

"Integer Vitæ Scelerisque purus."

HORACE, ODES: Book I.

Deem not the heroes of the elder world
Alone may claim our tributary lay!
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age, shine forth
Some bright examples of heroic worth,
Friends of the people, dauntless pioneers,
Leading the van of progress, while they point--
Uplifted heavenward--the hand of faith,
And such wer't thou, renowned Douglas! Thou
Whose name, familiar as a household word,
Shall flourish through the centuries to come,--
Not, as in olden time'twas wont to sound
In thy far Scottish home, a name of dread,
But leaving happier memories in the soul
Of truth and justice, honesty and love.
Each common object of our daily sight--
Village or highway, vessel, wharf or mine,
Named by a grateful people after thee;
Shall oft recall that once commanding form
Of noble stature, and of courtly grace,
Such as in days of chivalry had been
The champion in the tournament or fight,
And won the honors of the golden spurs--
Of: shall we think of that paternal rule,
Kind in its firmness and in kindness firm--
That rule which averted the native tribes to peace,
Yet made them love the power they must obey:
Or we may read the tale of justice done,
Where grasping avarice would have worked the wrong,
Of riot quelled, and order still preserv'd
In troublous times, of foster'd industries,
And wise enactments for the public good;
Till proudly we may turn th' historic page,
Emblazoned with the record of that day,
When England's Gracious Majesty bestow'd
Th' insignia of knighthood's ancient rank
On him her Viceroy and Columbia's friend,
Blest is the memory of the faithful dead!
Therefore on his the benediction falls,
Who e'er obey'd the instincts of an heart
Honest and good, from baser motives pure.
No vain despiser of the heavenly word
He paid due homage to the King of Kings,
And humbly worshipp'd where his conscience led.
The widow and the orphan found in him
A ready helper in the time of need;
Thus did his prayers and alms united rise
Before the throne of charity above,
As true memorials of a living faith,
To be requited in that awful day,
When th' Incarnate Judge shall come again
And recognize each deed of mercy wrought
For one of His, as render'd to Himself.
Illustrious ruler of our Infant State!
Thou need'st no monument of man's device,
Nor sculptured effigy nor marble tomb,
Graven with flat'ring words of fulsome praise
To ensure thy deathless fame! Thy epitaph
Is written in a people's upward growth--
Thy works do follow thee beyond the grave.
May He, the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth,
Grant to thy spirit now His promised peace,
Light and refreshment and eternal rest.