

**The appeal for suffering genius: a poetical address for the benefit of the Boston Bard; and the triumph of truth, a poem. By Daniel Bryan.**

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*Rev. George Bourne*  
*with the affection,*  
*and respect of*  
*The Author*

*Slc 206.*  
*Feb. 6. 1828*

THE APPEAL

FOR SUFFERING GENIUS:

A

POETICAL ADDRESS

FOR

THE BENEFIT OF THE BOSTON BARD;

AND

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH,

A POEM.

.....  
*BY DANIEL BRYAN.*  
.....

WASHINGTON CITY :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY WAY & GIDEON.

1826.

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THE AUTHOR

*RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES*

**THIS LITTLE VOLUME**

**To those Generous and Independent  
Patrons of Merit,**

Who, not with partial hand and narrow soul,

To foreign bards their bounty would extend,

While ruled by apish Fashion's blind control,

They scorn a native Minstrel to befriend ;

But with benignant heart and liberal mind,

To struggling Genius yield its proper meed

*Where'er* their search the hallowed gift can find—

And joy to see its shackled pinions freed !



# THE HISTORY

## OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

### AND THE CHICAGO SCHOOL

BY  
FRANKLIN M. LANE

#### CHICAGO, ILL.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

1958

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## PREFACE.

If the author of this little volume could be convinced that its reception by the public would be influenced by no other considerations than those arising from its intrinsic merits—whatever these may be—he would dismiss it from his hands without any solicitude about the result. For, while he is anxious that it should meet the favour to which justice entitles it, he desires in its behalf nothing more. But, although he does not pretend to claim for it a reputation exempt from blemishes, yet he is apprehensive that these are not the most formidable obstacles which it will have to encounter.

Through the influence of well-intended, but injudicious, advice, the author was induced, some years ago, to publish a volume of his juvenile effusions under the title of the *Mountain Muse*.

This production—the wild offspring of a rude undisciplined fancy—is so disfigured by imperfections, that readers not acquainted with the circumstances under which it was written, look with an eye of distrust upon whatever proceeds from his pen.

They have beheld the turbid stream which once flowed from the fountain of his imagination, and are inclined to

suspect the purity of aught which may afterwards issue from the same source.

Hence, although the faults of this premature essay are, and have long been, as palpable to him, as they could be to the most rigid and disinterested Critic; yet they have reared in the way of his Muse a barrier of prejudice which nothing but the current of Time, aided by persevering manifestations of her improvement, can effectually overthrow.—

Happy you, who, (by propitious fate)  
 On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,  
 And with strict discipline instructed right,  
 Have learned to use your arms before you fight.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 But, \* \* \* \* \*  
 Provoked too far, we resolutely must,  
 To the few virtues that we have, be just.—*Baconian.*

While the author gratefully acknowledges that those critical notices with which the Mountain Muse has been honoured, were as complimentary to his genius—and as favourable to that production as he had any just grounds for anticipating, he is constrained to say, that its imperfections have enkindled against his Muse a *prejudice* which he has had frequent occasion to witness. His opinion upon this subject is not mere matter of surmise;—of its accuracy he has seen exhibited proof incontestible in the fact, that editors who have excluded from their columns, some of the best effusions of his fancy, when accompanied by his *name*,



self with a belief, that what they have said in its praise was not altogether unwarranted, and that, if it does not possess qualities sufficiently splendid and beautiful to save it from oblivion, it is, however, not less indicative of those native powers which "promise better things," than were the first efforts of numerous "unfledged poets" who have ultimately soared to honourable distinction.

What became of Pope's "Comedy, Tragedy, Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the princes of Europe," written at a time "when he thought himself the greatest genius that ever was?"

Of these productions scarcely a vestige remains. All that is known concerning them is, that "Alcander, the epic poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury"—that "the Tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve"—and that "of the Comedy there is no account."—Yet the soil in which these efflorescences of genius displayed their fruitless luxuriance, had received all the advantages of early and unremitting culture, and was remarkable for the precocity of its productions.

The lofty structure of Milton's fame could never have been reared upon his youthful performances. By his great biographer we are told, "the products of his vernal fertility have been surpassed by many. Of the powers of the mind it is difficult to form an estimate; many have excelled Milton in their first essays, who never rose to works like *Paradise Lost*." And, again, of the English portion of these "preludes to his future labours," the same illustrious

critic says, "their peculiarity is not excellence; if they differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse."

If the immortal Shakspeare had written nothing but his Sonnets, his Venus and Adonis, and his Lucrece, the shadows of forgetfulness would now be gathering round his name; and the glorious splendour inherent in that mighty luminary of Genius which enlightens the firmament of Literature, would never have been known to the world.

The most sanguine admirer of Lord Byron's muse would never have anticipated from the perusal of his "Hours of Idleness," his ascension to the elevated position in the temple of Poesy which he now occupies.

It would be no difficult task to multiply examples, drawn from the history of both ancient and modern authors of established respectability, of the perishable and often unpromising character of their first productions; but the instances here cited are sufficient to shew the fallacy, as well as injustice, of permitting the defects, or even the failure of a writer's juvenile composition, to operate against a fair appreciation, upon their own merits, of his subsequent productions.

Shall golden ore be spurned because it came  
 From mines whence baser metals once were drawn?  
 Shall eyes reject the sun's unclouded flame,  
 Because dark mists obscured its struggling dawn?  
 Shall Culture's bounty clothe the fields in rain,  
 Because the forest there once spread its gloom?  
 Or richest fruits be trampled with disdain,  
 Because preceded by a vanished bloom?

The assimilation of the following poems with works of distinguished merits, which may seem to be implied in the foregoing illustrations, may subject the author to the imputation of vanity: Be it so. For the opinions of those who possess so little talent at discrimination as not to perceive that, on a subject like this, to *elucidate* by example, is not necessarily to *identify* with it, he cannot entertain sufficient respect, to feel, concerning them, the slightest solicitude. He would, however, rather be charged with vanity, than be guilty of hypocrisy. He, therefore, hesitates not to say—and it would be a ridiculous affectation of modesty in him to say otherwise—that the time has arrived when he claims for the productions of his muse, much higher merits than he dared to believe were justly ascribable to his rude mountain strains.

But he is not sanguine in his anticipations that his recent poems will fare as well, in proportion to their merits, as did the wild effusions of his juvenile lyre.—For there appears to be a middle point on the scale of poetical excellence, above which the tribunal of public opinion in the United States, will not consent that American poets can possibly rise! and if there does not exist, as many persons believe there does, a disinclination in this country to be pleased with, or to patronise, the efforts of her native bards; they have, at least, to contend with powerful and deep-rooted prejudices.

These, however, he has the happiness to believe, are beginning to yield to the growing influence of unbiassed

reflection, and to that lofty national pride, and noble spirit of independence, which spurn the equally irrational and degrading hypothesis that imputes intellectual, as well as physical, inferiority to this magnificent continent. And he hopes the period is not remote when his country will regard with as proud feelings, and cherish with as much tenderness and solicitude, the interests and the reputation of her writers, as she now does those of her warriors and her orators:—and when she will resent, with equal indignity, the charge of a destitution of literary genius, as she now would that of a want of valor in the field, or of wisdom in council.

In relation to the *object* of this publication, the author considers it unnecessary to say aught here. The "Appeal" must speak for itself.

It may be proper for him, however, in this place to declare a little more explicitly his views concerning the character of Mr. Coffin's poetry. For, while the humblest of these productions exhibit, in his estimation, indications of genius, he would not be understood as intimating that they are all characterized by high degrees of excellence.

They were manifestly written at separate periods, under the influence of various circumstances, calculated to impart to them various shades of merit. Hence they are, as might be expected, marked with considerable diversities of style and feeling; and many of them being improvisatory effusions, thrown out from the heart under the promptings of occasional impulse, were, as soon as the moment of excitement had passed away, laid aside and neglected, until the



health and situation of the poet did not permit him to bestow upon them an attentive revision.—These pieces, therefore, are slightly sprinkled with imperfections which, under more favorable circumstances, the Bard's own delicate ear might have detected, and his skilful hand have removed.

The author does not advance for Mr. Coffin's poetry any pretensions to vast magnificence and sublimity. Melodious sweetness, beautiful imagery, tender sentiment, fervency in the cause of virtue, patriotic enthusiasm, and a general tinge of melancholy, indicating the sorrows which were corroding the minstrel's heart, are its distinguishing traits. And these are sufficient to establish for him a lasting reputation as a meritorious poet. What, if his destiny had been less severe, might have been his powers of invention, and his capacity for more continuous systematic compositions, exhibiting loftier displays of grandeur, and a higher command over the mightier passions of our nature, the author will not here pretend to determine.

If he did not, with Miltonian boldness, sweep the epic lyre, and blow the battle clarion, he touched with Shensonian tenderness the harp of Sensibility, and breathed with melting sweetness the Lover's plaintive lute.

If the parterres of his fancy are not crowned with the gorgeous majesty of the Helianthus, Laburnum, and Magnolia, they are enriched and adorned with the fragrance and the bloom of the Primrose, the Snow-drop and the Violet.

The author cannot close this prefatory article without recording an expression of his fervent thankfulness to those

benevolent Editors, and other individuals, who have generously contributed their aid to promote subscriptions to this publication.

Their names are enshrined in his memory, where, as long as it endures, they shall receive the homage of his respect and his gratitude; and they shall be communicated to the poor consumptive "Bard," that they may be remembered in his dying benedictions.

THE REVEREND

# The Appeal.

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BY

WALTER DILLIARD

## THE APPEAL

### FOR SUFFERING GENIUS.

---

WHILE millions weep at scenes of fancied wo,  
And Fiction's wand dissolves the sternest hearts;  
O'er bosoms sordid, vicious, and unkind,  
The charm of pure and generous feeling throws,  
And kindles in the miser's frozen veins  
A <sup>transient</sup> momentary glow of sympathising zeal;  
Shall actual want, and wretchedness unfeigned,  
Pour forth their suppliant wail, nor find relief?  
Shall these not waken in the public breast  
A livelier throb—an interest more intense—  
Than all the magic pomp of scenic grief—  
Than all the bleeding phantoms of the mind?

---

In plaintive tones a cry of anguish comes,  
From Misery's drear abode, and pleads for help ;  
While meek-eyed Pity's pale seraphic form  
Is hovering near to urge the tender suit.—  
No common suffering wrings her thrilling breast—  
No feeble claims enlist her kindness now.—  
Upon a dying Poet's wasting frame,  
And visage wan, her streaming eye is turned.  
To you—his brethren—she her prayer prefers—  
That yet the waning spark which warms his heart  
May feel your generous bounty's kindling touch,  
And still a little longer pour its light—  
The light of living genius—o'er the land  
Which he with all a Poet's ardour loves :—  
That your beneficence may sooth the pangs  
That riot on his bosom's mangled core,  
And drink, alas ! his vital fountains dry !  
Whose ravage—though no human aid can cure—

---

May yet of half its tortures be disarmed—  
And in its work of ruin and of death—  
Although unconquered—softened and delayed.

And shall not Pity's sacred voice prevail?

Go, go with her to yonder wretched couch  
In Poverty's obscure and cheerless shed,  
Where Freedom's minstrel, broken-hearted, lies,  
And clasps with feeble arm his mourning lyre.  
See there the weeping Muses round him hang,  
And still with their inspiring beams illumine  
His haggard cheek, and rouse his fainting pulse ;  
While he, in many a sorrow-breathing lay,  
Their soothing care, and tuneful influence owns.  
But, ah ! no strains of happiness are heard  
Commingling now with his melodious song,—  
No gleams of earthly joy break thro' the gloom  
Which hovers round, and chills his anguished soul.



---

E'en Hope has ceased to smile upon the wreck  
Of promised bliss that cheered his brighter days.

What eye can gaze upon that prostrate Bard—  
The embodied type of wo—Consumption's prey!  
Nor feel its vision dimmed by gushing tears?  
And, yet, 'tis not this vulture of Disease,  
Whose cruel ravage wastes his suffering frame,  
That o'er his spirits casts the deadliest shade.  
It is the pain he feels from ravening Want,  
Whose spectral form, and ghastly stare,  
Still meet his aching eye where'er it turns,  
That most our kindly charities demand.

To wander, lonely, houseless, and unclothed,  
And on the naked earth with hunger die,  
Or bow his high and independent soul,  
And beg for shelter, raiment, and for food,

---

Is poor afflicted Coffin's hapless lot !  
Though Death to him its terrors long has lost,  
Yet, O ! to perish like an outcast wretch—  
An exile from the haunts of social man—  
To starve in his own dear-loved native land,  
And yield his limbs to feed the prowling tribes  
Of earth and air, is more than human pride,  
In all its daring loftiness, can brave.  
To mighty Nature's stern imperious law,  
His humbled, broken spirit, therefore, bows,  
And supplicates his brother man for bread !

And shall that crushed and bleeding spirit plead,  
In this humane and Christian land, in vain ?  
Methinks I hear a sweet angelic voice—  
The voice of Charity—replying—No !  
And that, in whispers breathed from glowing hearts,  
It here e'en now, a kindred answer meets.

---

Let not suspicion's cankering breath assail  
The suppliant Poet's faith, nor shed its blight  
O'er that lone prospect in his dreary life  
On which his eye can now repose unpained—  
His fair integrity and love of truth!  
Though deeply humbled—prostrate in the dust—  
Poor beggared Coffin is an honest man!  
While health infused its vigour through his arm  
He sought no aid but what its labours gave,  
And when Disease had withered half its strength,  
E'en then, for succour on its nerves he hung;  
But all its energies, at length, gave way,  
And, plunged in Poverty's o'erwhelming gulph,  
He pours his faint, but piteous, cry for help  
To those, who, basking on the radiant heights  
Of competence and wealth, feel not the gloom,  
The agonies, despondency, and cares,



---

The same Almighty Power that smote the Bard  
 For His own holy, but mysterious, ends,  
 Oft hurls in dust the loftiest hopes of Pride,  
 And lays the domes of Wealth and Grandeur low.

*a*

Remember, too—remember—and be wise—  
 Ye whom Fortune's favouring smiles have blest,  
 That riches are the means of good or ill  
 To him who holds them,—just as they are used.  
 If well applied—if works of mercy grow  
 Beneath their fostering beams—and sorrow's cheek,  
 Where nought but pallid hues and tears were seen,  
 Is decked by their kind aid in smiles and bloom,  
 They bless the hand from which their comforts flow—  
 Their blessings then extend beyond the grave  
 In fragrance round the benefactor's soul—  
 In sacred fragrance that can never die!  
 But riches lavished at Ambition's shrine—

---

Applied to pamper vanity and guilt—  
Or hoarded with a sordid love of pelf,  
And worshipped with a votary's sleepless zeal,  
Shall be transformed to ever-during fire,  
Consume immortal hopes, and rack the soul !  
These solemn truths on no slight sanction rest,  
But are by Heaven's eternal word sustained.—  
The stores of wealth in man's possession found,  
He holds in trust for virtuous ends assigned.  
And they, to sickness and misfortune doomed,  
Who cannot share those stores by human laws,  
A higher claim may urge—the laws of Heaven—  
Which on the opulent with force enjoin,  
Amid the various duties they impose,  
To feed the hungry, and the naked clothe.

Behold, ye rich ! a Lazarus at your gates !  
He begs the crumbs that from your tables fall.

---

Think, think ! while you in robes of purple shine,  
And finest linens wrap your honoured limbs ;  
While, daily, you on sumptuous fare regale,  
And, free from care, on beds of down repose  
Beneath the shelter of magnifick domes ;  
O, think ! what pangs this suppliant's bosom rend  
While on his flinty couch in pain he lies,  
And steeps in tears of wo the scanty crust—  
His last remaining means of sustenance—  
On him by kindred poverty bestowed !  
Let Nature's voice—let Heaven's behest prevail—  
Your festal joys suspend—and deign to turn  
A moment's kindness on your brother man !  
“ Unbar your portals ”—hear his anxious prayer—  
And grant him more than he presumes to ask.  
Take counsel of the Gospel Rich Man's fate—  
Behold, and fly, Perdition's awful pit  
Whence he to Lazarus lifts his hopeless cry !—

---

The Muse would scorn to paint the hapless Bard  
In tints of praise his merits do not claim ;  
Or in the splendours of his mind conceal  
The shades that to his portraiture belong.

Poor Coffin's heart was cast in human mould,  
And, therefore, bears in common with its kind,  
Frail Nature's impress—one not free from flaws—  
And, these Misfortune found—hurled there her shafts—  
Her keenest, rankling shafts—and helped to make  
His ruined state, and sufferings, what they are.

Be silent, censor ! nor condemn as crimes  
From which forgiveness should her smiles withhold,  
The frailties of Affliction's wretched son  
Whose deep, enduring, tenderness of soul,  
And racking trials thou hast never known.  
Canst thou aver thy virtues would have stood,



With sterner force than his, their fiery test—  
That years of mental, and corporeal pain,  
Would not have wrung from thee an humbling proof  
That in thy nature, pure as now it seems,  
There mingles some slight portion of alloy :  
If Providence to thee has kindness shown  
In ample gifts—in plenty, health, and ease—  
Let gratitude thy happy bosom fill,  
And teach thee how to prize the gracious boon :  
Let prudence guide thee in her thornless path,  
And virtuous deeds thy life with blessings crown :  
But guard thy breast from pride, nor boast, nor think,  
Thyself superior to the erring Bard  
Whose want and weakness thou hast never felt—  
And e'en whose foibles would in thee be crimes !

Mark well thy heart—are there no hidden thoughts  
Which would thy cheek with burning blushes stain

---

If here proclaimed ? Thy secret actions scan—  
And, say—are none of these so steeped in crime,  
So incongenial with thy public walk—  
With that fair guise of purity thou wearest—  
That they would make thee hide thy head with shame,  
If in the open eye of day exposed,  
And own thy brother's faults, compared with thine,  
Were light as grains of dust with mountains weighed ?

If thou art really pure in thought, and deed,  
Thy soul, by meekness, and by love, imbued,  
With charity thy judgment will restrain ;  
Will throw *her* sacred mantle o'er the wounds  
Thy censure in his aching bosom trenched,  
And soothe him with her stores of wine and oil.  
For, this the Muse, not unadvised, proclaims—  
Whate'er his sins have been, they are confessed,  
Repented, and forsaken. Shall they, then,

---

Not free forgiveness find from man himself  
Who rests on Mercy his eternal hopes ?  
Whate'er in circumstances can obtain  
To palliate our sinful nature's faults,  
Humanity in Coffin's case may plead.

At his sad birth no kindly auspice reigned—  
Misfortune, even then, as victim meet  
To feed her appetite for human wo,  
Fixed on his infant heart her hungry eye.  
While yet his childhood, in its tender bud,  
Beneath the shelter of parental care,  
Was opening its sweet promise on the view,  
And all around was happiness and love ;  
She fiercely rushed upon the peaceful scene,  
Tore down its strong-holds of domestic bliss,  
And o'er the little Eden smiling there,  
Remorseless, breathed her desolating blasts.—

Then, then, the infant Poet's flowery hopes  
In withered ruin lay. The sunny hours  
That o'er his Fancy waved their sparkling wings,  
Enkindling there her brightest gayest dreams,  
Had now forever flown—and blackest gloom  
Usurped their place. By fiends asunder driven—  
He saw his parents part! and all the joys  
That grow from hearts in wedded union twined,  
Forever blighted. Who can tell the pangs  
That then his lacerated bosom rent?  
Be yours the task his sufferings to conceive,  
Who still, the bliss in warm remembrance bear  
Your infant breasts were wont to feel, when love  
Its pure delights around your homes diffused;  
And yours, ye happy parents! whose fond hearts  
Your children's transports heighten and enjoy!  
No golden heritage, or pitying friends,  
Were his to soothe his worse than orphan state.—

---

To kindred, but unfeeling hands, consigned,  
To serve a tyrant's will became his doom ;  
And cruelty and wrong, his tender limbs,  
And tenderer mind, through lingering years, oppressed.

When from the Oppressor's painful yoke released,  
And kindness once more shed a cheering ray  
Upon his path, and gilt the clouds that hung  
Around his youthful spirits—still the scowl  
Of Poverty, in prospect, met his view,  
While, haunted by the spectre of his home,  
Where, on its grave, the ruffian spoiler gorged,  
His soul knew not the cheerfulness and peace  
Which flourish most in life's enchanting morn.

The sweetest, dearest, solace he enjoyed  
Amidst the storms and buffetings of Fate,  
Was the wild warbling of his juvenile Muse.

---

She poured her thrilling transports through his heart,  
And kindled there her bright bewildering flame.  
New hopes took root beneath its quickening glow,  
And o'er the ruins of his former joys  
Put forth their gay, but evanescent, blooms,  
Whose fruit, alas! was soon, too soon, displayed  
In disappointments, and in woes renewed.

By hard necessity's unyielding law,  
In manual toils compelled to spend the hours  
For which his struggling genius vainly sighed  
To consecrate to his aspiring Muse,  
That she might bring to light from her rich mines  
The splendid treasures of poetic thought,  
And in their polished beauty spread them forth  
Before admiring and rewarding eyes ;  
He oft, in deepest sadness, mourned the doom  
That urged his Fancy to ethereal flights,

---

While on her pinions hung the leaden clogs  
Of penury. But still the illusive charm  
Of minstrelsy around his yielding mind  
Its fascinations threw, and years rolled on  
Which found, and left him still a child of wo.

With feelings strung to thrill at every touch,  
And deeply conscious of his tuneful powers,  
He saw the veriest clods in human form  
Enjoying riches, luxury, and ease :  
And stupid brows with brilliant honours crowned,  
While indigence, obscurity, and toil,  
In ruthless league, his happiness assailed.

But wealth was not our humble Poet's aim,  
And glory's voice unheeded passed his ear,  
Save when it richly poured from bowers of song  
He envied not the parse-proud churl his joy,

---

Nor pined for honours built on crumbling earth :  
But he, with all a minstrel's passion, yearned  
For means to set his shackled genius free,  
And scale the heights of Heliconia's mount—  
A voice within his breast—a sleepless voice—  
Which stern Misfortune, and the world's neglect,  
Could ne'er extinguish, or suppress, proclaimed  
That fame for which he sighed—the Bard's high meed—  
The goal to which his genius should aspire.

Hence, while he saw with wealth and honours crowned  
The grovelling loon, the sycophant, and knave,  
He well might mourn the destiny severe  
Which dealt to him, through Drudgery's meager hand,  
Its scanty dole of life-sustaining husks.

But still, he oft, in midnight silence, knelt  
A rapt enthusiast at the Muse's shrine ;



And, while in sleep the world its cares forgot,  
 With spirits of departed Bards communed,  
 And on their solemn, pure, melodious strains,  
 The livelong night in glowing transport hung.  
 And oftimes, too, from human eye retired,  
 He swept the chords of his untutored harp,  
 And breathed in measures rude, but wildly sweet.  
 The feelings of his lone, impassioned, heart.  
 But, when with bolder aspirations fired,  
 He poured his song upon the public ear,  
 And sought the humble meed his merits claimed,  
 He met contemptuous sneers, and chilling frowns.

What claims had he to patrons, smiles, and praise?  
 What splendid titles had his lineage graced?  
 Where were the records of his funded wealth?  
 Or where his mansions and his rich domains?  
 And what collegiate honours could he boast?

---

Who, who were his renowned Patrician friends ?  
And where the charter of his Muse's fame ?  
Had Europe's Royal Critics praised his strains,  
And given his name a license to applause  
From petty journalists, and Fashion's throng ?  
Alas ! pretensions such as these he'd none.  
An humble Printer was the Boston Bard.  
And who would dare a poor Mechanic's verse,  
And that besprinkled, too, with juvenile faults,  
To shield from censure and the world's neglect ?  
Such high and independent souls there are—  
But he is Fortune's favoured son indeed—  
The Bard obscure—whose struggling merits find  
A friend thus noble, generous, and benign.

Not such was Coffin's lot—a feeble smile  
Might now and then gleam through the critic's frown,  
And play a moment on the lowering cloud

---

Cast o'er the early blossoms of his Muse ;  
And Nature's suffrage, free and incorrupt,  
Through those who judged from *Feeling's* genial force,  
Might speak the touching influence of his strains,  
While tears that glistened in her children's eyes,  
The expressive raptures of her voice enhanced ;  
But no distinguished literary Knight,  
With golden buckler armed, and sword-like pen,  
Stepped forth the champion of his trembling fame.  
Ah ! had he then but found such gallant friend,  
How would the light of joy have cheered his soul,  
And gratitude have throbb'd in all his veins ;  
Poured livelier fervours through his melting lays,  
And dwelt in transports on his patron's name !  
Then servile readers, sanctioned to applaud,  
And minor wits, too timid to condemn,  
Upon his verse no longer would have thrown  
Contempt's cold glance, or hurled malignant shafts.

---

While these discharged their venom in his heart,  
And robbed his merit of its just reward,  
His tender spirits, and his patriot pride,  
Were destined to sustain severest wounds  
From partial favours shewn to foreign Bards.  
He saw, while ears were closed, and breasts were steeled  
Against the purest strains of native lyres,  
And these lay crushed beneath the reckless feet  
That in their haste our prostrate minstrels spurned,  
Deluded Fashion's eager thousands rush,  
In breathless crowds, to hail the rudest song  
Poured from Corruption's Muse beyond the Deep.  
But Coffin's bruised and trampled spirit then,  
A rich and growing fragrance still exhaled ;  
And, roused by conscious wrongs and kindled zeal,  
His Muse with loftier energies inspired.  
Although by Poverty's bleak tempests chilled,  
She their descending fury nobly dared.

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And long, with bleeding breast, and fettered wing,  
Beat up the slippery precipice of Fame.  
But, while she there in slow progression rose,  
Her strains were echoed from Britannia's shores,  
And mimic tongues that had her claims aspersed  
Dropped their censorious gall, and joined her praise !  
But glory's beams, now gathering round his Muse,  
As she from glittering steep, to glittering steep,  
With freer pinion soared—while prospects vast  
And brilliant on her hopes began to break—  
Could not the hapless Poet's self protect  
From his relentless fate's disastrous star.

While from those only kindred ties unmoored  
Which could have held his fragile bark secure ;  
Abandoned by unnatural, cruel men,  
Whom consanguineous claims, and Pity's calls,  
In vain, in his behalf, for aid, implored ;

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And tossed from surge to surge of life's dark sea,  
To whirlpools, rocks, and whelming storms exposed,  
He cast around an agonizing glance  
In search of something that might help or soothe,  
A dazzling, but delusive beacon, shone  
Athwart his gloomy way, and on his view  
The prospect of a halcyon port disclosed.

A voice of siren sweetness charmed his ear—  
A form of beauty, innocent, and bright,  
Before his vision passed, and touched his heart  
With Love's delicious poison—through his tingling veins  
The sweet infection ran—and all his soul  
With hopes of bliss, and bland sensations teemed.  
The waves that late in darkness round him dashed,  
Were all dispersed—while calm and sunshine spread  
Their happy influence o'er the changing scene ;  
And Peace—the genial Peace he long had sought—

Seemed, from her bowers of fragrance and of bloom,  
On him her care-dispelling smiles to cast ;  
And there, with arms outspread, and snow-white breast,  
To woo him to a paradise of joys !  
That form, and voice, to whose enchanting spell  
His captive heart these balmy strange delights—  
This new existence owed, were not wild freaks  
Of phrenzied Fancy.—They were Woman's own !  
On her soft bosom pillowed to repose,  
His infant hopes indulged in flowery dreams.—  
With all a Poet's tenderness he loved !  
And she, with fervent lip, and burning sigh,  
And all the force that Beauty's glowing charms  
To her impassioned eloquence can give,  
His dearest wishes cherished and confirmed  
Until his hopes to full assurance grew.  
But then, e'en then, in that extatic hour,  
When Happiness her brimming goblet held

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To his enchanted lip, and all seemed bliss,  
A raging monster burst upon his view !  
The sparkling draught with deadly venom drugged,  
And tore, e'en at the nuptial altar, tore  
From his embrace the Hymeneal gift !  
His life of life—the object of his love.

His fair, but brief elysium now was gone—  
And in its place tartarean darkness reigned.  
Where love had fondly nestled in his heart,  
Despair implanted its consuming fangs,  
While anguish there, with sharpened zest, returned,  
To feed again on life's replenished streams.

As when some lonely and deserted plant,  
That grew amid dank shades and sickly air,  
Enjoys awhile the genial sun and breeze,  
And, springing forth with fresh enlivening growth,







---

And cheered you in the hour of bitterest grief,  
Might not afflicted Coffin's doom be yours?  
But add to loss of these, his life of wo,  
His heart of feelings morbidly intense,  
And Poverty's inexorable stress,  
And say—with reason unimpaired like his—  
And pure integrity—you would have borne  
The ponderous load—the more than mountain weight!  
O, then, be kind, be merciful to him!

While dying on his country's teeming breast  
In wretchedness and want, has he no claim—  
Her native Bard—upon her sense of right—  
No moral, strong, uncanceled claim to urge?  
The voice of Justice, her acknowledged guide,  
And chosen Arbitress, proclaims—he has!  
To him her honour, liberty and fame,  
Were ever dear. His boyhood's earliest songs,

---

And his more polished strains of after years,  
Were poured in praise of these enrapturing themes.

To fire with bolder zeal the warrior's heart,  
And on the field of blood, or crimson wave,  
His gallant deeds with glorious triumph crown,  
His harp with glowing hand was oftentimes swept.  
Above the patriot's grave his pensive Muse,  
In many a deep and mournful dirge, has rolled  
On youthful ears the eulogy of worth,  
And chanted requiems to the hallowed dust  
Beneath ;—while Freedom's listening sons were filled  
With emulative warmth and loftiest thoughts.

He loved to deck the patriot martyr's urn  
With laurels plucked from Hippocrene's brink,  
And Glory's amaranthine garlands twine  
Around the living hero's stainless brow.

And shall his country in his hour of need,  
When want and wo are pressing from his heart  
The last sweet drops of comfort circling there,  
Refuse his filial kindness to reward  
With some slight tokens of maternal love?  
With means from her abundant stores of wealth  
To mitigate the pangs that rend his breast?

Her diadem of literary fame,  
To embellish and enrich, with added gems,  
Neglecting suffering Nature's pleading voice,  
His days, and nights, and means of wealth, he gave.  
And who, with ample knowledge of his powers,  
Will dare assert that in this lofty aim  
The Poet failed to reach the height he sought?  
Where is the man who is not proud to own  
Columbia's tuneful son—the "Boston Bard"—  
Has oftimes poured his soul in strains like these?



---

Be just ; be brave !...and let thy name  
Henceforth Columbia be ;  
Wear, wear the osken wreath of fame,  
The wreath of Liberty !

He said...and, lo! the stars of night  
Forth to her banner flew ;  
And morn, with pencil dipped in light,  
Her blushes on it drew ;  
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,  
All gloriously unfurled :  
Soared with it to his native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world."

Where is the man of fancy so devoid—  
Of taste and sentiment so dull and cold—  
As not to feel the force—the magic force—  
Of genius breathed in this resplendent ode  
Which shines itself a jewel in the crown  
Of Freedom's Muse, and to the author's name  
A claim to immortality imparts ?

Not his the verse that virtue must condemn :

No reptiles through its flowery chaplets wind,

In sly concealment, Beauty's heart to sting :

It gilds no baneful sentiments of vice,

Nor seeks to cover aught impure in thought ;

But, e'en his light and wildest juvenile strain,

The young and innocent may safely read ;

And virgin loveliness may chant his song,

Nor blush to own it yields her ear delight.

Religion, free from ostentatious pride,

Sectarian bigotry, and priestly guile ;

The simple, pure Religion taught by Christ—

Composed of meekness, charity, and love,

And speaking forth its faith sincere, in *works*—

Received the humble homage of his Muse.

And shall he perish in this Christian land—

His mother-land—whose weal—to him so dear—



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He sought with all a patriot minstrel's zeal,  
To heighten and confirm ? Shall he, for bread  
And raiment, perish midst her garnered stores ?  
Will she, whose bounty ne'er refused to flow  
In aidance of a suffering stranger's wants—  
Whose mercy, even in the battle storm,  
Where vengeful passions rage through flames and blood,  
Has always listened to a suppliant foe,  
Relieved his pains, and steeped his wounds in tears :  
Whose gates against the poor of other climes  
Were never barred—whose wide-extended arms—  
Beneficent, humane, and generous laws,  
Invite the houseless exile to a home,  
And all the happiness that freedom yields—  
Will she her languishing and helpless Bard  
Deny the little boon for which he pleads ?  
Since Coffin's name must swell the mournful list  
Of Poets, whom Misfortune has not spared,

---

Save, save him, Heaven! from that most wretched doom  
Which closed the poor unfriended Otway's days ;  
Nor add his name to that more awful roll  
Where Chatterton and Carey lead the band !  
And O! protect him from the dreadful fate  
Which rent and shattered the seraphic lyre  
By Collins to celestial measures woke—  
And crushed the fabric of his splendid mind !

Shall free Columbia share the deep reproach  
By which ungrateful lands are stigmatized,  
Nor aid her sons of genius whose bright thoughts,  
And arduous toils, illumine and advance  
Her march in virtue, liberty, and fame ?  
Ye guardians of her honour and her weal !  
Forbid the charge—or from her purity—  
Your Country's purity—expunge its stain.

---

E'en now injurious Rumour is abroad,  
And breathes against her gratitude a tale  
That strikes a pang through many a patriot's heart.  
The winged accuser points to that new grave  
Where Fulton's widow sleeps—and thus exclaims—  
“ Those orphans weeping o'er their mother's dust,  
And cast dependent on a selfish world,  
Are children of a lofty-minded sire  
Whose giant energies, with noble zeal,  
To build his country's greatness were employed ;  
And while her rivers roll, and space exists,  
In their sublime results, and useful ends,  
Through all her cultured regions, will be felt.  
But, unrewarded, to the tomb he sank,  
And left his partner, and his infant ones,  
To reap the harvest of his generous toil.  
The lowly grave that hides her broken heart—  
Those suffering, friendless orphans tell the rest.”

Incredulous in aught that would impugn  
Columbia's justice, or beneficence,  
The Muse will not implicit credence yield  
To Rumour's charge, but looks, with anxious hope,  
To see her country from this imputation freed.—  
That cherished hope imbibes a quickening glow  
From gathering symptoms in the public mind.  
On MONTICELLO'S consecrated height,  
Long unobserved, a deep, but silent, cloud  
Of sorrow hung.—Thence on the Nation's ear,  
At length, an uncomplaining whisper stole,  
And thither drew her sympathetic eye—  
And waked a painful throbbing in her breast.—  
Where is the bosom that conceals a heart  
To virtue's nobler sentiments so dead—  
Of Nature's common feelings so devoid !—  
As not to join this general sympathy ?  
One pulse—one voice—throughout the STATES—

Is felt, and heard, on this soul-kindling theme.  
Let Wisdom, then, the glowing impulse guide,  
And Freedom's hoary chief, whose ample mind,  
From manhood's vernal dawn, to wintry age,  
Has poured its bounteous treasures o'er the land,  
Shall not be exiled from his sacred home—  
From scenes to him by holiest ties endeared—  
His hearth, domestic altar, and the graves  
Where oft his knee has bent—his tears have flowed.  
Then, he, from whose expanded source of thought,  
Columbia's rights their glorious charter drew,  
Shall not behold his only living child  
From her beloved paternal mansion driven,  
And that illustrious seat of science grasped  
By stranger's hands :—Nor shall life's closing view  
Present to him a world all coldness then :—  
But, freed from Poverty's oppressive cares,  
With sunshine beaming on his peaceful Mount,

---

And all the land in smiles and kindness decked,  
He then, with rapturous hopes among the stars,  
And no regrets, or sighs, behind him cast,  
Will gently lay his body to repose,  
And bless his country with his dying prayer !

But while with gratitude your bosoms swell,  
Ye sons of Freedom ! act—your generous deeds,  
Unless with haste performed, may come too late—  
The Sage's life is hastening to its goal :  
In higher regions soon the splendid orb  
Will shine. But Jefferson's exalted name,  
In tones of thunder, pleads in his behalf,  
And advocates resound his glorious claims  
Wherever worth and liberty are loved,

Well pleased that Freedom's pulse so deeply throbs  
When moved by gratitude's impellent touch,



---

Amassed for pomp and show alone, delight,  
Nor yield a grain to soothe a brother's woes?  
Can human hearts regard with higher joy  
Their richly furnished domes, and spreading farms,  
Than happy souls from pain and want relieved  
By their own noble deeds? Can life be sweet—  
Can Conscience wear an angel's form to him—  
And dreams of pleasure round his pillow smile—  
Who, while his riches feed his selfish pride,  
And rise like frozen mountains in the sun,  
A cold, inhospitable, glittering mass!  
Can see a son of Genius pine and die  
In penury, nor share with him a part—  
One little part—of all his useless pelf?  
No, no! Misfortune's victim on his view,  
When slumber seals his eyes,—shall start—  
And, like some injured tenant of the grave,  
Come forth to haunt the bloody mind of guilt,



While pointing towards the dark avenging Heavens,  
In deep, horrific tone, shall murmur thus—  
“There, there, of all thy pomp and wealth bereft,  
Thou shalt ere long appear, and answer give  
For trust abused—for Mercy’s claims repelled!”

What earthly happiness can his transcend,  
Who seeks in Poverty’s obscure abode  
The gifted mind, and frees its struggling powers  
From their incumbering thrall? The joys sublime  
That fill his soul, extend, like his kind deeds,  
Beyond the transient scenes of Time’s brief span.  
His wealth—not lavished on Ambition’s toys,  
Or lifeless idols reared by wasteful Pride,  
A generous offering flows at Wisdom’s shrine,  
And nurtures plants that bear immortal fruits.  
He reads, in grateful looks, the good he’s done,



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But England's Bards are blest with patrons now,  
And Freedom blushes while the Muse proclaims,  
That sons of genius from Columbia's shore,  
Beneath Britannia's fostering kindness, find  
The favour which they vainly seek at home.  
Our Wests, our Alstons, and our Leslies, there,  
And there our Newtons, and our Bowmans, too,  
The enlivening sunshine of her smiles enjoy ;  
Their pencils catch the kindling glow of Hope,  
And on the canvass life and beauty start  
At their creating touch. Columbians, rouse !  
Your mental bondage burst—be free in thought—  
In taste and judgment—free—as are your limbs !  
The soul is here majestic, bright, and pure—  
In all its powers, as splendid and as vast  
As they exist beneath the expanded Heavens,  
Let native merit then its guerdon find,  
And clear your country from deserved reproach.



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Around whose little hearts your life-strings twine  
May yet be doomed to drink the bitter wave  
That gushes from Misfortune's sable urn.  
They too, although their morning opens bright,  
May feel Affliction's tempests round them beat,  
Long ere their noon of life has come ; and clouds,  
Black clouds, may darken their descending sun.--  
They, too, when your devoted hearts are cold,  
And pulseless in the tomb—in helpless wo--  
Poor shivering outcasts from the domes of wealth,  
Without one breast of kindred softness near  
To melt for them—may raise their suppliant cry  
For food and shelter for their starving frames.  
Be generous, then, to the dependent Bard,  
And righteous Heaven your bounty will return  
In copious blessings on your offspring showered.  
Ah ! could his image now before you stand  
In all the silent eloquence of want--



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With thy divinest aid, and bind his heart—  
His breaking, bleeding heart, in thy soft hands,  
Until in Death's cold clasp its throbbings cease.

But Coffin's Mother lives! and on her breast—  
Her aching tender breast—his dying head  
He hopes to pillow. Long from her fond arms  
By stern Misfortune's cruel impulse driven,  
He now returns to prove a Mother's love  
Triumphant o'er the wreck of all in life—  
All else that makes existence dear to man!  
But while he finds affection in her heart,  
He there shall find corroding misery too.  
And while beneath her lowly roof he meets  
The welcome that a joyful Mother gives  
A long lost child—he there must also meet  
That Poverty which crushes to the dust!  
And yet to him the power shall not belong—





And must his "wasted form, and spirit wrecked,"  
 Be all that he shall to his Mother bear?  
 Ye daughters, and ye sons, of Mothers loved!  
 What answer do your bosoms give the Muse?  
 Make Coffin's case your own—and then decide.

Oh! who that knows a tender Mother's love—  
 That has been nurtured at her generous breast—  
 Enjoyed her fond caresses—felt the bliss  
 Her gentle, warm, endearing smiles impart—  
 Has known her cares—her deep solitudes—  
 Her nightly watchings, and her constant zeal—  
 And can his heart with cold indifference close  
 Against the filial yearnings of the Bard?  
 To you, whose bosoms never more can know  
 The holy pressure of maternal arms—  
 Partake the joys, or share the varied griefs,  
 Of breasts on which your infancy reposed—

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By all the sacredness in which you hold  
Their ever dear, and hallowed memories—  
The Muse for him appeals.—And shall her prayers,  
And tears, in his behalf, be vainly urged  
On those whose pilgrimage is still illumed,  
Still smoothed, and cheered, by kind maternal love ?  
On those whose souls would brave the burning stake,  
Or yield their bodies to the racking wheel,  
Ere they would see their Mothers whelmed in want ?  
O, no ! your ardent sympathies proclaim—  
Your noble, free munificence, will prove—  
That Coffin's widowed parent shall receive,  
When she beholds again her dying son,  
The rich o'erflowings of your generous hearts.

## NOTE.

Page 62. "*And there our Newtons, and our Bosmans, too!*"—

**JAMES BOWMAN.**—I cannot deny myself the pleasure of here adverting to the extraordinary career of this self-taught Artist.

Reared in the obscurity of a new settlement in the Western section of Pennsylvania, where the productions of no other than Nature's pencil met his eye—he remained unconscious of the existence of such an Art as that of Portrait-painting until he had nearly attained the age of manhood, when accidental circumstances, while he was engaged with an elder brother in the occupation of a Carpenter, for which he had no relish, presented to his view a Portrait by some ordinary sign-painter. In an instant the latent spark of his fine original genius, which had so long glowed in his breast in restless desires, as I have heard him assert, for some employment—*he knew not what*—more congenial with his feelings, was, as if by the influence of enchantment, kindled into action, and impelled him to attempt an imitation of the picture with such simple colours as chance threw in his way. His rude transcript pleased himself and others who saw it, so much, that he determined to try his hand in copying a living face. From this moment a new passion animated his bosom. Picture after picture, formed of the crudest materials, but exhibiting resemblances to their prototypes which every body recognized, sprang into existence under his bold creative hand! The result was the same whether his friends consented to sit for him, or not. The clear mirror of his imagination brought their features and expression of countenance vividly before him; and in their absence he would splash their faces upon his polished boards, for these were his canvass, so graphically, that, rough as they were, children on glancing at them, pronounced the names of the individuals whom they represented.

His brother, in the pursuit of work, visited Pittsburg, and took James with him. This was, indeed, an epoch in his life.—Here a new world burst upon his transported vision, and, while he here had an opportunity of seeing some well executed pictures, he learned with inexpressible joy, that there was such a profession as that of Portrait-painting! He forthwith abandoned the adz and the broad-axe—purchased paints—and, having obtained some instructions in the art of mixing them, became a Portrait-painter by profession! A few months afterwards he was in Philadelphia taking lessons from Artists there, who kindly aided in the development of a genius whose vigour was too palpable to escape their discernment.

At no distant period I became acquainted with him in the city of Washington, where he was associated with Poverty, Melancholy, and a Philosopher whom he had created either for the purpose of a companion, or a subject of contemplation!

The first view of his peculiarly well marked face, illumined as it is by

An eye where lofty genius sits enthroned,

And noblest virtues in its splendours look,

convinced me that he was a young man of no ordinary powers; and the specimens of his paintings which he shewed me, though indicating the want of practice, confirmed this conviction.—Never did I more than upon this occasion, regret my destitution of means to do good—lament the littleness of avarice, and the waste of riches upon contemptible objects.—And never did I feel more humbled at the sordidness of my fellow-men than when beholding them availing themselves of the necessities of this gifted—generous minded artist,—to extract from him his labours at half-price!

He accepted an invitation to Alexandria, where a ray of patronage glimmered on his pencil, and encouraged him to embark for England.

On his arrival there he was dependent, in a great measure, upon the kindness of a gentleman of Alexandria who had made the voyage in company with him.

In London, whither he immediately repaired, he found himself an humble stranger in a foreign land, without money, and without friends; but his genius soon shone through this cloud of difficulties, and attracted the admiration, and the patronage of the enlightened and the powerful. In a few months he was employed to paint some of the most distinguished families in the kingdom, among which, were those of the Lord Chancellor, and of Gov. Clarkson of Woodbridge.

His merits received the generous commendation of that prince of artists, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and were fostered by the approving voice of our own eminent Leslie.

Taste, wealth, grandeur, and beauty, have done homage to his talents, and their possessors have sought from the touches of his vivifying pencil, memorials of their characteristic lineaments for the inspection of posterity.

The aspirations of his genius bore him to France, where he imbibed inspiration from the splendid galleries of Paris.

There he became acquainted with our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving, through whom, on his return to England, he obtained an introduction to Mr. Van Wart of Birmingham, whose wife is the sister of that estimable writer.

In the amiable family of Mr. Van Wart he has ever since found a home, and those hospitable attentions, which, while they fill his heart with a thankfulness that overflows his letters to his friends in the United States, establish a claim upon the gratitude of his country.

It is to Mr. Bowman that our accomplished fellow-citizen, Mr. Carter, refers in the following extract from one of his interesting letters:—

"It is amusing to see with what boldness and ultimate success adventurers from our country encounter the prejudices of foreigners, and push their fortunes in the principal towns of England. In one of the most fashionable parts of Birmingham, a portrait-painter from the woods of Kentucky, [In this particular, Mr. Carter had been misinformed, as the artist was from Pennsylvania] has opened his rooms, and is well established in his professional pursuits."

"We called to pay our respects, but found him closetted with a lady, who was sitting for her likeness. Such an undertaking requires a more daring spirit of enterprise than to subdue the forests of the west, or to give chase to the whale amidst the icebergs of the poles."

Mr. Bowman, in reply to interrogatories on the subject, writes thus—  
"The paragraph in Mr. Carter's letter to which you allude, had reference to myself. I am the only painter who has resided in Birmingham for the last year, and the only American painter who has ever been established here.—I was informed of his visit, and exceedingly regret that I was prevented from seeing him."

Mr. Bowman intends going to Italy soon, whence, after giving to his professional acquirements their finishing polish, he will return to his native land, where it is hoped his talents will be properly appreciated, and suitably rewarded.

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# The Triumph of Truth;

A POEM,

Occasioned by the Establishment, in France, of the Censorship over the Press.

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*Written in August, 1824.*

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## THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

Where'er to man kind Heaven assigns a home,  
From cultured realms to where Barbarians roam,  
Oppression, muffled in the guise of Law,  
Has dared on Human Rights his sword to draw.—  
With them the gore-stained Monster's struggled long—  
And they, too oft—the weak against the strong—  
Beneath his cruel vengeance have been crushed—  
With hopes extinguished, and with voices hushed.  
But, here and there, more favoured climes are found,  
Where bleeding Nature still maintains her ground :  
Where, though to agonizing conflict doomed,  
Her brow with cheering hope is still illumed,  
While through the vista of unfolding years,  
The goal of triumph to her view appears !

On Gallia's vine-wreathed hills, and fragrant vales,  
Her wailings long have vocalized the gales.—  
Inspired with zeal to guard her injured claims,  
She there has braved the battle's whirlwind flames ;  
And plunging deep in Revolution's flood,  
Her wrongs avenged, and whelmed a throne in blood !

Reared on the crimson ruin, Freedom's Fane  
Resounded loud her votaries' joyful strain ;  
But, trembling for their crowns and iron sway,  
Infuriate tyrants, in conjoined array,  
Assailed the hallowed temple—quenched its joy—  
And aimed its deep foundations to destroy.



Though they, through nerves, and steel, and Priesthood's guile,  
 Through gold's corrupting power, and Treason's wile,  
 In part their daring purpose have achieved—  
 The lofty towers from their strong pillars heaved,  
 And gained o'er hapless France ascendant might ;  
 Still holy Truth there sheds her struggling light.  
 Warmed by the heavenly ray, there man still feels  
 His moral strength, and burns to rend the seals  
 On human eyes impressed by despot hands,  
 Regain his rights, and shiver Slavery's bands !

Columbia, Virtue's, Freedom's dearest clime,  
 Shines an exemplar gloriously sublime,  
 Whence nations bowed beneath Oppression's frown  
 May learn to hurl the haughty demon down  
 From his infernal throne :—whence patriot zeal  
 May learn what best promotes the general weal ;  
 What laws are blessings—flowers without a thorn,  
 Whose sweets shall gladden millions yet unborn—  
 What institutions seek to expand the mind,  
 Where'er the spark of Genius they can find—  
 To Poverty's abodes their cares extend,  
 And help to obscure but struggling merit lend ;  
 On worth the meed of wealth and fame bestow,  
 Regarding neither birth nor glittering show—  
 While they of freeborn breasts a rampart form,  
 To shield their country from invasion's storm.

The crowned Oppressors whose stupendous chains  
 Environ Europe, and corrode her veins,  
 Behold with rage this beauteous system rise  
 And cast its splendours from Columbian skies

Wide o'er the kingdoms, and imperial realms,  
Whose dreary bounds their withering bight o'erwhelms.  
In strenuous labour all their art's combined,  
To shut the glorious prospect from the mind,  
In deeper horrors their dominions plunge,  
And thence each trace of liberty exchange.

Of sceptered tyrants, none, than Gallia's scourge,  
Lives more in dread of their funereal dirge :  
For, while her sons, from regions wrapped in gloom,  
Behold *this* lovely land all light and bloom—  
Portrayed in Truth's bright mirror—FREEDOM'S PRESS—  
They curse their chains, and sternly ask redress.  
Hence, through the kingdom murderous bayonets flash,  
And shattered limbs on racking engines crash ;  
With gushing life ensanguined scaffolds smoke,  
And legal gags the faltering utterance choke.  
Hence through the furnace of censorial ire,  
Whose flames are fed by truth-consuming fire,  
Is doomed to pass whate'er of printed lore  
Her sons would add to Wisdom's public store ;  
While from the unrighteous ordeal's partial test,  
Though, ere thus tried, with golden thoughts impressed—  
With diamond wit, and fancy's gems bedecked—  
The learned treasures—doomed to rude neglect—  
Come forth despoiled of value—worthless dross—  
All tinsel'd o'er with falsehood's dazzling gloss.  
And hence to revel in impervious night,  
And prowl unscathed by Freedom's vivid light,  
The Gallic plunderer bids his minions bar  
From his domain the beams of Freedom's star.

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Vain is your ardour, Tyrant! vain your laws  
To arrest the tide of Truth's advancing cause ;  
Not Canute's mandate to the Ocean's waves  
More impotent. In vain your anger raves !  
Resplendent emanations poured from Heaven,  
And onward by Almighty impulse driven,  
Through all your guarded battlements will find  
Admission to illumine the darkened mind.

While still the tempest of your fury grows,  
And heavier press the shackles you impose ;  
More terrible becomes the avenging wrath  
Whose desolations will invest your path,  
When injured Justice, rousing in her might  
Shall bid her thunders burst, her lightnings smite.—  
Before her conquering chariot then shall fly  
Your scattered hosts—and raise the imploring cry :  
Her arm shall tear your gory banner down,  
And Victory's peals your rallying clamours drown.  
Then friendless shall your lost adherents roam,  
With hopes destroyed—no spot to call their home !  
Your own surrendering palace then shall blaze,  
And Freedom's sabre end your hateful days.

Still, still shall her triumphant march proceed,  
Crowns vanish—sceptres fall—and tyrants bleed ;—  
Till hurled in dust, Oppression's crumbling thrones,  
All, all, lie mingling with their Monarchs' bones ;  
And shrouded in oblivion's deepest glooms,  
No trace shall point to their forgotten tombs.

Unfettered Genius then, on radiant wing,  
Gay as the Goddess of enraptured Spring,  
And thrilled with seraph fervency, shall rise,  
Ascend through Freedom's pure and boundless skies,  
The orbit of celestial Thought explore,  
Reach Truth's bright source, and worship—and adore!

Then, Man—where'er his home—enlightened, free,  
Shall bow to God alone the suppliant knee.  
His Conscience, then, no faggot's glare shall fright,  
His guide to Heaven the Gospel's holy light,—  
No bigot arts, to prop a mouldering creed,  
Or Superstition's cloistered vultures feed,  
Shall then in ghostly night ingulph the soul,  
Or wrest from Labour's hand its hard-earned dole.

Exalted then to their appropriate sphere,  
Toil's lowliest sons shall hold their honour dear ;  
Around their brows its verdant chaplets twine,  
While Virtue's halos there untarnished shine.  
Then o'er each peopled region of wide earth  
Man, conscious of his high celestial birth,  
In moral majesty sublimely great,  
Shall prove his fitness for a loftier state.

In harmony of kindred views combined,  
The nations then, all generous and refined,  
Shall make extended happiness their aim,  
Renown for virtuous deeds the highest fame  
For which their noblest purposes aspire—  
The theme of painting, sculpture, and the lyre.

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No tyrant's footsteps then, or withering breath,  
Shall blast their joys, or spread their fields with death :  
But Peace shall there her snow-white banners wave,  
And Pleasure's streams the flowery landscapes lave.

Then—crowned with stars—careering winds her steeds—  
The car in which her course sublime she speeds,  
The rolling earth and azure-curtained sky ;  
Her guard, angelic bands, whose stations high,  
By charter held from God, they ne'er resign ;—  
Celestial LIBERTY her reign divine,  
O'er all the joyful nations shall commence,  
And blessings with exhaustless hand dispense.

This globe one vast elysium then shall bloom,  
Till Heaven's deep trump proclaims its final doom ;  
And Freedom's martyrs from their mossy graves,  
And beds profound in Ocean's briny caves,  
Shall rise obedient to the thunderingcall,  
Shake from their kindling forms Death's sable pall,  
And, borne by Seraphs to exulting skies,  
Receive their blest reward where rapture never dies.

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