

Sonnet  
To the Memory of Thomas Clarkson.

As musingly I trace th' historic page,  
Dark with the deeds of tyranny and blood,  
Hurting along whole nations like a flood,  
At widened intervals some honoured sage  
Shines with rich lustre in his darkening age,  
Calling in vain for justice in the land,  
When frowning kings and bloody warriors stand,  
Or with fierce madness their base conflict wage.  
But 'mong the great and good the earth has known,  
Than Clarkson I can find no dearer name.  
When to the winds the warrior's tale is blown,  
The nations shall aloud his worth proclaim,  
And gladly emulate his noble fame.

Woodlee, New Bedford

128 Dec. 1846 —

