

Wm. Alexander Campbell.

Now to a mind that nature favors long,
Through wearied years my harp shall still prolong ;
'Twas said the souls the gods did love died soon,
But since, the gods themselves are dead and gone ;
And nature's God doth reign supreme o'er all
Through earth's domain from pole to distant pole ,
His will endow'd thy soul with various powers,
Ordained thy work in this young world of ours.
Yea, Campbell knew those native powers could rise
And grow in brilliance 'neath our favored skies ;
Firm he resolved with motives of great strength
To climb fame's hill, and reach its brow at length ,
The sun's meridian pouring burning rays
Is a type of powers his brilliancy displays ;
And life's meridian lingers on her throne
Full of the glory that he gain'd alone.
By efforts great that laboring in his breast
Ne'er halted yet to give that spirit rest ;
The law's deep maxims his bright eagle eye
Did soon discern and all its depths espy ;
In vain another comes to overthrow
His wond'rous powers of skill and tact below ;
He seems to read as letters clear and bright
Within man's heart those characters of light ;
Pierce its low depths, to see its subtle plan,
To baffle justice and the rights of man ;
He 'll eye a thought to make that conscience blush
And crimson guilt soon o'er his countenance rush ;
His stately form and his quick motion'd eye
Doth daunt the soul who trembling hastes to fly ;
He, like a warrior on th' embattled plain,
Asks where 's the foe who will him fight again ;
And like his namesake on the mounts of Rome
Doth lift his sword as vet'rans round him roam ;
While tears swift fell they asked the monarch why
Those crystal dew-drops trembled from his eye ;
Quaintly replied, " 'cause there 's no monarch's throne
For this proud sword to bid now tremble down ;
Where are their crowns that I, as children's play,