

**NAHANT, OR "THE
FLOURE OF
SOUVENANCE"**

ANONYMOUS

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“THE FLOURE OF SOUVENANCE.”

PHILADELPHIA:

H. C. CAREY AND I. LEA—CHESNUT STREET.

1827.

WILL my honoured and distinguished
CASTILIAN FRIEND,

Whose talents and acquirements I admire as highly
as I value her friendship, reject this simple tribute
of my grateful recollection of her, which I humbly
lay at her feet?

January, 1827.



NAHANT,

..

“THE FLOURE OF SOUVENANCE.”

—— High on the sea-girt shore
It reared its turrets proud !

ONE bright and lovely evening, I mounted my gallant palfrey, with the intention of visiting that centre of attraction, that sea-girt peninsula, where, against the barrenness of rocks, the song of pleasure is heard, and where the eternal murmur of the ocean's waves is mingled with the soft notes of those instruments, which ornament the halls of the gay, and the rich, and the fashionable, as if to contrast the luxurious enjoyments of refined society, with the sublime voice of the Ocean, that magnificent representative of the Deity, in His duration and unchangeableness.

The air was soft and odorous; the heavens were radiant with a beautiful autumnal light, but I thought the way was long and dreary; the road was almost deserted, and scarcely a passing traveller interrupted my meditations.

I said to myself, it is the Temple of Circe, to which I am hastening, (perhaps to decide my future destiny,) but it stands not on a flower covered lawn; no "sweet south," filled with spicy odours, sweeps through its arches; no garlands of flowers, no vases of rich plants, no perfumes, no pictures, no statues decorate its halls; no parterres of roses, and violets, and myrtles, and jessamines, surround this temple of love;—but the ocean, with its wild music, and high and barren rocks, mark the spot, where young hearts go to pour forth, perhaps, the *first* notes of passion. It must be a dangerous place, said I, and I will just look at the revellers in their halls, and then fly. Yes, it must be a dangerous spot, for the young, the impassioned, and the lonely to meet;—all the blandishments of wealth, all the seductions of luxury and fashion, the witchery of music, and the splendours of genius, could not

awaken in a sensitive heart, *such* emotions, as are kindled by the deep, low music of the waves, by a view of the ocean in its lone, but boundless grandeur; by the stillness of Nature, by the soft, melting moonlight, which lends a magic to every object over which it gleams;—for in such beautiful loneliness, the heart, perhaps, for the first time, sighs for the presence of that one, who is to be its rainbow of promise;—it feels, perhaps, for the first time, the necessity of being beloved! There is the purity and the happiness of Heaven in that emotion, and those who wish not to have it revealed, must not follow the path I was pursuing; at least, so I thought then!

What delight I felt, when I first beheld that long, smooth, white, moon-lit sand beach!—It looked like a beautiful mirror, stretched out to receive the smiles and kisses of sea nymphs; the murmur of the waves was scarcely audible; the ocean reposed in queen-like majesty; no breath of wind, no sound disturbed the sublime stillness of Nature's devotions.—I dismounted, and throwing the reins over the neck of my courser, walked upon the beach: it