To Emily Morgan Neville.

BY TARLETON BATES*

Ere Love had tuned my soul to verse,  
Like yours, my brother Fed,  
My pen dared only prose rehearse,  
In humble lines I sped.  
I now have mounted my Pegasus,  
Void of all comely gait,  
Like those dumb animals called Apes,  
Each step I spur, kick, beat.  
You have enclosed a little ditty,  
None e'er was more sincere,  
My brain I've pothered to be witty,  
Not so—you'll read and swear.  
On the fair one that it is written,  
A volume might have been,  
Resplendent as the Goddess Cyprean,  
Grace is where she is seen.  
Go to the Heathen's Pantheon,  
Rummage each Goddess' leaf,  
And every grace you view thereon  
On my fair Houri heap.  
No single beauty that you find,  
Must you presume to omit,  
Nor leave one virtue of the mind,  
Your Goddess will fit;  
Else all the attractions you amass,  
Like glittering beads can not  
Vie with the charms of the sweet lass  
In whom I've all forgot.  
In the first letters of my Rhimes,  
My charmer's name you'll find,  
Look down, then up, upon these lines,  
Each second letter mind.

*Tarleton Bates was a native of Virginia, but had lived in Pitts-
To Emily Morgan Neville

burgh since he was eighteen years of age. He held various public offices, becoming Prothonotary of Allegheny County in 1800; and he was afterward the editor of the *Tree of Liberty*, the organ of the Republican party in Pittsburgh. Emily Morgan Neville was the daughter of Colonel Presley Neville, a soldier of the Revolution, and a granddaughter of the famous General Daniel Morgan. The acrostic conveys some idea of Tarleton Bates' sentiments toward Miss Neville. He was killed in Pittsburgh on January 8, 1806, in a duel, originating in a political quarrel. His death at the early age of thirty years, cast a gloom over the entire community. On November 5, 1807, Miss Neville was married to Mr. Simms, an officer in the United States Army.