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POETRY.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

LA BONNE MERE.—OR CHARLESTON
HARBOR, JUNE, 1777.

These were the times that tried men's souls.

THOS. PAINE.

On Freedom's soil—when carnage rear'd
His bloody front—and there appear'd,
Grim Mars—with war-worn visage hard,
Walking forth most awfully :

When waste had spread its besom hand,
And fear was stalking through our land,
And faint had grown that vet'ran band,
War had thron'd most dreadfully !

When the last spark of hope's pure fire,
Seem'd in the nation's breast to expire,
And fell despair, with aspect dire,
On every face sat gloomily :

On Ocean's swelling field of green,
A beauteous barque was riding seen,
Bedeck'd in all her glittering sheen,
Bounding the waves maj' stically.

Columbia's shore she seem'd to gain,
As swift she cut the yielding main,
Leaving behind her spray-wrought train,
Sparkling bright and beauteously.

Oh! there are some yet bear in mind,
How full her sails bent to the wind,
While far aloft and unconfin'd,
Her streamers floated gallantly.

Still bearing to her destin'd home,
Nearer and nearer see her come,
Raising on high the snow like foam,
Then dash it off triumphantly.

High on her deck there stood a form,
Daring and young, whose bosom warm,
Seem'd but to glow to meet the storm
Of battle, death and victory.

Bright fancy saw his glistening eye,
And heard the echo of his cry,
"From home, and friends, and all I fly,
To fit."

Desponding Freemen caught the strain,
And sung aloud their shouts again,
Till over hill, and mount and plain,
They echo'd long and gloriously.

But ere the barque the port could near,
The wind was hush'd nor could they hear
A sound, save ocean dark and drear,
Heaving her billows heavily.

The sun had sunk low in the west,
And nature in dim twilight drest,
Seem'd now to seek her wond' rest,
Retiring sweet and placidly.

The wat'ry waste around was spread,
And not a ripple rais'd its head,
And all was calm, and still, and dead,
A nature sleeping silently.

Night clos'd upon the awful scene,
And dimly shone her wan'g queen,
And darker grew the sea's deep green,
Amid the gloomy scenery.

The harsh sea-bird was heard to scream,
Clouds veil'd light's faintly glowing beam,
The lightning's flash was seen to gleam,
Along the Heavens vividly !

Far o'er the wave was heard the sigh
Of ocean's spirit—and her cry,
The seamen warn'd—a storm was nigh!
The thunder peal'd most awfully !

As mountains tall—so roll'd the wave,
That bore aloft the Chieftain brave,
Back from the land he came to save,
With bold and daring gallantry.

Tho' loud and strong fierce Boreas blew,
And darker still the sea-storm grew,
No fear the youthful Hero knew,
His thoughts on "home and liberty."

Around the barque that awful hour,
There was unseen a guardian pow'r,
To cheer, amid the storm's dread lower,
Spirits that braved it gallantly.

'Twas Freedom's Goddess, hovering near,
That whisper'd in the Hero's ear,
And bade him not the storm to fear,
That rag'd around so dreadfully !

GREATER POWER—was ruling o'er,
Who bid the storm to cease its roar,
And guided to Columbia's shore,
The barque again triumphantly.

A HUGAR's anxious, watching eye,
Amid the gloom her s'ils deservy,

* The Good Mother—The name of the vessel
that first brought LA FAYETTE to America.

"Go, man a barge"—the boatmen fly,
At his commanding, cheerily.

Swift went they from the surge beat-shore,
And quick was ply'd the trim-wrought oar,
Till round LA MERÉ gay, they wore,
And hailed her loud and merrily.

Bright be the memory of that night,
For mid its gloom, there shone delight,
When HUGER prest the Chieftain bright,
Close to his bosom fervently.

Come to my home, he warmly cried,
Yon barge shall bear us o'er the tide,
Come; rest thee by my fire side,
Thou youth of spirit brave and free!

The boatmen ply their oars again,
And merrily sing their cheerful strain,
While back they o'er the swelling main,
Hasted bold and fearlessly.

And, ere the morn with opening ray,
Had ting'd with gold the silver spray,
Safe on the shore the stranger lay,
Where reign'd pure hospitality.

And with the Sun that day there rose,
An ARM OF TERROR to our foes,
That shone effulgent till the close
Of Freemen's struggle, gloriously !

THE STRANGER.

THE ORPHAN—A FACT.

It was on a pleasant summer's eve, that the Pastor of one of our New-England churches took his usual walk after spending the day in study. He was a good old man, who had long been faithful over the beloved people of his charge—and he had been a successful labourer in the cause of his Master, till his head had become silvered, and his tottering tenement needed the support of a staff. The sun had already sunk in the west, and was pouring his last rays into the golden sky, as the Pastor entered the village grave yard. There is something in this hour of the day, that gives a pleasing melancholy to the soul—which, added to the place in which he was walking, was peculiarly fitted to assist the holy man in his meditations; and, if need be, to raise his thoughts from this world, and place them on that which he felt was his home. The good man was pressing beneath his softly trembling steps, the sods which covered many of his beloved parishioners, when he came to the spot where lay his wife and three beautiful daughters, whose loveliness, like the opening rose, was blasted ere it was fully exhibited. The Pastor leaned on his staff, and bent over these graves, and was just marking out by their side the spot where he hoped shortly to lie in peace, when he was startled by hearing the sobs of a child. He turned, and, at a little distance, beheld a lovely little white-headed boy, who was kneeling and sobbing over the grave of his father, whose ashes had lately been deposited beneath. With a melting heart the good shepherd approached the child of his friend, and with the tenderness of an angel, he raised and kissed this orphan lamb of his flock whose face was pallid through grief, and whose bright blue eyes were swollen by weeping. He sat down beside the grave, and pressed the weeping boy to his bosom.

"O, Sir," said the child, "let me cry for my father—he lies deep in the grave, they tell me he will never again be my father—I fear that I have offended him that he will no more be my father, and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do!—Oh! if he would once more be my father, I would never again offend him. But they say he is dead. O, I would sit here and cry all night—I would never stop if my poor father would come to me! But he will not come—for a few days before they put him in this hole, he told me—O, I do remember it—he told me he was going to leave me, and I should never have a father any more; any man advanced to dignity because he is expert, and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and pert proflane swearing? Never. Low thus told me when he was buried in the ground I be the character which such impetuosity will must be a good boy and love God! Oh! my not degrado. Inexcusable therefore must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support. The drunkard has his cups; the sorrowing child within his—and ere he could the hypocrite his sanctity; the satirist his reply; answer him, he had wet with his tears the silken venge; the ambitious man his preferments; the hair of the orphan. His first object was to miser his gold; but the common swearer has soothed him into confidence, and then to direct nothing; he is a fool at large; he sells his soul to a father who would never forsake him for naught, and drudge for the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is out of all plea. It is not easy to perceive what pleasure can arise from the empty sound of senseless interjections; or what superior entertainment can spring from the profane sound of God, Devil, damn, curse, than from the sound of wax, wafers, pens, or any other words of the same number of syllables. It is not easy to perceive what profit is annexed to it. What ever fortune may be made by perjury, I believe there never was a man who made his by swearing. It often happens that men pay for their swearing, but it seldom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honour or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert, and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and pert proflane swearing? Never. Low thus told me when he was buried in the ground I be the character which such impetuosity will must be a good boy and love God! Oh! my not degrado. Inexcusable therefore must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support. The drunkard has his cups; the sorrowing child within his—and ere he could the hypocrite his sanctity; the satirist his reply; answer him, he had wet with his tears the silken venge; the ambitious man his preferments; the hair of the orphan. 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