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THE  
MOUNTAIN MUSE.





THE  
MOUNTAIN MUSE:

COMPRISING

THE ADVENTURES

OF

*DANIEL BOONE;*

AND

THE POWER

OF

VIRTUOUS AND REFINED BEAUTY.



*BY DANIEL BRYAN.*

*OF ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, VIRGINIA.*



HARRISONBURG :

*Printed for the Author :*

By DAVIDSON & BOURNE.

1813.

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District of Virginia to wit;

**B**E IT REMEMBERED, *That on the eleventh day of September, in the thirty eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, DANIEL BRYAN of the said district, hath deposited in this Office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit :*

*“The Mountain Muse : comprising the Adventures of Daniel Boone; and the power of virtuous and refined Beauty. By Daniel Bryan, of Rockingham County, Virginia.”*

*In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entituled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to an act, entituled, “An act supplementary to an act, entituled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned. And extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”*

WILLIAM MARSHAL,  
*Clerk of the District of Virginia.*



## PREFACE.

**T**HE world of Man is a mixture of contrarities. The source of his sweetest enjoyments is often the fountain of his bitterest anguish. Like the drops of the weeping cloud, illumed with the momentary bursts of radiance which gleam from the sun, as he breaks thro' his floating veil; the *tears* of woe and melancholy often sparkle in the *smiles* of the *same* countenance. Those avocations and amusements which grasp the energies, absorb the reflections, animate the Fancy, and electrify with vivid raptures and inextinguishable fascination, the spirits of *one man*, awaken no extacy, no pleasure in the bosom, but excite the contempt, or kindle the hatred of *another*. Perhaps this union of extremes in the same person, and incongruity of dispositions in different persons, are not any where so strikingly evinced, as among the votaries of the poetic Muse, and between them and the insensate drudges of avaricious cupidity. What pictures of

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mingled light and gloom we behold delineated by the pencil of D'Israeli! The mere enumeration of their names would fill a page. Let the case of Collins exemplify the fact of the most exquisite happiness and misery flowing from the same source. His heart was alive to every delicate preception of joy or sorrow. Its chords responded to every vibration of the Muse's Lyre. In the days of his juvenility, they were constantly thrill'd with the delicious breathings of Hope. In those of his maturity, they trembled between the alternate touches of transport and despondency. But, in the dark period of his premature decline, they were tortured with the agonizing shrieks of phrenzy, and the sullen moans of Despair; until they bled and broke! Yet even in the moments of his keenest sufferings, his delirious Muse could throw spells of wild delight across his frantic mind. For even then her song was sweetest melody; and her influence, as it had been through all his life, irresistible! The more he endeavor'd to fly from her, the closer she pursued him, and the more deeply he became enamor'd with

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the magic of her strains. Thus too, it happens, with those who are less gifted with the divinity of Genius than was the seraphic Collins. The Author of the feeble effusions which compose this Volume, without presuming to intimate, or daring to believe that he possesses a spark of that Miltonic fire which burns in the pages of loftiest Verse, is compel'd to say, that he has experienced the counter operations of that diversity of emotion, which is so characteristic of those who worship at the shrine of the Muses. He has reveled on the pleasures of an employment, which, while it was too alluring for him to resist, was, he seriously apprehended, and still fears, disseminating for him the seeds of a Harvest of Penury and Melancholy. Why, it has been frequently ask'd him, does he continue to disregard these salutary premonitions of his deliberate judgment? As well might it be ask'd, why does the heedless Candle Fly, which has already scorch'd its wings in the flame, still flutter around it until it perishes? The Author found himself sliding into the delusive regions of Fancy, and had neither

skill nor resolution to dissipate the enchantment by which he was drawn. The farther he has proceeded, the more potent has become the charm. Whatever therefore, may be the infelicitous consequences of his aberration from the orbit of lucrative exertion, they should be attributed, less to the projectile influence of his own volition, than to the attraction of objects, and the existence of circumstances, beyond the sphere of his control. Indeed the physical beauty and magnificence, combined with the moral and political enjoyments of this Land of elysium, are well calculated to inspire with poetic devotion, the bosom which has any native predisposition to the indulgence of imagination. Who, that has a soul susceptible of ennobling sensations, can ramble thro Columbia's forests, hear the roar of her rivers, gaze on the grandeur of her mountains, and muse on her glorious Liberties, without breaking forth into the rhapsodies of divinest enthusiasm? Yet, how few there are in this section of her Republic, who have ventured to resound in Verse the praise of her charms, or the honors

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of her distinguish'd Sons! A thousand times has the Author beheld in Fancy, the Genius of Columbian Poesy standing on the wildest cliffs of Allegany, tuning the tear-twinkling chords of her Lyre, and warbling at intervals, unheeded, the sweetest raptures of Inspiration; while the wasted strains, thrown from hill to hill, sunk and expired in the tenderest murmurs of neglect!

Infatuated as may be considered the Son of Poverty, who, while thousands around him are sedulously occupied in gathering Riches from the golden sand-banks of Fortune, loiters from the croud to listen to the lays of the grove, to gaze on the sparkling of a stream, or to pluck the flowers which spangle its borders; yet would he not forego the felicity of his lonely ramble and simple amusements, for all the glittering accumulations of their toil. But *he* too, has his pains, his cares, and his labors, and should not despise the efforts of *prudent* Industry.

These observations have, in part, been induced by the expressions of astonishment which have frequently been made to the Author,

## PREFACE.

that a person in his circumstances should suspend his preparations for a profitable profession, to engage in the proverbially unfruitful employment of the Muse.

When he was first prevailed upon to add his name to the list of Literary Adventurers, it was his intention to form a Volume from the miscellaneous scraps of his juvenile Rhyming ; with the addition of a piece upon each of the subjects mentioned in his proposals. But after commencing "Boone's Adventures," he soon found that it would be impossible to do any thing like justice to that subject without giving to it a much greater extension than was at first contemplated. Upon *this* course therefore, in consonance with the suggestions of his own judgment, and the persuasions of his friends, he determined. He thought it most advisable too, to interweave with the History of Boone the narrative of the "Allegany Robbers and Lost Maid." From the extent therefore, to which these subjects have been amplified, it has become necessary to omit the insertion of all the others of minor magnitude, except that with which the Volume concludes.

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As to the organization and style of these poems, the Author has nothing to observe. Their merit must be tested in the crucible of discriminative Taste and cultivated Intellect. To the decisions of these, and *these only*, he will bow with submissive deference.

To those persons, who have kindly contributed their exertions to promote the diffusion and prosperity of his humble productions, he cannot refuse himself the pleasure, of here tendering the ardent homage of a sincerely grateful heart. Nor can he conclude without indulging himself in the happiness of declaring, that he views in the generous smiles of their encouragement in his own case, that laudable spirit of national emulation, and that zeal for the expansion of literary glory in this prosperous Republic, which, from the amplitude of their operations, must embrace, cherish and invigorate, all the branches that bloom on the flourishing Stock of American Science.

HARRISONBURG, }  
November 4th, 1813. }





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THE  
**ADVENTURES**

OF  
**DANIEL BOONE.**

BOOK I.

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## ARGUMENT.

*IMMEDIATELY* subsequent to the transformation of Chaos into order, and previous to the creation of light, the Angels who superintend terrestrial affairs assume their stations ; 1 to 47. Tempests, Tornados, Conflagrations, Earthquakes, Pestilence, War and Revolutions, flow from their invisible agency ; 48 to 74. Newton, Herschel, Locke, and Reid were illumined by their infusions ; 76 to 93. Devotion is enkindled, and Infidelity intimidated by their inspiration ; 94 to 114. Statesmen are embued with patriotism, and Mariners with intrepidity by the interposition of the celestial Hosts, to whom the general direction of sublunary events is committed ; 115 to 155. Satanic delusion is more potent than Angelic instructions, in consequence of human Depravity ; 156 to 185. Upon important events the Guardian Spirits hold solemn consultations ; 186 to 192. A FIRMAMENTAL HALL erected on the summit of Allegany ; 193 to 287. The Seraphs assemble, and commence their deliberations with prayer ; 288 to 304. TRUTH addresses them ; 305 to 409. HUMANITY declares his opinions ; 421 to 516. ZEAL speaks ; 527 to 792. ENTERPRISE proposes to delegate DANIEL BOONE for the exploration and settlement of Kentucky ; 796 to 893—Of which the Council unanimously approve, and commend him to that Seraph's PROTECTION ; 894 to 900. Having resounded the praise of God ; 901 to 909—RELIGION implores the divine, blessing ; 910 to 925 . The Assembly is dissolved, and the Seraphs return to their appointed spheres.

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*DANIEL BOONE.*



BOOK. I.

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WHEN first their dark and yet untravel'd rounds  
Through the inane expanse of pristine Night,  
The planetary conglobations roll'd ;  
Before the GREAT ETERNAL's sacred eye,  
Upon the gloom of the sidereal orbs, 5  
Their pure-beam'd, time-enduring splendors flash'd ;  
Ere on Attraction's mystic centre pois'd  
By the Almighty's sun-creating hand,  
The blazing ball that lights our solar sphere,  
From the ecliptic-zone his radiance pour'd ; 10  
When from their chrystal palaces in Heaven's  
Unmeasur'd heights of bright and cloudless day,  
Th' Angelic Spirits view'd Creation's God,  
Along th'unresisting void of space,  
In numberless succession, rolling worlds ; 15  
From their celestial ranks they bade descend,

To rule the vast machinery of the globes,  
 Supernal hosts with holy power endued.  
 With joy, obedient to the kind behest ;  
 In robes of interwoven light array'd, 20  
 The delegated phalanx, darting through  
 The rayless deeps of uncreated Night  
 A keen pervasive glance, their snow-white vans  
 Outspread ; and from th'empyrean battlement's  
 Gold-spangled summits, down th'untravers'd void 25  
 T'assume their stations on the new made spheres  
 Descended, wide diverging as they sail'd.  
 So on tenebrious midnight's welkin glooms,  
 Disparting balls electrical explode  
 Their streaming splendors ; and the moonless Heavens  
 With bright but evanescent paths illumine. 31

In numerous points of the expansive bounds  
 Through which conglobate matter rolls, their posts  
 The Seraph Guardians take : their several tasks  
 As multifarious, as remote the climes 35  
 They occupy. To some it is assign'd,  
 From headlong violence with care to guard  
 The bold career of flying worlds ; to curb  
 Th'impetuous speed of wild Projection's flight,  
 And Gravitation's centripetal force 40  
 Restrain ; these powers conjoin'd to harmonize,  
 And through th'elliptic orbits make them wheel  
 The circumvolving spheres. To some, the Winds,  
 And Seas, and Elements, embowel'd deep

In Earth's dark-winding caves, 'tis given to rule. 45  
 They are the Agents of th' *Almighty's* wrath,  
 And they on man *His* benedictions shed.

When Ocean's tumbling tides in foaming conflicts roar,  
 And from their massy-heaving billows dash 49

The crashing Ships, and guzzling whirlpools whelm  
 The shatter'd wrecks—When swift Tornados sweep

The suffering land, demolish loftiest domes,  
 And from their heights the roaring forests hurl—

When Flames, from house to house, from street to street,  
 Infuriate, wasteful ! spread their blazing wings, 55

And into ashes sink a Kingdom's pride—

When from their burning bases, mountains burst,  
 And dreadful Earthquakes tear the yawning globe—

When Pestilence his miasmatic breath  
 Diffuses o'er the land, and on the lungs 60

Of pallid millions putrefaction pours—

When these tremendous scenes on nature's stage  
 Our God displays ; 'tis through the agency  
 Of those seraphic Guardians of the world.

But not to matter only is confin'd 65  
 Their superintending care and awful sway.

As ministers of God's mysterious laws,  
 They fan the patriot passions into flame ;

Bid *War* his gorgon crest erect, and roll  
 His gory Chariots o'er th' *ensanguin'd fields* ; 70

Bid Monarchs die, and tottering Kingdoms fall ;  
 On Revolutions, Revolutions rise ;

And conquering Freedom build on crumbling bones  
Of slaughter'd Tyranny, her hallow'd fanes !

Th' unexplor'd recess of Nature's deeps 75

They bid th' adventurous sons of science sound ;  
Her darksome seas, her mazes wild, disclose,  
Where scarce the sun's refracted beams e'er pierc'd,  
Or fervid Fancy's eagle vision glanc'd.

On glorious Newton's science-scaling soul, 80

They pour'd the flame of Astronomic zeal ;  
And bound to Herschel's telescopic mind  
That wing of sunbeam-swiftness, and of Angel strength ;  
Which bore it like a comet through the Heavens,  
To where nine hundred million miles beyond 85  
Cold Saturn's orb, the Georgium-Sidus rolls !

To Locke and Reid they gave th' ingenious skill

T' unfold the labyrinthian web of mind ;  
To teach us how the variegated weft  
In *different* parts, *peculiar* tints assumes ; 90

How light runs into shade, and shade to light,  
Untill in mingled hues, the changeful whole  
A beauteous intellectual landscape forms.

With sacred ardor, *they*, those minds endue,  
Whose fame for piety and wisdom, shed 95  
Unfading glory on the favor'd age

In which they live. They kindle on the tongues  
Of God's devout Ambassadors the flames  
Of melting eloquence ; with tender zeal  
Their hearts inspire ; with kind persuasion fill 100

Their placid eyes ; and with seraphic grace  
 Their fervid action clothe ; untill portray'd  
 In prospect bright, on every feeling mind,  
 The bliss of Heaven enraptures and sublimes.

And if obdurate INFIDELITY 105

His flinty ramparts round the heart should raise,  
 And bar the soft emotions out ; empower'd

By their inspiring Guardians' potent aid,

In pure and dread solemnity enshrin'd ;

The sinner-shaking bolt of Gospel law, 110

Truth-aim'd against th'opposing walls, they hurl ;

'Till down the rotten-pillar'd masses sink

And ope the avenues, to where expos'd

On Hell's black verge, the cold affections sleep ! 114

The ardent *Statesman's* breast with patriot love

Those sacred Spirits swell ; his toil intense

Assist ; while he with sleepless eye explores

Politic tomes of elder years, and turns

Attentive o'er the crumbling page of time ;

While he in midnight silence meditates 120

On Empires buried in the grave of years ;

How they from sickly infancy arose

To proud Colossal strength : and how they thence

Descended down Destruction's dangerous steeps,

Till prematurely sunk in Ruin's gulphs 125

They rise no more—what *causes* gave their day

Of prosperous grandeur, spread their features o'er

With Freedom, Gladness, Health and virtuous Smiles ;

Or *what* their sunny brightness overcast  
 With baneful blackness, the foundations min'd 130  
 Which prop'd their fame—what canker'd all their hopes,  
 And tumbled their proud Monuments in dust.  
 The daring Mariner's intrepid soul  
 With the bold zeal of glorious Enterprise  
 And venturous Emulation, they inflame : 135  
 Through freezing seas his frightful passage steer,  
 Direct him how the icy shoals t'escape,  
 And where to find the long-sought savage shore.  
 They bid him fearless, tread the desert wild,  
 And undismay'd, its tawny tenants meet ; 140  
 Their blood-fed fierceness gently turn aside,  
 And by familiar smiles their kindness win.  
 As man, refin'd adventurous man appears,  
 They bid the cheerless forest-glooms disperse,  
 And o'er the wastes the polish'd Arts extend. 145  
 The life-extermimating Beasts are slain,  
 The merciless arm of savage rage is bound  
 In Law's corrective pale, and Pain, and Blood,  
 And Plunder cease.

Thus from Creation's hour, 150  
 In every province of our planet Earth—  
 Throughout the mighty bounds of *Universe*,  
 In all the various spheres which appertain  
 To matter and to mind, Angelic power  
 Has exercis'd a superintending rule. 155  
 But since from Hell the poisonous breath of Sin



First tainted an apostatizing world  
 Th' infernal FOE of man's felicity  
 Has ever envious opposition made  
 To all that purpos'd good to him on *earth*, 160  
 Or in his future life—has station'd thick  
 Through every province of the peopled globe,  
 His Hell-train'd swarms of evil-working fiends,  
 Who keep uninterrupted watch for means  
 To counteract the power of Angel-zeal 165  
 On man: who hold or turn in Satan's paths  
 His blundering steps, and mail in horrid scalse  
 His clouded eyes; oft too deriving aid  
 From man's own will, their hellish schemes succeed:  
 And they the conflict oft long-while maintain 170  
 E'en when defeat at length their efforts ends.  
 For man in cases which affect his doom  
 When brought before the Great Eternal Judge,  
 Th' advice which Angel intimations give  
 Has always power to follow or reject. 175  
 In clogging with embarrassments the plans  
 Which Man's seraphic Monitors devise  
 T'effect his melioration, Hell's grim King  
 And goblin minions feel malignant joy.  
 But notwithstanding all the stygian realm 180  
 Disgorge on Earth its legions, to oppose  
 The Guardian Seraphs; yet when not withstood  
 By man's own will, in matters which pertain  
 To his immortal state, the *sacred hosts*

The prize of glorious victory always win. 185

When subjects of momentous weight arise,  
 When *great* occasions claim their righteous aid,  
 And vast extensive interests are involv'd ;  
 Those superintending Spirits then are wont  
 In great and solemn council to convene, 190  
 And consultation hold on all the points  
 Which to the grand concernment appertain.  
 'Twas thus the immortal Spirits who preside  
 O'er the vast regions of the WESTERN WILD,  
 In grand assemblage met ; when call'd to weigh 195  
 Th' important interests which its cause involv'd.

When nought but Beasts and bloody Indians dwelt  
 Throughout the mighty waste, and Cruelty  
 And Death and Superstition triple-leagued,  
 Held *there* their horrid reign, and impious sway ; 200  
 The Guardian Seraphs of benign REFORM  
 With keen prophetic glance the worth beheld  
 Of the immense expanse, its future fame,  
 Its ponderous moment in the golden scales  
 Of Freedom, Science, and Religious Truth, 205  
 When by Refinement's civilizing hand  
 Its roughnesses should all be smooth'd away.  
 With zeal the animating prospect fir'd  
 The glowing Guardians, fill'd with views sublime 209  
 Their lofty minds, their enterprising powers awak'd,  
 And urged them to this laudable resolve—  
 That o'er Columbia's Western Wilderness,

Politic Wisdom should her reign extend  
 And Emigration pour her splendid swarms.

With ease, their glorious purpose to achieve, 215  
 And spare excessive waste of human blood ;  
 Those sacred friends of Culture's spreading power  
 And humanizing energy, announced

To all the station'd Seraphs who preside  
 O'er the benighted WEST, their high design ; 220

And summons gave them quickly to convene  
 In their aerial Courts. Meanwhile command  
 Was given th' *ethereal Guardians* to prepare,  
 High o'er the Alleganean Mountain-Heights,  
 For the Divan, a FIRMAMENTAL HALL. 225

Anon, obedient to the high behest,  
 The mighty Spirit of the welkin deeps  
 Bade convoluted winds, with furious flight  
 And curvilinear sweep, encompass all  
 The Atmospheric bounds ; and dash and roll 230

To the appointed place of Rendezvous,  
 With all their fulminating Magazines,  
 Th' encircled Regiments of mingled clouds !  
 The gloomy Vast, impetuous howlings pierce ; 234

The Northern Gates, tempestuous Whirlwinds burst ;  
 And Mountain-Caverns wide-expanded, vent  
 Their hissing blasts. Against impinging clouds,  
 With driving strength, th' encircling Tempests rush  
 And from their boundary's wide circumference roll  
 Converging, the dark billowy-mixing mass. 240

From cloud to cloud, in blazing torrents stream  
 Th'awaken'd fires electric : flashing flames  
 In forky grandeur, with ethereal light,  
 Projected peaks of rolling vapour crown ;  
 And all the nubilous involutions paint 245  
 With intermitting Lightning's vivid tints :  
 While glancing scintillations spangle thick  
 With dancing lustre all the clouded gloom ;  
 And Angry Meteors, flaming as thy fly,  
 With burning paths their ragged way emblaze. 250  
 From ridge to ridge of the big Mountain-Mass,  
 Dark sullen Thunders by the conflicts wak'd,  
 Their sky-convulsing detonations pour.  
 Their destin'd point, th'embattled volumes reach ;  
 And rest. The grand, the wonderous Edifice, 255  
 The great th'ethereal Architect begins.  
 Wide over Allegany's summit spread,  
 Of close impacted, squared and polish'd clouds  
 Constructed, the extended *base* appears ;  
 And of the same compressed material form'd, 260  
 Octagonal the burnish'd walls ascend,  
 Sublimely towering through the midway skies !  
 Broad sheets of lightning constitute the roof,  
 Whose flashing splendors flood with day the Heavens,  
 When Night spreads o'er the sun her darkling wings.  
 Reflected from the Fabric's upright squares, 266  
 Prismatic tinctures paint the fragment-clouds,  
 Which float unused in widening fleeces round.

Its myriad windows and its thousand gates  
 Were all of pure translucent ether wrought, 270  
 And all with bright festoons superbly hung  
 Of pansied clouds, and wreathed lightnings made.  
 Both North and South of the magnific dome,  
 In grand Corinthian style and towering state,  
 On Meteor-Pillars rear'd, refulgent shone 275  
 Its roomy porticos. Innumerable seats,  
 Of downy clouds composed, and white and soft  
 As Cygnet plumes, in graceful circles ranged ;  
 Around th'interior of the shining hall,  
 All ready for the Angel host appear'd. 280  
 A canopy of Rainbows intertwined  
 In spiral union, forming in the whole,  
 A beauteous arch of intermingled hues  
 As rich as Fancy's pencil can portray ;  
 And variegated as the tints of light. 285  
 In all their gayly blended forms can be,  
 High o'er each line of dazzling sofas bends.

The glorious edifice in all its parts  
 Consummate, the seraphic Guardians lift  
 Their snow-white pinions on the cloudless air, 290  
 And reach the gorgeous gates. In robes attired  
 Of purple ether, the Majestic Spirit  
 Of clouds and storms, with Angel courtesy  
 Th'enraptured Host address'd, and mildly ask'd  
 From their united souls a prayer devout, 295  
 " That Heaven's benedictions might descend,

And consecrate the new-erected Fane."

The courtesy with sweet benignant grace  
 They all return'd, and humbly breathed to God  
 Their pious supplication. This perform'd, 300  
 In majesty sublime, with sacred air  
 And lofty mien, the solemn-musing host  
 Ingression made, and as they advanced, assumed  
 Their plume-soft seats. Awhile, in silence deep  
 They sat till TRUTH's complacent Angel rose, 305  
 And in perspicuous style, at large disclosed,  
 The causes multifarious, which conspired  
 T'enlist with animated zeal their powers  
 In prosecution of the glorious end,  
 For which they were in solemn synod call'd. 310  
 The pure-eyed Seraph thus his feelings spake—  
 "Immortal Guardians of this Western World!  
 Your wisdom now a mighty theme demands!  
 Let all the beams of bright Divinity,  
 Which to your minds illumination gives, 315  
 And sanctifies your pure and spotless hearts,  
 Now on your mental vision clearly shine;  
 Till its keen glances every point explore  
 Of the immense concern that brings us here.  
 The Almighty's glory, and his creature's weal, 320  
 Which moved his holy power this well-plan'd globe,  
 And all *that is* to form, have ne'er attain'd  
 In the uncultured regions of the West  
 The splendid elevation HE design'd.

In various other provinces of Earth, 325  
 Where less prolific means of life and health  
 Exist—Where sterile soil, and freezing winds  
 Against the industry of man contend,  
 And starve, and choak kind Nature's friendliest growth ;  
 Where states ambitious, hostile, feast on War, 380  
 And stain with blood the snowy Crest of peace ;  
 E'en *there*, Refinement's pleasure-dealing hand,  
 The bliss which fits the soul for tasting Heaven,  
 And gives existence all its honied zest,  
 Hath scatter'd wide and copiously around— 335  
 E'en *there*, a thousand consecrated Fanes,  
 To glorify our God, in grandeur rise.  
 Why then should mild, and more congenial climes,  
 Where the maternal hand of Nature rears  
 Salubrious plenty from her fruitful soil, 340  
 Diffusing through the aromatic air,  
 The pleasant fragrance of mellifluous blooms ;  
 Where softest Music pours perennial songs,  
 And summer-cooling Rivers roll their *floods*,  
 Inviting Population to their banks, 345  
 And cheering Commerce to their crystal waves ;  
 O ! why should climes distinguish'd thus by Heaven,  
 Th' *appropriate* residence of cultured life  
 In dark barbarian glooms continue wrap'd,  
 Th' abode of prowling Savages and Beasts 350  
 Blood-hungering fierce? No portion of this Earth  
 To nurture Hell's infernal grisly brood,

Was by its holy Maker e'er design'd;  
 Or to remain a dark and frightful waste,  
 When wisely furnish'd for the residence 355  
 Of rational, humane and polish'd Man.  
 For HE the righteous Author of the World  
 Design'd, that *we*, as Guardians of his work,  
 And Agents of his holy will; that *We*,  
 Should open in the regions of the West 360  
 A sanctuary from the foes of VICE,  
 Who from Oppression, Cruelty, and Wrong,  
 And all the ills of European climes,  
 Have fled, a refuge here to find, beneath  
 Th' Angelic wings of Liberty and Peace. 365  
 The sacred duty thus to us assign'd,  
 We only have as yet in part perform'd.  
 Wide stretching from the Alleganean Mount  
 Far *westward* and towards *north* and *south*, vast bounds  
 Of rich and beauteous country unreclaim'd 370  
 From dreary wildness, ask our culturing aid.  
 God's wisdom and munificence declare,  
 'Tis not his will, that those luxuriant climes  
 Should be monopolized by scatter'd hordes  
 Of rude predaceous men, who feed on blood, 375  
 And all their days through dismal darkness grope;  
 While crouded into unproductive nooks,  
 In other regions, polish'd millions starve.  
 Lo! how already, from th' Atlantic deeps  
 To where this Mountain lifts its clouded brow, 380



Our influence, has th'effulgent floods diffused,  
 Of Revelation's everlasting light ;  
 Dispersing superstition's sombre shades,  
 And settling science on her splendid seat,  
 Serenely bright, seraphic, and sublime ! 385  
 How have we clothed a wilderness with smiles,  
 And made the gloomy heaths and deserts bloom !  
 How to the exiles of a tyrant land,  
 A home, and all the joys of life we've given !  
 Erecting in this new-discover'd World, 390  
 A bless'd Asylum for sweet Liberty,  
 And for each sacred Virtue that adorns  
 The Patriot's and the Christian's hallow'd lives.  
 But *westward* of these mighty mountain piles,  
 Th'illuminating blaze of Gospel day, 395  
 Our civilizing influence ne'er has spread.  
 Now is th'auspicious time for us to plant  
 Our beaming banner firmly in those wilds.  
 For now, the East with population teems,  
 And gallant thousands would our call attend. 400  
 For now the tide of Emigration rolls,  
 The sons of Europe to Columbia's shores,  
 And swarms are sighing for a land to call  
 Their own. O ! then, immortal seraphs muse !  
 Profoundly muse, on the momentous theme, 405  
 And your impressions give ; that all the light  
 Of our united minds may clearly shew,  
 In prosecution of the high design,

The best, the wisest course, for us to take."

Thus spake the Angel of celestial Truth. 410  
 HUMANITY'S bright seraph next,  
 With sweetly melting grace, divinely rose.  
 As innocently meek as Infancy,  
 When mildly slumbering in an Angel's arms,  
 His lovely features were; a tender smile 415  
 With holy grandeur mingled, o'er them beam'd;  
 And in his eye the tear of *feeling* shone.  
 From underneath his snowy mantle, forth  
 His beauteous hand he waved; and from his lips  
 In mild seraphic melody, effused 420  
 Th' ensuing strain. "Ye venerated hosts!  
 Our great compeer with transport have I heard,  
 And much his weighty counsel do approve.  
 So comprehensive was his *general* view,  
 That *our* peculiar interests; if we may 425  
 Peculiar call, what are so intertwined;  
 His kind benevolent feelings to engage,  
 Seem'd little less, if less, than did his *own*.  
 In every fibre of my throbbing heart,  
 His every word a lively echo found. 430  
 O yes! companions in the joys of bliss!  
 We will refine, exalt, and humanize  
 Th' uncivilized Barbarians of the West.  
 The bloody-minded Wretch who now can see,  
 Without a single pitying sigh or tear, 435  
 Beneath the ruthless hatchet's dreadful edge,

An inoffensive Infant bleed and die ;  
 Can hear unmoved the Captive Mother plead,  
 That her sweet, darling innocent may live ;  
 Can, when the writhing of her Babe has ceased, 440  
 And death its little eyes in night hath seal'd ;  
 The fainting Mother to a doom devote  
 Still more ferocious ! More infernal still !  
 The task, the Godlike task be ours, that wretch  
 In bright Refinement's golden crucible 445  
 To melt, to decompose and sublimate !  
 Untill to pity's thrilling touch alive,  
 He thinks, he acts, and feels, as social MAN !

How comfortless ! with misery how replete,  
 Th' unenlighten'd Indian's barbarous life ! 450  
 Their golden billows o'er the smiling plain,  
 For him, no plenty-yielding Harvests wave ;  
 For him, in fields no flocks domestic range ;  
 For him, no fruitage-purple'd gardens blush ;  
 Nor ripen'd Orchards on the dewy grass 455  
 Their mellow burdens drop, emitting wide  
 A honied fragrance on the fluttering gales.  
 For him, no rich and flavorful viands crown,  
 Nor mirth-inspiring Wines, the social feast ;  
 No ornamented dome for him unfolds 460  
 Its sculptured doors—No decent cottage screens,  
 From the bleak winter blasts, his thin-clad limbs ;  
 Nor easy couch e'er rests his aching frame.  
 But penury, and cold, and weariness

Are the attendants of his joyless life. 465  
 The forest Herbage and the Mountain Beasts,  
 Through wind, and rain, and snow, with danger sought,  
 His meagre store of doubtful food supply.

Half-starved, and shivering, through the driving blasts,  
 Successful oft, the CATERER returns, 470

To where beneath his smoking hut of bark,  
 His pining wife, and naked babes, he left;  
 And finds them butcher'd by a neighbouring foe,  
 Or torn, and slaughter'd by blood-drinking Beasts!

It much behoves us then, August Compeers! 475

Among the wild barbarians of the West,  
 The humanizing Arts to introduce;  
 To bid industrious Agriculture pour  
 His cheering comforts through their needy tribes,  
 And bury Carnage, Penury, and Woe, 480  
 Beneath the bosom of the furrow'd soil.

But oh! how delicate the glorious task!  
 How hard t' achieve without the waste of blood!  
 Short-sighted, blind to all that can adorn,  
 Exalt, illumine, and dignify their lives, 485

The WHITES, the jealous Indians view as foes,  
 Who purpose their extinction from the globe.  
 With *means* so badly suited to the end,  
 'Tis not within the compass of our power,  
 So great a work t'effect, without the loss 490  
 Of many lives, unless an agency

We interpose, so palpably divine

As to transcend the boundaries of our sphere,  
 And overwhelm with *Miracles* the mind  
 Of dim-eyed man. But still our *rightful* power 495  
 Embraces such extent of various means,  
 For the performance of our righteous plans,  
 That much the interests of *my special* cause  
 Depends on the selection of a course, 499  
 Through which our great design must be achieved :  
 That course, though tardiest, and of pomp devoid,  
 Whose progress, least sanguineous traces stain,  
 And slightest vestiges of suffering mark,  
 Is doubtlessly the one we should prefer.  
 But other spirits here there are, who best 505  
 Can designate the peaceful plan we wish—  
 Who understanding best the savage heart,  
 Its passions, dispositions, whims, and views,  
 Know best the means its confidence to win.  
 Yes, sacred Guardians of the *desert West* ! 510  
 From you we claim the necessary light  
 Our weighty subject needs. Thus much we've said,  
 That you the cause might clearly comprehend  
 Of this our great and sacred convocation :  
 We now th' expression of your holy views, 515  
 In silence wait."—A musing pause ensued ;  
 Till on a signal given by his colleagues,  
 To whom, with him, peculiarly pertains  
 The governance of those expansive wilds,  
 The holy Spirit of Superintending Zeal, 520

And Delegated Trust, whose labors were  
 Within no *special* province circumscribed ;  
 But an auxiliary aid to all  
 The Western Peers imparted, and for them  
 The cares of Embassy sustain'd, arose, 525  
 And thus with glowing animation spake.

“ On the abundant energizing zeal,  
 In this sublime concern so promptly shewn ;  
 With warm congratulations from the heart,  
 This reverend convocation I salute. 530

At length, immortal peers ! th' eventful voyage  
 Of sailing Time has brought us to a sea,  
 On whose wide breast ten thousand scenes appear,  
 In prospect changeful, as in number great.  
 Here fruitful islets, gay in flowery robes, 535  
 Perfume the gales and cheer the gazing eye.

There frowning rocks high heave their gloomy heads  
 And cast, their shady horrors wide around.

Here, soft-wing'd breezes kiss the slumbering waves  
 And gently fan the brilliant flame of joy, 540  
 Keeping alive the spark in Hope's bright eye.

There, death-jaw'd Tempests howl for prey,  
 And lash with league-long wings the tumbling deeps.  
 But when we reach this sea's magnificent shore,  
 Bright glory's richest treasures wait us there : 545

And though we meet obstructions on the way,  
 Our God, th' unerring pilot of the just,  
 Will guide us safely through each threatening pass.

At length, Angelic colleagues ! dawns the day, 549  
Which will with due reward our labors crown :  
The day when all th' innumerable treasures  
By us prepared in our immense domain,  
Will yield their splendors to exulting Man,  
And magnify the glory of our King,  
By nurturing millions in our fertile Wilds, 555  
His name to celebrate, and courts to croud.  
E'er since, at God's behest this massy Orb,  
Its annual rounds commenced ; our powers divine  
Have sway'd unconquer'd, though by Hell's black fiends  
Oft times opposed, that vast unpeopled land ; 560  
And from successive dangers with our shields  
Angelic, guarded all the wide expanse.  
Remember, Peers ! th'exertion of our might,  
We erst bestow'd to save that vast domain, 564  
When God's almighty vengeance glow'd from Heaven  
Down through this sinful globe, and fast exhaled  
Her boiling waters from their foaming gulphs,  
Their rumbling reservoirs, and roaring seas,  
And fill'd with floods the frowning firmament ;  
Untill from bursting and o'er-burden'd clouds, 570  
Throughout the lapse of " forty days and nights,"  
O'erwhelming deep and wide the drowning globe,  
Profuse the congregated Oceans gush'd.  
Remember, Peers ! how then our posts we kept,  
By all the watery terrors undismay'd : 575  
And scenes like those, so woe-fraught, vast, and dread,

In times before, or since, have ne'er transpired.  
Seraphic language can't portray, nor mind,  
Unless it saw, conceive the prospect, *we*  
On that occasion view'd ; the terrors, which, 580  
To guard from Wreck our realm, we then withstood.  
We saw and heard the tumbling torrents roll  
With roaring rage, o'er crags, and rocks, and steeps,  
Of thundering mountains, and of *trembling* hills ;  
And thence swift down the winding dells descend,  
Till on the deluged plains their Oceans pour'd ;  
In dreadful desolation, burying deep  
Creation's millions ! Man, and Beast, and Fowl ;  
All save the favor'd remnant in the Ark : 589  
While cities, domes, and fanes, the wealth and pride  
Of haughty pryncedom's, swell'd the groaning wreck.  
Athwart the turbid deeps outstretch'd, immense !  
The sturdy Giants we beheld roll back  
With strong nerved arms, the darkly tumbling waves,  
Till with fatigue o'erpower'd, in mad despair, 595  
They grasp'd convulsively the floating drifts,  
Whence soon by strongly driving torrents swept,  
Amid the gulphs vertiginous they sunk :  
Still hugely heaving through the swallowing tide,  
Till from their spouting nostrils gush'd their lives.  
His raven-color'd flag, full-feasted Death 601  
Spread on the frothy flood and grin'd with joy,  
To see on every surge his trophies float.  
In that unequal'd hour of his dread reign,



What horrors hover'd o'er the woeful wreck, 605  
 Around the Heavens, a dismal darkness frown'd :  
 No glance of light the dreary gloom could pierce,  
 Save what the rushing meteor swiftly shot ;  
 Disclosing thickly through the murky glare,  
 Ten thousand grisly ghosts, and on the waves 610  
 As many froth-white corpses, ghastly, wan !

We saw the swelling floods, like battling hosts  
 In foaming vengeance, roll their adverse tides,  
 And meet, and break, and roar. Still higher rose,  
 And higher still, the counter-torrents ; dark, 615  
 Stupendous, raging, desolating, wild !

Amid the watery wars, VOLCANOS burst ;  
 And through the deeps, their hissing lavas belch'd.  
 Tremendous thunders shook the shud'ring world ;  
 Wide-circling whirlpools stretch'd their gulphy jaws. 620  
 The hills were swept away ! the mountains torn  
 Aside, and tumbled through the rolling Vast !  
 While black DAMNATION'S legions scream'd with joy !  
 'Twas then immortal Spirits ! our *flowers* were *tried*.  
 Amid commotions, horrors, groans, and death, 625  
 Our souls were stay'd ! No fears our valor chill'd !  
 The crashing wrecks we brav'd, and bore aloof  
 From our domain, the desolating DRIFTS  
 Of broken mountains, hills, and rough-edg'd rocks ;  
 Which driven in ridgy masses, rudely tore, 630  
 And furrow'd up with ruinous force, the LAND,  
 So steep'd, and yielding then, wheree'er they roll'd !

And as the waning inundation sunk  
 We still our powers preservative employ'd:  
 Our soil from the accumulated PILES,  
 Outweighing then the weakning waves, to guard. 635  
 That time from threat'ning injury thus secur'd  
 Our beauteous realms; through all vicissitudes  
 Of changing elements, they still have been  
 Our unneglected charge, our constant care. 640  
 When from the gen'ral surface of the globe  
 The deep o'erwhelming DELUGE disappeared;  
 To qualify for future use, t'enrich  
 And beautify the land, we spread a Lake,  
 Expansive, pure, throughout a wide extent 645  
 Of the delightful west, and rear'd of rock  
 A mound, to bar its access to the main  
 Southwestward; long within its meted bounds,  
 With principles of fertilizing power  
 Replete, the beauteous *inland sea* remain'd, 650  
 Discharging through the channels of the north  
 Its *superabounding* floods. Its end attain'd,  
 We bade explosive matter form a train,  
 And through the mountain-ledge a passage burst.  
 With rapid flow, to Mexico's great gulph, 655  
 The unsustain'd, immense of water gushed!  
 And left the bosom of th'enriched expanse  
 T'enjoy the temp'rings of a genial sun.  
 To those high-favor'd regions, to impart  
 Still prouder charms, salubrity, and wealth, 660

And give them commerce with th'enlightened world ;  
 We bade from distant mountains, rivers rise,  
 And roll their currents through the mellow'd plains ;  
 Meanwhile, wide o'er its surface Vegetation sprang,  
 And trees in shady pride majestic grew ; 665  
 Around whose virent branches, thickly twined  
 Luxuriant vines. Large-grown, gay-tinted flowers,  
 The groves with intermingled beauties cloth'd ;  
 And sprinkled odorous sweets on every gale.  
 The tender melody of feather'd love, 670  
 Its animation spread. With raptur'd life,  
 Each spray was bending. Each successive season,  
 Successive beauties brought. E'en Winter's reign,  
 Though Vegetation fell beneath his frown,  
 With more fertility the soil endued. 675

*Thus*, holy guardians ! had our care prepar'd,  
 Long ere his foot had press'd this western world,  
 In it for man, a rich and charming home.  
 And yet than bloody beasts and savages,  
 No other habitants can there be found. 680

E'er since from Asiatic climes arriv'd  
 The tawny legions, still our guardian zeal,  
 With unremitting fervency has glow'd.  
 How oft when elemental conflicts roar'd  
 Within our beauteous country's blooming bounds, 685  
 And threatened with convulsions to destroy  
 Its elegance, and worth, have we restrain'd  
 Their devastating rage, and laid asleep

The jarring ferment. Recollect, O Peers !  
 That awful day, the slaughter'd Mammoth fell ! 690  
 Against *satanic* spirits then was roll'd,  
 The thunders of our wrath. What powers of soul !  
 What energy of nerve ! was then requir'd  
 To slay the ravening tyrants of the West !  
 The dreadful monarchs of the trembling beasts ! 695  
 And vanquish *their* infernal aids from Hell !  
 Yet this we did, seraphic peers, and more !  
 But why our guardian feats enumerate,  
 Since every eye in this divan, declares,  
 Divine determination to pursue 700  
 The glorious object which conven'd-us here.  
 It would, with angel wisdom ill accord,  
 Such zealous vigilance to exercise ;  
 And such illustrious labors to perform ;  
 Without a consummation Of the views 705  
 Which gave them origin. 'Tis Folly's part  
 To toil, and not enjoy. To clear the soil,  
 And leave it, t'expend with pains his time, and wealth  
 In building mansions for the vagrant winds.  
 What next demands attention is the *means* 710  
 By which our object best can be achiev'd.  
 And here the Seraph who address'd you last,  
 Has kindly yielded preference to us,  
*Colleagues divine !* as understanding best  
 The savage heart, and therefore best prepar'd, 715  
 To say what course is likeliest to ensure

Our cause success. The means which I propose,  
 As best adapted to the great design,  
 Is some adventurous woodsman to select;  
 And secretly his soul inspire to choose 720  
 A band of daring comrades, to explore  
 In hunting guise, our wide unsettled realm;  
 That while unwak'd the savage jealousies  
 Remain; such general knowledge may be gain'd  
 Of that delightful land, as will invite 725  
 Columbia's enterprising heroes there.  
 But let the chief on whom our choice alights,  
 Be one, in whose expanded breast are found,  
 The great, ennobling virtues of the soul;  
 Benevolence, Mercy, Meekness, Pity, Love, 730  
 Benignant Justice, Valor lion-like,  
 And Fortitude, with stoic *nerves* endow'd.  
 And those with whom his fortune is combin'd,  
 Let *them* be great and virtuous like himself.  
 For if unable to dispose the hearts 735  
 Of the fierce sanguinary savages  
 To friendship with the whites—with these to share  
 The uncultivated regions of the west;  
 Adventurers thus humane, from vice thus free,  
 At least would not by cruelty, and crimes, 740  
 Awaken all the flames of Indian ire;  
 Nor purposely do aught we could condemn.  
 Since Heaven on us the power has not bestow'd,  
 Elsewise than through a *medium* to achieve  
 So great a work, such let that medium be, 745

As best with God's own sacred will accords!  
 If for the task were delegated first,  
 Without a *guide*, or previous knowledge given,  
 A jumbled multitude, discord, and blood,  
 Distress, and final failure would attend 750  
 The enterprise; unless by miracles  
 A supernatural power were interpos'd.  
 In prosecution of the *safest* course,  
 We still an opposition, bred in Hell,  
 Will have to meet. Perhaps th'infernal host 755  
 Appriz'd of our convention, even *now*  
 Have emissaries station'd, to observe  
 Our consultations. Cunning, artifice,  
 And machinations croud the courts of Hell;  
 And keep the demon-legions ever keen 760  
 In vision, to espy, whate'er within  
 Their restless rambles through the roomy earth,  
 May offer means to them, man's weal to mar.  
 But if the savage soul should not be sear'd,  
 And callous made, by Satan's caustic arts, 765  
 To Reason's force: if open yet to proof,  
 That NATURE'S common *right* demands of them,  
 Partition with the Whites, of their wild lands;  
 That Christian Domination there would shed  
 Unknown delights upon their gloomy hearts, 770  
 And banish thence their thorny woes, and wants;  
 Diffusing through their unillumin'd minds  
 The rays of mental light—that christianiz'd

And philanthropic man can ne'er delight,  
 In the distresses and extermination 775  
 Of his own kindred men; but the reverse;  
 That he, sweet animating joy derives  
 From seeing happy millions round him swarm;  
 And never is more bless'd himself than when  
 He makes the wretched bless'd—if Indian minds 780  
 Can possibly be brought to feel these truths,  
 The plan adapted best t'effectuate  
 An end so great, is that which I propose.

To prove that man's professions are sincere,  
 His practices should therewith coincide; 785  
 And virtuous conduct in a multitude,  
 Where Satan has more pow'r to operate,  
 Is not so frequent found as 'mongst a virtuous few.  
 But sacred Spirits! more is needless here.  
 Your searching minds, the theme throughout have scan'd:  
 If they approve the measure I propound 791  
 So will you now declare."

Through all the hall  
 A vote of cheerful approbation ran.  
 Then rose the guardian Spirit of Enterprise,  
 And thus address'd the Angelic convocation. 795

"Benevolent ministers of love! we well,  
 On this momentous era of our reign,  
 With gratulations may each other greet.  
 In fascinating perspective I see  
 Refinement's golden temple spread

Its softly-tempèr'd blaze, o'er all th'expanse,  
 Which from th'Alleganean Mountain's base,  
 Westward to the Pacific deeps extend—  
 I see its brilliance beaming from the Lakes,  
 Whose billows beat the cold Canadian shores ; 805  
 Along Ohio's smooth majestic stream,  
 And Mississippi's mighty flood to where,  
 In statelier pomp their mingled currents roll,  
 O'er distant Mexico's blue-bosom'd bay.

With sun-brown'd cheek, and brow with odorous wreaths  
 Of clover-bloom engarlanded, I see, 811  
 Young Agriculture smiling o'er the west;  
 While Labor's healthful sons around him flock,  
 And wait his mild commands. I see rich fields,  
 Green-waving Meads, and flosculous Gardens spread  
 Beneath his gladden'd eye, their copious stores : 816  
 While Plenty, Happiness, and Peace, and Joy,  
 Religion, Science, Truth, and Love, and *all*  
 The VIRTUES vivify, illumine, refine,  
 Exalt, and sublimate, the NEW-BORN WORLD! 120

Th'enrapturing scenes we soon shall realize,  
 Which warm prophetic Fancy here depicts,  
 If in pursuit of the benevolent end,  
 On which we have resolved, we delegate  
 To the high charge, a Hero, whom I long 825  
 Have train'd, with cheerful ease to undergo  
 Privations, dangers, pain, and solitude.  
~~When~~ oft thro' frigid storms, and forest-snows,  
 Without a friend, or fire, or even food,



Save what the desert gave, I've seen swift speed 830  
To rouse from his thick lair, the antler'd Buck;  
Or from their dark and solitary dens,  
In dingles deep, or wildly-jutting cliffs,  
To startle forth the grim predaceous Beasts;  
The bounding Catamount, and meagre Wolf, 835  
The surly Bear, and slaughter-hungering Panther:  
A Hero whom no terrors can appal:  
Whose bosom feels no fear, when lost in woods  
The wildest that in all the mountain waste  
By wintry winds are swept:—whose sinewy limbs 840  
Can scale the roughest mountain's rocky steeps  
With vigorous ease, nor feel a fibre fail,  
Nor quicken'd breath, nor fluttering pulse, bespeak  
Fatigue. But in his breast there beats a heart,  
In which the warmest blood of Pity flows. 845  
For though to him the chace affords delight,  
As warranted by the Almighty's grant,  
Within a limited extent; yet such  
The Hero's tenderness, his soul revolts  
From needless cruelty, to meanest life. 850  
He would not crush with wanton tread a fly,  
Nor e'en with useless agonies of pain  
Torment the poisonous snake. The tear of woe  
Draws from his breast the sympathetic sigh,  
And Sorrow's plaintive tale, and mournful mien, 855  
Commisseration's tender throb awakes  
Within his feeling heart. No passion reigns,

Tyrannic o'er his reason, Patriot love  
 With daring majesty his soul inspires,  
 And would with equal valor make him brave 860  
 The lurking dangers of the savage wild;  
 Or face in open field the frowning front  
 Of thundering Battle. Generous, guileless, kind,  
 The gripe of sneaking Avarice ne'er compress'd  
 His princely heart. No mean dissembling smiles, 865  
 Nor smooth, deceitful speech, his views conceal,  
 Nor form a feint his unsuspecting friends,  
 Within a *venal snare* to lure. He gives  
 To modest indigence, with bounteous will,  
 A liberal portion of his little store. 870  
 The ostentatious pageantry of power,  
 The moon-shine splendors of high-titled birth,  
 And fluttering Fashion's vain, fantastic pomp;  
 For his sage mind, no more attractions have,  
 Than shining gossamer upon the winds, 876  
 Or glittering froth, upon the turbid streams.  
 In fine, no Hero whom I've e'er inspir'd;  
 With more or higher Virtues is endued,  
 Or better qualified to fill the place,  
 For which we are about to make a choice, 880  
 Than DANIEL BOONE, th'adventurous Hunter, whom  
 I recommend. And he, by knowing well  
 The human heart, and having friends, whose souls  
 Like his, can dauntless, brave the stormy wilds;  
 Who th'anguish'd plaint attend, and kindly soothe 885

With sweet condolence Misery's bleeding woes—  
 Whose souls with magnanimity expand,  
 Sublimely soaring o'er the tinsel'd swarms,  
 Of Pride, and Fashion. With such means possess'd,  
 Companions for the tour he can enlist, 890  
 Adapted well to such divine emprise.  
 If then, Angelic Peers! your judgments deem  
 Him worthy of the trust, so will you say."

With undivided suffrage, the Divan,  
 The enterprising Angel's choice, approv'd: 895  
 And by their solemn institution gave,  
 To *him*, protection of the new-made CHIEF—  
 To *him*, by secret inspiration t'excite  
 The Hero's valorous soul, to undertake  
 The glorious enterprise, the task they gave. 900  
 Their great design for *action*, thus matur'd,  
 Th'enraptur'd convocation ere they rose,  
 Their praise in loud seraphic peans pour'd,  
 To that transcendently tremendous God,  
 Whose frown, an UNIVERSE, in gloom can shroud; 905  
 Whose smile, Illumination's purest blaze  
 Through an infinitude of Night can spread;  
 And with Refinement's ever-living blooms,  
 Creation's wildest WILDERNESS can clothe!—

RELIGION's sacred Seraph next, gave sign, 910  
 His hallow'd MAJESTY in *prayer* t'address—  
 When bowing low in suppliant attitude,  
 Their animated adorations forth,  
 The reverential congregation breathed;

And in a tone of warm pathetic zeal 915  
 Effused from lips bedewed with melting sweets;  
 With the nectarean quintessence of Love!  
 And honied balm of holy Eloquence!  
 Th'Almighty's kindly prospering smile implored,  
 Around the Hero's dreary path to beam, 920  
 And light him safely through each winding maze,  
 Until success his great adventure crowned.  
 Their pious service clos'd, the kneeling host  
 Arose, and nought their Session to prolong  
 Remaining now, the holy Synod was dissolv'd. 925

Each Seraph spread his sparkling pinions wide;  
 And from the plume-bespangled portico,  
 Light bounded on the gently buoyant gales,  
 And swiftly sail'd to his appropriate Sphere.

So from their anchorage launch'd, majestic Ships, 930  
 The liquid deeps, in gallant beauty skim;  
 And seek o'er Wilds of Ocean far remote,  
 In various distant Realms, their native ports.

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
DANIEL BOONE.

BOOK II.

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## ARGUMENT.

*FROM* the council-dome, the missioned Seraph flies in search of Boone, whom he discovers on the TOWER of ARARAT, immersed in patriotic meditations; to which the Angel by secret inspiration, gives additional fervency. 1 to 91.—Animated with the prospect of discovery, usefulness, and fame, which his imagination had depicted; he selects the Companions of his adventures; at the appointed season bids adieu to his Family; and commences his destined tour. 92 to 293.—On the heights of Allegany, after several days progress, the Travellers are at midnight aroused from their slumbers, by the scream of a Panther; in pursuit of which, they make an unsuccessful sally, and again betake themselves to repose. 300 to 318.—A short time elapses, and they are alarmed by the sight of VULOSKO and MELVILLE, in quest of MELCENA, who had been forced by ruffians from her Lover, when on her return with him to her paternal abode, from visiting his Father. The Strangers join Boone's encampment, and the night is passed in mutual inquiries and explications, which terminate with Vulosko's narrative. 326 to 828 —At the close of which, Boone promises the disconsolate parent all possible assistance, in the recovery of of his beloved daughter.

THE  
ADVENTURES

OF

DANIEL BOONE.



BOOK II.

WITH meteor-swiftness, from the council-dome,  
High through the azure heights of Atmosphere,  
His lofty way the *mission'd* Seraph wing'd;  
Till poised above the Carolinian hills,  
He sought with searching view, th'adventurous BOONE.  
Along the silver-shining Yadkin first, 6  
Where stood the Hero's rural mansion, glanced  
The Angel's vigorous eye, thence o'er the Hills,  
His usual *hunting-ground*, which bounds the vales,  
And thence swift o'er the Mountain's gloomy Mounds; 10  
Until th'august sublimity and pomp  
Of that stupendous Tower, whose rocky brow  
From towering Ararat's blue summit frowns,

In threatening grandeur o'er surrounding plains,  
 And proudly fronts the Apalachian Mounts, 15  
 The daring Angel's eagle view enchain'd.  
 For *it* so much the power of God display'd,  
 That e'en to Cherub eyes it had a charm  
 Sublime. As there the holy Seraph gazed,  
 He, on the holy Battlement espied 20  
 In Contemplation's solemn stole enrobed,  
 The high-soul'd Hunter. The magnific PILE,  
 As through contiguous woods the Hero ranged,  
 His thoughtful soul with rapturous awe had swell'd;  
 And urged him to ascend its perilous crags, 25  
 And narrow-winding chasms, until he gain'd  
 The dizzy height! Well suited was the *scene*,  
 T'attune his feelings for th'inspiring breath;  
 Of ardent Enterprise—as Boone advanced,  
 Their steep retreats the strong-wing'd Eagles left, 30  
 And sought the solitude of trackless skies.  
 In pomp, and variegated glories clothed;  
 Their awful heads, cloud-crested mountains heav'd,  
 High in the North Horizon. And towards South,  
 In Spring's new verdure deck'd a vast Campaign 35  
 Disclosing here and there its splendid streams,  
 Extended far beneath th'impending Tower.  
 Sublimed with extacy, the Hero stood,  
 Surveying round, the soul-exalting scene,  
 Which seem'd for Meditation's eye prepared. 40  
 Along the ragged precipice he saw



The lightning's rifted path. Each flickering breeze,  
That swept the grey-brow'd turrets, seem'd to shake  
The elevated mass!—So high it was,  
It seem'd t'invade the starry bounds of Heaven! 45  
So high—the Hero thought, his air-fan'd locks,  
Were lifted by the pure empyreal Winds.  
His raptur'd Fancy's reverential eye,  
Was raised to see th'ETERNAL's blazing THRONE;  
And the impetuous gush of thought o'erwhelm'd 50  
A while his mind. Meantime, the Angel view'd  
Th'extatic agitations of his soul;  
And in a spiritual form unseen, approach'd  
Th'enravis'd Hero; breath'd upon his heart  
A vigorous glow; and raised him from his trance. 55  
Collected now, and the presumptuous wing  
Of temerarious Fancy check'd; his mind  
Contemplates other less o'er-powering scenes,  
Adapted more to *finite* ken. With love  
Of God and Man inspired, and with the zeal 60  
Of new-enkindled Animation rapt;  
His view expanding, with th'expanding range  
Of far seen hills and plains; his towering soul  
Disdaining life's *inferior* toils, which cramp  
With dull employ, the nerves of virtuous *Power*; 65  
Which chill the glowing warmth of great resolve,  
And chain t'an inch of soil those energies,  
That were design'd to dignify a World!  
His patriot bosom panted for a stage,

On which, for his loved Country's benefit, 70  
 To act that daring, that heroic part,  
 Which was commensurate with his lofty views.

Again his fervid soul the Angel touch'd,  
 And spread before his perspicacious eye,  
 A theatre of ample magnitude, 75

Full quadrate to the Hero's boldest wish,  
 The wild dominions in Columbia's WEST!—

Upon his *Fancy's* pictured tablet, shone  
 In splendid tints, a thousand varied scenes;  
 Embellishing a dark Barbarian World!— 80

Refinement's golden file with smoothing sweep,  
 Reducing swiftly from the savage mind,  
 Its heathen incrustations—kindling light

And splendor, where investing glooms and rust,  
 The Indian's intellectual treasures spoil'd. 85

A thousand valorous, soul-ennobling feats

Attendant on the patriot enterprise,

Grandly preparing, an expanded sphere

For Commerce, Wealth, and all the brilliant Arts,  
 Where they before had never cast a beam, 90

In brilliant prospect warmed the Hero's soul.

Descending down the shatter'd precipice,

He sought with haste, Companions for th'enterprise;

And from his brave associates in the chase,

Th'adventurous Findley, Stewart, Holden, Cool, 95

And Monay, chose; a small, but daring band!

Soon for the hazardous exploremment was

Viaticum prepared.

Now came the day  
 Of keenest grief, that e'er the breast transpierced  
 Of the immortal Boone. A day on which 100  
 He was constrain'd to leave domestic bliss,  
 The sweet endearments of Connubial Love—  
 Caresses fond of Babes, and kind devoirs  
 Of friendly neighbors. These he had to leave,  
 Not for his wonted time, a few short weeks; 105  
 But numerous, dreary, long and tedious Months!  
 To travel, not familiar woods, where Man  
 Meets nought but *timid* beasts; nor cultured realms,  
 Where Peace and Love and social Science charm;  
 And Hospitality with smiles adorn'd, 110  
 Runs open-armed to meet him at the Gate:  
 But where a dark and dreadful desert spreads,  
 Between the Hero's home and *destined* land;  
 Where *Monster* Beasts with fierce blood-hungering howl,  
 The sounding woods, and echoing caverns fill, 115  
 And death-delighting Indians lurk for life,  
 In every bosky nook and wild retreat.  
 Around the sadden'd Chief his darling sons,  
 And daughters, and his sorrow-wounded wife,  
 In weeping circles drew. In vain, he strove 120  
 Their sobbing hearts to sooth; in vain, he tried  
 T'assuage the bitter woe, that swell'd his own.  
 One mournful burst of sorrow fill'd, with sighs,  
 And sobs and tears, the melancholy house.

The tenderest eloquence of mourning love, 125  
 At length broke from the sweet impassion'd lips  
 Of his affectionate spouse. "My Boone!" She cried,  
 And press'd him to her groaning breast; "My Boone!"  
 How can you leave your Home, your Wife and Babes,  
 Your life in bloody woods to jeopardize, 130  
 Among the murdering Indians' cruel tribes?  
 My God! the horrid thought I cannot bear!  
 How shall I rest in peace, when dangers watch  
 To take away my dear Companion's life?  
 How, when the dreadful, silent, solitude 135  
 Of dark and cheerless Night, surrounds my Bed;  
 When Fancy's gloomy spectres flit along  
 My dreary chamber, and your bleeding Corpse  
 By grinning Savages or glare-eyed Beasts,  
 Before my *sleepless* eyes is rudely drag'd; 140  
 How shall I then support my sinking heart?  
 How then the bodings of my rueful thoughts  
 Endure? Oh then! what answer shall I give  
 Our darling Infants, when their lispings tongues  
 The cause inquire, that makes me wet with tears, 145  
 Their little cheeks, and steep with briny dew  
 My sigh-warm'd pillow? What answer shall I give  
 The tender prattlers, when they sweetly ask  
 The time, their absent Father will return?  
 Oh, do not go! MY HUSBAND! do not go!— 150  
 T'allure you from your peaceful Home,  
 What does, what can, the dangerous desert yield

That would our Miseries, Woes, and painful Fears  
 Repay? O! if you go; this NOBLE BREAST  
 I fear, will heave its last in savage flames, 155  
 Or by the Indian's butchering vengeance gash'd,  
 Pour on th'ensanguin'd ground its crimson life!  
 If there you fall, no tender hand will wash  
 Your clotted wounds, nor shroud your pallid clay;  
 No sorrowing friends will bear you to the grave, 160  
 Nor screen from prowling violence your limbs,  
 Then lifeless cold! If such your fate should be;  
 How could my widow'd heart sustain the pang  
 Of cruel Grief, that then would lacerate  
 Its wasting tendrils? Oh my Boone! my Boone! 165  
 How could—how could I then endure to see  
 Our Orphan-Infants weep their Father's Death;  
 And hear them cry, "oh God! he's gone!  
*Forever gone!*" Here Grief her voice suppress'd—  
 A mournful pause ensued—such as succeeds 170  
 The last impressive words, of some adored,  
 Some dear-loved, dying friend, when round his bed  
 The weeping clusters croud, and see the beams  
 Of trembling life fade in his closing eye.  
 From every pore the Hero's manly heart 175  
 Ran blood. His guardian Spirit hovering near,  
 And witnessing his deep-depressing grief,  
 Inspired again his drooping soul.  
 He kiss'd his languid Consort's tear-dew'd cheek,  
 And to appease the pang that stung her breast 180

Address'd her thus. " My bosom's dearest love !  
The splendors, titles, honors, wealth, and power,  
And all the glittering garniture of earth,  
To me are trash, compared with what regards  
The Peace and Happiness of you, my Wife, 185  
And these our lovely Cherubs ! Sooner would  
I groan my life away in servitude,  
Or waste my days in dismal dungeon-cells :  
Yes ; sooner would I brave the blazing stake,  
Or sink amid the Caldron's boiling waves, 190  
Than doom to woe, my darling Wife and Babes.  
But *woe*, my *dear* ! though tasted now, this hour  
Of painful parting, Heaven's benignant hand  
Will soon avert. For Innocence ne'er drinks  
Long time, much less through life, its *bitter cup* ; 195  
And oft is sipping richly-flavor'd sweets,  
When thought by most to quaff the *hateful gall*.  
The task that separates us now awhile,  
My Angel ! is not self-imposed. My soul  
Of late is by an ardent impulse urged, 200  
The grand emprise to undertake : a power  
From Heaven, must actuate unseen, my will :  
For so determined, warm, impulsive, bold,  
It never heretofore has been ; and all  
Its ardor to the self-same object tends. 205  
Such influence to resist, were to oppose  
The powers divine. Those powers, my dear ! your Boone,  
When in the desert's yelling gloom can guard,

Or Indian's bloody Camp; as well as when  
 In Carolina's harmless fields. Those powers, 210  
 Which erst protected in the roaring den  
 Of dreadful Beasts, the sacred *man of God* ;  
 Those righteous powers, which from the gulphy bowels  
 Of the huge monarch of the Deep, brought forth  
 Unhurt, Repenting Jonah—they can shield 215  
 From flying Tomahawks the naked head ;  
 And guard it from the horrid scalping knife.  
 When I am absent, *think of this*, my love !  
 And be consoled. That same benevolent God,  
 Whose hand the Raven's callow nestlings feeds, 220  
 Whose eye with merciful regard observes  
 His humblest work ; each little Sparrow knows ;  
 And on the valley's tenderest Floweret sheds  
 The beams of life and beauty—that kind God,  
 When I'm away, the Father of our Babes 225  
 Will be ; and with divine protection's wing  
 Will guard their pious Mother. Cease then, Love !  
 To weep ; and on *That Rock of safety* rest  
 Your hopes, your cares—The sovereign law of Heaven  
 Requires, that man should oft the sweets forego 230  
 Of loved Society, Companions, Friends,  
 Relations, Children, tender Wife, and all !  
 To tread th'adventurous stage of grand emprise !  
 To scatter knowledge through the Heathen wilds,  
 And mend the state of Universal Man!— 235  
 By Duty's stern but salutary voice,

Affection's feeling fibres oft are jarr'd ;  
 Till pain-wrung blood-rills streaming thence, distain  
 The plumes of Peace. Yet duty's needful call  
 Must be obey'd. For keener still's the pain 240  
 Of disobedience to the will of Heaven,  
 Than all the torturing pangs of sunder'd love.  
 When parted by the Wilderness, my spouse !  
*Anticipated* bliss will animate  
 Our anxious hearts, and cheer our darkest days ; 245  
 And well it may, for sweet will be the time,  
 And richly, flowing with beatitude,  
 When from my grand adventures I return.  
 Then will we on the shaded green recline,  
 Or round th'enlivening fire ; renewing joys, 250  
 Short time suspended for our country's weal,  
 And musing on the wonders of the West,  
 And the protecting goodness of our God."

Observing now his consort more composed,  
 The Hero paused, and heard her thus reply. 255

" My dear companion ! now I yield, convinced,  
 Thy conscience touch'd by holy breath from Heaven,  
 Commands thee to the great, the perilous task.  
 On *Duty's* pure immaculate Altar, now  
 I sacrifice the tenderest wish of Love ! 260  
 My prayers shall plead ; when each new morning's dawn  
 Breaks on the fading glooms of parting Night,  
 And when each Evening's mantle shrouds the day ;  
 Shall plead for God's almighty shield to ward



From ill, my absent Boone !” Thus was her heart 265  
 From deep depression raised by breath benign  
 Of kind Humanity’s Seraphic Spirit,  
 Whose feeling eye had mark’d her painful grief,  
 And on her soul its cheering influence beam’d.  
 Now close the designated hour advanced, 270  
 His partners at th’appointed spot to meet.

Again the Hero’s heart, a poignant pang  
 Transpierced—Again with sorrow’s sickening throes,  
 His sweet Companion’s snowy bosom throb’d,  
 Again his tender children loudly wept ! 275  
 He gave his wife the fond farewell embrace,  
 And on her lips the soul-enkindled kiss  
 Imprinted ; press’d his sobbing Babes,  
 Shook all their hands, and look’d a long adieu !

Attended by his viewless Angel, now, 280  
 The Hero wends to meet his comrade band ;  
 When join’d, they westward take their pathless way.

To beautify their route, and cheer their march ;  
 The Queen of Spring, mellifluous-breathing May,  
 Walk’d with them o’er the wood-land wilds, and steep’d  
 In honey-dews the young expanding leaves ; 286  
 And through the fleckered forest flung perfumes ;  
 While flowerets, blooms, and fragrant foliage fill’d  
 The extended boundaries of her balmy reign.  
 Along the wilds, and feather-winnow’d air, 290  
 In animating undulations flow’d  
 The sweetly modulated songs of Spring ;

As if, the journeying Heroes on their march,  
 To hail, with *Gratulation's* melody!  
 With vigorous speed, o'er plains and hills they hied;  
 Each night reposing round the unshelter'd fire. 296  
 Soon on the lofty Alleganean peaks  
 They tread. Here Nature's rudest hand had rear'd  
 CONFUSION'S Battlements sublime;  
 And here had SOLITUDE'S dark dingles delv'd!— 300  
 One night encompass'd by the wildest cliffs,  
 That jut in shaggy prominence high o'er  
 The rugged mounds, around their glimmering fire  
 Our Heroes lay—'Twas midnight's silent hour:  
 Unsleping Cynthia's waning, silvery disk, 305  
 Smiled on the shadowy hills, and palely shone  
 Along the Mountain's slant dew-glistening rocks—  
 The restless cascade murmur'd on the winds—  
 The Wolf-howl echo'd down the distant dells—  
 The Zephyrs were on wing. Our Heroes slept— 310  
 A passing Panther snuff'd them on the breeze,  
 For blood athirst; half resolute, half scared,  
 He crouching, crept near by, and fiercely scream'd,  
 Then farther fled. The sleepers startling, woke;  
 Their rifles seized, and clamber'd o'er the cliffs. 315  
 Far on the moon-illumined rocks, Boone spied  
 The bloody prowler; and his gun discharged,  
 But miss'd the flying mark. Soon back return'd;  
 They stir their dwindling fire, and rest again. 319  
 Some time elapsed; each eye save Boone's in sleep

Was closely sealed—but his, to aid his mind,  
 As on the midnight mountain scenes it mused,  
 Now view'd the blue star-twinkling vault, now glanced  
 Along the high-raised, dim-seen, distant woods,  
 And now along *contiguous* cliffs; on which 325  
 Beneath slow-waving trees, the moonshine danced.  
*Here* as his wakeful eye the Hero cast;  
 He astonish'd, saw two human forms slow move  
 Like shadows o'er the rocks—wild wonder rush'd  
 Across the Hero's heart—The *time* and *place* 330  
 Denied belief, that mortal men they were.  
 But in their hands he saw their swords' dim gleam,  
 As o'er a moon-light space they softly passed;  
 And soon again, what seem'd like guns he spied.  
 Warm rose his blood; he snatch'd his rifle up, 335  
 And shook in haste his sleeping friends. They roused;  
 When instant, disappear'd behind the rocks,  
 The unknown beings. Boone gave charge to hide  
 Among the cliffs; when loud, "Meicena!" cried  
 The darkling strangers; then, "my child! my child!"—  
 Re-echoed quickly through the sounding woods. 341  
 Again, "Infernal Ruffians! Fiends of Hell!  
 May God's eternal vengeance blast with woe,  
 Your future lives!" "My God!" said Boone, "what does,  
 What can this mean?" And then, thus question'd loud:  
 "Where is your child? And whoin Heaven's name 346  
 Are you?—" "Mock not an aged Father's grief,"  
 Replied the Stranger; "give to my arms again,

My lovely Child ! Oh ! if your cruel hearts,  
 No fear of that all-just tremendous POWER, 350  
 Whose thunders soon in wrath shall wake, and leagued  
 With his red lightnings, drive to Hell's black gulphs  
 Your demon souls ; can move you to repent  
 Your hellish guilt, and make you yield my Child,  
 Let *gold* restore her ! for by Him I swear, 355  
 Who made yon Moon, and her bright retinue ;  
 That if you will give back to me, my child,  
 Ten thousand Guineas shall the deed reward :  
 Of which as surety, my own life to you  
 In pledge I'll give, until the ransom's paid ; 360  
 Which shall amid these mountain wilds be done."

Then Boone—" You are mistaken, Sir, I *swear*  
 By him, by whom you've sworn, we are not those  
 You think ; poor, inoffensive travellers, we !  
 By day our course directing to the land, 365  
 Along the mighty Waters of the West,  
 We sojourn here no longer than this night :  
 Be not of us afraid, come to our Camp,  
 And tell your tale of wrong. If aught of aid  
 We can impart, it shall be promptly given. 370  
 We invoke the God of Holiness and Truth,  
 To witness, that no evil we design  
 To living man, and that whatever is  
 Of her the fate, whom in these wilds you seek,  
 We neither know that fate, nor are its cause." 375  
 The undesigning seriousness of tone,

With which the Hero spake ; in part dispell'd  
 The Father's first belief, and to his friend  
 He said—" That voice, that language, seems to speak,  
 Methinks, a soul sincere ! perhaps, dear youth ! 380  
 We wrong those men ; they may be innocent ;  
 If so, they will our anxious search assist.  
 I'll know ; remain you here mean while, young friend ;  
 And if I'm slain, or captive made ; then haste  
 You home, and summon to these Hills a Host 385  
 To seek my darling child, t'avenge my fate,  
 And do whatever Wisdom may devise.  
 Without my dear, my lost Melcena ; life  
 Is little worth my care. But you are young ;  
 And should not rashly risk a life that may, 390  
 An ample share of bliss enjoy ; though lost  
 To her whose *plighted* Love would soon have fill'd  
 With Hymeneal sweets, your happy soul.  
 Enough ! if *foes*, they may surround us here :  
 You shelter in these rocks until my call, 395  
 Or friends or foes, proclaim." Th'impatient youth--  
 " Let me, O Father ! share thy doom, my Arm  
 Feels *strong* ! my life, without my Love, than thine  
 Is worth no more--If not the VILLAINS, then  
 We're safe : If they, no better chance again 400  
 May e'er occur, to wrest, from their curst hands,  
 My dear Melcena--let us then advance  
 Together, and abide the worst : my *sword*  
 Shall shield thy head ; my *gun* shall do its part."

Too well Vulosko knew the ardent fire 405  
 That flam'd within the youthful Melville's breast,  
 To struggle long its daring course to check.  
 He gave assent that both should dare the peril :  
 And on, o'er intervening crags they went ;  
 Till at the Camp ; then told their presence there. 410  
 Forth from their refuge dark, our Heroes came ;  
 For prudence bade them not expose their lives,  
 By staying at their fire, where death might see  
 To aim his slaughtering tube ; and as they came,  
 Their peaceful views in solemn terms declared. 415  
 Suspicion's eye, with mutual sternness marked,  
 From either side, the other's every look :  
 Until asseverations, statements, style,  
 Demeanor, equipage, and dress conspired,  
 All doubts and fears from every breast to drive. 420  
 In converse now the remnant of the night  
 Was pass'd. At Boone's request, Vulosko told,  
 How from his heart, in unpropitious hour,  
 Was torn his dear Melcena—prefacing  
 With a brief narrative of his own life 425  
 The painful tale. " I am the son," he said,  
 " Of an adventurous Nobleman, who left,  
 The blazing clash of European WAR,  
 In the wild Forests of this Western World,  
 To seek the silent shades of bloodless PEACE. 430  
 His infant days in innocence and joy,  
 Among the ALPINE scenes of Love, were spent,

And pastoral pleasure; and around his path,  
 The Sun of Peace, for fifteen summers, pour'd  
 Its pleasing splendors. "Switzerland!" Him oft 435  
 When musing on his juvenile days, I've heard  
 With melancholy extacy exclaim;  
 "O Switzerland! Sweet land of Liberty!  
 Thou Nurse of Virtue, Piety, and Truth,  
 Thou sacred seat of *cheerful Industry*, 440  
 Of daring Independence, Science, Peace,  
 And all that purifies, exalts, sublimes,  
 And sanctifies the HUMAN HEART—Dear Land!  
 By NATURE guarded from Oppression's gripe;  
 Whose sinewy sons with sweeping strength can hurl, 445  
 From their rough Mountains' rich and rugged heights,  
 The insulting Myrmidons, who dare invade  
 The precincts of their PEACE-PROTECTED homes.  
 DEAR LAND! where CANDOR's fair expanded brow,  
 And *steady-beaming* eye, the lofty soul 450  
 And generous philanthropic Heart declare.  
 How sweetly would my unambitious life,  
 Among thy cultured shades have glided on,  
 Had not the glare of gorgeous War allured  
 My youthful eyes, and drawn me to the din 455  
 Of distant dangers."— Well might he lament  
 The infatuation that possess'd his brain,  
 When he his gentle home exchanged for fields  
 Of Blood. For, fighting in a foreign War,  
 His life he nearly lost. His parents died— 460

He visited a German relative,  
 A famous General in the imperial reign  
 Of Leopold, and was smitten with the pomp  
 Of MARTIAL POWER, and the splendid Fame  
 Of Military conquest—Raptures filled 465  
 His eye, whene'er he heard the Soldier's song,  
 The conquering Warrior's brilliant deeds resound.  
 With pride, his Kinsman view'd each vivid glance;  
 And through his influence, for the ardent youth,  
 An office under Prince Eugene obtained. 470  
 'Twas when the Elector of Bavaria roll'd,  
 In junction with the French, the bloody flood  
 Of desolating Battle, o'er the vast  
 Germanic Empire; soon my Father's fire  
 Was join'd to the confederate flame, which burn'd 475  
 To oppose the Hosts of Tallard and Marsin.  
 On BLENHEIM's glorious field his arm was tried.  
 Wheree'er he moved, the thunders of his might  
 Before him drove the dreadful storm of Death;  
 And ere the Battle half was o'er, his name 480  
 Was *shouted* through the ranks; and Glory's wreaths  
 Around his towering brow profusely hung.  
 But dearly were his laurels bought; the price  
 Was copious torrents of his glowing blood!  
 A veteran Horseman's steel his bosom gashed, 485  
 And laid him bleeding on the smoking sward!  
 The roaring conflict ceased; and Victory's voice  
 In shouts along the *leauged* Battalions brokè.



Attended by the skill'd Physician's aid,  
 In an adjacent tent my father lay. 490  
 His slumbering senses were with cordials waked—  
 He heard the loud triumphing peals, and smiled!  
 But soon, the *mournful wail* of WIDOWED WIVES,  
 Who had at distance view'd the slaughtering fray—  
 The anguished groans of thousands pained with wounds;  
 And Death's blood-strangled gasps, his heart assailed, 496  
 And wraped in Pity's glooms his pallid Face!  
 In all their tender melancholy forms,  
 REFLECTION'S *soft* sensations now awoke  
 Within his breast---His native Mountain joys, 500  
 The mild pacific intercourse of Love,  
 That binds in one harmonic friendly band,  
 The unambitious family of Swiss;  
 In contrast with the Carnage, Blood and Death  
 That spread the plains of fierce unhappy WAR; 505  
 Upon his soul were vividly portrayed.  
 Ambition's steely casements, from his heart,  
 Humanity's dissolvent gush removed;  
 And Valor's *wild intemperate* flame was quenched,  
 In the soft-flowing flood. By tender care, 510  
 His wounds were healed, and his sunk health restored.  
 His feelings now were changed, they loathed at War!  
 And though his native Hills he loved; he sighed  
 For freedom from the bloody storm, that howl'd  
 With frightful clamor, round the neighboring world.  
 His patrimonial property was large: 516

He sold it all, and sought o'er surging seas,  
 The solitude and peace for which he sigh'd.  
 In Massachusetts province, he first breathed  
 Columbia's aromatic gales—There LOVE, 520  
 Enchanting poison, through his veins infused,  
 And bound in talismanic trance his heart---  
 Awhile in pain he loved ; but PLEASURE came,  
 On the white pinions of inspiring HOPE,  
 And turned his dubious passion all to bliss. 525  
 Him, soon the Queen of his affections crown'd  
 By Hymen's hand, the Monarch of her Own.---  
 In search of still profounder solitude,  
 To Carolina they soon after came ;  
 And there awhile the quietude they wished, 530  
 Enjoyed. Their wealth was ample, and they lived  
 In happy ease. The peasants scattered o'er  
 Their fruitful farm, with joy their wants supplied.  
 I was the only child that crown'd their love.  
 To impress with virtuous truth my ductile mind, 535  
 And teach me how a *dangerous* world to shun ;  
 Was all their occupation. Smoothly flow'd  
 Their unimbittered stream of life ; until  
 The cursed Coree and Tuscarora tribes  
 Of Savages with sanguinary rage, 540  
 Enwrap'd in Night's thick-muffling darkness rush'd  
 Wild through the sleeping Colony, and plunged  
 Their gory daggers in the unguarded breasts  
 Of shrieking Females, struggling Babes, old Men,

And high-soul'd Heroes strong in vigorous youth ! 545  
 That Night my FATHER died ! and MOTHER too !  
 That tender Mother ! whose benignant face,  
 Whose mild benevolent voice, and melting eye,  
 I yet remember well : O yes, she was  
 Too kind, too good, for Memory e'er to slight !— 550  
 Of her, my dear, my lost Melcena is  
 A perfect semblance. O ETERNAL GOD !  
 Do have compassion on thy grey-hair'd Servant !  
 Again to him his darling child restore !  
 The only living comfort that remains 555  
 To sweeten life's gall-mingled sediment ;  
 The last supporting pillar now that's left,  
 To prop a few more years, his sinking heart ;  
 And keep awhile his shatter'd, tottering frame,  
 From tumbling into the engulfing grave !— 560  
 Excuse, O friends, the vehemence of soul  
 That interrupts my tedious Narrative.  
 I now proceed.—Before the murdering FIENDS  
 Could reach my bed, my dying parents' groans  
 Admonish'd me to fly—a window near 565  
 Afforded egress to my shuddering limbs ;  
 To seek a neighboring peasant's aid, I ran ;  
 But ere I reach'd his house, I heard the scream  
 Of murder, mingled with the Ruffians' yell.  
 In the dark woods till morn I trembling lay ; 570  
 Then ventured slowly through a grove of trees,  
 Which waved adjacent to my Father's house.

Great God! what dread emotions then convulsed  
 My aching breast; I thought my beating heart  
 Would burst. A drear, soul-sickening silence cast 575  
 A death-expressive gloom around. In vain  
 I hoped to see my Parents, though gore-stain'd,  
 And mangled sorely with blood-dripping wounds;  
 Look from their mansion-door to seek their son.  
 I fear'd to call, or nearer to approach 580  
 The woeful scene of midnight violence;  
 Lest still the Ruffians might be lurking there.  
 The Sun rose high, my last faint hope expired;  
 The bosom-racking misery of DESPAIR  
 Now wrung my anguish'd heart-strings, and I sunk 585  
 Upon the naked earth—At length, I heard  
 The voice of men. I rose, and saw a band  
 Of arm'd militia, marching to the House;  
 And soon I recognized my Father's friend  
 Dulonz, to whom, I faint and trembling ran. 590  
 He took my hand, and led me to the Door;  
 Whence, O soul-piercing sight! I see it yet!  
 We saw my murder'd parents, lifeless, pale!  
 I kiss'd their livid lips, and in a swoon,  
 Sunk senseless, on their cold and mangled breasts. 595  
 Dulonz convey'd me to his friendly home,  
 The guardian of my infant years, became:  
 And with a Father's care upon my heart,  
 The principles of Piety impressed,  
 The light of Erudition o'er my mind, 600  
 In all its variegated tints diffused,

And carefully my Heritage preserved.  
 Ten years with him in amity I lived.  
 My period of Minority expired  
 And now, my fortune to myself resign'd, 605  
 The nations of the European world,  
 I formed a resolution to survey,  
 And thither sail'd. From court to court I went ;  
 Until of men and laws I knew enough!  
 Alas too much! Ashamed, disgusted, sick, 610  
 At sight of Perfidy, Corruption, Vice,  
 And Parasitic meanness, I return'd  
 To Carolina's uncorrupted shades,  
 And wed the object of my earliest love,  
 The charming daughter of the kind Dulonz. 515  
 With her in fondest quiet, twenty years  
 Of uncontaminated bliss I pass'd.  
 Two noble sons, and one sweet daughter crown'd  
 Our happy love. But ere Melcena ceased  
 The lacteal breast to draw, a Fever drank 620  
 The fountains dry, whence flow'd her Mother's life.  
 Again my heart with agony was torn!  
 And ere the assuasive balm of friendly Time  
 Could mitigate their keen afflictive pangs,  
 The blood-effusive Wounds were tortured o'er: 625  
 For greedy Death, unsatisfied with *her*,  
 Snatch'd from my doating arms my eldest son!—  
 To banish from my breast the clouds of Woe,  
 That hover'd thick and black about my heart,

I *sought* the sunny cheer of social Friends ; 630  
 But in my search for friends was much deceived.  
 Where *one* was faithful, *ten* were *basely false* !  
 I found the Hypocritic taint, the breath,  
 The *infectious* breath of Europe's poison'd sons,  
 Had reach'd Columbia's shores. To Solitude, 635  
 To Books, and to the instruction of my son  
 And daughter, therefore, did I turn for peace,  
 For consolation. These at times I've found.  
 But such the changeful Fate of woe-born Man,  
 To *day* his eye with cloudless joy is bright, 640  
 To *morrow* Misery's blood-steep'd tears bedim  
 Its fading beams ; *the next* its lustre dies !  
 A faithful Tenant on my Farm I placed ;  
 Bade farewell to my few unfailing Friends ;  
 And in these solitary Mountains sought 645  
 Exemption from the hum of bustling life.  
 A situation suited to my taste,  
 A deep retreat, a picturesque wild I found,  
 Where human foot perhaps had never trod ;  
 There did I think the shattered stock, which yet 650  
 Of my storm-beaten life remain'd, would stand  
 From hurricanes of mortal woe secure ;  
 Until by Nature's calm decay to earth  
 It gently fell—Imparting while alive  
 Its richest succulence to the young shoots, 655  
 Which from it in a happier season sprang.  
 From SIN and all its hateful brood remote ;

I thought to ingraft upon the flexile minds  
 Of my surviving Infants, such deep *love*  
 Of Honesty, Benevolence, Virtue, Truth, 660  
 And all that dignifies immortal minds;  
 Before the examples of the dangerous World  
 Had power to fascinate their youthful hearts,  
 And stain their purity; that all the *force*  
 Of Hell's allurements should successless prove 665  
 Their firm-establish'd rectitude to warp.

How far my hopes would have been realized,  
 Is merely matter of opinion now.  
 For ere through one complete Decennial course,  
 The annually revolving orb of Time 670  
 Had roll'd my hopeful Charles; by fierce Choctaws,  
 On the rude rocks of these wild Hills, was shed  
 His taintless blood, and his fair body drag'd  
 Far from his mourning Father's sad abode.

As by permission, with his gun he scaled 675  
 In search of feather'd game the adjoining Mounds;  
 The tawny demons spied the manly Boy  
 And in his body lodged the murdering lead.  
 I heard the dread report, the dying plaint,  
 And fierce exulting yell—But ere I reach'd 680  
 The blood-stain'd spot the savage fiends had fled.  
 I saw them rising o'er a distant hill,  
 And caught a transient glance of my dead son,  
 Whom, with them they in hellish triumph bore.  
 In deep depression many months I mourn'd; 685

When to my mansion opportunely came  
 This young man's Father, my warm-hearted Friend  
 DELOME. He learn'd from my old servant Ralph,  
 Whom to the settlement on horse I'd sent  
 To purchase viands for my simple board; 690  
 Of him he learn'd my recent loss and woe,  
 And journey'd hither through the forest maze,  
 To pluck the thorn of anguish from my breast,  
 And o'er my hills, which mournful sadness gloom'd,  
 A gleam of heart-enlivening radiance shed. 695  
 He with him too his manly Melville brought,  
 The melancholy vacancy to fill  
 Occasion'd by my hapless Charles's Death;  
 And have, as my old friend was pleased to say,  
 His tender mind with those grave truths embued, 700  
 Which my experience fitted me to teach.  
*This* is the youth of whom I speak; the son  
 Of my good friend. When home his Father went,  
 Young Melville staid; the flush of thirteen years  
 His healthy cheek suffused. His mind was quick, 705  
 Inquiring, strong—His heart vivacious, kind;  
 His body vigorous, firm. I loved him much  
 And much he merited my warmest love;  
 For all his powers were ceaselessly employed  
 To drive dejection from my drooping heart, 710  
 And sweeten my Melcena's lonesome life.  
 To her his kind devoirs proceeded soon,  
 From a *diviner* source than mere *good will*:  
 For soft infantile LOVE, in their young breasts



Began his honey-dripping wings to spread, 715  
 And through their wild-vibrating veins to breathe  
 Delicious raptures, thrilling, tender, strange!  
 How sweetly I have seen them sit beneath  
 The dark pine-shade, or oak's broad canopy,  
 Extracting the mellifluous quintessence 720  
 Of Milton's Paradise! at every melting line  
 Expressing transports with commutual glance,  
 And interchanging softening sentiments,  
 At almost every soul-entrancing pause!  
 How oft I've seen him climb the dewy cliff, 725  
 And pluck its flowery beauties to adorn  
 The unartificial ringlets which o'erhung  
 Her snowy temples. O! those days though dash'd  
 At times with bitter Memory's sickening gall,  
 Were sweet, compared with these I now endure. 730  
 O! then, when sorrow's tear roll'd down my cheek,  
 How kindly would my darling wipe it off,  
 And sing her wildest notes of soothing song  
 To exhilarate my sorrow-sobbing breast:  
 And Melville too, to aid her kind design, 735  
 The dulcēt tones of his soft-warbling lute,  
 With her seraphic melody would pour  
 In sweet accord. Those times alas are past!  
 They lasted though with little change, save what  
 The increasing years of the young lovers brought; 740  
 Until that painful period of *Distress*,  
 When from her Lover, and her *Father* too,  
 Was torn my darling daughter! Strangers! You

Perhaps ne'er suffered the keen-torturing pangs,  
 Which lacerate in bloody shreds the heart 745  
 Of an affectionate Father, when the grave  
 Ingulphs a tender child, his *bosom's pride!*  
 If not, you can but faint conception form,  
 Of that tormenting Wo, which wounds the breast  
 Of him who is by cruel fiends bereft; 750  
*By savage demons far more fell than Death!*  
 Of *her* his lovely, only living child!  
 The soothing solace of declining life!

At intervals with Edwin and old Ralph;  
 Melcena, during several happy years 755  
 Was wont to visit my dear friend Delome:  
 Where with a small but pleasing circle, they  
 In sweet unvitiated mirth employed  
 The pinion'd Hours. Returning thence again,  
 To me their blythe felicities they told; 760  
 And with the cheering letters of Delome  
 Gave Friendship's raptures to my leaping heart.  
 The day at length, which was in Hymen's fane  
 The virtue-kindled Love of the young pair  
 To consecrate, drew near. But ere their vows 765  
 Were at the holy altar sealed, once more  
 My venerated friend they visited;  
 Received his ready sanction to their views,  
 Their juvenile peers invited to partake  
 The nuptial joys, continued a few weeks, 770  
 And then again their journey back commenced.

As through the forest's gloomy wilds they rode,  
A band of Hell-excited Villains fierce,  
Terrific huge! from the deep thickets rush'd  
With pistols and with brandish'd broad-swords arm'd!  
With raging fury, Melville's startled Steed 776  
Like thunder through the sounding thickets burst.  
The exploding pistol's sound, which sought in vain  
His master's life, still higher rous'd his fire,  
And drove him headlong o'er the clattering hills. 780  
The snaggy boughs swept Melville's whistling ear!  
His naked head glanced many a threatening tree!  
And verge of precipice and pit was broke  
At almost every bound!—Attempts were vain,  
The impetuous storm to check. The rein was lost! 785  
Still Edwin clinging to the tossing mane  
And bending to the Horse's straining neck,  
His seat maintain'd, until an oak's huge branch  
Resistless, drag'd him to the shuddering ground.  
He rose unhurt: and o'er the rugged space, 790  
To the disastrous spot where ruffian hands  
Had seized the pleading Maid, with speed return'd,  
Resolved to oppose unarm'd the bloody band,  
If there. But they had fled—he knew not whither.  
Vain was his eager search their route to find: 795  
Nor ear, nor eye, could aught avail, to give  
His phrenzied heart a clue to its lost love!—  
O'er hills of horrid height, and rough ascent,  
Far from his home-conducting path he ran;

Until in the dark tops of towering pines 800  
 Began to sink the westering prince of light.—  
 Convinced, unless he sought the pathway soon,  
 That NIGHT would hold him in the *Hemlock glooms*,  
 And waste the time which then was dear as life;  
 He swiftly traversed back the desert-steeps; 805  
 Regained the path before the ascending shades,  
 Had o'er the beetling peaks their squadrons roll'd;  
 And ere my head was on its pillow laid,  
 The dreadful bosom-rending tale announc'd.  
 If on my *naked* heart the fiercest flames 810  
 Of burning pitch had been, in pointed streams,  
 Profusely pour'd, and all its feeling kept  
 Alive, the pain would hardly have surpassed  
 What rack'd my bosom on that woe-fraught night!—  
 When o'er my cottage, morning's early gleam 815  
 Was shed; I hasten'd Ralph to good Delome,  
 With a request to gather with all speed  
 A company of men to aid our search.  
 Then Melville and myself our arms prepared  
 And hither to these rocky ridges hied, 820  
 Conceiving them to be a fit abode  
 Of predatory ruffians. The whole day,  
 In diligent but unsuccessful search  
 We spent. This Night, as on a lofty peak  
 We lay; your gun's deep-ringing peal we heard, 825  
 And then ascending a still higher cliff  
 Your fire espied. Thus, Sirs, in brief contour,

The features of my misadventured life  
I've sketch'd.—Your friendly coadjuvancy  
In our momentous quest shall gratitude, 830  
And prayers for your felicity receive."

Thus answer'd Boone—Our aid we'll freely grant.  
Conduct us where your wisdom may advise,  
Nor cliff, nor cavern shall be unexplored.





THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
DANIEL BOONE.

BOOK III.



## ARGUMENT.

*AT morning's approach, Boone and his associates unite with Vulosko and Melville, in search of Melcena. 1 to 15. While traversing the forests they discover Vonploor, one of the Allegany Robbers, covered with blood and enfeebled by wounds. 15 to 31. He gives a brief detail of his life, and relates the cause of his wretched situation, from which, they learn that Melcena has probably escaped from her Captors. 31 to 129. Animated with the intelligence, they convey him to Vulosko's Cottage, where, according to their anticipation, they find Delome attended by an auxiliary force, awaiting their arrival. 129 to 272. At the dawn of the next day, having received necessary directions from Vonploor, they proceed to the Ridge in which the ruffians have their subterraneous abode. Not far distant thence, while seated in consultation, they are transported by the presence of the LOST MAID; who, after the first emotions of extacy subside, relates the history of her escape and anxieties. 172 to 321. At the close of her recital the whole Company, Vulosko, Melcena and Melville excepted, hasten to the Robbers' Cavern, and surprise them while engaged in the dissection of a slaughtered Buffalo. 321 to 336. Several are slain, and the rest captured. 336 to 397. The Cavern explored and described. 40 to 448. The ensuing night is passed in the Robbers' Tent. The sleepers are awakened by a dreadful tempest. The sole remaining Thief arrives and is taken. 448 to 548. Having returned to Vulosko's Cottage, Melville and Melcena are married; after which, Boone and his companions bid farewell and proceed on their journey.*



THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
*DANIEL BOONE.*

BOOK III.

THE Queen of morn, in crimson robes array'd,  
The shadow-woven curtains now withdrew  
From round her roseate couch, and lifting high  
Above the Orient God her blushing cheek,  
Soft, amorous smiles, upon him cast, and woo'd 5  
Him from his blazing chamber—Boone advised,  
Though dappled darkness yet had not retired  
From the drear dingle's, Hill-o'er shadow'd deeps,  
To march forthwith on the important search.  
Vulosko seconded the advice, and said, 10  
'Twas best they should, so shape their course that day,  
As at his home that evening to arrive,  
Where he expected they would find Delome  
With an assistant force. 'Twas so agreed;  
And o'er the dew-bathed rocks they onward went. 15  
Some miles they journey'd o'er the frowning crags

And oak-crown'd Hills; when from a glady dell  
 Borne on the flickering breeze, a doleful moan  
 Their ears alarm'd! In still suspense they stood—  
 It came again—Its source with cautious step 20  
 They sought, and found enveloped in stiff gore,  
 Exhausted, ghastly, pale, a wounded Wretch  
 Upon the cold and humid earth out stretch'd.  
 His blood-disfigur'd head he feebly rais'd,  
 His pain-swol'n eyes upon the strangers turn'd, 25  
 And piteously their kind relief implored.  
 They bore him to a distant stream, assuaged  
 With cooling draughts his fever-heated thirst,  
 The burning of his blister'd tongue allay'd,  
 His fester'd wounds deterg'd, and to them bound 30  
 The juicy leaves of herbs medicinal.  
 His languid powers in some degree revived,  
 They now inquired what was the hapless cause  
 Of his adverse condition. He replied:  
 My generous Benefactors, you behold 35  
 In me a man deserving direst Death!  
 'Tis meet, thus on Eternity's dark verge,  
 And soon to face the Almighty's awful bar,  
 That I should cease, by lies or other sin,  
 To add to that soul-sinking load of guilt 40  
 That burns e'en now with Hell's hot flames, my heart!  
 But oh kind Strangers! spare the waning spark  
 Which yet of my most wretched life remains;  
 That I may all its fervors dedicate,

To pleading with the good benevolent God, 45  
 Who heard the death-doom'd Thief, that with him hung  
 Upon the cruel cross, and spared the suppliant's soul."  
 While thus he spake, conflicting hopes, and fears,  
 With agitation shook, the anxious breasts  
 Of Melville and Vulosko. He continued. 50  
 "I once had honor, credit, wealth, and friends;  
 But by MISCHANCE was of my *riches* robb'd  
 And all the rest soon fled. My creditors,  
 Though few were hard—they plunged me into prison;  
 I swore Insolvency and was released. 55  
 My Friends grew cold, and Scorn's contemptuous sneer,  
 And pitiless grin, my morbid heart disturb'd,  
 Wheree'er I went.—INTEMPERANCE promised peace;  
 At least some respite from oppressive pain.  
 I wed the infernal Prostitute, and soon, 60  
 In deepest Poverty, and Vice, was whelm'd.  
 To save myself from drear duress again,  
 A league of predatory Rogues I joined  
 Who in these Mountains have a crag-hid Cave  
 In which they live and hoard their spoils." "Oh God!" 65  
 In extacy, Vulosko cried. "Oh God!  
 We adore thy Mercy, thy Benignity,  
 All-gracious Father, humbly we adore!  
 Thou wilt again restore our bosom's love!  
 Then eager Melville thus. "Unfortunate man! 70  
 Proceed and tell the fate of that sweet Maid,  
 Whom late, from Happiness and Peace you tore :

Oh quickly tell!" The astonish'd wretch resumed:  
 "Oh Sirs! you rend my *heart* with wounds more deep  
 More poignantly severe than those which pain 75  
 My mangled *body*. The emotions shewn  
 In your expressive voice and looks, evince,  
 That she, the Maid whose fate you wish to learn,  
 Is by Affection's tender ties, to you,  
 In close endearment bound. It makes to me, 80  
 My shame, my infamy more horrible;  
 That they whom to injure most I've taken part  
 Are those who can such generous kindness shew!  
 Your *pious praise*, when painfully oppress'd  
 By heavy woe, the Heaven-daring sins 85  
 Of my *ungrateful* soul by contrast paints,  
 In colors black as Hell's Tartarean shades.  
 Of that unhappy Maiden's dreadful state,  
 I can but little say. Not far we'd gone  
 From the accursed spot, where first our gripe 90  
 Her lovely limbs engrasp'd; when to the charge  
 Of one more ruffian and myself was given  
 The weeping Innocent. To us belong'd,  
 To bear her on to the infernal den,  
 The magazine of our unvented spoil: 95  
 While o'er a different route our comrades sped,  
 A small division of our band to meet,  
 Who were with plunder and provisions laden,  
 And from the settlement a smoother way  
 Pursued. As through this dreary glade we impel'd 100

The pity-supplicating Captive on ;  
 My fellow-ruffian rudely shock'd her ear  
 With language lewd, indecent, taunting, base !  
 Abandon'd, guilty, harden'd as I was ;  
 My soul such shameful cruelty abhor'd. 105  
 I bade him *cease* ! With huffish air he swore,  
 His tongue should never brook restraint in Hell,  
 Much less on earth. And as he spake he grasp'd  
 In his unmanner'd arms the shrieking Maid.  
 My Indignation rose, I seized him fast, 110  
 And broke his ruffian gripe. He drew his sword ;  
 Mine too was instantaneously unsheathed :  
 With wrathful clash they met, and adverse thrusts,  
 From mutual wounds, brought adverse spouts of blood.  
 Hot raged the fray, until my dexter arm 115  
 A deep, relaxing gash received, and drop'd  
 Its reeking steel.—Our pistols were uncharged ;  
 My cursed antagonist now felt secure,  
 And turn'd triumphantly around to claim  
 The beauteous TROPHY—When behold she'd fled ! 120  
 His eye at *distance* caught her snowy form,  
 As near the margin of the open vale she sought  
 With timid speed, an ample laurel brake.  
 The rage-invigorated Demon ran  
 In swift pursuit, although with the red streams 125  
 Which issued from his wounds, his foot-steps smoked.  
 But ere the glade's bloom-purpled edge he reach'd  
 She pierc'd the mazy thickets virent gloom.

He disappear'd—No more I saw or heard."  
 "Oh then," Vulosko ardently exclaim'd 130  
 "Perhaps my darling daughter has escaped  
 The stygian pit which threaten'd to engulf  
 Her mortal peace! Oh God! she yet may live  
 Beneath thy hallow'd wing protected, safe  
 From Hell's horrific fiends! Let's haste, my friends!  
 HOPE whispers sweetly to my sorrowing heart! 136  
 O! if she has eluded the pursuit  
 Of her Satanic foe, she may e'en now  
 Beneath the shelter of her humble home,  
 Or in the solitary forest-shade, 140  
 Be pouring Gratitude, to that great God,  
 To whom, her kind deliverance she owes.  
 As speedily as possible, let's learn  
 Her situation; if in these mountain-wilds  
 She wanders lost; although a paradise 145  
 Compared to the tartarean den she scap'd;  
 A thousand terrors yet must agitate  
 Her timid heart, and render quick relief  
 Supremely grateful. But, which Heaven forbid!  
 But, if she groans a victim to the power 150  
 Of those predaceous Villains; Hell itself,  
 Could scarce her pain augment, or render aid  
 More needful. Then 'tis meet that every nerve  
 Should to the tardy task exertion lend,  
 Of bearing hence this wounded, hapless man!" 155  
 Of flexile boughs a litter soon they wove,

And onward bore the penitential wretch.—

From the commanding summit of a ridge,  
Whose cloud-impaling pinnacles o'erlook  
The wide-expanded stretch of all the Hills 160

Between the Atlantic and Pacific Seas,  
He pointed to their view the craggy mound  
In which the Robbers had their dark abode.—

Just as the sun his flaming face had bow'd  
Behind the Alleganean peaks, they reach'd 165  
Vulosko's lowly cottage. There Delome

In waiting with a little host they found;  
But no Melcena's animating smile  
The Father's and the Lover's hopes confirm'd.

In converse on the theme of high concern 170  
The melancholy evening linger'd off,  
And Night to necessary rest was given.

At morning's dewy dawn the dauntless band  
Arose innerv'd; resolved ere night to burst  
The infernal bolts that bar'd the rock-arch'd gate, 175

Through which to their dark subterranean den  
The hellish plunderers pass'd. Old Ralph was left  
To nurse Vonploor, the wounded Penitent;

From whom directions were obtain'd, by which  
Our Heroes best the horrid cave could find. 180  
Before the flaming wings of flying Day,

Had from the mountain's breezy summit brush'd  
The morning's sparkling dews, the midnight steeps,  
With vigorous tread, the little phalanx scaled:

And as the culminating orb of noon, 185  
 Roll'd blazing on the equinoctial plane,  
 Their breasts they bent high o'er the steepy **KNOB**s,  
 Of the rough Robber-sheltering **RIDGE**'s side.  
 When its cloud-shouldering summit they attain'd  
 In consultation on a shaded rock 190  
 They sat; and lo! before them; wildly pale,  
 Her dark-brown, breeze-buoy'd locks, disorder'd, loose,  
 Swift-gliding through the storm-dismember'd shrubs,  
 And thunder-riven rocks, in torn attire,  
 The lost, the unexpected **MAID** appeared! 195  
 Vulosko cried, "GREAT GOD! MY CHILD! MY CHILD!"  
 And Melville too exclaim'd aloud, **MY LOVE!**  
**MY DEAR MELCENA!** HOLY GOD OF HEAVEN,  
**MY ANGEL LIVES!** And both with phrenzied joy  
 And rapturous agitation ran to meet 200  
 The sweet transported Maid; who heard and knew  
 The dear-remembered voice; and speechless met  
 Their loved embrace—A soul-entrancing scene,  
 A warmly-melting time of tenderest joy  
 Of Heaven-infused, o'erwhelming bliss, it was! 205  
 Adown Vulosko's sorrow-channel'd cheek  
 The tears of fond paternal extacy  
 In rills translucent stream'd—In thrilling trance  
 Both Melville and Melcena sweetly wept.  
 The silent transports, the delicious gush 210  
 Of their fond meeting o'er; first having told  
 What information from Vonploor they'd gain'd;



With ardent eagerness, the doating Father  
 And tender Lover tremblingly inquired,  
 What horrors, pains and fears she'd undergone, 215  
 Since the disastrous hour that ruffian hands,  
 With hellish violence, her angel limbs  
 Engrasp'd. The languid Beauty thus replied.  
 " My dear, my ever kind affectionate friends!  
 The God whose thunder smites these ragged rocks,  
 His holy power has kindly interposed 221  
 To save me from the most unhappy doom  
 That Demons could devise, than *dreadest death*  
 A thousand times more dire!

The steely clash

No sooner had commenced between Vonploor 225  
 And the infuriate fiend with whom he fought,  
 Than from them with my utmost speed I fled.  
 By crouching closely to the mossy earth,  
 Deep in the laurel brake's anfractuous maze,  
 The conquering Villain's curs'd pursuit I scaped. 230  
 Enchanting as a blooming paradise  
 The gloomy desert then to me appeared.  
 But still to annoy my fluttering bosom's peace,  
 My Melville's fate and Father's frantic woe  
 Continually were present to my mind. 235  
 For much I feared my Love's impetuous steed  
 With furious rage had dashed him on the rocks.  
 Or burst his head against some fatal tree.—  
 As NIGHT from the deep dingles darkening rose,

Forth from a thousand dreary caverns crept 240  
 Her bestial brood. From hill to hill their howl  
 And blood-congealing cries were wildly pour'd—  
 Now scatter'd widely o'er the murky waste,  
 The glare-eyed Prowlers vent their echoing yells—  
 Now gather'd in terrific groupes they growl, 245  
 They grin and gnash their teeth, while glyns and hills  
 Reverberate the wild vociferous sounds.  
 In unremitted dread the livelong night  
 I pass'd: each moment menaced me with death.  
 The panting Wolves and whining Panthers paced 250  
 Almost incessantly around the spot,  
 Where 'till the rise of dawn I trembling lay.—  
 The morning beams drove to their dismal dens  
 The deathful herds.—I rose, in hopes ere night  
 To find the path that would conduct me home: 255  
 But what direction I had best pursue  
 I did not know. For all around me, spread  
 A frowning forest, mountainous and vast,  
 In which my senses were bewildered, lost.  
 The cheering sun *seem'd* in the *south* to rise 260  
 And change his blazing orbit towards the North.  
 Hood-wink'd *Conjecture* was my only guide;  
 She pointed out her way, and on I went,  
 Slow-winding through the laurel-tangled brakes,  
 And o'er the lofty, rough, and rock-brow'd hills, 265  
 But found my blind conductress led me wrong:  
 Again the day-beams ceas'd to illumine the wilds;

Again the night in sleepless fear I pass'd.  
 Another morning shone, another day  
 Roll'd tediously away; again the shades 270  
 Of howling darkness hung upon the Hills,  
 And found me still bewildered in the waste.  
 The air was warm, *exhausted* Nature claimed  
 The renovating aid of friendly rest.  
 I rak'd beneath a rock a couch of leaves, 275  
 On which my wearied system sunk to sleep;  
 The Owl's drear hoot, the Wolf's distressful howl  
 Invaded not my dream-disturb'd repose.—  
 Until the sunny streams of smiling day  
 Pour'd warmly on my dew-damp'd cheek, I slept. 280  
 I then arose, and wandered on again  
 Almost despairing e'er to find the path,  
 Or pass the wildering Forest's frightful bounds:  
 Not distant hence, more than a mile or two;  
 As o'er the steeps of this stupendous ridge 285  
 I clambered, lo! among the rudest cliffs  
 Which crown its craggy brow, all red with blood,  
 The horrid Villains, whose infernal hands  
 First drag'd me from your tender love, I saw!  
 From the huge body of some slaughter'd Beast, 290  
 The smoking hide they tore—With shuddering fear  
 Their dread vicinity I quickly fled,  
 And had not yet my trembling flight relax'd,  
 When your enrapturing voice announced relief  
 From all the horrors that appall'd my soul. 295

O my dear friends! your presence pours a flood  
 Of sweet felicity upon my heart;  
 And thence has swept away the waves  
 Of dark and terrible Despair, which drown'd  
 My Hopes, and bred DISTRACTION's lizard Brood 300  
 In crawling myriads through my dreary Breast!  
 Since we departed from thy Father's House  
 My Melville! no refreshing nourishment  
 Beside the mountain-stream has touch'd my lips."  
 "Excuse, excuse, my dear!" in tenderest tones, 305  
 The weeping Melville hastily exclaim'd;  
 Our seeming negligence. O'er-powering joy  
 At meeting thus our Love alive, unharm'd!  
 And anxious eagerness to hear detail'd  
 The scenes through which you pass'd, our souls absorb'd;  
 And all attention to your present wants 311  
 Precluded. She aver'd the joy express'd  
 In their endearing extacy, convey'd  
 A more enlivening comfort to her heart,  
 Than all the pleasures which the sensual world 315  
 Could give, and that she felt keen Hunger's tooth  
 As little then, as when they left Delome's,  
 So had their presence *fill'd* with bliss her soul!  
 Vulosko, while she spake, spread on a rock  
 Moss-carpeted, the little store of food 320  
 Their scrip supplied, and bade his daughter eat.  
 Boone now advised without delay to march  
 And seize or slay the Robbers ere again

Their Den they enter'd :—all forthwith agreed.—  
 Melcena pointed out their course, and on 325  
 They hasten'd leaving her behind in care  
 Of Melville and Vulosko, who both burn'd  
 To aid in the avengement of her woes.  
 But through her tender importunities  
 Supported by the united voice of all, 330  
 They were at length prevail'd upon to stay.  
 The little host soon reach'd the craggy piles  
 Which shelter'd the predaceous band, and soon  
 They saw the Ruffians closely clustering round  
 A butcher'd Buffalo, with reeking arms 335  
 Deep plunging in the dead Beast's bloody bowels.  
 While thus the unsuspecting Villains plied  
 Their sanguinary work; our Heroes ken'd  
 The entrance of their subterraneous Den,  
 And secretly its open Gate approach'd. 340  
 'Twas not their wish the guilty fiends to kill;  
 But sieze and offer them a sacrifice  
 To offended JUSTICE, on the sacred Altar  
 Of stern impartial LAW.—With this intent,  
 Perceiving that the Robbers were unarm'd; 345  
 A part remain'd to guard the gate, and part  
 Crept slyly on to seize the unwary foe—  
 When from behind the intervening rocks  
 The Ruffians saw the approaching band emerge;  
 They wildly ran for refuge towards the wood, 350  
 Whose gloomy borders bound the southern side

Of the stupendous, rock-built Battlements.  
 Our Heroes follow'd on in swift pursuit;  
 And as the Villains rais'd a craggy ledge,  
 Boone and Delome gave word to *Fire!* and Hills 355  
 And Ravines with the death-fraught thunders roar'd,  
 And all the flying Wretches fell, save five.  
 These were pursued, and *three* were quickly seized.  
 So fast their unarrested fellows fled  
 That all fell short in the pursuit save Boone— 360  
 He unfatigued and ardent, drop'd his Gun and pouch,  
 And, like the springing Stag, with vigorous speed  
 Press'd swiftly on, and drew at every bound  
 Still nearer to the straining Caitiffs' heels.  
 They chang'd their course, and sought by stratagem 365  
 Their fleet pursuer's valorous life to end—  
 The mighty mountain broke abruptly off  
 Near by; and form'd a precipice immense,  
 Of awful height, and aspect rough and dark.  
 To its rock-frowning verge the Ruffians ran; 370  
 And wheeling round, sprang furiously at Boone;  
 Who, so impetuous was his keen pursuit,  
 Had not the dread abyss discern'd, but met  
 Their rageful might! In vigorous grapplement  
 Upon the dizzy brink, with equal power 375  
 A while they tugg'd; but soon with forceful blow,  
 Boone fell'd the stoutest Ruffian to the ground,  
 And ere *he* rose, precipitately down  
 The dreadful steep his *fellow demon* hurl'd

From crag to crag with headlong force he fell; 380  
 His blood and brains bespattering, as he smote  
 Their jutting points—His horrid dying groan  
 And last tremendous curse were vented, ere  
 His batter'd body sunk one third the gulph.

Aghast, through the wild gloom, his haggard ghost 385  
 All horror-giddy flew, while round it wheel'd,  
 Like hungry Condors round their fluttering prey,  
 In clattering circles; claw-stretch'd, skinny, fierce,  
 Grim flocks of Hell's black Imps, a dire escort!  
 And drag'd it screaming to their dark Domains! 390

With ease, Boone managed now the *prostrate* Wretch;  
 Behind his back his brawny hands he bound,  
 And forced him on, to where his fellow fiends,  
 Some dead, some gasping out their dying breath,  
 And others miserably participant 395

Of his own frightful but deserved fate,  
 Lay gory on the blood-en crimson'd rocks—

To animate the triumphs of the day,  
 Delome in haste a messenger dispatch'd,  
 To bring Vulosko and the enamor'd pair: 400  
 Who soon arrived and hail'd their Friends' success—

To explore the murky cavern's rock-arch'd vaults,  
 Now the united band in haste prepare.

With glaring flambeaux down its dark descent  
 They pass'd—a gloomy dank and drear abode 405

It was; which suited well a murderer's soul!  
 Its darkness seem'd from stygian dungeons drawn:

A thousand elfish ECHOES muttering deep,  
 With mincing mockery issued back each sound  
 That floated through the gloom. With Wizard GROANS,  
 And grinning GNOMES, to Fancy's phrenzied ear 411  
 And wild distorted eye, the darksome Den  
 Seem'd thickly fill'd.—Broad horror-sounding sheets  
 Of Petrification, from the arches hung;  
 To which the trembling hand of timid FEAR 415  
 Would cautiously approach; lest some rude touch  
 Might shake their hoarsely-hollow ringings forth;  
 And rouse the fierce, fire-belching Monsters up,  
 The red-eyed FURIES, and grim Dragons huge,  
 To fill with yellings, slaughter, flames and blood, 420  
 With sulphurous stench, and rock-convulsing roar,  
 The subterranean clefts, and thundering vaults!—  
 When to the dark declivity's extreme,  
 They wound their way a level *room* received  
 Within its vast caliginous expanse, 425  
 The adventurous Heroes. Here they saw the spoils  
 Of many a midnight pillage, rudely stored.  
 Here rusted rifles, blood-stain'd scimitars,  
 And numerous horrid implements of Death,  
 On every hand promiscuously appeared. 430  
 Huge, shaggy Bear-skins, brindled Buffalo-hides,  
 The long-prong'd Antlers of the slaughter'd Elk,  
 The Wolf's grim jaws, the Panther's spotted pelt,  
 And paws, and horns, and claws, and bones, and skulls,  
 And all the gore-smear'd spoils that crown the chace, 435



Were seen uncouthly strewn around.  
 And here with Gold and Silver coinage filled,  
 Two wooden coffers stood; the hellish hoard  
 Of horrid Homicidal villainy!  
 Through each compartment, nook, and noisome cell 440  
 Having now the ruffian residence explored,  
 Our Heroes thence the treasur'd pelf removed;  
 And into equal parcels so arranged,  
 That with facility it might be borne,  
 To where their future pleasure should direct. 445  
 They next the corpses of the Caitiffs slain,  
 Deposit in the dank and rayless Den,  
 And change their habitation to a grave!—  
 The sun had now his daily round perform'd,  
 And Twilight riding o'er the mountain peaks, 450  
 In her soft dusky Car, the starry gems  
 That beautify her concave Canopy  
 Disclosed, and warn'd our Heroes to prepare  
 A lodging for the Night. An ample Tent, [spread;  
 With broad-leaf'd boughs and beech-wood bark o'er,  
 In which the ruffian Robbers sometimes lodg'd, 456  
 Stood near the cavern's mouth; a shelter snug  
 From rains and dewy damps. Our Heroes there,  
 To pass the Night prepared. A row of Lamps,  
 Suspended from the ridge-pole of the tent, 460  
 Were lighted, and the prisoners well secured:  
 Then all to rest resign'd. Around the place,  
 Mild Slumber shed her sweet nectarean dews;

On every eye the honied droppings fell,  
 Except the restless Captives'—They, nor sleep, 465  
 Nor one alleviating pause from pain,  
 Experienced through the lingering lead-wing'd Night.  
 Some hours in calm repose the Sleepers pass'd;  
 But ere one half of her nocturnal course  
 The ceaselessly revolving globe had roll'd; 470  
 A deep impetuous burst of thunder fell  
 With awful fury on their startled ears;  
 And dreaming Fancy's silken finery tore,  
 And all her glittering glassy fabrics broke.  
 The awaken'd Slumberers rose—With raging roar 475  
 The winds lash'd to and fro the crashing trees.  
 As black as collied exhalations, hung  
 Thick hovering o'er the howling Hills, a Cloud  
 Tumultuous, huge. Like Niagara's flood,  
 As down the foaming steep abrupt it sinks, 480  
 The fury-agitated tempest roar'd.  
 Along its black convolving billows blaz'd,  
 The barbed flashes of electric flame.  
 Down through the accumulating masses roll'd,  
 With *louder* violence, the vollied peals. 485  
 Great Allegany's towering turrets rock'd;  
 The forest monsters whined, and howl'd with fear—  
 Imagination's wide-expanded eye,  
 Beheld the awful Angel of the storm,  
 In black tempestuous terrors thickly clothed; 490  
 Fierce lashing with tremendous wings the clouds,

And rolling through the glooms, the flaming balls  
Of dreadful lightning—Now descending down  
The storm, in the hoarse thunder's circling gurge,  
Now rising swiftly up the murky Vast, 495  
The furious Genius cleaves the broad expanse,  
And drives against the Hills from either wing,  
Repeated blasts of desolating STORM,  
With bolted vengeance charg'd; uprooting towers  
Of rocks, and tearing trees wide-branching, huge, 500  
From their old beds. Around the Cavern's mouth,  
In every sweeping gust, the cries and groans  
Of woe-distracted ghosts seem'd wildly mixed.  
From their big reservoirs, the ponderous clouds  
Wide o'er the Hills; a streaming deluge pour'd; 505  
From cliffs to cliffs the tumbling torrents gush'd,  
And turgent, down the distant dingles roar'd.  
While thus throughout the elemental world,  
The violent tumultuation raged,  
And ghostly horrors seem'd to howl around; 510  
A ghastly Figure gore-grim'd, tall, and wan,  
Came limping to the entrance of the Tent  
And instantly fled back! Each Hero's hand  
Engrasp'd his Gun, each eye gaz'd on the gloom,  
And by the lightning's coruscation saw, 515  
The meagre miscreant enter the drear Den.  
They lighted by a lamp, a faggot huge,  
And Boone led on through the sepulchral vaults  
The perilous pursuit. At every step,

Rough clattering thunders shook the impending rocks.  
 With rude disruption and disordering crash 521  
 Were menaced, the stupendous shuddering walls,  
 And roaring arches! Grisly grin'd around  
 The ruffian Corses, pallid, swollen, stiff!  
 Death-damps upon their dismal visages 525  
 With spectral beams, and livid glimmerings shone.  
 The affrighted WRETCH, as on our Heroes press'd,  
 The gore-incrusted carcases beheld :  
 Fear-quaking, to the farthest nook he crept ;  
 The shallow current of his veins was chill'd. 530  
 All wildly horrent stood his creeping hair !  
 His swollen protruded eyes with horror stared ;  
 Convulsively his cracking teeth were clench'd,  
 And all his limbs with chilly shudderings shook !  
 At the pursuers' feet o'erpowered he fell. 535  
 They bore him thence, and found he was the Wretch,  
 Who with Vonploor his hellish arm had tried!  
 His strength by hunger, wounds, and waste of blood  
 So weaken'd was, that from the hour he fail'd  
 To o'ertake the lovely Maid, his languid limbs 540  
 To reach the Cave, their utmost force had plied.  
 But not until this night of awful gloom,  
 At the drear place arrived. The Lightning's blaze  
 Illumed the rugged way, and gave him power  
 The destin'd spot to find.—The wearied band 545  
 First having given the Wretch some nourishment  
 And bound him fast, the care-dispelling God

Of mild repose again invoked.—The storm  
 Had now begun to wear a calmer face—  
 Far distant in the flashing firmament 550  
 Its muttering fulminations died away—  
 The imagined horrors of the scene had flown,  
 And through the chasms of disuniting clouds,  
 The stellar sparklers peep'd; as if to spy  
 By furtive glance the ravage of the storm. 555  
 The bright nocturnal Goddess drew aside  
 Her vapoury veil, and smiled upon the world!

When through the morning's floating fogs, the sun  
 His earliest tints diffused, the Heroes rose;  
 And o'er the twinkling Hills transported, hied 560  
 Until again Vulosko's home they reach'd.  
 Serenely cheerful every face appear'd,  
 Except the guilty Captives'; theirs a gloom  
 Of melancholy sullenness o'er cast;  
 And so reluctantly they march'd along, 565  
 That all their steps with leaden weights seem'd clog'd.  
 In custody of the assistant band  
 Brought by Delome, they all, except Vonploor,  
 To prison were convey'd; there to remain  
 Until his convalescence gave him power, 570  
 As "*witness for the State,*" before the bar  
 Of injured Justice to appear, and prove

The guilt of his more criminal colleagues.  
 When at the lowly mansion had arriv'd  
 The little phalanx, good Delome proposed 575

To accelerate the nuptial rites,  
 That Boone and his companions might partake  
 The sweet festivities; and all agreed.  
 Old Ralph was to the settlement dispatch'd,  
 With orders to invite their youthful friends, 580  
 And bring the holy Priest. Three days elapsed  
 And lo! the brilliant bridal Guests appear'd!  
 A fine umbrageous arbor had been form'd,  
 In which, the Hymeneal rites to solemnize.  
 Its foliaged Canopy, and sun-excluding sides, 585  
 With all the flowery beauties of the Hills,  
 Melcena and her skilful servant maids  
 Had richly hung, and gracefully adorn'd.  
 The Sweet-brier rose, and Honey-suckle flower,  
 The *crimson* lilly, Heart's-ease, Jessamine, 590  
 And Cowslip interwove in wild festoons,  
 Around the bower Edenian odours breathed.  
 From end to end a sylvan table stood,  
 With sumptuous viands spread, and mantling Wines.  
 Delicious mountain dainties nicely dress'd, 595  
 Were there—sweet, Pheasant Venison and Trout.  
 Around the rocky wilds the gaysome guests  
 Awhile with wonder gaz'd, unknown to them  
 What charms could bind Vulosko's heart to scenes,  
 With rude unsocial Solitude so clothed. 600  
 But soon the genial flow of virtuous mirth,  
 Their first reflections from their minds dispersed,  
 And calm convivial converse charm'd their hearts,

And made the *Mountain* bower a *Paradise!*  
 The slumbering raptures of their juvenile joys, 605  
 The Lovers' hoary-templed Fathers felt,  
 By memory's potent impulse warmly waked.  
 A flash, of virtuous Pleasure's vivid flame  
 Vulosko's sorrow-clouded breast illumed,  
 And kindled in his eye the sparkling beams 610  
 Of tender animation. Heaven's bright face  
 Serenely shed its sunny smiles around,  
 And the wild Songsters sung through all the wood  
 Ten thousand strains of mountain Melody.  
 On pinions plumed with Pleasure's purest down 615  
 The happy evening pass'd. The bridal pair  
 In silent extacy sat side by side,—  
 The flush of Love, warm on their meeting cheeks,  
 Its finely erubescant tints diffused.  
 Mild, languid emanations from their eyes 620  
 Of sweet expressive blue, effusive flow'd:  
 Soul-breathing kisses, secretly they quaff'd  
 From love-dew'd lips. Their hands in mutual clasp,  
 Were glowingly embraced. In unison,  
 With transport's melting thrill, their pulses throb'd;  
 And every breath was incense to the God 626  
 Of nuptial bliss. The hour at length arrived  
 In which, the coronation of their love  
 The Venerable Priest was to perform;  
 With mild solemnity the sacred task 630  
 Divinely he achiev'd. The gleeful guests

Epithalamiums sang and festive lays  
Until the jocund evening closed.

Next morn

Boone and his gallant comrades bade adieu  
To the convivial Bevy, and resumed 635  
Their mountain march. Vulosko's grateful heart  
Felt SORROW'S gush with PLEASURE'S currents mix,  
While Boone's affectionate hand he press'd, and pray'd,  
That holy Heaven would give protective power  
To him and his magnanimous colleagues.— 640  
At parting with such *noble-hearted* friends,  
Melcena and her Melville too, were sad,  
And every face in sympathetic gloom  
Was wrap'd.—The affecting valediction o'er,  
The innocent festivities again, 645  
In all their harmless rapture were renew'd.  
The venerable Vulosko and Delome  
With joy, the juvenile jollity survey'd;  
And edified at intervals, with virtuous lore  
And sage remarks, on Nature, Books, and Man, 650  
The taintless minds of the attentive youth.



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THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
DANIEL BOONE.

BOOK IV.

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## ARGUMENT.

*INVOCATION to the Muse.* 1 to 21. *Boone and his associates reach the summit of the farthest ledge of mountains. Reflections and anticipations enkindled by the prospect of Kentucky. They thence descend into her valleys. Description of Scenery.* 22 to 115. *The Natives, stimulated by infernal excitement, are furiously exasperated at their presence.* 115 to 159. *Boone and Stewart taken prisoners; after several days detention, they escape, but find their Camp plundered and their Comrades fled.* 160 to 227. *They prepare another shelter, in which, after some time, they are found by two other Adventurers; one of whom is Boone's Brother. Through him, they derive intelligence from Carolina, and from Vulosko.* 228 to 364 *Stewart murdered while on a hunting excursion—An Apostrophe to him.* 365 to 441. *Sorrow of the surviving Heroes—Winter and its concomitant horrors described—Magnanimity of Boone—His philosophic remarks to his Brother—Their industry through the Winter.* 442 to 497. *Spring—Boone's Brother returns to the Settlement—Reflections of Boone, excited by the solitude in which he was immersed—The sources of his consolation—Interesting Phenomena of Nature.* 498 to 609. *His exemption from Fear—Diversified Beauties and picturesque grandeur of the Wilderness and its Rivers—Retrospective contemplations, arising from their view.* 610 to 744. *Perilous incident, and fortunate escape.*

THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
*DANIEL BOONE.*

BOOK IV.

INSPIRE, immortal Spirits of the West !  
With bolder energies my Muse's wing,  
And light with stronger flame her tender eye,  
That she unwearied o'er the loftiest ridge  
That stretches in her frightful way may soar, 5  
And while she soars, the wide stupendous Wilds  
Throughout with lynxean penetration pierce.  
And that she may in lays seraphic sing  
The wonders of the numerous scenes she sees,  
Her song with *thy* own sweetness melodize. 10  
And thou my Muse ! with wildly melting grace,  
Strike softly from the angel-woven wires,  
Of POESY'S bright HARP, sweet flowing strains ;  
To celebrate the gently sportive CHARMS 14  
That spread their beauties through the blooming *West* ;  
And from the *deep-ton'd* chords their thundering notes,

With daring sweep arouse, till lofty song  
 The *bold* sublimity of the *new world*  
 Harmoniously proclaim; and loud resound  
 The bloody brunts of the first Western Wars, 20  
 And brave intrepid Boone's adventurous deeds.

Swift on, o'er the rude-featured Wilderness  
 The sinewy sons of Enterprise proceed.  
 Lo! now the farthest mountain-ledge they scale,  
 And from its breezy summit raptured see, 25  
 Kentucky's rolling Hills and broad Campaigns!  
 Prophetic transports thrill'd their kindling hearts,  
 Unwonted ebullitions warm'd their blood,  
 And God's Omnipotence and Wisdom waked  
 Profoundest adoration in their souls; 30  
 As in continued prospect, they beheld  
 Green-mantled GROVES and blossom-tinted KNOLLS,  
 Extending coextensive with the ken  
 Of their wide-ranging Vision, and survey'd  
 Through *prescient* FANCY's telescopic tube, 35  
 Republic-Institutions rising round  
 The rich EXPANSE, beneath the angelic aid,  
 OF CONQUEST-CROWN'D COLUMBIAN LIBERTY!

The wearisome asperities at length  
 Of Alleganean Battlements they pass, 40  
 And o'er the bloom-enamel'd vallies speed.  
 In sweet confusion, Nature's changeful charms  
 On every herb and spray hung loosely round,  
 And fill'd the waving Groves and odorous air,

And at each step in thicker plenty bloom'd: 43  
 Until before their fascinated eyes,  
 In careless pomp, great NATURE'S GARDEN, deck'd  
 With all the flecker'd pride of Paradise,  
 Its countless beauties spread.

The liquid lays 50

Of wild-wood warblers unimbibed before  
 By polish'd ear, in quavering rivulets stream'd,  
 From thousand-thousand plummy tubes around.  
 And as if Nature here her grand Menage  
 Had proudly fix'd; *innumerable* animals, 55

Of *numerous* kinds and various sizes, roam'd  
 In wild profusion through the rustling woods.  
 Dark-spreading droves of browsing Buffalos ranged  
 The mazy regions; slowly-marching now,  
 And pausing oft, beneath the pendent shade 60

They fought the flies, and cropt the juicy Cane:  
 Now priding in their empire uncontrol'd,  
 And glorying in the power of conscious might,  
 With sullen sportiveness they headlong cleave  
 The crackling brakes, and wildly rushing on, 65

Like a dark hurricane, the *bladed* groves,  
 The flowering plants, and virent herbage crush,  
 And shake with thundering sweep the sounding Hills.  
 In stately majesty the towering Elks  
 On every hand high-bounding, shook aloft 70

Their wide-diverging Antlers, snuffing strong  
 In every flying breeze the Strangers' breath;

And dashing over Hill and Brake and Copse,  
 Reverting oft a glance of timid wonder, sought  
 Security in gloom of deeper wilds. 75

In countless herds, the fleetest Quadruped  
 That treads Columbia's vast uncultured plains,  
 The agile fine-limb'd Deer, gave beauty, life,  
 And *fascination* to the wild-wood scenes.  
 Now in the high-grown shrubbery of the glade, 80  
 They lave their glossy sides, and sip the dew  
 Bright-glistening on the sweet exuberant flowers;  
 Or nip the savoury leaves and tender moss,  
 Which constitute, with their green-shady tints  
 The variegated Picture's beauteous *ground*. 85

Now, sheltered from the strong-descending blaze  
 Of noon-tide sunshine, *they* in mild repose,  
 Beneath broad-fooliag'd boughs lie closely couch'd  
 On lairs of cooling grass, while round them sport,  
 In nimble frisky glee, their spotted brood. 90

Innumerable other more ferocious Beasts,  
 Gregarious some, but solitary most,  
 The deserts ranged; and through the thickets skulk'd,  
 Distaining many a *Green* with guiltless blood,  
 And holding the gramnivorious tribes in awe. 95

At length Red River's rich cane-border'd banks  
 Our Heroes reach'd; and there a shelter form'd  
 For a Nocturnal *lodge* and screen from storms.  
 They thence to explore the fruitful regions round  
 Excursions daily made, and oft the marks 100

Of sanguinary savages descried.

But unappall'd, with still increasing zeal

The wonder-waking wilds they deeper pierced;

Kentucky's rock-brow'd, frowning banks soon pass'd,

And over uplands plains and streams advanced, 105

'Till great Ohio's mellow shores they trode;

And saw with joy sublime, the PRINCELY TIDE

Devolve his silvery billows towards the Sea.

There oft the tawny tenants of the wood

To them in fierce and frightful groups appeared: 110

Now chasing through the brakes the bounding game,

Now driving o'er the stream the shapeless raft,

Or angling in the eddying deeps for fish.

But cautiously our Heroes shun'd their ken;

For every gang was arm'd complete. 115

#### The Hosts

Of Hell's infernal Empire had descried

The CONVOCATION of the Angelic Powers,

And through their emissaries ascertained

Its great design.—Their black tartarean hearts 120

With boiling gall o'erflow'd;—Hell's sulphury fires

Not hotter burn'd, than rag'd the demon flames.

That heated up the furnace of their Breasts!

By all the purity of Heaven they swore,

And by Damnation's pitchy gulphs, to thwart 125

If in their power, the humanizing views

Of the Celestial Council; and forthwith

By subtle process, through the savage souls,

The poison of malignant passions pour'd,  
 And all their fury roused against the WHITES. 130  
 M'Bride and Findley and their valiant bands,  
 Who erst had visited in friendly guise  
 The "DARK AND BLOODY GROUND;" first waked the  
 Of Indian jealousy; which now the Fiends [fire  
 Of nether darkness fed with secret fuel, 135  
 And fan'd into a flame of furious rage.  
 To FANTASIES transform'd, in midnight dreams,  
 They crouded Wizard-Horrors through the brain  
 Of the fierce Natives, representing Death  
 As whetting the "LONG KNIFE" to exterminate 140  
 Their tribes, while from its mighty blade huge streams  
 Of Indian blood in smoking sluices gush'd!  
 They saw their Groves and flowery Forests fall,  
 And desolating Conflagrations sweep  
 Their cany Vales and wig-wam Villages. 145  
 They saw their Deer, their Bears and Buffalos die,  
 And swarms of Whitemen covering all the plains,  
 Which from great Allegany's base extend,  
 To where Missouri's thundering surges roll!  
 The presence of our Heroes in their land, 150  
 With tenfold dread their bloody VISIONS fill'd,  
 And kindling fierce resistance in their hearts,  
 Roused old and young of every tribe to arms.  
 To avert despair, and give the Indian's ire  
 A livelier effervescence; Hell's dire powers 155  
 With the *ill-omen'd* Visions, *others* mix'd



Of more *auspicious* aspect; Sachems Seers,  
 And all the ORACLES of Savage Faith,  
 With the *conflicting* Fantasies were fill'd.

In almost constant evagation, Boone 160  
 And his companions pass'd the summer tide ;  
 Eluding every effort of the Foe,  
 To Sacrifice them to his BLOODY GOD.

The Hyperborean breath of Brumal winds,  
 Began the autumnal blooms and gossamer, 165  
 To scatter through the air and russet groves ;  
 And still uninjured, the Adventurers brav'd  
 The dangers of the unreclaim'd domain.

But now the time of trouble and distress,  
 Of Cruelty, of Stratagem, and Death 170  
 Began to roll in view its bloody glooms.

One morning Boone, accompanied by his friend  
 And bold Companion Stewart, left their Camp  
 And Comrades, and with unmolested march,  
 O'er mellow Bottoms and rich Hills progress'd; 175  
 Until the broad-spread, gold-embellish'd skirts  
 Of the red sun, hung blazing in the trees.— [groves,

Through grass-crown'd glades and grape-empurpled  
 Through forests with deep-flecker'd fruits adorn'd,  
 And fragrance of sweet fading flowers perfumed 180  
 In animating transports they had pass'd.—

As on the breezy brow of a small hill,  
 Entranced with admiration's glow they stood,  
 No fear or vexing passion in their breasts ;

A savage herd rush'd from a neighboring brake, 185  
 And clutch'd their noble limbs. Their day of Woe  
 Was dawning now. But all the darksome glooms  
 Of its disastrous morn, could not appall  
 The dauntless Prisoners. Valor buoy'd their souls  
 Above complaint, and patriot VIRTUES taught, 190  
 How the hot vengeance of the savage heart  
 To soothe.—Conciliating meekness, mix'd  
 With manly dignity, their actions mark'd;  
 And mild Hilarity her smiles diffused  
 Like Summer sunshine o'er their winning cheeks. 195  
 In rigid thraldom seven days they pass'd;  
 Mean while engaged, the savage Jealousies,  
 Suspicions, Animosities and Wrath,  
 Against the white Americans to extirp.  
 So far our noble Captives had success; 200  
 The rigor of their bondage was relax'd,  
 And they permitted to repose unbound,  
 In the Nocturnal lodge. As there one Night  
 On fur-skin beds they lay, in wildest depth  
 Of a Cane thicket; Boone, perceiving Sleep 205  
 Its death-resembling seal had deeply stamp'd  
 On every savage eye; and apprehensive lest  
 A larger and less lenient band might soon  
 Become of their precarious Destiny  
 The Arbiters, if the auspicious chance 210  
 Then offering an escape was not embraced;  
 With gentle touch his slumbering Comrade wak'd;

And off with light and speedy steps they stole,  
 Through the anfractuons brake, in whose dark maze  
 They wandered on, till Night's dim-beaming lamps 215  
 In Morn's wide-flowing floods of flame were quench'd.  
 They then in haste to their old Camp return'd,  
 And found it plundered and their Comrades gone!  
 The tawny foe had driven them thence, and they  
 Believing their adventurous Chief was slain, 220  
 And fearing friendless Winter might combine,  
 Through medium of his trace-betraying snows,  
 Or otherwise, with the red foe to yield them  
 Into the blood-reeking hand of grisly Death,  
 Conceived it prudent to tread back the Wilds 225  
 To Carolina's civilized abodes,  
 And therefore thither steer'd.

In hunting Deer

And reconnoitring the New World, still Boone  
 And Stewart the unwasted hours employed: 230  
 First having rear'd on other ground, a Hut  
 To screen them from fierce Winter's freezing storms.

Oft from our HERO's eye, the tears of Love  
 Translucent drop'd, as sleepless Memory glanced  
 On his dear wife and babes and distant Home. 235  
 But the SUPPORTING ANGEL, still his heart  
 With spirit-strengthening fortitude inspired,  
 And warm'd him with the fires of virtuous Fame.

Now Winter roll'd from the bleak Northern skies,  
 His cloudy tempests towards the warmer West; 240

While Winds howl'd hoarsely through the bladed brakes,  
And circumscribed within less ample bounds,  
The bold Adventurers' quotidian tours.  
As in their Camp one cold and blustering day,  
Fire-warm'd they sat, retracing on the Map 245  
Of honest memory, the deep-color'd lines  
Of juvenile life, and sweet domestic joy;  
A crackling in the tangled cane they heard,  
And springing to the entrance of their tent,  
Two Whitemen spied, whom soon they recognized, 250  
And with the enraptured voice of transport hail'd.  
For lo! our HERO'S Brother and a Friend  
Were there! The joy of elevated souls,  
Enliven'd and enhanced by all the powers  
Which can to bliss its highest zest impart, 255  
The unexpected interview sublimed.  
The dreadful dangers lurking in each nook  
Of the terrific waste, and all the clouds  
Of adverse fortune which had gloom'd their peace  
Since their arrival in the Wilderness, 260  
Were now forgotten. The glad news of Health  
In his dear family, with thankful tears  
Boone's eyes suffused. Awhile with the warm gush  
Of tender-thrilling extacy o'erwhelm'd,  
In silence round his weeping Brother's neck, 265  
With him exchanging happiest looks, he hung:—  
And then his children one by one he named,  
Enquiring eagerly for each, and heard

With all a Father's fond solicitude,  
 Their several little messages of Love. 270  
 The welfare of his Neighbors, and his Friends,  
 With the *condition* of his COUNTRY, claim'd  
 Successively his warm inquiring zeal.  
 His brother satisfied with ardent haste,  
 His strong affection-born anxieties; 275  
 And then described the influence of that power  
 Which acted on himself, ere *he* the scenes  
 Of social joy resign'd, to embark his fate  
 On that rough-rolling sea of Enterprise,  
 Whose bloody Surges heaved by Passion's storms, 280  
 And foaming underneath the boding shades  
 Of Death's dark Banners, threaten'd to o'erwhelm  
 Whate'er approach'd their desolate Domain.  
 He on his way had seen the good Delome,  
 Who a complete recital to him gave 285  
 Of all the circumstances relative  
 To the LOST MAID: and then a servant sent  
 To lead him to Vulosko's humble dome,  
 Where Hospitality's benign salute  
 Received him at the door. Melcena view'd  
 With kind discerning glance the unknown guest, 291  
 For in his lofty countenance she mark'd  
 A nameless play of mind, a mingled glow  
 Of sensibility and mental strength,  
 Resembling strongly what she oft had seen  
 In Daniel Boone's fine intellectual face! 296

She told her Melville what she saw : he smiled,  
 Believing it mere female fantasy ;  
 But her superior perspicaciousness  
 Was soon compell'd to own. Vulosko read  
 Aloud a letter from his friend Delome, 301  
 Which introduced them to their gallant Guest.  
 From their warm lips benignant welcomes flow'd,  
 And melting Friendship glow'd within their hearts.  
 Majestic Melville's speaking look assumed  
 An air of more expressive tenderness ; 306  
 And sweet Melcena's eyes of beaming blue  
 A lovelier livelier animation shed.  
 Her venerable Father grasp'd the hand  
 Of the vivacious visitant, and pray'd  
 That Heaven's Omnipotence would shield his life 311  
 From shafts of savage Inhumanity ;  
 And aid his glorious efforts to extend  
 Refinement's humanizing flame, until  
 Like lambent day it spread through all the West.  
 " You have a brother," said the white-lock'd Sire, 316  
 " Whose arm the Battle's thundering bolt can wield,  
 Whose mind can kindle splendors in the shades  
 Of Savage Night, and make the gloomy throne  
 Of barbarous Ignorance fall beneath its powers :  
 Whose heart is Pity's altar, Virtue's shrine, 321  
 And Valor's empire !—Find him ere you rest,  
 And league your fate with his ; convey to him  
 Vulosko's love !—His kind and manly worth

Is stamp'd indelibly upon my heart.  
 Inform him that the narrow Horizon 326  
 Of my descending Sun of life is clear ;  
 Except that now and then a sombre cloud  
 From MEMORY'S melancholy pool exhaled,  
 Athwart it throws a temporary gloom.  
 For I had once a Wife! and two dear Sons!— 331  
 She and my eldest son were snatch'd away  
 By the authorized Destroyer Death. But James,  
 My manly James! Was torn from me, was slain  
 By sanguinary men!—by cursed Choctaws!"

He paused a while and deeply sighing wiped 336  
 His tear-steep'd eyes ; then cast a brightening glance  
 At Melville and his blooming spouse, and thank'd  
 Benevolent Heaven that still he had a Son,  
 To cheer the Wintry Season of old age,  
 To pillow up his dying head, and weep 341  
 Upon his grave.—He now the subject changed ;  
 And shew'd his guest the wounded wretch Vonploor,  
 Who still was balanced in the dubious scales  
 Of Life and Death.—With these benignant friends  
 One Night Our HERO'S noble Brother pass'd, 346  
 Then bade farewell, and travel'd on to meet  
 Upon the designated Mountain peak,  
 His enterprising friend and brave Compeer,  
 Who from Delome's a different rout he'd gone,  
 To find a Hunting band that was encamp'd, 351  
 Among the mighty mountains' howling glooms.

Again conjoin'd; the adventurers held their way,  
 Until Kentucky's woody plains they reach'd,  
 Where rambling on, at length they came by chance,  
 In hearing of our HERO's cane-hid Camp. 356

In pleasure's *manly* sports, some pleasant weeks  
 The little cheerful company now pass'd.  
 But Joy alas! is oft the Harbinger  
 Of sorrow—Pain delights to dart his sting,  
 Into the breast that beats with transport's throb: 361  
 And Death oft drinks, as if a sweeter draught,  
 The life whose currents roll with smoothest flow;  
 Making possession most to be desired,  
 And that oft too, while the pellucid stream  
 Is swelling in the highest tide of bliss. 366

The Instigators of the INDIAN IRE,  
 With fierce Demoniac rage, its furious flames  
 Continued to incite, until they burst  
 In burning billows on brave STEWART'S head.

The Centinels of Heaven's stellar Hosts, 371  
 Had not from their nocturnal watch retired,  
 But still from the cerulean Towers survey'd  
 With twinkling eyes the march of Myriad Worlds;  
 When Boone and his associate Trio rose,  
 And belted on their blanket-coats to course, 376  
 The red-leafed groves, and grape-crown'd Hills for game.  
 The morning's azure face from clouds was clear,  
 Bleak was his breath and piercing; and his locks,  
 With frost were powder'd o'er. The Adventurers' nerves



Were strung for action, and their spirits braced 381  
 For valorous feats and perilous emprise—  
 The crackling wilds in separate routes they pierced;  
 Deep peals the ringing rifles oft times pour'd  
 Along the sounding dells, and rang the knell 386  
 Of many a dying Deer.—The keen-edged blade  
 Of Stewart's Butchering Knife, with severing plunge,  
 Full half a score of reeling, bleeding Stags  
 To earth that day had brought, and in the throats  
 Of four huge Buffalo's had been buried deep. 391  
 As the wild Genius of the Chase stood near,  
 To enroll his name among her favorite Sons,  
 And crown him with the laurels of the day;  
 Fierce, yelling swarms of savage Caitiffs, armed  
 With bloody Hatchets, from their ambush pour'd, 396  
 And instantly encircling him, let fly  
 Their death-commission'd Weapons, and dislodged  
 The intrepid Stewart's life! His lofty frame,  
 Upon the frozen moss, blood-smoking fell;  
 His full bright eye now lost its lustrous glow, 401  
 And that strong-muscled face, commanding grace  
 And animating smiles no more adorn'd.  
 His high-view'd heart, where generous valor reign'd,  
 Where patriot feelings warm'd the flowing blood,  
 And kindled aims of daring Enterprise, 406  
 In Death's cold gripe was still! No more to beat!  
 No more to feel! In puddles now,  
 The vapid fluid once with spirit warm,

His lifeless bosom's frigid cisterns fill.

Those fine-form'd limbs that scaled the mountain-steeps  
Unwearied, and with vigorous speed pursued 411

O'er Hills and streams and Vales the vaulting game,  
Voracious Wolves and Vultures now devour!

What though, thou Martyr in Refinement's cause!

No kindred weep around thy pallid Corse, 416

And wrap it in the snow-white winding sheet—

What though no mourning symbols, cypress boughs,

And melancholy crape around thee hang—

Nor polish'd Coffin, nor protecting grave,

Thy cold, thy gore-encrusted Corpse receive? 421

What though no mournful Bells nor muffled Drums,

Nor mixed procession robed in funeral black,

To thy remains Sepulchral homage pay?

What though no tomb in monumental grandeur mark

Among Mausoleums of distinguish'd Dead, 426

And mossy sepulchres of many an age,

The shrine where Stewart's slumbering bones repose?

What though upon a thousand Hills thy dust,

Now slumbers, unawaked by the rude tread

Of passing feet, unconscious where thou sleep'st? 341

What though *all this*, since Angels mourn'd thy fall!

Since the HISTORIC Genius has inscribed

On Fame's imperishable rolls thy name!

Since God's own vivifying voice will lift

Again thy scatter'd ashes from the ground; 436

And from his Holy Bosom send thy soul

The renovated tenement once more  
 To occupy; when spirit-wing'd, it shall,  
 To join the sainted Hosts of Heaven ascend!  
 And with PHILANTHROPY's seraphic Sons, 441  
 Who bled conflicting with the embattled bands  
 Of fell Barbarians in the bloody West,  
 Forever bask in brilliant beams of BLISS!

Much the surviving Heroes mourn'd the loss  
 Of their magnanimous Colleague and Friend; 446  
 Boone's bosom intimate, and VALOR's pride!  
 Again their dwindled number was reduced,  
 And Boone and his brave Brother left alone,  
 By the departure to the settlement  
 Of their remaining Comrade.— 451

· WINTER NOW

From Nature's face had struck the smiling bloom,  
 And o'er the world with dreadful ravage reign'd,  
 At his approach the sylvan music ceased,  
 And shrinking VEGETATION hid beneath  
 The icy surface of the frozen soil: 456  
 The wither'd Wild was drear as Death's Domain!  
 And echoed with the roar of hoarse-lunged STORMS,  
 And chilling yells of flesh-devouring Beasts.  
 But Boone's self-centered soul unshaken tower'd  
 Sublimely o'er the Horrors of the Waste, 461  
 And like a cloud-impaling Pyramid,  
 The Tempest's desolating rage defied!  
 With philosophic calmness oft he said,

" My Brother! now we see what a rich fount  
 Of pure felicity the mind of man 466  
 Within itself contains, if not defiled  
 By the corruptions of soul-blackening Vice.  
 How little on the gew-gaw glare of Wealth,  
 On Power's pageant pomp, and vain parade,  
 The human heart for happiness depends. 471  
 The Fashionable World's a Masquerade,  
 In which the real character's conceal'd:  
 It has ten thousand lures to snare the soul,  
 And is with Falsehood, Flattery and Deceit,  
 With Calumny and Disappointment fill'd. 476  
 Its smiles are like the fabled Syren's songs;  
 Its pleasures are the painted pills of Death;  
 And when to us its tempting *hand* it gives,  
 Its faithless, cold, deceitful *heart's* withheld.  
 Contentment builds her silky-plumed Nest, 481  
 In the pure Heart where Innocence abides;  
 And Innocence on timid pinions flies,  
 To Nature's Solitudes and sweet retreats.  
 From the turmoil of Vice-envelop'd Crouds,  
 'Tis there the soul by passions undisturb'd, 486  
 In philosophic converse with *herself*,  
 Can ascertain her energies divine,  
 And exercise them in exalted thought—  
 'Tis there the mind with animated eye,  
 Beholds her intellectual *currents* roll, 491  
 Unruffled and serene; and raptured sees

IMAGINATION'S rainbow-splendors gild,  
 Her pure pellucid deeps and sparkling waves ;  
 And silent WISDOM'S sterling gems enrich  
 Her beds profound.

Bleak Winter's reign though fierce, 496  
 Was short. Our Hero and his Brother braved,  
 With spirits high, its joy-forbidding frowns ;  
 Devoting to their reconnoitring-task,  
 And hunting pleasures almost every day.  
 At length, at Angel-featured Spring's approach, 501  
 The surly Tyrant's cloudy Hosts retired,  
 And sheltering in their Northern Fortresses,  
 Hung round their gloomy Monarch's icy throne.  
 Again enfranchised from her frozen bonds,  
 Invigorated, with rekindled life, 506  
 From the dark bowels of her brumal grave,  
 Triumphant VEGETATION rose, and breathed  
 Her scented sweetness on the silk-wing'd gales.  
 Once more returning MAY blush'd o'er the Wilds ;  
 But found, unwonted sight ! our Hero *sad* ! 511  
 His Brother now was gone ; was travelling home,  
 For Horsés, ammunition and what else  
 Their state required—A mind less firm than Boone's,  
 Could not have braved the soul-transpiercing thrusts  
 Of dagger-edg'd Reflections, which assail'd 516  
 His bosom's tenderest points. He now was left  
 Amid surrounding swarms of fiercest fiends,  
 Without a single friend, save the kind Spirit ;

Who faithful to his delegated charge,  
 Still with his viewless shield protection spread 521  
 Around the Hero's life. The cultured banks  
 Of peaceful Yadkin; the unbloody Hills,  
 Where once unapprehensive of a Foe,  
 He enjoy'd the Chase, his fellow-sportsmen's song,  
 And animated jest, their cheerful interchange 526  
 Of graver sentiments, and *mild* debates  
 On politics and man;—with charms renew'd,  
 All *these* in Memory's mirror he beheld,  
 And for their loss a moment mourn'd. But most,  
 His mind to melancholy was disposed, 531  
 By musing on the misery-boding Fears,  
 The kind Concern, and keen Inquietude,  
 Which day and night disturb'd the peace; which pain'd,  
 And stung incessantly the sorrowing hearts,  
 Of his Angelic spouse, his high-soul'd Sons, 536  
 And tender-bosom'd Daughters—If indulged,  
 Reflections on those sombre themes would soon  
 Have shadow'd o'er the lucid pane, through which  
 Contentment's radiant beams his soul illumed.  
 But he too well a HERO's duty knew 541  
 To bury in privation-brooded glooms,  
 In the dark shadows of domestic woe,  
 The kindling sparks of useful Enterprise;  
 Which promised by gradations to expand,  
 Until their bright illuminations spread, 546  
 Through the Barbarian Blackness of the West.

His cares of Home on Heaven he therefore cast,  
 And sought felicity within *himself*,  
 And in the flowery treasures of the Wild. 551  
 Oft where the beauteous Crown-imperial bloom'd  
 In gorgeous pomp unveil'd, and Tulip-laurel  
 Its sweet effluvia on the gales diffused,  
 He rambled to enjoy their cheering charms!  
 And oft the princely Pinnacle he scaled 556  
 Of a smooth Hill, which o'er the green campaign  
 In airy pride, and conic grandeur tower'd:  
 He there in wondering contemplation gaz'd,  
 On various God-proclaiming scenes, which shone  
 In glorious fulgour, far as eye could roll. 561  
 He *thence* great NATURE'S THEATRE beheld  
 In all its pomp and splendid scenery clothed;  
 Herself the Mistress of the grand DISPLAY,  
 And the distinguish'd HEROINE-ACTRESS too!  
 Her curtain with the opening dawn she drew, 566  
 And myriad strains of plausible Melody,  
 Her entrance on the gorgeous stage proclaim'd!  
 The varying scenes a thousand times she changed;  
 Her sweet serenity and mellow smiles  
 She now diffused and trod in purest light! 471  
 While round her frisk'd and play'd in happiest *life*,  
 In gambols of wild joy her retinue,  
 Of feather'd and four-footed animals;  
 And o'er the scenic drapery's cloud-form'd sheets,  
 To beautify them with prismatic hues, 575

Its gilding streams, her golden Day-lamp pour'd.  
But now encompass'd by tempestuous glooms,  
She bends her blackening brow—and thunders break  
In rolling vollies o'er the shuddering Stage ;  
While swiftly round her form sublime, the blaze 581  
Of scathful lightning sweeps—the mountain peaks,  
Which darkly in the distant *back-ground* tower,  
Are shrouded in her frown!—And weeping Skies,  
The tragic darkness, and tumultuous thioes,  
In tearful torrents mourn. The gushing streams 586  
To great Ohio's, swelling surges roll ;  
And He, with billowy agitation boil'd,  
Deep-roaring rushes down his foaming way.  
But soon again she scatters from her face  
The curling clouds, from the wide Canopy 591  
Withdraws the sable HANGINGS, and a Calm  
Enliven'd with redoubled splendor, spreads !  
Unmasking the bright fount of beauteous Day,  
Unveiling all her charms in loveliest bloom,  
And garnishing the groves with brighter green, 596  
She seem'd commission'd by the powers of Heaven,  
To deck the *world* with more magnific pomp !  
From that commanding Hill, those changing scenes,  
Our Hero oft with hallow'd rapture view'd.  
If Nights tenebrious shades the prospects veil'd, 601  
While yet he linger'd on the airy mound ;  
Upon the plummy lap of gentle sleep .  
His head he laid, and there reposed till morn ;



Or listening to the Owl's wild-thrilling scream, 605  
 The Wolf's blood-chilling howl and hungering yell;  
 Or gazing on the sky-throned Queen's bright face,  
 The planetary spheres, the burning stars,  
 The meteor gleams, the silver-winged clouds,  
 The darken'd wastes, the moon-reflecting waves, 610  
 And beam-absorbing mists, the Night he'd spend  
 In philosophic thought and transports wild!

The Goblin-visaged spectre Fear, that haunts  
 The Coward's heart, crawls through his haggard dreams,  
 Depictures Death and Dangers and Distress, 615  
 And grinning bloody forms through all his thoughts,  
 In Boone's undaunted Breast could never live.  
 He knew, that Fear the active nerves benumbs,  
 When most their useful aidance is required,  
 Imparting thus to dangers double force. 620  
 He knew, that the Almighty's arm, which shields  
 From shafts of Jeopardy, the harmless heart,  
 In soft refinement's social scenes, can guard,  
 With equal ease, the breast which beats in wilds,  
 Where barbarous Heathens raise the arm of Death, 625  
 And dreadful Beasts, for blood, the forests prowl.  
 He therefore boldly bade the grisly Fiend,  
 Infernal Fear, avaunt. No idle day  
 He pass'd. But great Ohio's cane-cloth'd plains  
 Unceasingly explored. No City's pomp, 630  
 Reflecting all the blaze of polish'd Art,  
 With turrets, spires and steeples crown'd,

With sweetest Beauty's vestal choirs adorn'd,  
 With flapping sails of richest Commerce wing'd,  
 And Luxury's costly Magazines enrich'd, 635  
 Could half so much delight have given his mind,  
 As the unfolding WORLD OF WONDROUS CHARMS,  
 Sublime, majestic, beauteous, splendid, fair,  
 Which oped its wild luxuriance on his eye  
 Wheree'er he trod.—Ohio's limpid flood 640  
 Innumerable Beauties in itself contain'd,  
 And Majesty and glorious Grandeur too!  
 Its slowly-sliding volume seem'd a Sea  
 Of molten silver, smoothly rolled along.  
 Great Trees above its turfless bottoms towered, 645  
 And spread their giant-branches o'er its Deeps ;  
 Whose lucid Mirror pictured every leaf,  
 Bright-crimson'd bud, and spiral-winding vine,  
 Which waving o'er their watery surface, hung.  
 The finny tenants of the liquid cells, 650  
 In myriads sported through the rolling stream ;  
 Now springing at the floating fly, they break  
 Its glassy superface, now darting down  
 The crystal element, they again return  
 To playful gambols on their pebbly beds. 655  
 Too pervious to the eye, the incumbent Mass  
 Of cloudless liquid to conceal from view  
 Their glancing forms.—With graceful majesty,  
 Tall arch-neck'd Swans in snowy be vies sailed,  
 The waving bosom of the flowing flood ; 660

And pour'd in murmuring undulations through  
The tremulous waves and vibratory air,  
Their trumpet notes and deeply-quavering tones.  
Aquatic flocks of various kinds besides,  
Some rowing on the shining stream, some buoy'd 665  
On clattering pinions o'er its bright expanse,  
And circling through the scream-resounding air,  
Surveying with instinctive, wild delight,  
The inviting beauties of the watery scenes;  
Our Hero saw. And oftentimes he beheld, 670  
Proud Antler-crowned Deer, in ample droves  
The unrippling current stemming. Ofttimes too,  
From bank to bank his curious eye pursued  
The unsocial Bears, which with nigrescent paws,  
Through the bright stream their shaggy bodies oar'd.  
Continuing on his reconnoitring route, 675  
Beyond Ohio's winding course, o'er plains  
With dulcet fruits, and flosculous beauties rich,  
He reach'd at length the mighty MONARCH STREAM,  
The great Imperial River of the West! 680  
Majestic MISSISSIPPI! and beheld;  
Like Hosts of Battle-charging STEEDS inflamed  
By rage-enkindling trumpets, fires and drums,  
And sanguinary Death, descending down  
Some sloping field with rolling KNOBS emboss'd; 685  
The turbid torrent's fury-foaming WAVES,  
Impetuous dashing onwards towards the Sea;  
As if disdainng to disgrace their pride,

By lingering long 'mongst humble inland streams,  
 Or holding back from the great RENDEZVOUS, 690  
 The awful ARMY of assembled Floods ;  
 Their tributary force. In thought sublime  
 Upon the wave-worn bank the Hero stood,  
 And hail'd with extacy the headlong flood!  
 The associating principle of mind, 695  
 That throws the thoughts with rapid power,  
 O'er all the mazy complicated chain  
 Of objects, which are link'd to the grand theme  
 That with sublime sensation swells the soul ;  
 Boone now in all its forceful influence felt. 700  
 Through Fancy's retrospective Vista, he,  
 His intellectual vision swiftly glanced,  
 And witness'd the first flow of watery floods ;  
 When at the ETERNAL's great creative word,  
 They *started* from ten thousand roaring Springs— 705  
 When from the loftiest height of this vast land,  
 Its four IMPERIAL Rivers, Aregon,  
 St. Lawrence, Bourbon, and Columbia's pride,  
 Great Mississippi! roll'd their thundering tides.  
 From *one* deep, Ocean-fed, exhaustless source, 715  
 A MIGHTY SUBTERRANEOUS RESERVOIR !  
 He saw their youthful Torrents proudly rise ;  
 The massy rocks, and earth obstructive, burst,  
 And drive their Chariots' foam-enveloped Steeds,  
 Divergent, bounding down the seaward dells.— 720  
 On towards our spheric planet's *primary points*,

The liquid wheels through darksome deserts roll,  
 Passing a thousand varying climes remote ;  
 Before they sparkle in the briny deeps.  
 Down through the unceasing lapse of circling time, 725  
 He saw the still continued currents roll ;  
 Oft swollen high by inundations pour'd  
 From bursting clouds, uprooting huge-grown woods ;  
 And bearing ponderous wrecks, in crashing rage,  
 Along the wilds to the ingulphing Seas. 730  
 His thoughts *prospectively* he also cast,  
 And through Imagination's optics viewed ;  
 With brilliant diadems of COMMERCE crown'd,  
 And with the products of a thousand farms,  
 And riches of Mercantile Kingdoms fraught, 735  
 With FREEDOM's Cities and REPUBLICS lined  
 And Happiness and Heavenly Virtues cheer'd ;  
 The royal stream, on whose rich banks he stood.  
 With Contemplation's high Cherubic zeal,  
 The joy-inspiring prospect warm'd his soul, 740  
 And drove o'er themes stupendous as the Heavens,  
 His lofty-soaring Fancy's winged wheels.  
 But most the POWER and kind MUNIFICENCE,  
 Of that *supremely elevated* God,  
 Who said, " exist !" and *space* was fill'd ! Who spake,  
 And flaming Suns appear'd ! Who said, " arise !" 746  
 And dust was Man ! Whose touch can change to seas,  
 The solid worlds, and through the *gelid wilds*  
 Of *spacious Air*, ten thousand Rivers roll,

And petrify to flint the Ocean-floods ! 750  
On *his* Omnipotence and Goodness most  
Our Hero mused.—While thus in thought deep rapt,  
He loiter'd on the billow-beaten banks,  
Whose sandy base the excavating waves  
Incessantly reduce, and heedless trode 755  
The surge-impending *brink* ; the beach-crown'd mass  
With all its vegetative load, abrupt,  
Tumultuous ! broke from the *supported* soil,  
And with impetuous uproar plunged amid  
The furious flood !—Swift from the *tumbling* bank, 760  
He leap'd into the agitated deep,  
And o'er his head the angry surges curled.  
But with strong strokes he upward cleaves his way,  
And rises boldly through the bubbling foam !  
The shore-rebounding billows beat him thwart 765  
The *profluent* waves, *these* bear him down  
The tossing tide—the cumbrous wreck behind  
Rolls darkly on, and breaks the stream apart.  
Hence rough, increasing surges drive amain  
The Hero onwards, 'till in widening sheets, 770  
Far from the floating islet-mound, they spread  
A smoother breast, o'er which he swims secure,  
And reaches safe again the welcome beach.



THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
DANIEL BOONE.

BOOK V.



## ARGUMENT.

*BOONE* commences his return to the Ohio. *Frightful vociferations. Enraged Buffaloes. Panther killed.* 1 to 69. *Saline Swamps. Boone gives names to the Waters, &c.* 70 to 82. *Being again join'd by his Brother, he continues in the Wilderness till Spring, when he returns Home. He relates his adventures. Their influence upon his sons. He remains on the Yadkin until the third subsequent autumn, then sells his farm, and with his family and five others starts for Kentucky. Other Adventurers unite with them. Powel's and Walden's Mountains described. The Travellers assailed by a band of Indians, who after killing six of the Whites, are repulsed. Among the slain is James Boone. Remarks on his death.* 83 to 217. *Address to Columbian Youth.* 218 to 280. *The Muse recalled from her digression. Reflections of the season. The party travels back to Clinch.* 281 to 304. *Boone engages in successive enterprises.* 305 to 352. *He, at length, removes his family to Kentucky. Seeming gratulation on the arrival of his Wife and Daughters.* 352 to 370. *Address to Beauty. Its influence exemplified in the case of Henderson. History of his attachment to Eliza Calaway, containing an account of the capture, by the Indians of her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone; of their sufferings; of Costea's character; of their liberation; of the love between Flanders Calaway and Jemima, and between Holden and Frances Calaway, concluding with a notice of their marriage.*



THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
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BOOK V.

SOME days in pleasing rambles here Boone pass'd,  
And then, still reconnoitring as he went  
The intèrvening wilds, to the rich plains  
Of grand Ohio journey'd back.—One day  
While travelling on in musing mood, he heard 5  
Far in the distant Forest's gloomy depths  
A *roar* as loud and frightful, as proclaims  
The anger'd Lion's rage: It seem'd the Hills  
And sturdy trees to shake, and loudly roll'd,  
Reverberating down the sounding dales. 10  
With dreadful aggravation still it *grew*,  
The affrighted Indians wildly yell'd—the Wolves,  
In gangs, fled howling from its dread approach—  
The Eagles drop'd their prey and sought the skies!  
From the aged poplars' heartless trunks, the Owls 15  
Pour'd dismal screams—The bellowing still increas'd!

And drew more near! The desert brushwood crash'd!  
 A thousand thundering feet, with *heavy* sound,  
 Like a tornado hurried swiftly on,  
 And shook the shuddering ground, when lo! appear'd, 20  
 O'erspreading many a rood of the drear waste,  
 A mighty multitude of Buffaloes huge,  
 Resistless, raging, mad! In their dark van,  
*One*, more enrag'd and furious than the rest,  
 Vociferous bursts of awful agony pour'd; 25  
 His pain-set eyes like burning Globules glar'd;  
 Upon his knees he oft impetuous pitch'd,  
 Goring the ground, while, to and fro, in vain  
 His rough hair'd head he dash'd; for on his back  
 With rending talons in the flesh infix'd, 30  
 A murderous PANTHER plied the work of Death!  
 Adown the sufferer's brindled sides ran blood,  
 Profusely streaming. Cruelly, with teeth  
 Of spear-accuminated sharpness, gnaw'd  
 The merc'less monster through the strength-strung loins,  
 And buried deeply in the smoking chasm, 36  
 His gory, life-destroying snout; until  
 Full half his blood-smear'd body disappear'd,  
 Deep sunk mid sunder'd muscles, mangled flesh,  
 And bubbling blood!—The roaring sufferer reel'd 40  
 And saak and rose, and staggering fell again,  
 His pain-protruded eyes, with glaring green,  
 Were deeply died, and Death's destructive shaft  
 Drew from his heaving heart the strug'ling life!

Around their fallen fellow gather'd thick 45  
 The furious herds, and yells and groans, and clash  
 Of crouded horns, in horrid tumult broke  
 From the close-clustering circle's brindled bounds.  
 They snuff'd the sanguine steam the purple spouts  
 Sent through the air, and catching thence the rage 50  
 Of fiercest bestial madness, sidelong tore,  
 With buried horns, the valley's blood-stain'd breast,  
 And fiercely furrow'd up, with pawing feet,  
 Its flower-bespangled soil, wild-bellowing, crush'd  
 The yielding shrubs, and gored the rough-bark'd trees.  
 The ferine Murderer startled at the din, 56  
 And disintering his blood-buried half,  
 Look'd wild and grimly on the pressing foe ;  
 And finding dangers thick beset him round,  
 With agile spring, leap'd on a Buffalo's back, 60  
 And thence a neighboring poplar reached, up which  
 He swiftly fled. Where, on a lofty bough,  
 Viewing the scene below, out-stretch'd he lay,  
 With head declining o'er his gory paws.  
 Boone the gorg'd prowler mark'd, aim'd at his eye 65  
 The unerring rifle, and brought headlong down  
 His brain-bespatter'd carcass. Terror-shock'd  
 At the unwonted peal, the wide-mouth'd herds  
 Hoarse-yelling, burst resistless through the Brakes.  
 O'er saline swamps by savage steps impress'd, 70  
 By congregated Buffaloes Elks and Deer  
 Deep-furrow'd, the unwearied Hero passed.—

Contemplating prospectively, the use  
 To which Columbia might those brackish mines  
 Apply, he viewed them with attentive ken. 75  
 Here, like the primary lord of Paradise,  
 The Nomenclature of an opening world  
 He form'd! bestowing *names* on streams and founts,  
 On plants and places yet anonymous,  
 And yet unvisited by other eye 80  
 Emitting Civilization's softened beams,  
 Than the Adventurer's own.

Again at length,

A BROTHER'S presence animates, with smiles  
 And sentimental solace, the dark WILDS;  
 Which they with mutual industry explore, 85  
 Until another Spring her bloom unveils.  
 Then Daniel Boone the mountains reascends,  
 Hies onward to his rural Domicil,  
 And meets once more, his rapture-swooning Wife,  
 And the endearing transports of sweet Babes. 90  
 He tells his wonder-kindling tales, while tears  
 And kind caresses speak the silent joys,  
 And melting admiration, which transport,  
 Intenerate, and thrill the tingling hearts  
 Of his dear Daughters and dove-bosom'd spouse. 95  
 While he the various scenes enumerates  
 Of perilous emprise, through which he'd passed,  
 The dawning valor of his youthful sons  
 Illume the trembling tears of filial love,

That gather in their azure-beaming eyes. 100  
 But most the account of his captivity,  
 And his companion Stewart's hapless doom,  
 Their ardor rous'd, and kindled the keen thirst  
 Of vengeance in their danger-daring breasts.  
 Like two young Lions in some desert Den, 105  
 When first their instinct fires begin to flame,  
 Impelling them to range the roaring Waste,  
 And try the vigor of their supple limbs  
 In valiant feats of blood; Boone's manly James  
 And Israel panted for the power to prove 110  
 Their prowess, and avenge their Father's wrongs.  
 Their minds dilated with the expanded view  
 His strong descriptions gave of the rich WILDS;  
 While prospects of magnanimous emprise,  
 And Fancy-pictur'd scenes of patriot fame; 115  
 Establishing pure FREEDOM's prosperous States,  
 Upon a base as lasting as the Hills,  
 Their youthful souls with animation rapt.  
 Quiescent, on the lap of PEACE and LOVE,  
 The *three* succeeding summers Boone repos'd, 120  
 And then, preliminaries first arrang'd,  
 The peaceful Yackin left, and with his Wife,  
 His Children, and five venturous Families more;  
 Bidding adieu to Friends and scenes endear'd  
 By tenderest incidents of Love and Joy; 125  
 Began, through gloomy wilds, the WESTERING MARCH.  
 While on their weary way through Powel's Vale,

Two score Adventurers joined their jocund band.  
 Dark labyrinthian Deserts, mountain Crags  
 Stupendous, frowning in the invaded clouds, 130  
 And howling Monsters raging round for blood,  
 Could not, with all their mingled glooms appall  
 The spirits, or chill the animating Hopes  
 That fir'd those gallant Sons of glorious Peril,  
 And urg'd them on their hazardous emprise. 135  
 Unharm'd, they pass o'er two tremendous LIMBS  
 Of branching Allegany—POWEL'S MOUNT  
 And WALDEN'S named—There Nature's rudest wrath  
 Seemed to have rag'd with wild disordering power—  
 Seem'd whilom to have op'd in warring fray, 140  
 Her magazines of elemental ire— [Flames!  
 Her Tempests, Thunders, Lightnings, Earthquakes,  
 And rock-uprooting, furious WATER-SPOUTS!—  
 Dark yawning ravines cheak'd with broken crags,  
 Hoar rocks, in horror-frowning grandeur pil'd, 145  
 Or pyramidical, transpiercing deep  
 The thunder-bearing Tempests' cloudy breasts—  
 And ragged Ridges high on Ridges heap'd!  
 All seem'd memorials of Her phrenzied Mood.  
 These high colossal Hills securely pass'd, 150  
 Their mazy course the Adventurers cheerly kept,  
 Until with deathful yell, a savage Host  
 Poured on their weak unguarded rear, the storms  
 Of flaming murder. Then, oh gallant Boone!  
 With Battle-swaying Mars thy prowess vied! 155

Thy Guárdian Seraph's inspirations then  
 Thou neededst not. Thy fallen fellows' blood  
 The safety of thy Wife, thy Babes, and Friends,  
 Were for thy valor stimulant enough!  
 The assailing Demons soon in wild dismay, 160  
 Fled wounded, bleeding, from the torrent flames,  
 Through which swift-flying bullets sought their lives.  
 For well the ruthless onset was return'd;  
 And dearly were its blood-effusions bought.  
 But ah! six valiant sons of enterprise, 165  
 By its death-dealing, unsuspected blast,  
 Were from their relatives and comrades torn!  
 'Till then, such scene of Grief and Woe  
 Had ne'er been witnessed in those spectral wilds.  
 Friends, Mothers, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, all 170  
 In doleful sadness weeping o'er the slain!--  
 Uncoffin'd in the sun-unmellowed ground,  
 'Neath gloomy Hemlock and dark-shaded spruce,  
 Their noble corpses colorless and cold,  
 With Sorrow's tearful streamlets were inter'd. 175  
 Conspicuous fell our Hero's eldest son,  
 His valiant James! The cruel ball that rent  
 The tendrils of his blooming life in twain,  
 And scattered on the waste its flow'ry charms,  
 Tore from the prospering PLANT of LIBERTY 180  
 A germ, whose rich expanding beauties soon,  
 Would have unfolded o'er the ample West;  
 Diffusing round delectable perfumes,

And dropping healthful fruitage on the lap  
 Of its luxuriant Land. That merciless ball, 185  
 In its disaster-dealing impetus,  
 Was not content, the crimson citadel  
 Of human life, and the unsullied shrine  
 Of fond affection only, to invade ;  
 COLUMBIA'S angel bosom felt its force, 190  
 And bleeding at the pungent wound it trench'd,  
 She sorrow'd o'er her youthful Hero's fate.  
 And she had *cause* to sorrow ; for in him  
 She lost the promise of a patriot son,  
 Of an intrepid, wise and virtuous man ! 195  
 Irradiated with the expanding rays  
 Of Erudition, his untarnished mind,  
 With eye intent on Truth's effulgent disk,  
 Was soaring o'er the clouds of *groveling* life.  
 His fellows in the *Intellectual* flight 200  
 Can well attest, with what ascending strength  
 He scal'd the intervening steeps, and shot  
 His genius-plumed pinions through the blāze  
 That pour'd upon his soul-subliming path ;  
 That still in more resplendent torrents stream'd 205  
 As nearer to the lambent Orb he drew.  
 But ah ! the whizzing pellet, bearing death,  
 Relaxed his wing, and drown'd his flight in blood !  
 Behold the snowy plumage sinking now,  
 All stain'd and dripping with the purp'ling streams ! 210  
 Yet see ! 'tis not the *Spirit's* plumes that fall ;



It is the weaker wing of *mortal life* !  
 The wing, which buoys the encumbering clog of clay !  
 The *soul*, in all its bright embellishment,  
 Is free, and flies, with unimpeded speed, 215  
 To the supernal goal that caught its ken  
 From earth, the flaming fount of holy Truth!—

My YOUTHFUL COUNTRYMEN ! whom Culture's care  
 Has lifted into splendid spheres, behold,  
 A pattern for your imitation here ! 220

JAMES BOONE in the unbloodied shades of PEACE,  
 Acquiring Wealth and Influence, might have liv'd,  
 But more ennobling prospects swell'd his soul !  
 A vast luxuriant Land, yet unreclaim'd  
 From Barb'rous Wildness, fir'd his patriot zeal, 225  
 Impell'd him to exert his utmost powers  
 To enrich his Country with the precious prize ;  
 And made him, with undaunted valor, dare  
 The dangerous Ambushment, where darkling Death  
 Lurk'd panting for his unprepared prey!— 230

Oh my dear youthful Brethren ! seize your swords,  
 And swear, by all the blood that ever smok'd  
 On Freedom's Altars, never to relax  
 The patriot grasp until those Rights are *free*,  
 Whose *purchase* cost more sufferings, wealth and lives,  
 Than the rich land for which the youthful Boones, 236  
 Our earlier Brethren, bled !—COLUMBIAN YOUTH !  
 With so much more to inflame your daring fires,  
 Than fan'd *their* enterprise, can you repose

On the warm down of Ease, nor emulate 240  
*Their* martial ardor? 'Tis not Gold, nor Fame,  
 Nor fruitful Forests, nor refinement's cause,  
 That now presents excitement to the soul,  
 Which loves the blessings of sweet LIBERTY!  
 It is the thralldom of our NAVAL RIGHTS; 245  
 The oppression of our Commerce on the seas  
 By tyrant Battlements, that ride the waves,  
 And roll their bloody thunders on our flag;  
 That turn their Cannon on the face of Law,  
 That bury charter'd Industry in gulphs 250  
 Beneath the flames which crown the billowy brine,  
 Through which our Tars and burning Vessels sink!  
 It is the misery of our Naval Sons  
 Impress'd by lawless RUFFIANS on the Main,  
*Compell'd* to plunge their weapons in the blood 255  
 Of *kindred* breasts, and *their own* nation wound!  
 It is the anguish of the thousand mourning hearts,  
 Whose dearest RELATIVES enchain'd and scourg'd,  
 Lie groaning, hopeless, sorrow-wasted, faint,  
 In Britain's stygian Dungeons on the seas! 260  
 Here is excitement for the valorous Youth,  
 The gallant Boone's of our day. Can the Sons  
 Of glorious Fathers view the sacred shrines,  
 Where their immortal ashes sleep, defil'd  
 And crush'd beneath a Despot's foot, nor rush 265  
 In arms array'd, to avenge their wrongs or die?  
 Is not each lash your valiant Seamen feel,

Contempt to those who for our Freedom fought?  
 Their bones are mingled with the dust we tread,  
 But still their *spirits* and their *actions* live! 270  
 Their blood which stained our plains, the sun long since  
 Has bleach'd; but still the Blessings which it bought  
 In living lustre glow—While then we breathe  
 The inspiring ardor of their sainted manes—  
 While then, their holy deeds their names adorn, 275  
 And we the happy heritage enjoy  
 Their lives bequeath'd—shall we their fame disgrace?  
 And while in all the *means* of War so *strong*,  
 Let Villain-Tyrants sever from our Land,  
 What, when so *weak*, our Fathers snatch'd from them!—

Again my Muse revisit the sad scene, 280  
 From which the impassion'd zeal, the glow  
 Of ardor for thy weeping Country's weal,  
 Had borne, though weak of wing, thy feeble powers.

October's russet scowl imbrown'd the groves, 285  
 And foliage-searing frosts the cement broke,  
 Which to the boughs their leafy vesture glued—  
 While melancholy winds, in showers, shook down  
 The rustling flakes, in seeming sympathy  
 With the soul-wringing sorrows, which convuls'd 290  
 The mourners' breasts. The afflicted Widows now,  
 And female kindred of the hapless slain,  
 Heart-sick, and languid, pleaded to return  
 To where the cheering scenes of polish'd life,  
 Near Clinch's limestone-laving waves, display'd 295

The residence of warm congenial souls.  
 The meek solicitations and soft tears,  
 Co-operating with their own distress,  
 Disposed the bold survivors to comply.  
 And much that course was render'd requisite, 300  
 By the dispersion through the wayless wilds,  
 Of their affrighted Cattle, which had fled,  
 With force impetuous, over Hills and crags,  
 Through crackling Brakes and loud-resounding Glyns-  
 On Clinch, 'till the succeeding Summer shone, 305  
 Boone, with his worthy family remain'd.  
 He then successively, in dangerous toils  
 Of high import engag'd.—At Dunmore's call,  
 He lent his guidance to conduct a band  
 Of brave *Surveyors* of the Western Soil, 310  
 From the Ohio Falls back to their Homes,  
 By routes, through the dark Wilderness, to them  
 Before unknown. This perilous task perform'd  
 With most surprising safety skill and speed,  
 He then, of three Militia Garrisons, 315  
 At Dunmore's requisition, took command;  
 And with his wonted energy and fire,  
 Attemper'd by serene deliberate Art,  
 Through the Campaign against the Shaw'nese Tribes,  
 A service, mark'd with high success, sustain'd. 320  
 Victorious from the Northern scenes of Blood,  
 Subservient to his Countrymen's request,  
 We see our Hero *cross* his desert stage,

And on its Southern border rise to view,  
 Performing there a *new* but arduous *part*, 325  
 Evincing talents *versatile* as *strong* !  
 And skill'd as well in Council as in War.  
 He meets the Sachems of the Cherokees  
 At wild Wataga, and a pact concludes  
 By virtue of his delegated powers, 330  
 For purchasing a part of their waste lands.  
 This Embassy accomplish'd, he collects  
 A band of hardy Woodsmen, strong and brave,  
 And from the verge of the rough Wilderness,  
 Where Holstein's mountain-compass'd current rolls 335  
 To wild Kentucky's cedar-shadow'd waves,  
 A Road through the unwounded Forest cleaves.  
 The sculking Foe from his deep-tangled haunts,  
 Oft on their way, the sounding axes brought ;  
 And their death-ringing Rifles drove as oft 340  
 The fierce assailant back. On either side,  
 From flesh-torn founts, the conflict often stream'd  
 In rills of smoking crimson. Sometimes too,  
 'Twas blanch'd by the pale hand of life-fed Death.  
 But nought the Vigor of their Zeal could stay. 345  
 Before its power the giant timber fell,  
 And through a Host of ruthless Remoras,  
 Its strong unpalsied arm a passage hew'd.  
 Behold the first grand CONDUIT now complete,  
 Through which, to the dark wastes of savage night, 350  
 From their bright Eastern seas, REFINEMENT'S FLOODS

Effulgent flow!—Now on Kentucky's bank,  
 In haste, a Fortress the Adventurers rear.  
 And thither Boone from Clinch his Family brings.  
 The wondering GENIUS of the Wilderness,  
 Embellish'd with the fragrance-breathing blooms 355  
 Of May, flew from the flower-deck'd solitudes  
 To snatch a glance at the new Visitants,  
 Boone's darling Consort and sweet lovely Maids,  
 The first *fair* Females that e'er grac'd those Wilds!—  
 With more harmonic rapture seem'd the songs 360  
 Of feather'd extacy to warble loose  
 Among the umbrageous wood; and the rich flowers  
 Seem'd to unfold in tints more deep-defin'd  
 Their gay variety.—The bladed brakes 365  
 Impainted with a livelier green appear'd.  
 The wild-wood zephyrs from their winglets seem'd  
 A sweeter odor round the groves to shake;  
 While the deep gloom-envelop'd wastes, with beams  
 Of transport-kindling radiance seem'd illum'd. 370  
 And well indeed such animating change  
 Might then appear through that untamed abode  
 Of Wildness, Howlings, and ferocious Rage;  
 For polish'd Beauty's love-emiting eye,  
 And darkness-scattering smile, in that new world, 375  
 Were then first shed. Oh Beauty! bright with soul;  
 Seraphic Quintessence of blended powers  
 Terrestrial and supernal! Sweet compound  
 Of Mortal and Divine! *Thy charms* can light

Within the breast that lives in darkest solitude 380  
 An aromatic-odor'd, pure-beam'd lamp;  
 And in the deep untrodden Dell where Man,  
 Refined and reasoning Män, ne'er breath'd before,  
 The lone Itinerant's musing mind can cheer :  
 Can animate with pleasures more infus'd 385  
 In bliss, its silent powers, than ever flow  
 From the less gentle spring of social Mirth :  
 And they can also shake the loftiest soul,  
 And with the thorns of keen inquietude  
 The bravest Hero's hardy breast transpierce. 390  
 The experience of the gallant Henderson  
 Can well *this* truth attest. His daring heart,  
 In Carolina's cultur'd shades, conceiv'd  
 The bosom-softening flame of first-felt Love.  
 In his wild-flut'ring Breast, of Hope and Fear 395  
 The doubtful balance hung.—His tender wiles  
 Had from his dear Eliza's *guarded* lips  
 No hope-confirming, kind confession drawn ;  
 Nor had, from his own mellow-murm'ring tongue,  
 A *clear* avowal of his passion frown ; 400  
 When, with the brave illustrious Calaway,  
 Her noble Father, she forsook the scenes  
 Of social elegance and peaceful ease ;  
 Migrated to Kentucky's flow'ry glooms,  
 And shelter'd in the Fort of their lov'd Friend, 405  
 The generous, kind, and hospitable Boone.  
 Young Henderson's too independent heart

Upbraided the fastidious folly now,  
 Which sought some *token* of *her* love for *him*,  
 Before it ventured to *declare* what oft 410  
 His soften'd eye, and sadden'd mien had told.  
 Her every smiling glance and gentle word,  
 Which, ere her absence, were, as courtesies,  
 Resulting from her kind Angelic Soul,  
 As mere attentions shewn to all her *friends*, 415  
 Regarded; now a tenderer form assum'd,  
 And to his melancholy Fancy seem'd  
 The soothing signs of sweet Encouragement!  
 Pale languishment hung on his changing cheek,  
 While festive merriment in vain essay'd 420  
 To wake his wonted smiles, or reinvest,  
 His eye with cheerful lustre. Nature's bloom,  
 The blazing Majesty of day, and all  
 The azure-sprinkling splendors of the Night;  
 Crown'd by her queen, the sky-ascending Moon 425  
 To him seem'd of their soul-elating charms  
 Divested. Pensive, mournful and alone,  
 He wander'd through the sorrow-murm'ring Glades,  
 Or solemn, gloom-impressive groves; and fed  
 With plaintive sounds, the peace-corroding fires 430  
 That agoniz'd his sadly-sighing breast.  
 E'en Sleep's balm-dropping wings could not appease  
 The fev'rish Ardor, nor their cooling plumes  
 Upon the ever restless flame repose;  
 But with incessant flutter through the Night 435



His tortured temples beat; and dreary dreams  
 Drove wildly through his phrenzy-dizzied brain.  
 At length, by the unconquered flame impel'd,  
 His loved Eliza he resolv'd to find,  
 And forthwith through the frowning forests hied. 440  
 The healthful fragrance of the Hills, and all  
 The flowery Beauties scattered loosely wild,  
 And rude sublimity, abrupt and vast,  
 Of the broad plains and thunder-batter'd Mounts,  
 Conspir'd to vivify and elevate 445  
 His low-dejected heart, and give a tone  
 Of higher vigor to his languid nerves.

Hope in his bosom throb'd with stronger pulse,  
 As kind *Reflection* whisper'd to his heart,  
 That fewer Rivals, in the unpeopled Waste, 450  
 Would with his tender Courtship interfere,  
 Or wind his fate in labyrinths of doubt;  
 That Love's impassion'd impulse, playing warm  
 Upon the feeling chords of her soft heart,  
 Would make them thrill and tenderly respond 455  
 To the first passion of accordant Note,  
 Vibrating in a young and generous breast,  
 And fair unfolded to her anxious ear;  
 That frolic Nature's wild-wood solitudes,  
 So with sweet love awaking Music fill'd, 460  
 With soul-enticing shades and Beauty-border'd streams;  
 With flower-born gales and breezes fruit-perfum'd,  
 Diversified; would melt to softer sense

Her warm susceptible bosom, and impart  
 Through all her tingling veins emotions kind, 465  
 And tenderly devoted to the God  
 Of sexual Love. He found his Charmer fair  
 And lovely as before. The deepen'd blush  
 Of cheerful Health and freshest Beauty, ting'd  
 Her smiling cheek.—Her lustre-streaming eye 470  
 With thoughtful tenderness divinely shone ;  
 Her graceful symmetry of person seem'd,  
 Celestial elegance by Nature's skill  
 Transfer'd to earthly Beauty. Sweetly soft  
 Her honey-breathing lips their strains effus'd ; 475  
 Now in convivial *converse*, now in *songs*  
 Of tenderest melody. Their Interview,  
 On either side, confusion mark'd ; but most  
*His* agitated mien and downcast eye,  
 Th'unerving power of timid love betrayed. 480  
 His resolution to disclose his heart,  
 Her presence weaken'd. Torturing Distrust  
 Again perplex'd his peace, and in the cup  
 Of his distresses, Jealousy infus'd  
 A portion of its poison-mingled Gall ; 485  
 For, even to her new and wild abode,  
 Besides himself, her winning charms had drawn  
 Other Admirers from the social scenes,  
 Where first upon their fascinated hearts  
 Her dangerous glances flash'd. Her *kindness* beam'd  
 On all, for all were brave deserving Youth ; 491

But prudence check'd each smile that might beseem  
 Approvance of their fond pretensions, save  
 When now and then a pleasing glance confused,  
 And languid, met the inquiring pensive eye 495  
 Of Henderson. Another Summer came,  
 And found his hopes still unconfirm'd, for still,  
 His soul too sensitave to risk repulse,  
 An *evidence* of her Affection sought,  
 Before it urged without reserve its suit ; 500  
 But still a studied Mystery in act  
 And language, from his watchful view conceal'd  
 The secret bias of her peerless heart.  
 But, as the clouded Winter's *closing* storm,  
 Frowning in deeper darkness than o'ercast 505  
 Ere then the Sun ; precursive, heralds Spring's  
 Revivifying radiance ; so a gloom  
 Of murkier depth that roll'd convolving o'er  
 His sombre Hopes, was soon the Harbinger  
 Of love illumined Happiness and Joy. 510  
 Invited by the multifarious charms  
 Which bloom'd and danced upon the sunny cheek  
 Of a serenely smiling Summer Eve,  
 He and his fair Eliza left the Fort,  
 T'enjoy, in company with their juvenile friends, 515  
 Benignant Nature's animating sweets.  
 Behind the gleeful groupe, Boone and his friend,  
 Sage Calaway in social converse walk'd ;  
 And with paternal pleasure view'd the mirth

And playful merriment of rapturous Youth. 520

Upon Kentucky's flowery-border'd bank  
 Beneath the umbrageous boughs of Vine-hung beech  
 They cheerily reclined, while in Canoes  
 The jocund band the flowing crystal cleav'd.

'Twas summer's sweetest hour; the sinking Sun 525

Hung red and ragged in the Western trees,  
 Wide pour'd his evening radiance o'er the peaks  
 Of distant Allegany, and diffused

Through waving Willows o'er the gliding flood  
 A chequer'd gleam. Soft-winnowing breezes play'd  
 Among the Aromatic sprays, and fan'd 531

The slightly fretted stream; caress'd the cheeks,  
 And wanton'd with the silky-flowing locks  
 That hung their jetty tendrils long and loose,  
 O'er the white necks and softly swelling breasts, 535  
 Of beautiful Eliza and her fair

And elegant associates.—Every branch  
 Of the contiguous wood was fill'd with life  
 And melody. The enamor'd Henderson,  
 As o'er the form-depicturing stream she sail'd, 540

Beheld his Charmer with increasing love,  
 And fancied her the River's vestal Nymph,  
 The Arethusa of its sylvan waves;  
 And kindling at the love-created thought,  
 Was by its magic *tempted* to embrace, 545

Her graceful image in the watery Mirror.  
 Back to the bank, their little beechen Boats,

At Beauty's word, the dexterous rowers shot ;  
 And o'er the fruit-hung flower-empurpled shore,  
 To gather Garlands to inwreathe their brows 550  
 The sweetly-blooming Maidens gayly ran ;  
 When from a dark cane thicket growing near,  
 A band of Ruffian Indians fiercely sprang,  
 And siezing fair Eliza Calaway,  
 Her charming Sister Frances too, and Boone's 555  
 High-soul'd Jemima, bore them through the Brake !  
 In vain, for aid the lovely Captives cried ;  
 Before their brave protectors reach'd their Guns,  
 The arm'd Barbarians, stifling the weak plaints  
 The feeble Damsels pour'd, were deep-conceal'd 560  
 In the entangled wild.—Until the glooms  
 Of gathering Night absorb'd the beams of day ;  
 Brave Henderson, the *younger* Calaway,  
 With valiant Holden and four Heroes more,  
 Led by their vengeance-burning Chieftain Boone, 565  
 The Savages pursued. The heavy Night  
 Encompass'd thick with awful Horrors drear,  
 Upon the weary wings of vulture Woe,  
 O'er the unsleeping Heroes slowly pass'd.  
 Vulosko's lancinating Agonies 570  
 At his Melcena's situation, Boone  
 In all their torturing force now realized.  
 His soul with all a parent's tenderest pains,  
 And injur'd Valor's daring passions burn'd.—  
 By agitating tumults toss'd, not less 575

The Lovers' bosoms felt the wringing pangs  
Of Grief, nor less with restless Vengeance glow'd.

Not only Henderson, but Holden too,  
And Flanders Calaway, the peace-fed flame  
Of tortured LOVE-AFFECTION deeply felt. 580

For Holden's heart, th'angelic Fanny's charms  
Had melted into fondest tenderness ;  
But he with noble frankness had declared  
His anxious wishes, and th'extatic bliss  
Enjoy'd, of feeling the benignant smiles 585

Of kind Encouragement, diffusing warm  
Their genial rays among th'expanding blooms  
Of his luxuriant Hopes. Young Calaway's  
Susceptive bosom, sweet Jemima Boone  
Had animated with the *flameless* spark 590

Of *new-enkindled* Love, whose infant beams  
Burn'd not as yet with ardency intense ;  
But like the placid Spring's demulcent light,  
That streams into the half-unfolded flowers,  
And spreads their flecker'd petals to the breeze, 595

They mildly glided through his swelling heart ;  
And gently oped to Pleasure's odorous breath  
Its velvet-lined cells and silken folds.

*Her* budding bosom, new to the wild thrill  
Of soul-dissolving Love, his soft devoirs, 600  
With tingling glow, had tenderly inspired.

But wondering at th'emotions strange, their cause  
She scarcely knew : Nor would her age permit

The gallant Flanders yet t'unfold his flame,  
Or his love-born Anticipations tell. 605

Long would it take to sing the boding frights,  
And Visions gloomy, woeful, drear, and vague;  
Which flitted ceaselessly athwart the souls  
Of the heroic Lovers that dread Night.

The heart-wrung tender Captives *went away*, 610  
In all the miseries of horrid Fear,

The bosom-burdening *slow-dissolving* hours.  
No more they expected e'er again to see,  
Their darling Fathers, Mothers, Friends,  
Or gallant Lovers! Death, or direr still, 615

The dreadful Wretchedness and lingering Woes  
Of savage bondage, seem'd their fearful doom.  
The wild gesticulations, grimaces  
Blood-curdling yells, and fury-glaring eyes,  
Of the Barbarian Captors shook with dread 620

And heart-convulsing terrors, their rack'd souls.  
To make their midnight moments still more drear,  
Their thin-clad limbs, the cold dew-dripping breeze  
[pour'd  
With dampness chill'd; while screaming Night-Birds  
Shrill-quavering Discord through the shivering glooms.

Terrific Wildcats, Wolves, and Panthers prowld,  
Blood-hungering through the murder-wailing wastes  
And mix'd their cruel-toned Vociferations,  
With the death plaints of their expiring prey.  
Two Nights environ'd thus with Horrors wild, 630

Funereal, bloody, terrible, and fierce!

And compass'd close by Caitiff's still more dire,

The Wolf-like savages, whose wanton flames

And Brutal Rudeness, Beauty's vestal bloom,

And angel purity could not abate; 635

And which, had not a spark of purer ray

And more ethereal essence warm'd the breast

Of their less barbarous CHIEF, might uncontrol'd

Have treated with indignity, and shock'd

With ruffian Insolence, the fenceless Maids. 640

But Costea's lofty soul disdain'd its wrath

Upon defenceless female heads to wreak.

His breast with all the wild impetuous fires

Of *nobler* vengeance burn'd against the whites.

'Though from the altitude of splendid War, 645

To sieze their Women he descended; yet

'Twas not t'insult, and treat with cruelty

The hapless Captives; but to tear with pain

The warrior Whitemen's breasts, whom on fair ground'

If feasible, he would have nobly fought. 650

Their snowy hands, and sorrow-streaming eyes,

To him the trembling Maids for Mercy raised;

And on their knees, with pleading looks implored

His pity. His superior air and mien,

His station and controlling power, bespake; 655

And softening into gentler cast, inspired

The mourning Sufferers with a gleam of Hope.

He was a Chief in Manhood's vigorous prime;



Of stature lofty, strait, and dignified—  
 Strong, Muscular and springy were his limbs ; 660  
 And haughty elevation mark'd his step.  
 A tinge of tawny red glow'd on his cheek—  
 His keen dark eye with steady lustre shone,  
 And seem'd the fount of fiery ire, assuaged  
 By mingling emanations less severe 665  
 Of kinder passions.—But when kindling Rage  
 Inflamed his quick excited soul, his Wrath  
 Shot from his eye a stream of fiercest flame,  
 That burn'd each softer beam, and wither'd Fear  
 Wheree'er in Opposition found. His brows, 670  
 In semicircles darkly shadowing o'er  
 The flashing orbs below, like arching clouds  
 Black, broad, and bending high above two stars  
 Of burning fulgour, lower'd with changing glooms—  
 Yet when a milder mood relax'd the cords 675  
 On which they hung, a *lighter* shade they shed.  
 But when infuriated rage constringed  
 Those frown-controlling fibres, blackness thick,  
 Tempestuous, awful roll'd convolving round  
 His bending brow—His Aspect was austere ; 680  
 His forehead swart ; his cheek bones sharp and high ;  
 His Nose broad-based, long-curv'd wide-nostril'd, huge ;  
 His chin protuberent, large ; and large and lean,  
 His ponderous jaws ; and rough and deep his voice.—  
 Such was the Savage Chief, on whom alone 685  
 The Captive Maids for tenderness relied.

Nor was their *feeble* confidence misplaced ;  
 His mandatory frown each look forbid,  
 Or freedom, that might shake with dread their breasts,  
 Or wound their Modesty.

Boone and his band, 690

As soon as Dawn upon the forests shed  
 The dappled day, their perilous pursuit  
 Intently resumed—And Night again  
 Enshrouded Nature in her spectral glooms,  
 And still the flying foe was not o'ertaken. 695

But on the Eve of the succeeding day,  
 Our daring Heroes the dark Fiends descried !  
 Who in their van drove on the feeble Fair.  
 With souls all flame, at their great Leader's side,  
 Accompanied by their bold intrepid Friends ; 700

The vengeful Lovers rushed resistless on,  
 And pour'd their deathful thunder through the rear  
 Of the unguarded Savages ; whose blood  
 From many a wound effusing, witness bare  
 That well the charge was aim'd, and its result 705

propitious.—Gasping grimly in their gore,  
 Death stiffening, pallid, on the weedy ground,  
 Two of their fiercest warriors lay outstretch'd !  
 Forsaking the astounded Captives, fled  
 Their bleeding residue—All, save their Chief, 710

The dauntless Costea—He, confronting fierce  
 The gallant Whites, his whizzing lead discharg'd ;  
 Which through the sulph'rous smoke around them roll'd,

Flew ineffective—Forced for life to flee,  
 'Amid the thickets sheltering maze he plunged. 715  
 Th'enfranchised Damsels, in a trance of Joy,  
 Their dear Deliverers met—Dissolving Bliss  
 Soft-flowing from their Beauty beaming eyes,  
 Their velvet cheeks and lovely breasts bedew'd.  
 Into th'angelic air of thankful love, 720  
 And fond Affection's tenderest Gratitude,  
 Divinely melted was their beauteous mien!  
 A thousand love-born extacies ensued,  
 And sweet vibrations of the thrilling cords,  
 On which warm FEELING's seraph fingers play! 725  
 This was the happy time for Love to learn  
 His Destiny—And Henderson, as home  
 They travel'd, told the tumults of his heart;  
 And warmly press'd Eliza to pronounce  
 His fate. Upon his arm, She blushing, lean'd, 730  
 And modestly confess'd her bosom felt,  
 A tenderness congenial with his own.  
 While on her charms, his humid eye-beams pour'd,  
 His glowing soul in fluttering extacy,  
 The rich excess of sweetest Love enjoy'd. 735  
 Upon her burning, honey-moisten'd lips,  
 A heart-born Kiss he imprinted, unperceived.  
 Could he have been from Observation's eye,  
 That long secure; no happiness to him  
 For a whole day had been so exquisite, 740  
 As to have press'd that time those nectar'd buds;

And she no less than him the sweet salute  
 Would have enjoy'd. Pale Melancholy's shades,  
 The wings of rapture scatter'd from his soul,  
 And a bright paradise seem'd blooming round. 745  
 No more when traversing the green-rob'd Hills,  
 And flower-perfum'd Campaigns, broke from his breast  
 The heart-convulsing Storms of thorn-charg'd sighs :  
 The lonesome Solitudes had now to him  
 Th'enlivening charms of sweet society. 750  
 Benignant Love breathed balmy blessings round :  
 And fair Eliza's Beauty seem'd to bloom  
 In every flower and blossom of the Wild ;  
 And every tuneful note that sweetly trill'd  
 From the harmonious Warblers of the Groves, 755  
 Seemed but the echo of her flowing Voice !

Heroic Holden also touched with hand  
 More venturous, the tender-noted lyre  
 Of Love ; and drew a melody still more  
 Enrapturing and divine than charmed ere then 760  
 His melting heart.—And Flanders Calaway,  
 By soft collision of their eyes and lips,  
 Elicited from his Jemima's soul  
 A brighter flow of scintillations warm,  
 Than sparkled on his doating gaze before ; 765  
 And as their several states best suited, they,  
 The happy Couples ! all successively  
 At Hymen's love enkindled Altar bow'd ;  
 And on its sacred flame, the votive Oil  
 Of Celibacy's Silver Vase effused. 770



THE  
ADVENTURES

OF  
DANIEL BOONE.

BOOK VI.



## ARGUMENT.

*AN accession of families attracted to the Wilderness. Boone alleviates their distresses. 1 to 18. The Vengeance of the Indians, fired by the inroads upon their haunts, and the operations of demoniac malignity, annoys the rising settlement; and breaks forth in repeated but unsuccessful assaults upon the Forts. 19 to 89. A reinforcement arrives, and the Natives are awed into temporary forbearance. 89 to 105. Boone accompanies a party to Licking Salines, and on a hunting excursion is seized by the Savages, and with his companions who are also captured, is conveyed to Chilicothe. His influence upon the Shawanese King; exertions to appease the Savages; is removed to Detroit; inspires general respect; excites sympathy and wakens serious reflections in the breast of the British Commandant, who vainly attempts to purchase his release. 105 to 181. He is taken back to Chilicothe; engages the affections of his Captors; is adopted into one of their families; joins in their hunts; and presents his game to the King with whom he amuses himself in converse. 182 to 217. Account of Montour. 218 to 269. His History of the Mammoth. 270 to 370. Boone describes to him the powers of Refinement, and partially averts his enmity to the Whites; his Death; Savage mourning. 371 to 424. Coluxo's Apostrophe to him; and his burial. 425 to 483. Effects of his Death. Boone taken to Sciota; Beauty of the Country, and its influence on Boone. Disposition of the Foe; on Boone's return to Chilicothe he finds them prepared to march against his Fort. They are excited by England. Boone flies to the relief of his Fortress. A disappointment; its cause and alleviation. 484 to 584. Preparation to receive the Foe. The Siege and Repulsion of the Assailants.*

THE  
ADVENTURES

OF

*DANIEL BOONE.*

BOOK VI.

THE Western Wilderness had now begun  
To pour its fragrance with attractive power,  
Wide o'er Columbia's cultivated states;  
And several families to its solitudes  
Had charm'd. Innumerable were the dangers, pains, 5  
Perplexities, and hardships, which beset  
On every side the infant settlers. Boone,  
With warm benevolence their wants relieved;  
And his protecting shield before them threw,  
When DANGER menacing their daring breasts, 10  
Drew from its quiver'd side the gory shafts  
Of Death. The sick, the poor, the timid, all,  
His friendship and munificence partook.  
Fatigue-emaciated females, babes  
With hunger, wan and weeping, often own'd 15

His generous aid, and with their tear-dew'd smiles,  
 And looks of tender gratitude repaid  
 His bounteous kindness. Furiously incensed  
 With the incursions on their rude domain,  
 And by the caitiff fiends of nether Night impel'd; 20  
 The ruthless natives marshal'd all their might,  
 The feeble *colony* to mar; to tear,  
 Divine Refinement's pullulating plants  
 From their destruction-compass'd beds, and blast  
 Their little tender blooms! Ah! much indeed 25  
 By the rude rage of barbarous violence,  
 The fragrant germs were ravaged torn and chill'd!  
 But still their bold protector's guardian arm  
 The extirpation-threatening powers repel'd.  
 Ofttimes the feeble Fortresses, the brunt 30  
 Of fierce assault sustain'd; and often fell,  
 Behind the startled team, the murder'd swain;  
 The family's laboring stay! and bleeding died,  
 In the unsupported plough's unfinish'd trench.  
 Hostilities of minor moment thus were waged, 35  
 Until the opening of another spring.  
 Then savage WAR's blood-streaming orb began,  
 With more portentous terror o'er the wild,  
 To lift its awful disk. Assembled hordes  
 Of the horrific foe, our Hero's Fort 40  
 With furious rage attack'd. The well wrought walls  
 Indignantly the thundering shock withstood:  
 Its fires the gallant garrison return'd,



With triple execution. Costea led  
 The tawny bands, and saw with painful rage, 45  
 Their bleeding ranks cut down. Reluctantly  
 At length the siege was raised; and through the brakes,  
 The fallen Indians' breathless bodies drag'd,  
 To where the howling Squaws with anguish mourn'd,  
 Their lifeless warriors' fate. Defeat but fired 50  
 The fiends with hotter fury. Costea's soul  
 For dreadful vengeance flamed. From breast to breast,  
 The burning passions spread their kindling rage;  
 And soon the yell and war-hoop shook the hills,  
 And echoed o'er the forests' drear expanse. 55  
 Like clouds electric scatter'd round the Heavens,  
 In small detachments ireful, dusky, red,  
 When the discordant wrath and tumults fierce  
 Of *jarring matter*, into masses drive  
 Their angry bands; so rush'd the savage hordes, 60  
 By fury urged, and form'd a direful Host.  
 Their Chiefs in short harangue, the ills portray'd  
 That o'er their heads in threatening horrors hung.  
 [grasp  
 They bade them save from WHITEMEN'S plundering  
 [streams,  
 Their ground, their game, their fruit, their fish, their  
 Their Freedom, Peace, their Children, Wives and ALL!  
 To break their strength, the different Forts 67  
 By the divided ruffians were besieg'd.  
 On either side much blood the conflicts mark'd;

But such the valor, energy and skill 70  
 Of the advent'rous Settlers, that their guns  
 The plumes of daring confidence shot off,  
 Which proudly wav'd above the savage heads,  
 And drove again the bleeding legions back  
 To their rude huts. The flaming tempest hurl'd 75  
 Its heaviest bolts against the garrison  
 Of Boone. Two days and nights the volley'd blasts  
 Upon the bastion'd fortress ceaseless beat.  
 But, from the little Bulwark's guarded band,  
 A counter storm, on which death-dealing rode 80  
 Destruction's Angel terrible and dark,  
 Incessantly was driv'n, until the foe,  
 In bloody ghastliness, and sullen rage,  
 Retir'd—But still their ire was not allay'd—  
 Their savage armies every week assail'd 85  
 The suffering Settlers. Logan's Station stood,  
 With valorous strength, a fierce distressful siege;  
 And Harrod's too repel'd the roating shocks  
 Of many a powerful assault. At length,  
 From Carolina and Virginia came 90  
 To their relief a timely aid; and strung  
 With nerves of more intrepid enterprise  
 Their sinking spirits. Strengthen'd thus, their power  
 For months, in each succeeding battle blaz'd,  
 In hotter torrents on the assailants heads; 95  
 And hurried headlong into the deep gurge  
 Of dark Eternity, the yelling ghosts

Of many a ghastly corse.

The foe thus foil'd,

Began to feel and dread the conquering force  
 Of the "LONG KNIFE." Its anger-sharpen'd edge 100  
 They found resistless as the scythe of Death!—  
 The blood-polluted glooms that dim'd the West,  
 Now 'gan a more propitious face to wear;  
 And from the attenuated Darkness broke,  
 At intervals, bright gleams. But Boone not long 105  
 In the benignant coruscations bask'd.

All times dispos'd and sedulous to serve  
 The Settlers, he to Licking River went,  
 With a small party of industrious men,  
 To explore and chrystallize the saline streams, 110  
 And salt for the brave Garrisons procure.  
 Through Winter's *bleakest* reign, alternately  
 In the kind task his coajuvancy  
 Was giv'n, by labor at the evaporating fires,  
 And procuration of the forest food, 115  
 On which himself and comrades were sustain'd.

One day, as through the wind-strip'd Wilderness  
 He sought the needful game, an ambush'd host  
 Of the red foe from their cane-covert rush'd,  
*And made him captive!* Thence to the Blue Licks, 120  
 Where at their salterns his companions wrought,  
 They hied, and *them* too in their captive toils  
 Involv'd. To Chilicothe thence they march'd,  
 Triumphant proudly in their guarded prize.

Montour, the Shaw'nese King, soon saw in Boone 125  
 The warrior's soul, and, with a prince-like pride,  
 Magnanimously bade his tribe forbear  
 To treat him rudely; and a kind respect  
 His own demeanor towards the Hero mark'd.  
 Now was the auspicious time for Boone to essay 130  
 His great and long-conceiv'd design, to soothe  
 The vehemence of savage *ire*; and melt  
 Beneath Conciliation's gentle beams  
 Its prejudice-constructed base away.  
 To this important end he day and night 135  
 His utmost powers devoted. First he sought  
 A farther knowledge of the Shaw'nese tongue,  
 Which he before had slightly learn'd, and then  
 His purpose with unwearied zeal pursued.  
 Though *he* succeeded to attain the esteem, 140  
 And e'en the affection of the ag'd Montour,  
 And hundreds of the Indian hosts; he still  
 Found ineffectual, all his efforts to appease  
 Their hostile spirit tow'rd the *Mass* of whites.  
 At Spring's return they took him to Detroit, 145  
 Together with a portion of his friends,  
 His fellow-prisoners; and to Hamilton  
 The British Commandant, presented them,  
 As an illustrious trophy of the skill  
 Of Indian stratagem. Boone's lofty air 150  
 And dignified demeanor drew respect,  
 From ev'ry eye that saw him. Hamilton,

Though hostile to the Hero's country, which  
 Was then emerging from the noxious glooms  
 Of British tyranny; had yet a heart 155  
 That kindly beat with sympathetic throb,  
 When he the gallant captive view'd. The tear  
 Of soft commiseration wet his cheek,  
 While Boone unfolded the benevolent views,  
 That thus expos'd him to Barbarian pow'r. 160  
 The noble Briton, stung with keen regret,  
 Saw, in the guile of his own government,  
 A source of the implacable revenge  
 And prejudice, which, in the Indians' breasts,  
 Against Columbian whites were entertain'd. 165  
 He knew the steel-edg'd Tomahawk and Knife,  
 The nitrous grain, and deathful gun it charg'd,  
 By British hands were given the savage hosts  
 To spill the blood of Freedom's advocates;  
 And with fell slaughter's gory corpses clog 170  
 The brilliant wheels of REVOLUTION'S CAR!  
 His soul, at this reflection, felt the pains  
 Which tear the tender bosom *bound by law*  
 To aid Oppression's arm. And he resolv'd,  
 Far as his province would permit, to assuage 175  
 The sufferings of the Captives. All but Boone  
 Into his care were willingly transfer'd;  
 But such the fondness which the savages  
 For him conceiv'd, that they the powers withstood  
 Of warm persuasion, and large sums of gold, 180

Sooner than yield so lov'd, so rich a prize.

Again to Chilicothe they return'd.

Though wearisome and long their march, the charms  
Of spring spread wildly round their blooming way ;  
And the rich plains o'er which they pass'd, adorn'd 185

With pleasant streams, conspir'd to cheer his soul  
And banish painful thought. Upon his brow

No discontent was seen, nor in a word

Or action, during all their tiresome march.

For 'still his darling purpose was to win 190

So far the savage confidence and faith,

As to enable him to appease the ire

They bore the infant settlement. Montour

Receiv'd him with fraternal tenderness,

And the whole tribes seem'd more like friends than foes.

His cheerfulness, vivacity and ease, 196

Each day endear'd him to them more and more ;

Until suspicion in their bosoms slept,

And left him free from all their rude restraint.

In farther testimony of respect 200

And kindness to him, they, as they were wont,

Upon the *Stock* of Shaw'nese savages,

With rude fantastic rites, engrafted him.

He, by a chieftain, was adopted son,

And with the warmth of consanguinity 205

Was welcom'd by his new-made relatives.

His friendly assiduities secur'd

The affection for him they at first conceiv'd.

Oft with the tawny hunters he travers'd  
 The game-abounding forests, and before 210  
 His rifle's flame-discharging caliber,  
 As oft, the browsing Deer and Buffalo fell.  
 An honorary pledge before the King,  
 The reeking spoils of the adventurous chase  
 He oftentimes presented. Much was sooth'd 215  
 By his amusive converse with Montour,  
 The secret sorrows of his sensuous soul.  
 Upon this hoary Sachem eighty suns  
 Their bleaching beams had shed. A hundred Wars  
 With their yell-mingled clang had jar'd his ear. 220  
 The scars of deep-torn wounds his body trench'd.  
 In bogs of gore his feet had oft been grum'd.  
 For many a gulphy grave, in furious fight,  
 His arm had furnish'd food. The battleing broils  
 Of the barbarian bands had oft been quell'd, 225  
 By intercession of his soothing aid;  
 For he not less the important destinies  
 Of council rul'd, than those of clashing war.  
 A philosophic calmness kept the scales  
 Of Contemplation balanc'd well, within 230  
 His cool-reflecting mind. His anger, like  
 The great Ohio, ere its torrents rag'd,  
 Roar'd long, and carried on its wasteful waves  
 Dark wrecks, Destruction, Terror, Fear, and Death! 235  
 With Nature's nervous eloquence endow'd,  
 Sublimely thundering mid the painted hosts,

He often chain'd attention to his tongue.  
 He had a solemn gravity of gait,  
 And native gracefulness of manners join'd ; 240  
 With a melodious suavity of voice,  
 And soft inviting aspect that inspir'd  
 At once, the mingled feelings of respect  
 And dignified familiarity.

His frame was muscular and very tall, 245  
 And turn'd with all the symmetry that strength  
 And great agility require. The powers  
 Of age his palm-erect position brav'd,  
 Without the slightest warp. The storms of time,  
 Although they'd ravag'd from his lofty head 250  
 The long black locks of youth, and torn his cheeks  
 With many a trench ; had not impair'd the spring  
 Of vigorous thought that energiz'd his soul,  
 Nor dim'd the steady splendors of his eye.

While flaming on the ecliptic roll'd the Sun, 255  
 Much he delighted underneath the shade  
 Of dark-green poplars to repose with Boone ;  
 And tell traditionary tales of war,  
 Which wash'd in ages past with waves of blood  
 The western wilds. But most his masculine mind, 260  
 In melancholy majesty elate,  
 Its bold emphatic eloquence display'd,  
 When he the marvellous traditions told,  
 Which from his aged Ancestors he'd learn'd,  
 Descriptive of the mighty MAMMOTH RACE ; 265



Their form, their fury, ravages, and power,  
 And their excision from the carnag'd West.  
 With Nature's unaffected energy,  
 The wonderous History thus he narrated.

“A thousand winters past, when these dark woods 270  
 Were newly planted by the great red Spirit;  
 When one stupendous forest stretch'd its shades  
 From the wide waters of the distant West  
 Beyond the great Missouri's cavern'd source,  
 To where the oriental billows boil 275  
 Beneath the burning ball, that pours each morn  
 His blazing brightness over their broad breasts;  
 When nought but ravening beasts and naked men  
 Through the rude yell-resounding forests roamed;  
 Before the pallid Prowlers of the East, 280  
 Were by their wicked Hell-bred Spirits borne  
 Upon the thundering Whirlwind's stormy Wing,  
 Across the intervening deeps, to waste  
 With fire and steel this ample paradise;  
 There *then* existed on the mighty Hills 285  
 That overlook in frowning prominence  
 The western sea, a race of monstrous Beasts,  
 Stupendous as the lowering precipice,  
 Horrific as the howling fiend of night,  
 Impetuous as the huge resistless rocks 290  
 That rush adown the Alleganean steeps,  
 Rapacious as the gulphy jaws of Death,  
 And as the ravenous Hyena cruel;—

Their native wilderness was soon laid waste.  
By hunger and ferocity impel'd, 295  
Like an o'erwhelming tempest o'er these plains  
Their legions spread. Their headlong weight  
The crashing groves uptore. The rivers sunk,  
And the great lakes, when they their thirst allay'd.  
A thousand hills their dreadful roarings rock'd, 300  
And from the mountains' jutting peaks shook loose  
Their hanging fragments. Awful terrors siez'd  
The affrighted animals. The red men quaked.  
The invading monsters, at a single meal,  
Whole forest herds devour'd. The yells of Death 305  
And wild distress incessantly were heard.  
Whole Indian villages were victimiz'd,  
And blood and slaughter stain'd the groaning land.  
The cries and plaints of expiration, pain,  
And fear, the starry vault transpierc'd and reach'd 310  
The Almighty Spirit's flame-emblaz'd abode.  
The anger'd God, in sheeted lightnings clothed,  
His thunder-mouth'd artillery grasp'd, and pour'd  
Along the rocking Heavens, ten thousand peals  
Of roaring wrath—then through the bursting arch 315  
Descending, drove from sea to sea his bolts  
Of threat'ning vengeance. Still the daring Beasts  
Their devastations spread. Alighting next  
Upon the Alleganean Battlements,  
He cast around his lightning-mingled frowns. 320  
The trembling mountain-summits sunk beneath

His awful presence. Centre-shook, the Earth  
In agitated undulations roll'd ;  
And tumbled from their tempest-blacken'd beds,  
Tumultuous, foaming, wild ; the surging seas 325  
Their highest shores o'erwhelm'd. The infuriate Herds,  
As still more terrible the thunders burst,  
And flashing blackness roll'd, still fiercer raged,  
And deeper plunged in blood. Thus brav'd, the arm  
Of the great Spirit, hurled the slaughtering bolts 330  
Of blazing ire amid the murdering droves ;  
And keen-prong'd lightnings, volleyed thunder globes,  
And forest-wringing whirlwinds on them wreak'd  
Their death-commission'd wrath. On every hand  
The huge Devourers fell ; or, wounded, drag'd 335  
O'er crashing trees and gory carcasses  
Their mighty mangled limbs. The horrid crush  
Of breaking bones, the Heaven-rending roar  
Of agony and rage, the sullen groans  
Of lingering expiration every where, 340  
The ensanguin'd carnage-cover'd regions shook.  
With glaring eye-balls bursting from their heads,  
And streaming blood ; whole fury-foaming herds  
Of the tremendous monsters thunder-torn,  
And gored with fiery javelins, headlong rush'd 345  
O'er the resounding ridges, rock-rib'd, rude,  
Of shuddering Allegany. Thousands blind,  
Impetuous, mad, down Cumberland's huge steep  
Precipitately tumbled—From wild heights,

In crashing tumult, tearing crags and trees, 350  
 And heaping on the blood-whelm'd plains below,  
 The mingled ruins almost mountain high!  
 All fell beneath the bolted ire save ONE:  
 He, than the rest more huge and fierce, the flames  
 And vollied vengeance dauntlessly defied; 355  
 And rushing through the thickest clouds of wrath,  
 That roll'd their lightning-driving thunders round,  
 The rocky pinnacles and ragged woods  
 Of the blue-crested Mountains, raged and roar'd  
 And yell'd indignantly! The gnarled firs, 360  
 Fierce-forked flashes rent. The towering pines  
 In atoms by the blazing bolts were burst;  
 But still the unconquer'd monster grimly moved.  
 Amid the fiery whirlwinds burning blasts,  
 Until his rage to furious madness grew; 365  
 And urged him from the sky-embosom'd steeps;  
 Whence boldly bounding o'er the western lakes,  
 A gloomier, wilder wilderness he sought,  
 Where unmolested now his dread domain  
 In solitary majesty he holds."— 370

With melancholy wonder mix'd with awe,  
 Refinement's powers the hoary Sachem heard;  
 For Boone in turn, descanted on the events,  
 Whose splendid eminence and useful aids  
 Adorn and dignify the social sphere 375  
 Of polish'd man. He told how skilful ART  
 Had subjugated to his plastic sway,

The mineral empire. How magnific domes,  
 In grand assemblage, gorgeous cities form,  
 How by the Compass and the starry chart, 380  
 Of astronomic science, guided ships

Adventurous, ride through storms the foaming seas,  
 And with the golden chain of Commerce bind  
 The numerous nations of the mighty globe ;  
 Uniting in the kind civilities 385

Of generous intercourse a thousand climes,  
 Divided by the desolate expanse  
 Of interposing oceans—How the *mind*,

Its multifarious thoughts through myriad years,  
 If Time's uncertain reign so long should last, 390  
 By Printing's aidance can perpetuate.

How Agriculture from the furrow'd land,  
*Abundant* stores of corn and fruitage draws,  
 And crowns with plenty, luxury, and ease,  
 Her cheerful votaries. How Philanthropy 395  
 And social Love, in sweet profusion pour  
 Along Refinement's pleasure-blooming Vales,  
 Their streams of richest, life-ennobling joy.

Montour, so strong his energies of mind,  
 Though much amazed that man could e'er such might  
 And enterprise attain; full well perceived 401  
 The degradation of the savage state ;

And mourn'd the rueful destiny that drown'd  
 In blood and gloom, the INDIAN INTELLECT.

By Boone's urbanity and mild address, 405

The enmity the white hair'd Chieftain bore  
 The polish'd whites, was partially reduced ;  
 And he at length became disposed to turn  
 The reeking hatchet's life-destroying edge,  
 From the unvanquish'd Settlers. But alas ! 410

Before his embryo purpose could have birth,  
 His head lay cold beneath the hand of Death !  
 For by an apoplectic blow he fell,  
 And closed his eyes in everlasting sleep !

Wild was the savage woe that wept his fall ! 415  
 Along the dismal wilderness was pour'd,  
 The melancholy howl of rude distress.

In all the varied pomp of *Shawanese* grief,  
 His mournful obsequies were solemnized.  
 In all the insignia of his rank array'd, 420

The breathless Sachem's corse was placed upright ;  
 And round it drew in sorrow-sadden'd groupes,  
 The tawny NATION. His successor rose,  
 And thus apostrophized the painted clay :

“ Lamented Chieftain, we thy children mourn ! 425  
 For thou, who wert in peace our cheering sun !  
 In the dark battle day our blazing bolt  
 Of conquering glory ! thou art sunk in Night !  
 Those lips whence streams of purest counsel flow'd,  
 Now motionless and pale, no more shall pour 430  
 The tides of eloquence. Those star-beam eyes,  
 That glanced pervasive through the thickest brakes,  
 Nor hiding fowl nor beast left undescried,

Are cover'd with the eternal clouds of Death!  
 Those limbs that once with active energy, 435  
 Fleet as the fear-wing'd elk or flying deer,  
 O'er vale and mountain bounded, bending well  
 The strongest bow, or aiming sure the tube  
 With thundering Death surcharged, are wither'd now,  
 And wasting into Dust. Those age-bleach'd locks, 440  
 Though venerable still with Time-shed snows,  
 Soon with the furrowed temples which they shade,  
 Beneath the cold dank earth in darkness closed,  
 Shall lie. But oh, our much revered Sire!  
 Although that form of majesty and grace 445  
 Must soon be bedded with thy Father's bones,  
 Thy *spirit* shall forever live! shall live  
 Forever in the land where life is bliss;  
 Where tempest-mantled Winter's freezing frown,  
 And flame-enveloped Summer's withering blaze, 450  
 Thy spring's eternal bloom shall never change;  
 Where flower-perfum'd parterres and purple hills  
 In various fruitage rich, shall ever spread  
 Their game-abounding bosoms to the eye.  
 Where toil no more the nerves shall paralyze, 455  
 Nor anguish bathe in bitter tears the cheek;  
 But where thy disembodied Ancestors  
 Shall hail thee with the holy shout of Love,  
 And thy participation in their joys  
 Solicit. Go then, Spirit of Montour! 460  
 And on that mighty mountain, where in light

And grandeur clothed, the world's great Father dwells ;  
 Associate with the blythe society  
 Of kindred bands beatified ; go, Sire !  
 And for thy robes of perishable clay, 465  
 The radiant vestments of unending youth  
 Receive. No hatchets there with human blood  
 Shall reek. But the red Nations all shall smoke  
 In that fair land the Pipe of Amity,  
 And in the plenty-furnish'd tents of Peace, 470  
 Together banquet pleasure and repose.  
 We too shall shortly pass the Western Waves,  
 And thy felicitous abodes enjoy ;  
 Renewing there with zest more exquisite,  
 Suspended happiness." With plaintive voice 475  
 Coluxo thus the lifeless King address'd.  
 To the great Shawanese cemetery next  
 The uncoffin'd corse was borne and there inter'd ;  
 While dolorous dirges o'er the dreary tomb  
 Were wildly sung. Etch'd on a smooth broad stone, 480  
 A hieroglyphical memorial marked  
 The spot, where mouldering into kindred earth,  
 The much lamented Chieftain's body slept  
 All chance of soothing down the savage ire,  
 Was buried with the heart of good Montour. 485  
 Coluxo such aversion bore the whites,  
 And so inexorable, unyielding, stern,  
 His purpose towards them ; that the blandest arts  
 And ablest arguments, its vengeful course



Could not avert, nor blunt its dreadful edge. 490

To labor in Sciota salines, Boone  
Was taken now. His intervals from work,  
*Ostensibly* in hunting the wild game,  
But *really* in exploring the rich lands  
Were actively employ'd. A country here 495  
In nature's gayest robes adorn'd, and rich  
With fertilizing fatness he beheld.

But cultivation's glittering ploughshare yet,  
The mossy surface of its mellow soil  
Had never broke. For there rude SOLITUDE, 500

In forest bowers, her savage offspring nursed;  
And unmolested, with her sullen SIRE  
Benighted BARBARISM, held her drear domain:  
While round her breezy temples, wild-flower wreaths  
And green-leaf chaplets dew-bespangled hung. 505

To introduce within a land so fair,  
Luxuriant, healthful, picturesque and gay,  
The social graces and sublime delights  
Of Civilization, was a task so grand,  
Heroic and humane; that Boone beheld 510

No hindrance, difficulty, danger, pain,  
Nor toil, that could a moment cool the zeal  
And ardent eagerness, with which his soul,  
The achievement of his glorious purpose sought.  
But nathless all his vengeance-soothing skill! 515

Still sly SUSPICION's subtle leer, and HATE's  
Repulsive scowl exposed at times,

The secret venom of the savage soul ;  
And proved its prejudice too deeply grown,  
To extirpate by an individual's power. 520  
But when to Chilicothe he return'd ;  
The gorgon front of savage vengeance met  
Unmask'd, and in its fearful terrors dark !  
The Hero's keen indignant eye. For there,  
The Shawanese Warriors, smear'd with frightful paint,  
And arm'd in dreadful panoply of Death, 526  
Against his Fort, precinct to march appear'd.  
'Twas Britain's hostile breath that blew to flame,  
The slumbering sparks of Indian enmity,  
And kindled their distrust of Boone anew. 530  
With its characteristic cruelty,  
Her parricidal hand, blood-dripping held  
To the wild natives' dim deluded view,  
A thousand gilded motives to excite  
Their rage against Columbia's patriot sons. 535  
Fit conduits to convey the subtle streams  
Of poisoning influence to the sayage mind,  
In her Canadian provinces were found.  
The apostate Girty and his ruffian peers,  
Idoneous subjects also form'd, to speed 540  
Her black flagitious views. Their villain souls  
Her sanguinary purpose to subserve,  
Their reputation, peace, and virtue, sold ;  
And with Demoniac zeal, to arms inflamed  
The tawny host, 'Twere visionary now, 545

To think with smooth persuasion's dulcet tongue,  
 And the soft-breathing blandishments of art,  
 To stay the desolation-threatening storm  
 Of direful wrath, that brooded darkly round.  
 How best its bolted thunders to repel . . . . . 550  
 Was Boone's concern, and wisdom's dictate then.  
 Along with the blood-hungering war-ripe foe,  
 One night in feign'd content the Hero pass'd.  
 But under semblance of his wonted sport,  
 With shoulder'd gun, at morn's first gleam, the groves,  
 And brakes, and wild-wood labyrinths, he pierced.  
 Lo now! the lordling stag in antler'd pomp,  
*Unheeded* bounds before him; for impel'd  
 By all the valorous ardor, anxious zeal,  
 And tender power, that agitate and fire . . . . . 560  
 The Hero's heart, when ruffian hands prepare;  
 To plunge in RUIN'S bloody gulph, his ALL,  
 His friends, his children, spouse, and patriot hopes;  
 Boone swiftly traverses the sombre *wastes*,  
 Until he at the distant Fort arrives. . . . . 565  
 But there no glowing lap of wedded love  
 On which his wearied temples to repose,  
 Nor smiles of filial tenderness and joy,  
 With which the glooms of care to dissipate,  
 In extacies of sweet enjoyment drown'd . . . . . 570  
 His warm anticipations; for his spouse,  
 Despairing e'er again his fond embrace  
 And beaming eye to meet; believing Death

Had in his life the savage hatchet plunged,  
 Migrated with her children from the wild, 575  
 And sought again beneath her father's roof  
 In Carolina's civilized retreats,  
 Security from an infuriate foe,  
 And consolation to her anguish'd heart.

Although her absence gave his bosom pain, 580  
 As 'twas a disappointment of sweet hopes,  
 Her *safety* form'd a soothing counterpoise,  
 And reconciled him to the poignant want,  
 Of her endearing converse and fond smiles.

With gladness exquisite, the Garrison 585  
 His unexpected presence hail'd; but soon  
 The impending tempest's fell approach they learn;  
 And feel its dark penumbra cast a gloom  
 O'er joy's benignant splendors. Valor still  
 Their souls innerv'd: and in a fixed resolve, 590  
 Their Fortress to defend, they jointly leagued.

To strengthen and prepare it to withstand  
 The blazing brunt, both day and night they toil'd.  
 The exhilarating news, in a few days,  
 The arrival of another prisoner brought; 595

That, consequent on information gain'd  
 From Spies, the savage host had for a time  
 Its march defer'd. By new adventurers join'd,  
 Our Hero's force the hostile tribes alarm'd,  
 And into serious fermentation threw 600  
 Their barbarous councils; which now oft convened

For consultation, how to extirminate  
 The rising settlement, and bar the West  
 Against the influx of humanizing light.  
 The infernal agents of the British realm 605  
 Stil their excitement through the credulous clans  
 Industrious diffused. The fiend Duquesne,  
 Of the embattled army took command,  
 And practised it in all the slaughtering arts  
 Of European War: meanwhile in strength 610  
 Our Hero's Fortress grew. Its guardian band,  
 Though small in number, was in bravery great.  
 In vigilant suspense, from day to day,  
 They wait the expected onset. Lo! at length,  
 Before their walls the fury-featured Host 615  
 Arrive. O'er their terrific van, wide flap'd;  
 Fit symbol of satanic savagery!  
 The bloody wing of Britain's flesh-stain'd flag!  
 Upon the *Fort*, no battle-banner flow'd;  
 But Boone's inspiring Seraph viewless, there 620  
 His soul-invigorating fervors breathed.  
 With the hoarse thunder of assumed command,  
 The investing Myrmidons on their approach  
 Bade Boone surrender or to Death submit!  
 Two days were given the Garrison in which, 625  
 From the alternative a choice to make.  
 Although 'twas but a handful to a host,  
 And terrible the impending tempest; yet  
 The bold-beleaguer'd band, with daring souls,  
 R

And undivided voice, resolved to breast 630  
 That tempest's roughest shock. The allotted time  
 For a response was near at hand. Like Beasts  
 Carnivorous, hungry, fierce, that grimly watch  
 With keen unwinking eye the asylum, where  
 The harmless objects of their greedy rage 635  
 From Death retreat; like them, the tawny foe  
 The invested fortress eyed; until brave Boone  
 One of its Bastions rose, and to Duquesne  
 Declared their resolution, to expend  
 In its defence, their latest throbs of life. 640  
 In his ferocious visage, hellish hopes  
 Were seen expiring; while he heard announced  
 The valorous Band's heroical resolve:  
 For he had thought without a risk, his rage  
 For conquest, cruelty and blood, to glut. 645  
 Although successful in the attempt to awe  
 The gallant Garrison to yield; he hoped  
 By *stratagem* their strength to break,  
 And his infernal purpose to achieve.  
 For this; with them he now proposed to treat, 650  
 And proffered terms that prudence could not spurn.  
 Boone sixty paces from the fortress gates,  
 With eight more men the adverse party met,  
 As they required. Distrust of their intent,  
 Our Hero's breast disturb'd. But still his soul 655  
 To fear superior rose; and energized  
 And animated with the power to afford

Another proof of peaceable design  
 Toward the suspicious foe, resolved to test  
 The integrity of their intention *thus*. 660

Terms of capitulation were arranged,  
 And the Contractors signatures affixed;  
 When Boone and his co-agents were inform'd,  
 That 'twas a usage 'mong the Indian tribes  
 In treaty-forming, their sincerity 665

And cordial friendliness to testify;  
 By *two* of their own Chieftains joining hands  
 With *each* contractor on the white men's side.  
 To this, Boone and his party gave assent;  
 And to every man of the deputed band, 770


Forthwith a brace of the red ruffians march'd;  
 And seized with PERFIDY'S flagitious grasp,  
 And black Malignity's ferocious grin,  
 Instead of kindling FRIENDSHIP'S placid air,  
 And mild Pacification's bland embrace, 675

The guileless Ministers of glorious Peace!  
 But from the struggling gripe, with vigorous tug  
 They tore away; and through the treacherous throng,  
 Amidst a bursting storm of sulphurous flame  
 And vollied lead, resistless rush'd, unslain! 680  
 And all save *one*, unwounded, safely reach'd  
 The sheltering fort!


The war-yell, shrill and fierce,  
 Then broke along the oscillating air.  
 But soon in a disploding tempest drown'd, 185  
 Gave place to thunders belch'd from tubes of death,

Against the well-constructed fortress-walls.  
 A counter-storm the invested Heroes pour'd,  
 And drew at every *fire* their foemen's blood.  
 Vain was the hope on either side, to find 690  
 In *one or two* diurnal rounds, such change  
 Of circumstance, as each so hoping wish'd.  
 The bullet-battering brunt, from dawning morn  
 Till dusky eve, and through the dismal night,  
 Upon the fort still ineffective beat. 695  
 But still the expectation of a pause  
 Was disappointed; for the assailing fiends  
 More furious grew, and fiercer drove the storm,  
*As its successful blasts in number grew.*  
 E'en at the midnight hour, the welkin blazed, 700  
 And rage-born yells the haggard dreams disturb'd  
 Of those of the besieged, who sought in sleep  
 Refreshment's cheering aid. NINE DAYS AND NIGHTS  
 Around the well-protected Garrison,  
 The leaden hail-storm pour'd its pelting showers; 705  
 While unsubdued, and suffering little loss,  
 Two only of its bold defenders slain!  
 It proudly braved each rudely battering shock;  
 And with the lightning of its vengeance smote  
 The savage ranks, until the shatter'd force 710  
 Defalcated with Death, with gore defiled,  
 With hunger weaken'd, and with wounds impair'd,  
 The siege at length relinquish'd; and return'd  
 Reluctantly, with slow and crippled march,  
 Depressed, and grim, to their rude wig-wam Homes.





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
DANIEL BOONE.  
BOOK VII.



## ARGUMENT.

*BOONE on his way to Carolina discovers Vulosko's Charles. His captivity and escape narrated. 1 to 54. They arrive at Vulosko's ; the interview described. 55 to 112. Vulosko details to Boone the trial and execution of all the surviving Allegany Robbers, save Vonploor. 113 to 245. Boone resumes his journey, and meets his family. 251 to 290. With them he returns to Kentucky ; and finds the Settlers suffering from the Indian and British foes. 291 to 323. Death of Boone's Brother—Boone chased by Blood-hounds. 355 to 377. Bryant's Fortress attacked ; the Assailants repulsed. 394 to 421. They are pursued : Battle at the Blue Licks. Retreat of the Kentuckians to Bryant's Fort. 422 to 701. There joined by Logan's forces, they return to the field of Battle in search of the Foe, and to bury the dead. The mournful scene described. 701 to 743. Boone returns to his family with the sad account of the Defeat, and his son Israel's Death. 743 to 760. Boone, Clarke, and Logan, rouse their brethren to arms, and march against the Savages, drive them from their encampments, burn their towns, destroy their corn, and force them to sue for peace. 761 to 791. Happier prospects dawn. Panegyric address to Boone. Picture of the Western Republic. 792 to 821. Eulogium on the Occidental States. A tribute of praise to their gallant Patriots. 823 to 892. The Poem concludes with an address to the Females of the West, and the Author's fervent desires for the prosperity of the Western States.*

THE  
ADVENTURES

OF

*DANIEL BOONE.*

BOOK VII.

DRAWN by Affection's heart-connecting ties,  
Boone breaks again the monster-mantling glooms,  
And hies alone towards the blue crested HILLS.  
While traversing the intervening vales  
In reveries immersed; one sultry day, 5  
Before him, near a gliding Brook, he saw  
Reclined asleep on flower-impurpled moss,  
A manly-featured Youth, in fur-skins clothed  
With gun beside him. Boone amazed, awhile,  
Inspected close with curious ken, his garb 10  
And aspect strange. But nought descried that could  
His origin unfold, or that bespake  
Him civilized, the fairness of his face  
Except: then dauntlessly advancing, call'd  
In gentle tone. Upstarting wild, the youth 15

His gun close-grasp'd, and sternly gazed on Boone ;  
Whose air and words convinced him soon, that harm  
He need not fear. Each briefly told his views.  
But scant and lame the language of the Lad  
Came staggering from his tongue ; for several years 20  
Had flown, since he his native speech address'd,  
To any human ear beside his *own*.  
For lo! he is Vulosko's noble Charles!—  
Not, as his reverend Father had supposed  
Had he been slain; but wounded by the Fiends, 25  
The fell Choctaws, and borne to their rude homes;  
Where six slow-lingering years in savage thrall,  
As son to an old Sachem he had lived.  
Meanwhile he cherish'd in his manly heart  
A hope, once more, when ripening Time gave strength  
And firmness to his nerves, and to his mind . 31  
Maturer enterprise, to see his Sure,  
His Sister, and dear scenes of juvenile joy.  
Thus saved from sinking in the blood-dark waves  
Of horrible despair, he wisely shaped 35  
His manners to accord with savage life;  
And with the murderous Choctaws remain'd,  
Enjoying all that he had ground to hope ;  
Until imbolden'd by increasing powers,  
He venturously resolved to pass the pale 40  
Of barbarous thraldom, and essay to find  
Those distant scenes for which so long he'd sigh'd.  
But when amid the pathless glooms he plunged,

Too dim was Memory's chart to point his way ;  
 For when its *lines* were pencil'd, phrenzied Pain 45  
 Their sickly tints confused and half expunged.  
 He therefore without any guiding clue,  
 Bewildered, wander'd through the mazy waste  
 Some weeks ; until he chanced to reach the Brook  
 Whose blooming borders woo'd him to repose 50  
 Upon their lovely lap ; where gently lull'd  
 By murmurs mild, in slumbers sweet he lay  
 When Boone arrived.

Together now they wend  
 On their less lonely way. They pass the plains, 55  
 The mountains scale ; and see ! Vulosko's groves,  
 Wave gratulant before the approaching guests !  
 And his rejoicing mansion now receives  
 The much-loved Friend and welcome Stranger-Youth.  
 Boone's soul with fluttering extacy was full ! 60  
 'Twas now to him, a moment big with bliss  
 And exquisite solicitude !—Each glance  
 Melcenà and Vulosko cast on Charles,  
 He vigilantly watch'd—Inquiry strange,  
 And curious eagerness were in their looks— 65  
 Boone bade them recognize their youthful guest.  
 A breathless silence follow'd—tears in streams  
 Roll'd down his callow cheeks—emotions strong  
 And varied mark'd their faces and convulsed  
 Their breasts, while they his *agitation* view'd : 70  
 For join'd with *that*, they in his mien descried

A strange mysterious something, which o'erwhelm'd  
With melancholy tenderness their souls ;  
And brought to mind the dear-remember'd Charles.  
While thus in deep solicitous suspense 75  
They stood ; Boone from the Battery of Bliss  
Gave their enfeebled nerves the enrapturing Shock !  
Each seizing Charles' hand, beside him sunk ;  
And in the mingled transports of sweet joy  
And warm felicitous Affection, swoon'd ! 80  
'Twas now a time of awful extacy !  
From every eye, a general gush of joy  
Profusely flow'd—the Servants press'd their hands,  
And raised to Heaven their eyes in Gratitude.  
Some moments had elapsed, ere Melville's strength 85  
Could aid him to support his weeping wife ;  
And Boone so paralyzed with rapture was,  
That as he raised Vulosko's silver'd head,  
And thence the trickling drops of transport wiped,  
He trembled as if shook by storms of Age ! 90  
The flood of ravishment at length assuaged,  
Through the pellucid moisture of their eyes,  
Serenely shone the lustre of delight ;  
While *gentler* tumults softly swell'd their breasts.  
So when the mighty Ocean-storm subsides, 95  
Mild splendor through the humid azure beams ;  
And though the surgy *heaving* of the tide  
Has ceased, the bosom of the settling Deep  
Still undulates with lightly lingering power

Which the tumultuous tempest leaves behind. 100

The anticipation of Beatitude.

In which, to be enjoy'd beyond the grave,  
 Vulosko's pious spirit had indulged,  
 Seem'd merging now in the effulgent dawn  
 Of actual bliss, of sweet Reality! 105

And though his tedious Pilgrimage through life  
 O'er thorny, dank and dismal solitudes  
 And rugged, rough and tottering steeps had been,  
 Until its hastening close was near at hand ;  
 It then a fragrant flowery slope became, 110

With streams of transport bounteously enrich'd,  
 And with Affection's cloudless sunshine crown'd.

In converse such as the occasion claim'd,  
 The lightsome moments glided smoothly by.  
 Vulosko after Charles' narrative 115

Was copiously detail'd, at Boone's request,  
 The doom of the Banditti-Miscreants told ;  
 And brief but eloquent Description gave  
 Of the judicial ordeal which they pass'd.  
 Whose outlines here the Muse in homely tint 120

Will sketch. " Vonploor's recovery fix'd the time,  
 When Justice was to lift the awful Scales  
 Of life and death, and ascertain their fate.  
 Report had rumor'd far and wide the day  
 Of solemn scrutiny ; and when it came, 125

To witness the important scene, to Court  
 The country flock'd. Though ample was the Dome,

It soon was crouded by the anxious throng.  
 The Culprits through the staring multitude,  
 Trembling to the momentous bar were led. 130  
 Upon his magisterial seat, august,  
 Serenely stern, the venerable Judge  
 In ermin'd purple robed, deep-musing sat.  
 The law-learn'd Counsel their enclosure fill'd,  
 And with forensic tomes their Book-bench piled. 135  
 Proemial ceremonies having closed;  
 Through deep Interrogation's flexuous maze,  
 The Witnesses were artfully pursued,  
 Until its various windings they evolved.  
 Then rose with solemn grace and mien demure, 140  
 The learned Defender of infracted Law;  
 And thundering in his injured Patron's cause,  
 Its wrongs in strong perspicuous terms announced;  
 The Culprits through their midnight ranges traced,  
 Their violence burglarious, bloody, fell, 145  
 Inhuman, dire! in vivid portrait drew;  
 Depicted scenes of agony and woe,  
 Of ruin, wretchedness and penury,  
 Incurable distraction and despair;  
 The effects of their flagitious ravages 150  
 And ruthless murders. Loud and forcibly,  
 The penalties of anger'd Justice peal'd,  
 From his impassion'd tongue. In lucid phrase,  
 The sanctity of legal institutes  
 He skilfully expounded; shewing how 155



IMPUNITY extended to *high Crimes*,  
 Imboldens Vice ; sheds on the guilt-gloom'd soul,  
 A gleam of hardening hope ; the turpitude  
 And *civil* harmfulness of villainy,  
 In the Offender's view diminishes ; 160  
 Corrodes with RAPINE's rust the golden bands,  
 That bind in one harmonious Brotherhood,  
 The family of man, until they burst,  
 And into wretched Dissolution fall,  
 The peaceful systems of the social world ; 165  
 And ANARCHY, ferocious VIOLENCE,  
 AMBITION, SLAUGHTER, CRUELTY and THEFT,  
 Amid their blood-o'erfloated ruins roam.

To him succeeded the learn'd Advocates  
 Of the arraign'd. Much seeming sympathy 170  
 Was melting in their manner, eyes and mien ;  
 While in a tone as summer's evening breeze  
 Or Spring's love-modulated sonnets soft,  
 And tender as kind Pity's plaining sigh,  
 Pathetic strains of eloquence they pour'd. 175  
 But 'twas a rill essaying to arrest  
 A headlong torrent ; 'twas an Infant's plaint  
 Struggling a Nation's thunders to confound.  
 Though skill'd in all the subtleties and wiles  
 Of argument, though practiced in the art 180  
 Of weaving Sophistry's thin gossamer  
 Into Truth-concealing mantles ; now their skill  
 Was foil'd ; and through the unsubstantial veil  
 Around it cast, the blaze of Justice shone.

Debate of counsel ended, she pronounced 185  
 Through the impanneled Guardians of her rights,  
 Her clear conviction of the Cu'prits' guilt;  
 And by the solemn organ of her will  
 Their condemnation spake!—In breathless awe,  
 The listening croud the impressive sentence heard:  
 While Guilt aghast, his bloody picture view'd; 191  
 And bowed in homage to the spotless form  
 Of Probity, portrayed in coloring strong,  
 By the Denunciator of his doom.

In preparation for a state untried, 195  
 The abbreviated remnant of their lives,  
 The mercy-pleading Malefactors pass'd.  
 Soon came the awful day, which was to close  
 Their mortal scene. Around the gallows, throng'd  
 Fast-gathering thousands, from each peopled tract 200  
 Of the encircling country. Dread indeed,  
 And terrible the exhibition was!  
 Corporeally energetic men, in Life's  
 Meridian, darkly shrouded in the glooms  
 Of direst Guilt, from their stained orbits torn, 205  
 And hurl'd into Eternity's deep gulphs,  
 To meet the judgment of a God incensed,  
 Was a phenomenon most terrible!  
 A spectacle, o'erwhelming to the mind  
 Unindurated by the hardening force 210  
 Of crime-familiarizing Vice. Ere on  
 The shoreless waves their shrieking ghosts were cast,  
 To the compassion-softened multitude,

An awful admonition they address'd.  
 They warn'd them, by the anguish of Remorse; 215  
 By all the tortures of a Conscience torn  
 With fangs of ceaseless Agony; by all  
 The horrors of an everlasting Hell;  
 By the heart-piercing stings of Infamy,  
 And poisoned tooth of dolorous Despair; 220  
 By all their hopes of Happiness on earth,  
 And sweet Beatitude beyond the tomb;  
 To eschew the dangerous Vortices of Guilt;  
 To fly the guzzling gurge of Drunkenness;  
 To shun the treacherous sloughs of Indolence; 225  
 To practice Virtue, Honesty and Truth;  
 And live, instead of Outcasts like themselves,  
 Supporters of harmonious Polity,  
 The zealous friends of Piety and Law;  
 That they, when called from this sad sphere of Time,  
 Might to an honorable grave descend: 231  
 Where Scorn should never cast his withering scowl,  
 To blight the turf-adorning grass and flowers  
 That o'er their much-lamented ashes wave;  
 But tender-eyed Affection shed her dews, 235  
 And melancholy Friendship love to mourn.  
 This parting counsel given, the dreadful cord  
 Retributive of angered Justice, swung  
 The Malefactors from this blood-stained Ball,  
 Into the wide-stretch'd arms of Waiting Death. 240  
 When to Contrition's sway their hearts succumb'd;  
 The Sufferers of their Midnight Crimes they told,

Far as their knowledge would permit; to whom,  
 And others who advanced attested claims,  
 The rescued *spoils* were speedily restored." 245

This theme dismiss'd, in various converse pass'd  
 The cheerful Eve; until its far advance  
 Admonished Boone, his travelled limbs to rest.  
 At morn's return, he bade his friends farewell;  
 And his wild solitary route resumed. 250

Departed raptures of Domestic Love,  
 Now from the Mirror of his Memory shone  
 In mellow lustre through his melting breast,  
 And waked redoubled ardor, to renew  
 Their long-suspended joys. His soul was winged 255  
 With fluttering fervor, and his bounding limbs  
 Seemed buoyant o'er the rugged wild to bear.

Once more he emerges from the desert glooms,  
 And treads on Carolina's cultured Vales.  
 His darling Wife's paternal home drew nigh. 260  
 High in the spangled concave hung the Moon.  
 The midnight dews slow-drizzling, steeped the plains.  
 Along the river-course, the curdly mists  
 In winding volumes rose. The Night-Birds' screams,  
 Responsive issued from the weedy marsh. 265  
 The heavy tinklings of remembered bells,  
 Struck slowly on the shadowy ear of Night.  
 No taper glimmered from the neighboring farms.  
 The Hero pass'd his former home. To him,  
 All seemed a sweetly melancholy dream! 270  
 The solemn Oak, which oft to him and friends

In summer-tide had lent its grateful shade,  
 Seemed an acquaintance which he dare not pass  
 Unnoticed, One sad moment at the Gate,  
 He paused. New tenants now the mansion held. 275  
 All dark and silent, its old Master's loss  
 It seemed to mourn. He sighing drop'd a tear,  
 And then sped on. The scenes of many a year  
 Rose in review, before his musing mind.

He reached the lane which led to his loved Spouse  
 And darling Children. Agitation shook 281  
 His joyous breast—the ancient stile is passed—  
 The yard is cross'd—the silent door he raps—  
 The snow-lock'd Sire demands, “what Guest is there?”  
 “Your hapless Daughter's long-lost Husband Boone !”  
 The soul-transporting voice her chamber reached, 286  
 And shouts of extacy proclaimed her joy—

A rapturous consternation through the house  
 Prevailed. For he had come as from the grave !  
 All having long believed and mourned him dead. 290

Again the endearments of connubial love  
 And filial fondness, in their tenderest forms,  
 His bosom thrill. But few the days of rest  
 And ease his enterprising zeal allowed ;  
 For soon the tiresome Wilderness again, 295  
 He with his noble family traversed back.

He found the Settlers suffering much distress :  
 With the fierce foe hard had they to contend ;  
 Many in groaning agony had writhed  
 Beneath his horrid scalp-dissevering Knife, 300

Or perished in the ruthless faggot-flames.  
 E'en fenceless Beauty, unoffending Babes,  
 And feeble age by his rude hands had bled,  
 Had suffered all that Fury could inflict.  
 Nor was it the red ravagers alone, 305  
 Whose rage and cruelty they had to feel ;  
 For still infuriated England led  
 The bloody hosts, their hostile hearts inflamed,  
 And in their ranks her merciless minions mixed.  
 Behold ! where British Bird, at Licking-Forks, 310  
 'Gainst Martin's Garrison and Riddle's pours .  
 His Cannon's slaughtering thunder, and compels  
 The unwary and defenceless Habitants,  
 To his o'erpowering demon force to yield.  
 See ! there, the tyger-hearted ruffians load, 315  
 With galling luggage, the imbecile Fair ;  
 And urge them, heedless of their tender plaints,  
 Along the wearisome and dismal Wastes ;  
 'Till faint and sinking underneath their toil,  
 The bloody hatchet frees them from their woe. 320  
 But Boone's invigorating presence braced  
 The sinews of the bleeding settlement ;  
 And banished thence the accumulating glooms.  
 So the enlivening Sun, when Nature droops  
 Relaxed, long shrouded in ungenial clouds, 325  
 At length, from his remote retirement breaks ;  
 Enkindles in her veins fresh energy ;  
 Her eye with sparkling lustre reillumes ;  
 And from her face the gathered darkness drives.

But while inspiriting his harassed friends, 330  
 And with the wonted prowess of his arm  
 Defending Females, Infancy and Age;  
 Our Hero in his heart a wound received,  
 That even pierced his manly Fortitude.  
 A Brother, whom most ardently he loved, 335  
 Now to the murderous foe a victim fell.  
 As they together through the forest hied,  
 Returning home from Licking River plains,  
 The ambush'd Ruffians fired the deathful charge,  
 And in his gore the gallant Woodsman laid. 340  
 Before his Angel-Guardian's viewless shield,  
 The fleet Survivor flew; while bursting fierce  
 From their concealment, rapidly pursued  
 The yelling fiends. Their hellish chase to aid,  
 [loosed;  
 Their hoarse-lung'd Blood-Hounds on his track they  
 Swift on, the carnage-nurtured monsters strained; 346  
 And the vast Desert with their clamors roared.  
 In vain, by mazy doublings through the Brakes,  
 And by accelerated speed, he strove,  
 The slaughter-hungering pack's pursuit to foil. 350  
 Intent, and sure as Death, through every turn  
 Of the deep-tangled labyrinths, his steps  
 They swiftly trace. Still close and closer drew  
 The dreadful cry. The savage whoop behind,  
 Ascending wild at once from various points, 355  
 Bespake it dangerous longer to remain  
 Within the thickets' bounds; and forth he burst

Into the forest's less entangling wood.  
 Soon on his view, the raging Blood-Hounds broke.  
 At his aimed Rifle's peal, the foremost fell. 360  
 The residue sweep on—again he flies,  
 And flying charges the death-pouring tube :  
 Then wheeling, stiffens one more of the pack.  
 His flight resumed, a second time he essays  
 His gun to charge : when, lo!—close at his heels, 365  
 Vociferous, foaming, panting, glare-eyed, grim,  
 The fierce Survivors press'd ; with winding sweep,  
 And forceful, with his gun, as round he turned,  
 Boone fell'd two of them lifeless to the ground,  
 And backward frightened the remaining three ; 370  
 Which soon most furiously the attack renewed,  
 But were with crippled limbs again repulsed ;  
 Nor dared they to the onset to return :  
 But vanquished, lame and sullen skulk'd away.  
 The screaming Savages are now in view, 375  
 But Boone at distance almost disappears,  
 And now has reached a sheltering brake secure.  
 Some respite from the red ferocious foe,  
 And his more vile and criminal ally,  
 The coming Winter to the Settlers brought. 380  
 Though oft by petty molestations mar'd,  
 In strength the young establishment still grew ;  
 At sight of which, to tenfold vengeance stung,  
 The venal Myrmidons of tyrant power,  
 Quick through their tawny coadjutors' breasts, 385  
 Their murder-rousing virulence infused.  
 At length, in dread confederation linked,



The sanguinary clans of Cherokees,  
 Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Tawas,  
 And other savage nations, hot for blood, 390  
 On Chilicothe's plains their war-fiends poured ;  
 Where round Britannia's gore-stained banner, they  
 With her Canadian Mercenaries leagued,  
 By the black-hearted villain Girty led,  
 'Gainst Bryant's Fortress, the grim squadrons move.  
 As gathers silently the midnight storm 396  
 Dark-rolling, round some sleep-enveloped dome  
 Unconscious of the impending violence ;  
 Until its bursting thunder-peals, its Winds'  
 Rash roar, its vollied showers of battering hail, 400  
 And flashes fierce of flames electric break  
 The slumberous spell ; so round the unwary Fort,  
 Enshrouded in nocturnal gloom, the Host  
 Of slaughter-hungering Ruffians gather'd ; dark,  
 Horrific, noiseless, sullen ! While *within*, 405  
 A sleep-born silence held her solemn sway ;  
 'Till a deep yell, the signal of assault,  
 Invaded rudely their astounded ears,  
 And roused the slumbering Garrison to arms.  
 Now beat upon the well-defended walls, 410  
 The blazing tempest's thunder-driven blasts  
 Of rattling lead. In vain their fury roar'd ;  
 The strong Defences every shock withstood,  
 Until the foil'd assailants were repell'd.  
 Two days unceasingly the siege had flamed, 415  
 When by the forcibly resisting fire,

'Twas broken up. The baffled army, maim'd,  
 And bleeding, marched forthwith to the Blue Licks;  
 Anticipating festinate pursuit,  
 Which eagerly it wish'd : for still its strength 420  
 Was great, its fury fierce and unsubdued.  
 From Lexington, from Harrodsburg, and each  
 Contiguous neighborhood and Station, rush'd  
 At summons of the gallant Harland, Trigg,  
 M'Gary, Todd and Boone, Kentucky's pride ! 425  
 Her bravest patriots ! the retreating foe  
 To encounter. Borne on lofty-mettled steeds,  
 The wilds in martial majesty they swept,  
 Till Licking's craggy banks before them frown'd.  
 When, lo ! retiring from the opposing shore, 430  
 The rear of the grim Demons they beheld.  
 With awful consequence the crisis teem'd.  
 The gallant Horsemen halted ; prudence claim'd  
 A moment's consultation, on the course  
 To be pursued. For various were the marks 435  
 Upon the savage route impress'd, to prove  
 The foe in number four-fold times as great,  
 As was Kentucky's patriot band ; and well  
 Were Boone and others versed in Indian wiles  
 Assured, from numerous stratagems descried 440  
 In the procedure of the tawny host,  
 That it design'd to lure them to their death.  
 Boone knew the ground ; and by request detail'd  
 The system he thought safest to adopt.  
 In an elliptic course the River wound. 445

The whole of the peninsulated land,  
 The browsing Buffalo-Herds had bared; save that  
 A few storm-shatter'd trees, still here and there,  
 Clung lonely in the rock-incrusted soil.  
 From Licking, to the opposite extreme 450  
 Of the ellipsis, ran a rugged Ridge,  
 Whose sides and summit, full two-thirds their length  
 Uncover'd lay, and were to view exposed  
 From its dark-timbered end; where, clothed in shrubs,  
 The heads of two diverging ravines met; 455  
 Which to the curving stream on either side  
 Of the ellipse extended. Boone foresaw  
 The snare the skulking Caitiffs had prepared;  
 And warn'd his party of an *ambuscade* :  
 Exhorting them their forces to divide, 460  
 And by a simultaneous march inclose  
 The Ruffians, in the toils themselves had lain;  
 Or wait a reinforcement from their friend,  
 The intrepid Logan; who, with generous zeal  
 Kentucky's green unsullied banner bore 465  
 Among her martial patriots, rousing them  
 To arm' for their embattled brethren's aid,  
 Much the judicious counsel was approved,  
 And gave fair indications to succeed.  
 When, daringly impatient, ardent, rash, 470  
 M'Gary thunderingly exclaimed; "To Death  
 Or Conquest! Cowardice may waste in *words*  
 The time, and here, secure from Danger, lag;  
 But Valor will with me in Battle dare,

Without delay, the insulting Savages!" 475  
 He paused not for reply; but spur'd his steed,  
 The war-shout raised, and rush'd into the stream.  
 The impetuous ardor spread. The council broke.  
 All in precipitate disorder stem'd  
 The dashing torrent, swept with clattering speed 480  
 The rock-paved ridge, 'till at its oak-crown'd end,  
 They met the vengeance of the yelling foe,  
 And halted in the whirlwind's flaming front.  
 Swift from their Horses leap'd the eager band.  
 Our HERO, Harland, Trigg, M'Gary, Todd, 485  
 And Israel Boone, all breasted the dread Host;  
 With daring vehemence, distinguish'd might,  
 And soul-inspiring precedency.  
 Coluxo, Costea, and their base Colleague  
 The renegado Girty, led the ranks 490  
 Of the demoniac enemy; and vied  
 In dangerous prowess, and destructive deeds  
 With the Kentuckian CHIEFTAINS. Fiercer flames  
 The conflict, as more near the Hosts approach.  
 With Rifle-peal and Indian-yell, with plaint 495  
 Of Death and valor-rousing shout, the Glyns  
 And Groves reverberate. At every blast,  
 On either side, the slaughtering storm cut down  
 Full many a warrior bold, in *blooming prime*.  
 The gallant Todd has fallen! Low in blood 500  
 He lies! Yet, hear! his dying accents cheer  
 His brave Compatriots. "Oh, my Friends! pause not  
 To pity me! The living claim your care:

Your Mothers, Sisters, Daughters, Wives and Babes.  
 I die for them, and soon shall be in Heaven, 505  
 Maintain the fight, and if you nobly fall,  
 You'll follow me."—The battle thunders burst  
 More terribly destructive, as the soul  
 Of the fallen Hero fled. A wilder scream  
 Broke from the foaming, painted fiends of blood; 510  
 While Vengeance-frantic, rush'd in closer fray  
 The adverse Champions.—Hatchets hurl'd  
 Blood-reeking through the Rifle-spouted flames,  
 Enhanc'd the horrors of the deathful din.  
 Where thickest flew the death-wing'd weapons, Trigg  
 The vollied Counter-Tempest to direct, 516  
 His gallant aidance gave. Coluxo mark'd  
 His martial port and slaughtering vehemence;  
 And springing forward, drove his Battle-Axe  
 Full at the intrepid Whiteman's ample breast. 520  
 Deep in life's purple Cistern had it plung'd;  
 But that Trigg's Rifle-Lock its shivering force  
 Received. Disarm'd, he seized the edged weapon;  
 And rush'd to cleave the enraged Coluxo down.  
 But Costea, Hatchet-arm'd, sprang forth to meet 125  
 The coming Champion. Fiercely flash'd with rage  
 Their meeting eyes, Defiance darkly roll'd  
 Upon their Vengeance-undulated brows.  
 Contiguous to the awful ground they trode,  
 The Battle-blaze a moment was extinct. 530  
 A hundred eyes in eager gaze were fixed  
 Upon the approaching Chiefs. A hundred hands,

With sympathetic impulse griped their guns,  
And backward rose in hostile attitude,  
As the stern Combatants their Hatchets raised. 535  
They strike! The blow half-baffled, each receives  
Slight in his shoulder's brawn, Again descends,  
On either side, the fury-driven axe.  
From Costea's bone-bared jaw, huge flesh flakes fall.  
Another brunt! again the Indian bleeds! 540  
And from his wounded hand, the weapon drops.  
With instant bound, his head he heaves full-aim'd  
At Trigg's blood-dripping breast, that like some oak,  
'Gainst which the furious Bull his frontlet drives,  
Unyielding the impetuous shock sustains. 545  
Now Costea seizes the descending axe,  
And wards the blow aimed at his plumeless head.  
With his uninjured hand he tugs for life,  
But vainly: from his desperate gripe,  
Trigg wrenches the destructive Tomahawk, 550  
And plants it in his head. He reels, he sinks!  
Adown his long dark locks, profusely streams  
The gushing life-tide.—Again is plunged  
Deep in his brain, the bleeding steel. He dies!  
Behold! in gloomy wrath Coluxo comes! 555  
His stride is terrible! His dreadful brow  
Upon the victor Champion scowls; his eye  
Through the death-threatening tempest of his face,  
Like the storm-reddening meteor of deep Night,  
Portentously its flaming ire emits. 560  
He brandishes aloft a reeking axe,

Snatched from the grasp of an expiring Peer.  
 Trigg, maugre much from his gashed breast had flown  
 His vigor, rushes to the combat dire,  
 And falls! Boone, the Hero's doom beheld; 565  
 And, hastening whence he had the hottest blaze  
 Of the dread fight sustained, Coluxo's rage  
 Resolved to quell; but ere the ground he gain'd,  
 From which the slaughtering Sachem he could mark  
 With certain aim; he saw his gallant son, 570  
 The blooming Israel reeling from the ranks,  
 And bathed in streaming blood; while on him rush'd,  
 With the curved scalping steel, the demon fell,  
 Whose fatal fire had in his valorous breast  
 The deathful lead impel'd. He saw, and flew 575  
 Through whizzing balls, to reach the wounded Youth:  
 But halting in his hazardous career,  
 The scalp-dissevering savage shot: then ran,  
 And raised his dying Israel in his arms;  
 Who thus in accents faint his feelings spake— 580  
 "Oh, Father! God preserve thy noble life  
 To see this lovely land I now must leave,  
 Become the happy Garden of the World;  
 To soothe my darling Mother's mourning heart;  
 And be my Brothers' and my Sisters' Friend! 585  
 Oh! if you live to tell my hapless doom;  
 To them my dying benediction bear.  
 God save my Father!"—Death his utterance quenched.  
 The Battle-tempest, from the flaming Wood  
 With more destructive vengeance now emerged. 590

In its sulphureous vortex Slaughter rode ;  
 Grinding his gory teeth, and yelling deep  
 And joyously, as on the gushing blood  
 Of gasping Heroes, glared his baleful eye.  
 A more exultant scream he shrilly pours, 595  
 As the Herculean Harland groans his last :  
 And well the life-devouring fiend might joy,  
 For ne'er a prouder trophy marked his sway.  
 Nought else but desperate temerity  
 Could have impell'd Kentucky's patriot band, 600  
 The o'erwhelming death-tide longer to sustain.  
 Before its roaring wrath they therefore fled.  
 Infernal acclamations ; such as shake  
 The burning vaults of Hell, when conquest crowns  
 The conflicts of its King with virtuous souls ; 605  
 Along the reddened welkin fiercely burst,  
 And roll the savage joy wide o'er the waste.  
 Before the reeking hatchet's lifted edge,  
 The close-beset regression was maintained,  
 Until the River's dangerous pass was reach'd. 610  
 There, dreadful, was the wasteful rage of Death !  
 The fortunate few who had their steeds regained,  
 Escaped unharm'd—But terrible the fate  
 Of those on foot ! Deep roll'd the surging stream ;  
 On either bank huge hung the shattered crags ; 615  
 Precipitate and violent the press  
 That urged the exhausted Heroes' hurried flight.  
 O'ertaken, wounded, faint, some fall on shore :  
 Part through the narrow inlet gain the ford :



Part from the beetleing cliffs plunge in the stream :  
 Some less enfeebled and more daring wheel ; 620  
 And meet the foemen on the River's brink  
 Boone there encounters fierce Coluxo's might.  
 Each ere they meet, the missive Hatchet drives  
 Effectless at the other's wary head. 625  
 Their emptied rifles next, with forceful sweep  
 And shivering clash, in rude collision meet !  
 The Champions stagger from the ponderous shock.  
 Again their fragment weapons through the air  
 They wind, and bring them down in contact dread. 630  
 The remnant stocks in thousand splinters fly.  
 The Antagonists, enraged to see their blows  
 Thus wasted, grasp with more infuriate gripe  
 The naked Barrels, wield them with more force ;  
 And a half-baffled brunt on either's head 635  
 Impel, A moment to their knees they sink.  
 Recovered from the stunning stroke, they rise :  
 But from their hands, their battered tubes have fallen.  
 In instantaneous grapplement they join.  
 And struggle on the craggy verge ! their brain 640  
 With rage and its late jar vertiginous ! —  
 Behold ! they seem just toppling o'er the flood :  
 The shattered brink now breaks ! the sliddering mass  
 Before them crashing, sweeps the hoary ruin.  
 They headlong follow ! Still in stubborn clutch 645  
 Conjunctive, midway down the smoking steep  
 A prominence their dread descent arrests ;

Where on the impeded pile new-fallen, they lodge.  
 Coluxo's undermost and bears the shock.  
 But lo! he heaves with Ægean rage to rise. 650  
 Strong is the struggle now, and perilous:  
 For narrow is the intercipient ledge,  
 And dangerous the rocky points beneath.  
 Its burdened base is trembling o'er the flood  
 That dashes darkly by. The moment teems 655  
 With destiny. His danger Boone surveys,  
 And disentrals himself with vigorous wrench;  
 A stunted Cedar grasps, and drives his feet  
 Against the swift-advancing Combatant;  
 Who, by the forceful impulse strongly driven, 660  
 Precipitately from the peak descends,  
 And plunging in the torrent's shuddering deeps,  
 A moment he's ingulph'd! emerging now,  
 With visage rage-convulsed, and eye strained upwards,  
 Fierce-flashing on his bold Antagonist, 665  
 He flings the billows from his heaving sides,  
 And bounds and flounces towards the frowning shore,  
 Boone marked his mad and desperate approach;  
 And from the rifted crag, a loosened rock  
 Full on his head impetuously impel'd. 670  
 Profusely boiling from his bursted skull, [rose,  
 Through the white-bubbling waves, the life-streams  
 And striped with purple lines the watery woof.  
 His eye Boone glances round. He cannot scale  
 The steep, nor has he footing to descend. 675

Into the booming stream he therefore bounds!  
 And on the billows rapidly is borne,  
 To where the Battle blazes o'er the Ford.  
 There, through a scene of direst massacre,  
 Unarm'd he rushes. Mingled yells and groans 680  
 From bank to bank resound; and blood and flames,  
 The corse-polluted waves in crimson clothe.  
*Here* closed in deadly conflict, now immersed,  
 Now rising through the strangling surge, appear  
 The adverse Combatants; while blind and faint, 685  
 The wounded *there* are reeling seen, till roll'd  
 By the red torrent to its drowning gulphs.

Now, as the rugged crags yon Hero climbs,  
 The death-shot drives him through—His action ends.  
 A moment to the rock he feebly clings— 690

[loose;

He backward bends—His strengthless hands break  
 Down, down the precipice, he headlong falls!  
 And at its base a bleeding ruin floats.  
 But Boone the friendly shore has safely gained:  
 And lo! the Horsemen halt and wheel and fire! 695  
 Short time, the vehement pursuit is check'd:  
 Kentucky's gallant residue on land,  
 At length arrive:—Again the deep-mouthed yell  
 Hot pour'd, the sanguinary chase proclaims;  
 Which ceases not, till Bryant's sheltering Fort 700  
 Receives the exhausted band. There, on his march,  
 Brave Logan and his gallant force, they meet.  
 These with them wend to the red slaughter-field,

Eager to avenge their fellow-patriots' doom.  
 But the Barbarian Victors have escaped; 705  
 And sated Death sleeps on the silent ground.  
 Oh, what a mournful spectacle is there!  
 Behold! the Hero who three days ago,  
 In towering elegance and manhood's bloom,  
 The ranks of Battle graced; now roll'd in gore, 710  
 Out-stretch'd and pallid on the corpse-strewn plain!  
 No more to meet the embrace of that fond Wife  
 And prattling Son, who gazed with tearful eyes,  
 As from his sylvan mansion he withdrew,  
 Waving his hand in token of his love. 715  
 Ah God! what gloomy Stillness hovers round  
 The bloody scene. No sound its awful reign  
 Disturbs; save the gorged Vulture's dismal croak;  
 As from his prey with dark and heavy wing,  
 He rises slowly to the laden bough 720  
 Of some huge Oak. In solemn mood, with steps  
 Of meditative measure, 'mongst the slain  
 The Heroes move. See Boone stand weeping o'er  
 His mangled son! Now clasping the cold hand!  
 And now, ere in the grave's dark cell the Youth 725  
 Is covered, gently severing from his locks,  
 A relick dear to the maternal heart.  
 The sepulture's performed; Night spreads her shades;  
 And the scared prowlers, to the carnaged ground  
 Return; where dismally they howl 'till morn. 730  
 To all, especially to Boone, it was  
 A night of dreariest sadness; hoarsely plained

The putrid River-surge ; the Night-Birds screamed  
 In notes of shrillest horror ; and the skies  
 Afflicted for Kentucky's rueful loss, 735  
 Their melancholy vestments had assumed.  
 How could they not ? For Angels there abide,  
 And they beheld her wrap'd in saddest Grief ;  
 Beheld her widowed Fair, as through their hearts  
 The awful tidings of their husbands' death 740  
 Transpierced ; in wildest phrenzy clasp their Babes,  
 And weep in all the wretchedness of Woe.

The task of keenest agony to Boone  
 Had yet to be perform'd. Oh ! see him now  
 Approaching sadly his expecting home. 745  
 His Infants spy at distance their loved Sire.  
 His solemn step is marked. His Wife beholds  
 The boding blood-stains on his altered robes—  
 No ISRAEL comes in view ! Each little breast  
 Predictive beats—Her own tumultuous heaves— 750  
 'Tis true ! that look, that silence speak it so !  
 'Tis true, the darling Youth shall never more  
 Return to enjoy the transports of their love.  
 Behold, the embrace that bursts the swelling heart !  
 Tears now have vent, and deluge every cheek. 755  
 See with what frantic tenderness, what throbs  
 Of deep emotion, the sad mother takes  
 The sacred lock of her " departed Son,"  
 With ardent kisses seals it to her lips,  
 And washes off with tears its bloody stains. 760  
 To Sorrow's sway, throughout the settled bounds

Of young Kentucky, *vengeful* zeal succeeds.  
 With thundering emphasis, his heeded voice  
 Boone raised, and bade his Western Brethren rouse  
 To Battle, and their rising country save! 765  
 The good, the valiant, the immortal Clarke  
 And Logan seconded the patriot call;  
 And pointed to that Hill's ensanguined brow,  
 Where gallant Harland, Todd and Trigg had bled!  
 A thousand bosoms at the summons burn'd, 770  
 To mingle in the blood-avenging fight. -  
 The Stripling, and the Grand Sire grey in years,  
 The half-plough'd furrow and the fire-side leave;  
 To wield the implements of direful War.  
 The Host is marshal'd, and the march begins. 775  
 The Foemen learn its menacing approach,  
 And their untenable encampment fly.  
 The howl of Horror, Consternation wild,  
 And yellings of infuriated wrath,  
 Through their distracted Villages extend. 780  
 Behold! these too the tawny swarms forsake!  
 And where they late their barbarous orgies held,  
 Devasting flames now revel. Ruin's stride  
 And Whirlwind-breath the embattled ranks attend.  
 The Chilicothes now in embers glow! 785  
 Will's Town and Peckaway are sinking too,  
 Beneath fierce Conflagration's wasteful blasts.  
 Rude Desolation sweeps the Corn-clothed fields,  
 And to the Indians' view a prospect spreads;  
 That e'en their boldest Warrior's arm unnerves, 790

And prompts their Chiefs to supplicate for PEACE.

Columbia's Western Star in splendors now,  
Through an unclouded azure streaming, sheds  
On drooping hearts, the beams of sweetest Hope ;  
And withers to a scroll the grumous flag 795

Of groaning War. His labors, Boone beholds  
Unfolding their rich Comforts o'er the West :  
While Amity's restrictive bonds confine  
The nerves of savage Slaughter. Happy now,  
In contemplation of the brightening scene, 800

He to AFFECTION'S sweet embrace retires ;  
And reaps the Harvest of his useful toils.  
Immortal Founder of stupendous States !  
While generous prowess wakes the soul's applause ;  
While consecration to a Nation's weal 805

Of all the energies of Mind and Nerve,  
Enkindles warm sensations of regard ;  
Thy name, in Freedom's sun-crown'd Fane enshrined,  
With the rich incense of a Million's love  
Embalmed, shall live. How rapturous to thy heart, 810

Thou venerable Hero ! How sublime,  
How beautiful, how divine ! the prospect now  
Of that Republic, which thy patriot hand  
Implanted in the direful Wilderness.

Lo ! flourishing uncantered, and immense, 815  
It strengthens, rises, spreads and blooms to Heaven !

Its branches mingle with the stars ; and crown'd  
With Harps Angelic, wave mid purest gales  
Celestial ; animate with melody,

By Freedom's Seraph Martyrs sweetly made; 820  
 And fragrant as the fruits of Paradise.

Well might it fill with an extatic pride  
 The soul of him, whose valor laid the base  
 Of Free Columbia's occidental States;  
 To view the *glories* that invest them now! 825  
 Where shall the Muse the Reader's eye direct,  
 To shew the brightest deeds, where all are bright  
 In grand extreme? Who can the blazing disk  
 Of the unclouded Orb of Day divide,  
 And say behold the most effulgent part? 830  
 Shall she pursue the Widow's plaining sigh,  
 To where the graves of Daviess, Owen, White,  
 And Spencer bloom in Honor's purest beams,  
 Embossing the dark wilds where WABASH rolls?  
 Or shall she turn to Raisin's awful plains, 835  
 And point to where the bones of Allen, Mead,  
 M'Cracken, Edwards, Simpson, Hickman, Hart,  
 And Woolfolk hallow the ensanguined soil?  
 Or to Sandusky's shore and sing the applause  
 Of Croghan, Freedom's Western Washington, 840  
 And his immortal Band; whose patriot names,  
 The Tyrants of succeeding times shall dread,  
 And future Proctors tremble when they hear?  
 Oh no! 'tis wasting language to detail.  
 Ohio's and Kentucky's Fame extends 845  
 Wherever valorous Liberty is loved;  
 And even rolls its splendors through the glooms,  
 Where blinking Despots gorged with empires' blood,



O'er Freedom's desolated Temples nod!  
 Illustrious States! Who has not seen thy Sons, 850  
 Thy patriot Sons, in thousands; from the scenes  
 Of Opulence and sweet domestic bliss,  
 With pure unvenal ardor rushing forth  
 To fields of fellest danger—Not to war  
 With Foes magnanimous, of souls humane 855  
 And generous, who disdain to waste the blood,  
 And wound the pride of vanquished Combatants;  
 But Foes beneath whose ignominious arms,  
 The Babe, the Vestal and the Matron bleed.  
 Who has not seen thy free-born Heroes dare, 860  
 The Horrors of Barbarian Ambushment;  
 And uncomplaining, though with hunger pale,  
 And long without repose, through brumal storms,  
 Snow-covered Swamps of wearisome extent,  
 And wintry terrors of a howling Wild, 865  
 Intently toiling to encounter Fiends,  
 Unrighteous as ere ranged the Infernal glooms:  
 Ferocious Monsters; cruel as ere yell'd  
 For Victim's blood! Who has not seen thy Hosts  
 Those Monsters meet, and honor the high cause, 870  
 In which their generous bosoms freely bled.  
 Where is Columbia's son, whose eye can glance  
 O'er the bright page of their immortal deeds,  
 And not let fall a tear of extacy?  
 Who would not deem it honor to be call'd 875  
 A citizen of the same land, where lives

The patriot Warriors, Shelby, Harrison,  
 Desha, M'Arthur, Cass and Johnson: names  
 Imperishable as e'er were canonized,  
 On the illustrious rolls of Martyrdom! 880  
 Yes, noble sons of a Republic! Time,  
 When mingles with the dust of tombs, the heart  
 That now this humble meed of praise dictates;  
 Shall roll your glories brightening down his stream,  
 Till on Eternity's effulgent waves 885  
 They blaze, reflecting on your blissful souls  
 Beatitude perpetual. Nor are *they*,  
 The only Heroes of celebrated name,  
 Whose splendid Virtues shed sublime renown,  
 Upon those glorious States. A Clay, a Ball, 890  
 A Lewis and innumerable more, the Muse  
 Might call to adorn her page. But BEAUTY'S claim  
 Demands her strain applaudive and sincere.  
 If transports warm the hoary Veteran's heart  
 Who founded the Republics of the West, 895  
 To see their Sons engarlanded with Fame's  
 Unwithering laurels: Who shall tell what tides  
 Of deeper rapture swell his musing soul,  
 As he the odoriferous wreaths beholds  
 Of Virtue's richest flowers, which adorn 900  
 Their blooming Daughters—Well may Bravery shield  
 Their peerless Breasts: for Bravery wins their smiles;  
 While mean inglorious Dastardly receives  
 Their frowning scorn. What bosom does not burn  
 To bleed in Freedom's battles, when such Fair, 905

Their Brothers and their Lovers too exhort,  
Their lives in her defence to jeopardize.

My patriotic Sisters of the West!

Accept this humble plaudit of a heart  
That loves you dearly. High indeed the praise, 910

And happily received; could you approve

For Freedom's sake my unpresuming Song.

Oft through admiring Fancy's eye, I've seen

Your lilly fingers, form the Warrior's robe;

And sorely wounded with the piercing steel, 915

The honored garment with pure crimson stain;

Leaving expressive emblems of the Deeds

He should achieve; and symbols of the love

Your bosoms for the gallant soldier bore.

Oft too your tender bodings I have seen 920

And anxious Hopes; while undecided yet

Remained the destiny of those ye loved,

Your valiant Countrymen! Oh! when arrived

The agonizing tidings of defeat—

Of the *perfidious* Massacres that stained 925

With infamy a butchering foe; and tore

From many a noble head the streaming scalp;

Where fell those dearer far perhaps than life;

How were your anguished and indignant breasts

With keen and violent emotions pained: 930

But when the joyous news of Conquest came,

How changed your feelings; how divinely sweet;

How glowing then with thankful extacies!

And when the honored soldier home returned,

What kind, what tender welcomes ye bestowed! 935  
How carefully his rankling wounds deterged;  
And with attentions bland and smiles benign,  
Rewarded all his dangers, pains and toils.—  
This magic theme could long my Muse detain,  
But lo! her desultorious song draws nigh 940  
Its beckoning goal; and we, sweet Fair, must part!  
Perennial as the charms of the rich land,  
Whose healthful gales your honied breath perfumes,  
May your bright Virtues bloom; to crown with bliss  
The gallant Boone's the shields of Honors's shrine!  
Who share the mild dominions of your Love, 946  
And drive the Myrmidons of Tyrant thrones  
From their ensanguined Cars. And ye pure States,  
The Western Pillars of Columbia's Dome,  
The Dome of Liberty! Still may ye stand 950  
With glories of ten thousand Boones emblazed;  
Sustaining with distinguished eminence  
Your portion of the Edifice sublime;  
While Kingdoms disappear in floods of gore  
And Revolutions rock the reeking globe: 955  
Yea, till the pageant Bubbles of the World  
Are into dread Annihilation blown;  
And Oceans, Suns and Spheres before the blaze  
Of Heaven's avenging Anger, are consumed!—

THE  
POWER  
OF  
VIRTUOUS  
AND  
*REFINED BEAUTY.*

WHAT moving charms fair Beauty's form invest,  
When with divinest disposition blest !  
When all the blooming tints and lillied hues,  
Which kind creative Nature spreads profuse  
In mingled Union, sweetly harmonize  
With mental Grace, the darling of the skies.  
When Angel mildness smooths the arching brow,  
And gives the eye its love-inspiring glow ;  
Diffuses blushes o'er the dimpled cheek,  
And tunes the lips in Orphean strains to speak . .  
What speechless transports melt the thrilling heart,  
And Love's intenerating joys impart ;  
When Beauty's ears the themes of Scandal fly,

And hear with sympathy Affliction's sigh ;  
Attentive, hear the weeping Widow's moan,  
The Orphan's sob and piteous feeble groan :  
Oh, yes ! it wakes in Man's cold flinty breast  
The flame of Love, to see fair Beauty drest  
In holy Virue's purest robes of snow,  
Yet warm at heart as Summer's ardent glow :  
To see her soothing hand with melting grace,  
The litter tears of hopeless Woe efface ;  
And, like imbodied Mercy, hovering near  
The heart that flutters on dread Death's fell spear ;  
With sweet Religion's peace-inspiring balm,  
Diffusing through the Soul a holy calm ;  
With Charity's divinely grateful aid,  
Bid Poverty's unfeeling arm be staid ;  
Subdue ferocious Hunger's gnawing rage,  
And warm with joy the withered veins of age ;  
Spread beds of down upon the chilling floor,  
And bid the shivering tenants quake no more.  
'Tis Beauty thus adorned with seraph charms,  
That purifies the stoic heart it warms ;  
That teaches Man's obdurate heart of steel,  
The poignant thrills of hallow'd Love to feel.  
Not such as the Coquetish Thing of Art  
Attempts to kindle in the unyielding heart ;  
But that which sublimates the noble soul  
And points its powers to some important goal ;  
That binds the heart with energetic ties,  
'To deeds of virtuous aim and proud emprise ;

That predisposes every valiant mind,  
To be humane, magnanimous and kind ;  
That gives to patriot zeal heroic fire,  
And makes the daring Youth to Fame aspire ;  
That nerves the Warrior's arm with conquering power,  
And makes him fearless bide the slaughtering hour.  
If wounds should gash the Heroes manly breast,  
And stain the plumage of his snowy crest ;  
He gives his blood a free-will Sacrifice  
To Virtuous Beauty as a glorious price :  
The only equal meritorious meed -  
For charms, for which a thousand breasts would bleed !  
Though the red efflux drains the " fount of life,"  
He towers still amid the clashing strife ;  
He launches Death amidst embattled Hosts,  
And wrecks on waves of blood a thousand ghosts.  
For in defence of blooming Virtue's rights,  
Though wounded, still the bleeding Hero fights !  
And should fierce Death arrest his proud career,  
He nobly yields his breath without a fear !  
For Justice, Beauty, Eloquence and Truth,  
And all the sacred fires of amorous Youth,  
His soul inspired, impel'd him forth to War,  
And light his closing life with Hope's bright Star.  
'Thus with triumphant unexceeded sway,  
Or in the blaze of Glory's conquering day,  
Or in the dreadful Night of Death's dark gloom,  
Sweet Beauty rules with *animating* bloom !  
The greenest garland weaves for Conquest's brow,

And makes the proud, the lofty Monarch bow ;  
 Illumes the darkness of the eternal wave,  
 And kindles glory in the solemn grave !

Through the dim regions of departed time,  
 Like monuments resplendently sublime,  
 Which spread their fulgour through the sombre air,  
 The names of many a wise and virtuous Fair,  
 With splendors immarcessible shall shine, }  
 While Emulation's kindling flames divine, }  
 The female world illumine and refine. }  
 Through the Historic telescope, our eyes,  
 In distant Rome's corruption-clouded skies,  
 Mid Horror-glaring Meteors red with crimes,  
 O'er blood-assembled Seas of Tyrant times !  
 Mid satellites of Luxury and Power,  
 Behold a mildly brilliant Planet tower,  
 And keep her danger-crouded course unstain'd,  
 Though to the bloody Comet Nero, chain'd !  
 It is divine Octavia, whose soft light  
 Illumes the murkiest shades of heathen Night.  
 Her Virtue, Beauty and Refinement shed,  
 A radiance from whose power dark Demons fled ;  
 And which, with jealous Malice they essayed,  
 To eclipse with Slander's fame-destroying shade.  
 E'en her imperial Husband's savage soul,  
 Was forced to feel their dominant control,  
 And the execution of his Hell-inspired design  
 Her taintless blood to spill, awhile decline.  
 'Tis true her seraph charms could not assuage,



The infamous Poppea's harpy rage ;  
Nor pitiful Tigellinus inspire,  
With one warm glow of Feeling's noble fire :  
But their confederate machinations failed,  
To force from wretches on the stake impaled,  
Sufficient evidence to stain the fame,  
Of her whose life was pure as solar flame.  
So influential on the public mind,  
The charms of virtuous Beauty thus refined ;  
That when the imperial Tyrant's pityless power,  
Hung o'er her harmless head with bloody lower,  
And the fair Empress into exile hurled ;  
The indignation of an angered World,  
Waked by the weeping Sufferer's cruel Woes,  
In threatening murmurs round his throne arose ;  
Claiming the banished Innocent's recall,  
And liberation from her captive thrall.  
The monster's merciless mandate was repealed,  
And her *impressive* Majesty revealed !  
For, acclamations from a Nation's tongue,  
As she returned, her joyous welcome rung.  
The incensed Defenders of an injured breast,  
Pull'd down the proud Poppea's rival crest ;  
Her statues tumbled headlong to the dust,  
And call'd for vengeance on her crimes to burst ;  
Octavia's images with chaplets hung,  
Bright feuillage and flowers around them flung ;  
Triumphant bore them through the sounding streets,  
And placed them o'er the Temple's sacred seats.

Strong-visaged Labor sought the wine-crown'd board,  
And viands rich and fruits the tables stored;  
Loud peals of Joy the trembling breezes swell'd,  
And care from every bosom was expel'd.  
A Sovereign, o'er the ample city throned,  
FESTIVITY diffused her pleasures round:  
'Till saturated with the vinous dew  
Her Votaries from their sparkling boards withdrew;  
Unapprehensive that fierce Fortune's frown,  
So soon to Death would bring their Favorite down:  
Or else their vigilance had never slept  
Till from her life the threatening storm was swept.  
The Rival Tigress stung with envious ire,  
Inflamed again the Tyrant's slumbering fire:  
Assassination, red with patriots' blood,  
In readiness before the Monsters stood;  
And fiercely at their Hell-inspired behest  
His gory dagger plunged in her white Breast!  
Again her influence o'er the public mind  
Was evidenced by sorrows unconfined.  
All Rome was wrap'd in melancholy Woe,  
And weeping thousands felt their anguish flow.  
Like the portentous rumblings which presage,  
The mountain-swallowing Earthquake's bursting rage;  
Indignant murmurs through the Nation ran,  
And awed the Emperor and his fell Divan.

In every Nation and in every age,  
Octavias brighten the Historic page.  
In Grecian tablets, see fair Philas's name,

Engraved in capitals of brilliant fame.  
In her what lustrous graces were conjoined!  
What charms of Person, and what powers of Mind!  
While yet a young and inexperienced Maid,  
Great Antipater deigned to ask her aid.  
In exigence and matters of emprise,  
With her was wont to counsel and advise;  
To her the powers juridical resigned,  
And the great secrets of the State confined.  
Afflicted Virtue, Innocence distress'd,  
And Modesty by poverty oppress'd,  
Her kindness and munificence engaged:  
O'er them she wept and their keen woes assuaged.  
The Macedonian Troops with faction wild,  
At her approach grew orderly and mild;  
Distraction, tumult, turbulence and ire,  
And raging Insurrection's kindling fire;  
As if by Fascination's magic sway,  
Her harmonizing influence could allay.

To Rome's records again my Muse returns,  
To sing a page that with bright glory burns!  
'Tis her portrayed with such transcendant mien,  
She sings; the lovely Palmyrenean Queen!  
In Beauty Cleopatra's counterpart,  
But her superior both in mind and heart.  
Famed Odenathus well might feel her charms,  
Or in the shade of love or blaze of arms.  
Her cheeks of clear vermilion-tinted brown,  
And bosom softer than the Cygnet's down;

Her voice of fine commanding melody,  
Her lofty port and graceful dignity,  
Her sloe-black genius-emanating eye,  
And soul refined, magnanimous and high!  
These well a Warrior Prince's heart might win,  
And sway the blazing Battie's thundering din;  
Might well the throne of Sovereignty adorn,  
And life's inglorious occupations scorn.  
Where in the page of past or present time,  
Is found a sovereign's name less stained with crime  
Or which to brighter ministerial fame,  
And regal wisdom dare prefer a claim?  
Arabia, Persia, and Armenia owned,  
With her a potent Princess was enthroned;  
Regarded her augmenting strength with awe,  
And energy in all her measures saw:  
Her martial skill with admiration view'd,  
And for her Friendship and Protection sued:  
Her counsel prudent, luminous, profound,  
The Palmyrean prince with honors crowned;  
Shed lustre through the Battle's blackening clouds,  
And pointed Victory to his bleeding crouds!  
Palmyra's Temples, Palaces and Towers,  
In beaming pomp proclaimed Zenobia's powers.  
Their crumbling vestiges and relicks grey,  
E'en now her proud Magnificence display;  
And to the curious Pilgrim's pausing eye,  
Who lingering sadly round heaves many a sigh,  
Present material Monuments sublime,

Of high-souled Beauty's triumph over time!  
For numerous Centuries armed with steel and flame,  
Have not destroyed the trophies of her Fame;  
And when at length their last dim beam expires,  
Her deeds shall live in History's deathless fires!  
Her charms, by great Aurelian drawn,  
Shall shine unchanged till Time's last glimpse is gone!

On Conquest's tide with bannered sails unfurl'd,  
The dread and wonder of a warring world!  
With fierce intrepid legions at his will,  
That haughty Emperor own'd Zenobia's skill;  
Confess'd his fears of her well-managed might,  
Invoked the Gods to aid him in the Fight,  
And doubtful of the Conflict's final fate,  
In vain attempted to capitulate.

The Queen indignantly his proffers spurn'd,  
And bold defiance to his threats return'd;  
To accept his proposition to retreat,  
Though liberal, she regarded as defeat;  
Nor till the accession of resistless Hosts,  
Confirmed Aurelian's angry boasts,  
With vengeance menaced her beleaguered bands,  
And proved his power to enforce his fierce commands;  
Did her sublime unconquered spirits sink:  
'Twas prudent *then* to fly from Ruin's brink.  
In haste she fled; but with electric speed,  
Was overtaken by many a mounted steed;  
Arrested on the banks of Euphrates,

And, sagely sad in dignified distress;  
With majesty of mien and lofty head,  
Back to the proud exulting Emperor led.  
At length the Conqueror's glorious Victories o'er,  
He left the land of carnage, death and gore;  
And back to great imperial Rome return'd,  
Where Conquest's altars blazed and bonfires burn'd;  
Where trumpets peal'd and acclamations rung;  
Where arches shone, with rich festoons o'erhung;  
And all a City's gorgeous charms unveil'd,  
The grand Aurelian's glorious *entry* hail'd.  
'Twas vanquished Beauty's powerful splendors shed,  
Such blazing honors round the Conqueror's head:  
'Twas not the captive Tetricus that crowned,  
His brilliant fame and waked the applauding sound;  
It was the achievement of the immortal deed,  
Which from Zenobia's power the Emperor freed.  
A deed whose glory now to celebrate,  
In all the grandeur of triumphant state,  
The vast preparatory rites begin,  
And Rome's wide regions tremble with the din!  
The morn of Triumph dawns. The trumpets sound,  
And mingled music sprightly and profound;  
Transporting, martial, mellow, dulcet, gay,  
Salutes with spreading notes the exultant day.  
A thousand portals are unfolded wide;  
The streets are deluged with the peopled tide;  
The pavements tremble with thick-thundering tread;  
And incense on the fragrant gales is spread.

In richest pride, by mettled Chargers drawn,  
Careering Chariots gild the dusky dawn;  
On Victory's altars slaughtered bullocks bleed,  
And their ascending fat by fire is freed:  
With thankful pæans the great temples sound,  
And Mars beholds with gold his statues crowned.  
The proud processionary order plan'd,  
The march began obedient to command;  
The slow-advancing van in victor show,  
Displayed the furry lords of Northern snow;  
The gentler natives of the milder East;  
And every kind of huge and swarthy Beast,  
That roams beneath the blaze of torrid skies.  
There gleamed the royal Tigers' threatening eyes;  
And ponderous Elephants with heavy peace,  
In the grand Phalanx held the front-rank place.  
Lo! next in order to the wild menage,  
Are the actors on the gladiatorial stage:  
A savage-hearted, fierce, inhuman Host!  
To sport with blood their trade, their pride, their boast!  
To these succeed the ambassadorial train,  
A splendid link in the triumphal chain;  
On embassy from various realms they came,  
Where endless Winters blow or Summers flame;  
Or where those raging uncontrolled extremes,  
Usurp no sway o'er Phœbus' milder beams.  
In richest variegated robes arrayed,  
The tastes of different Kingdoms they displayed;  
To proud Aurelian's pomp, their own combined,

And in the general praise, their plaudits join'd.  
The Captives next of many a conquered State,  
Proceed with saddened air and sullen gait ;  
In humble-crested, long-extended ranks,  
Alemmani Sarmatians, Syrians, Franks,  
Egyptians, Vandals, Goths and Gauls proclaim,  
'The victories that emblaze the Emperor's fame.  
In the sublime procession now appears,  
The captive Queen ; her cheeks impearl'd with tears,  
Her graceful limbs with golden chains compress'd,  
Her languid head hung drooping o'er her breast ;  
With splendid jewels decked her vestments shone,  
In brighter blaze than when she graced the throne.  
That peerless form which Princes had admired ;  
Whose charms, with love, proud conquering Chieftains  
Which once had fierce embattled armies led, [fired,  
And worn the palm where wounded thousands bled ;  
Now under loads of gold and diamonds bowed,  
To catch the gaze of an admiring croud ;  
To swell the grandeur of the proud display,  
And give more glory to the Conquerer's sway ;  
*That form*, now vanquished, humbled and disgraced,  
Whose beauteous neck a golden chain embraced,  
Held and supported by a menial's hand,  
Was forced to bear *Submission's public* brand !  
Next in the grand processionary line  
The vanquished Sovereigns' sumptuous Chariots shine.  
Now, blazing in their splendor-flashing rear,  
Behold the Conqueror's kingly Car appear !



Its sculptured wheels adorned with glittering gold,  
In triumph once for Gothic Kings had roll'd!  
High on its sparkling seat the victor shone,  
In pomp elate, conspicuous and alone!  
Four antler-crowned Stags with frontlets high,  
To harness trained beneath the Emperor's eye,  
In stately elegance his chariot drew,  
And snuff'd with nostrils spread the odorous dew;  
Gazed wondering on the unwonted croud,  
And wildly hearkened to its plaudits loud:  
With animation listened to the music's strains,  
And pranced responsive to the gingling chains.  
Proud Statesmen next in flowing purple stoled,  
Illumed with blazing gems and stars of gold;  
With haughty air in the slow march advance,  
Oft throwing o'er the Chief an envious glance.  
To them promiscuous multitudes succeed,  
And give the Conqueror his deserved meed;  
The Castle-towers with acclamations shake,  
And make the marble-pillar'd temples quake;  
Their shining beavers circled through the air,  
While maids and matrons joined the rapturous cheer.  
The mighty legions now in marshalled rows,  
The great magnificent procession close:  
Like some broad sea beneath red westering Sol,  
Whose sun-top'd waves in shade and splendor roll;  
The armor-gleaming columns dark and bright,  
Slow moved with measured step and crests upright;

All cap-a-pee in warlike metal mail'd,  
As when their strength the embattled foe assailed.  
Their battered, blood-died breast-plates, trench'd with  
Evinced their valor in the field of Mars ; [scars,  
Their brazen bucklers' dimly gleaming beams,  
Sword-sculptured dints, and javelin-furrowed seams,  
Their veteran-visaged helms, and gore-stained plumes,  
Told that their arms had furnished food for tombs !  
Steel-pointed pilums lofty, ponderous, bright,  
Tip'd with the ascending Sun's quick-glancing light,  
High o'er their towering crested helmets spire,  
And flash in air like streams of vivid fire.  
Long silver-cover'd pikes aloft in air,  
The Empire's golden-pictured Eagles bear ;  
Aurelian's rich embellished image too,  
In graphic elegance waves high to view ;  
And consecrated portraits drawn in gold,  
For Chiefs whose Cars o'er conquered realms had roll'd ;  
For Claudius, Cæsar, and Augustus ! names,  
*Enduring* as the Danube or the Thames ;  
In awful pomp on floating canvass blazed.  
Strewn round, the Emblems of proud Empires razed,  
With Painture's potent eloquence proclaimed,  
How alpine Kingdoms fell and cities flamed ;  
How Temples, Castles, Palaces, and Thrones,  
Defiled with floods of blood and wrecks of bones,  
In ruin round the carnaged globe were spread,  
And piled o'er armies slain and princes dead ;  
As those tremendous Victors swiftly hurled

Their sweeping devastations through the world.

To crown the splendors of the august display,  
Magnific spoils enrich'd the grand array ;  
Each conquered region's captured banner waved  
To mark its former Chieftain now enslaved.  
There Monarchs' crowns and vanquish'd Warriors'  
The arms and regal ensigns of fallen realms ; [helms,  
There Asia's wealth in bright profusion shone,  
And poured a blaze ere then to Rome unknown.  
Here in sublime disorder, mingled dies  
Of various-tinted diamonds dim the eyes ;  
There in methodic symmetry disposed,  
Bright tons of golden plate their flames disclosed.  
Arranged amid the various spoils were seen,  
The sumptuous vestments of the Syrian Queen ;  
Rich flowing silks the pride of Eastern looms,  
Resplendent coiffures deck'd with gorgeous plumes ;  
Embroidered cambrics, finely figured lawn,  
On which each flower that scents the summer's dawn,  
In variegated imitation blows,  
And o'er the woof its mimic radiance throws.  
Deep-crimsoned robes with snowy ermine edged,  
Like plumes with which the bright Flamingo's fledged,  
Effused around their richly flaming rays,  
And seemed consuming in a scarlet blaze.

As, through the assembled legions of that day,  
Aurelian's pomp revealed its bright display ;  
So, tempest-conquering Sol, his victory o'er,  
And Winter's warring whirlwinds ceased to roar ;

Superbly blazing in triumphal state,  
Throws widely ope the oriental gate ;  
Ascends with majesty the throne of Spring,  
While hills with songs resound and forests ring ;  
And from the zenith of successful pride,  
Diffuses o'er the world his splendid tide ;  
Wakes gladness 'mong the votaries of his reign,  
And hears his praise proclaimed o'er land and main !

Whence all this proud exuberence of shew ?  
Was it to laud Zenobia's *overthrow* ?  
Oh surely not ; it was to celebrate  
The *achievements* which reduced her royal *state* ;  
The valor, skill, and Kingdom-conquering might,  
Which scaled Aurelian's glory in the fight ;  
Which nathless her high power-controlling charms,  
Her Prudence, Wisdom, Genius and proud Arms,  
Triumphant bore her opposition down,  
Demolished her bright throne and siezed her crown !—  
What eminent eulogium on her name,  
That an illustrious Emperor draws his fame,  
His highest fame from an ascendant power,  
His Hosts gained o'er her in a prosperous hour !

But yet unsung the strongest proof remains,  
Of her high influence. For when wrap'd with chains,  
And led on foot before the Monarch's Car,  
Mid Conquest's vocal hum and rattling jar ;  
A melancholy Captive drooping, faint,  
Sublimely sorrowing, without groan or plaint,  
Her languid loveliness and beaming grace,

Her half-concealed soul-expressive face,  
 Her humbled majesty and withering pride,  
 Attracting every eye; she cast a cloud,  
 O'er the high spirits of the splendid croud;  
 With softening sympathy's vibrations shook,  
 Their hearts' stern nerves and gloomed their gaysome  
 With pitying admiration and respect, [look;  
 Their bosoms swell'd, and cheeks with tears bedeck'd.  
 Beneath the tender shower and woe-shed damp,  
 The flame was dim'd in Victory's golden lamp;  
 The sparkling drops that trickled from her eyes,  
 Half drown'd the Conqueror's pomp-displaying dies,  
 And vanquish'd Empire seem'd temptation small,  
 For which to doom so great a Queen to fall!

But when the pomp rose through the imperial dome,  
 Still tenderer throbs shook the proud pulse of Rome!  
 'Twas Pity's impulse at the expected fate,  
 Which seemed the unhappy Princess to await.  
 For by the practice of Aurelian's time,  
 To punish Usurpation's daring crime,  
 The Victor's vengeance, fraught with *cruel* pride,  
 Poured not at once its anger-flaming tide;  
 But first its scalding, scorn-imbitter'd rills,  
 Slow o'er the victim's naked head distils;  
 Then from the summit of triumphal power,  
 The sounding Capitol's stupendous tower!  
 Its wrathful floods precipitately sweep,  
 And whelm the Captive in the eternal deep!  
 Such was the frightful fate Zenobia fear'd;

But e'en Aurelian's heart was not so seared,  
 So dead to the fine feelings of the soul,  
 As to disclaim her charms' divine control.  
 The imperial Fabric's crimson throne was gain'd,  
 Anticipated death her life-strings pained,  
 Commiserating thousands wept around,  
 At every breath expecting the dread sound,  
 The annunciation of the dire decree,  
 Which was to doom her to Eternity!  
 Before the throne the Conqueror bade her stand,  
 And frowning as to give the death-command,  
 Announced her pardon! and with royal tone  
 Bade her respect his laws and sovereign throne;  
 Directed manumission from her chains,  
 And granted her the PRIDE of his domains;  
 A sweetly-blooming, sylvan paradise,  
 Perfumed by gales impregn'd with odorous spice;  
 A lovely Villa where the honored Queen,  
 Reposed through life upon a flowery green!—

In modern tomes of Poesy divine,  
 And History sage the powers of Beauty shine:  
 A cluster consecrate to Virtue's cause,  
 Of Female names, e'en now demand applause,  
 E'en now applause receive; e'en now illumine,  
 With Wisdom's beams the deeps of mental gloom.  
 A Carter, Seward, Williams and a More,  
 Adorn the world with Learning's splendid lore.  
 Shall not Columbia's charming flowerets vie  
 With those that bloom beneath Britannia's sky?

They shall. Already their rich petals spread,  
And o'er the land a dulcet fragrance shed ;  
Soon will their spirit-breathing beauties flush  
Columbia's cheek with Science' sweetest blush.  
Shall not Virginia's lovely Daughters share,  
Coequal fame with Freedom's worthiest Fair?  
They shall: for lo! where yon Collegial ground,  
With the Anne Smith Academy is crowned ;  
A pledge is seen that Erudition's power,  
Shall *here* exalt the charms of Beauty's Bower.  
Ye friends of Liberty and virtuous Laws,  
Of Science, and Religion's sacred cause ;  
Who feel what sway the female soul refined,  
Can exercise o'er the great PUBLIC MIND ;  
Extend a free, a kind supporting hand,  
To that sublimest fabric of our land ;  
Its generous Founders' grand exertions aid,  
And rear yourselves a name that ne'er shall fade.  
Ye Fathers, Mothers, Guardians of the Fair,  
Oh make their *minds*, their deathless *minds* your care !  
Give *them* to improve, to polish and enlarge,  
Beneath that Institution's nurturing charge.  
On Beauty's cheek, there a salubrious clime  
Implants a rose that braves the blasts of Time :  
There *scenery* sweet, magnificent and gay,  
Controls the feelings with benignest sway ;  
And social manners there refined and pure,  
Those charms impart which e'en through life endure.  
There HYBERT, Literature's fair Handmaid weaves,

Intwined with odorous Virtue's virent leaves,  
 Perennial garlands for each Vestal's brows,  
 Who in her academial Temple bows.  
 With transport the predictive Muse divines,  
 That from that Temple's scientific shrines,  
 Its Votaries will in trains successive rise,  
 For life prepared, and blooming for the skies ;  
 Exhibiting to Man's admiring mind,  
 The powers of BEAUTY VIRTUOUS AND REFINED.



### ERRATA.

*A few typographical errors may be discerned, which escaped notice in the progress of the work through the Press : the following only, it is believed, affect the sense. On page 44, line 823—when should be read whom. On page 78, line 754—the name Edwin should be Melville, and the same alteration is necessary, page 79, line 786. On page 91 ; line 183—in some copies, midnight should be changed to midway.*



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