

THE  
AMERICAN

SMALL POETRY

BY

REV. H. W. WARD



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A M E R I C A N  
F E M A L E P O E T S :

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY

CAROLINE MAY.



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## MARGARET JUNKIN

Is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, a highly esteemed clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination, and the President of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. Her poetry is little known beyond the choice circle of friends, whose affection is better to her than public praise; though she has talent enough to gain that, if we may judge by the force and originality of the following verses.

### GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION.

WHY wrapped he not a martyr's robe  
    Around his lofty form?  
Why bore he not with dauntless brow  
    The bursting of the storm?  
Why cringed the mind that proudly soared  
    Where others gazed dismayed,  
With servile will before the power  
    Whose grasp was on him laid?

They tell us it was fear that bowed  
    His mighty spirit, when  
He stooped beneath the rusty links  
    Of superstition's chain:  
—The dungeon cell was dark,—and light  
    Was pleasant to his eye,  
And, holy tho' the truth, for it  
    He did not dare to die.

Fear!—what had he to do with fear,  
    Who ventured out abroad,  
Unpiloted, thro' pathless space,  
    By angels only trod:—

Who wandered with unfailing flight,  
Creation's vastness o'er,  
And brought to light an infinite,  
So unconceived before.

When gazing on those worlds which first  
He was allowed to scan,  
How puny would appear the aims  
And littleness of man!  
And proud his inward consciousness,  
That he had dared to be  
A sharer in the mysteries  
Of God's immensity.

When back to earth he turned again,—  
Such brilliant visions past,  
How most contemptible would seem  
The trammels round him cast!  
And yet his lofty character  
Submitted to the stain;  
And lulling Ignorance entwined  
Her weak, Delilah chain.

Strange that the ray which beamed for him  
With such intense delight,  
Should for a single moment lose  
Its glory in his sight:—  
Strange that the eye whose strength could pierce  
From world to world afar,  
Should suffer fear to cloud the blaze  
Of Truth's diviner star!