

Mr. Ogden married a lady of rank and endowments every way equal to the station she filled. Being descended from one of the first families who had emigrated to the now United States, she brought him a large fortune which she inherited in her own right; but her property as well as that of her husband was lost in the revolutionary convulsion. By this marriage he had a large family, of which four sons and two daughters with their mother, survive. The last now left a widow, after having shared in all the sufferings and happiness of her respected husband for the space of 48 years.

It deserves to be mentioned as a proof of the estimation in which the long and tried services of Mr. Ogden were held, that our gracious Sovereign specially recommended to the Colonial Legislature, to make a more suitable provision for his declining age, and for his widow in case of her surviving him—a measure they had not adopted at the time of his death.

Il mourut à Londres le 1 juil 1824 à l'âge de 85 ans.

THE SLEEPER ON MARATHON.

I lay upon the solemn plain,
And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in vain,
Their place of sleep had found.
'Twas silent where the free blood gush'd,
When Persia came array'd,—
So many a voice had there been hush'd,
So many a footstep stay'd!

I slumber'd on the lonely spot,
So sanctified by Death!
I slumber'd—but my rest was not
As theirs who lay beneath.
For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,
They rose—the chainless Dead—
All arm'd they sprung, in joy, in power,
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,
Flash, as in time gone by!
Chased to the seas, without his shield,
I saw the Persian fly!
I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast—
Call'd to another fight—
From visions of our glorious past,
Who doth not wake in might?