

MISSA WORTHROP.

In night again no more let morning rise
Or hateful light salute these waking eyes:
Uprapt in this gloom and hushed in awe profound
At every object - every human sound, -
What pleases others oh may I never share,
Be dead each feeling reign alone despair
Alone distracted buried in this cave
Unseen unheard of oh may I ever rave. -
Let no foul reptile dare approach this place,
That bears resemblance to the human race:
No feathered songster dare attune its throat
Or fill the thicket with its warbling note. -
But let the howling of the beasts of prey,
Rise on the blast and drown each tender lay:
The owl's shrill cry - the awful gloom of death
And shrieks of spirits tremble o'er the hearth. -
Man-fell man, fly far this haunted shade,
My air pollute not, nor my path invade:
If in my walk I meet thy hated form
I'll rend thee piece-meal to the howling storm. -
I have no pity I've forgot to feel,
This breast is harder than the polished steel:
I have no pity none will I receive,
May fiends torment him who for me would grieve. -
Harder than marble be transformed the tear,
That falls in anguish o'er my silent bier:

I want no friends to follow my remains
No pious sobs nor tender mournful strains. —
But when death comes to close these eyes,
And my soul labours in fierce agonies:
I'll smile disdainful at the dart of death,
And pour forth curses with my latest breath. —
Around these haunts I'll cast my glimmering sight
And sink triumphant in the realms of night:
Then may the tiger make my grave his den,
And guard my bones from every human ken; —
From fields of slaughter hither bring his food
And drench my ashes in a victim's blood.
I once had pity — once this heart could glow,
And melt in sorrow at another's woe: —
Once sweet benevolence for all mankind
Prompted my actions and my thoughts refined.
The tender tale then found a willing ear,
And with my gift I always gave a tear: —
But when afflictions fell upon my head,
And drove me from my little peaceful shed:
No tender arms ever opened to my cries
No roof to shelter from the skies. —
Those very wretches whom my former bounty fed
With pride disdainful from my foot steps fled:
Oh shudder nature at thy black disguise
Man-boasted man is infamy and lies. —

• I'll now go frown the wildring mazes through
And climb the mountain's black and rugged head
Hang in grim pleasure o'er the frightful deep
And hear the billows lash the sounding steep.

Written by a cadet at West Point
For Dr. Wylie with the respects of
J. M. Mutchley