For the American Gleaner.

An Inscription

For the tomb of Gen. Richard Ken­non, who died in February 1805, and his daughter Elizabeth Ken­non, who died August 16th 1802, and are laid in one monument at Esmontessen, Virginia.

Here infant innocence that knew no ill
And manly virtue sleeps.—At heaven's high will
Reposing not ye who view this lone­ly tomb,
And meditate on man's mysterious doom.
The first was soon released from worldly woe;
The last well exercised in cares below.

In Freedom's glorious cause he bravely fought,
His Country's good with gallant firmness sought,
And, now, with joy beholds, to Heaven removed,
That freedom flourish he so dearly lov'd.

The following is the ODE delivered by Master C. K. Blanchard, at the Jubilee of Jamestown.

The Power that measures Space and Time,
And robs the Stars with Light-sublime,
That guides with central force aright
The rapid Comet's fiery flight.
That holds each Orb in strong control,
And points the planets where to roll.
The God who taught the Sun to blaze,
And made it strike,
On mortal sight
The fire of Heav'n's reflected rays,
Sent the sons of the East
To the sons of the West;
Taught the Arts with the ray of mild evening to shine,
And blest a New World with their radiance divine.

Warm from the Wood,
With hunting tir'd,
A savage sought the cooling flood
And far, far off the curling wave admir'd,
And as he pace'd the lonely beach,
Far as his piercing eye could reach,
He thought he saw the nine trees dance,
And on the wave erect-alliance.
Again he look'd and saw the trees,
All wing'd arriving with the breeze.
And as he gaz'd with wild surprize,
Borne on the full-flood tide along,
Moving in solemn silence on
He sees at last the stately ship arise
But when from forth the bursting side,
He sees the Lightnings glide,
And hears the deep mouth'd cannon roar,
To arms! to arms! he cry'd:
To arms the warriors flew,
And the shill war-song sounded to the skies;
Whilst Horror shrieking in the woods,
And screaming o'er the hills and floods
Warms the white warriors to prepare,
And brave the first rude shock of savage war.
Our ancestors! A small but daring band,
Led by a Hero first in fame,
Cloth'd with courage, arm'd with flame,
Against the hideous howling throng,
March dreadful on;
And in many direful day,
Driving far the foe away,
Boldly claim the ensanguin'd land,
Their conquering valor won.

Drown from their usual haunts and floods,
Far to their immost shades and woods,
The Indian chiefs retir'd
With endless fury fir'd;
Intent, the web of woe to weave,
Secret as death, and joyless as the grave,
The plot's full-time, matured, thro' many a year,
At last drew near!
And the notched arrow mark'd the day;
That drew the furrowing tear,
Which Time can never wipe away!
Revenge! Revenge! a thousand voices cry,
Revenge! Revenge! th' echoing hills reply!
Whilst the red tribes in treachery strong,
Relentless sweep along:
And where the whizzing
weapons fly,
A thousand Fathers, Mothers
die.
Sons, Sisters, Children, fly in
vain,
Their lifeless bodies strew the
plain,
And as the infant smiles or
cries,
It sees the lifted stroke and
dies;
Behind the raging flame, are seen,
Where dwellings, fields and
bodies blaze:
And glaring midst the horrid
gleam,
The whooping blood stain'd
Savage strays:
Or, amid, the fiend like
throng,
Drives the blasting rain-on:
Till (quite complete the blood-
ny plan)
Sad Desolation sits and mocks the
works of Man.
Soft voic'd Pity from above,
Fairlest daughter of the Sky!
Bent with locks of grief and love,
To the chang'd earth her tearful
eye.
She saw the smoking ruins
round,
And all the arts of peace de-
stroy'd:
The groves and walks were
ruin'd found,
Which she with peaceful
power enjoy'd.
In each lov'd scene she hears faint
sorrow call:
Whilst o'er the hapless land, her
tears benignant fall.
But now see, fair succour fly-
ing,
O'er the wide Atlantic wave,
Our few remaining Sires to
save,
Every Indian force retiring,
Bringing comfort to the brave.
Ship after ship amain!
Men after men arrive!
To drive
The Savage to his woods
again.
Whilst industry, of force divine,
With Commerce, Peace, and pow-
er combine,
To seize the fleeting flying
Hours,
And make them deck the helms
with flowers.
And late where Desolation
walk'd,
And late where glaring ruin
stalk'd,
The towns with loftier aspect
rise,
And loftier domes salute the
skies.
A million patriot sons are born,
A million fair the land adorn,
And here, where erst the wild
flower rose
Alone and undesir'd,
See where the blushing beauty
glows:
By every eye admired.
For you, ye Fair, to arms w
fly,
Or strike the sounding lyre,
For you the soldier dares to die
And ye the bard inspire
Your smiles alone, can bid the
strain;
Alone can make it last,
Till a new century shall have
pass'd:
When friends perhaps may mee
again,
And sound the high-toned har
of Love,
At the great JUBILEE above.
This Ode, although not written in honor of Bacchus, may be called "Diythrymbic," as many liberties have been taken in distorting the rhymes, some of them being eight or ten lines apart, as the reader will please to observe. It is not the better for being longer than most of the Greek, or Latin Odes, although not so long as Boileau's famed Ode, "Sur la Prie de Namur." But a thousand poems could not exhaust the subject.

The Verse writers for the next "Vingtaine," are requested to pay their respects to Princess Pocahontas, unavoidably neglected in this first Essay:

TO GENERAL KOCHUSKO.

By Peter Pindar.

O thou, whose wounds from pity's eye
Could force the stream and bid her sigh,
That god-like valour bled in vain—
Sigh that the land which gave them birth
Should droop its sorrowing head to earth,
And groaning curse the Despot's chain!

Her beams around shall glory spread,
Where'er thy star thy steps shall lead,
And Fame thy every deed repeat;
Each heart in suffering virtue's cause
Shall swell amid the loud applause;
And raptur'd catch a kindred heat.

In Fance's eve, thy friend, the Muse,
Thy bark, from wave to wave pursuing,
With fondest wish to view thy way.
To view thee where freedom reigns,
(An exile long from British plains)
And blesses millions by her sway.

While thou, in Peace's purple vale,
Fair Freedom, Fame and Health shall hail,
At ease reclining amid the shade
Britannia's walk will wound thy ear;
And lo! I see thy gen'rous tear
Embracing her laurels as they fade.

On hearing a gentleman say, he would never dance with a plain woman.

Young Damon vows, nay; hear him swear,
He'll dance with none but what are fair,
Suppose we girls, a law dispense,
To dance with none but men of sense;
Suppose you should, pray, Ma'am what then?
Why Sir, you'd never dance again.

Advice to Strephon.

Pensive Strephon cease-repining,
Give thy injur'd stars their due; There's no room for all this pining,
Be Dorinda false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross?
And if sway'd by whim or passion,
Lest her leave thee,—where's the ease?