

Could not controul!

While the accuser, now grown bold,
Thrice o'er, the tale of mischief told.

NOW JENKINS from the table rose,

"Who with the Parson toy'd?" he cried.

"So MISTRESS FRAILTY, you must play,

And sport, your wanton hours away.

And with your gold, a pretty joke,

You thought to buy a pleasant cloak;

A screen to hide your shame — but know

I will not *blind* to ruin go. —

I am no *modern Spouse*, d'ye see,

Gold will not *gild disgrace*, with me!"

Some say he seiz'd his fearful bride,

And came to blows!

Day after day, the contest dire

Augmented, with resistless ire!

And many a drubbing DEBBY bought

For mischief, she her PARROT taught!

Thus, SLANDER turns against its maker;

And if this little Story reaches

A SPINSTER, who her PARROT teaches,

Let her a better task pursue,

And here, the certain VENGEANCE view

Which surely will, in TIME, O'ERTAKE HER.

THE NEGRO GIRL

I

Dark was the dawn, and o'er the deep

The boist'rous whirlwinds blew;

The Sea-bird wheel'd its circling sweep,

And all was drear to view —

When on the beach that binds the western shore

The love-lorn ZELMA stood, list'ning the tempest's roar.

II

Her eager Eyes beheld the main,

While on her DRACO dear

She madly call'd, but call'd in vain,

No sound could DRACO hear,

Save the shrill yelling of the fateful blast,

While ev'ry Seaman's heart, quick shudder'd as it past.

III

White were the billows, wide display'd

The clouds were black and low;

The Bittern shriek'd, a gliding shade

Seem'd o'er the waves to go!

The livid flash illum'd the clam'rous main,

While ZELMA pour'd, unmark'd, her melancholy strain.

IV

"Be still!" she cried, "loud tempest cease!

O! spare the gallant souls:

The thunder rolls — the winds increase —

The Sea, like mountains, rolls!

While, from the deck, the storm-worn victims leap,

And o'er their struggling limbs, the furious billows sweep.

V

O! barb'rous Pow'r! relentless Fate!

Does Heav'n's high will decree

That some should sleep on beds of state, —

Some, in the roaring Sea?

Some, nurs'd in splendour, deal Oppression's blow,

While worth and DRACO pine — in Slavery and woe!

VI

Yon Vessel oft has plough'd the main

With human traffic fraught;

Its cargo, — our dark Sons of pain —

For wordly treasure bought!

What had they done? — O Nature tell me why —

Is taunting scorn the lot, of thy dark progeny?

140

145

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And hark! her voice re-echoes in the wind —
Man was not form'd by Heav'n, to trample on his kind!

XII

Torn from my Mother's aching breast,
My Tyrant sought my love —
But, in the Grave shall ZELMA rest,
E'er she will faithless prove —
No DRACO! — Thy companion I will be
To that celestial realm, where Negroes shall be free!

70

XIII

The Tyrant WHITE MAN taught my mind —
The letter'd page to trace; —
He taught me in the Soul to find
No tint, as in the face:
He bade my Reason, blossom like the tree —
But fond affection gave, the ripen'd fruits to thee.

75

XIV

With jealous rage he mark'd my love;
He sent thee far away; —
And prison'd in the plantain grove —
Poor ZELMA pass'd the day —
But ere the moon rose high above the main,
ZELMA, and Love contriv'd, to break the Tyrant's chain.

80

XV

Swift, o'er the plain of burning Sand
My course I bent to thee;
And soon I reach'd the billowy strand
Which bounds the stormy Sea. —
DRACO! my Love! Oh yet, thy ZELMA's soul
Springs ardently to thee, — impatient of controul.

85

90

VII

Thou gav'st, in thy caprice, the Soul
Peculiarly enshrin'd;
Nor from the ebon Casket stole
The Jewel of the mind!
Then wherefore let the suff'ring Negro's breast
Bow to his fellow, MAN, in brighter colours drest.

40

VIII

Is it the dim and glossy hue
That marks him for despair? —
While men with blood their hands embrue,
And mock the wretch's pray'r?
Shall guiltless Slaves the Scourge of tyrants feel,
And, e'en before their GOD! unheard, unpitied kneel.

45

IX

Could the proud rulers of the land
Our Sable race behold;
Some bow'd by torture's Giant hand
And others, basely sold!
Then would they pity Slaves, and cry, with shame,
What'e'er their TINTS may be, their SOULS are still the same!

50

X

Why seek to mock the Ethiop's face?
Why goad our hapless kind?
Can features alienate the race —
Is there no kindred mind?
Does not the cheek which vaunts the roseate hue
Oft blush for crimes, that Ethiops never knew?

55

60

XI

Behold! the angry waves conspire
To check the barb'rous toil!
While wounded Nature's vengeful ire —
Roars, round this trembling Isle!

XVI

Again, the lightning flashes white —
The rattling cords among!

Now, by the transient vivid light,
I mark the frantic throng!

Now up the tatter'd shrouds my DRACO flies —
While o'er the plunging prow, the curling billows rise.

95

*XVII

The topmast falls — three shackled slaves —
Cling to the Vessel's side!

Now lost amid the madd'ning waves —
Now on the mast they ride —

See! on the forecastle my DRACO stands
And now he waves his chain, now clasps his bleeding hands.

100

XVIII

Why, cruel WHITE-MAN! when away

My sable Love was torn,

Why did you let poor ZELMA stay,
On Afric's sands to mourn?

No! ZELMA is not left, for she will prove
In the deep troubled main, her fond — her faithful LOVE."

105

XIX

The lab'ring Ship was now a wreck,

The Shrouds were flutt'ring wide!

The rudder gone, the lofty deck
Was rock'd from side to side —

POOR ZELMA'S eyes now dropp'd their last big tear,
While, from her tawny cheek, the blood recoil'd with fear.

110

XX

Now frantic, on the sands she roam'd,
Now shrieking stop'd to view

Where high the liquid mountains foam'd,
Around the exhausted crew —

115

"Till, from the deck, her DRACO'S well known form
Sprung mid the yawning waves, and buffeted the Storm.

120

XXI

Long, on the swelling surge sustain'd

Brave DRACO sought the shore,

Watch'd the dark Maid, but ne'er complain'd,
Then sunk, to gaze no more!

Poor ZELMA saw him buried by the wave —
And, with her heart's true Love, plung'd in a wat'ry grave.

125

THE TRUMPETER,

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE

It was in the days of a gay British King

(In the old fashion'd custom of merry-making)

The Palace of Woodstock with revels did ring,
While they sang and carous'd — one and all:

For the monarch a plentiful treasury had,

And his Courtiers were pleas'd, and no visage was sad,

And the knavish and foolish with drinking were mad,
While they sat in the Banquetting hall.

5

Some talk'd of their Valour, and some of their Race,
And vaunted, till vaunting was black in the face;

Some bragg'd for a title, and some for a place,
And, like braggarts, they bragg'd one and all!

Some spoke of their scars in the Holy Crusade,
Some boasted the banner of Fame they display'd,

And some sang their Loves in the soft serenade
As they sat in the Banquetting hall.

10

And here sat a Baron, and there sat a Knight,
And here stood a Page in his habit all bright,

15