

Eve and Two of Her Daughters.

TO ELIZABETH.

In Eden's groves, when every flower was new,
And Time's first sunbeams drank the glittering dew;
While neither thorn nor thistle chok'd the ground,
Nor crime nor sorrow spread its ruin round;
When all was beauty, music, joy, and health,
And earth's whole treasure, man's unenvied wealth;
Say!—was he blessed with one luxurious hour,
Till woman smiled—companion of his bower!
And she—fair, trembling form from beauty's mould,
Unaw'd by fashion, unseduced by gold;—
Think'st thou she either courted or delayed,
To greet her partner in the fragrant shade?
Or left the scenes where love and beauty smile?

To wander lonely in the desert wild?
Beside a murmuring stream, in forest-glade,
Where spicy odours with the zephyrs played;
Where golden fruits in mix'd profusion lay,
And forest choirs announced the new-born day;
Where first the doe, at blush of earliest dawn,
Led from the tangled copse her spotted fawn;
There—in her virgin innocence of mind,
Adam despaired the mother of mankind.
The birds had wak'd her to her natal day:
Still, on her mossy couch reclin'd she lay,
Collecting flowers that bloom'd profusely

there,
And twining garlands in her flowing hair.
Adam, delighted, saw the fair unknown,
With form so lovely, yet so like his own;
And straight approached her—she with modest mien,

Such as in her love may still be seen;
Arose and sweetly smil'd. "Ye powers of light,"

He cried—"What charming object greets my sight?

Some form of fancy, creature of the brain,
That once I see, but ne'er may see again."

Silent he stood, astonished thus to find

That lips could speak th' emotions of the mind,

For not till then his voice had silence broke:

Our mother smiled again, as thus she spoke:

"Believe me not a fleeting form of air;—

I come your joys, your hopes, your loves to share;

Your second self am I—kindred heart."

"Oh! welcome, welcome, then my better part."

Our great first parent cried, and his arms,

Folded the full effulgence of her charms!

One heart, one soul, one blest existence they,

And nature smil'd upon their bridal day.

But times how chang'd—now truth and nature fly

From fashion's circles, to some kindlier sky,

And leave mankind in simpering folly's school,

To act the hypocrite, and play the fool.

Behold Firtilla—young—and fair, and gay,

Resolved to sport her youthful prime away

Unlov'd, unloving,—in the serious jest,

That, "of all things, she loves herself the best."

Charm'd with the brainless flatterer's awkward praise,

She consecrates to dress her brightest days;

Draws the long sigh, and flirts the pictured fan,

And feigns to scorn the hateful creature, man;

"The other sex"—with prudish jeer, she cries:—

"What, love a man?—I'd sooner lose my eyes:—

Deceitful, flattering man deserves the scorn

Of every maid of honest mother born!"

With such crude wit, she gilds her dreaming years,

And wakes too late to solitude and tears;

Behold her when her lunacy is past;

Fading her cheek, her prospects fade as fast;

False friends forsake her—flatterers depart,

And hope's bleak ruins desolate her heart.

See Aura too, by nature form'd to bless,

And prone to yield to friendship's fond caress;

But, lo! the youth who honorably strove

To wake her heart to sympathizing love,

Though blest with genius, virtue, every grace,

That sweetens life and dignifies his race;

Though more beloved than any swain she knew,

And more engaging as acquaintance grew;

Yet, lack'd one thing, and need the wise be told,

"Twas neither wit nor excellence, but gold!

So Aura bade the generous youth depart,

And took a surly miser to her heart.

But mark her fate. She moves in gilded halls;

Paintings and tapestry adorn their walls;

The ready chariot glitters at her gate,

And liv'ring slaves with looks obsequious wait;

Yet, is she poor;—and friends in vain console,

For love's bright sun illuminates not her soul.

All dark, dark, dark, without one cheering ray;

A night of horror without hope of day.

So did not Eve;—and many a virgin heart,

Has learn'd from Eden's bride the wiser art,

The happier lot, of seeking to be join'd

In bonds of mutual sympathy of mind;

Endearing ties—strengthening to the last,

And made immortal when the grave is past.

MYNALOS.

From Exeter News Letter.

ADVICE TO COUNTRY POLITICANS.
Go weed your corn, and plough your land,
And by Columbia's interest stand,
Cast prejudice away;

To abler heads leave state affairs,
Give railing o'er, and say your prayers,
For stores of corn and hay.

With politics ne'er break your sleep,
But ring your hogs, and shear your sheep;

And rear your lambs and calves;

And Uncle Sam will take due care,

That Britain never more shall dare

Attempt to make you slaves.

A Tale of St. Domingo.

There seems to be a striking resemblance between slave-holding and volcanic countries. Though the inhabitants may be blessed with every enjoyment depending upon soil and climate, yet in the very bowels of the land there are constantly the elements of destruction. Even while we are most happy and secure, the volcano may be upon the point of bursting forth with overwhelming ruin, which no foresight can anticipate, and no prudence avert.—Such was the state of St

Domingo at the opening of my tale; on the eve of that fearful insurrection which consigned so many unsuspecting beings to premature death, or drove them from their homes and kindred, to struggle with want in the loneliness of a foreign land.

The hot glaring day had passed, and was succeeded by the soft splendor of a West Indian evening. Mons. L., a large proprietor of land and slaves, was sitting at a table in his saloon, looking over some newspapers, which he had just received from a neighboring town. At the other end of the table his wife was engaged in preparations for the evening meal. Before an open window in the same apartment, sat an only daughter, Theresa, with her cousin and accepted lover, Eugene N.

Eugene was an orphan. At the very beginning of his course through life, he had encountered misfortunes and difficulties which only his own talents and energy enabled him to surmount. He had met with wrongs and treachery enough from the world, to make him prize, at their full value, the purity and single-minded love of Theresa. Young as he was, he had seen much of mankind. With an ardent disposition and a heart formed for universal love, the fraud and ingratitude of all whom he had trusted had changed his naturally frank bearing to one of haughty coldness.

But to Theresa he looked as the only being whom he might love, without danger and remorse. His eyes were now fixed upon her's with a mixture of pride and affection which was not very far removed from idolatry. The window at which they were seated, was covered with a luxuriant vine, trained under Theresa's direction. The chequered moonlight streamed through it, and the evening breeze rustled among its leaves. With all the congenial beauties of a tropical night around them, the lovers were enjoying that interchange of romantic feeling, which it is so much the fashion to ridicule in this matter of fact country of ours—but which I consider the single green spot, and single sparkling fountain, in the dreary waste of a sordid and selfish world. What they were talking of, heaven only knows. Chance has once or twice made me an unintentional listener to the conversation of lovers.—Much as I was interested at the time, I could not afterwards recollect a word that had passed. And I am inclined to think, that their intercourse consisted in the exchange of kind words and tones rather than idea.

The opening of a door, and the entrance of a tall athletic negro, belonging to M. L., drew for a moment the attention of all parties. The circumstance in itself was of little importance. It was usual for the negroes after their daily task was completed, to go to the dwelling house of their masters, and complain of any petty grievance, or ask for little privileges. There was, however, about this man an air of apprehension and uncertainty, which had just fixed Eugene's attention, when he rushed upon his master and buried in his bosom a large knife, which he had held unobserved in his hand. The unhappy L.—fell from his chair without a groan, and the next instant Eugene was standing over his body. With his right hand he had caught a knife from the table, and in his left he held a chair, with which he parried a blow aimed at him by the slave. Afraid to contend singly against such resistance, and confounded perhaps by his own success in the attempt upon his master's life, the negro turned and retreated through the door at which he had entered. A single glance into the portico showed Eugene that it was filled with negroes, and the truth flashed at once upon his mind. To lock and barricade the door, to snatch a candle from the table, and hurry his aunt and cousin up the staircase, which ascended from the saloon, was to Eugene but the work of a moment. There was a small closet at the head of the stairs, which Mons. L.—had devoted to his collection of arms, for which he had a singular fondness. It was no time to search for keys. With the wild energy of despair Eugene threw himself against the door. It gave way, and he was precipitated headlong into the closet, among rattling pistols and fowling pieces, and flasks and bags of ammunition. He selected two double barrel guns, and a musket, which by its large calibre, was peculiarly fitted for its purpose. He loaded them heavily with swan shot, and took a position from which he could command a view of the whole stairs.

The negroes in the meantime had not been idle. They had broken down the door with axes, and were now spreading themselves through the lower apartments of the building. Eugene could hear their muttered threats, which gradually swelled into oaths and shouts, as they met with no resistance, and were unable to find their victims. The negroes in the meantime had not been idle. They had broken down the door with axes, and were now spreading themselves through the lower apartments of the building. Eugene could hear their muttered threats, which gradually swelled into oaths and shouts, as they met with no resistance, and were unable to find their victims. The negroes in the meantime had not been idle. They had broken down the door with axes, and were now spreading themselves through the lower apartments of the building. Eugene could hear their muttered threats, which gradually swelled into oaths and shouts, as they met with no resistance, and were unable to find their victims.

"I have broken my best gun," was the first thought of Eugene, as he looked at the fragment of the musket which he still held in his hand. "I am wounded too," he added, as he now felt, for the first time, the smarting pain of the gash in his side. "God grant that I may not be seriously hurt; I shall need all my strength to bear me through this fearful night."

"I must borrow your scarf, Theresa," he said stepping into the room in which she stood.

"Are you much hurt?" inquired Theresa, glancing at his bloody vest and raising her eyes anxiously to his face.

"Very slightly," replied Eugene, drawing the scarf around his body. "I am only afraid of being weakened by the loss of blood."

"Let me bind it for you," said Theresa, taking the ends of the scarf from his hands, "you can reload your gun."

The wound was soon bound, and the guns re-loaded. Eugene stationed himself at the head of the stairs. All was now still. The negroes had not been heard of since the fall of their leader.—With an anxious heart Eugene remained at his post. Hour after hour passed away, and still no sound was heard, but the faint groans of the wounded, and the slow measured dropping of blood from the staircase, which struck upon Eugene's ear, like the ticking of a death-watch. His strength was exhausted, and his spirit almost broken by anxiety and fatigue, joined to the sick faintness and burning thirst produced by his wound. He felt repeatedly that he was on the point of swooning. By a powerful exertion of the will, like that which a drowning man arouses himself from slumber, he succeeded in rallying his faculties and preserving himself from falling. At length the sound of steps was heard once more in the saloon. A single figure ascended the stairs, and looked anxiously upward. "They are white men," exclaimed Eugene, and fell senseless to the floor.—When he recovered he was lying upon a bed, and Louis L.—the brother of Theresa, was leaning over him. This young man resided in a neighboring town, for

listless indifference to what was passing around him. But his manner was now changed.

The latent enthusiasm of his character was completely roused. As the night wind blew aside the dark hair from his leery forehead, its lines spoke of one whose element was danger. His eyes flashed from under his brow, but their fire was that of collectedness and resolution. He was fully alive to all the perils of his situation, and prepared to use every human means to avert them. There was a flush upon his cheek, and a proud curl upon his lips which almost amounted to a smile. But for his anxious glances towards Theresa, it might have been supposed, from his countenance alone, that he was in a state of positive enjoyment; far happier than when engaged in the rustic fetes of the Island, silent and lonely, and indifferent to the noisy folly and childish revelry of those around him.

In person as well as character, Theresa was strikingly like her lover. Her mother had buried her face in the bed of the room in which Eugene had placed them and was apparently stupefied with terror. But Theresa stood near the open door, and gazed upon Eugene. Her hands were clasped, and she was pale and motionless as a statue. But there was firmness and self-possession in her countenance, and the proud glance of her eye, showed that even in that hour of fearful peril, she could sympathize with the spirit of her lover.

The negroes in the meantime had been preparing themselves, by intoxication, for another attack. Their silence had gradually yielded to a confused mixture of voices, which was now swelled into a riotous tumult. They were evidently again approaching, with imprecations of vengeance upon Eugene. They paused a moment at the foot of the stairs, and were heard encouraging each other to be foremost in the attack. They again rushed forward in a tumultuous body, but they were only half-re-assured. They paused voluntarily before reaching the fatal landing place, and a single fire from Eugene was sufficient to drive them back. In this attempt, however, their loss was trifling, and they still remained assembled at the foot of the stairs. One of them now called to Eugene, and demanded a parley. It was their apparent leader, the same who had murdered Mons. L.—He ascended the stairs until he had reached the first landing. "Stop," said Eugene, "you are near enough; let me hear what you have to propose." The negro was about half-intoxicated. He had little to say, except reiterated threats of vengeance against Eugene, if he should persevere in his resistance. "We will fire the house," he added, finally, "if we cannot subdue you in any other way."

"We are determined to perish in the flames," replied Eugene, "rather than trust ourselves in your hands. And remember," he added, "that you are in sight of the town of —. A fire must alarm the inhabitants and bring down a body of troops upon you." The negro seemed struck by this reasoning, and was silent. "If you will give up the woman, we will release you," interrupted Eugene, involuntarily raising his gun. The negro retreated hastily to his companions. There was now an affection of stillness and secrecy in their movements, which led Eugene to apprehend some new mode of attack. He was not disappointed. In a few moments, their leader was seen springing up the stairs; the main body of the negroes following at a distance. It was obviously their aim to distract Eugene's attention. "I must keep back the crowd, thought he, and cope with the single negro as well as I may." What we have taken so long to explain, was conveyed to Eugene by a single glance and a single thought. With the rapidity of lightning he fired both his double barrels into the main body, and the next instant their leader was upon him. Eugene had caught up his musket, but there was no time to fire. He succeeded in partly parrying a blow aimed at him by the slave, with a scythe. The weapon, however, entered his left side and glanced against his ribs. Before the stroke could be repeated, the negro received a heavy blow upon his head from the butt of Eugene's musket. He was stunned for an instant, and fell with his body across the ballustrade of the staircase. He was struggling to recover himself, when Eugene, by another blow, hurled him from his precarious situation. He fell heavily to the lower floor, and lay without motion. The main body of the negroes had been driven back by Eugene's fire, and had patiently waited the result of his single combat with their leader.

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more convenient prosecution of his studies.

The insurrection had extended alike to town and country, and Louis had escaped with difficulty. He had hurried to his father's house, where the first object that met his eye was his father's corpse.

"Are you able to travel," said he to Eugene, as the latter raised