal shore ;
 Three radiant zones its waving folds unite
 Round her fair waist, of matchless colours bright—

The *red*,—the spotless *white*,—unfading *blue*,
Shining forever with a brilliance new.

Her wings partake the fashion of a dove,
Half spread, to leave the battlements above ;
The plumes were dipp'd within a rainbow dye,
Then fluid gold was sprinkled carelessly.

Her alabaster arm sustains a shield, 330
Gold, pure with fining—on which reveal'd,
Are Heights of Bunker blazing as with fire,
And Trenton kissing heaven with many a spire—
Eutaw, and Monmouth, and the plains of York
And Saratoga, glitter in the work.

Beneath these emblems, on the gold is seen,
Inscrib'd by angel hand and diamond pen,
The Declaration, which proclaim'd afar
The light that kindled from the Freedom Star.
So bright the splendour of the wond'rous shield, 340
The dazzling suns look dim upon the field !

This on her left : Her dexter holds a spear,
Temper'd with light in heaven's sublimest sphere ;
Its vital point turns dark the brightest star—
Full in the blaze of heaven its brilliance shines afar.

Lo, now, Fredonia spreads her angel wings !
Loud with hosannas the empyreal rings !
The infant spirits touch the quivering wire,
And join symphonious to the ravish choir ;
Hymming proud Liberty in choral song— 350
Her praises shouting with their flaming tongue—
The rights of man, that sanctifies the cause
Of th' elective franchise—Freedom's equal laws,

Swelling the theme sublime with musick high,
As sails the Goddess on her embassy.

Down the pure element she cleaves her way,
While round her burn the quenchless beams of day ;
Heaven stands in holy gazing at her flight,
Through shining circles of effulgent light.
From star to star—mid blazing orbs divine, 360
Of which no mortal ever saw their shine,
So distant plac'd near Deity's abode,
That not to earth their radiance yet hath flow'd,
Though since creation's birth they've shot their
beams,

Swift as the madd'd lightning when it gleams !

At each exertive motion of her wing
She darts her way, the distance of the ring
That circles Saturn—next outstrips the first,
Trifold, immense—to reach the globe of dust ;
The next succeeding, distances the last, 370
Measuring a system of creation vast ;
The swiftest sparkle of far-shooting light
Creeps in its course to her immortal flight ;
The vital mind upon the wing of fire,
Which at a thought attains its high desire,
Scarcely excels her wonderful descent,
Through the vast regions of the element.

At length she gains the system of the sun,
And thinks her journey to the earth is done ;
She meets the comets in their distant round, 380
Like blazing oceans through the void profound ;
At once she strikes her wing to Herschell's sphere ;
And then to Saturn—then to Jupiter.

A gliding motion from these sun-lit stars
Finds her descended to the angry Mars ;
But quick she turns from his inflaming eye,
And gains the Sun, self-balanc'd in the sky.

Her presence adds new brightness to his rays,
And wide through heaven illuminates his blaze ;
The spots that marr'd the beauty of his face 390
Shine with the splendour of primeval grace.
With eye sublim'd she views the golden chains,
Which hold the planets in their circling plains.
And silver moons that round about them play,
Reflecting back the image of his ray :—

Lost for a moment, wrapt in wonderment,
Though heaven the purest was her element,
She marks their order as through space they roll,
Marshall'd in beauty by the sun's control.

Long had she gaz'd, but lo, the passing Earth 400
Caught her tranc'd eye, and call'd her purpose forth,—
The Sun, to favour her divine descent,
Calls a rich cloud from Mercury's firmament,
And gives it all the beauty of his light,
In which the rainbows kissingly unite.

The Goddess takes the present with a smile,
Folding her wings upon her breast the while ;
And now, superior seated on her car,
Smooth she descends to visit earth afar.

Evening's soft light was melting on the breast 410
Of mist-bath'd mountains when she gain'd the west ;
Around Columbia on the cloud she sails—
Not by the buoyancy of breathing gales,

But by the *will* that in herself abides ;
 Like a new beauty through the heavens she glides,
 Calling the gaze of wondering mortals forth,
 Like when bright angels visited the earth.
 Lo, at the glance of her immortal eyes,
 The land, the ocean, like enchantment rise.

Broad round the ocean she extends her view 420
 To mark the navy, Albion to subdue ;
 To bring the sea-bred Lion to his knee,
 And make him feel the power of Liberty.
 Rodgers appears with all his sail-wings bent
 Sublim'd with valour in the President ;
 Hull, Jones, Decatur, Warrington, are seen ;
 Burroughs, renown'd with honourable men ;
 Percival, with laughing art upon his mein ;
 Allen, and Biddle, Stewart, mild yet brave ;
 And Barry, Bainbridge, fearless on the wave. 430

Next, o'er the landscape she extends her eyes,
 And the progression of the war descries.

At Plattsburg, Macomb like a fortress stands
 To foil invasion with his chosen bands ;
 The young Macdonough, glowing in his pride,
 Launching his battle-ships in silver tide ;
 And Perry, at the Rock, his fleet in trim,
 Ready at signal on the lake to swim.
 In Chauncy's navy, warriors led by Pike,
 York, their proud capital at day to strike ; 440
 And Meigs, and Malden. After which appears
 Sandusky, guarded by the young in years.
 Johnson is seen upon Kentucky's plain,
 Gathering her sons to curb th' oppressor's reign ;

Combin'd with Shelby to invade the shore,
And humble Proctor and the savage power.

These she beheld, as evening's mellow beam
Withdrew from earth like a celestial dream ;
She leaves her car in heaven, and lights serene,
With hallow'd feet, on Vernon's Mountain green ; 450
Her vital touch gives-quickenng to the tomb ;
Flowers, worthy heaven, spring forth in primal bloom,
The pale, green willows, that around it mourn,
Weep their soft tears of sorrow on the urn,
While *thirteen* rainbows circle o'er their head,
Form'd by the incense of the mighty dead,
Wrapp'd in the dark of death ;—each radiant bow,
Bears a bright star of beauty on its brow,
Round which, delicious on the breath of even,
Æolian numbers sound by deities of heaven. 460

* * * * *

At length, the solemn darkness melts away—
Faint, one by one, the jewel stars decay ;
Yet Venus glows more bright, as they decline,
And rob'd in loveliness, delights to shine ;
Her beauteous eye like love in rapture beams,
And trembling sparkles in the dark blue streams.

The sweet enchantments delicately fade ;
The car of clouds descends, and bears the Maid
Smooth from the earth—too gross the mortal eye
To view the scenes of immortality. 470

The flowers that quicken'd to celestial bloom,
Sunk in the bosom of the darksome tomb ;
The star-crown'd rainbows melted into air,
And left it lonely with the willows there.

Through Albion's camp, the drums proclaim'd the
day—

They start—awaken—and to boats away ;
Tekelah joins Tecumseh with his power—
They launch, for Meigs, their barges from the shore ;
Short, Chambers, Proctor—Dixon with his horde,
And Gordon, bearing a commanding sword ; 480
And Prophet, brother of Tecumseh—glide
Swift o'er the lake, Sandusky to decide.

Its stream they enter'd, as the sun at noon
Stood at his rest—the little fortress soon
Open'd before them with its Eagle high,
Searching the beam of heaven unwinkingly.

They land, they spread innumerable on the shore,
Like summer insects, when in swarms they pour.

The meantime Croghan ever in his thought
Had held the precepts that the veteran taught, 490
To keep his mind upon the royals bent,
And then the fort they'd never circumvent.

Soon as he mark'd the gathering of the foe,
It caus'd a richness through his heart to flow ;
A martial kindling in his bosom came,
And touch'd each word as with a seraph's flame :

“ Behold invasion darkening on the sight !
Say, feel ye not no thrilling of delight ?
My young companions, harness'd new in arms,
Does not the prospect to your souls bring charms ? 500
Yes—I behold a language in your eye,
That proves what inward is your ecstasy !

“ Let each with holy breath invoke his fair,
To nerve his arm for something that is rare ;

By them inspir'd, our enemies must die,
And clothe our names with immortality !

“ What though like swarming they invade the ground,
And hem our walls with multitudes around,
Raise but the soul to admiration high,—
Let thousands come, we stand for Liberty !” 510

Warm, like the kindling of a meteor spark,
Breaking the solidness of midnight dark,
The flame of Croghan enter'd to the soul,
And forth they answer'd : “ Thunders, let them roll—
Yea, let the foe spout cataracts of fire
And flood the fort—with life we'll ne'er retire !”

What time this pass'd, the legions of the Crown
Impatient gaz'd to see the Eagle down.
Dixon's grim host stood sharpening up their knives,
Ready to scalp and massacre their lives. 520
Saliva druling from their jaws was seen,
While hunger gnaw'd upon their stomachs keen,
To eat the heart of Croghan—tear his flesh,
And drink his warm blood at the fountain fresh.

Proctor at length, with vehemence of look,
To Chambers, Elliot, his impatience spoke :

“ What, dare they think resistance to our will !
Forth shall the savage have command to kill !
Chambers and Elliot, warn him of his fate ;
At setting sun to yield will be too late ! 530
Worse than at Raisin will I be his death ;
By small degrees, I'll fry away his breath !”

They in their silence, his instructions heard ;
Fix'd is the flag of peace on Chambers' sword ;

With martial steppings to the fort they hied,
With all the pomp that royalty supplied.

Proctor breath'd poison in the Prophet's ear ;
He bade him sly to hover on their rear,
And seize upon the warrior sent from fort,
And break the truce, and then begin the sport. 540

Croghan with strict observance soon beheld
The truce approach. To Ship the hero wheel'd,
Who scarce had summers seen twice five and seven,
But all his youth was to his country given :

" Brother in arms ! behold, their flag arrives ;
Go, meet it on the field :—they seek our lives ;
Let thy bold answer enter to the soul ;
When all are slain the fort's at their control."

Ship, without answer, touch'd with beauty's glow,
Advanc'd to meet the parley of the foe. 550
The perfect symmetry of every limb,
Seem'd to impart a buoyancy to swim ;
Quick round his eye an infant lightning ran,
Which show'd the promise of the future man.

Chambers, important, met the blushing boy,
And labour'd thus his virtue to decoy :

" Knowing the rashness of unguarded youth,
Proctor, our general, noted for his truth,
Hath sent this flag to warn you of your fate,
Ere that his arms your lives annihilate ! 560

" Look round ! behold the royal standards dread !
Observe the savages to strike you dead !
Mark, how they brandish in the air their knives !
Go—and with prayers, surrender up your lives !"

Ship paus'd—his breast was full : “ *He knows our youth—*

We also know this mighty man of truth,
And render him our thanks, to grant us word,
That we with *prayer* surrender up our sword :
But please you whisper in his gracious ear,
No prayers from us, repentant will he hear ; 570
We pray to none, save Him who dwells on high—
The Centre Point of immortality ;
Yon Eagle from her height will ne'er retire,
Till her defenders in their blood expire !”

He spoke with searching eye, and wheel'd to march :
“ Tarry, fair youth,”—thus serpent Elliot arch :

“ Never my tongue a flattering speech declar'd—
'Tis poison to my soul—with hell compar'd ;—
But, to behold thee in thy peerless bloom,
Devoted to endure a savage doom, 580
Gives to my heart a sympathy of grief,
Beyond my power to offer you relief ;
That rose upon thy cheek will pale like snow ;
The blood in thy young heart will cease to flow ;
That eye, that swims in firmamental blue,
Irons, tipt with fire, will lingering pierce it through ;
These locks, that thy fair lineaments adorn,
Will from thy skull by gory hands be torn.

“ Come to my bosom—shelter you with me,
And I to you a guardianship will be ; 590
Come—be ennobled with Britannia's power !
And royal honours—wealth ”——

“ Poison no more !

No more I'll hear the serpent of thy tongue—
Suppress the note—a croaking raven song !

" Come to *thy* bosom ! *bosom*, that retains
 The crimes, the blackest of infernal stains !
 Come to *thy* bosom ! royal honours !—What ?
 A *bosom* nursing vipers—hell begot !

" Never you flatter'd with an oily word !
 And is it poison, to your soul abherr'd ? 600
 Think then, I urge thee, where wilt thou be cast,
 When Death shall call thee to expire thy last ?
 Does not thy soul with frightful murder start,
 When thou call'st back the memory of Hart ?
 Does not his spirit trouble thee at night,
 And walking dead men terrify thy sight ?

" And canst thou hear without a blush his name ?
 It proves thy baseness link'd to damning fame !

" Good heaven ! suppress the rising of my soul ;
 My crowded heart is breaking from control ! 610
 His martyr'd blood will nerve our arms with power !
 Advance to yonder mound, and death shall thee
 devour !"

Like muster'd thunders, when they wrathful break,
 Causing the battlements of heaven to shake,
 Link'd round with chains of fire ; such was the peal
 From Freedom's youth, which made the Britons *feel* ;
 Such was the flash that lighten'd from his eye,
 Which burnt upon their hearts like agony.

Ship purpos'd to return—but Prophet sly,
 Crouch'd from his hiding,—as his sword swung by 620
 Caught at the scabbard !—Ship, without a word,
 Turn'd short, and as he wheel'd he bar'd his sword.
 The savage drew his axe !—burning they stood
 With weapons in the act to taste of blood !

But as they* felt the impulse of the hand
 To smite the other bleeding on the sand,
 Chambers beheld, and rush'd himself between,
 And check'd the Indian with reproving mein.

Thus Gabriel, Satan, on the walls of Eden,
 Stood fix'd in wrath—their dreadful powers even ; 630
 Satan dilated, horrid for the fight,
 And Gabriel strengthen'd with eternal might ;
 But lo, in heaven, the parting scales were seen :
 Satan retir'd—a cloud upon his mein.

Ship smother'd up his blade, and wheeling short,
 With steps of honour, enter'd in the fort,
 And stated the result—show'd Elliot's art
 At first to frighten, then subdue his heart.

Blank'd stood the heralds with confusion's eye
 To be defeated in their embassy ; 640
 Their conscience struggled to suppress the truth ;
 Their deep designs outmaster'd by a youth.

Back to the camp of Proctor they recede,
 And state in whispers what the boy had said.

“ Dare they resistance ?—send me such report ?
 Quick let the brass dash ruin on the fort !

Deep charge the mortars—set fire to the air
 With hissing bombs, to desolate them there.

Soon mercy will they plead with prayerful cry—
 But prayers I answer with mortality ! 650

Yea—will I make my threatening promise good ;
 I'll make a warm bath of their smoking blood !

* The weapons.

“ Away, and burn the element with flame ;
An hour hence, not one shall have a name !”

The mortars burst with fire—the shells rebound—
The heavy guns in unison resound.
But Croghan stands unchang’d—outlooks the blast,
Which rolls above him the sublime and vast.

Thus, when a youth, on Avon, Shakspeare stood
To gaze at nature in her wildest mood, 660
For now the clouds were mustering in the north
To pour a deluge in tornado forth ;
Their broken savageness attract his sight,
Rolling in darkness, mixing day with night ;
Dread through the firmament, glance lightning fires—
New thunders peal, ere half the flash expires—
The poet’s mind takes wing upon the storm,
And riots awful in the dark deform.

So Croghan stands and glories in the scene,
His young companions firm in discipline. 670

At length the veil of night the foe conceals,
And Proctor to his chiefs his pain reveals :

“ And do they foil us ?—never will they yield ?
What, without answer, do they dare the field ?
Verily they stand—defy our best !

They heed us not—but seem with slumber press’d ;
Nothing of brass upon our lines they turn ;
No—nor a sparkle has been seen to burn.
In different manner we’ll our strength exert ;
We’ll bulwarks raise to batter down the fort. 680
Chambers, the guns upon the river flame,
While Short and Gordon will the batteries frame ;

That when the day shall open in the east,
We'll break their walls, and let the savage feast."

Chambers and Elliot to the boats repair,
And hurl the bombs like wild things through the air ;
Th' intrenchers follow the command of Short
And Gordon, to sweep desolate the fort.
The labour smokes by fresh unwearied men,
The spaders rear where mattockers had been ; 690
Through embrasures the cannon frowns severe,
Early at day to shake the hemisphere.

Meanwhile round Croghan stood his little group
Of officers, determin'd ne'er to stoop
A joint to kneeling, save to smiting death,
While they should draw the breathing of a breath.
Meaks, Hunter, Johnson, Butler, Anthony,
Met to consult—their warriors outwardly
Stood in a circle to attend their word,
When they in plans defensive should accord. 700

Hunter to Croghan : " Shall we touch the fire,
And cause these fighting-barges to retire ?
See, they more daring in their progress grow ;
Small by degrees upon the fort they row.
Our globes would strike and shiver many a boat,
And cause its ruins with the stream to float."

The youth his judgment show'd : " Thy words are
just,
That we full many in the stream could thrust ;
But oft it happens, for temporary gain,
We lose the cause our efforts would attain. 710
Now, should we open on their barge with fire,
We soon indeed would force them to retire ;

But mark, their bombs in wandering circles fly ;
They break beyond us—scattering through the sky ;
Now, should we them more distantly remove,
They might more dangerous to our safety prove.

“ Besides, if we no opposition show,
In time 'twill make more venturesome the foe,
And foil him from his guard,—the moment then,
We'll let him know how soon that boys are men, 720

“ Johnson, your files will occupy the north ;
Hunter, the south,—to meet their coming forth ;
Butler and Anthony, the east and west ;
Meaks, hold the brass. Through night, by parts
we'll rest ;

The cannon's voice will rouse us with alarms,
Should they in darkness make th' attempt by arms.”

Martial, yet modest, he proclaim'd the word,
And each fulfill'd it—lock'd in one accord ;
The sentries watch with jealousy of soul, 729
While o'er their heads the meteorous bombshells roll.

At length, the waning Moon with silver horn
Shines on her hill,—precursor of the dawn ;
Venus, her daughter, slow behind her moves
With bashful footsteps o'er the mountain groves ;
As nature beautiful, as heaven divine,
Like holy things, with loveliness they shine ;
They catch the soul's devotion as they rise,
While just below, gray twilight streaks the skies.

As darkness vanisheth, the works are seen,
At which the Albions had at labour been. 740

Croghan breaks forth : “ Behold, they’ve chang’d
their site !

The river is at peace—on land they fight !
How violent they dash the fire severe !
And let them dash it—none regards it here !
Void of effect they magnify the flame—
Soon they’ll exhaust, like madness when it’s tame.

“ See how the balls that strike us on the north,
Lie in their slumber, bedded in the earth !
The strife, as yet, our efforts would debase ;
But ’twould the nation’s character disgrace, 750
Without a gun to let them home return ;
If nothing more, salute from us shall burn.

“ The Stars, with brilliance in their orbits, shine
Full in the breeze, like something that’s divine ;
The Eagle points her arrows—flaps her wing,
To hear the thunder-voice of Britain ring.
I feel strange rapture stirring in my breast,
That never yet by language was express’d ;
Stand pillar’d to the earth ! The coming even, 759
My mind forebodes we’ll send their souls to heaven !
Be nothing daunted—take substantial life
To give your valour energy in strife ;
Man cannot live upon the mind—but food
Must give his body nourishment of blood.”

He touch’d their youthful hearts, like touch of fire,
Which gave their souls a newness of desire ;
Unmov’d, they seated and their hunger stay’d,
And every purpose of his will obey’d,
While bent on death the Albions cannonade.

Proctor discover'd his exertions vain ; 770
 And while a madness swell'd upon his brain,
 His tongue broke forth : " Will thunder not remove—
 Nothing reduce yon Eagle from above ?

" At angle of the north the cannon bend ;
 There breach the fort, and cause it to descend.
 No more the time with useless toil consume,
 But plunge with steel and strike them to the tomb."

He said. And presently his will was done—
 True at the angle bent was every gun ;
 As hail, descending from a spring-time cloud, 780
 Beats on the earth to kill its tender bud,
 So thick the globes from royal engines burst
 To breach the fort and level it to dust,—
 And smite the youths that hold it in their trust.

Croghan soon scann'd the motive of the foe—
 To breach and enter to his overthrow :

" Warriors ! behold their purposes are plain !
 Strengthen the angle—make their efforts vain !
 Johnson, Anthony, with rapid hand,
 Defy a breach with canisters of sand. 790
 Shipp, Hunter, Dunkin, the full store bring forth,
 And form a double fencement on the north ;
 They now design with steel our hearts to pierce—
 Their former warfare total to reverse.

And let them come, like waves of tempest sea,
 We'll meet them here, and meet them smilingly !

" In northern bastion, Meaks, the cannon place,
 And keep it darken'd from the royal race ;
 Six practis'd warriors to assist thee take,
 And cautious level, through the trench to rake. 800

Crowd but half weight of death-dust in its womb,
To spread in its explosion, general doom ;
But to the full, load canister and ball,
That when it opens, ranks on ranks may fall."

Presently the whole commence the toil—
And soon th' intentions of the foe they foil,
Meaks crowds the brass as Croghan gave in charge,
With grape and canister, both small and large,
Then scatters leaves, as thoughtless, yet with care,
That none might notice what of death was there. 810

Now they at signal to their places hie
To watch the movements of the enemy.

Thus, when a fowler, having set his snare
To trap a flock of wild doves in the air,
Retires in silence to his secret blind,
To ken their motions as they ride the wind ;
And restless counts the time to see them come
To spring the net that folds them in their doom :

With like impatience the young heroes wait
To mark the foe to rush upon his fate. 820

While thus the fortified—Proctor with his glass
Observ'd a breach effected by his brass,
For lo, a blemish on his pupil gray,
Threw a beam broken on the retina,
Which, in the brain, produc'd a motion there,
As though the angle had been swept in air ;
Glad at his heart—stepping with lofty port,
Proud he began to Dixon and to Short :

" The fort is ours ! They soon shall be in tears—
The whole in ruins to my sight appears ! 830

“ Short, through the breach with thy battalions on !
 Regard you not the bursting of a gun ;
 Had they exploding brass, the globes to throw,
 Its jaws would stream the battle-fire ere now ;
 Heed not the flashing of the rifles small—
 Strike—ere the sparkle scorches to the ball.

“ Round to the south, thy wild-men, Dixon, wheel,
 And, Gordon, thy command. With bayonet steel,
 Silent advance, till opposite the rear,
 Then raise the death-yell to excite their fear ; 840
 This will allure them from the breach away,
 Till Short shall enter and decide the day.”

His officers comply with hellish zeal,
 And all the savageness of Proctor feel ;
 Dixon, with scarce an attribute of man,
 Proceeds, contriving blood, to head his clan.
 The eye of Short burnt with the rage of sin,
 Which show'd the workings of his heart within ;
 He join'd his squadrons with a dæmon's tread,
 Unsparing murder brewing in his head. 850

Meantime the monarch of the realms of night,
 From Valparaiso, and from Queenstown Height,
 Return'd to Hampshire's mountain, press'd with care,
 Caus'd by the troubles which beset him there.

Beneath a ledge of hanging rocks he sits,
 Showing his feeling by his brow that knits.
 His subjects rise to pay him homage due—
 While in this attitude, an Agent flew
 And stood before the throne ! A moment past,
 He walk'd with Proctor, as the engines cast 860

The globes against the angle of the fort ;
He comes in haste—the tidings to report :

“ Dread monarch !—Proctor, thy half mortal son,
At fort of Meigs was partially undone ;
In spite of all my art, a mad sortie
Drove him disaster’d o’er the inland sea ;
But lo, Tecumseh with his banded power,
Subdu’d an army on the adverse shore.

“ Now at Sandusky are a chosen host ;
Royals and savages—Britannia’s boast, 870
Striving the angle of the fort to breach,
That they with steel may its defenders reach ;
A beardless boy commands, hence nothing doubt,
But Proctor soon will raise triumphant shout.”

The Fiend was silent with unalter’d eye,
Pausing his words—At length, he deign’d reply :

“ *Triumphant shout !*—No—never will it be,
So fix’d they stand in battle desperately ;
Hadst thou the action seen, which late they fought,
Not thou, nor hell, would call their valour naught ; 880
Though Britain seems to weigh their courage light,
Her ships had sunk, had We withheld Our might ;
The Essex, made half ship-wreck by a blast,
Had conquer’d two of a superior cast.

“ Yes—and of late upon the Queenstown Height,
They’d won the field—but Discord plann’d aright—
Fredonia there——

“ But why with words delay ?
The time admits not of a moment’s stay ;
’Twould like a palsy all Our hopes destroy,
Should Proctor now be routed by a boy. 890

"Revenge, away—th' infernal caldron fire,
Fashion a cloud and in its folds retire,
And with it wrap the fort,—and blind their sight,
That Proctor may advance and gain the fight !

"But stay—no agency will now suffice ;
Too, too momentous is the enterprise ;
Ourself will go—but you, the cloud may form,
Equal in darkness to a midnight storm."

The agent heard—and, waiting no reply,
To its fulfilment parted instantly. 900

Beneath a jutting ledge the caldron stands,
Fashion'd in rudeness by infernal hands,
Far in the west of hell—from thence brought forth,
When with his train the Dæmon rose to earth.
Compos'd its substance is, of fire-proof stone—
Ten furies bore it up with many a groan,
Causing their iron joints to sweat and ache,
Fill'd to its brim with burnings of the lake.

Revenge approach'd—surcharg'd with hellish ire,
And gnash'd his teeth—from which the seeds of fire 910
Leap'd to the lava with attractive power,
Like the quick lightning to the midnight shower,
Or like the dust, that kindles mortal strife,
Draws from the flint to strike it into life.

The lava feels the particles of fire—
A thousand flashes at the touch aspire,
Black as the flames that feed upon a ghost,
Suffering for hell-crimes,—once his secret boast :
And such the virtue of the lighted mass,
It burns for ages, ever what it was ! 920

A cloud of solid darkness passes forth,
And veils in horror the black mountain north ;
For murder'd blood, the druling panthers prowl—
At passing shadows pale the wild wolves howl ;
As mad the lava boiling tosses high,
Nests of live lightnings from the cauldron fly,
Which, winding upward, leap along the cloud,
Whilst muttering thunders groan, and earthquakes
rumble loud.

Now as th' Infernal by the caldron stands,
A lightning flame he seizes in his hands ; 930
Slow he descends upon the coffin blast,
Gripping the serpent fire with sinew fast !
As round his form terrific it plays,
His gore-stain'd locks are kindled to a blaze.

So when a meteor shooting in a line,
Touches a hill, o'erspread with unctuous pine,
Which soon inflames the wilderness sublime ;
Brands dashing upward, kindle as they climb ;
In whirling eddies round the flames are drove ;
Earth melts beneath—heaven languishes above. 940

Like this, his burning locks, still unconsum'd,
Whilst Death all dreadful on his breast sits plum'd.

As savage Dixon led his scalpers round,
He gain'd a distant prospect of the ground ;
To keep the serpent-fire conceal'd from view,
He to himself its horrid fashion drew.

He op'd his mouth, like yawning of a cave,
Where murder'd travellers find their bloody grave ;
Soon from his throat a lonely spark appear'd,
And forth another his hot breathing rear'd ; 950

Others in fiery troops succeeding came,
Till mouth and nostrils pour'd continu'd flame.

So when rough iron is in furnace cast
To be reduc'd to fluid by the blast ;
Scarce seen, at first, the bellows stir the fire,
But every breath augments its burning higher ;
A cloud of nimble smoke—then, sparkles rise,
A flickering flame starts up—as sudden dies ;
It lives again—it falls—again revives,
But soon unbroken o'er the furnace drives. 960

Thus from the throat of the infernal sire,
At first, at intervals, flash'd sparks of fire ;
But soon augmented to a burning vast,
Like that excited by the furnace blast.

Urg'd by attraction, lo, the lightning stays
Its maddening flash—and mild in circles plays ;
Around his neck, and round, it winds and winds,
As when a snake a sleeping reaper binds.

At length, wound up—the Fiend devoid of pain,
Uncoils the fiery links of lightning chain ; 970
Then to a ball he rolls it in his hand,
And forth devours it, as a morsel bland.

This done—upon the fort he drops the cloud,
Which blinds the whole as with a covering shroud,
So deep that Croghan marks not Dixon's race
Moving unheard, to cause his life to cease ;
Nor can his eye discern the files of Short,
Ready at Dixon's yell to rush the fort.

His purpose thus achiev'd he leaves the sky,
And mixes careless with the enemy. 980

The time that Dixon led his fiends around
To invade the southern angle of the mound,
Short to his legions thus : " Soon shall we hear
The sign to rush to give them to the spear ;
This sudden darkness favours our design,
For not an eye can pierce our moving line ;
Press to the mark, and drive the work of death—
Transfix vitality—plunge souls beneath.

" But curb must we, till Dixon passes round
South of the fort, and gives the signal sound ;
Then it is ours the parapet to leap,
And strike their bosoms with the bayonet deep.

" The darkness fades ! The shouting has begun !
Charge, warriors ! charge !—with pointed steel, charge
on !"

His column heard the order. Thirsting for blood,
They rush'd in arms, with sound like torrent flood.

The youths, in breathless silence, stood prepar'd
The every bastion of the fort to guard,
Defying all surprise, though compass'd round
With mist impervious—yet they catch the sound 1000
Of every breathing breath with ready ear ;
But scarce a whisper travels through the sphere ;
The foe was cautious, that no sound should break,
The least suspicion in their minds to wake.

But what is hearing, feeling, smelling, taste,
To sight, which spreads creation like a feast !
This sense shut out, the others are a dream ;
Scarce are they worth a momentary gleam,
Which to the soul quick passes through the eye,
Holding sweet converse with the Deity. 1010

Of sight depriv'd—at length their spirits droop ;
 The Stars look dim, the Eagle seems to stoop ;
 Croghan, who never felt a chill before,
 Now feels it icy to his inmost core ;
 He breathes the anguish of his soul to heaven :

“ O Thou ! from whom the quickening light is
 given !

Scatter this cloud, which blinds the holy sun ;
 Give us but light, and let our life be done !”

Swift it descended on the wing of thought—
 Brief was this answer to the Goddess brought : 1020

“ Accepted is his prayer !” From Deity
 A seraph bore it, wing'd on ecstasy.

Fredonia drank the musick on her car,
 And forth descended to the scene of war—
 Th' infernal cloud contracted as she came,
 Before her breath it vanish'd like a flame !

Lo, as the savage crouching were conceal'd,
 Ready to spring—their purpose was reveal'd !

Hunter the moment with a prospect good,
 With many a death-wound drove them to the wood.

As when Virginians travelling to the west
 To till the bosom of Kentucky, blest
 With fattening life—at night beside a spring 1039
 Pitch their abode, till morn's bright star should bring
 The promise of a day. The moon is dark,
 And veil'd in heaven is every jewel spark ;
 Thus favour'd, lo, a band of ruffians sly,
 Compass their lines with evil in their eye,

To seize the booty, and their flight make good
By flying to the darkness of the wood ; 1040
While in this hope, their bosoms beating proud,
Behold, the moon between a parted cloud
Shines broad in heaven,—revealing their disguise
In open prospect to the travellers' eyes,
Who boldly seize upon their arms at hand,
And drive the felons bleeding from the land.

So Hunter, when unknown, celestial breath
Scatter'd the cloud, which dropp'd the dew of death,
Blaz'd at the crouching enemy a stream, 1049
Which rous'd them gory from their tranceful dream ;
With death scream many from their posture sprung,
And never more was heard their savage tongue.

The rushing columns in command of Short,
Dampen, and scatter by the same report ;
But to their fears he bends an eye that flames—
And thus upbraiding, wrathfully exclaims :

“ What has made dry the fountain of your blood ?
Are ye not royal ? Is your strength subdu'd ?
Death shall the coward seize ! Each fear begone !
A solid movement, and the strife is done !” 1060

As clouds are gather'd by the voice of storm,
So at his threat'ning the battalions form,
Casting a stern defiance at the walls,
Regardless of the nest of sleeping balls :

“ Let scowling darkness muffle up each brow !
Prepare to strike a massacreing blow !

Riot in blood! Let saint, nor angel live !
 No term of mercy to the kneeling give !”*

At the hell mandate, all his form grew dark,
 Straining his features with infernal mark, 1070
 Like to a culprit strangled by the cord,
 Bursting his eyeballs with a look abhorr’d.

Foaming, a tyger, to the trench he strode
 Muttering, the youths to smother them in blood ;
 His squadrons press revengeful on his rear,
 Not dreaming death, that stares upon them near.

The meantime Croghan waited with desire ;
 Watching their movements with an eye of fire.
 Soon fills the trench with the progressing crowd,
 Like the deep swarming of an insect cloud ; 1080
 To Meaks he gives the token with his sword ;
 At once, the warrior comprehends the word,
 And whirls the linstock to excite the fire,
 Which as it kindles seems a blazing spire ;
 When in full glow, to where the priming lies,
 He brings it down with nice discerning eyes,
 His bosom throbbing with anxieties.
 The sulphur’d dust the instant shows its strife ;
 The starting cannon thunders into life !
 Recharg’d with rapidness, it flames again ; 1090
 Again—again—it magnifies the slain,
 While Johnson’s band, with levell’d weapons, pour
 A vollied stream, which bathes their breasts in gore.
 The searching balls the enemy pursue,
 And many a beating of a heart subdue ;

* “ Damn the yankees ! give them no quarters !”—*Short*.

'Those that have life, limp awkward o'er the plain,
Sprinkling their staggering path with gory stain.

At length they shelter in their bulwarks strong,
And War in silence muffles up his tongue ;
The fort defenders charge the brass the same, 1100
'The prime place ready to receive the flame.
Shipp, Hunter, Johnson, Butler, Anthony,
Form in a solid for the enemy,
Should they but dare to move upon them more,
'To cause a tide of blood to wash the shore.

Soon, by the influence of the unseen Power,
The Britons rise, regardless of the shower
'That pour'd a fiery besom at their life,
Which drain'd the hearts of hundreds in the strife.
Gordon, by Proctor's mandate rules the whole, 1110
For Short was now resigning up his soul.

Gordon, this speech declar'd : " With royal port,
Solid in wedge, we enter in the fort !
What ! and shall boys our energies resist ?
No : proudly on, and make them give like mist.
Reveal the untam'd Lion in his rage ;
Let sword and steel lean forward to engage ;
The brow hard wrinkle, and tight cramp the breath—
Slaughter,—consume,—annihilate in death," 1119

As deep with heavy tread they beat the ground,
Their labouring feet like distant thunders sound,
Clouds of black dust in whirling eddies rise,
Eclipse their bayonets, and obscure the skies ?
Like ocean heav'd in waves they roll their force,
Or mad streams bursting from their rocky source ;

They crowd the trenchment—press the recent dead,
Mangling their bodies with a slippery tread.

Lo Croghan waves his falchion as before !
The cannon answers with redoubling roar !
The burning rifles follow swift behind ; 1130
A scream of death comes riding on the wind !
The tubes of fire, quick-charg'd, repeat the flame ;
From quivering hearts blood gushes in a stream !
A remnant fly bewilderd with despair,
While numbers fall and breathe their lives out there.

And now, the Fiend beheld the moment his,
Or the boy triumphs o'er his enemies.
He calls the globe within him to aspire ;
Lo ! forth it comes, and quickens into fire ; 1139
With matchless strength, save that of heavenly might,
He hurls it from his hand, the fort to smite ;
He casts no eye behind him as it flew,
For, lo, Fredonia visible he knew !

Forth, when the lightning ball forsook his hand,
It spread like thousand vipers o'er the sand,
Hissing with tongues of fire. This no eye saw,
Save her's, who rode sublime upon her car ;
But she, its flaming violence beheld,
And interpos'd the virtue of her shield ;
The serpent lightnings wound in torment there, 1150
And then, like smoke, dissolv'd away in air.

During the panick, Proctor on the rear
Stood in his trembling, exercis'd by fear,

Perchance, a rifle glancing by his head ;
 He fell, and gasp'd, as number'd with the dead ;
 His quivering flesh with damps of death grew pale ;
 His pulse faint-fluttering, show'd his being frail.

Elliot and Dixon saw him in his fall,
 And hurrying, rais'd and bore him to his yawl,
 While the young patriots made the cannon roar, 1060
 Sweeping, at times, whole ranks upon the shore.
 With deathful look, glaring from mind to mind,
 Glad with their life, they left their all behind,
 Leap'd to their barges—snatch'd the ready oar,
 And skim'd the waters crimson'd with their gore.

Their fainted general, (slaughter'd, as was thought,)
 Now gasp'd to taste the air !—convuls'd effort—
 Elliot affrighted, with astonish'd air,
 Started—a horror lifting every hair ;
 His knees relax'd, against the other knock'd, 1170
 When Proctor thus his foaming jaws unlock'd :

“ What visages are these that stand apart,
 Showing their wounds ? I never slew thee, Hart !
 'Twas Elliot promis'd to convey thee o'er—
 Not me—Cawataw from thy bosom tore
 Thy rooted heart. What, ghost of Hickman, too !
 I sent a guard—what more that I could do ?
 MacCracken, Woolfork—why do you appear ?
 Never you I saw—Elliot, he was near,
 Aiding the massacre ! What scalps you hold 1180
 Dropping fresh blood ! Strange answer : *British gold*.
 If gold hath murder done, why visit me ?
 I never scalp'd the head of enemy.

“ Whence issue forth these flames ? And must
I go

With these black ministers to endless wo ?
Is this the gulf of Tartarus ? This blast
From out of hell ? And here, must I be cast !
Alas, my guilt ! O that my hands were pure !
This rack, this rack ! my heart can ne’er endure !”

Here broke his dreaming tongue in wildest roar,
So much like hell, each bargeman dropp’d his oar ;
The surgeon, thinking that his brain was harm’d, 1192
Open’d his temple vein, and soon his wildness calm’d.

When Croghan saw the enemy retire,
To aid the wounded fill’d his whole desire.
That soul, which kindled when the tempest grew,
Was soft as woman, when the storm withdrew.
The cry for water pierc’d him to the heart :

“ Haste, my young friends, the blessing to impart ;
With cooling drops their burning pangs assuage ; 1200
Relieve with mercy, and forget their rage.”

The youths with pity melting in their eye,
With streams of life their enemy supply ;
They bind their wounds, which keen with anguish
burn—

For schemes of murder blessings they return !

Croghan spied Short upon the verge of death,
Panting and struggling for a gasp of breath ;
His heart, the moment, yearn’d to give him aid ;
Soft he approach’d—and, with his left hand laid
Beneath his head,—supported, wash’d his brow, 1210
And then the draught presented to his foe !

Short drank the fountain—then, slow turn'd his eye,
And saw the youth, his generous enemy ;
His soul quick melted with its passion dumb,
And the small flutter of his heart o'ercome ;
For lo, the draught had half his nerves restrung ;
And partial gave a motion to his tongue ;
But Croghan's kindness took his strength away ;
He spoke one tear—but nothing more could say ;
For now, remote from Proctor and his clan, 1220
The dying Briton felt himself a man.

His passions having ebb'd, small power returns—
Dim with its light his lamp of being burns :
His tongue found utterance : “ Let—O let me go
To find my home—the gulf that yawns below !
O what a list before my sight will rise
To fix my soul in penal miseries !

“ Canst thou, fair youth, forgive the crimes I have,
And soothe my soul whilst hovering o'er the grave ?
Thou canst ! I read it in thy brimming eye ; 1230
But wo is me !—how miserable I die !
My heart was bent to mar thy youthful bloom,
And shroud thine angel virtues in the tomb !
But O, repentance from *that heart* receive ;
I can no more—'tis all I have to give ;
Grant my request to press thee by the hand,
Ere my soul travels that unheard-of land.”

Croghan, his hand reach'd forth, which thrice he
press'd
Soft to his lips, then laid it on his breast : 1240
“ In peace I now retire—Fare—fare thee well ;
I visit regions that no tongue can tell !”

Croghan sustain'd him, pillow'd on his breast,
And sooth'd his spirit, as it sunk to rest !

So bright in heaven the godlike deed appears,
Angels beheld it with their eyes in tears.

Fredonia comes, and from her rainbow'd car
Proclaims her son to every listening star :

“ Brighten your beams, ye Sun, and Planets seven !
And cast new brilliance through the crystal heaven ;
Or Croghan's name your virtues will excel ;
Yea : with its light your golden orbits veil ;
The peopled heaven with rapture leave the sky
To gaze with wonder on mortality !”

CANTO XVII.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

ARGUMENT.

Tecumseh retreats from Fort Meigs....Elliot's Night Expedition....

Perry sails from Black Rock....Having discovered the enemy, he retires to Put-in-bay....The sailing of the British....The Battle.

The scene is laid at Fort Meigs, Black Rock, and on different parts of Lake Erie....The book ends three days after Croghan's defence of Fort Sandusky.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XVII.

MEANWHILE Tecumseh, Proctor to support,
Tax'd his invention to deceive the fort ;
Battles contriving with superior skill
To draw the patriot army from the hill ;
But well the heroes his intentions scann'd,
And render'd vain what he with judgment plann'd.

Now as the sun descends the western deep,
Soft on the mountain tops, like Love in sleep,
His last rays linger. Soon night's virgin queen,
Touch'd with a bashful modesty is seen, 10
Fair, brightening in mid heaven. Like a coy maid,
At times she veils her beauty in a shade ;
At times, from curling mist, her cheek she shows,
And on the gazing Sun a love-glance throws,
Which he, enraptur'd, catches from her eye,
And back returns it, burnishing the sky.
His notice fills her bosom with delight ;
To grace her form more pleasing to his sight,
She calls the Stars : forth, at her voice serene,
They come with dancing o'er the mighty scene ; 20

Adorn her snowy bosom, and bedeck
With starry chain the beauty of her neck.

These gems ethereal elevate her charms,
And all her lover into transport warms ;
He sends a kiss, in which his soul is given
Sweeter than manna from the hand of heaven,
To touch her dewy lips, and silent tell,
How with her loveliness his affections thrill.

Smooth it glides forth upon a cloud of light,
Like that which wraps a messenger of night, 30
Sent to attend the sainted of the earth,
And bear to heaven their aspirations forth.

It weds her rose-bud lips ! A bashful glow
Runs through her heart, and blushes on her brow ;
She turns with languishment her cheek aside,
Like the delicious passion of a bride ;
But lo, the kissing cloud dissolv'd away,
Her smile of love makes heaven and earth look gay.

When Chambers saw the regal effort lost,
He, calm in mind, the rest a panick host, 40
Ponder'd the state in which Tecumseh stood ;
Void of support and barr'd by Erie's flood.

Scarce the thought reach'd him, when he leap'd
his horse,
And as the moon was smiling in her course,
He found Tecumseh in his depth of mind,
Searching for plans his enemy to blind :

" Tecumseh, break thy musing ! Lo, I come,
Press'd with defeat, to speak to thee of home !
Our promis'd triumph is a field of blood !
Yea, all our prospects are in widowhood ! 50

My soul reluctant manifests the truth—
We've been disaster'd by a beardless youth !
Mine eyes saw Pröctor like a dead man fall—
Dixon and Elliot bore him to his yawl.

"There's nothing royal to sustain you here—
 And all Kentucky is in progress near !
 Johnson, a chief with terror in his name,
 Hath pass'd with mounted arms Ohio's stream ;
 And Perry now is practising to sail ;
 Alas, should Barclay in the action fail !
 But never can I think that grief will be.
 No more—but backward for thy safety flee."

60

Tecumseh darkening stood. His jutting brow
Gather'd a frown, while passion's fiery glow
Flash'd from his eye. He look'd an ancient tower,
When clouds and moonlight mix the solemn hour ;
Which prov'd the workings of his soul within
His bosom, smothering sighs. At length his words
begin :

“ Defeated ! Proctor dead ! What, can a boy,
A sapling youth, the forest oak destroy ? 70

“ Our hope, Tekelah, is a cloud of night ;
A bud scarce blossom'd puts us to the flight !
Proctor, me dig his heart—his blood you drain—
Why talk of him—already is he slain.

“ We now, with Reynolds, will new death prepare—
Tecomseh yet feels nothing of despair.”

A savage silence through the wild-men reigns ;
They feel as ice were curdling in their veins ;
Still as a morning mist they leave the shore,
And dead with heavy motion labouring swing the oar. 80

A thrill of gladness the Columbians felt,
When they beheld the savage darkness melt.
Their joy was like a hunter seeking game
On Deer-Grove Island in Ohio's stream ;
But while the stag he eagerly pursu'd,
Rains, pouring from the mountains, swell'd the flood,
And sunk his skiff ! He came and found his bark
Lost in the stream—and all his hopes were dark ;
Th' augmenting waves still magnify his dread,
That soon they'd rise and o'er the Island spread ! 90
At length, when three long tedious days were past,
While the clear moon her silver image cast
Deep in the flooding mirror, lo, his eye
Perceiv'd the waters were receding by,
Smooth creeping down the beach, sand after sand,
Which make the feelings of his heart expand ;
Soon by its hawser fast, his light skiff show'd,
And through his breast a rushing gladness flow'd.

Such was the patriots' joy, when, like a stream,
Their foes retir'd beneath the lunar beam. 100

But Shelby, sage with years : " Wisdom sedate
Forbids th' affections sudden to elate ;
First, learn the cause, before our passions rise,
Or it might lure us to a sacrifice ;
Perhaps, they've only an excursion made,
T' entice, and lead us to an ambuscade ;
Tecumseh knows the circle of his art ;
A thinking head—an executing heart."

His prudent council calm'd their hasty joy— 109
But who approaches ? Shipp, the smooth-cheek boy !
Him Croghan sent to manifest the news,
And learn what future were the general's views :

" We've met the savage and the royal powers,
And fought the fight, and victory is ours !"

As when a man, that never musick heard
Of human voice, or happy spring-time bird,
His hearing organs clos'd—forever deaf,
Though far he'd travell'd to obtain relief ;
At length a physick in his art is found,
Who bores the ear-drum and lets in the sound ; 120
The deaf man dances with his soul made young,
To hear the speaking musick of the tongue.

So when the youth proclaim'd the triumph o'er,
Lo, each forgot he'd ever heard before !

They stood in wonder—then, their banners round
They wav'd, and fill'd the arch of heaven with sound ;
At signal given, the shouting joy was done,
And Shipp, proceeding with a blush, begun :

" No crimson drop from Freedom's veins was shed—
We stood reserv'd as you instructing said ; 130
But when we open'd, hundreds felt the blow,
And sunk like harvest by the scythe brought low ;
They drove a second charge,—result the same ;
There lives were gone, like feathers in a flame ;
Short pour'd his blood—then Gordon press'd the field—
And rumour circulates that Proctor's kill'd ;
Those that had breath, in panick fled the shore,
And, for their safety, bent upon the oar.

" As the foe scatter'd, like a hound-chac'd flock,
Claxton the fortress enter'd from the Rock ; 140
The ships of Perry are in battle trim,
At the first breeze upon the lake to swim ;
This he desires,—that you will here maintain
Your flag, till he shall death or vict'ry gain.

" I took his message—bade him to return,
To reach the fort, while heaven with stars should burn.

" Croghan awaits your orders to remain,
Or hitherward to lead his gallant train."

" Inform the youth to wave his standard here,
Whose name endures until the final year 150
Shall end the sum of things, and bring to view
The day that fashions the creation new !

" Warriors ! I mark impatience in your glance—
But wisdom bends, as bends the circumstance.
Johnson approaches with his mounted horse ;
Barry and Crittenden to give us force.

" Now, as the conflict on the lake shall bear,
So different motives will demand our care,
Offensive or defensive. Mark the word—
Till Perry sinks or swims, we sheathe the sword." 160

Shipp brief returns. To post the forted hie,
To wait whose standard gains the victory.

When Hull's defeat, like pestilence, transpir'd,
Perry, t' accomplish what his soul desir'd,
A navy plann'd to navigate the lake,
Th' imperious boastings of the foe to break.

Long had the oaks, like ancient patriots, bent
Their leafy honours to the element,
To be constructed to elance the flame
Of battle-thunder to the British name. 170

Rude in their place the future ships commenc'd,
While Perry equal every part dispens'd
To different craftsmen, as their knowledge held—
Some in the rough—some, finishing excell'd.

He gave a quickening impulse to their toil
By winning words and approbating smile.

So when, in June, young bees commence their hive,
With emulative diligence alive,
They press their curious work : Part in the vale
Gather the wax to build the citadel ; 180
These freight their little thighs, and homeward hie
To ease their burdens for a fresh supply ;
Part temper down the unctuous mortar bland,
And form it ready to another's hand,
Who moulds the waxen cells with searchless art ;
Smoothing with honied tongue each rugged part ;
Ambitious each the other to excel,
The queen encouraging the doers well :

So, like the bees, they labour'd on the fleet,
Warm'd with the fire of emulative heat ; 190
Beneath their hands the ships like fiction rose,
As though impatient with the foe to close.

Now, as at evening they remit their toil,
They on the lake descry a royal sail,
Which, as the sun withdraws his farewell beam,
Cast with a splash their anchors in the stream ;
Beneath the guns of Erie's fort they ride,
Their flags light waving, imaged in the tide ;
Laden with battle-axes—swords and pikes,
And furs collected from the upper lakes, 200
And other implements of war from York,
The place of arms—transported for the work.

The larger vessel, anchor'd next the shore,
Was Adams nam'd—once Freedom's flag she bore ;

But since the period Hull to Brock resign'd,
The Cross has floated o'er her sails of wind.

The second bears the Caledonian name,
That virtue had to wake the Scots to fame,
When Bruce and Wallace on her mountains stood,
And stain'd her rivers with the English blood ; 210
But now she crouches 'neath the Lion's main—
Kissing the links of her enslaving chain !

Instant the patriots, gazing from their shores,
Beheld the vessels anchor'd with their stores,
A daring impulse quicken'd in their blood
To sally forth and seize them on the flood.

The breast of Elliot felt the warmest glow—
Second to Perry to defy the foe.
The State of Mary gave the seaman birth,
Whose yellow wheat is gold upon the earth ; 220
Here grew the mariner. Now for the cause
Of brothers *slave-impress'd* his sword he draws.

While each beheld them with desiring eyes,
He thus to Perry touch'd the enterprise :
“ I crave thy counsel, whether to proceed—
I feel inclin'd to grapple for the deed ;
At the twelfth watch the moon descends the west,
Then will it be to strike them in their rest.”

Perry was brief in answer : “ Well I know
Thy heart is valour's empire—Strike the blow !” 230

Sustain'd by Perry thus—he forth aloud
Proclaim'd his purpose to th' expecting crowd :

“ Ye gazing patriots ! who of you will dare
To venture forth and seize yon vessels there ?

Ere harbinger of day in heaven shall shine,
 They to the Star of Freedom shall resign ;
 Who can behold the Cross in triumph ride
 On yonder Adams, and not feel a pride
 Burn in his breast to snatch her from the foe,
 And place the Eagle on the Lion's brow ?"

Both land and water-men at once arise
 And claim the dangers to effect the prize ;
 Towson, ere long to rank in honour high,
 By casting death from his artillery ;
 Brooks, young as Croghan, fair as spring-day morn—
 But soon his beauty must to heaven return ;
 Turner, and Cummings, Watts, and Chambers,
 Roach,

And Cuyler, Baker, for their fame approach.

Two passions vacillate in Elliot's eye—
 Joy for their valour—but to pass it by 250
 In hearts that beat with longing to receive,
 E'en a brief fraction—makes his heart to grieve—
 Yet, like the spots that on the sun appear,
 It shows the brightness of his soul more clear :

" Your spirit is a fire ! Yet pain and joy
 Mix in my heart : your pressing for employ
 Is gladness to my soul. But all I ask,
 Are but twice fifty to perform the task,
 Hence, a denial numbers must receive,
 And this the cause that makes my heart to grieve :
 'Tis fame to will the deed : Two barges all 261
 To be requir'd to make the vessels fall.

" By lots must I this nobleness decide ;
 Equal between the land and fleet divide."

With ready pen he number'd—cast the lots—
The prize the richest was receiv'd by Watts—
Towson the second number. Roach the next—
Cummings the fourth—and soon the whole were fix'd.

Few were the orders Elliot gave his band :
“ Watts, you'll conduct the fifty of the land ; 270
And Towson, you, his daring will promote ;
Roach, Cummings, you'll with me. 'Tis time we
float ;

The star of evening has retir'd to rest,
And the bent moon is sinking in the west.”

Scarce died the echo of the welcome sound,
When each divided band with nimble bound
Leap'd in the barges. Baldricks held secure
Pistol and dagger-blade—death's furniture,
The former prim'd and ready with the ball
To cause the life of enemy to fall ; 280
And bristling pikes cast icy from each yawl
A gleam, that struck severe upon the eye,
To fill the mind with mortal tragedy ;
For yet a moon beam, wandering o'er the night,
Lit on the steel, thence glanc'd upon the sight.

No whisper heard, with muffled blades they sweep,
Like passing shades, the bosom of the deep.

Now half the raven wing of night has flown—
The horned moon, that hitherto had shone,
Dips her bright edge of silver in the deep, 290
Whilst busy life is hush'd away in sleep ;
A midnight mist ascending dims each star,
As smooth they seek the drowsy ships afar.

By the shrill watch-guard speaking, "*all things well,*"

Their distance bordering on the foe they tell ;
 And Elliot whispers Watts : " Slacken the oar !
 List—by the echo we approach the shore ;
 Behold them press'd with slumber on the deep ;
 'Tis yours upon the Scottish name to leap,
 While simultaneous on the Adams near 300
 We strike, and force submission with the spear ;
 When barr'd the crew, divide the cable short,
 And urge the sails to bear you from the fort.

" Now let each arm put forth its sinewy might,
 And dash the barges ! Valour crowns the night !"

The rowers caught the mandate from his tongue,
 And with bold impulse,—heart and sinews strong,—
 Drove the yawls swift though silently along.

The sentries, reckless of the danger nigh,
 Retain their post, as formal policy ; 310
 But, lo, as *safety* echo'd from their tongue,
 The patriots sudden on the vessels sprung,
 And broke their fatal trance !——

Thus on the deep
 Two sluggish whales were anchor'd in their sleep,
 When sword-fish, passing at a distance by,
 Beheld, and rous'd their ancient enmity ;
 In two divisions equal they divide,
 And smooth approach them cautious through the tide ;
 To plan, they rest a moment on the fin,
 Then, with a dart, they thrust their weapons in ; 320
 The whales awaken with their sides in blood ;
 Surpris'd, they groan—their energies subdu'd.

So the first notice to the ships asleep
Of hostile boarders gliding through the deep,
Was their life's crimson mixing in the wave,
Which to their nerves a trembling palsy gave.

But soon the Albions, rous'd from their alarms,
Rush in their strength, repelling arms with arms ;
Through Cummings' better foot a bayonet gleams,
And other patriots pour their blood in streams. 330

At length the foremost of the royals fail—
The rest, full soon, in their submission quail ;
The brave part cables—sheet the top-sails home—
The waves divided, round the vessels foam.

Watts o'er the lake with Caledonia glides,
And all th' exertions of the foe derides,
For now, the forted enemy alarm'd,
Strove to regain their valu'd ships disarm'd :
But Adams, deeper keel'd, more water drank,
By which she grounded near the Albion bank ! 340
The victors felt their swelling hearts give back,
To think their prize must crumble to a wreck.

Thus a keen hawk with water-piercing eye,
While sailing on the bosom of the sky,
In the Potomack, kens the finny brood,
Reckless of danger, sporting in the flood ;
Behold, a pike, possess'd of equal strength,
Attempts the bird to shoot his wing at length ;
He drops with open claws—fastens his prey,
And partial bears it to the shore away ; 350
But at the bank, with alders stooping o'er,
In vain he flaps his sinew'd wings to soar :

So when the keel stood fasten'd in the sand,
Hope vanish'd from the bosom of the band

To keep the prize. And instant of the broach,
 Elliot with hurried speech instructed Roach :

“ Loosen the pinnace !—bear the captives o'er,
 And see them landed on the nearest shore ;
 Dash, on return, the waters into spray
 To float the richest of the spoils away ; 3 60
 The barges from the Rock must give us aid—
 The hour is dark—but scorn to be dismay'd.”

The boat was ready ere the closing word
 Rapid was given. The Britons pass'd on board
 The restless yawl,—which forth with spirit flew,
 And made the cove where Watts his ship hove to ;
 Hurrying he lands the captives on the shore,
 And swift returns with all that bear an oar.

While this was done, the Albions in retort,
 Levell'd their massive engines from the fort ; 370
 Whose nimble flashes scorch'd the veil of night,
 But soon the valiant darted back the light :

“ Return them blaze for blaze !” Elliot exclaim'd,
 Let every hero show himself inflam'd ;
 Let cannon burst—let bombs in chorus rise—
 Till the last pulse-beat vindicate the prize !”

The ships' deep thunders to the fort reply,
 Which mix and roll terrifick through the sky ;
 Bombs with red circles from the lake are driven,
 Like mad stars shooting o'er the face of heaven ; 380
 Th' explosion deafens as the globes rebound,
 And many a life falls broken at a sound.

A bolt with hissing from the fortress came,
 And took from Cuyler all his future fame ;

For many a field he proudly would have sought,
 And with the bravest of the valiant fought ;
 Like a young cedar by the lake he grew,
 And naught but wood-land innocence he knew.

His father told him of the battle day,
 When royals fled—their ranks in disarray ; 390
 Then, with a sigh, he'd mention Mercer's name,
 And Warren's death, his country to redeem ;
 But at the time, delicious would appear
 A smile, that seem'd like sporting with his tear.

This warm'd the tender bosom of his son :
 Made his cheek kindle, and his blood to run ;
 And when the war-note from the ocean came,
 For British tyrannies to Freedom's name,
 He took the weapon which his father held,
 And sought the foremost dangers of the field. 400

The cruel bolt unsparing broke his side,
 Unstrung his heart, and hurl'd him in the tide.

Others lie bleeding with unsightly wounds,
 While fort and ship repeat incessant rounds.

At length the dust that quickens into life,
 Becomes exhausted in th' exhausting strife ;
 But at this juncture, darting from the cove,
 The boats arrive the valiant to remove ;
 Watts, Towson, Baker, Brooks, had join'd with
 Roach ;

Elliot gives order as their yawls approach : 410

“ Let every hero presently retire—
 Spent is the magazine—no gun can fire—
 At your departure I the ship shall burn,
 Then, in the skiff, I'll hasten my return.”

Thus he. Roach answer'd : " Never will I go,
And leave you single in this night of wo."

" No time for etiquette. Our means are spent ;
Two to assist us will be competent."

By this, with treasures were the barges stow'd,
And back to harbour by the crew were row'd. 420

Meantime with toil, the unsubmitting four
Apply the mortar—reeking every pore.
As the last shell with double blast expires,
They touch the vessel with consuming fires,
And Elliot last on board the skiff retires.

The flame instinctive streaks the unctuous seams,
Swift as the boreal night-fire, when it streams ;
Around th' aspiring mast the flashes curl,
And shoot above them with a flickering whirl ;
The blazing cinders through the void are driven ; 430
The stars seem darken'd on their thrones in heaven ;
The scowling night shrinks backward to the pole,
And leaves a horror that astounds the soul.

As when a murky cloud in midnight drear,
Comes with grim aspect from the northern sphere,
Pregnant to bursting with the embryo storms,
Whilst round its skirts, on meteors, ride the forms
Of spirits burst their graves ! Its thunders break
In peals, that cause the mountain beds to shake,
While lightnings, brewing on its dungeon breast, 440
Fill with strange fire the regions of the west.
So on the eddying winds the flames arise,
And, wild with fury, kindle to the skies.

The ship consum'd, they yield themselves to sleep.
Ready at day to launch into the deep
Their maiden navy with its sails in trim,
On the clear bosom of the lake to swim.

At dawn's first glimmer streaking o'er the skies,
The naval heroes from their slumberings rise ;
'Twas the same morning of the signal day, 450
That Croghan swept his enemies away,
They launch their ships, completed at the Rock,
Whose beauteous forms all other vessels mock ;
Like young swans buoyant on the wave they swim,
With streamers dress'd like brides in marriage trim.

Beyond the harbour, they at evening move,
And patient rest within a sheltering cove,
Till Perry's voice like musick in the gale,
Shall speak to weigh and spread the willing sail. 459

Bright in the east, where yonder mountains loom,
Morning comes blushing in her virgin bloom,
Veil'd in a cloud of gold : her eyes divine
In every pearl-drop with love glances shine ;
The liquid diamonds, quivering with delight,
In mimic rainbows render back the light ;
The flowers full-bosom'd, bath'd in holy dew,
Breathe a pure incense, like creation new.

Perry proclaims the navy to unmoor :
" Loosen the anchors, and forsake the shore !
The morning calls us with a bright'ning glow 470
To seek and offer battle to the foe ;

The time is now, by daring enterprise,

The lake of Erie to immortalize.

But words are vanity—to act is brave ;

When lock'd in fight to smile upon the grave !

“ The zephyrs whisper from the gate of heaven !
Let the full canvass to their breaths be given.”

The mariners obey'd his flowing tongue ;

Part at the capstans their sea-musick sung,

The hawsers tightening with the labouring song, 480

Turning the anchors by their efforts strong,

Slow heaving from the beds of shining pearl,

While others high in heaven the sheets unfurl

To taste the kissing breeze. The ships soon feel

The anchors loosen'd, and, with narrow keel,

Divide the unstirr'd waters of the cove ;

Like Beauty dancing on the lake they move.

The Lawrence first walks stately o'er the deep—

Bearing the last that falter'd from his* lip,

Dying in glory : “ *Don't give up the Ship !*” 490

Perry, with honour stamp'd upon his brow,

Directs the bark in searching for the foe.

The loveliest stars of the ethereal train,

Shone in conjunction on the heavenly plain,

And shed their brightest influence on the earth,

At the blest hour that gave the hero birth.

In smiling Newport, his young life begun ;

The Island State delighted in her son ;

To sail the mimick ship, he oft would stray

Along the pebbled beach—a summer's day ; 500

At times he'd gaze upon the flooding tide,

* Lawrence.

And ask the Deep, what cause his waves supplied ;
 In riper years he trac'd it to the moon,
 In sweet conjunction with the attractive sun ;
 And then, desire would kindle in his soul,
 To learn the compass, pointing to the pole.

His father watch'd the genius of his mind,
 And left it free to ramble unconfin'd ;
 But when he found the ocean was its bent,
 With glowing heart he granted his consent, 510
 And open'd all the wonder of the art,
 To guide the vessel by th' unerring chart ;
 Or by the image of the changing moon ;
 Or by the sun, when thron'd sublime at noon ;
 Or by the stars firm center'd in the sky,
 From time extending to eternity.

By intuition he receiv'd the truth,
 Such was the ready genius of his youth ;
 He took at once the science of the sea ;
 Strong throbb'd his heart to bound its billows free. 520

His patriot father sent him to uphold
 His country's honour, where her sons were sold
 By ocean robbers of Tripolian birth—
 A pest that preys upon the civil earth ;
 From Preble there he learnt the naval fight ;
 And soon he shone a youthful beam of light.

And now his country, in as righteous cause,
 Demands his valour to defend her laws
 Against *Impressment*—never to be nam'd
 With any monster ever yet was tam'd ; 530
 The lion frequent at his keeper's tongue,
 Has smooth'd his brow—his violence unstrung.

The leopard—yea, the tyger has been known,
 To lie all placid by their feeder down ;
 Serpents have put their venom'd teeth aside,
 And lick'd the hand, which them with food supplied—
 But this fell monster of the British Isle
 Is far more savage, in its nature vile ;
 Never Impressment can be nam'd with these—
 It stains with blood the bosom of the seas ! 540

Never could West his lineaments impart—
 His every feature mocks the hand of art ;
 His round, smooth cheek, luxuriant, blushing, fair,
 In which the lily and the rose-bud rare,
 Mingle with such divinity of grace,
 That never pencil could their beauty trace ;
 His forehead high—his arching eyebrows dark,
 His eyes of jet, pure lighted with a spark
 Of fire Promethean,—his ample breast,
 Binding a heart, more rich than all the rest. 550

To Perry next was Yarnall, Hamilton,
 With whom, but few will bear comparison ;
 Laub, Swartwout, Taylor, Claxton, Brooks, so fair
 That graceful he with Perry might compare ;
 Clark, Cummings, Forest, Edwards, Watts, the brave,
 Unite to guide the Lawrence through the wave.

Next sails Niagara of equal power,
 By Elliot rul'd for the decisive hour ;
 Turner the conquer'd Caledonia guides ;
 And close upon her wake, the Scorpion rides ; 560
 Then, Ariel, Sommers, Trippe and Porcupine—
 The angry Tygress ends the squadron line.

As clouds, new born in heaven, sail Erie's lake,
When dewy sun-beams from the orient break
And paint their folds, exquisite as they move,
Delicious floating on the breath of love ;
Red, gold, and azure, in their beauty glow,
Like the bright tints that mingle in the bow.

Thus glide the ships before the sugar gales,
With infant sun-beams glittering on the sails. 570

The gladdening winds spring forth,—the squadron flies
To meet with Barclay—grapple for the prize ;
Round the green shores of Canada they sweep—
Then, through the centre of the lake they keep ;
Shifting the helm from thence, the vessels veer,
And round Columbia on the watch they steer,
Burning with valour's flame to fix the fight ;
Yet Albion's banner flickers from their sight.

But at the fading of the second sun,
While foaming to the north, the squadron run, 580
The spires of Malden reaching to the sky,
Appear at distance to their watching eye ;
Soon in full view the harbour they behold,
And Barclay, anchor'd with his canvass roll'd ;
Perry sublim'd, felt every nerve distend,
That death or conquest would his labours end.

So once, a condor from an eagle's nest
Had seiz'd her young, while absent on the quest
Of food to hush their wants :—With grief of soul,
She comes and finds her bosom's offspring sold, 590
Recover'd from despair, with rage she flies,
Seeking her foe with never-winking eyes ;

Broad whirling round the heavens, she angry sails,
Shifting her pinions to the shifting gales ;
As forth she darts, she maddens in her rage
To meet the robber and with death engage ;
For two long days she labours through the sky,
But all in vain her searching scrutiny.
At length, while hope is sinking in her breast,
She spies the condor snugly in her nest ! 600
She claps her pinions—lightens for the wars—
Sharpens her beak, and grinds her pointed claws.
So like the eagle, Perry mark'd the foe,
Which made his bosom's blood with joy o'erflow ;
He furl'd his canvass—plac'd his ships in range,
Ready the storm of battle to exchange.

Barclay, of late, had travers'd with his fleet
The waters round, to give his seamen feet ;
To learn the measure of his sailing speed,
And practise on the lake the dreadful deed. 610
His anchors scarce had grappled to their hold,
When Perry, like a miser searching gold,
Beheld the Lion and the Cross of red,
Touch'd with a sunbeam from the mountain's head.

Now with an optick, that enlarg'd the sight,
Perry minute observ'd the royal might ;
And soon discover'd they in strength excell'd
The ships he honour'd, for his country held ;
And by their movements, he was made to know,
'Twas not their purpose to exchange the blow, 620
Till a new sun should in the orient show.
The optick laid aside—his voice was heard,

Sweet in its accent as the evening bird,
Calling with fond anxiety of breast
Her callow young to shelter in the nest :

“ Behold, the setting of the sun denies,
That we should meet and close our enmities ;
For, after battle, blessed is the peace,
To pour the balm of reconciling grace.

“ What though their strength exceeds the strength
of ours, 630

Yet wish we not accession of our powers ;
Should we, inferior, the ascendance gain
From her, the self-styl'd Mistress of the main,
Brighter the brilliance of the deed would blaze,
And bear our memory to future days !
But should disposing heaven the vict'ry take,
Ample are we to sanctify the lake !
For who would live, a conquer'd vassal be ?
The thought be gone ! We'll stand, till death shall
free

Our spirits from this prison-house of clay, 640
And seek new being in eternal day !

“ Forth to the Sister Isles for harbour steer !
The battle breaks, when day illumines the sphere.”

Each word was to his mariners as fire,
Which warm'd their bosoms to sublime desire.

To Sister Isles they navigate their way—
And reach the same, as evening's mellow ray
Melts in the lake. They anchor, sleep, by turns,
While stars pour down their light from golden urns.

Same time, the Britons on their couches sleep, 650
Dreaming of Perry conquer'd on the deep ;

Barclay, a gem, that deck'd the Albion name,
 Had oft beheld the ocean in a flame ;
 Nelson had school'd him in the naval fight—
 He, who the Cross exalted to its height ;
 Barclay, like Nelson, hath an arm but one,
 To wield the blade to urge the battle on—
 Detroit, deep freighted with exploders strong,
 Bears his proud flag, the floating clouds among. 659

The Queen Charlotte, a name that's now no more,
 Finnis commands, a seaman brave of yore ;
 The Lady Prevost harkens to Buchan,
 And ocean smil'd to own the valiant man ;
 He'd fought the fight, where ships to heaven were
 thrown—

The Nile, that cast a brilliance on the crown ;
 The Hunter, and the Chippewa, and Belt,*
 Compose the fleet—the last, her sister, felt
 Republick strength, when Rodgers taught the proud
 His Freedom's dignity with brass tongues loud.

The royal mariners, as day's first gleam 670
 Shone in the east and flicker'd on the stream,
 Stood at their place, the anchors to up-weigh,
 When their commander should the order say ;
 Barclay with pride their valiancy beheld,
 And thus the fervour of his soul reveal'd :
 " Now let the spirit of Britannia rise !
 Behold, this day, immortal is the prize !
 This, this the time your royalty to show,
 And place the crown of honour on your brow !

* Little Belt.

Let lightning streak your veins ! the fire reveal, 680
Long smother'd in your bosoms !—prove the steel,
That never batters edge !—I numbers mark,
Who fought with Nelson at Trafalgar dark—
At Egypt's Nile—where collegu'd France and Spain
Found their mix'd thunders in the strife was vain !
Your scars are like the seals at Judgment Day,
The bless'd to separate from death's array !
Thus stamp'd with an eternity of fame,
Shall we not strike the infant Eagle tame ?
Yes—I behold it, flashing from your eye ! 690

“ Unlock the anchors ! Let the standards fly !
Never to fail, till memory shall die !”

He swell'd their souls to shouting ! Anchors rise,
And presently they sail where Perry lies,
And Barclay thus again : “ Mark—mark the foe !
Soon on the Crown another gem will show !

“ But when yon Stars their brilliancy shall hide,
Then be your souls with conquest satisfied ;
The turmoil violence of battle cease ;
And raise the conquer'd with the hand of peace ; 700
Lawrence, when he our royal Peacock slew,
Kind like a brother melted for her crew ;
And shall they us o'erreach in acts divine ?
Blush at the thought !—let mercy rule the line ;
Be fierce, like mad things, when the fire is cast—
But do, as angels, when the storm has pass'd.

“ No more—For action let the ships be clear !
The battle comes ! The foe approaches near !”

With hearts high strung, the Albion crews obey—
And stand, like instinct, ready for the fray. 710

Fast grip'd in hand, the lighted matches smoke
To touch the quick fire, when the word is spoke.

The moment the Columbians saw the fleet,
Their bosoms kindled with electrick heat ;
Their eyes quick darted an impatient glow,
To meet, and mix the battle with the foe.

With valour's calmness, Perry gives the word :
" Loosen the anchors ! Let the sheets afford
A harbour for the wind to bear us forth
To give the proof, that Freedom is our birth ! 720
Yea, prove our rich inheritance of blood,
That none shall bend our standard on the flood.

" Why waste my voice on souls to glory given—
No more—Our hope is in the arm of heaven !"

They felt his language at the core of life,
And on their brows was calmness for the strife ;
An awful calmness,—such as nature feels,
Ere the big thunder o'er the concave peals.

The gales of morning in the canvass play—
It fills—slow winds the squadron from the bay. 730
The Lawrence ship, more fair before the wind,
Outsails the others struggling on behind ;
But soon the breezes, languishing of life,
Resign the Lawrence lonely to the strife !
The rest, becalm'd, far distant on the deep,
In which each patriot leans his head to weep.

By this, the enemy elanc'd the shot—
The first explosion thunder'd from Charlotte ;

Next, the Detroit by full divisions roar'd—
And soon, the whole an iron tempest pour'd. 740

With carronades, the Lawrence found it vain
The far-off distance of the foe to gain !
But Perry stood sublime ! “ This, this the hour
To prove th' unbending of your heart's rich power !
Though volum'd fires severe against us burn,
And we unable to repel in turn,
Yet fix'd is our resolve to live, or die,
And smile, while struggling with adversity !
Heaven sends us griefs our souls to purify,
And make them fit for immortality ! 750
As is our power to bear, it sends them down—
Hence, outlook death, nor murmur with a frown !

“ But mark !—we gain upon the foe ahead !
'Tis time we strike them with a blow that's dead !”

He gave the mandate with serenest look,
Which prov'd his valour never to be broke.

Scarce had he ended, when his shouting crew
Applied the match with pointed vengeance true ;
The globes, like pestilence, through ether fly, 759
While nitrous smoke makes dark the noon-bright sky ;
Circles of fire in nimble flashes gleam,
Which show a direful fracture in the stream,
As though that hell were burning hideous there,
With many a ghastly image in the glare.

The Lawrence thus alone withstands the whole,
The cannon deafening with unceasing roll.

As when two thunders, darting from a cloud,
Contend in air beneath a lightning shroud ;
Nor think they to retire—but smiting burst
With peals, that shake the tenements of dust. 770

Thus dread they met—and thus in equal poise
The battle hangs—thus dreadful is the noise.

Yet Perry seems sufficient for the fleet !
And dangers darkening but inflame his heat ;
Life fails on every side ! A gush of blood
Pours from each vessel—mixes with the flood ;
The sable ships are dyed with gory red—
The lake becomes a sepulchre of dead.

A shot intended to destroy a mast,
Sever'd the arm of Barclay as it pass'd ; 780
His sword fell grasp'd within his only hand—
His right was buried in Trafalgar sand !
Yet scorn'd his soul below to seek relief,
And, in his place, the surgeons staunch'd in brief
Life's jutting streamlet—wrapp'd th' unsightly part,
And soon he rose, unalter'd at his heart !

As Laub was aiding gently to sustain
A wounded youth,—two fiery balls in chain,
From the Detroit, with whirling motion came,
And where the neck of female wakens flame 790
Sacred to love—drove desolating through !
The live blood leaping from the arteries flew.
The body fell, with a convulsion, dead—
Along the vessel roll'd the gasping head.

During this period, so severe the blast,
Brooks's division had expir'd their last ;
He comes to Perry for a fresh supply—
A beauteous valour rolling in his eye ;
No smile is on his lip, but his fair cheeks
Blush into roses as he kindling speaks : 800

" Let not my voice, O Perry, damp thy breast ;
 Ask not the cause, my cannon are at rest ;
 Alas, th' unsparing havock of the strife,
 Hath robb'd my every warrior of his life !
 I've come t' invite thee to replace their power,
 That I may glory in this glórious hour !
 Give me their names "——

O, wherefore is it thus—

Amidst his soul's expression emulous,
 Ceas'd he his voice ? His friends, alas for them !
 He fell, a lily broken from its stem ! 810
 His mother's tears must fall in bitterness—
 The lov'd one of his bosom, motionless
 Sink to the earth—a coldness seize her heart,
 As at the hour when mind and body part !

His brittle thigh was broken on the deck,
 The pangs of which were tortures of the rack—
 The war-bolt dash'd him 'gainst the vessel's side,
 And thus to Perry in despair he cried :

" Snatch—seize—O snatch the pistol from my belt !
 Never such anguish, mortal ever felt ! 820
 O, I beseech you, sudden let me die—
 In mercy, free me from this agony !"

Perry felt that he never felt before—
 It seem'd that blood-drops stood in every pore !

" Cummings, Hamilton, haste—bear him from
 sight,

Or it may cause a palsy in the fight ;
 I'd fix'd my soul to look unmov'd at death—
 But O, his pleadings take away my breath !"

Like twin-born brothers, tender they comply ;
 Gently they raise him with a pitying eye ; 830

But, lo, a cruel bolt from Albion sung,
 And the firm nerves, that bind the ancle strong,
 Loosen'd of Hamilton! He falls with Brooks—
 Though sharp his pains, unalter'd are his looks!
 Or if his eye the least emotion shows,
 'Tis for the youth that feels expiring throes.

Cummings and Swartwout carry them below—
 Where, faint through loss of blood, they pale like
 snow.

But nature, struggling, soon creates a flush,
 Hectick in Brooks's cheek—fairer that blush, 840
 Than ever play'd on beauty's love-dress flower—
 Or sweetly brighten'd in the orient hour.
 But like all beauty of this mortal earth,
 It died the instant that produc'd its birth!

Brooks blush'd a moment with a feverish glow,
 Then his heart flutter'd and forgot its wo!

The Lawrence yet defying, holds the blast,
 Though sails hung tatter'd from her every mast;
 And swords, and broken cannon, dying men,
 Are scatter'd round—a desolating scene! 850
 But lo, while heroes with their death-wounds fall,
 The shield of heaven guards Perry from the ball!

So great their love, the patriots, as they die,
 Turn the last motion of their fading eye
 To catch his sweet serenity of form,
 Like some bright angel mid creation's storm.

At length, the Lawrence scarce maintain'd a gun,
 And he, to Yarnall, presently began—

Whose cheek was swell'd and black—his arm was
broke,

His thigh was bleeding—still an untam'd look 860

Reveal'd to Perry, that his soul yet stood

Firm—till his life should be by death subdu'd :

“ Yarnall, in battle with the Lawrence stand !

Thy blood will be an unction to the land !

From this, to the Niagara, I sail—

And urge her forth—if heaven inspires the gale !

“ The valiant live not long ; when dead, they
bloom—

Yea, wreaths of glory flourish on their tomb !

While ages roll, and millions sleep and rot,

And, as the dust that buries them, forgot, 870

A hero grows and brightens in his fame,

Like the fix'd star, that pours a quenchless flame !”

This said : he forth selected from the crew,

Those without wounds, and to the barge-boat flew ;

Each to his oar with gallant effort sprung,

While peals redoubling from the cannon rung.

Perry erect looks calm upon the scene—

And all he feels is safety for his men ;

But they the thought of living would despise,

Should they behold the closing of his eyes. 880

The barge, a thing of wonder, darts along—

Yea—seems like gossamer in tempest flung,

For rang'd in line, the foe their thunders hurl'd

To strike the insect vessel from the world ;

On every side incessant war they keep,

Darkening the heavens and breaking up the deep.

Thus from the brooding entrails of a cloud,

A shower of hail descends with rattlings loud ;

The fire-tongu'd lightning furious drives it forth
 Against the golden harvest of the earth ; 890
 Or hurls it, beating, at the ocean's breast,
 Which seems to wake in torment from its rest.

So fly the ruins o'er the inland sea—
 But vain the efforts of the enemy ;
 Perry maintains the same unruffled brow,
 Wielding his blade, defiance of the foe ;
 He seems like something not of human form,
 To breathe with life, while buried in the storm.

So at the consummating hour, when Time,
 In heaven, shall wed Eternity sublime— 900
 Earth the dread change will through her centre feel ;
 The strangled Sun to stagnant blood congeal ;
 Comets, delirious, through the concave driven ;
 The Moon, convuls'd, turn back her course in heaven ;
 The mountains burn—a blast absorb the seas ;
 And all the planetary worlds in blaze !
 Lo, at this change, a seraph, sent to mark
 If all be touch'd with the consuming spark,
 Will glide uninjur'd by each burning star,
 And smile amid the elemental war. 910

So Perry, as with strength from heaven supplied,
 Moves through strange fire and thunder,—every side.

The Britons stood admiring at the deed—
 And in astonishment this Barclay said :

“ In history have I read of actions brave,
 Achiev'd by ancient heroes of the wave ;
 Yea—seen Trafalgar and the dreadful Nile,
 Where names were plac'd upon immortal file,

But all that ever I have seen or read,
This act of Perry's, actions past exceed ! 920

“ Mark, what a calmness on his brow is seen,
As though he glided o'er the lake serene,
Bent on his pleasure ! Wonderful it seems,
That he should live involv'd in fiery streams !
My eye intent hath mark'd him from the first,
Thinking to see him shiver to the dust ;
Yet, still he lives !—yea—passes by our fleet,
Pouring its flames in one impetuous sheet !

“ But will it aught avail ? It never will—
He must resign to our superior skill, 930
And ample force to bend his standards down,
And make him own the prowess of the Crown ;
Scarce can the Lawrence answer with a gun,
Which makes our strength as two oppos'd to one.

“ Though numbers lay in gory vestments dead,
And I once more for Albion's honour bled,
Yet 'tis a joy for valiant men to die,
And gain, through death, a bright eternity !”

As Barclay pour'd the flowings of his mind,
Perry, uninjur'd, the Niagara gain'd— 940
Her placid sails forsaken by the wind !

An holy tear delighted Elliot's eye,
When Perry, leaping in the boat, drew nigh ;
Joy touch'd his soul to see him once again—
Him, whom his mind had number'd with the slain
For all his hope surrender'd to despair,
That in the Lawrence, one had breathing there.

Thus a fond mother seeks her infant child,
 Astray'd from home among the thickets wild ;
 Pursuing, heedlessly, the gilded wing 950
 Of sunny butterfly, or flowers of spring ;
 Or gathering berries with its fingers small,
 Till far it wander'd from its parent's call ;
 Through the lone search, each step, she feels despair—
 Toss'd in the wind, dishevell'd flies her hair ;
 By meddling thought, half frenzy whirls her head—
 Her hopes expire—she dooms her infant dead ;
 But lo, bewilder'd and surpris'd with joy,
 Plucking the berries, she beholds her boy ! 959
 Her eyes stream heaven !—her soul takes wing above,
 Clasp'g his bosom with a parent's love !

Such joy was Elliot's, Perry to behold,
 Thinking the beatings of his heart were cold.

Like brothers meeting, tender they embrace ;
 The drops of friendship trickling down their face.

* * * * *

“ Heaven yet will aid us !” Elliot stammering spoke,
 Soon as his passion ceas'd his voice to choke ;
 “ What anguish rent my soul ! my heart dropp'd blood,
 To see the Lawrence circled on the flood
 By all the royal navy in a flame, 970
 It caus'd the teardrops from the brave to stream !
 Why do I talk ? No language can declare
 What the soul suffer'd—every heart was bare !
 So wilder'd was the mind, that thrice we arm'd
 To ply the match—not thinking we were calm'd !”

Thus he. And Perry thus : “ Elliot, I feel,
 Thy heart felt more, than language can reveal,

Though that thy voice hath musick in its strain,
Binding my soul in fascinating chain.

“ Yes, heaven will aid us to repel the foe, 980
If to adversity we scorn to bow ;
Our strength united, none divides the band ;
Not all the power of Europe’s titled land ;
Yea, than to yield, ’tis sweeter far to die ;
Sweet as the slumber-breath of infancy !

“ But mark you not yon rippling o’er the lake ?
It comes—it spreads—the winds are there awake !

“ O come, ye Winds ! and nestle in our sail—
I hear your voice, more sweet than nightingale !
O come, and elevate the Eagle’s wing, 990
She droops—made sick at heart with sorrowing !

“ Behold, they come and flicker in the sheets !
Effulgent brilliancy the day completes !
The Eagle throws the sickness from her heart—
She mounts—her eyes the beams of vict’ry dart ;
Lawrence hath open’d us the way—and now,
We’ll bring our strength unbroken on the foe.

“ Forth, Elliot, to the lagging ships proceed
And bend their sails to aid the signal deed,
Whilst I Niagara to the battle crowd, 1000
And from the Lawrence sweep the bleeding cloud.”

Elliot, with fibres of his heart new strung,
With chosen bargemen, in the pinnace sprung
To gain the vessels struggling on behind,
And bring them forward with the freshening wind.

As Elliot reach’d the squadron on the rear,
Disguis’d, Fredonia glided through the sphere ;

She seem'd an Eagle, grac'd with gorgeous wings,
Winding between the clouds in floating rings ;
Her plumage glittering, wonderous to behold, 1010
As down she circled in a flood of gold.

Now, on the bosom of the air she sails,
Fanning with gentle wing the amorous gales ;
Around the fleet, admiring to the sight,
She winds, like beauty circumfus'd in light ;
O'er Perry's head she paus'd a moment's time,
And then evanish'd mid the clouds sublime.

The mariners beheld with ravish'd look—
At length, their transport into shouting broke :
“ Lo, victory is ours ! Behold the sign ! 1020
It burns in heaven, like agency divine !”

When Barclay heard their voices on the air,
He rang'd his fleet in naval character,
Fix'd for defence. When lin'd in readiness,
He, like a victor, utter'd this address :

“ Behold, they come—flags dancing in the wind !
Lo, presently they fall, to grief resign'd ;
But each must gird his royal armour on—
Their banners wave to dignify the Crown !
Yes—each his proudest efforts must perform ; 1030
See, they approach, like darkness in a storm !
Let life's deep engine, maddening pulses, beat ;
No equal power reduces Albion's fleet !
Yet mark my words—we fight not France, nor Spain—
Some English blood runs dancing through their vein !

“ Inflammè the brass with fire ! The bolts drive
well—

Let war outnoise the direst peal of hell.”

With brazen lungs the cannon bellowing roar’d,
And, on Niagara, their thunders pour’d.

Slow gliding on, the Freedom ships drew nigh, 1040
Facing the blast in deep solemnity.

But when in distance scarce the vessel’s length,
Her brass exploded with Vesuvian strength.

Perry breaks forth : “ With crownèd canvass
move !

This, this the hour, your energies to prove !

Press—bear the ship within a duel shot

Of proud Detroit, of Prevost, and Charlotte ;

On these, close levelled, let the starboard pour,

While larboard cannon in full concert roar,

And strike the fiery Chippewa and Belt, 1050

That not as yet a bleeding round have felt ;

Thus, as with lightnings, streaming on each side,

We’ll pierce their line—their battle strength divide ;

Their banners humble—bow their lofty pride.”

His bold design went thrilling to the heart,

And each with calmness answer’d to his part ;

The sails they crowded, and a signal set,

His plan to be supported by the fleet.

When Barclay scann’d the purpose of his foe

To break his line, his strength to overthrow, 1060

He by a flag proclaim’d it to his fleet,

While his tongue show’d how strong his pulses beat :

"Mark, how Niagara bears upon us proud !
 Smother her progress with a fiery shroud !
 She sunders—breaks the line ! Defend the Crown !
 Hurl forth "———

A torn-off splinter smote him down,
 Yet seem'd he not to notice that he fell :
 "Level the cannon ! gun for gun repel !"
 Full peals unbroken at Niagara roll—
 But Perry moves unalter'd in his soul, 1070
 Not winking at the blast. In duel shot,
 He rakes, and breaks the vitals of Charlotte ;
 Prevost, Detroit, and Chippewa, and Belt,
 On either side, beneath the lightnings melt ;
 Niagara seems a dragon, wing'd with fire ;
 Her flames augmenting to the clouds aspire.

Lo now, a rifle volley from marines,
 The upper deck of either vessel gleans ;
 Those, that have life, for shelter fly beneath
 To shun the pestilence of leaden death. 1080

Buchan, an ornament to Albion's race,
 Craz'd by a shot that broke upon his face,
 With vacant eye stood gazing on the flood,
 Alone, unarm'd, and reckless of his blood ;
 Yet still the rifles flung the hissing lead ;
 Perry beheld it, and with feeling said :
 "The Briton stands bewilder'd in his gore ;
 Suppress the flames—elance no death-lead more ;
 His sword hath fallen—why expend the shot ?
 Let mercy rule us, and forget it not !" 1090

The warriors hearken'd, and obey'd him soon ;
Buchan, the moment, shiver'd in a swoon ;
The loosen'd fibres of his heart gave way ;
He heav'd one gasp, and stiffen'd into clay !

The Caledonia, by the wayward wind,
Lags from Niagara on the wave behind ;
Turner, with soul impatient for the fight,
Commands, that through the sail, his gun should
light : 1100

“ Cold is that heart, which longer can delay !
What ! without aid, shall Perry win the day ?
Shall we no honour in the battle seek ?
No—through the fore-sail, let the cannon speak !”

Hardly his tongue the proclamation made,
When the brass quicken'd from its slumber dead,
And rent the canvass that conceal'd the foe,
And caus'd the blood in a new stream to flow.

The Ariel, Scorpion, close upon her glide—
Then, board to board, the Trippe and Tygress ride ;
And Somers next, and next the Porcupine,
Urg'd by one impulse in the fight combine.

Now ship to ship and gun to gun they meet,
Their anger kindling with ambitious heat ;
As flames of Etna to the clouds are driven ;
As thunders meet, and mix, and crash in heaven—
Not with less rage the circling fires flash round ;
Not with less rage the brazen engines sound.
Fragments of men—trunks—heads, with gory hair,
Splash in the lake, like things unworthy care ! 1120

The crystal lake becomes a sea of gore,
And still the battle magnifies it more !

The foremost characters of Albion fail ;
Faint beat their hearts—their features waxing pale.

Finnis, whose breast was honour to the core,
Mixes with Erie's flood his bosom's gore ;
While in the act to animate his crew,
A fire-drove bullet pierc'd his vitals through :

“ Britons ! remember what ye are !” he cried,
And roll'd his eyes to heaven, and smiling died ! 1130

Now reel the masts of Albion's Charlotte ;
Her shrouds swing loose,—dissever'd by the shot ;
She tangles with Detroit, devoid of helm ;
In this sad plight, the patriots overwhelm
The ships with raining fire. A moment brief,
They seem like Frenzy overcome by Grief,
At last, death's chillness on their hearts they feel ;
They strike their tatter'd flags—to Freedom's banner
kneel !

As when a scowling tempest wraps the world ;
Lightnings and thunders, from its entrails hurl'd, 1140
Driving to earth a cataract of rain ;
Shiv'ring the oaks and dashing them amain ;
It passes by—the loosen'd winds are laid ;
The sun paints rainbows on each dew-drop blade ;
The poplar stands unmov'd upon the heath ;
The world calm slumbers, lull'd with heaven's sweet
breath.

Such was the change, when Albion's standard fell,
The lightnings died—the thunders ceas'd to swell.

Perry exclaim'd : " By heaven's indulgent Powers,
We've met the enemy and they are ours !" 1150

Barclay to Perry in his sorrow came ;
Pale his sunk cheek—with many a gory maim !
He paus'd—and after, thus : " Most sad 'tis mine,
To thee this tarnish'd honour to resign ;
Undying ages will exalt thy fame,
Whilst deep oblivion will becloud my name !"

Perry with sympathy : " That word suppress—
'Twas heaven that crown'd my effort with success ;
If arms alone could conquer, thou hadst won ;
What man could do, that nobly hast thou done ; 1160
Oblivion, did you say ? That ne'er can be,
While worth o'er baseness holds ascendancy ;
Oblivion !—never—wounds will leave a scar,
Which to the world, will speak thy character !
For these deep gory stains wilt thou receive
Something more rich than golden mines can give.

" The brave, at times must render up the fight,
But fame encircles them with robes of light ;
To names, nor naval skill, the battle's given,
Unless supported by the arm of heaven. 1170

" Your wounds ask medicine—Come, pass with me,
Lean on my arm, and while on board be free."

The soul of Barclay crowded in his eyes ;
Silent he stood,—recover'd, he replies :

" You've won my heart—yea, conquer'd me again ;
Thy soothing voice hath all my feelings slain ;
But this last victory, the first excels,
As heaven this earth, where peace eternal dwells.

“ Accept my sword. I'm conquer'd, and resign—
A thousand more to such a heart as thine !” 1180

Perry makes answer : “ Never more, I pray,
Urge me that point—sufficient is the day ;
Sheath'd be thy blade—convey it to thy land ;
’Twould pierce my heart to touch it with my hand.

Barclay surrenders in the strife of soul ;
Bending his mind to Perry's kind control.

Tender the surgeons, by their sacred art,
Close his rough wounds and soften every smart.

Perry sets compass for Sandusky Bay ;
Where safe he anchors at the close of day. 1190

CANTO XVIII.

**INVASION OF CANADA AT
MALDEN.**

ARGUMENT.

The Northern Army being reinforced by Johnson, and receiving positive intelligence of Perry's Victory, decamp from Fort Meigs....The Embarcation....Proctor's Retreat to the River Thames....Invasion of Canada....A Night Scene.

The scene is laid in Kentucky, at Fort Meigs, Sandusky, and at Malden....The time is thirty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XVIII.

MEANTIME Kentucky, fill'd with patriot flame,
Summon'd her warriors to the field of fame ;
Though with her blood the earth she'd sprinkled o'er,
At the Miami and at Raisin's shore,
Yet, jealous Freedom glowing in her breast,
A Star, she rises in the dark-blue West.

Her offspring listen'd to her martial tongue,
Which, to their ears, was sweet as musick strung
To th' Æolian harp :—they heard—and, at the sound,
In crowded ranks, collected on the ground. 10

Where Licking stream with the Ohio flows,
Sublime in air their spangled banner rose ;
Licking, in ancient time, its springs pour'd forth
To slack the thirst of nature's giant birth ;
The mammoth—once the sovereign of the wood,
Till shafts of thunder the huge race subdu'd ;
Scarce could the stream their mighty drought supply ;
They drank the river, yet their throats were dry.

Here was the standard of the Free up-rear'd,
Where soon in arms a darkening host appear'd ; 20

As clouds, collecting in the western sphere,
Proclaim a tempest to the peasant near ;
Grum muttering thunders groaning far remote,
Sound th' alarm with heavy rumbling note ;
So at the junction of the mammoth's flood
With the Ohio—sons of hunters crowd,—
Ample—beyond all measure to proceed,
As they by numbers would the cause impede ;
Hence, many a warrior, with his heart in pain,
Slow, with reluctance—measur'd back the plain. 30

These, as the first that marshal'd on the field,
The post of honour for their country held :
Henry, in rank, is second to Desha ;
Then, Chyle and Trotter in the line display ;
Next King and Symral form upon the heath,
Intent to gain th' immortalizing wreath,
With which proud Vict'ry crowns her champions
brave,

To bid defiance to the mouldering grave.

Barry,* whose eloquence delights the mind,
And moulds the heart to tenderness refin'd, 40
Claims from the Muse a momentary pause,
Partial to give his character applause.

Virginia gave him birth—so rich in names,
That *four*, the proudest of the land she claims ;
Four, who than thrones had seats more high attain'd,
And then, with humble gratitude, resign'd ;
A noble lesson to instruct mankind.

His father, poor, conducted him, a child,
Beyond the mountains to Kentucky wild ;

* William T. Barry.

To the blest spot where Lexington took birth ; 50
 A flower, the fairest of the western earth ;
 Scarce yet in bloom—but soon to wide expand,
 And pour its od'rous treasures through the land ;
 Ere long, her Transylvania will proclaim
 Through distant realms the virtue of a name ;
 Here, by a Holley's care, the mind receives
 A boon more rich, than golden treasure gives ;
 Exalted Science—whose unclouded eye
 Looks with a smile beyond mortality.

Here pass'd his sweet simplicity of youth, 60
 Ever devoted to the shrine of truth ;
 Though born to indigence—with scarce a friend
 To give him counsel, or his views commend,
 Yet, by his native energies, he rose
 In spite of all that envy could oppose ;
 For envy ever will pursue the good,
 As shade, the substance in similitude.

Kentucky gave him honour with acclaim,
 That in the senate, he should speak her name ;
 Yea, and he spoke it with a voice so clear, 70
 That sages listen'd with delighted ear.

Though that his soul was as a summer's day ;
 As sweet as nature in her love-dress gay,
 Yet, mention but his country's wrongs, he show'd
 That flame indignant in his bosom glow'd.

As he in senate had the war declar'd,
 So now its perils, he, like Johnson, dar'd.

The next is Crittenden in war-robcs seen ;
 Though dark his eye, yet open is his mein.

At times, his tongue would elevate the soul, 80
 And bear it high beyond the *will's* control ;
 At times, by softening to a melting word,
 He'd damp with tears the heart's affecting chord.

In hill-surrounded Frankfort, where the wise
 Kentucky sages righteous laws devise,
 Glided his years :—But scarce he'd past the child,
 When the rude scenery of nature wild
 Gave such a musing habit to his mind,
 That oft he'd listen to the mountain wind
 To hear the Spirit of the storm declare 90
 What mighty cause produc'd the river there :
 If that a ploughshare, at the first of time,
 Drawn by an earthquake, breathing fire sublime,
 Turn'd hills aside with thunders in its sweep,
 Scooping the rock a thousand cubits deep !
 Or if the mountains, when the streams were dry,
 Disparted at the touch of Deity !

These chiefs, the solid infantry command,
 Whose bosoms yearn against the foe to stand.

Next on the field the mounted troops convene, 100
 Their hearts impatient for the martial scene ;
 Johnson the younger,* nurtur'd in the west,
 Holds the first rule—who oft the stranger blest ;
 He, in the senate, bade the nation draw
 Th' avenging sword to wage the righteous war ;
 Though he had lost no kindred on the sea,
 By Briton's iron hand of cruelty,
 Remote from ocean, at his happy seat ;
 Yet, his heart jealous, for his country beat ;

* Col. Richard Mentor Johnson.

And when the groans of mariners impress'd, 110
With every gale came sighing to the West,
He felt in every groan, as though he heard
A brother's voice, him succour to afford :
This, in the nation's councils, nerv'd his tongue,
And gave him power to wield the falchion strong.

At the Blue Fountain he receiv'd his birth,
The purest spring that gushes from the earth ;
Yea—pure as is the bow of summer even ;
Clear as the bosom of the cloudless heaven ;
When thirsty Sirius drinks the western floods, 120
And sears with parching heat the drooping woods,
This Spring, upon its borders damps the fire,
And keeps the foliage in its green attire.

Full many a wild-flower blooms upon its side,
Leaning its odorous bosom o'er the tide
To gaze its beauty in the wave below ;
As Eve delighted saw her breasts of snow,
When o'er the lake she bent her wondering beam,
To view her mocking image in the stream.

The warrior drank of this inspiring wave, 130
Which to his mind a clear conception gave ;
He show'd his father's daring from his birth,
Who now cold slumbers in his bed of earth,
Where Elkhorn smooth, like molten silver flows,
With sweet-brier perfum'd and the breathing rose.

The chief, exalted on his charger high,
A martial kindling flashes from his eye ;
His light plume nods like dancing in the wind,
And bends elastick o'er his head behind ;
Gentle in peace as setting sun of even ; 140
In war, the spirit of the storm in heaven.

Champing his bit, his war-horse paws the heath,
Rolling a cloud of darkness at a breath ;
His breast bears thunder, and his eye the flame,
Which burns in heaven, when tempests shake the
frame ;

His strength is ocean's wave—his speed the wind ;
His courage fire, that scorches on the mind ;
He snuffs the passing breeze—exulting bounds,
When for the charge the clanging trumpet sounds.

His heart's choice brother,* next commission held,
Whom none in deeds of chivalry excell'd ; 151
In years, his senior—but the palm of birth
He yields, which proves sublimity of worth ;
These little etiquettes of little minds
He casts indignant to the scattering winds ;
His country's welfare is the guiding light
That leads him forward to the field of fight :
How, in what station, can he serve her best,
The only trouble that concerns his breast. 159

Payne, Thompson, Suggett, next in order stand,
Rank'd with the first that ever drew a brand
To wield against a foe. But—Suggett, he
Had touch'd the holy things of Deity ;
But now in panoply severe he shines
To lead to fame Kentucky's chosen lines.

Ye tongues of discord ! mark the brilliant sight,
And be your eyes made blinded by the light !
Ye maddened ministers, who preach a God,
More rank than hell—whose luxury is blood !

* Col. James Johnson.

Look at the contrast ! See him fix'd on heaven, 170
 In silent prayer, that vict'ry might be given ;
 Whilst Him, your country ye implore to sink :

“ God ! in thy mercy, give them blood to drink !”*

* * * * *

Ye hypocrites in holy things ! how dread
 Must be the weight suspended o'er your head !
 Sackcloth your loins—pour ashes on your brow,
 And bare on earth your knees repentant bow ;
 Or your rank blasphemy will reach to hell,
 And from the Book of Life your names expel !

Stucker and Berry, powder'd with the frost 180
 Of wintry years, maintain an honour'd post ;
 Combs, Redding, Warfield, Coleman, Church and
 Rice,
 Feeling the valour of invalu'd price
 Their fathers paid to purchase Liberty,
 Glimmer in steel,—with whom are MacAfee—
 Elliston, Chambers, Davidson the bold—
 Nor will the light of heaven again behold
 More virtue in the field—their deeds of fame
 Will find an immortality of name.

But what fair youths are those on chargers grey,
 Whose looks outvie the mantling blush of day ?

* “Those western states which have been so violent for this
 abominable war of murder—those states, which have thirsted for
 blood, God has given them blood to drink !”—*Rev. Elijah Parish,*
Byfield, Mass.

The nephews* of the chief : Scarce have they seen,
In floral beauty, summers five and ten !

Stay, gentle youths, O stay ! My soul feels pain
To mark your daring on the martial plain ;
O think what tortures will your father feel,
Should your fair bosoms warm the death-cold steel !
Return—I fear me 'twill his soul unman,
And check your uncle in the charging van.

Ah, no—'twill mad them to avenge your blood, 200
The green earth sprinkling with a gory flood !

Press on to glory in your youthful day,
And ye shall live, (if heaven inspires my lay,)
In future years : When Peace shall bless the land,
I'll seek for you the softest, loveliest hand
Of all the maidens round—their cheeks as fair,
As angel forms that float on silver air ;
Their eyes express divinity of love ;
The light of beauty shall around them move !

And now the drums, with heavy beat, proclaim 210
The time of movement to the field of fame ;
The shrill fifes whistle, and the bugles sound ;
The horse and infantry in rank, wheel round ;
And all like fiction move upon the ground ;
Johnson directs the van with native fire,
To seek the foe—to conquer or expire ;
Their light arms sparkle with the beams of day,
As on they pass in glittering files away.
So while young zephyrs, with gay sportings, lave
Their wanton pinions in Ohio's wave, 220

* Sons of Col. James Johnson.

From heaven's gold orb, majestick in its height,
 Rains down a lucid shower of spangling light ;
 The rippling stream, like beauty in a dance,
 Makes the live sunbeams from the waters glance ;
 The flood all brilliant with innumerable rays,
 Looks like the firmament in starry blaze,
 Flashing and quivering as the zephyrs fling
 O'er the pure crystalline their flickering wing ;
 On silver feet Enchantment moves serene,
 And Wonder stands delighted at the scene. 230

Thus shine their burnish'd arms as on they move,
 With light effulgent from the orb above.

By rapid march they gain the distant fort,
 Ere the first gun of Perry made report ;
 And Croghan with his band had join'd the sage—
 A name to live till earth's remotest age.

But soon the thunders of the naval war
 Tremendous bellow round the lake afar ;
 With throbbing hearts the patriots anxious wait,
 To hear the battle hush'd, and learn their fate. 240

* * * * *

At length, exhausted,—silenc'd is the jar ;
 The insects' feeble wings are heard in air ;
 At once, so calm the unmov'd element,
 As though the very breath of heaven were spent ;
 Each breast now beats with hope,—and now, with fear ;
 They long to know,—yet dreaded they to hear
 What banner wav'd rejoicing in the sky,
 Or which had sunk in darkness mournfully.

So Emmett, when arraign'd at tyrant's bar,
For whispering Freedom through the land afar, 250
Stood, while his peers were absent, or to save,
Or shroud his virtues in a murderous grave ;
Hope for a moment brighten'd on his view,
Then fear return'd, and dark the picture drew.

Or as a bride, scarce wedded for a day,
When, lo, her lover is compell'd away,
(By Albion press'd) to battle on the flood,
Leaving her soul all dark in widowhood ;
For many months she pours unceasing wail ;
To every stranger tells her pitying tale ; 260
Her eyes grow languid—and a swift decay
Seizes her frame, and takes her bloom away ;
At length, the post—to whom 'tis frequent given
To bring us grief, or tidings sweet as heaven—
Drops her a packet from the ship that bore
Her heart's affection from his native shore !
Convuls'd sensations in her soul she feels ;
She longs to hear—yet fears to break the seals ;
Perhaps in fever of the tropick clime,
Calling her name, he sunk away from time ; 270
Perhaps, he lives—yet prison'd by the foe ;
Perhaps, his heart stopp'd beating at a blow ;
Though this, she fears, is written in the leaf,
Yet still sweet hope will mingle with her grief.

Thus hope and fear convulse the patriots' breast,
Like clouds and sunshine changing in the west.

The sun has set—still nothing is there heard,
If Perry held, or yielded up his sword ;

Darkness has clos'd upon its farewell light,
Yet, in uncertainty remains the fight. 280
They listen to the rustling leaves—the wind—
To hear of something to relieve the mind.

At length, with momentary hope and fear,
They catch the tramping of a horseman near ;
Claxton approaches !—which at once declares
Whose flag the honour of the triumph bears :

“ Victory ! Victory ! ” He could no more,
So loud the shouting through the concave tore.

As when in storm, a wintry blast drives forth ;
Roars in the mountain—snaps the oak to earth ; 290
Stoops the tall pine submissive to the plain ;
Breaks the proud ash, and shivers it amain ;
Stirs the deep ocean, where its rocks are bas'd,
And rolls the billows o'er the foaming waste ;

With equal turbulence their shouts broke forth,
Which smote the heavens, and echo'd back to earth.

Shelby unruffled waves a silent sword ;
The shouting ceases at the signal word,
That Claxton might proceed : “ Our vessels lay
With those of Barclay, at Sandusky Bay. 300

“ At dawn, am I instructed to declare,
That to Miami will our ships repair,
To sail the troops upon the adverse shore,
To measure arms with Proctor's ruffian power.”

Shelby exclaim'd : “ For glorious vict'ry given,
Full from the heart we bless a favouring heaven !

“ To Perry bear my gratitude and praise ;
Wreath'd are his temples with the deathless bays ;
Yea—for this deed, his name will ever live ;
And immortality the brave receive. 310

The Sister Isles, in history renown'd,
Will be remember'd as celestial ground ;
Yea—such will be their reverence in years,
The very sight will bring the soul to tears !

“ This to the hero of the lake convey,
That, glad I'll meet him on the coming day
T' embark th' impatient army in his fleet,
That we the foe decisive may defeat.”

Claxton treasures his sentiments—retires
Back to Sandusky by the starry fires.

320

The meantime Perry, melting at his heart,
By soothing voice made blunt the pointed dart,
That pierc'd the captive breast :—His tongue's soft
sound

Was healing balsam for each burning wound.

And now, the dust of fallen heroes dead—
To heaven, Elijah-like, their Spirits fled —
In holy earth is laid—while many a sigh
Rolls from the brave—tears trickling from their eye.

Bosom to bosom, Laub and Brooks are plac'd,
Like brothers met, and in their love embrac'd ; 330
On either hand, Buchan and Finnis soft
Slumber in rest—their souls were launch'd aloft ;
Rich from their graves an equal fame ascends,
For Death impartial makes the valiant friends.

Morning, at length, with coral blush comes forth ;
The dancing dew-drops glitter on the earth ;
Soft as the light illuminates the east,
The world is spread like a delicious feast

Before th' enraptur'd eye, which, more it feeds
On nature's banquet, more its hunger needs. 340

Claxton, from fort returning, Perry seeks,—
The veteran's answer to his ear he speaks :
“ The heart of Shelby flows to you in praise,
That round thy temples thou hast twin'd the bays ;
Lo, as he bade me utter this reply,
A grateful tear was trickling from his eye.

“ He, at Miami, will the navy meet,
To bring the strength of Proctor at his feet.”
Perry the sailing order'd : “ Anchors weigh !
Direct the compass for Miami's bay !” 350

The fleets are loosen'd at the word :—combin'd,
They cleave the waters with a favouring wind.

When day in heaven reveal'd its earliest sign,
The army form'd in solid discipline ;
To whom the aged thus : “ Behold, the morn
At length shines forth to cause the heart to burn ;
With soul unbending, long have ye withstood
Th' invading foe—and frequent with his blood
Sprinkled the field !—Oft from your presence fled
His boasted veterans—leaving you his dead ; 360
Methinks in every eye proud Freedom shows,
And *that* will conquer when in fight we close.

“ Croghan, my youngest son, with infant band,
Scatter'd their ranks and drove them from the land ;
As long as courage warms a hero's breast,
So long will Fame delight to make him blest.

“ Perry hath met them on their own domain,
And there, with feebler force, their boastings slain ;

When lakes shall dry and rivers cease to flow,
And ocean hide itself in realms below, 370
Then, may his name be never heard of more ;
Lost and forgot, when waters cease to roar.

“ Time fails t’ enlarge upon his merits due,
Or speak the burning valour of his crew ;
The hours are on the wing !—we forth must hie
To seek the field—the mind to satisfy.

“ Divide in marching files ! Drums, musick, beat !
Forward !”

They move impassion’d with his heat.

Th’ enliv’ning echo of the drum and fife
Makes the blood nimble for the promis’d strife ; 380
Shrill through the air the brazen trumps rebound,
The answering bugles twang with clangorous sound ;
The sportive sunbeams on the armour light,
From thence return in beauty to the sight ;
The new-born zephyrs in the streamers play,
Kiss the soft silk, and wave them into day ;
Slow as the army winds the distant hill,
The notes of musick change from hoarse to shrill,
Sweetening the gale—th’ advancement turns the brow,
The thickening notes with heavy lumbering flow. 390
Now, the fil’d warriors as they climb the height,
Crowd into view—then sink below the sight ;
Their plumes like live things in their dancing seem ;
They flickering vanish—and their bayonets gleam ;
A moment yet their banners waving fly ;
But soon they sinking flutter from the eye ;
Still, at far distance, we the bugles hear,
And the drums’ rumble sounding on the ear ;

At times, the notes are heard—but now, the gale
Bears them away, and they forever fail. 400

When Barclay sail'd, the Britons gave to joy
Their hearts—late broken by the dauntless boy ;*
They heard the battle, but no doubts had they,
But Perry had resign'd th' unequal fray ;
In various feats they pass'd away the night ;
But lo, ere dawn, they learnt their conquer'd plight.

Thus when in haughty Babylon of yore,
While Cyrus stood before her gates with power,
Her sons with luxury drunk laugh'd him to scorn,
Reckless their city would be rent ere morn ; 410
With wine and feasting, passing off the night ;
Musick and dancing yielding them delight ;
Amid their revellings burst'd in their foe,
Which reel'd their brains with a distracted wo !

Like this, at Malden, were the royal band,
When Perry's triumph thunder'd round the land ;
A wild delirium fasten'd on their brain ;
The thought of Shelby shrivell'd every vein ;
And Harrison, the Johnsons, fierce in war,
Curdled their blood and bound them in their awe. 420

* * * * *

When Proctor felt his icy veins to thaw,
His steed he mounted, urgent to withdraw :
“ Retreat ! fly Malden ! scatter to the Thames !
But stay—the whole first desolate with flames ;
We creep—we crawl ! the kindled torches ply !
Methinks I see them on the waters nigh !

* Croghan.

Remote, can I discern a press of sail ;
 And feel you not a freshness in the gale ?
 Mark, how they crowd, successive o'er the lake !
 Death glimmers on their flag !——

“ Not possible mistake !

Loose clouds of morning mock'd me with the show ;
 They may be sails—perhaps it is the foe ! 432
 Consume the magazines without delay ;
 And then for safety to the Thames away !”

Ere he had clos'd, forth rush'd the regal bands,
 And touch'd, and kindled with the lighted brands
 The whole in blaze,—disorder'd they retire,
 While the flames mounting on the winds aspire ;
 The females shriek—th' affrighted children cry,
 To see the sparkles flash along the sky. 440
 Air, smoke, and flame, a dire confiction make ;
 The same, reflected, glitters in the lake ;
 Mad through the element the fires are driven,
 The whirling cinders wage rude war with heaven.

The time the sun stood centred in mid day,
 The patriot army reach'd the destin'd bay ;
 The navy soon the eastern point wore round ;
 Three greeting shouts from infantry rebound !
 Instant the mariners their joys repeat,
 And high in heaven their welcome voices meet. 450

“ Proud to the navy, let the guns salute !”

Shelby commanded :—every tongue was mute.

Thirteen brass thunders speak to Perry's name,
 His brilliant triumph o'er the lake proclaim ;
 Amid th' inspiring sound the vessels moor—
 Quick skims the yawl with Perry to the shore ;

The veteran hurries to the beach, and stands
 Dismounted—as the youthful hero lands ;
 As eager they approach, their hearts beat high,
 A crystal tear-drop glistens in their eye ; 460
 With motion tremulous, their hands they join,
 Lock'd in embrace, impassion'd like divine.

Thus to exalt his character in war,
 A youth forsakes his home and parent's care,
 By shivering marches in the frigid zone ;
 Fording mud rivers ; fainting in the sun ;
 Sleeping untented in the pitiless night ;
 His features shrunk with starving appetite ;
 Pouring his blood while entering through the breach,
 He gains the summit of a warrior's reach ; 470
 His country hails him with the shout of praise,
 And the rapt poet pours to him his lays.
 When thus encircled with his fame, as light,
 Home he returns to glad his father's sight ;
 Silent they meet—breast riveted to breast,
 Feeling a joy that never was express'd.

So stood the veteran and the seaman young,
 Lock'd in embrace, while passion chain'd each tongue.

At length the aged thus : “ Thy deeds of light
 Exceed the power of language to recite ; 480
 High at the summit mark begins thy praise ;
 On thy great name futurity will gaze ;
 It gives me joy, ere I the grave-path tread,
 To see young valour blooming o'er my head.”

“ I've but the service of my country done,”
 Thus Perry, modest, in his turn begun :

" I, to my crew, your praises must transfer,
'Twas they that prov'd the nation's character.

" We'll let the subject for the present pass ;
Indulgent heaven gave victory as it was. 490

" Brief to my mariners, I gave command
To bear the crowded Britons to the land ;
Their numbers even now surpass our own,
Exclusive those that with their anguish groan ;
These, in pavilions ample, will receive
Attentions from those hands that blessings give."

Scarce had he finish'd, when the barges bore
The maim'd and numerous captives to the shore.

" Your kind solitudes of heart proclaim
Your bosom worthy to receive its fame ; 500
It proves a nobleness of soul to feel
For those who suffer from the wounding steel."

While they this converse held, the barges gain'd
The shore—some lost to sense, and some with fevers
pain'd.

Shelby to Croghan : " Soft—with generous care
To roomy tents the fainting sufferers bear ;—
Miller, the others to the fort convey,
There to remain till the redeeming day."

This, with a ready promptness is obey'd ;
The maim'd in tents on pallets soft are laid ; 510
The others, Miller marshals in a file ;
And soon their brows he lightens with a smile ;
By soft-ton'd musick and by soothing arts,
He draws the festering anguish from their hearts ;
A grateful tear is seen in many an eye,
For each expected hard severity.

The meantime Shelby had his post resum'd,
 And thus with glowing sentiments illum'd
 The bosoms of the brave : " Warriors ! at length,
 The hour approaches to attest your strength ; 520
 Brief is the passage to the hostile shore ;
 And lo, a conquering fleet conveys us o'er !
 A conquering fleet !—how ominous the word !
 A conquering army will unsheath its sword !
 How vain is language to excite your souls ;
 Warm through each breast a tide of valour rolls.

" What though my cheeks the spoils of time declare,
 My strength returns, like youth, the sword to bare ;
 Avenging justice approbates the cause,
 Wag'd to maintain our liberty and laws. 530

" O kneel your souls to heaven and make the vow,
 Never a joint on battle-field to bow ;
 Never this lake shall bear my body o'er,
 Till, or we die, or overcome their power !"

* * * * *

Deep was the pause. At length, this shout arose :
 " Loud plead our hearts, with savage ranks to close !
 By the best drops that swell our veins, we swear,
 To win the fight, or leave our bodies there !"

* * * * *

" I glory to behold the native fire
 Burn in your bosoms—prompting your desire. 540

" But mark the fleet is waiting ! Forth repair
 And crowd the decks and prove the souls ye are !"

With hearts high beating, they receiv'd the word—
 Sunder'd their ranks to pass the fleet on board ;

Perry conducts the veteran Shelby forth ;
The barge that bears them, weight'd with their
 worth,
Deep settles in the wave. The Johnsons leave the
 shore

With sounding bugles, confident of power ;
Next, with artillery, Wood—and then Desha ;
Then Symral's squadrons launch into the bay ; 550
Chyle, Barry, Crittenden, and Trotter, King ;
Croghan, Harrison, the rear barge honouring.

Now Perry's standard from Niagara flies,
That the bent fastenings from the sand should rise ;
The seaboys mark the signal—anchors weigh ;
Slow winds the freighted navy from the bay ;
The sheets like clouds expand before the breeze ;
Smooth glide the vessels o'er the silver seas ;
The waters seem with pride to bear the line,
Such bright reflections in the mirror shine 560
Of starry banners waving—helmets, plumes,
And burnish'd armour, which the sun illumines.

The sportive fishes in the wave below,
With wondering eyes behold the beauteous show ;
Eager they dart to catch the shades that move,
Mocking the fleet that swims with joy above ;
Then leap to taste the air in antick play,
Wild, like the sportings of a holiday.

The sea-lads plac'd upon the mast on high,
Distant, a promise of the land descry ; 570
Like a faint cloud, where earth and sky unite,
Hard to discern by those of practis'd sight ;
By small degrees, it grows upon the view ;
Its colour changes from a gray to blue ;

As glad the squadron gains upon it near,
 Unequal ridges more distinct appear ;
 Soon mark the crew the ruins,—where arise
 The sluggish smoke, that rolls along the skies.

At length, the navy enters in the bay ;
 The biting anchors grapple to the clay. 580

A signal cannon from Niagara comes,
 Which, with loud peal, is answer'd by the drums ;
 Notice to land. The notice is obey'd ;
 And soon the whole are on the beach array'd.

“ Behold, we’ve landed !” Harrison exclaims ;
 But not like Hull to infamy our names ;
 This, this the crisis, that demands the soul
 To stand sublime, defying death’s control ;
 Should this, our effort fail—our cause is done ;
 The sands of Freedom are forever run ; 590
 The bow is bent, and should the arrow fly
 Without effect—farewell to Liberty !”

When Malden’s timid fair beheld the fleet,
 Their hearts sunk in them with a trembling beat ;
 The sad-forsaken matrons wrung their hands,
 Fearing their death from the Kentuckian bands ;
 Proctor had told, that riot was their aim,
 And reckless murder did their hearts inflame.

Ló, when the columns form’d upon the shore,
 Their shrieks ascended, freezing every pore ; 600
 With shoeless feet—heads naked to the wind,
 They ran together with disorder’d mind ;
 A pale destruction glar’d from every face ;
 Their bosom child they gave its last embrace.

Soon Shelby heard their heart-appalling cries ;
 To learn the cause, he stood in his surprise ;
 They come—they close him round—in dust they fall,
 And loud for mercy, in their tears they call :

“ Protect—O save—defend us in our life !

Save us, in mercy, from the reeking knife ! 610

If thou art callous to our weeping eyes,

O melt thy bosom to our infants' cries !

Our hands were never rais'd against thy power ;

O save—and blessings on thy head will shower !

“ If nothing—nothing will suffice save blood—

Or if our flesh must be to thee as food !

We yield ourselves to death—but save—O save

Our tender offspring from unsightly grave !

O let our babes in innocence remain !

Defend our virgins from pollution's stain !” 620

While thus, with bitterness, they plead their suit,

The veteran's tongue was chain'd in wonder mute ;

A tear involuntary bath'd his eye ;

His every word is burden'd with a sigh :

“ Whence did this frenzy in your brains arise ?

These are mad fictions—not realities ;

We know no other than to guard the fair ;

Hence, dry your tears, and calm this wild despair.”

They thought him false : “ O wherefore do you

strive,

With proffer'd hopes a keener pang to give ? 630

The ice-cold grave turns every blood-vein chill ;

You speak of peace more sharp our life to kill !

Why do you mock us with delusive dreams ?

Thy joy is blood to gush away in streams !

" And did not Proctor in his grief express,
 That ye did murder with a greediness !
 That you, Kentuckians, from the parent's knees,
 The smiling infant like the savage seize,
 And dash its throbbing brains upon the hearth ;
 The spotless virgin of her beauty scath, 640
 Then, search her breast with fire "———

" Good heaven ! refrain,—
 Suppress this burning frenzy of the brain !

" O Slander ! what art thou ? thou second death !
 Thy look is hell !—corruption is thy breath !
 The tyger kills to fatten on his prey,
 His hunger pleads to suck his blood away ;
 The dark assassin, at the midnight hour,
 Stabs to the heart to gain a rival's power ;
 The highway robber, with a felon's stealth,
 Murders his brother to acquire his wealth ; 650
 But Slander—venom'd Slander ! when that we
 Compare a tyger to a form like thee ;
 Or the assassin, at the midnight bed ;
 Or robber, plundering of the grey-hair'd dead,
 Bright is their aspect—yea—as heaven above
 Outmeasures earth, where these fell monsters move !

" Our spotless name is all ; the rest may fly,
 As gossamer, that floats on vacancy ;
 Come, starving Poverty ! come, cruel Death !
 We'll smile upon you in your grinning teeth ! 660
 But *Slander*,—thou dost eat upon our heart
 With viper's tooth, which poisons every part !

" Proctor, O why———

“ My thoughts of him no more,
Or, for these scalding tears, will fall big drops of gore !

* * * * *

“ Deluded matrons ! to your homes return ;
Nor for yourselves or tender offspring mourn ;
You’ve been deceiv’d by Slander’s scorpion tongue ;
Kentuckians seek no foe, but tyrant wrong ;
They to the weak are a protecting shield,
For which their bosoms holy luxuries yield.” 670

The veteran spoke. A something from his eye
Darted conviction with solemnity ;
It cast away their fear, which like a cloud,
Had dark’d their peace, and rais’d their anguish loud ;
Tears gush in floods—but not the tears of wo ;
A tide of joy streams down their cheeks of snow !

Thus Clark, the western Hannibal,—alone
Had left his wife—upon the Wabash gone
To beat the savage back to Erie’s shore,
Who late had steep’d their cruel hands in gore :
Whilst widow’d thus—lo, Rumour fills her ear,
That in death’s ambush, all her soul held dear
Was mix’d with earth ! Her cries of grief ascend,
Mourning her children’s father and her friend ;
Raising to pitying heaven her weeping eye,
Whom does it glance upon ?—her husband nigh !
Louder she screams ! In giddy transport blest,
She leaps convulsive on his throbbing breast !

So when the matrons were to hope restor’d,
Thus swell’d their voices—thus their tear-drops
pour’d. 690

They ravish’d kisses to their offspring give,
As though they late had died, but *now* they live !

They turn reluctant with a side-long gaze,
And as they turn, they utter Shelby's praise :

“ May righteous heaven pour gladness on his soul,
Till the last pulse of ebbing life shall roll !”

Thus, as they pass'd, they hail'd him on the way,
And gave a kneeling blessing to the day.

Meantime the troops had their pavilions spread,
And each had wrapp'd him in his fleecy bed ; 700
Spent with their march in hurrying to the flood,
Serene they slumber in a weary mood.

No busy voices round the camp are heard ;
No sound—save footsteps of the passing guard ;
The stars are silent on their thrones of gold,
While the new moon, most lovely to behold,
Reveals her crescent, where the shades of night
And day's last glimmerings placidly unite ;
Her silver horns appear like angel's wings,
That poise his feet, when through the air he flings 710
His flight precipitate. Descending slow,
Her downward horn is seen no longer now ;
'Tis hid behind a rock—the other bright,
Lingers above and shows upon the sight
Like something that is heaven ! Fast it recedes—
It fades—'tis gone !—but yet, a holy beam
Reveals the spot where it hath kiss'd the stream.

But not to sleep the veteran is inclin'd ;
Anxious command drives slumber from his mind ;
He, with Adair, whose locks were touch'd with snow,
Mounts and proceeds along th' encampment slow, 721

To teach his office to the soldier young,
And probe his heart, if beats his valour strong.

They hear the voice of sentinel—and light ;
(The horses with Adair.) “ Who comes in night ?”
“ Friend !” Shelby answers. “ Give the counter-
sign !”

“ Tecumseh.” “ Pass in silence on the line.”

“ Pray have you nothing to remove this damp ?
Keen cuts the air and makes my sinews cramp.”

“ Yes, well am I supplied. My arms retain, 730
Till I provide a remedy from pain,
Which Proctor left behind. My wish is all,
That I could meet him single with a ball.

“ You pause !—none richer e’er was broach’d.
You start !”

Freely I give. ’Twill animate your heart.”

“ Too *free* indeed. Unarm’d, your strength
have I !

Were all like thee, how soon our name would die !
Were I in character some artful foe,
I’d every purpose of the army know !”

Thus Shelby : Thus the guard : “ Stranger, I
fear, 740

That you art something more than you appear !
But from my heart, far distant was design
To lay expos’d a section of the line ;
I hope no whisper of the deed you’ll bear
To Johnson, Shelby, Harrison, Adair.”

The chief in answer with reproof began :
“ Nothing I doubt your virtue as a man ;
But what is courage, or a well-meant heart,
If we, at option, from the rules depart ?

Defeat will follow and a death surprise ; 750
 The best intentions never will suffice ;
 The mind must not be dreaming. Take your arms,
 And be all watchful of the night alarms ;
 'Twould the best feelings of the General wound,
 To hear a sentry was from duty found ;
 To him, or them, I nothing shall recite,
 For well I know you'll prove yourself in fight."

Back he withdrew to where the steeds were tied ;
 They mount—and onward on their purpose ride.

Soon they approach, where aged Whitley stands,
 His locks made gray by fighting savage bands ;
 With ear awake—eyes lifted to the brow ;
 Along the line he paces to and fro.

Hearing but indistinct the horses' tread ;
 He harks attentive—turns his hoary head ;
 And, at the instant, sudden to his ear,
 He lifts his hand to catch the sound more clear,—
 His foremost finger bent to wed the thumb,
 The others spread and rais'd :—In this position dumb,
 Listening he stands. He hails them : " Who comes
 there ? 770

What noise of tramping hoofs disturbs the air ?"

" Friend !" was the answer. " Shelby's friend
 or foe,

Dismount, that I the circumstance may know !"

" Equal to Shelby's character is mine,
 Hence, mounted, I'll advance and give the sign."

Whitley rejoins : " I, reckless of your grade—
 Down without pausing, or your life shall fade !"

The general then : " I'm chief upon the land ;
 From me alone the field receives command ;
 Yea, Shelby, I am he. No more enquire ; 780
 On I shall pass, and do as I desire."

" Stand ! I command ! I'm ignorant of a man !"
 As Whitley spoke, he op'd the snapping pan :
 " For you, I pause not—general or a saint,
 Down from your charger, or your life shall faint !
 I'm *general* here !—nor dare insult my post,
 Or to yon cloud in heaven shall fly your ghost !"

Shelby believing 'twas the lock he sprung,
 His steed dismounted, ere he'd still'd his tongue—
 And gave the watchword——

" Whitley !—is it you ? 790
 My old companion in the service true !
 It wakes the richest feelings of my breast,
 To meet an ancient warrior of the West ;
 It brings to memory those days—no more,
 When back we drove the savage from the shore ;
 And where we join'd our labours in the fight,
 Till dying Ferguson renounc'd the Height.*

" My friend, farewell ! And should we meet no
 more,
 But die with honour on the hostile shore,
 We'll join our hands in friendship's holy press ; 800
 Our snowy locks proclaim our failing race."

Thus he : And Whitley thus : " I came to die !
 But all I ask—I wish, is victory ;
 I came prepar'd to sleep upon the field ;
 A sleep in which my soul with smiles will yield ;

* King's Mountain.

Though *now* it is my joy to find my death,
Yet first their blood shall flow upon the heath !

“ My aged wife, I leave upon thy care,
For death is mine, if there be death in war ! ”

“ My friend, fear not protection of thy wife, 810
Should'st thou for Freedom render up thy life,
And I exempted from a soldier's bed
To sleep in glory with the honour'd dead.
I'll never urge thee from the field of arms,
For well I know the battle has its charms
To rouse the soul, when tyrants aim the blow
To crush our liberties in dust below.

“ But look, the evening star hath sunk in heaven—
Once more farewell ! To fame shalt thou be given.”

With melting hearts their trembling hands they
join—
Tears moist their cheeks, in which the star-beams
shine.

Adair beheld their meeting, and partook
Of every sentiment the veterans spoke ;
Bidding adieu to Whitley on the plain—
Speechless they mount, their stations to regain,
Where soon they lose life's pleasure and its pain.

CANTO XIX.

BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

ARGUMENT.

The Army march in pursuit of the Enemy....Proctor and Tecumseh....The Battle....An Episode between Johnson and his brother....Proctor rescued from his Pursuers....The Interment at the River Raisin.

The scene is laid at Malden, on the Thames, and at the River Raisin....The time is eleven days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XIX.

THE stars in beauty travelling to the west,
Soon wear away the dewy hours of rest ;
The lids of morning waken and behold
The jewell'd earth—with curtains fring'd with gold.

The early drummers as the day appears,
Join'd with the fife, give musick to the spheres ;
The warriors hear the animating beat,
And, rous'd from slumber, bound upon their feet ;
Shoulder to shoulder solid they unite,
To hear the words that Shelby would recite, 10
Who forth advanc'd, and these instructions gave :

“ Kentuckians ! chivalrous, in battle brave !
To search the foe we've overcome the flood ;
Now testify the richness of your blood ;
They fled at rumour whispering your advance ;
Yea—ere they caught the anger of your glance :
But we must press them with unwearied might,
Or they'll outstrip us and avoid the fight ;
To climb the craggy steep of fame is hard,
But what of earth can equal the reward ? 20

Their fears will be as wings to their retreat ;
 Hence we, as eagles, must pursue with heat ;
 Privations, labour, must our souls despise,
 Or never we our names eternalize.

“ Johnson, lead forth your iron-bosom’d men ;
 The horse count off, and march in files of ten.
 Wood, in the centre, thy artillery form,
 Whose organ notes will tune the thunder storm.
 Chyle, Henry, Trotter, Symral, King, Desha,
 The thick-set infantry in line display.” 30

The drums strike life with spirit-giving sound ;
 With nerves in thrill the troops forsake the ground ;
 Beating with rapid feet the dusty road,
 They move like darkness borne upon a cloud.

The time the royals with the savage fled,
 The guilt of Proctor fill’d his soul with dread ;
 Oft as he deign’d to cast a look behind,
 The freedom flag was imaged in his mind.

Thus a fell outlaw on a wizard plain,
 With hand made crimson in a victim slain, 40
 Flies with distraction to escape the cord,
 While prosecuting Justice writes the word
 Deep on his heart ! He stops and lifts his hands,
 Dropping with murder !—dumb, he harkening stands
 To catch the passing sound—the waving wood
 Dampens his soul, and curdles up his blood ;
 A ruin’d tree rent by the whirlwind’s breath,
 He apprehends a minister of death,
 Ready to seize and stifle in his life,
 Or search his being with the lifted knife ; 50

He wheels—but other objects fright his eyes ;
From his own shadow he despairing flies.

So Proctor's deeds of blood distract his brain ;
His reeling mind whirls dizzy on the plain.

Their fleet's surrender round the land had rung,
Which rous'd the Albions, with ambition stung ;
Crimson battalions, like red moving flames,
By Evans rul'd, collected on the Thames ;
Baubee, an equal host, and Warburton,
Who, oft in Europe had the battle won. 66

These, in collection at Moravia, meet,
Proctor to rescue from a swift defeat.

Them, at a distance, Proctor through the wood
Beheld—which all his energies subdu'd.
He wheel'd to push his flight—so false his eyes,
His friends deceiv'd him for his enemies.

Tecumseh mark'd him in a scowling mood,
And flew, and met, and check'd him on the road,
And thus begun : “ Why backward on the flight ?
And will you dare with single arm the fight ? 70
This path, Kentucky holds ! Brother, you look,
As though by all your relatives forsook ;
See what a crimson cloud comes moving nigh !
These are our friends ! The enemy shall die ! ”

Proctor in gaze stood fix'd—and wildly then :
“ Not possible yon standards royal men !
Not from this compass do advance our host !
Is Shelby here ? I'm sacrific'd—I'm lost !
Our strength is weakness !—bid the whole retire !
They'll seize, they'll bind, they'll torture me with
fire ! ” 80

He scarce had finish'd, when he wheel'd to fly—
But lo, Tecumseh check'd him with an eye
Frowning, a meteor gleaming on the heath,
An omen, pregnant with approaching death :

“ You snake of poison tooth ! but dare depart,
And me with rifle will explode your heart !
Tecumseh long has kept his soul in chain,—
But now, his vengeance, tempt it not again !
You plunder, talk, and fire, and scalps, and blood,
But when big danger come, you never stood ; 90
I joy'd, when Croghan smote you down to death—
What evil spirit brought to you your breath ?
You man of wind, of noisy tongue in talk ;
Indian, less speech—but straight in duty walk ;
You captives murder for the pleasure's sake ;
By you Cawataw burnt them at the stake !

“ In war, Tecumseh is the sign of death !
But smother'd never he an infant's breath ;
But you rejoice to take the suckling's life ;
You spare no stooping mother, nor the wife ! 100
Tecumseh's joy is with the warriors strong,
But not the aged with the whistling tongue.

“ You bad at heart : Now bad man fears to die ;
That pales your cheek at sight of enemy ;
A good man heeds not death—he stand—he fight—
Big sound of thunder war his soul delight ;
The Spirit Great his soul with lightning warms ;
And should he fail, he mounts above the storms !”

He ceas'd. But still the frowning of his look,
Aw'd Proctor's soul, more than deep words he spoke ;
His colour went and came—now white—now red—
And now he chok'd and stammer'd with his dread ;

If on the chief he deign'd to lift an eye,
 Cow'ring it fell, his virtues tower'd so high :
 So have I seen a guilty slave appear,
 When stern his master search'd his faults severe,—
 Sweating cold dew, he'd raise and fall his sight,
 Sinking,—joints trembling,—hating of the light.

Oft he assay'd to answer—but in vain ;
 His tongue was cramp'd as fasten'd with a chain. 120

At length the thought quick flash'd upon his mind,
 To give the boon his monarch had design'd,
 At Malden by a messenger express'd ;
 But then the tumult drove it from his breast.
 He hands a sash with cunning work inwrought,
 And thus proceeded to make calm his thought :

“ Tecumseh, mighty chief !—griev'd I confess,
 That, lost in many cares—my wrong no less,
 Than to withhold this royal gift from you ;
 Receiv'd at Malden at the time we flew ; 130
 This will create thee second of the field,
 For thou hast prov'd incapable to yield ;
 Accept the boon—'tis special from the King,
 A lofty honour on thy name to bring.”

Thus he. Tecumseh then : “ White man be so,
 He hides his darkness with deceiving show ;
 Not Indian thus : when crossing stars turn back,
 We show our feelings by the sorrowing black ;
 But when they pour success upon our head,
 We paint the pleasure by the gladdening red. 140

“ Now, as respect design'd me by the King,
 I give him thanks—but not accept the thing ;
 To me no use—in nature's wildness born ;
 My father taught such gifts to treat with scorn,

And thus to me he talk :

“ ‘ Tecumseh, son,
Behold our tribe in white man folly run ;
I feel the weight of years, and soon my tongue
Will teach no more to guide your footsteps young ;
Open your ears—and now, what I declare,
Do thou, my son, in deep remembrance bear. 150

“ ‘ Beware the white man—oily in his talk,
’Tis sweeten’d poison—never straight his walk ;
Beware you shun religion that he teach ;
One way he act, another way he preach ;
To day he tell intemperance burn within,
And on the morrow urge you to the sin !
Beware your dealings with the white man blood ;
He give you trinkets for substantial good.
Great Spirit gave to Indian, buffaloe, bear ;
The deer, and elk—so bounteous was His care ; 160
Because we treated these, his gifts, with scorn,
His anger grew, and we are left to mourn.

“ ‘ Use no deceit—except to snare thy foe ;
And when he yields, him sparing mercy show ;
Despise a coward as a graceless man ;
Despatch him with the axe—he’ll shame thy clan.

“ ‘ Thy mother cherish with attentions kind ;
To you her feeble years are now resign’d ;
Think of her labour in the sun for thee,
And how she lap’d you on her tender knee ; 170
Do thou with equal love her care repay ;
Be thou her staff in her declining day.

“ ‘ Tecumseh, son, thy father’s words regard,
And thou wilt meet in happy fields reward.

" 'Wish not for age—'tis fill'd with grief and pain ;
Be wisdom thine, while thou shalt here remain,
Let that be short or long—then fear thou not,
Thy name will be in future years forgot ;
The mind still flourishes when all is lost ; 179
The rest soon melts away like autumn's early frost.'

“ This was my father’s teaching. Shall I now
Forget his voice ? to silken net-work bow ?
No : deep within my heart his voice shall rest ;
Lock’d in the centre of Tecumseh’s breast.

“ Never you'll gain my friendship with your gauze ;
To blast the enemy in thunder wars
Is feasting to my soul ! Come—fear no more !
Display thy warriors—wake the musick roar
Of earthquake battle loud !—From Thames' steep
bank

Marshall your lines—the stream will guard their
flank ; 190

The Prophet and Tekelah shall combine,
And from yon marsh will I extend the line ;
The Thames will fence your left, the swamp my
right,—

Thus will we stand and swallow up the fight !”

Proctor beheld the favour of the ground,
And, on his stirrups rising,¹ look'd profound
With aspect grave, which fools for wisdom take ;
And thus, as though from partial dreaming, spake :

" Tecumseh, heaven hath kept thee for this hour,
 To crown with triumph my defeated power ! 200
 The past appears a momentary dream,
 Or the faint glimmer of a watery beam,

That looks through murky clouds when the moon
pale

Wades in thick mist—and all the star lights fail ;
But now my mental energies are clear,
As noonday light—no spot upon the sphere ;
To thee, the praise I give—'tis only thou
That could have bent my mind against the foe ;
Marshall thy powers according to thy plan ;
Here will we plant ourselves—fight man to man. 210
Thy Albion brothers on the left will stand,
And guard with death the passage of the land !

“ Distrust me not. I feel sensations new,
Fanning my breast, their standards to subdue ;
In the late field my bosom fail'd of breath,
But now I feel to fight the fight of death !
We shall, we *will* prevail ! My nerves are strong,
To roll in thunder with the strife along !”

Vaunting he spoke. Tecumseh bent his head,
In moody silence, doubting what he said ; 220
But yet he felt a soothing in his breast,
That he his soul indignant had express'd.

Strong with the strength which in his bosom stirr'd,
He join'd his warriors—rous'd them at a word :

“ Now, face we death ! Each choose his shelter-
ing oak ;

Give ground no more. Let every heart be rock !”

As when the herald of infernal name,
Calls forth hell-labourers to the work of flame,
They hear the roughness of the clarion sound,
And rise in darkening multitudes around. 230

So when Tecumseh gave the signal word,
His clans arose with features stain'd abhorr'd.

With veteran judgment he displays the line,
 To slay the ranks where horse and foot combine ;
 A morass deep, gives safety to his right ;
 Himself in centre stands—death's messenger in fight.

Proctor had join'd his regal forces now,—
 To whom, like eloquence, his accents flow :
 “ Chambers, Warburton, Evans, Reynolds, all
 Who war for royal titles, hear the call ! 240
 Marshal for battle ! On the left extreme,
 Level the cannon to elance the flame !
 Than *this*, no farther shall the foe advance ;
 We'll meet them here with death's inheritance !
 In coward flight no longer will we fly ;
 Our strength augmented, they must yield or die ;
 Here will we stand and drive Kentucky hence ;
 Won is the field, when Albion makes defence !
 Pale fear cast backward to the waning moon ;
 This day we shine in glory with the sun ! 250
 Conquer but now, Columbia is our own ;
 Behold, we win an empire for the Crown !
 Let every Briton flame with fire his breast ;
 We fight, we conquer, and we rule the West !”

The royals heard and wonder'd at the sound,
 And thought his soul was touch'd with the profound ;
 They felt a gladness in their bosoms new,
 For now they judg'd their leader would be true.

Thus at the Falls that break Ohio's flood,
 Deep stagnant waters had for ages stood, 260
 Breeding all monstrous animals of earth ;
 Toads, scorpions, lizards,—millions at a birth ;

Green putrefaction with pestiferous breath,
 Exhal'd from rotten lungs cadaverous death ;—
 Behold, Industry comes with nervous hand
 And drains the marshes from th' infected land ;
 The toads, the scorpions, and the lizards die,
 And Putrefaction gasps in agony ;
 Exuberant Health comes blushing in the breeze ;
 The grape, the lily, and the loveliest trees 270
 Leap into life ! The City* smiles serene,
 To mark the prospect of the living scene ;
 New life, new joy, her every fibre thrills ;
 A laughing happiness her bosom fills.

So Proctor's voice reanimates to life
 His downcast legions to maintain the strife ;
 The columns presently in line display,
 And scowl defiance at the gathering fray.

Meanwhile, full breasted, the Kentuckians drive
 To crush the swarming of the savage hive ; 280
 Swift as their enemies before them fly,
 They leave behind their every luxury,
 From which the brave subsist abundantly.

Thus for three days ambitious they pursue
 The foe—to have with arms an interview ;
 But on the fourth,—as from meridian height,
 The sun his gold diffus'd, the Johnsons light
 On the same ground where Albion spent the night,
 The half-extinguish'd watch-fires smouldering by,
 Give truthful notice of their foemen nigh. 290

Shelby, the Johnsons, Harrison, Adair ;
 Croghan the youth—Whitley with hoary hair ;

* Louisville.

Barry, Crittenden—ornaments of earth ;
 Symral and Thompson—valiant from their birth,
 Stand in a group, advanc'd upon the ground,
 And thus to Johnson, Shelby's words resound :
 " Behold, hath come the harvest day of fame !
 Thrust in thy sickle—reap a glorious name !

" Ply the quick spur—dash bounding up the stream ;
 Search you the foe, ere farther we advance ; 300
 Trace his position with a wary glance ;
 Observe him well—if still upon the flight,
 Or marshall'd on the plain to brave the fight."

Fleet at the summons Johnson plied the goad,
 Dash'd along rapid, and devour'd the road ;
 As burns an arrow from an archer strong,
 So eager flew the chief and shot along ;
 His plume, white tipt with red, stream'd far behind,
 And danc'd redundant on the liquid wind.
 He curb'd his charger on commanding ground, 310
 And jealous mark'd the gather'd host around,
 Joy'd at the sight, his ardent soul took fire ;
 His every heart-string shiver'd with desire.

Thus when a mariner for three long years,
 Had plough'd the eastern and the western spheres ;
 At length, home bound, he makes the headland
 near—

But lo, a mist beclouds the objects dear ;
 At noon, before the gale it scattering flies,
 And Boston opens, sweet as Paradise !
 His soul is floating in a tide of bliss, 320
 Transported, tearful with his happiness.

So Johnson felt the passion of delight,
 To mark the allies ready for the fight.

His bosom calm'd,—he kenn'd with warrior skill
 Their posture of defence—wheel'd—made the hill,
 Where stood the chiefs :—They listen to his voice :

“ The hour hath come, that bids us to rejoice !
 Our anxious thoughts and weary toils are o'er ;
 The foe stands planted on yon field before !
 His posture of defence is artful chose ; 330
 Their left extreme is where the river flows ;
 A row of thunders their deep ranks support,
 Ready with flame our energies to thwart ;
 Tecumseh's strength is partially conceal'd
 By the thick growth that overshades the field ;
 He holds the right. A morass close at hand,
 Will make it vain to flank upon his band ;
 Hence, we must meet them open on the field,
 And arm to arm our ready falchions wield.

“ I to thy judgment would with deference plead, 340
 The charging onset of the war to lead.”

Him, Shelby answers : “ To proceed with horse
 Against train'd infantry, a novel course ;
 Yet will the charge succeed—'twill strike with awe,
 By its bold daring and decide the war.”

To Johnson, Harrison, “ Brave man, move forth ;
 Known is thy valour and thy patriot worth ;
 Proud in the senate hath thy tongue proclaim'd
 The nation's honour, which the foe defam'd ;
 Thine every thought is to thy country given ; 350
 Now lift thy glory to the light of heaven ;
 We shall be near thee to sustain thy path,
 And glean the field with desolating wrath.

“ Thy brother, rich in fame, will lead the right
 Against the Albions in the shock of fight ;

Whilst thou wilt thunder on Tecumseh's line,
 And prove the virtue of thy origin ;
 The infantry will charge with steel in hand,
 When once with blood we mark thy lifted brand.

“ Divide thy warriors for the bold assay ; 360
 The aged chief will nerve them for the fray.”

The horse stand column'd. Shelby's accents flow
 Warm from the heart and kindle on his brow :

“ Let one emotion animate the whole ;
 Hot chafe the bosom—rouse the smother'd soul ;
 Long have we toil'd the enemy to meet ;
 Endur'd the winter's cold—the summer's heat ;
 These toils are now no more—we charge them home ;
 A day to live in future years hath come !

“ Do not strange tremblings in your bosoms ply, 370
 Kindling your souls with immortality ?
 Yea—I behold in every eye the fire,
 Glancing the language of the heart's desire !
 Joy thrills the cords of life to mark the blaze !
 Strong in the strength of Liberty, up-raise
 The Eagle high in air—her wing to heaven
 Expand ! Fame,—fame eternal to your deeds be
 given !

“ Let him, who dreads the shock—with timid heart,
 Back from the honour of the day depart ;
 Never I'll stand beside a coward slave ; 380
 None shall advance who fear to find a grave !

* * * * *

“ None—none retire ! Each heart is ribb'd with
 steel ;
 Unconquerable band ! What joys I feel !

I seem in bloom of life—my years made young !
A flood of transport drowns my ravish'd tongue !
Let your advance be death—a chain of fire ;
In wrath, let blood-stain'd enemies expire !

“ But when they kneel, then, soften'd be as down ;
Let mercy raise the subjects of the crown ;
'Tis heaven's first virtue ever to forgive, 390
Hence, let the vanquish'd gentleness receive.

“ And should the fight give Proctor to your hand,
Let not his blood be seen upon the land ;
Death is a boon too rich for him to have ;
The field of battle is the warrior's grave ;
No : half his crimes by such a death would fade ;
To fall with heroes would exalt his shade.

“ Silent move forth, till they elance the blaze ;
Then—then the passions to a frenzy raise ;
And, while the Eagle screams along the sky, 400
Charge on with death—charge on with chivalry !”

His language gave a quickening to each part,
And seem'd to wind like lightning round the heart !

The columns, silent their positions take,
And list to hear the sounding bugles break
The signal to advance. Still as the breath,
That faintly languishes at sleep of death,
The elements remain—as though they felt
The time at hand, when sun and stars would melt ;
No leaf the forest stirs. Lo, Johnson's sword 410
Proclaims the sign more forcible than word ;
At once, the bugles answer with a sound,
That seems to shake the bosom of the ground ;
It strikes the breathless army on the rear,
Like Judgment trumpet when the dead appear !

The mounted warriors, at the signal note,
 Move forth like clouds, when slow on air they float ;
 Each heart strong-beating with the pulse of life,
 To reach the foe and mingle in the strife ;
 With eye undamp'd, they mark upon the heath, 420
 The ranks display'd to melt them down to death ;
 Fix'd in their purpose ere they force the charge,
 The enemy should stream his fire at large.

Now when the Albions heard the bugles sound,
 Proctor with Elliot vanish'd from the ground,
 But Reynolds, valiant thus : " Fear not, nor move !
 Now the heart's daring of the English prove ;
 And let them come ! With hearts and weapons strong,
 We'll sweep their columns in the dust along ;
 Think of our Alfred's, Henry's, Marlborough's blood,
 Who thrice their strength in battle have withstood ! 431
 And shall we give and falsify their name !
 Blush at the thought,—should heaven be fill'd with
 flame !

" The foe approaches ! mark ! Waken your ire !
 Mix steel with steel, and melting fire with fire !"

Through every breast his words as lightning run ;
 A hurrying death elanc'd from every gun,
 Solid at once !—the motion was so fleet,
 The blaze scorch'd heaven, unbroken in a sheet !
 Their steels they 'tempt to fix—not time have they,
 The Johnsons charge, and fierce begin the fray. 441

Loud as the crash of tempest-shiver'd oaks ;
 As dashing waters boil o'er pointed rocks ;
 As ocean's billows breaking on the shore ;
 As pealing thunders round the welkin roar ;

Such the vast tumult—such the deafening jar,
As dash the columns in the charge of war ;
The horses' feet deep echo to the skies ;
Thick clouds of dust in volumes vast arise ;
Half hid, half seen, the maddening ranks appear ; 450
Now their plumes show like live things in the sphere,
The rest is all obscure—save now and then,
The heads reveal themselves of tallest men,
Like the moon wading through the mist of clouds,
She shines a moment, then her glimmering shrouds ;
On—on they bound—as lightnings fiery sweep,
In blood the bosom of the earth to steep :
As when black whirlwinds from th' equator driven,
Split the dark clouds and dash them loose through
heaven ;

Bend the weak birches—rend the knotted oak, 460
And strike the wilderness with besom stroke ;
Sheets of black dust eclipse the solar ray ;
The mountains groan—earth reels beneath their sway ;
Ruin flies wasting on red wings of fire ;
The cavern monsters howlingly retire.

The Johnsons thus, like whirlwinds, thunder on ;
Thus break their lines—thus tramp the Britons down.

From front the columns having strew'd the dead :
“ Battalions ! wheel and rush their rear !” They said ;
The patriots turn—but ere they ply the heel, 470
The Albions crouch beneath the weight of steel !

But lo, Tecumseh in his pride withstands
The furious onset of the charging bands ;
Rice, Chambers, Thompson, Whitley, Church, unite
The centre columns of the foe to smite ;

Tekelah, Prophet—with their strength oppose
The Freedom warriors—blows resound on blows.
Tecumseh's voice the rage of battle pours,
Maddening the fight, which sounds to Erie's shores :

“ Warriors ! draw blood till every heart be dry ! 480
Like rocks which break the thunderbolts on high,
Stand in the strife ! As lightning blasts the heath,
So strike and blast the enemy with death ! ”

The savage heard, and rais'd th' infernal scream ;
Sharp glancing fires from flint-struck rifles stream ;
Supported thus, Tecumseh awful moves,
Like some dark ghost in lightning-kindled groves ;
As grass before the blade in summer dies,
So on the field sink friends and enemies.

In different parts are different actions seen, 490
Equal the bravest of the brave of men :

Now Whitley and Tekelah close with rage,
And fierce in hand with bloody axe engage.

As when two panthers meet upon the heath,
And mix in combat with their claws and teeth ;
Nor this nor that give ground—in desperate mood,
They gash, and gash—their bodies smear'd with
blood.

Thus Whitley and the brawny savage close ;
And thus their blood from sudden gashes flows ;
At length, the hoary veteran smites his brow ! 500
Tekelah whirls—then sudden drops below ;
Blood from his nostrils in a foaming flow.

Whitley now glancing at Tecumseh's form,
Dark with the horrors of the rising storm,
Rushes to quench the brand that flam'd the war ;
His white locks waving in the troubled air ;

He stands—he draws the rifle to his eye ;
The sparkles catch the dust—the ruins fly
To search him through the heart ! but by quick
wheel,

At the brief instant that the hammer'd steel 510
Fretted with fire—the ball Tecumseh shunn'd ;
Yet blood is seen to trickle on the ground ;
Deep through his shoulder is the gory wound ;
Fierce he recoils upon his aged foe,
And rapid hurls the never-failing blow ;
The coated axe, thick-matted o'er with hairs,
Wide through his convoluted bowels tears !
As sinks an aged elm before the blast,
So fell the warrior and expir'd his last.

Tecumseh forth, when he the sage had kill'd, 520
Dash'd like a tempest o'er the burning field,
Kindling the strife ! A savage host rush on
To scalp his hoary locks to please the Throne !
Prophet, impetuous, desperate in his might,
Leads on the wild-men to the murderous rite ;
Thompson dismounts his charger at a bound,
And meets the howling savage on the ground ;
His bold battalion render him support
To guard the body with a proud effort ;
As two dark rolling streams from adverse hills, 530
Supplied with water from a thousand rills,
Mingle with madness in the vale below ;
So Thompson's warriors mingle with the foe.

As round they wield the axe, blood marks its edge ;
Man crowds on man in battle's dreadful wedge !
At times the slaughter thins the stifling press,
But that augments, not makes the carnage less,—

By giving freedom to their arms and breath,
The axes drive more sure the stroke of death.

At length, the Prophet in the dust is laid, 540
Floating in blood by Thompson's reeking blade ;
The savages give way :—the patriots seize
Whitley the prize—and, from the slaughter, raise
And bear him forth to those upon the rear,
Who place the veteran on his martial bier ;
A bier more honour'd than the bed of state,
Where kings are laid to make their burial great.

As Thompson's band with Whitley's corse with-
drew,
Johnson gave madness to the battle new :
" Kentuckians ! elevate the soul on high, 550
As in the fields of ancient chivalry !
Arise—spare not ! Fight on with courage bold,
Like Clark and Estill in the days of old,
With Logan by their side ! Smite down the foe ;
Let savage blood be seen at every blow !"

He put his valour forth ;—and like a star
Blazing through heaven, he shone in thickest war.
His banded strength pursued ! The battle roars,
Like outrag'd ocean breaking on the shores ;
Like showering hail, sharp whistling, whiz the lead, 561
And every volley magnifies the dead ;
The noise disturbs the elements around ;
The gushing blood makes drunk the thirsty ground.

As when from mountain tops small streams de-
scend,
Swelling and maddening as their channels bend ;

The brooks augment to rivers as they flow,
Which roar, and foam, and flood the vales below.

Like this, the conflict swells. The Thames
turns red,
The field around with darkness overspread.

Johnson engag'd, beholds Tecumseh nigh ; 570
They stop—and roll at each a lowering eye ;
As two dark clouds frown opposite in wrath,
Muttering deep thunders to th' affrighted earth,
So frown they dismal with a tightening breath ;
Threatening each other with a look of death !

Behold, Tecumseh—rapid to his face,
His rifle bears—to end the Johnson race ;
Slaughter the foremost of Kentucky's sons,
Within whose veins a tide of honour runs ;
He blinds the vision of his left—his right 580
Burns like the polar star in wintry night,
And fastens on the head. The ruins fly,
And tear his hip and lacerate his thigh ;
One strikes his hand, that holds the guiding rein,
But saves the chief from falling with the slain,
For, with unerring line it aim'd his breast,
But the wrist bones obliqu'd it to the west ;
Yet unappall'd, the hero in his right
Retain'd with iron grasp his weapon tight ;
So lost in action, he forgot his pain, 590
Though in fast drops his blood bedew'd the plain.

Tecumseh rushes—rais'd his axe to throw
The whirling hatchet at his wounded foe ;

Johnson presents the hidden death—and aims ;
Touches the spring ! searching of life it flames—
Beneath his lifted arm, swift flies the shot,
And opes the fountain of his bosom hot ;
The sixth rib fractures—heart through centre rent—
The passion'd blood spouts hissing from the vent ;
With feeble force Tecumseh throws the axe ; 600
His arm gives way—his strength dissolves like wax ;
He reels—he sinks to earth—he gasps—he dies ;
His soul ascends its native paradise.

So once, in years gone by, the mammoth trod
Kentucky's wiles, as some superior god ;
A bolt of thunder from a cloud in heaven,
Against the iron of his skull was driven ;
He shook it off ! Another flew amain ;
Like to the first he glanc'd it on the plain,
Which in its progress spread a ruin round, 610
The rocks before it shatter'd to the ground ;
At length, another from the magazine
Came, lightning-drove, to search his heart within ;
Between his ribs of brass it rent its way,
And, through his shoulder, forc'd itself to day ;
Staggering, he fell ! Earth groan'd beneath the blow,
As though a mountain had its overthrow.

Thus fell the great Tecumseh in his might,—
And with him fell the spirit of the fight.

Soon, Johnson's charger, wounded through his
 life 620
 By balls that shower'd like April rain in strife,
 Sinks, fainting to the earth, deep stain'd with gore ;
 And all the glory of his strength is o'er.

He paws the blood-soak'd heath with dying throes,
Eyeing his master whom he yet still knows ;
And, for a time, forgets his sweating pains,
To see him pale and weltering on the plains ;
The fire that burnt within his eye subsides ;
Each inspiration bathes his milk-white sides
In crimson foam—but when his breath expires, 630
The vital fountain in his chest retires ;
Faint and more faint, his mouth is on the plain ;
At times he lifts it up—but now, alas, in vain !
He turns upon his side—he gasps for breath ;
He chills—he shivers in the pangs of death !

Harrison, Shelby, with reserve press'd forth,
As Johnson, bleeding, sunk upon the earth.

But lo, the Fiend in counterfeited form
Came sweeping forward like a rushing storm ;
His borrow'd lineaments of savage race 640
Deep trench'd the wrinkles in his haggard face ;
Beneath his iron brows his eyeballs roll'd,
Whose glance the hell within his bosom told ;
An angry sparkle shot from every hair,
Which stood erect, and quiver'd in the air.

A half-tam'd tyger bore him in his path,
And thus to Shelby he began in wrath :

“ My name is Burning Mountain ! Stay thy host,
Or by slow fire thy aged limbs shall roast !
Yea—dare to pass to give thywarriors aid, 650
Thy splinter'd body shall on coals be laid !”

He ended scowling with tempestuous look,
And o'er the veteran's head his axe he shook.

“ Dark form ! my soul was never known to dread
A burning Mountain or a ghost of dead !
Give place—retire to where th’ unrighteous dwell,
Or quick I’ll search the secret of thy hell !”

No more, with patience could the Tyrant bear ;
He rais’d his axe with a convulsive air
To smite him in his strength ! But lo, his life 660
Was by Fredonia shielded in the strife ;
Invisible, his sword she touch’d its edge,
That with the Spirit he might combat wage.

“ And durst thou wake the tempest of my soul ?
Monster ! feel death—or bow to my control !”

Astonishment ! the counterfeit he thrust ;
And made him sink submissive in the dust ;
The hallow’d touch of the celestial hand,
Made the steel burn like seven-times heated brand !
Th’ infernal blood, black issu’d from the wound, 670
And hiss’d, and smok’d, and boil’d upon the ground ;
Thick from his nostrils pour’d a cloud of night,
In which he roll’d his form, and vanish’d from the
sight.

The tyger which he rode assum’d its form ;
It shrunk to earth a reptile scorpion worm,
And wound like crooked lightning o’er the plain ;
But soon it shelter’d ’neath the savage slain.

None, by the tumult in their mind, conceiv’d
The sage had more than mortal acts achiev’d.

The veteran leads th’ impatient army forth ; 680
The wild-men scatter broken to the north ;
The elder Johnson thunders on their rear,
And hurls them slaughter in their path severe.

While this transpir'd, the younger Johnson lay,
Bleeding by slow degrees his life away ;
His eye mov'd languid, and his lips turn'd pale,
While in his ear, Death sung his doleful tale.

Thompson and Barry, Crittenden and Payne,
Haste to remove him, weltering on the plain ;
On a soft litter with an easy tread, 690
They bear him backward from the scene of dead ;
On downy pallet, in pavilion large,
To anxious surgeons they resign their charge,
Who forth with ready hands the blood suppress,
And sprinkle water in his marble face ;
But all of no avail—his eyelids close
Half down—and half the fading eye expose.

The soldiers sighing past the tent would stray,
And cast a look and wish themselves away ;
Yet would they stand and linger round the brave, 700
Whispering to heaven, his valiant life to save ;
Fast by his couch his weeping nephews stood,
And press'd his cheek, and wip'd the dying blood.

Meantime the sadness through the army spread,
Their favourite chief was number'd with the dead !

His conquering brother having sheath'd his blade,
Crimson with slaughter in the battle made,
Now catches the report that loads the gale ;
Various, but icy, the pathetick tale.

He seeks the tent, and finds him in his blood ; 710
He stands in silence with his soul subdu'd,
Pressing his hand ! His tears his heart betray
To see his brother languishing away.

At length, the utterance of his tongue returns,
Whilst with affection all his bosom yearns :

"Wake, O my brother !—listen to my voice !
 One breathing whisper will my heart rejoice !
 O, but one farewell from thy lips be given,
 And I'll resign thee, if I must, to heaven."

The hero waken'd at the well-known tongue, 720
 And with soft press his hand with trembling wrung :
 Lifted the curtains of his eye serene,
 And cheer'd his brother with a smiling mein ;
 A bless'd sensation shot along his soul,
 As boreal light that quickens round the pole.

Thus a fond mother, with despairing wo,
 Marks in her infant each convulsive throe,
 Sickening to death. Deep, solemn, silent, pale,
 She counts the pulses as they ebbing fail ;
 Lo, while she stands thus rack'd with her despair, 730
 Her dying infant smiles a healthful air !
 Her heart is ravish'd at the joyous sight ;
 Her every fibre shivers with delight.

So when he press'd his brother's hand and smil'd,
 Each anxious bosom with its transport thrill'd ;
 They lean to hear his voice—yet still they fear,
 That they intrusive will disturb him near :

"Thy voice, my brother, hath new wak'd my life,
 And call'd it back from death's conflicting strife ;
 But O, how rich the luxury to die, 740
 When circled in the arms of Victory !
 I scarce can thank thee—yet thou know'st my heart ;
 I meant not so : till Death shall hurl the dart,
 With resignation, happy will I live,
 And to my country every effort give ;
 For her I bleed—to her devote each day,
 Till heaven shall lap this mortal dust in clay."

Here, he half fainted on his brother's breast,
But found a pillow there as soft as angel's rest.

The meantime Suggett with a chosen band, 750
Seeking for Proctor, bounded o'er the land ;
With stimulating spur they urg'd their way,
Swift as strong eagles searching for their prey.

Chill'd at his heart, oft Proctor bent his eyes
Back on his path :—And now he pale descries
The horsemen wind the hill ! “ The steeds urge on !
I feel them at my vitals ! lost—undone !
I—where ? what manner ?—where can I conceal ?
In yonder cavern !—thousand deaths I feel !”

By this, the Fiend, that sways the world accurst, 760
Had clos'd his wound receiv'd by mortal thrust,
And, through the cloud, observ'd the grievous state
Of his begotten, shivering with his fate.

Behold, as Proctor op'd his chariot door,
He stoop'd his wings—and on his shoulders bore
His darling child ! Without the change of death,
Glad, he conducts him to the realms beneath !

Suggett observ'd the movements of the Fiend,
And saw him seize and bear from earth his friend ;
None but the holy man the Form beheld ; 770
Such was the virtue to his soul reveal'd,
The others thought he'd vanish'd in the cave,
His forfeit life from their pursuit to save.

“ Go—speed thy way to darkness with thy sire !
Hell's gulf is yawning with its jaws of fire !
Great is my joy to see thee grappled fast,
By him, the monarch of the scorching blast.”

As the last word the reverend warrior spoke,
The head of Proctor was conceal'd in smoke.

Till setting sun, the dead the patriots urn, 780
Ready at day triumphant to return ;
They dream of glowing visions through the night,
And wake, and form their marching files at light ;
The numerous captives in the centre stand ;
A measur'd league they stretch along the land ;
The brazen guns, that Hull to Brock resign'd,
Are, with due honours, to the front assign'd.
Arms, martial instruments, luxurious spoils,
Fall to the brave to recompense their toils.

And now, their march for Sandwich they pursue ;
On the sixth day, the lake expands in view ;
The fleet, a passage to Detroit afford,
Where to the fort the cannon are restor'd ;
This done—for Raisin they advance their way ;
And reach the fatal ground at eve of second day.

* * * * *

Alas, the scene that opens on the sight !
The fields around with untomb'd bones are white !
From every eye the drops of grief descend ;
Some mourn a brother—some a bosom friend ;
The son, his hoary sire,—the sire, his son, 800
Adown whose cheeks the trickling sorrows run ;
Murderers, their captives now ! but yet no look,
No vengeance threat'ning of their lives is spoke !
But to their cruel, worse than savage foe,
A kind indulgence the Kentuckians show ;
Yea—were they brothers, friends, instead of men,
Who late had acted such a death-cold scene,

They could no more, than bounteous they receiv'd
From hands whose souls unrighteous they had griev'd.

At length, with Freedom form'd upon his right, 810
And those that murder'd—opposite in sight,
Shelby begins : “ The brave are ever great,
Through every scene in high or low estate ;
I've seen you suffer by a merc'less foe,
Without a wrinkle knitted on your brow ;
I've seen you rush to war, sublime in soul,
And fire, and carnage through the battle roll ;
I've seen you bind their wounds—their feelings calm,
When they have knelt beneath your victor arm ;
My heart was gladden'd to behold these scenes, 820
In future bards to wake immortal strains ;
Though these are acts which bright as heaven appear,
Yet they with present deeds can ne'er compare.

“ Here, on my right, I see my children slain,
Whose bones are whiten'd by the sun and rain ;
Here, on my left, the murderers captive stand,
Presented, generous, with kind Friendship's hand !

“ Historick Muse ! thy lengthen'd scroll display !
Bring the past deeds of nations into day !
Ken every syllable—line, word, and page, 830
From Time's first dawning to the present age ;
Where can you point the page, the line, the word,
That will with this exalted deed accord ?
None—none appears ! A virtue *new* must rise ;
Pen it, O Muse !—and waft it to the skies !

* * * * *

“ My heart is full. Sad office now remains ;
The bones to gather, scatter'd o'er the plains,

And shroud them in the dust,—then, with a tear,
Pay the last tribute to the warrior's bier."

Slow move the patriots with a weeping eye, 840
Anxious their brothers, fathers, to descry ;
But O how vain ! Distinctive marks are lost ;
Save the blank frame, all moulder'd into dust !

How must this scene subdue the heart of pride !
Let not the young the aged nerve deride :
Here lies, O thoughtless youth !—a form once fair ;
A glowing heart that never felt despair ;
His lambent eye did once on beauty rove ;
Pierc'd her soft bosom with the looks of love ;
These charms are fled—sad change ! Now all re-
mains 850
Are whiten'd bones stretch'd naked on the plains !

The grief-pale mourners place them in the earth,
While the soul's fountain from their eyes streams forth ;
With clay-cold dust, they shroud them from the view,
And sigh with aching hearts, their long, and last adieu !

* * * * *

Slow, homeward as they move,—lo ! from a cloud,
Fredonia's voice is heard, more sweet than loud :

" Mourn not, nor weep—their souls to joys are
given ;

Mourn not, nor weep—there's glorious rest in heaven !"

CANTO XX.

**INVASION OF CANADA AT
QUEENSTOWN.**

ARGUMENT.

About the same period that Proctor invested Fort Meigs, Brown took command at Sacket's Harbour....Van Rensselaer is detached to Lewistown, who, on his arrival, prepares for a Descent upon Queenstown....A Traitor....The Storming of the Heights.

The scene is laid at Sacket's Harbour, Lewistown, Fort George, and Queenstown....The time is ten days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XX.

DURING the time that Shelby in the West
His arms employ'd to tame the savage breast,
Around the borders of Ontario far
The deafening turbulence of clamorous war
Rag'd like the breaking of the clouds in heaven,
When the pent thunders to the earth are driven.

Now, as the Muse the plans of warfare sung
In Freedom's capitol, her theme but young,
Brown was selected by the President
To place his name among the eminent, 10
Whose deeds stand blazon'd on immortal scroll,
Who broke from kings the sceptre of control.

The State of Penn was honour'd with his birth ;
Born near the spot of Trenton's hallow'd earth ;
Often he trac'd where Washington had trod,
Which caus'd a sacred thrilling of his blood.

In his first years, the village school he taught ;
Nor higher dignity of fame he sought
Than aid the budding of the mind to bloom,
And the dark chambers of the soul illumine ; 20

No sound of mustering war disturb'd his ear,
Though even then the Albion character
Was deep encrimson'd with the damning crime,
Impressment, never to be lost in time :
But yet the Nation thought to check the sin,
Without the storm of battle to begin ;
Hence, to enlarge his mind, he bent his views
And strove the light of science to infuse
In the warm bosom of his country's youth,
And make their minds ennobled with the truth ; 30
Knowing, what heaven eternally design'd,
That Freedom ever should exist with mind.

Thus did his years glide on, till rumour'd war
Spread with hoarse accent through the land afar ;
He snatch'd his sword—unsheath'd it to the light,
Determin'd never, till his country's right
Should be establish'd, its keen edge to blind,
Unless, in arms, he honour'd death should find.

The fashion of his limbs bespeaks the man,
Solid in strength—exact to nature's plan ; 40
His ample bosom holds a heart that bounds,
When dread the bugle the mad charge resounds ;
Yet, when the flag of peace is seen to float,
Its pulses calm—it loves the gentle note
That vibrates round the mellow scenes at home,
Where songs of sweetness echo to the loom.

His voice is gifted with expression strong ;
And when he speaks, deep judgment clothes his
tongue ;

His look is somewhat stern—his eye is hid,
Partial, by the contraction of the lid ; 50

But view it well, and obvious you'll remark
Beneath the frown, an unextinguish'd spark
Of vital burning :—Thus the orb of gold,
When overspread with intervening fold,
Is not discern'd, beheld with careless eye,
Though proud it holds its station in the sky ;
But mark it well, we then observe its form
Majestick, grand, though struggling with the storm.

When Brown by Madison was cloth'd with power
To guide the battle in the fearful hour, 60
He, to the Harbour* at Ontario's wave,
Advanc'd—where chiefs, with native valour brave,
Before him had assembled :—Scott, a name
Never to perish, from Virginia came ;
Gaines was his brother by parental State ;
And each, in daring, had a soul innate ;
The next was Ripley—child of woody Maine,
Who, midst of carnage, kept his mind in chain ;
Wool, Morris, Christie, Forsythe, Wadsworth, Pike ;
And none, in virtue, earth sustains their like ; 70
The venerable Swift, and Rensselaer,
Frosted with age, amid the group appear.

The Muse her page with numbers might enlarge,
To whom the bugle, giving out the charge,
Was musick to their ears—but these above,
The first in brilliancy of honour move.

So thus in autumn, when serene the sky,
The stars show splendid in the galaxy ;
Some, more magnificent with light appear,
But all with glory decorate the sphere ; 80

* Sacket's Harbour.

Not otherwise these names conspicuous stand,
Rank'd with the foremost of the patriot band ;
And each will shine an unextinguish'd star,
Till years are lost in rolling ages far.

Now as the mountains, cloth'd in foliage green,
Are lin'd with golden light—the chiefs convene
At Brown's pavilion, his commands to hear ;
And while he speaks, each holds attentive ear :

“ Warriors ! 'tis ours the nation's strength to wield,
And curb the royal arms upon the field ; 90
On us, our country bends an anxious eye,
To stand the bulwark of her Liberty.

“ While Shelby holds the circle of the west,
Presenting to the foe an iron breast,
Down from Niagara to the smooth Champlain,
We, from invasion, must the soil maintain,
And jealous guard it from a foeman's tread,
Walling the land with steel-crown'd bayonets dread.

“ This purpose to accomplish, Rensselaer,
Proceed to Lewistown, with fire to sear 100
The centre of their hearts in battle shock,
Should they from you withhold the Queenstown
rock.

“ A line of infantry awaits you there,
Anxious to bring their energies to bear
Against the Heights : From Massachusetts, late,
They march to aid us to defend the state
Against oppression. Strong sustains the band—
Brother to him, who governs in the land ;
At times, I doubt, they'll move like patriots on,
Such sore divisions pull their valour down ; 110

But you will weigh with judgment, when you find
The strength or weakness that pervades their mind.

“ Now, while Macdonough shall defend Champlain,
The different passes Macomb will maintain ;
Pike in the centre will abide with me,
T’ invade, or guard against the enemy ;
The fleet of Chauncey, with his seamen hale,
Will soon be ready on the lake to sail.

“ Let every eye be open on the foe,
That when we strike, their glittering standards bow ;
This to fulfil, forth to your place repair,
And prove by action what of souls ye are.”

The warriors heard his purposes, and wheel’d,
And rank’d their ready squadrons on the field ;
The aged Rensselaer turns—marches west ;
Though small his number, iron is their breast ;
Eighteen times fifty constitute his line,
To pass the flood and do the bold design ;
With Strong’s battalions nothing more he’ll need,
Should Strong himself prove valiant in the deed. 130

Scott, Christie, Gansevoort, Randolph, Morris,
Lent ;
Mulaney, Vallance, Wadsworth—eminent ;
Bloom, Armstrong, Kearney, Malcolm, Fenwick,
Carr,
Ogilvie, Sampsons,—characters of war ;
And Rensselaer,* whose throbbing heart beat full ;
MacChesney, Gibson, Stannahan, and Wool ;
And Mead, and Baker, Towson, Lawrence, brave,
To lead to battle o’er Niagara’s wave.

* Col. Van Rensselaer.

On the tenth day, the sun descending clear,
They enter'd Lewistown with Rensselaer 140
Whiten'd with age, their banners floating proud,
The drums shrill beating their advancement loud.

During one moon, ere they approach'd the site,
With six battalions, Strong, in armour bright,
Had gain'd the village—waiting Rensselaer,
To pass Niagara—mocking at the fear ;
(Strong had reported of his strength to Brown,
By Dexter, rising to a fair renown.)

Brief, when the echo of the drums was done,
To Rensselaer, he anxiously begun : 150

“ Though late, you give us joy. Since *here*, one
moon

Has wax'd and wan'd in heaven, expecting soon
To see thy train approach. Impatiently
We've gaz'd, and gaz'd, to view thy banners fly,
Gladdening the breeze. My warriors long to press,
And crush the foe for Raisin's savageness ;
By patient words, in part I've cool'd their flame—
But, at the instant thy battalions came,
They seem'd like wolves, when greedy in their ire
To fasten on their prey—eyes glancing fire, 160
They long to pass the wave, and climb the height
Of yonder battlements in shock of fight ;
Oft as they mark the banner o'er the stream,
The burning of their eye is meteorous gleam ;
Not soothing words will smother their desire ;
Their hearts—each vein—their very blood is fire
To leap upon the foe with bayonet—sword—
Make but the sign—death melts them at the word !”

While this description of his ranks he gave,
The general listen'd with an aspect grave : 170
“ Soon shall their murmurings cease, for lack of
toil—

At morrow's dawn we tread the hostile soil !
Without delay, the warriors I'll inform
My swift intention to begin the storm.”

This answer said, they pass'd along the field,
While with each other they a converse held.

Marshall'd in columns, both divisions stood ;
Squadrons of Strong—and those who trac'd the flood
Of the Ontario lake. The volunteers,
When they the chief beheld of former years, 180
Brandish'd their weapons in the glancing light,
And boisterous shouted : “ Lead us to the Height !
Our souls are on the wing to stem the flood,
And climb yon battlements and spill their blood !”

When had the echo ceas'd—the veteran then :
“ Deliberate valour marks the deeds of men ;
Mistake me not, to smother aught of fire,
Or curb a warrior of his bold desire ;
But then the lion never chafes with heat ;
Conscious, he feels the battle-day to meet ; 190
Frequent it happens, words reduce the mind ;
They waste the substance—shadows stay behind.

“ So as the wine in the alembick boils,
Or the sweet spices, rich with odorous oils ;
The more it foams, the weaker is its strength ;
The dregs are all remaining there at length,
While the choice odours and the spirits rare,
Are spent and scatter'd in the vacant air.

“ Thus when our words without reflection rise,
They waste the power to quail our enemies. 200

“ But far from me to dampen, or deride
A heart that beats to line. Let each confide
Firm in his native strength, when the dark hour
Of fiery tumult shall around him lower.

“ Time’s hurrying wings the moments rapid move
To test your virtue—patriotism prove ;
At noon of night, in pointed steel arise,
To pass the rock-ribb’d stream, and, by surprise,
Ascend yon eagle Heights, and storm the foe,
And strike the Blood-Cross from the welkin low.” 210

The volunteers rejoin’d with voices shrill :
“ Yon Heights are ours, or our best blood shall spill !”

But those, who late from Brown’s position came,
Stood silent in their strength :—A smother’d flame
Was pent within their heart : an untam’d look,
From lowering eyes, more loud than shoutings spoke.

The storm proclaim’d, each to his station hies
To be prepar’d to wrestle for the prize.

Arnold the infamous, for treason done,
In Strong’s battalions had a graceless son, 220
Who bore the nation’s banner for his rank ;
His soul corrupt, as though he’d copious drank
At the dire fountain of corruption’s stream ;
Frequent his father visited his dream.

To riot in loose pleasure was his zeal,
Reckless of virtue or the publick weal ;
With mind debauch’d with vice, he apprehends
The action just, that satisfies his ends,

Whatever are the means—can ne'er retain,
To practise virtue was the noblest gain. 230

From his first years he lov'd the spendthrift's part,
Which, like an adder, wound about his heart,
Pouring its deadly poison through his frame ;
Setting the passion of his soul in flame.

Beneath the rocks, he sought deep solitude,
And thus the workings of his brain pursu'd :

“ And is it not insufferable, that I
Longer should bear this weight of poverty ?
Scarce does my grade a beggar's part afford ;
An insult to my character and sword ; 240
And must I ever bear this loathsome thrall ?
The very thought my bosom turns to gall !
Who, that has pride, indignant would not feel,
To be compell'd, like slave in chains to kneel
To him, whom chance more dignified has made,
Whilst all my deeds are buried in the shade ?

“ Am not I mock'd, by reason that my name
Is that of Arnold ?—where in me is blame
For what my father did ? I love my soil,
And would most cheerful for its freedom toil : 250
And do they thus the son of Hull depress ?
No—he receives an honourable caress !

“ Never my taste was made for savage food,
But such as earth supplies of luxuries good ;
None that have educated thoughts can live
On the small means, that officers receive ;
Then, how above the multitude, can I
Erect my brow—maintain my dignity ?

“ My dignity ! This comes of royal name ;
But equal Freedom sinks the soul to shame ; 260

This said, with silent feet he made the shore,
And skimm'd the waters in a light skiff o'er ; 290
The Fiend was near, and aided him to pass,
Smoothing the waters to a stream of glass.

“ Who interrupts the night ?” The watch-guard
cried ;

“ Friend !” soft the traitor in his turn replied ;
“ A friend who comes to warn thee of a blow,
Prepar'd to smite thee with an overthrow !
Guide me to Vincent, who commands the hold,
That I the brewing danger may unfold.”

The parley ended,—him the sentry led
To Vincent, late retiring to his bed ; 300
His troops for many hours had lost the world,
Its cares perplexing, in oblivion hurl'd,
Save Myers, his second officer to lead,
And Manners, valiant in the day of need.

Vincent abrupt : “ Your character and name ?”

“ My name is Arnold : from thy foe I came ;
I am of Arnold—noted for the bold—
But not to thee his courage need be told :
I hold the rank to wave a standard there ;
But now to you important things I bear.” 310

He broach'd his hell. Vincent in haste rejoins :
“ I'm fix'd attention—open their designs !
Yes—in your lineaments, I well descry
Your father's features and his very eye ;
His heart was steel and fire. I knew him well ;
I'm proud you visit us. The tidings tell.”

Thus he. Then Arnold brief: "The plan is
laid,

At sign of day, thy fortress to invade."

"I comprehend you not! Said you at light,
That those of Lewistown would storm the Height?
It is not truth—not possible indeed,
They'll boat the flood and to these rocks proceed!

"I pray you speak what numbers they can form,
That I may guard against the coming storm."

"The volunteers of Strong are thousands two;
But much I doubt their courage will be true;
With Rensselaer, nine hundred warriors came;
But death alone can overwhelm their name."

"They'll never dare the deed! They'll see their
fault—

They'll never dare to venture the assault; 330
They 'tempt it, and they die.—Yea—sudden death
Will seize their heart, and strangle them beneath!
Ere that a barge will ever touch the land,
Their bodies will be wash'd upon the strand,
Or feed the hungry monsters of the wave;
The man that dares attempt, will find a grave!

"My strength is equal to defend me now,
Against the utmost darings of the foe;
But wisdom plans the future worst to guard,
Triumphal honours yields a proud reward. 340

"Manners, bound forth—let lightning be thy speed;
A moment now, no value can exceed;

Fly to the Chippewa—bid Calloose there,
 With all his fighting men to this repair ;
 And Myers, 'tis yours with rapidness to hie
 Down to fort George—the same your embassy ;
 There, you'll salute the royal-knighted Brock,
 And make it known, they war upon the Rock ;
 Urgent solicit him without delay
 T' advance, if possible, ere twilight day." 350
 His chiefs, unanswering, his commands obey.

Turning to Arnold, hasty he began :
 " As recompense that you reveal'd the plan,
 A royal captain, I create you now ;
 Thou art the shield that warded off the blow ;
 Secure I thought myself against assault,
 But thou hast taught me to correct my fault."

The traitor's bosom beat with prospects high ;
 But Vincent wheeling, barr'd him from reply ;
 From couch to couch, with spirit in his breast, 360
 He call'd his warriors to forget their rest :

" Britons ! awake ! or never think to rise !
 The foe is bent to rush us in surprise !
 Shake off this mocking death ! Each part make sure
 Against assault. Your royalty secure ;
 The brass, that mock the thunder, charge with balls !
 Arise—awake ! imperious duty calls !
 Each bosom be a rock, nor danger fear,
 And death shall meet them for a messenger !"

- They heard—half dreaming from their slumbers
 broke, 370
 A wild emotion glaring every look.

In Boston thus, at solemn time of night,
No object stirring save the meteor's flight,
Lo, through her proud Exchange—a gorgeous pile
Of splendid halls, where numbers dream'd the while
Of ships return'd with India's merchandise ;
Of wealth abundant, from the lottery prize ;
Or rapture glancing from the eye of love ;
A cry of fire came thundering from above !
Tumult abounding—dreamers dash'd from bed, 380
Awak'd with horror and convuls'd with dread !

So sprang the Albions from their slumberings forth,
To hear a tempest gathering into birth.

They drive with hurrying pulse and labouring
breath
In the brass mouths the canisters of death ;
Soon stand the engines planted with a frown,
Th' invading barges in the surf to drown,
Should any dare the stream—whilst every soul
Impatient waits to hear the signal roll.

Till this, the waxing Moon with ivory horns 390
Had wash'd with silver light the hills and lawns ;
But now she sinks behind the mountain's height,
And leaves the world embrac'd in smoothing night.

Inconstant Moon ! farewell !—O, why so coy—
To shine so sweet in heaven and swell with joy
My gazing soul—and then, withdraw thy beam,
And mock my hope with a delusive dream !
Farewell !—I cast thee from my bosom far,
And place my heart on some unchanging Star ;
At times, I thought thee wedded to my breast ; 400
When lo, thou hid'st thy beauty in the west !

Sad, with a tear I bid thy charms adieu,
To seek some lov'd one with affection true.

Come to my heart, thou Star, whose hallow'd ray
Hath never dwindled since creation's day !
Maid of North ! How sweet the lovely Seven,
In mystick dance, swim round thy beams in heaven !
My love is rapture. Thou hast mark'd mine eye
Pour on thy beauty, center'd in the sky !
Oft hath my soul gaz'd,—worshipp'd thee alone, 410
Till my lips seem'd to kiss thee on thy throne !
The Moon—I name her not—for thou art mine,
To make my tongue speak wonderous things divine !

* * * * *

Where have I bent my thoughts ? O tell me
where ?

In heaven—on earth ?—I'm lost in transports rare !

Descend, O Muse, nor think that thou canst live
With deities, that light eternal give !
Descend to earth, and leave this wildness high—
Man is thy theme—flesh—ashes—dust—mortality.

* * * * *

At hour of midnight, strengthen'd in their mind, 420
Columbians rise to do the work design'd ;
The chief impatient for the bold assay,
Passes the lines, that nothing might delay
To navigate the stream. With souls awake,
To brace their blood, of viands they partake ;
Their keen-edg'd appetite makes sweet the taste,
And not with idle forms the moments waste.

These brief instructions from the veteran come,
“ In column form without the tell-tale drum,

Whose babbling echo would the foe alarm, 430
And place him ready with defensive arm."

Th' attentive warriors, with unsounding feet,
Move on the ground with spirit-motion fleet ;
In close-wedg'd column on the field they stand,
Fix'd in attention to receive command
To stem Niagara's torrent. Rensselaer
Approaches and gives musick to their ear :

" Warriors !—behold the shades of waning night
Fly off apace, to bring the welcome light
To loom the path, which leads to the emprise— 440
When, steel in hand, we grapple for the prize !

" Son of my brother,* thou wilt lead the van,
Tyger in battle, though in heart a man :
Float thy battalions in advancement o'er,
Six hundred strong, and land upon the shore.
Christie, display the same of equal worth,
And, in the charge, their gallantry put forth ;
Ascend the Heights with bayonets, lead, a shower ;
Beat down the Cross, and let the Eagle tower. 449

" Scott, play the batteries. Baker, Towson, brave,
Supply him with your strength to guard the wave,
Should the foe, jealous, notice our design,
And strive with brass to sweep away the line.

" Ever a soldier for the worst should guard ;
For every evil be his mind prepar'd,
And then, no accident will cause surprise,
Should fires made hot with sudden whirlwinds rise."

Scarce this had echo'd from his aged tongue,
When Dexter, hurrying forth—(an aid to Strong)

* Col. Van Rensselaer.

With rapid accents thus : " Sage Rensselaer !
 Lo, our intentions to the foe, I fear,
 Are openly reveal'd ! Of our brigade,
 Arnold the younger, to his ear has laid
 The manner of attack ! Void is his post—
 Sad I forebode his character is lost !
 Oft have I heard him at his means deride ;
 His whole campaign a day scarce satisfied."

Strong strengthen'd his report : " No doubt re-
 mains,

But he hath left us for corrupting gains ;
 To slippery pleasures was the traitor given, 470
 Whose votaries oft to desperate acts are driven."

While this was utter'd, every heart was dumb ;
 The damping news made every nerve feel numb ;
 'Twas like a blast, which, rising from the sand
 Of burning desert, passes o'er the land,
 Scorching the future harvest in its bloom,
 Fill'd with contagion to supply the tomb ;
 The peasant marks his hopes and labours lost ;
 And through his blood perceives a creeping frost.

* * * * *

The younger Rensselaer at length express'd 480
 The native passion stirring in his breast :

" My father's brother—chief of ancient fame,
 Never this treachery my heart shall tame ;
 And let the traitor our intentions show ;
 In open day I'll strike upon the foe !
 Yea—should their thunders jar the wall'd-up shore,
 And death flash round me in a blazing shower,
 I'll move upon the Rock ! Instant, at dawn,
 I'll pass the stream and lead *the hope forlorn !*"

His voice breath'd valour—Christie breath'd the
same,

490

Should all the battlements be wrapp'd in flame.

The general, after pausing : “ Grief and joy
Mix in my breast, and make a strange alloy ;
My heart beats languid with a sinking pain,
That lurking treason should the army stain ;
But with divinity my feelings rise,
To see your souls the open war despise.

“ Soldiers ! to arms ! Behold the morning star
Burns in the east, prelusive of the war !
Move to the purpose ! Without sound embark, 500
While yet the ebon night is shadowy dark ;
Soon mantling twilight with her sober gray
Will line the hills and drive the shades away.”

Down the rough steep the columns silent turn,
While sparks of glory in their bosoms burn ;
Warm'd by that fire, with confidence they move
To pass Niagara, their bayonets prove ;
Christie leads next to Rensselaer the way ;
The boats are laden'd as the stars decay ;
Scott mans with thunder-men the battery strong, 510
Ready to speak with War's rebelling tongue.

Meantime the Albions, rous'd upon the Height,
Waited in silence to reveal their might ;
And as day glimmer'd in the orient sky,
They mark'd the patriots on the waters nigh !

“ Level the engines ! See th' approaching foe !
Outnoise Niagara, and bring them low !
Let one deep blast appal them in their pride ;
Let volum'd flames consume them on the tide !”

Vincent commanded with impetuous look ; 520
The cannon answer'd—heavy clouds of smoke
Mix'd with blue fire, roll forth. The deafening roar
Cradles the Height ! while flames in whirlwinds pour
Sweeping the craggy cliffs. The valiant Scott
Peals his artillery with thunder note.

As when two mountains in the northern sea,
As though excited with an enmity,
Explode like *Ætna* from their wombs beneath,
Each casting forth the violence of death,
The burning lava—rocks made red with heat 530
Seem as they mix though heaven they'd desolate ;
Contending thunders mingle in the fray,
Like wreck of nature at the judgment day ;
Something like this explodes from either shore ;
The dread convulsion stills *Niagara's* roar.

The tumult rous'd the Fiend from his abode ;
His form he partial rais'd above the flood ;
His head, like summit of a mountain vast ;
His arms in hugeness like an admiral mast ;
Deep in the centre of his forehead high, 540
With horrid glare looks out his ghostly eye,
Round as the moon, and broad, as when through
blood

She travels to the east with murder'd brood
Of spectres in her train—riding on fire,
And, as they wheel, flash, darken, and retire ;
His cavern mouth yawns horrible and drear,
Deep as the grave, in which his teeth appear
Like pointed rocks—and, fearful as they gnash,
Sparkles of hell in circles round them flash.

Unseen by mortal, thus the Fiend arose, 550
Intent the Freedom passage to oppose ;
He comes in wrath the barges to devour,
While round his brows the clouds of thunder lower.

But lo, Fredonia's ever-watchful eye
Beheld the Fiend from the ethereal sky ;
Swift she descended from the diamond sphere,
And touch'd his boiling breast with sacred spear,
Then, rose upon the wing !

At once he shrinks—

With earthquake groan beneath the wave he sinks ;
Convuls'd with pain, he spouts the waters high, 560
Which, for a moment, leaves the channel dry ;
Now crazy whirlpools, stirring from beneath,
Show him in torment with the pang of death.

Meantime the barges, laden with the brave,
Are borne like leaves of autumn on the wave ;
Now, to the summit of the Height they reach,
Then, down they dash upon the rocky beach ;
In drunken eddies whirlingly they rise
Full in the flame of all their enemies !

Christie endeavour'd to inspire his men ; 570
Alas, despair in every face was seen ;
Lo, in the act to animate his band,
Dissever'd sinks his soul-exciting hand ;
Instant a cutting lead, from rifle sent,
Burnt in the bosom of the youthful Lent !
Shivering he falls a fading lily pale,
Yet smiles his lip as his last pulses fail.

In giddy whirlwinds, back, without an oar,
Christie is dash'd and broken on the shore.

But Rensselaer, Ogilvie's barge beside, 580
 And Wool, and Morris on the waters ride ;
 Their leader prov'd his virtue : " Bend the oars,
 And overcome the rage, and make the shores !
 Let fire unquenchable, in bosoms blaze ;
 Your hearts, your souls, your every fibre, raise
 To cast defiance back upon the flood ;
 Dash to the beach, and drench the Heights in blood !"

Thus Rensselaer. Behold, an envious lead,
 Glancing his bosom, lodg'd in Vallance' head !

Recent the youth had left his mother's arms, 590
 Blooming in loveliness with nature's charms ;
 Alas, fond parent !—mark thy bleeding son !
 He shivers in his death !—his sands are run ;
 His cheek has faded ere his prime begun !

Widow'd and comfortless, O weep thy boy !
 He was thy morning song—thy evening joy.

Indulge thy soul's deep sorrow on his bier,
 And if thou canst, O shed the softening tear ;
 Grief dries the fountain up. But raise thine eye—
 Behold, he lives in immortality ! 600

As on from wave to wave the barges leap,
 He falls with splashing in the foaming deep ;
 Reckless of death—unmindful of the roar,
 The heroes dash upon the rocky shore,
 And Rensselaer, wielding his brand exclaims :

" Climb—climb the Heights and smother out the
 flames !

Do, while there's life !"——

He fell upon the beach,
 Of wounds fresh made, that check'd him in his
 speech,

Caus'd by four bullets driven from on high—
Two pass'd the muscles of his dexter thigh ; 610
One pierc'd his hip, another cleft his heel ;
But still his soul indignant, scorn'd to kneel ;
He raises on his sword, and thus proceeds :
“ Mount—climb—rush forward—do immortal
deeds !”

He sunk and fainted with the loss of blood ;
But lo, his voice was to the mind as food
To hungry tygers. Shouting high, they climb
The rocky steep with spirits touch'd sublime :
Vincent observes and rushes from his hold,
And fills the defile with his veterans bold ; 620
In vain the patriots strive with steel to pass ;
They fall before the flames like summer grass
Before the mowers sweeping down the field ;
Yet they, a time, the desperation held !
At length, they slow behind the rocks retire,
And shun the burning pestilence of fire.

Wool from the defile leads a wounded youth—
Morris, renown'd for literature and truth,
And all the virtues that adorn the heart ;
But ah, the roses from his cheeks depart ; 630
Above his collar bone, the rent is made ;
The ball glanc'd outward through his shoulder blade.
He pours his dying voice ; “ Mourn not my death ;
In Glory's lap I render up my breath !
This bed of battle-earth yields softer rest,
Than down that ever warm'd a cygnet's breast ;
But O, my friends, make vict'ry of my death,
And I shall sleep with pleasure on the heath ;

My hovering spirit with a brightening smile,
Will mark your banner waving on the hill ! 640

* * * * *

“ Alas, what brings this dew upon mine eye ?
What cause subdues my bosom with a sigh ?
“ O, is it thee !—thou worship of my soul,
That wrings my heart, and makes these sorrows roll ?
Ah, now death-pains I feel ! Our parting vow—
Methinks I hear it, whispering to me now,
What thou with weeping said :

“ ‘ O Edward, cold—
Cold as the rock—cold as the dark brown mould
On which this brow will rest, wilt thou become,
And all for which I live, will slumber in the tomb ! 650
In dream of night—alas—I soon shall hear
Thy hovering spirit whisper in mine ear,
And tell me how thou died !’——

“ Thy quivering tongue,
No more could speak thy soul—but O, thine eye
Shot through my heart the glance of agony !

“ Fly—O my Spirit ! to her bosom fly—
Visit her dream, and tell her how I die ;
Speak of my fame in death—of heaven above ;
And whisper sweet, that my last word was—love ;
O, that will chase delirium from her brain, 660
Whilst cold I slumber with the honour’d slain.”

This having whisper’d as to heaven in prayer ;
Her sacred image, as an angel fair,
He drew from out his bosom : “ O, that eye
Contains the living beauty of the sky !
That forehead crown’d with love,—that neck of snow,
Round which, like golden mist, thy ringlets flow !

That cheek, to which the morning blush is given,
 Expressing rich, the workmanship of heaven !
 These dewy lips, like rose-buds born in May, 670
 Round which the graces in sweet dimples play ;
 The breath, that issues from that hallow'd mouth,
 Is far more spicy than th' Arabian south ;
 A seraph would delight to own these charms ;
 How sweet to die within an angel's arms !

* * * * *

" My bosom fails of life. Cold on my brow
 I feel death's dampness—cold as drops of snow !
 Thy matchless beauty hath delay'd his dart—
 But now, my soul is fluttering at my heart !
 Yet, O, this luxury of a parting kiss, 680
 To death administers an holy bliss !

* * * * *

" Sweet—sweet in death ! faint, fluttering, dizzy,
 dark—
 Love "——stammer'd on his tongue——
 Th' ethereal spark

Forsook its gory tenement of clay,
 And flew, exulting, to the realms of day.

Not otherwise the beams of heaven had shone
 Warm on a rose, till half its sweets were known ;
 A passing virgin caught it in her eye,
 Impearl'd with dew, that glitter'd to the sky,
 She rudely seiz'd it for a nosegay rare ; 690
 Its beauties fell—it wither'd—perish'd there.

So Morris fled the region of the sun ;
 Cut down and wither'd, ere the hour of noon.

Instant the patriots saw the youth expire,
 It touch'd their bosoms with a quenchless fire

To brave the worst of death ! Ogilvie said,
 (Who now commanded) " Morris, hath he bled,
 Vain in the cause ? His last—his dying breath
 Was—' O my friends, make vict'ry of my death !'
 And is there none to quicken into flame, 700
 And mount the Heights and grasp the prize of fame ?"

" Yès !" (Gansevoort answer'd,) " Cautious on
 the right,
 I'll scale these rocks—ascend the dizzy Height,
 And storm the fort ! The foe shall be defied—
 I'll do the deed, with Randolph by my side.
 Rush you the charge, when we the signal shout,
 Then, with the bayonet, will we strike them out."

" Spoke like thyself ! I'll watch th' important
 time,—

The daring action will thy name sublime !
 Forth, when we hear your shouting on the Height,
 We'll clear yon pass, or pour our blood in fight." 711

Brief was Ogilvie's voice. The chosen few,
 Slow climbing up the cliffs, their art pursue.
 Like mountain goats, they scale the beetling rocks
 With bayonets pointing death ! From springing locks
 The flints were loos'd—that, on the steel alone
 They fix their faith to strike their foemen down.

Behold, they gain the summit of the Height,
 And, shouting high the signal of the fight,
 Down, down they rush, like meteors from above, 720
 When brewing tempests round the mountains move !

The Britons stand, like poplars on the heath,
 Shivering in storm,—to hear the shout of death—

Ere scatter'd thought returns, icy, they feel,
Full to the hilt, the cold, the pointed steel !

Ogilvie rushes forward at the call,
In proud defiance of the showering ball
From those, who fill the defile !—on they hie,
Like whirlwinds gathering from their infancy.
The Albions break—then, rally to the fight, 730
Like tygers darting on their prey at night.
Ogilvie wounded, falls upon his knee—
But still his voice alarms the eneny !
Gansevoort applies to conquer'd brass the fires,
And Vincent, reeling, with his strength retires.
Down from the skies, the Albion Cross is driven—
The Stars are floating on the breeze in heaven ! 737

END OF VOL. II.