

THE  
HOME IN THE WEST,

A POEM,

DELIVERED AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, JULY 4, 1817.

BY

BY A MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

BY

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following publication was composed in honour of the birth-day of American Freedom. The occasion, on which it was pronounced, admitted very little latitude in the selection of a subject.

The poem commences with an exposition of that attachment to one's native land, which has its root in every generous bosom, and, by casting a comparative glance at the character of this and other countries, exposes the causes why Americans are and ought to be eminently attached to their own. Such being its simple and definite plan, it will readily be perceived, that it entirely prohibits the developement of any thing like intricate or powerful passion. It admits of none of those situations, which, in the compass of human miseries and crimes, are capable of strongly fixing the attention; and it is well that

it makes no such elevated pretensions. It professes rather to deal in description; and all that is asked is, that its success may be estimated by the extent and nature of its object. Although it was originally composed in the course of a few days, it is due to those, at whose request and for whose amusement it is published, to state, that it has been subjected to as rigid a revision as the intervals of more pressing avocations allowed the writer to bestow upon it. Should any persons express surprise at such a publication and coming from such a source as this does, the writer wishes to suggest to them as his only excuse, the difficulty of resisting the solicitations of those whose opinions we are wont to reverence, and whose wishes we love to gratify.

## THE HOME IN THE WEST.

PROVERBS

WHY, o'er the dark wave, in a country afar,  
When the billow is howling, and bright is the star,  
Say, why the lone exile lifts up his wet eye  
Towards the home of his childhood, his blue native sky?  
Why o'er the white beach, when the sea-bird is flying,  
And twilight's last embers are cheerless and dying,  
When the woods are unmusical, save now and then  
The raven is solemn and loud in the glen,  
O'er his staff will he lean, with a fervour so fine  
As if his rapt soul view'd his own native clime ;  
As if once again with the sight he was blest  
Of his sweet little Home smiling far in the West ?

Ah ! cheerless the man, from his country that flew,  
When his eye was not shining with sorrow's bright dew.  
Ah ! cheerless the man, in whose bosom may glow  
Nought of golden remembrance to lighten his woe ;  
Whose eye, in his exile, was never yet thrown  
To the land of all lands he might bless as his own.

Ye, who sneer when 'tis said how the sad spirit clings,  
To its country how drawn by invisible strings,  
Oh ! say, near the Isle, that hath rear'd its green head  
Far above the loud waves that around it are spread,  
Oh ! say, by that Isle when the turbulent gale  
Resign'd the green mountains, and slept in the sail ;

When the proud beating ship, like the eagle for flight,  
 On the air lifted broadly its pinions of white,  
 When the wave from its bosom in triumph it threw,  
 And the voice of the valiant was chanting adieu;  
 Oh! tell in the breast of the outcast, alone  
 Who on that green Isle of the ocean was thrown,  
 Oh! tell in *his* breast of the deluge of feeling;  
 How the rock of his reason was stayless and reeling.  
 Alexander! should not his mild bosom be torn  
 When like the wild swan, on the wave they were borne?  
 His eye melt with grief, when the last glance he stole  
 From the bosom-friends nearest the thoughts of his soul?  
 His heart sink within him forever to stay,  
 To be from his hamlet forever away,  
 Where the aid of fair fingers attentive and near  
 Might quench in its starting adversity's tear?  
 He lifted his eye, the bold ensign was waving,  
 The ship's lofty bosom the billow was laving.  
 He lifted his eye, but no ensign was there,  
 And he smote on his bosom in cheerless despair;  
 He bade a farewell to the fields that resign'd  
 Their image too solemnly stamp'd in his mind,  
 The garden ten thousand times fragrant and fair,  
 The garden of roses, that blush'd on the air,  
 Most lovely and cherish'd, for once in its bowers,  
 When crown'd with fair garlands swept by the young  
     Hours,  
 He had wreath'd in black tresses the lilies around him,  
 Less bright than the blue orbs, resistless that bound him.  
 But the traitor was gone, on the far-distant Isle,  
 He listed no voice, and he hung on no smile;  
 He thought of his country, he sat down to weep,  
 A pillow of stone woo'd his sorrows to sleep,

But soft had it been, near his own lovely cot,  
With his wife and his children to solace his lot.

Oh! my own native land; be the son of thy birth  
Never driven afar from his dear native earth;  
Be never his eyes of the smile dispossess,  
Which encircles his Home shining far in the West,  
The land of the lilacks, that bloom'd on his youth,  
When the chaplets were budding of valour and truth,  
Be the home of the Cypress, kind Heaven bestow,  
That shall weep on the turf, where his bosom is low.

\* \* \* \* \*

How lovely the fields, where our childhood hath stray'd!  
How lovely the songsters, that chant in the glade!  
Ah! never so lovely the trees, when they cheer them,  
Had the rose of our youth never budded so near them.  
How sweet are the fields, where our fathers have bled!  
How sweet the pavilions, far, far overspread!  
How sweet the blue waters and gold-fringed skies!  
That profuse of their splendour burst glad on our eyes.  
How solemn and dark our Connecticut rolls!  
His murmur the burning of sorrow consoles,  
When he hurries his wave to the wave of the deep,  
And steals the last kiss from the willows that weep.  
Why show me the lilies, the lilies that shine  
On the gold-waving banks of the Seine and the Rhine?  
Why mock me with laurels, that silently speed,  
Side by side with the thistle, that shakes o'er the Tweed?  
Why proffer me England's immaculate roses?  
Why point where the murmuring Isis discloses,  
Through forests of myrtle, the waving of willows,  
The swell and the flashing of classical billows?

Why say, that the grape blushes winning and ripe,  
 The almond and citron and orange invite,  
 Where the long-fabled Tagus in volumes of gold,  
 To the caves of the dark-swelling ocean is roll'd?  
 Why say, that the woods of sweet Albyn than these  
 Are better, and better the sounds from the trees?  
 Why say that the sunshine which gilds them is rarer,  
 The fruits that bloom on them are sweeter and fairer?  
 The rose may be crimson, the lily be white,  
 Be budding in glory, expanding in light,  
 The blood-nurtur'd laurel may blossom and shine  
 On the yellow-crown'd banks of the Seine and the Rhine,  
 The orange and almond in green leaves be sleeping,  
 The vine purple loads in the waters be steeping,  
 Where the tides of the Tagus long-fabled of gold  
 To the caves of the dark-swelling ocean are roll'd;  
 But oh! may kind Heaven ne'er hide from our eyes  
 Our own rugged mountains, our native blue skies.

\* \* \* \* \*

True! here are no remnants of greatness that's fled,  
 No atoms of grandeur gone down to the dead,  
 No murmurs of glory, that fill the wild blast,  
 No relics of splendour, that shone on the past,  
 No Parthenons, Statues, Colossi are gleaming,  
 No fields dy'd with crimson, no ensigns are streaming,  
 No arches of triumph frown lofty and proud,  
 No ivy-crown'd castles with emprize are loud  
 Of fair ladies and knights, as in times dark in death,  
 When the shell of the Troubadour swell'd its loud  
     breath,  
 No sunk Druid columns, and on them unstrung  
 The harp that in darkness full often had rung,

No helmets and shields rustle on the dank walls,  
 No tides of brave music sound high in the halls,  
 And well may it happen for woe or for weal,  
 We boast of no Branksome, no merry Carlisle.  
 This, this is the land of the uprising hill,  
 Of the far-climbing cliff, and the musical rill.  
 The land, where the rocks with the clouds love to vie,  
 And hold a contention to touch the blue sky,  
 Where the sounds from the woods, and the waters that  
 spring,

Are as soft and as soothing as wild bird may fling,  
 Where innumerable rills the proud mountain forsake,  
 And bound like the Chamois to meet the broad lake,  
 The eremite seas, in seclusion, that pour  
 The sound of their waves on the tenantless shore,  
 And say in what land, with a lustre as bright,  
 Shine the emerald trees, bath'd in dewdrops of light,  
 Oh! say in what land shall the fruits and the flowers  
 Be nobler in tint or in relish, than ours?

'Tis Freedom that scatters a smile and a glow  
 On our vallies of verdure and mountains of snow.

Go, ask the poor exile, who bade a farewell  
 To the loveliest cottage within the far dale,  
 Ask, why by these forests in wind-beaten shed  
 He smiles on the ruin that scath'd his white head,  
 He will say, 'tis the Cherub of Freedom that throws  
 The balsam, that heals, on the wound of his woes,  
 That sprinkles bright dew on the shade of his sorrow,  
 And bids him hope better and better to-morrow.

What if no Hippocrene, with musical fountain,  
 Bedew the gold locks of the Nymphs of the mountain?



If the Zephyrs in silence their vigils that keep  
 By the side of the hill, or the brow of the steep,  
 Be seldom awake with ineffable sound  
 Of shell and of reed scatter'd solemnly round,  
 Who will say, that the wanton American breeze  
 Shall never repose on the emerald trees  
 That clothe a new Helicon, suddenly seen  
 Alive with bright pinions, and waving with green ?

Be it so, or not so, it no marvel would be  
 If one by the green-waving mountain should see  
 A form moving by, through the leaves of the glade,  
 In occasional glimpses her splendour display'd.  
 If her cheek blush with roses that oft are contending  
 With lilies the light of their loveliness blending,  
 If the wells of Castalia have bath'd the fair vest  
 That unconsciously sleeps on her ivory breast ;  
 If the dewdrops her feet from the shrubbery brush,  
 O'er the chords when her fingers of lily-white rush,  
 The fingers, that sweep with a magical fire,  
 The chords, that ne'er sleep, burning aye in the lyre.

Oh ! Hail to that form, to the one of the Nine  
 That shall strike the bold note in the far western clime,  
 That shall breathe on us sounds most sublimely that roll,  
 Confirming or melting the bonds of the soul,  
 That shall wake the soft tear, or the patriot glow,  
 In vallies of verdure, on mountains of snow.

Then, ask not our hearts why they love to entwine,  
 Why they cling, to the elm of the rock as the vine,  
 To the scenes where the bud of our childhood uprose,  
 To the land of our blisses, the land of our woes ;

'Then blame not, in country that's distant afar,  
 When the steeds of Apollo have hidden his car,  
 If a brother heart-broken lift up his wet eye  
 Towards the land where he liv'd, where he wishes to  
 die;

If oft when his bosom with sorrow is press'd,  
 He think on his home smiling far in the West.

\* \* \* \* \*

True! No Mausolea the ashes here cherish  
 Of those on the plains of the battle who perish;  
 No Pantheons are rising, we proffer no shrine  
 To a demon in life, in the tomb all divine.  
 But here the pure tears from the bosom are flowing,  
 When the star of the soldier no longer is glowing;  
 The noblest of tributes, the tear-drop is rolling,  
 When the star of the soldier the weed is controlling.  
 The clod of the valley, though heavily press'd,  
 Where the gallant and brave finds the home of his rest,  
 That clod of the vale, with the showers that start,  
 That clod is bedew'd with the tears from the heart.  
 If here are no forests alive with bright spears,  
 If the groans of the dying assault not our ears,  
 If the clangour of steel, and the trumpets' alarm,  
 The reciprocal feelings of soul ne'er disarm;  
 If no sashes, blue feathers, and brave chapeau bras,  
 If no ultima ratio transfix us with awe;  
 'Tis as well nature's blessings in peace to enjoy,  
 As the works of her fingers to mar and destroy;  
 And we leave all such things to the Rhines and the  
 Niles,  
 Only give us soft sorrows and heart-soothing smiles.

But you say, when the glow-worm in brightness is  
 shining,  
 The raven above thee sad mischiefs divining,  
 You love to sit near through his sedges and groves,  
 Where Cam with melodious murmuring roves.  
 But you say, no American Tempe is fair,  
 No aërial whispers exist in the air,  
 No sounds from invisible lips are there flung,  
 No hymnings are chanted, no pæans are sung.  
 You say, when the evening looks solemn and sad,  
 With stars on her head, in her gray mantle clad,  
 When the pall she is throwing with punctual hands  
 On the purple of ocean, the splendour of lands,  
 "I love to sit down and repose my dim eye  
 "On the glories that blossom'd in times far gone by.  
 "I love where the Tyber, with classical wave,  
 "Rolls on by the dust of the good and the brave,  
 "To number the swans one by one as they ride,  
 "Whose bosoms encounter the swell of his tide.  
 "I love to behold the Ilissus, his flow  
 "Seems a kind of an eloquent murmur to throw,  
 "Which puts one in mind of the marvellous spell,  
 "When murmurs from lips of philosophy fell.  
 "I love, when Apollo is checking his rein,  
 "When his coursers are plunging their hoofs in the main,  
 "When the glow-worm is lighting his candle in reeds  
 "O'er the monuments shaking of valorous deeds,  
 "I love to sit on the sad ruins, and feel  
 "Within me my heart irresistibly reel;  
 "I love to feel in me the sacred emotion  
 "That reigns and reigns only beyond the blue ocean."

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! fie on that man, on the man who could say,  
 He loves ouce bright orbs because gone to decay,  
 Who despises black tresses, the cheek's ruby bloom,  
 Because their young glow is not pale by the tomb.  
 Well! when sable Time his dry pinion shall bring  
 O'er the land of our fathers, and brush with his wing  
 Forever away the glad trophies of glory  
 That are blooming around us, and budding in story,  
 Like the mist on the hill, when Forgetfulness creeps  
 With raven-black mantle o'er splendour that sleeps;  
 When Science her pinion shall lift in her flight,  
 And the Porch and Lycæum are shrouded in night,  
 When our Platos and Zenos shall bid us good bye,  
 And close on the world the affectionate eye,  
 When our Zeuxes and Pindars no longer are throwing  
 Round the rough forms of nature the visions all glowing,  
 When the shades are o'er-mantling, the ivy is creeping,  
 When the laurel is wither'd, the myrtle is weeping,  
 Then let the poor man, that is fond of decay,  
 Sit and smile at the grandeur that's passing away.  
 But oh, may that Hour ne'er wave its sad pinion;  
 Be this the last land that shall rue its dominion;  
 Be this the last land where the cypress shall bind  
 The dark-green of its leaves round the trophies of mind,  
 Where the Grove, the Lycæum, the Porch are no more,  
 And the minstrel hath fled to a far foreign shore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, happy Columbia! the fair home uprisen  
 From the billows that murmur below the west-heaven,  
 Like a nymph of the sea, from the blue of the wave,  
 Like a nymph of the sea, from the green-woven cave,  
 With a lip of the cherry, an eye twice as fair,  
 And branches of coral inwreath'd in her hair,

Let it never be said of the sons that are thine,  
 Their bosoms e'er sigh'd for a far-distant clime,  
 Let it never be said, that within thee up-grew  
 One to far-foreign countries whose wishes e'er flew,  
 Who would burst like the roe from the soil of his birth,  
 And fly to a lovelier home on the earth.

It shall never be said, while our cliffs may avail us,  
 While the music of bill and of dale shall assail us,  
 While the fast-anchor'd mountains more lovely and  
 dearer

By distance and time, bind us nearer and nearer.

It shall never be said, while the azure-bright ray  
 From the orbs that are blue light the gloom of our way,  
 While tresses that wanton in ebony twine,  
 On columns of well-burnish'd ivory shine,  
 And cheeks shall alternately whiten and glow,  
 Like the flash of a ruby imprison'd in snow.

It shall never be said o'er the shores that may bound us,  
 O'er the rocks and the hills, and the woods that look  
 round us,

While Freedom her pinions of strength shall outspread,  
 And shadow the land where our fathers have bled,

And Freedom her pinions shall out-bring afar  
 O'er the land of our blisses, our country's bright star,  
 And our eyes and our hearts with the smile shall be blest  
 Of the sweet little Home shining far in the West,  
 Till the Slave and the Freeman together are hurl'd  
 With the meeting of atoms, the wrecks of the world.

## NOTES.

*Who on that green Isle of the ocean was thrown.*

The reader will readily recognize in these lines the story of Selkirk, who was purposely deserted on the Island of Juan Fernandez. It is with difficulty, any situation can be conceived so depressing, so insupportable, even in imagination, as the absolute seclusion of a human being from the land of his birth, and the society of his fellow men.

After his return Selkirk related the emotions which agitated his bosom on the departure of his companions.

*“Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,*

*..... “I never heard*

*“A sound so dismal as their parting oars.”*

Thomson.

This instance is sufficient to illustrate the influence of those thousand nameless ties which bind one to his home, and it argues nothing against its appropriateness, to say, that it has been consecrated and already made familiar by the eccentric but powerful imagination of De Foe.

*Why point where the murmuring Isis discloses?*

The Isis and Cam are well known to the lovers of English classical literature as the streams which lave the ancient seminaries of Oxford and Cambridge.

*Why say that the words of swee: Albyn than these :*

Albyn—the Gaelic appellation of Scotland, particularly of the Highlands.      CAMPBELL.

*The eremite seas in seclusion that pour.*

The extent and remoteness of the western lakes sufficiently justify the epithets which are here applied to them.

*When the shell of the Troubadour swell'd its loud  
breath.*

The Troubadours, a brotherhood of errant minstrels first made their appearance about the eleventh century in Provence. They chiefly celebrated the charms of the ladies and the deeds of the chevaliers, and were always welcomed to the justs and tournaments of "olden time" with the most flattering reception. Neglecting all classical authority, they composed their songs and ballads in a manner peculiar to themselves, and probably laid the foundation of the modern systems of versification.

*If no ultima ratio transfix us with awe.*

Ultima ratio regum, the last resort of kings, an inscription on the French ordnance in the time of Louis XIV.

THE  
ZONE OF FREEDOM.

SUNG ON THE 4TH OF JULY, 1817.

Air—*Marseilles Hymn.*

When autumn's cloud was redly gleaming,  
And autumn's murmurs died away,  
When autumn's star was brightly streaming,  
And shed on earth its silver ray,  
Upon a cliff, far, far ascending,  
Upon its breast uplifted high,  
That frowning near the purple sky,  
With red and amber clouds was blending;  
More bright than angel's hue,  
A smiling form up-flew,  
Upon the air her golden hair  
Was sprinkling brilliant dew.

Her eye with liquid pearl was shining,  
Her lily hand was waving bright.  
In azure folds her robe reclining,  
Out-rolled in ceaseless waves of light.  
Around her breast the zone extending,  
That girdle fair, that golden zone,  
Bedeck'd withal with diamond stone,  
A flash of heavenly brightness lending.  
'Twas Freedom's form that rose,  
And how her bright eye glows,  
As warning sound, around, around,  
With liquid voice she throws.



Columbia's sons! Thy fathers firing,  
 The flame of liberty upgrew;  
 Against the tyrants' chains conspiring,  
 'To arms, to arms, to arms they flew.

Columbia's sons! The star of glory  
 Is gleaming brightest o'er the free;  
 With flash that never dim shall be,  
 It lightens on thy nation's story.

Thy cliffs shall spurn the slave,  
 While ocean's chrystal wave  
 Reflects from far, the lonely star,  
 Which overlooks the brave.

Hither from distant countries driven  
 In western floods I lave my feet,  
 My home is far in western heaven,  
 And western world the zone shall greet;  
 The zone, the talisman securing,  
 While virtue's child of auburn hair,  
 And rosy wreath, its sceptre bear,  
 All that is good and all enduring.

While virtue's rose divine,  
 And valour's laurel shine,  
 The zone that's bright, that's bath'd in light,  
 Round freemen's land shall twine.

And far and fair around thee bending,  
 On freeman brave its light shall throw,  
 When bloody storms his hills are rending,  
 And shed its burning on the foe.  
 But e'er should valour's eye be hidden,  
 Should virtue lift her snowy wing,  
 The pearly dew-drop from it fling,

And mount on high, her stay forbidden ;  
Then dark in death shall be,  
The star that's bright for thee,  
The diamond stone, that gems the zone,  
Around the land that's free.