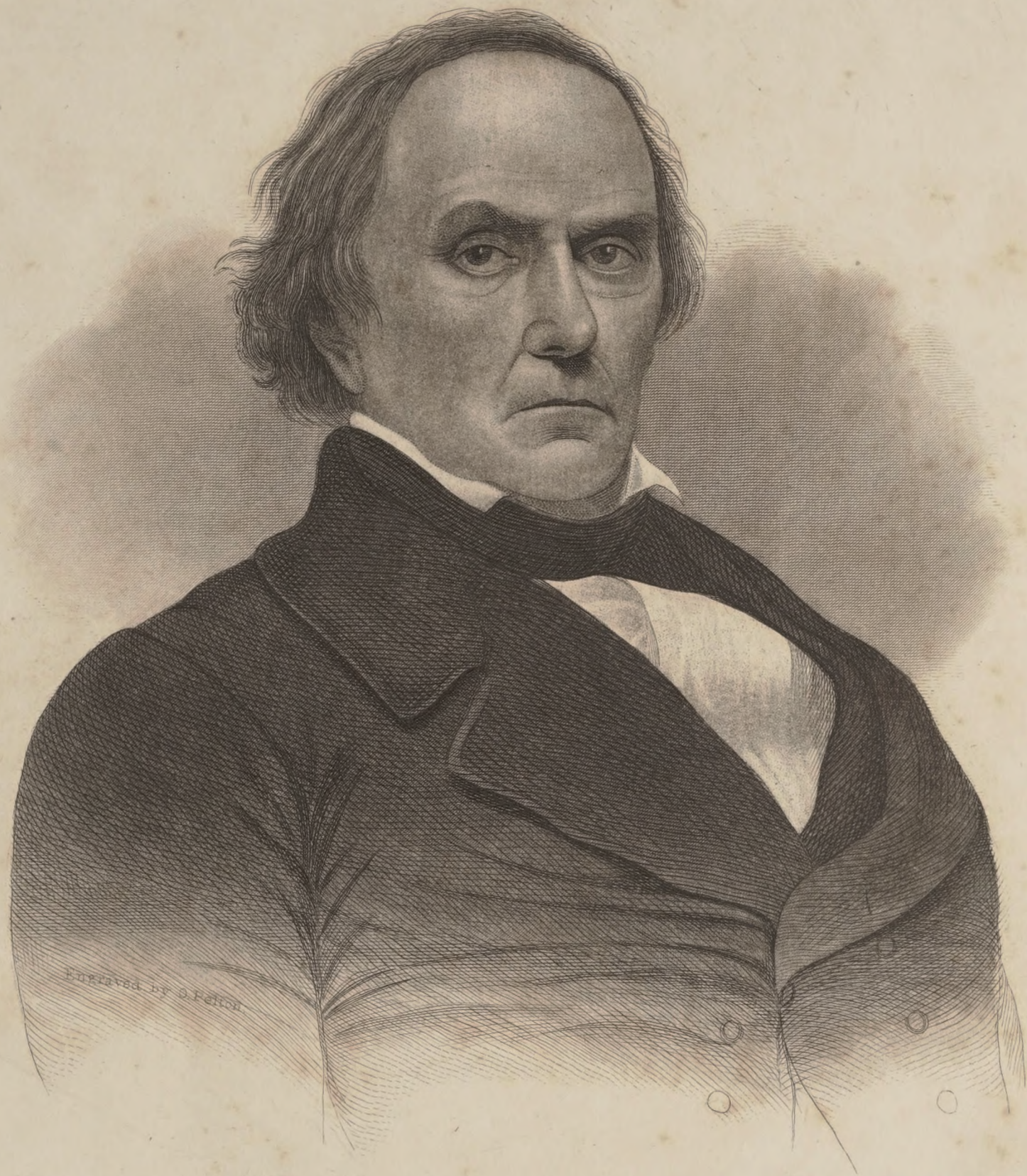


GRAY'S
ELEGY
—
ILLUSTRATED







David Wellesley

Born January 18th 1782. Died October 24th 1852.

Gray, Thomas.

"

ELBY

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.



NEW YORK:

W. P. FETRIDGE & CO., FRANKLIN SQUARE.

BOSTON:

FETRIDGE & CO., No. 100 WASHINGTON STREET.

1856.

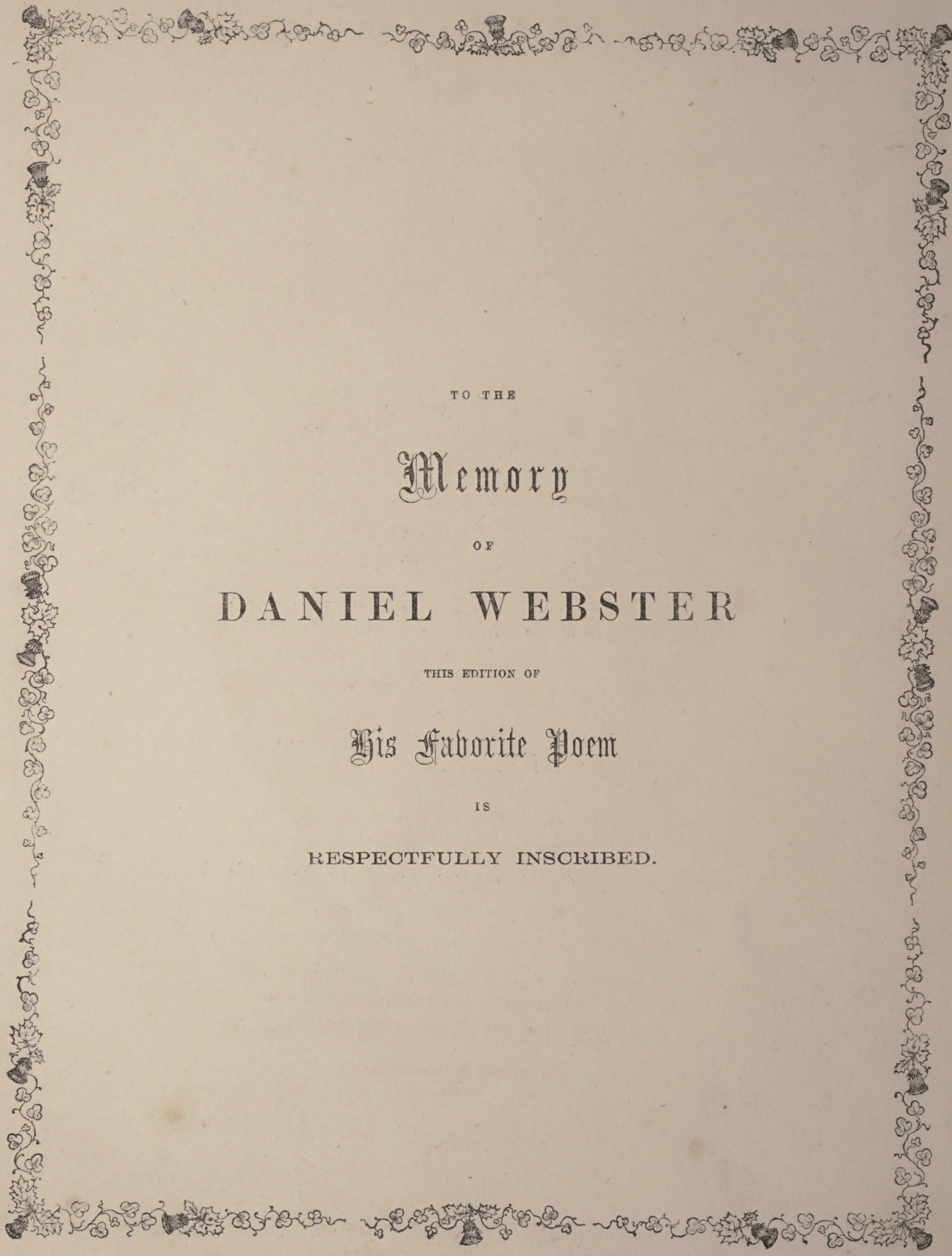
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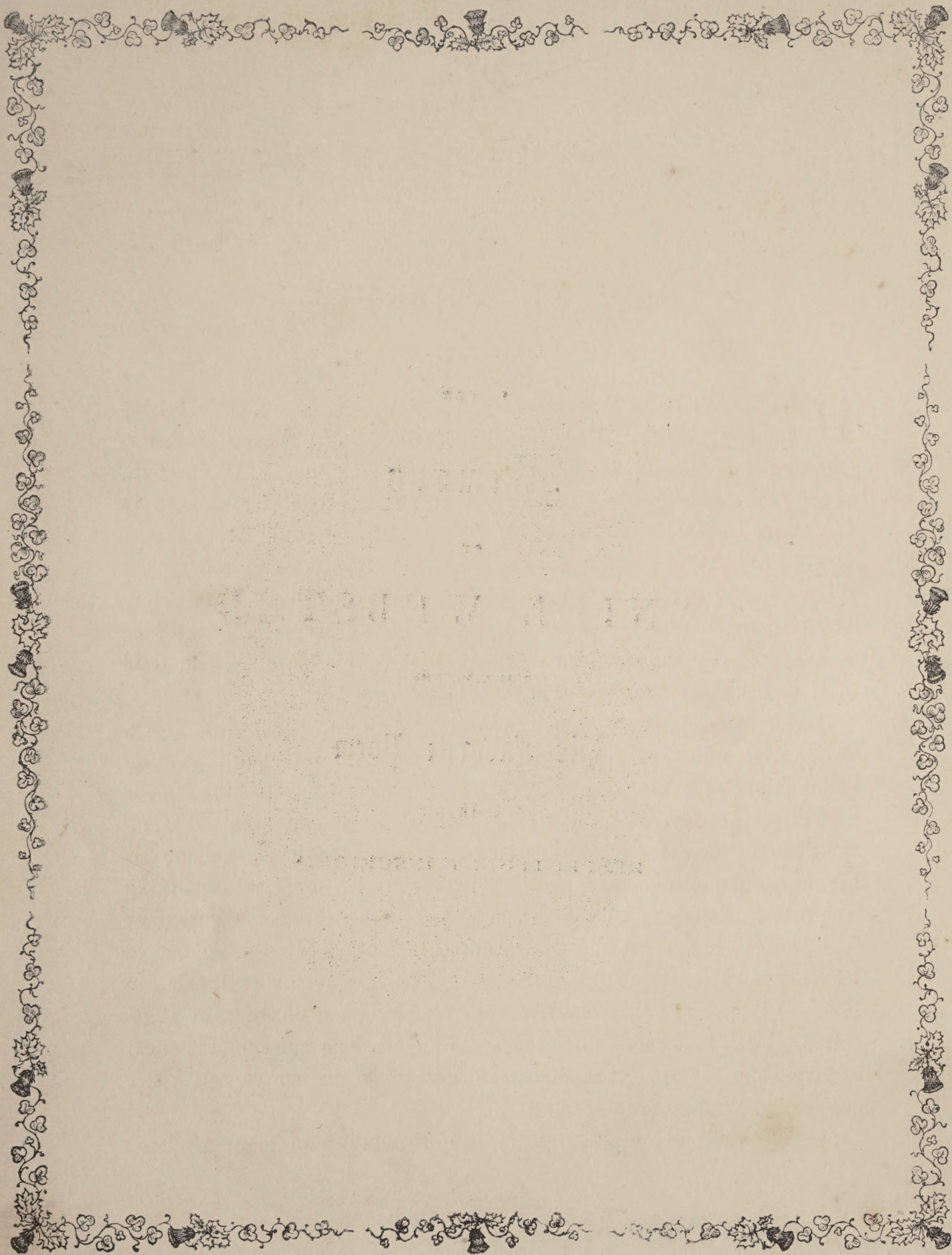
DANIEL WEBSTER


THIS EDITION OF

His Favorite Poem

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



A decorative border of grapevines and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of repeating floral motifs, including clusters of grapes and leaves, connected by a vine-like structure. It runs along the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, N. H., on the 18th of January, 1782. His great-great-grandfather, Thomas Webster, migrated from Norfolk, England, and settled in Hampton, N. H., in 1656, nearly two centuries ago. Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, born in 1739, was a pioneer in Salisbury, served with credit in the Rangers during the Old French War, and in our Revolutionary struggle fought at White Plains, and led a company gallantly in the battle of Bennington. After our independence was secured, he was chosen Representative, Senator, and finally Judge of the Common Pleas, which office he held from 1791 to 1805. He died in 1806, aged sixty-seven.

Daniel Webster was cradled in poverty, and early inured to labor, walking two miles and a half to common school in winter, and working on his father's farm in summer. When fourteen he was sent to the famous "Phillips' Academy," in Exeter, N. H., and the next year to Dartmouth College, where he graduated with honor; taught an academy at Fryeburg, Maine, one year, and then betook himself to the study of the law, first in Salisbury, and then in Boston, in the office of Christopher Gore, afterward Governor of Massachusetts; was admitted to the bar in 1805; practised a short time in Boscawen, N. H.; removing thence, in 1807, to Portsmouth, was married next year to Grace Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N. H., by whom he had four children, of whom but one (Fletcher) survives him. The mother died suddenly, while on her way with her husband to Washington, late in 1827.

Mr. Webster remained nine years in Portsmouth, and there acquired

an extensive practice and enviable reputation. In 1812 he was for the first time a candidate for office, being nominated for Congress by the Federalists of New Hampshire, and elected after a most vehement contest. (The state then chose its members by general ticket.) Though never before a member of a legislative body, he rose at once to a high rank among parliamentary debaters. He opposed the invasion of Canada, and all schemes of aggression and conquest; ardently advocated the enlargement of our navy, and the prosecution of the war on the ocean, but condemned the policy which had involved the country in hostilities, and urged an early peace. His house, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire, during his absence at Washington, in January, 1814. He removed to Boston in August, 1816. His fame as a jurist was greatly increased by his defence of Dartmouth College against the assumptions of the Legislature of New Hampshire to alter and modify its charter at pleasure, — a claim which was sustained by the courts of New Hampshire, but overruled by the United States Supreme Court, on Mr. Webster's argument, in March, 1818.

He devoted himself assiduously to the law in Boston, refusing invitations to embark in politics, but serving as an elector of president, and then as member of the State Constitutional Convention, until, in 1822, he was persuaded to stand for Congress, and elected by a large majority. He took his seat in December, 1823, and immediately signalized himself by a proposition and speech looking to the recognition of Greece as an independent nation. He made, at the same session, the ablest free-trade argument ever presented to Congress. It was overborne, however, by the speech of Mr. Clay in favor of protection, and the tariff bill of 1824 became a law. Mr. Webster was reëlected, without opposition, in 1824; and would have been returned in 1826, but he was that year elected to the United States Senate, where he took his seat in January, 1828.

His speeches against Hayne, in 1829, on the right of a state to nullify an act of Congress, were the greatest intellectual achievements of his life. They may be said to have practically settled the question, so that,

though nullification has since been threatened, no danger remains that it will ever be in earnest attempted.

Mr. Webster remained in the Senate till March 4, 1841, and was a leading participator in the discussions growing out of the attempted re-charter of the United States Bank, tariff compromise of 1834, the removal of the deposits, the specie circular, the expunging resolution, &c. From an original free-trader, he became a warm and impressive advocate of protection to home industry, regarding the policy of the country as settled by the acts of 1824 and 1828, and the interests thereby called into existence justly entitled to legislative support. He therefore opposed the tariff compromise of 1834, which nevertheless prevailed.


Upon General Harrison's election to the presidency, Mr. Webster was called to the post of Secretary of State, which he continued to hold, after General Harrison's death and Mr. Tyler's accession, until late in 1842. During this time he negotiated with Lord Ashburton the treaty of Washington, by which the north-eastern boundary of Maine was settled. After retiring from the cabinet, he remained in private life till 1845, when he was again chosen to the Senate, on the retirement of Mr. Choate. He spoke, in 1846, in favor of the Oregon boundary treaty; in 1848, against the claim of the South to extend slavery into the new territories; and on the seventh of March, 1850, in favor of the adjustment of the territorial and slavery dispute by compromise, wherein the Wilmot Proviso should be surrendered by the North, as needless and irritating. He afterwards signalized himself by a zealous advocacy of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Webster was first proposed for president in 1836, when Massachusetts gave him her electoral vote, but was seconded by no other state. In 1848 his name was submitted to the whig national convention at Philadelphia, but his vote never reached thirty. In 1852 his name was again submitted to the whig national convention at Baltimore, but his highest vote on any ballot was thirty-three. It is understood that one hundred and six Southern votes were ready to be cast for him whenever

they would secure his nomination; but the opportunity was never presented.

In 1850, on the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the presidency, Mr. Webster was called again to the first place in the cabinet, which he continued to hold till his death. He left Washington in ill health during the summer of 1852, and retired to his country residence at Marshfield, Massachusetts, and soon after met with a severe injury, by being thrown from a wagon. His health continued to decline, until, on the twenty-first of October, his illness was felt to be dangerous, from which time he rapidly sunk, until his death, which occurred on Sunday morning, October 24, at a little before three o'clock. His last hours were irradiated by penitence, prayer, and the consolations of Christian faith and hope.

Thus lived and died the greatest man, intellectually, that America has yet produced — her most chaste and cogent orator, and one of her most accomplished and thoroughly qualified statesmen. His Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill orations, his replies to Hayne and letter to Hulsemann, will live while our language is spoken; and, long after his faults and his frailties shall have been forgotten, the American people will do honor to his genius, his understanding and his patriotism.

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P R E F A C E .

THE call of Mr. Webster, on the evening preceding his death, for the reading of a portion of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," has awakened in many minds a new interest in that immortal production. From its first appearance, a century ago, to the present day, it has been deemed one of the best specimens of English verse. This poem is said to have been for many years under correction and improvement; and perhaps it would never have seen the light, but for the publication of a copy surreptitiously obtained. It passed, at once, to its permanent place in English literature. The call of Mr. Webster for it on his dying bed is very naturally associated with a similar incident which preceded the death of Wolfe. That commander, reduced to straits by the dilatory movements of Amherst on Lake Champlain, and the failure of Johnson's coöperation, was under the necessity of failing altogether, or of achieving victory by the boldest enterprise. Just recovering from illness, and with strength only sufficient for imperative business, he conceived the design of landing his troops beneath the Heights of Abraham, and of ascending by a winding path, scarcely wide enough to permit two to walk abreast. Drawing the attention of the

French to other points, he collected as many boats as he could without raising suspicion, for the embarkation of his troops. At one o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, the night dark, and the tide flowing in the favorable direction, he suddenly gave the order to embark. Silently, swiftly, the boats moved upon the tide, every mind occupied with the thought of the dawn and its work. No word was spoken. Wolfe alone, bending to the officers near him, broke the stillness, repeating stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*. What stanzas we do not know. One was,

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

How prophetic! Wolfe himself was, at that moment, in the path of glory, and on the day about to dawn it led to the grave! When he had finished the recitation, he said: “Gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.” The *Elegy* was then a recent production. It was published about 1750. Wolfe took Quebec in 1759.

The Earl of Carlisle delivered a lecture at Sheffield, England, before the Mechanics' Institute of that ancient town, on the Poetry of Gray. The audience was composed of the Mayor and Aldermen of Sheffield, the poet James Montgomery, and the highly intelligent members of the institute, as well as many individuals of note. We give below the closing part of the lecture, which relates entirely to the world-renowned production,—the “*Elegy in a Country Church-yard*.”

“I have reserved for the last topic of observation the ‘*Elegy in a Country Church-yard*.’ And let me here say that, however artificial the poetry of Gray may have been sometimes denominated, I believe I do not go too far in stating that his *Elegy* is, for its size, the most popu-

lar poem ever written in any language. In corroboration of this rather positive opinion, I may appeal to the common verdict of mankind; to its lines forming household words in all memories; to its being the subject of incessant quotation, and of scarcely less frequent translation, imitation, and parody. I prefer to repeat no other terms of eulogy than those of Dr. Johnson himself. His words are, 'In the character of the Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty, and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honor. The Church-yard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.' But I am able to adduce testimony still higher, more affecting, and probably unparalleled in its kind, to the merits of this surpassing poem, and its influence over the human heart. We are always glad to have our own judgments assisted and guided by the thoughts and sayings of eminent men; and these acquire a more impressive and thrilling interest, if they have been expressed shortly before the close of their lives."

After alluding to the anecdote which we have above related, in regard to General Wolfe, he says:—"I pass on to a more recent instance. About two months ago, the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, was lying upon his death-bed. Of course, this is not the occasion for estimating the character and qualities of Mr. Webster. Upon two points I think there can be little difference of opinion,—the force of his intellectual powers, and the affecting and ennobling account we have received of his dying hours. But, from the particulars which are there recorded, we find that even in the intervals of severe pain, even in the languor of decaying nature, even amidst the appropriate and

exalted topics of Christian penitence and hope, there was a further craving of the dying man yet unsatisfied. We are told that he was heard to repeat, somewhat indistinctly, the words, 'Poet, poetry, — Gray, Gray.' His son repeated the first line of the Elegy,

'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.'

'That's it, that's it!' exclaimed Mr. Webster. The book was brought, and other stanzas read, which seemed to give him pleasure. Surely it is not a slight thing to have satisfied, so far as the world they were about to leave was concerned, the latest aspirations of such a hero as Wolfe, and such a statesman as Webster.

"The very popularity and general acceptance of so brief a poem discourages any multiplied quotations from it. The opening of the description at once puts the village life of England before us, even though the very commencing word — the curfew — is rather a recollection of obsolete habits. In the second stanza is there not twilight in the very sounds?

'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.'

All is so purely appropriate, without being for an instant tame or undignified, which is the great difference, to my mind, between Gray and more modern schools. Then we have the picture of the specific subject of the poem taken more closely:

'Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

"All sermons are here concentrated, and here every expression comes up to the full dignity of the most solemn of all human themes, without

the slightest strain or inflation. You would justly blame me if I forbore to remind you how it is said, with most eloquent truth,

‘Perchance in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.’

I must not pursue the description of the care-crazed or love-crossed youth, and his epitaph. I would rather ask you to judge what the excellence of the finished poem must be from which the author deliberately rejected two such stanzas as these, after they had been once inserted :

‘Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents breathing from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.’

And this, descriptive of the rustic tomb of the village scholar :

‘There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

“Such were the still, melancholy but gentle and tender reveries of the poet, to whom we must now bid farewell in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis ; for, although its claim to be the actual scene of the ‘Elegy’ is disputed with another neighboring village, I cannot question that the one which was nearest to his place of residence, answering adequately as it does to all the touches in his description, and which has since received his mother’s remains and his own, was the real theatre of inspiration ; but whoever, among the numerous English and American pilgrims who flock thither every year, may gaze on that sequestered spot, even without such fond domestic associations as I have recently

happened to acquire with it, will not be slow to acknowledge the grace and charm of that strictly English scenery which composes the whole view. Immediately before and around you see the ivy-mantled tower, the rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade, the mouldering turf-heaps; skirting this precinct are the smooth turf, the over-arching glades, the reposing deer of the English park; not far beyond are 'the antique towers' of Eton, 'the stately brow' of Windsor. But even the loyalty, the chivalry, the learning of our annals, are put aside for a time; you feel the ground to be sacred to the common lot and daily life of humanity, and that these, together with that soft, peaceful landscape which surrounds you, have been adorned and ennobled by the muse of Gray."

We also make an extract from the "Note-book of a Traveller," in relation to the burial-place of Gray. After speaking of the gorgeous emblems and marble mementos of the nobles and rulers of honored memory, which he considered only as "memorials of another age, when the monarch bowed before Him who is King over all," he continues:

"Leaving this burial-place of the rich and noble, I turned my footsteps towards the church of Stoke Pogis. At a distance of two or three miles from Windsor, far removed from the public highway, and within the fine old park formerly belonging to the family of William Penn, stands the church of Stoke Pogis. Here, under the 'aged elm and yew-tree's shade,' lie the ashes of Thomas Gray. I had spent an hour in the morning viewing the old and ivy-covered church at Upton (also in the immediate neighborhood of Windsor), and reading the inscriptions upon the decaying stones which mark the mouldering graves of past generations. Through fissures in the walls you may look in upon the heaps of dust which now cover the sacred places where a worshipping congregation once bowed in the presence of their Creator. An ivy, gnarled and knotted by age, with a trunk like that of a forest-tree in size, spreads its

vast branches over this edifice, now fast passing into ruins. A venerable yew-tree still guards the entrance into the church-yard, and throws its sombre shade over the humble places where

‘The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.’

It is this spot, or Stoke Pogis, which the poet is supposed to have had in his mind when he wrote his *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*. Either place answers the description. The church at Stoke Pogis is, however, in good repair. On a tablet under the east window of the church is the following inscription :

‘Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of THOMAS GRAY, the author of the *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, etc. etc. etc.* He was buried August 6th, 1771.’

“A plain, unpretending tomb covers the poet and his mother. At Stoke Pogis the elms and the yew-trees shade the graves of the hamlet forefathers. I sat for a long time beneath those yews, thinking that, in all human probability, the blood of these men was still flowing in the veins of my own countrymen ; for around me I saw the graves of Parry, of Cooper, of Goddard, of Gould, of Geere, and many other names familiar in our own land. And then I thought how much more desirable was the fame of the poet than of the king. This country church-yard has attractions not found beneath the roof of the Royal Chapel of St. George. Few care as to where rest the ashes of Charles the First, of George the Third, and George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. But the country church-yard where Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and where sleeps all that was mortal of him, is precious and sacred to every reader of the English language. The vision rises to view in city and in country, in hall and in cottage, in the groves of the academy, and in the primeval forest where the smoke from the woodman’s hut gives notice of advancing

civilization. I remained musing for a long time. No human voice disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. The deer which had been feeding in the park were gathering and lying down to their rest. The songs of the birds in the leafy elms had ceased, for the shades of evening were advancing. The morn would break on the morrow, but

‘The cock’s shrill clarion and the echoing horn’

would never arouse the poet, or those who sleep around him, from their lowly beds. ‘Peace to their ashes!’ was my humble benediction, as I bade farewell to this sequestered and beautiful spot, consecrated by genius.”

The vignette on the title-page is a view of Stoke Pogis church, Buckinghamshire, the church-yard of which is the scene of this celebrated poem, and near which is a monument, erected to the memory of Gray by the late John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park. The original drawing is in the possession of Samuel Rogers, Esq. The tomb of the poet is at the south-east corner of the chancel, near that of his aunt, Mrs Mary Antrobus.

1.

The sun's rays were the heart of parting day,

The lowing hard winds slowly o'er the sea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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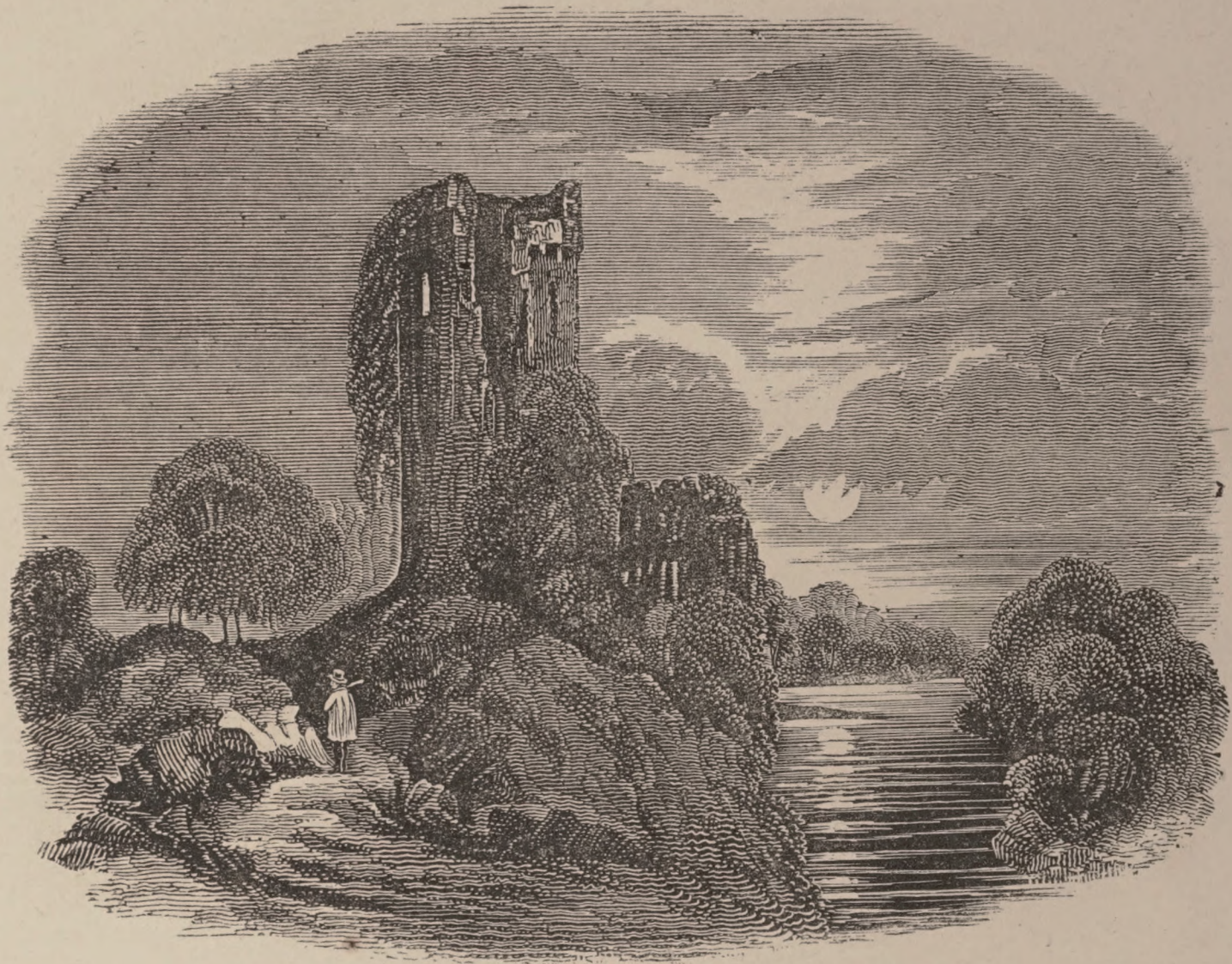
I.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.



II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;



III.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.



IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.



The history of the...
The...
The...
The...



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V.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.



VI

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.



Let the harvest of their fields yield
The harvest of their fields yield
The harvest of their fields yield
The harvest of their fields yield

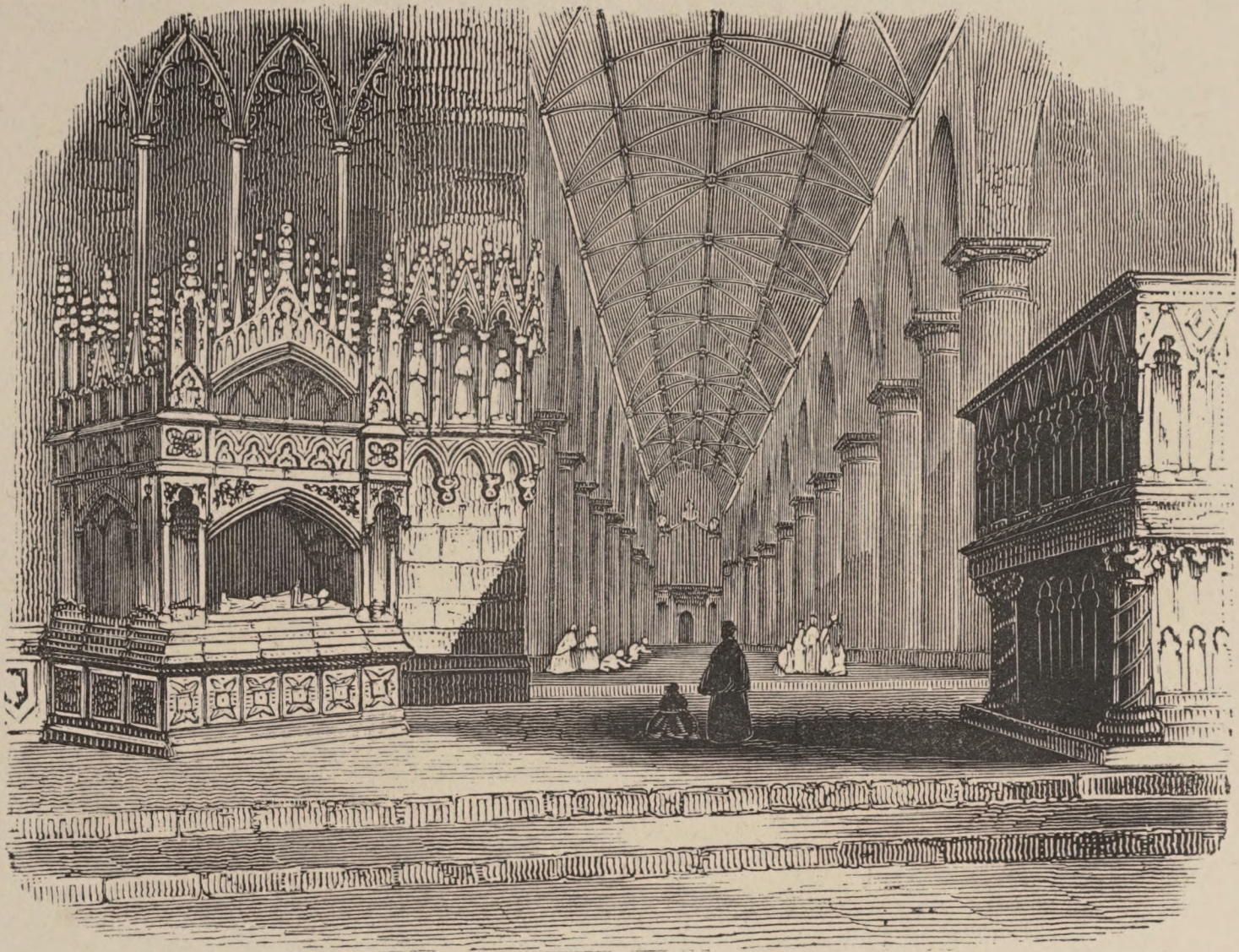


VIII

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

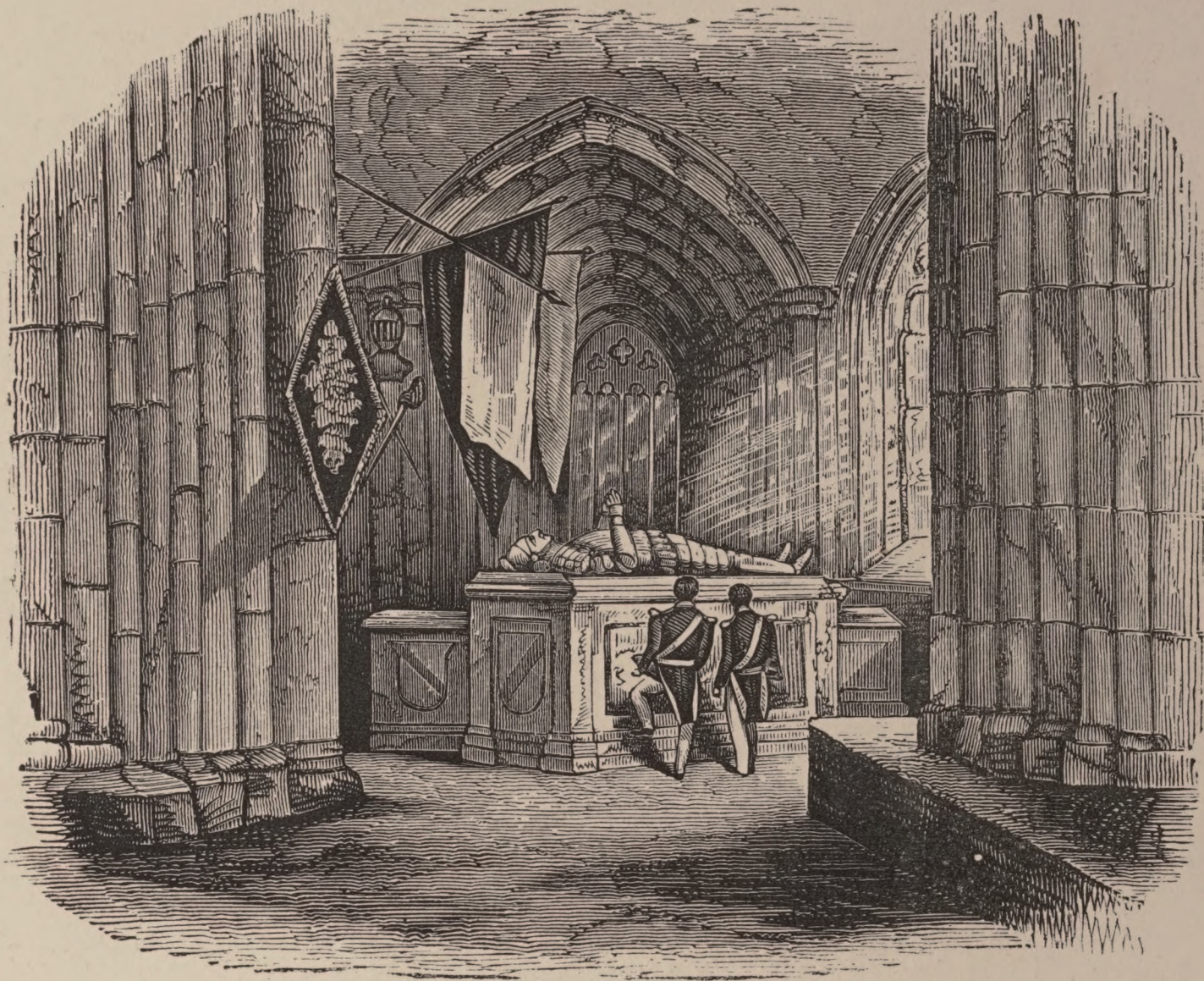


The heart of humanity, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
Awaits the inevitable hour
The glory and the doom of man
The short and simple annals of the poor



X.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?



XII.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.



The knowledge of their eyes for all the years
With the spots of time, and the
And from the gentle hand of the
And from the gentle hand of the



111.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is hid
Some lost and once pretentious scroll,
Which that the end of copies might have saved,
Or which to answer the living lay.



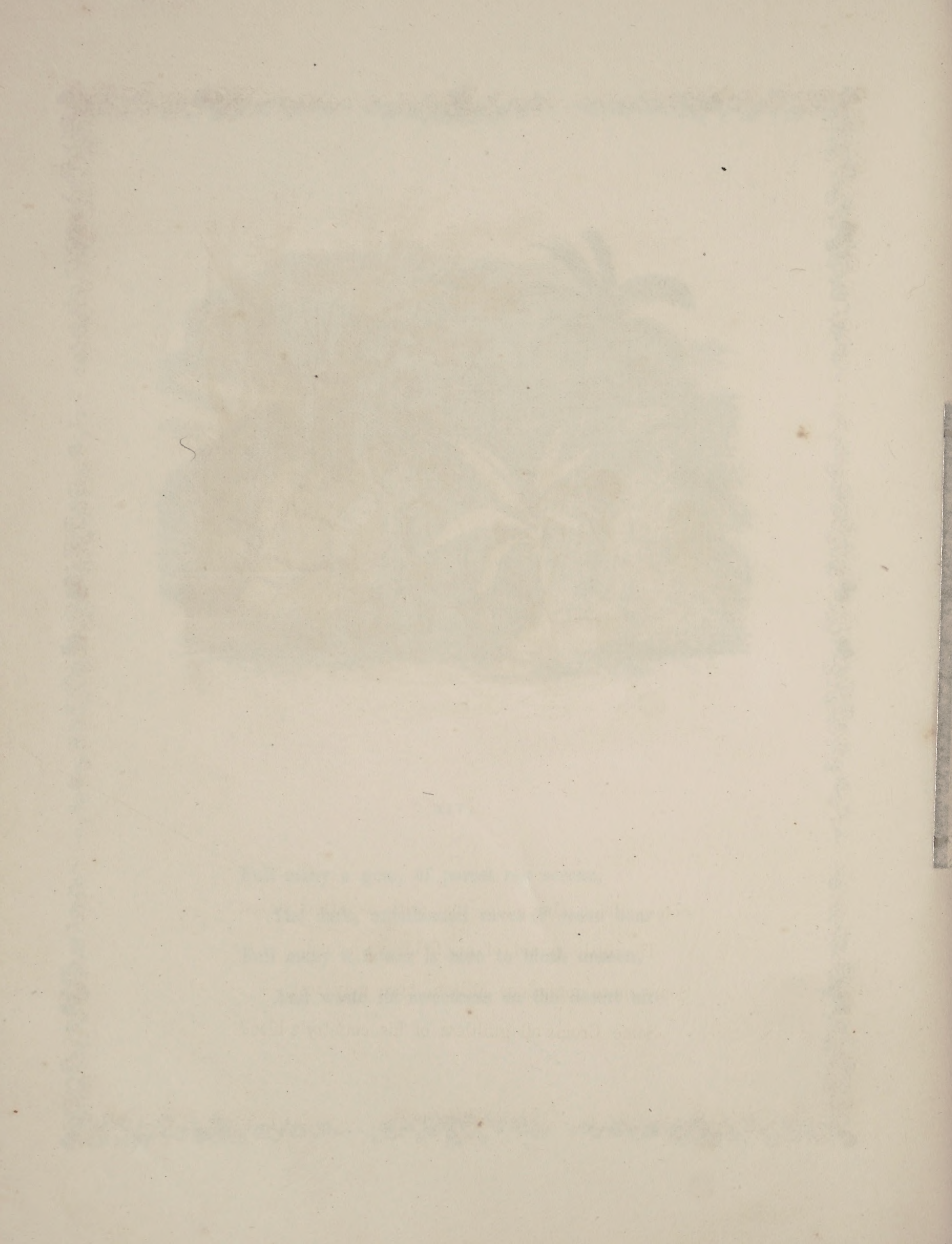
XIII.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.



XIV.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.





XV.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest, —
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.



XVI.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,



There is a...
Their...
Perhaps to...
And that the...

The engines of learning sent to command,

The throne of your red soil to display,

To water plenty of a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes.



XVII.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;



XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.



XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.



Let me know how you want to proceed.
Some things are being done right now.
With respect to the other things, I will
reply to you as soon as I can.
I am sure you will be satisfied.



XXI.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.



XXII.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being ere resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?



PLATE

THE SEATED FIGURE OF THE

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1831

For who is that forgotten name
Whom thou art glad to see
And who is that forgotten name
Whom thou art glad to see
And who is that forgotten name
Whom thou art glad to see



XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.



XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,



XXV.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.



XXVI.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.



XXVII.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.



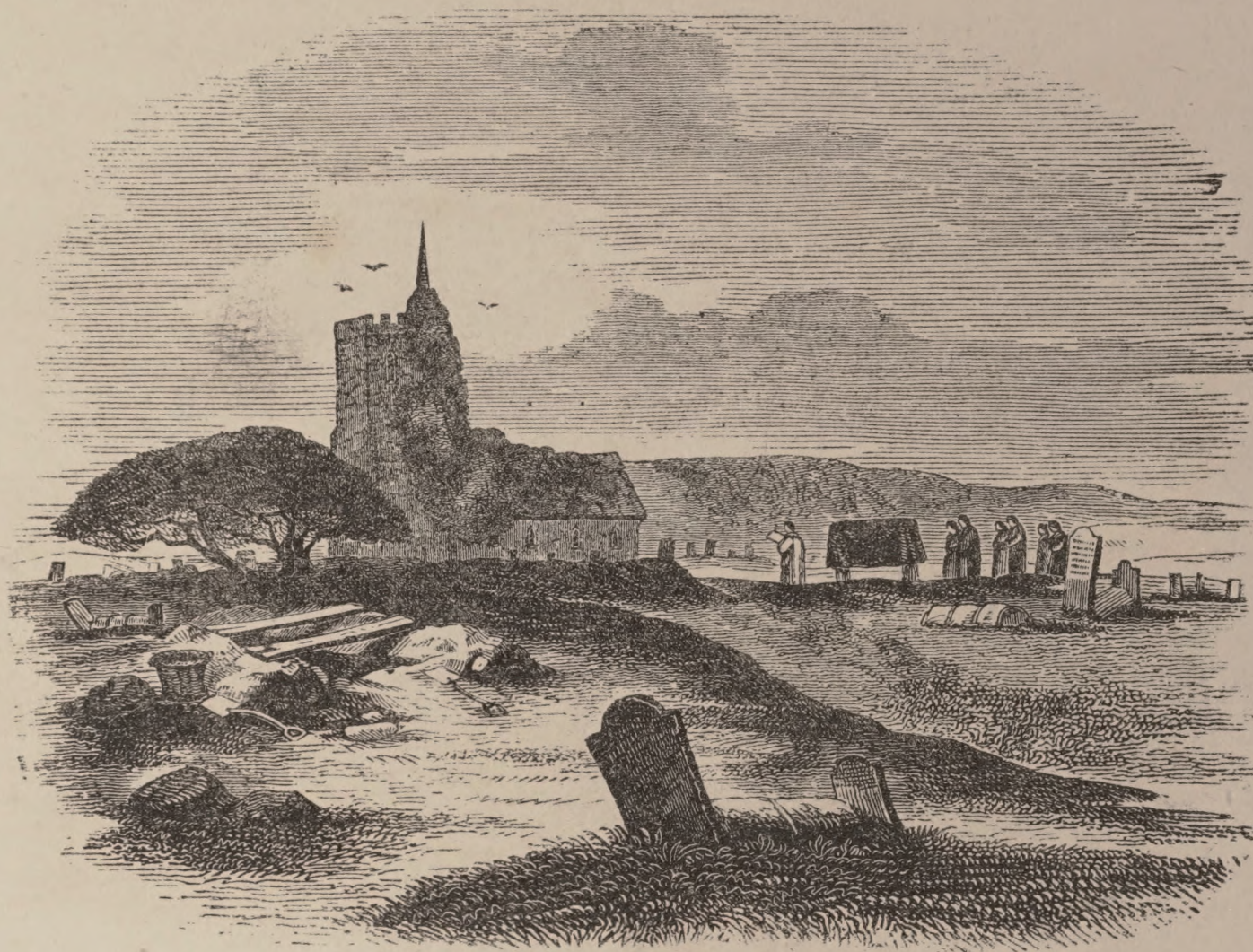
XXVIII.

“ One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he



1877

The year 1877 was a year of great
importance for the United States
and all the world. It was the year
of the Centennial of the American
Revolution.



XXIX.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”



THE EPITAPH.

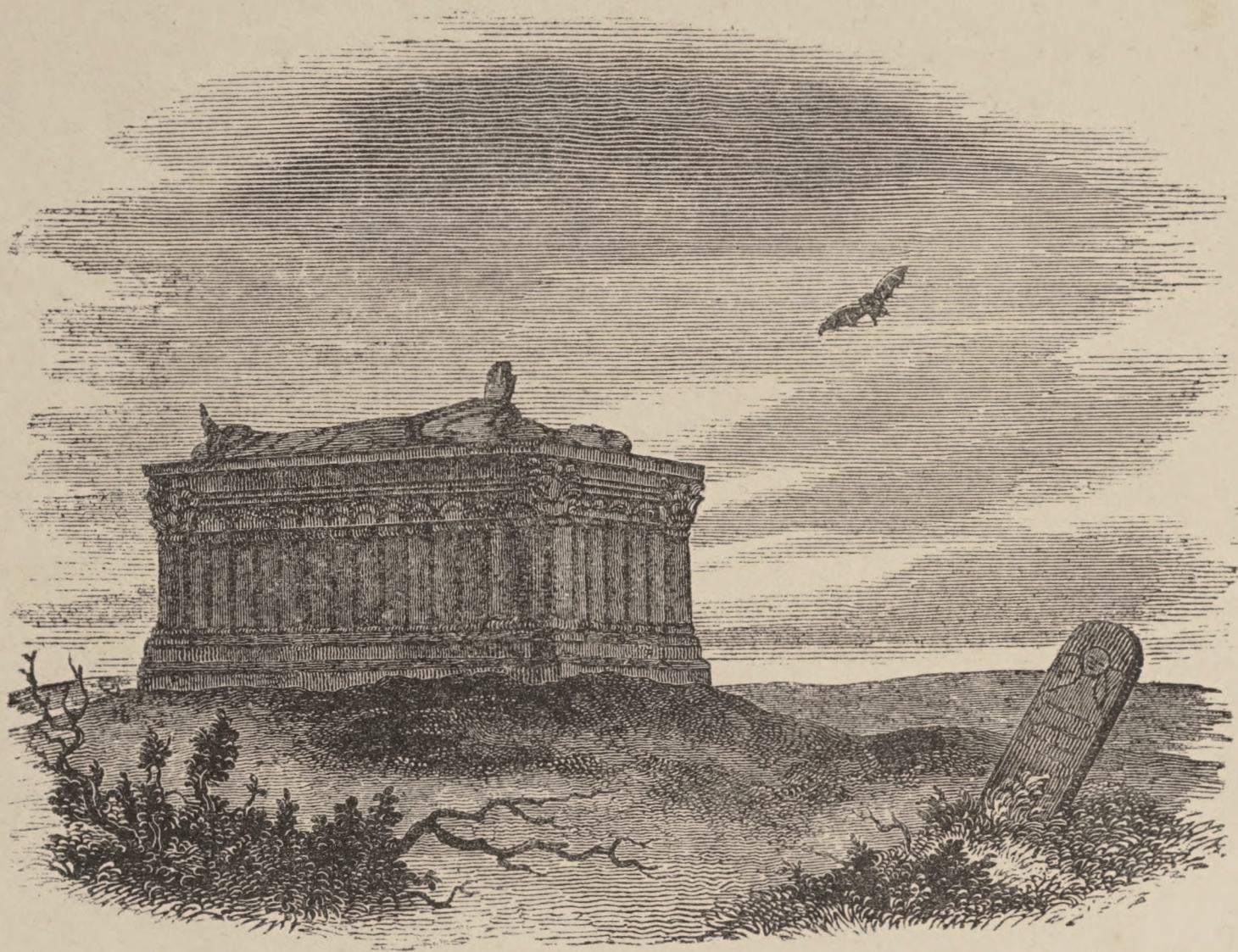
XXX.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.




XXXI.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.



XXXII.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

A decorative border of grapevines and leaves surrounds the text.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

BY JAMES D. KNOWLES.

XXXIII.

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame ;
But truth divine sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

XXXIV.


From every cottage with the day arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer ;
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

XXXV.

Though they, each tone of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
That sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

XXXVI.

Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters, day by day ;
Learned, since our days are evil, fleet and few,
To walk in Wisdom's bright and peaceful way

A decorative border of grapevines with leaves and clusters of grapes surrounds the text. The border is symmetrical and runs along the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

XXXVII.

In yonder pile, o'er which has sternly passed
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low, mouldering aisles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb,

XXXVIII.

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone ;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise,
In sweet communion, rose before the throne.

XXXIX.


Here, from those honored lips, which sacred fire
From Heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear !

XL.

When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph breathed from every eye.

XLI.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign ;
With quiet tears their simple rites are said ;
And here they sleep, till, at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

A decorative border of grapevines with leaves and clusters of grapes surrounds the text.

THE GREAT ARE FALLING FROM US.


BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE great are falling from us — to the dust ;
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs ;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the ample pall where WEBSTER lies.

The great are falling from us — one by one,
As fall the patriarchs of the forest-trees ;
The wind shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo ! Carolina mourns her steadfast Pine,
Which, like a mainmast, towered above her realm ;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine
From out the branches of her stately Elm.

And Marshfield's giant Oak, whose stormy brow
Oft turned the ocean-tempest from the west,
Lies on the shore he guarded long, — and now
Our startled eagle knows not where to rest.



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