

ROSALIE

A TALE,

BY PALMIRA JOHNSON.

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[illegible]

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To Thomas Jefferson.

In the lively sense I have been taught to
cherish for thy talents and virtues, permit me
Sir, to dedicate to thee this small work.

May health, ease, and happiness attend thy
age ; as the setting Sun, thou wilt descend to
thy grave, with thy honors, as a glory, beaming
around thy head ; and thy memory will be deep-
ly engraven on the hearts of thy grateful Coun-
trymen, never to be obliterated, but by the
tear of expiring Liberty.

PALMIRA JOHNSON.

ROSALIE,

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The rustic horn with music shrill,
Had sounded o'er the verdant plain ;
And echo's voice from rock and hill,
Gave back the soften'd note again.
The faithful Carlo bent his ear,
A moment paused and look'd around ;
Then sprang with speed of nimble deer
To whine a chorus to the sound.

The labours of the day were done ;
The flock in fold with food supplied ;
The lambskins safe, the herdsman gone ;
When Greysbert weary homeward hied,
His mind intent on those that share
His fondest love and tenderest care ;
And though he bore no polish'd art,
His was the culture of the heart.

A 2

His Maryanne had once been fair ;
 Her sparkling eyes all hearts had won—
 And transient still their shades of care
 As clouds that veil an April sun ;—
 They leave no dimming traces there.
 Cheerful, affectionate and kind,
 Her gentle breast is virtue's seat,
 Her sense of duty most refin'd,
 Her heart with tenderness replete,
 And every feature of her face
 Is marked with intellectual grace.

But thou hast seen the planet's ray
 With radiant light the east adorning,
 And mark'd its lustre fade away
 Before th' effulgent beam of Morning—
 The dew'y tear on pity's cheek,
 Flowing from love or filial duty,
 The pious look so chaste and meek
 Lost beside the smile of beauty,
 'Twas thus the Matron's charms would fade—
 Before her lovely cottage maid.

Their only pledge young Rosalie,
 Was of attractive form and air,
 And bright and clear was her blue eye,
 And richly flow'd her auburn hair ;

Endowed with every gentle grace,
 With innocence its sweetness lending—
 While in her lovely beaming face
 Were traits of thought with beauty blending.
 But now she came in girlish haste
 To spread their evening's neat repast.

Sweet is the Cot in early Spring,
 When softest verdure decks the grove ;
 And opening buds their perfume fling,
 And birds begin their notes of love.
 There Ye, that joy in rural scene,
 And prize the sweets of solitude ;
 Whose minds to thought or science lean,
 With nature's nobler gifts endued ;
 May best, from interruption free
 Improve the mental faculty.

'Twas there our charming cottage maid,
 Whose taste was nature but refined,
 Whose every sentiment displayed
 The high improvement of her mind ;
 Nurtured, where simple beauties shone,
 Far, far from fashion's forms removed,
 Had sought the truths of ages gone
 From saint, from sage, revered, beloved ;
 With poetry, that heaven-born art,
 That elevates the feeling heart.

A chosen friend had Rosalie—
 With face, as beautiful but brown,
 And wild with youth and fantasy,
 That formed a contrast with her own,
 For hers was soft with modesty;
 You'd wonder that the two were one
 In sentiment—but that might be
 Where hearts entwined in infancy.

And Constance too possessed a grace
 That oft with genuine wit essayed
 From sorrow's cheek the tear to chase;
 Yet swains preferred the gentler maid—
 For Constance with her wit 'twas said,
 Would mingle oft a little ire;
 Tho' love, with warmest love she paid,
 And friendship with a soul of fire.

Dear to her heart was Rosalie—
 And oft, together would they rove
 In sultry eve along the lee,
 Or, rest within the beachen grove;
 The joys of friendship still their theme,—
 Or hie them to some mountain cave;
 Or play amid the curling stream
 Like sportive naiads of the wave.

'Twas early dawn—high soared the lark;
 When well equipt with line and oar,
 Geysbert had trimmed his little bark,
 And gaily glided from the shore
 With Rosalie his daughter fair,
 Who shared his joys in hours of leisure,
 And merited his every care,
 For much she strove to give him pleasure:
 And on those short excursions she
 Would ever bear him company.

And as they sped with oar or sail,
 Her hand the little bark would guide,
 While Geysbert told some mirthful tale,
 Of facts, to History allied;
 Or further, to enrich her mind,
 Some wise instruction would impart;
 Some antidote to folly find.

To check the errors of the heart;
 Or from the inquiring thought disperse
 The cloud that veiled the Universe.

And, many truths he knew as well
 As any learned foreign wight;
 Had Franklin read, and Fontenelle,
 Though Newton had not blest his sight;
 On Washington he long would dwell,
 Whose virtue knew no parallel,—

Newton was in London

The great, the good, our Country's pride!
 Who cherished well that hallowed ray
 That gleamed upon our natal day,
 When discord reigned on every side;
 And from our shores the sceptre hurried,
 To give a nation to the world.

Thus Geysbert had the whole day long
 The pleasing with the useful blended,
 And Rosalie had sung her song,—
 The day too with her song had ended.
 The insidious bait had oft been down,
 And many a finny prey had taken;
 When lo! the sky began to frown!
 The rising winds their fears awaken.

And darkening clouds with streaks of red,
 Gathered in strange fantastic form;
 With murmuring thunder over head,
 Presage a fierce and sudden storm—
 "Fear not my daughter," Geysbert cried,
 "Close with my coat thy bosom cover;
 The waves are high, but heaven my guide!
 With these good arms I'll bear thee over."
 Then fast he ply'd the bending oar,
 And sought for safety in the shore

But oh, the clouds by whirlwind driven!
 Veiling in black the vault of heaven,
 He sees, and rests his wildered eye,
 On the pale cheek of Rosalie;
 In vain he tries to soothe her fears,
 For now the dangerous pass* appears,
 Where, once beneath a woody wild,
 A smooth worn Indian path-way smiled;
 When nought was heard but chieftain's song,
 Or, murmuring of the wave along,
 Of stream that did but just divide
 The Islet from the Island's side;
 Till water sprite, like demon fell,
 Cast o'er the spot a magic spell,
 That cleaved the earth with fearful sound,
 And threw in air its fragments round;
 And mountain rocks on every side,
 Were buried o'er by Ocean's tide.

'Tween these, where surges rage and foam,
 Sad Geysbert seeks his peaceful home;
 In vain, he casts a look behind;
 The current strong, the veering wind

* From an ancient tradition the Indians state, that where Hell-gate now pours along its immense and rapid current, they could without difficulty pass on foot (particularly at low water) from Hallett's point to Ward's Island, amid a deep embowering shade—and that the spirit of the waters with a mighty noise had effected the change.

turn—He checks his fears,
 And arm the bark he steers
 All-gate boils with awful roar,
 Bedews the reckless shore,—
 Left with wonderous sweep,
 Ring o'er a rocky steep,
 As, like a sheet of snow,
 Into a gulf below.

vivid lightning's power,
 Whiteness of a midnight hour,
 Displays; no kindlier ray
 Shines on his dreary way—
 He strives his bark to keep
 From waves, where chasms deep,
 A horn heart that death is near
 A frightful Sepulchre!
 And lightning darts around
 Pealing thunder sound.

When the gleam a sail appears,
 By sight his bosom cheers—
 The succour sent by heaven,
 Of distress is given,
 "Haste," he cried, "nor longer wait,
 As in a sinking state,
 Safety, O, provide!
 As to thy vessel's side;

O speed thee on or soon we die;
 Save from the waves my Rosalie!"

When from the sky a peal of thunder,
 Shattered each towering mast assunder!
 And Geysbert with a tearful eye
 Resigns him to his destiny—
 Cries, from the wreck his sense appal:
 The broken masts, the topsails all
 Midst burning canvas round her fall!
 No more the Pilot heeds the helm,
 For surging waves her decks o'erwhelm,
 And by the flood she's driven thence
 High on a rocky eminence;
 The spot where once a mill had turned,
 And oft a beacon light had burn'd;
 No vestige now—the solid rock
 Alone sustains the tempest's shock.

Swift as the arrow from the bow,
 Or as a gliding meteor star,
 Beyond the dangerous whirlpool's flow,
 The little bark had shot afar;
 And Geysbert rais'd his Rosalie
 Who fainting lung upon his breast,
 "She lives!" he cried, "I felt her sigh,
 My child is safe and I am blest!"

And gratefully he raised his eye,
To the protecting Deity.

When suddenly the maid revived—
Her heart beat high—her cheek grew warm—
Each nerve an impulse new received,
As though by Esculapian charm.
Clasping her hands in hurried tone,
She cried "oh, sire yon sufferer save!
E'en now I heard his dying groan,
See where he struggles with the wave,
And seeks our aid"—She said no more,—
The stranger grasped the outstretch'd ear.

But feebly held—his strength was fled;
Geysbert the while exerts his power
To raise the youth whose comely head
Low droops like some new fallen flower;
And now within their bark he lies,
His limbs relax'd as though by death;
O'erpowering toil had closed his eyes,
Nor did they know but by his breath
He lived—The fair one in suspense
Watches his slow returning sense.

And with awakening memory,
His opening eye perceiv'd the maid;

'Thanks to thy Father and to thee,
In kindest, gentlest tones he said—
She softly sigh'd but could not speak,
'Too blest in having life preserved,—
A tear stood trembling on her cheek—
The silent tear the youth observed,
And deem'd, in that, there more was meant,
'Than blends with phrase of Compliment.

'The moon now shed her fullest light,
And silver'd o'er each scattering cloud;
And Rosalie had hail'd the sight,
When on the shore an anxious croud
They spy—and from a rocky height,
Saluted are with welcome loud—
And soon the ready plank was laid
To bear to shore the lovely maid.

Where spreading oaks unite their shade
With tulip bright, and darkening yew,
Round which light Culture's hand had spread
Its vines and flowers of various hue—
Through these, where gentle Zephyrs play,
And from the rose its sweets diffusing,
All humid with the dews of May—
Geysbert the fairest pathway choosing,
Leads the young stranger to his peaceful rest,
And soothes away the sigh that swells his breast.

While Maryanne with pleasing art
 Of memory does its pains beguile,
 Skilled in the language of the heart,
 To stay the tear, or call the smile.
 And sweeter still does Rosalie,
 (In innocence and beauty dressed,
 Her soul all love and harmony)
 Give sound to thoughts, each look expressed
 So well—while she with airy tread,
 Had now the plenteous banquet spread.

Bright beamed the dark eye of the youth,
 All sparkling with the power of thought,
 High polish'd and refin'd by truth
 And early Science, still he sought,
 For more with strict research and care,
 To these he joined reflection's aid—
 To perfect all, had journeyed far,
 And choice of simplest manners made;
 But, still they wore the grace and ease
 Of those that fascinate and please.

Fitz-Erne was born to affluence,
 The bud was warmed by fortune's smile,
 But ere its bloom could recompense
 His Father's love, oppression vile
 Had smote that Father to the tomb—
 And joyless now their ancient hall,

The echoes of whose stately dome,
 Now answer to a stranger's call,
 While o'er their land no Shamrocks smile,
 Nor Heartsease bloom—Tho' verdant still the Isle.

Sweet was the converse of Fitz-Erne;
 The maiden lent a listening ear
 To all he said, and proud to learn,
 Delighted of the World to hear—
 He talked of deeds of former times,—
 Of men for worth or valour famed;
 And gaily spoke of other climes;
 But sighed when e'er his own was named;
 And when he touch'd on liberty!
 His heart shone through his glistening eye.

" 'Twas to this land of peace," he said,
 " My thoughts were turned, ere yet my plan
 For life was formed—the choice was made
 When first the cause, the rights of Man,
 Swelled at my breast—that noble cause!
 That like the smiling sun of Heaven,
 Fair rising, meets the World's applause;
 The incense of the heart is given
 To cherish still the pledge divine!
 Proud may it rise, 'unsullied may it shine.'

Gay beam'd the morn—a brighter sun
 Ne'er shone upon a fairer land!
 Refresh'd from slumber rose Fitz-Erne,
 And musing sought the sea-beat strand;
 Before him lay the blue expanse
 Of water spread, the rippling bay
 With softest murmur courts his glance,
 Where many a bark with streamer gay,
 And Ocean's lofter burthen glide
 Along its dark and hastening tide.

Far, in the view, a deep'ning sound,
 Or Sea-branch, won the admiring eye,
 With Islets interspers'd around,
 Forming a lovely scenery
 Of hanging wood of deepest shade,
 With sloping hill and vale romantic
 Of craggy rocks with moss o'erspread—
 Till broadening to the vast Atlantic,
 Their waters intermingling roar
 And foaming lash New-England's shore.

Beneath the West's all cloudless sky
 Along in rural beauty spread,
 Neat edifices met the eye
 Amidst variety of shade—
 Ye men of fortune there that dwell
 Delight ye not in classic bowers?

Prefer ye still the ball and belle
 'To mineral beds and banks of flowers?
 'The downy cheek and brilliant eye
 'To the best pleasures of Philosophy?

And there the cultivated Farm
 Its banks with fruits and verdure crowned,
 The flowery fields, the honeyed swarm,
 The shaded mere, and furrowed ground,
 O'er which the sower treads with care,
 His waving arm with sheet o'erflung,
 And near the Cot, his blithsome fair
 Cheerly her morning Carol sung.
 May gracious heaven bless the soil
 With peace, with plenty crown the toil!

"Enchanting spot!" cried young Fitz-Erne
 As oft he paused to look again,
 Nor did he heed the sounding horn,
 'Till Carlo's note prolong'd the strain—
 "For whom that call?—was it for me?"
 He said, and turned him to the glade,
 At table spread beneath a tree,
 All Sylph-like stood the blue eyed maid,
 And blushing as she waved her hand
 'To lie the stranger from the strand.

If Rosalie, on yesternight,
 Fitz-Erne had deemed a beauty rare,
 As flower by morning's rusy light,
 She seemed a thousand times more fair,
 Adorned in simple robe of white,
 Her neck of snow rich ringlets covered,
 And when she smiled all to the sight
 Her severed lips the pearls discovered,
 And well her soft and lucid eye
 Bespoke a heart of sympathy.

And while her charms his favour won,
 The time that passed so fleetly by
 He reck'd not, till he saw the sun
 Fast gliding down the western sky—
 I must be gone, he would have said—
 I must be gone, this is the hour—
 But as he look'd upon the maid
 His heart denied his tongue the power—
 When all alarm'd he thought—shall I
 Yield honest phrasce to passion's sigh?

It would be weak, it would be strange,
 That I, whom fortune could not move,
 Should let a girl my purpose change,
 And end my projects all in love—
 It must not be—then why delay?
 I'll not be bound by fairy spell—

In haste he tore himself away
 With many thanks, and kind farewell.
 While faithful Hector old and gray,
 Was call'd to guide him on his way.
 Of stature fair was young Fitz-Erne,
 His cheek with glow of health was dyed,
 And fleet of foot o'er heath of fern
 He moves to win the ferry's side—
 Nor did he stay for bar or gate,
 But over brake and hedge he sprung,
 'Till near a wood he turned to wait
 His guide's approach and gaily sung—

SONG.

Ah, little god of wily art,
 Thy shaft has flown, but all in vain,
 In subtler poison dip thy dart
 Before you bend your bow again
 At me, at me,
 Before you bend your bow at me.

'Twas not the brightness of her eye,
 Nor yet her cheek's soft rosy hue;
 It was the tear—It was the sigh
 That rose from heart so kind, so true,
 That won, that won,
 And binds my gratitude alone.

Then little god of wily art

Regain thy shaft, it flew in vain,

In subtler poison dip the dart

Before you bend your bow again

At me, at me,

Before you bend your bow at me.

The sun had sunk behind the hill,

Yet lingered on the gilded spire,

And silent now the busy mill,

While flocks to quaff the cooling rill

Forsake the mountain brush and brier,

And to their grassy lair retire—

When Rosalie with bonnet blue,

And saddles light, at this fair hour,

Hastily winds the pathway through

'That led to gay and airy bower,

Sacred to friendship's holy name,

But well might grace a lover's flame.

Upon a mossy couch reclined

Long time had Constance waited there,

Where could not beat a heart more kind,

Where could not rest a form more fair—

And soft the hand her cheek that presses,

And seldom hath Circassian maid

Unbound such dark and shining tresses

As o'er her neck and bosom stray'd—

That bosom too with virtue fraught
And every tender generous thought.

Yet spiritfui was she and wild

As aught that scaled the mountain's side,

In gay simplicity a child—

The love of Rosalie her pride.

One secret of her heart remain'd

Still unconfessed—the cherish'd flame

She often sigh'd to tell her friend,

But knew not how to give it name;

Her passion's lord, of wood-land game

A hunter he o'er glen and cragg had roved,

Where they by fate or chance had met and loved.

"Dear Constance have I made thee wait?"

Asked Rosalie in accents mild,

Embraced her friend and shared her seat,

Where side by side mid roses wild

The cowslip and the snowdrop smiled—

And much they spake of all they knew,

And many a little story tell,

And many a village tale review;

But not a word of scandal fell—

Too pure their lips of coral die

For censure's breath or envy's sigh.

But pleased to twine the new-blown flower
 Were they—to mark each varying dye
 That gayly tints the western sky
 In evening's lovely hour—

When suddenly a foot-step nigh
 They heard, and then a gentle sigh,
 And turning met the sparkling eye
 Of stranger Youth within the bower ;
 Delighted towards him Constance sprung,
 The conscious blush q'erspread her face,
 While he with fascinating grace,
 In sounds as though from Syren tongue,
 Warm from the heart this stanza sung—

STANZA I.

Thou dark eyed nymph of spirit gay,
 Whose smile hath lured my soul away,
 By thy own bright and sunny ray,
 I've sought through many a wildering day,
 To find thy dwelling.

STANZA II.

And now in twilight's fairy hour,
 Within a smiling roseate bower,
 Where fragrance sheds a soothing power,
 Oh ! 'tis here thou lovely flower !

I hail thy dwelling !

CONSTANCE.

No Polidore, in yonder glade,
 O'er hung by many a hazel shade,
 And pine whose branches never fade,
 Where night its first advance has made,
 There lies my dwelling

Yon path-way deck'd with violets blue,
 Through budding hawthorn moist with dew,
 Leads to the Cottage, in our view,
 Where bids a heart that feels for you,

Come seek its dwelling

"Peace to that gentle heart," he said,
 "By each sweet budding floweret here !
 And by thy charms, that ne'er can fade,
 Eternal love to thee I swear."

She would have smil'd but love forbade—
 "Let me this rose, with myrtle bind,"
 Said she "to grace the lover's vow,"

'Then playfully a wreath she twined,
 And blushing led it round his brow,
 When fervently her hand he prest
 And folds the chaplet to his breast.

"Be this its sacred resting place,
 And oh, before the flower can fade

I will return to thee sweet maid !

But now I may no longer stay,

'Thy lover must be far away

Ere the glorious orb of heaven

Again illumines yon vaulted space.

But this my Constance e'er I leave—"

He said and snatch'd a short embrace,

The first the youth to her had given,

The last her lips did e'er receive.

Of purest mind was Polidore,

Though gay and thoughtless was the youth,

Fair honour as a shield he bore,

Nor dreamt he e'er to break his truth :

But journeying with his young compeer,

Each promised joy pursuing still,

Or won by magic fashion's glare

From pleasure on to pleasure, till

He for a season did forget

The fond sequestered young brunette.

But love like her's, so warm so true,

Not well could brook his long delay ;

The weeks, the months were counted o'er,

No more on downy wings they flew,

But dull and joyless past away :

Unnoticed moved the busy throng,

Unheeded past the dance and song.

Her heart alone his image bore,

And peace shall gladden it no more.

Now, would she deem herself forgot,

And now would mourn her lover dead,

Alternate cherishing each thought,

Till fluttering hope her bosom fled—

No more she winds the crags among,

But mournful as the widowed dove,

And pale her cheek, and mute her tongue,

That late had warbled through the grove :

No more with Rosalie she stray'd,

All solitary roam'd the maid.

While Rosalie with kind concern

Would follow still at every turn,

And thus would urge intrusively—

" Oh let thy friend apply her skill

To dissipate those tears—that sigh—

Recall the lustre to thine eye

And to thy cheek its wonted dye,

For happiness awaits thee still."

" Ah no, my gentle Rosalie !

In me no future joy can dwell,

These eyes that once with pleasure beam'd

Are dim and sad—in tears they swell

These sighs, my fault and sorrow tell ;

If e'er it can a fault be deem'd
That maiden heart should love too well."

The night had cast a purple shade
Enveloping the wood in gloom,
The lately cheerful smiling glade
With various tints of leaf and bloom
Was dark and drear, but suited well
To Constance's sad and harassed mind,
In solitude it loved to dwell,
And there a pleasing solace find—
And long and late would she sojourn
At every moonless night's return.

The hamlet slept, each worldly care
To sweet forgetfulness consign'd—
The waning moon had risen fair,
And soft the balmy breathing wind
Along the mournful willow sigh'd,
Nought broke the stillness of the plain
Nor silence of the valley, save
The gentle rippling of the wave,
Or tuneful cadence of the swain,
As homeward from his destined bride
He cheerly sped :—all all were blest,
Save one fond heart that vainly sought for rest.

While Rosalie, in gentle slumbers,
From wood to grove—from grove to bowyer
In fancy wandered with her friend
Whose bosom bore a fading flower—
Around them forms of light descend
And music floats in softest numbers—
When lo! a vision bright as day
Beckons from earth the hapless maid,
And wraps her lovely form in shade
And bears her to the skies away—
When Rosalie in wild affright
Awoke, and turn'd her tearful sight,
Where beam'd the morning's rosy light.

But 'twas in vain its brightest beam
Shed lustre o'er the placid wave,
A fear for Constance marr'd each beauty,
And grieved the heart of Rosalie ;
'Though reck'd she nought of idle dream,
Yet still anxiety it gave,
'The tear would gather in her eye,
And all unbidden rose the sigh,
While hastening o'er her task of duty—
Slow moved the time that did divide
That morning from its eventide.

When she the winding path pursued
That led her to the dark green wood,

The haunt that Constance loved—
 "My friend," she cried, but soon she found
 Echo alone returned the sound,
 And onward to the beach she moved:
 She saw the object of her search
 (And was astonished at the sight:)
 A lonely bird on fearful perch,
 The dangers of the site to brave,
 Had climbed a far projecting height
 That overhung the mountain cave.

And thus, her darling friend she sees;
 Her dark locks floating on the breeze,
 That oft her heaving bosom fann'd,
 And o'er the verge her eye was bent,
 Her wan cheek resting on her hand,
 As though upon her love intent;
 Nor did she heed the rising storm—
 When light and giddy grew her brain,
 She caught a branching shrub in vain,
 And falling headlong to the main,
 The waves received her lovely form—

But who can speak the agony!
 The heart-felt anguish and the dread,
 That struck the tender Rosalie,
 And broke like thunder o'er her head!

In vain to seek for aid she tried;—
 Her wildered eye surveyed the strand—
 What! none to save my friend she cried,
 And fainting sunk upon the sand—
 There like a wreath of lilies lay,
 As lovely but as pale as they.

THE FUNERAL.

Deep toll'd the bell—and loud and long!
 The morning sun was veil'd in gloom!
 When gathered fast the mournful throng,
 That gave to earth the blighted bloom:
 And slow the sad procession moved,—
 No eye was dry no heart was light;
 'Twelve youthful maids in purest white
 Attend, whom Constance most had loved;
 Around their heads long scarves they wore,
 Inwreath'd with snow white flowers,
 And tremblingly the pall they bore,
 While from their eyes so azure bright,
 Trickled the briny showers.

And foremost came young Rosalie,
 To whom the tear brought no relief;
 Pale was her cheek and sunk her eye,
 Her's was no common grief—
 And when in earth the corse was laid,
 Heart-rending were the moans she made;

Each ear had caught the plaintive sound,
Matrons and maidens wept around
At sorrow so severe!

And e'en the hardest of the swains,
Who melted not at mortal pains,
Were seen to brush the tear.

'The sky its lowering aspect changed,
And mildly closed the parting day ;

'The flocks that late the forest ranged
On hillock's side like snow drifts lay.

And who is he in twilight gloom
'That winds along the mountain craggs?

Oh, his is not the hectic bloom,
Nor heart that faints, nor foot that lags ;

It is the hunter of the moor,
The young, the sprightly Polidore.

He lightly now descends the hill,

And towards the well known bower he flies,
But disappointment waits him still,

He seeks a daughter of the skies !

When lo ! a Farmer lad he spies,

And gaily thus he greets the Youth,

" Know'st thou the lovely dark eyed maid
Of features fair and heart of truth,

And mind in gems of wit arrayed ?

Of all your train the boasted pride!"
With searching glance the swain replied—

" Oh, speak ye of young Constance Ross
'That used to dwell in yonder glade?

A sweeter face there never was,

There never liv'd a brighter maid ;

A hunter spied the tender dove

And in his net her heart was taken,

He trifled with her warmest love

And left the maiden all forsaken,

And evil be upon his head,

She sleeps within yon narrow bed."

Poor Polidore with deep despair

These tidings heard—his heart was riven—

Nought answered he or bad or good,

But fix'd and motionless he stood,

So pale—so still—like statue there,

His eye to earth his hand to heaven ;

'The time roll'd on—No more he slept,

By day he roved, by night he kept

His mournful Vigils at her tomb,

'Till chilly Autumn's deepest gloom !

'Twas now November's smiling morn ;

'The precious meed of labour's won—

The farmer crops the ripen'd corn,

While glows the Indian summer's sun.

The wood was in bright tints array'd
 With shades of green, as fancy wrought
 And variegated as the plaid
 So sweetly sung of by the Scot
 In lay divine ! The verdant glade
 With frost is lightly mantled o'er,
 Like clearest web by beauty spread,
 To grace, not hide, the youthful head.
 When Rosalie—as morning fair,
 T' inhale the pure and healthful air,
 Her Father's early call obey'd—
 Who, that had seen the lovely maid,
 Would not have felt each heighten'd charm,
 Her mourning robe of simple mode,
 So well became her slender form ;
 Her fine long hair, that loosely flow'd
 In ringlets, met her jetty zone,
 And brighter from the contrast shone—
 She sweetly at her Father's side
 Beguiles the time with cheerful talk,
 On nature's charms still dwells with pride,
 As they retrace their lengthen'd walk,
 They turn them to the glade, but stay—
 There speeds a horseman on the way.
 With love and hope his heart beats high
 And brighter beams his sparkling eye
 While swiftly coursing o'er the strand ;
 He reigns his steed and soon they learn

'Tis Erin's son the young Fitz-Erne ;
 Light springing from the saddle, he
 With ardour greets Young Rosalie,
 And presses Geysbert's ready hand ;
 That in return as kindly prest—
 For pleas'd was Geysbert with the grace
 And fair attainments of his guest,
 As worthy of his form and face—
 " Where staid my friend ?" the man of age,
 Ask'd of the Youth, with courtesy,
 Who thus relates his pilgrimage—
 " I've journey'd far my Sire," said he,
 " Since last upon this spot I stood,
 Have travelled all your country o'er,
 Have met with warm and kindred hearts,
 With men that eminently soar
 In science, literature, and arts ;
 I've roved your western wilds among,
 Where proud Ohio winds along,
 And Mississippi rolls her darker flood.
 Where Agriculture plies her art,
 And comfort spreads her ample store ;
 Where piety and grace of heart
 The great, the living God adore
 And often—where I fear'd to find
 Nature's untaught or savage child ;
 Met social charms and thought refin'd,
 And virtue blooming in the wild.

Ye, candid strangers, that would find
 Heart, talents, worth, and virtue here;
 Go leave your prejudice behind,
 Unbias'd tread this Western Sphere!

And further, 'twas my fixed intent

'T' have journey'd through the southern World,
 And to the scene my mind was bent

Where freedom's banner is unfurl'd—

But who can love's soft course controul?

My heart is thine sweet Rosalie!

As turns the needle to the pole,

So turn'd my wandering soul to thee!

I know thy worth, thy tenderness,
 I know thy heart of purity—

Oh, could I hope thy love would bless
 The life so late preserved by thee,

And gild its course with happiness!

'Tis all I ask! 'tis all I seek!

Oh speak, oh breathe a word of peace

And here my pilgrimage shall cease!"

He paused; while hope suffused his cheek,

For easy part was his to prove

The guileless heart of Rosalie;

Nor farther urged he a reply—

'Twas in her blush, her downcast eye,

Her sweet, but half suppressed sigh,

'The balmy breath of purest love!