

arts

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OR
LAW,
—
A MIGHT OF
THEIR OWN

one's woes !

to me !

be filled up :—they will
which gave elevation to his
which has such a peculiar
proceeding, not from igno-
rough it with a purity I
ductions of wealth, and
er; and that piety which W

to those that to me
of your old to me
gracious gift shall
it is now all my best
I will as it is now all
spiritual gift had been
and him to whom you

1828
LINES
—

WRITTEN ON THE PILLAR ERECTING

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. BARLOW,

Minister of the United States at Paris,

WHO DIED AT NAROWITCH IN POLAND, ON HIS RETURN
FROM WILNA, DEC. 26, 1812.

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WHERE o'er the Polish desert's trackless way
Relentless Winter rules with savage sway,—
Where the shrill Polar winds, as wild they blow,
Seem to repeat some plaint of mortal woe,—
Far o'er the cheerless waste, the traveller's eye
Shall this recording pillar long descry,
And give the sod a tear where Barlow lies—
He who was simply great and nobly wise.
Here, led by patriot zeal, he met his doom,
And found, amid the frozen wastes, a tomb;

Far from his native soil the patriot fell,
Far from that Western World he sung so well !
Nor she, so long below'd ! nor she was nigh,
To catch the dying look, the parting sigh !
She who, the hopeless anguish to beguile,
In fond memorial rears the fun'r'al pile !

Whose widow'd bosom on Columbia's shore

Shall mourn the moments that return no more ;

While, bending o'er the broad Atlantic wave, ^{too}2

Sad fancy hovers on the distant grave.

Sooth' Whose With p Those Your Bright Thy Their How far

HIS BRIN