

A farewell signal has been made  
 At leaving joys behind ;  
 As some one thought of by-gone-days,  
 Of sounds in grove and hall ;  
 When pleasure lured him from his home,  
 And mirth's devoted call—  
 But lists he now to ocean's roar—  
 The flapping sails are heard no more.

Go, seam the waters, best of ships,  
 Go—let the breeze be stronger ;  
 Since it was bold to venture thus,—  
 Thus to delay no longer ;  
 And ye borne onward, tho' Night's shades  
 Behind sweep hill and lawn,  
 Before you with each morning's ray  
 Shall noble prospects dawn—  
 Fair ! to behold, 'neath other skies,  
 Horizons o'er horizons rise.

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 STANZAS.

His wail and his praise yet by all are mention'd ever ;  
 But those honors due his genius—why not paid ?  
 Alas ! around his dust the leaves of autumn quiver ;  
 In a cold foreign grave he is laid !

He left his mountain-home—he left his native hearth ;  
 In this clime his profession to pursue ;  
 He was drawn to a spot, no lovelier 's on earth—  
 And renown was awarded him—his due.

Yes, from the mountain-land of his sires he had come,  
 And those who yet name him, I esteem ;  
 For the virtues which he cherish'd, denied him by some,  
 Could well his fewer frailties redeem.