

we offered our simple tribute, we will leave thereon this beautiful *immortelle*—a myrtle wreath of poesy, which the Lynchburg *Virginian* has lovingly twined in honor of the good man :

Greatness is fallen ! See, ye sons of earth,
The conqueror conquered, even in the birth
Of lofty victory, and wonder at the change !
But yester-eve his thoughts on fields did range :
His eye was 'rapt in blaze, and freedom slept
Secure within its bosom, where she'd erept
For greater safety in the dreadful hour,
When wrathful tyranny unchained its power,
And bade her choose between submission, shame,
And loss of country, honor, and of name.
Now beams no more the eye's heroic light ;
No more the pulse beats with a stern delight ;
No more the sword directs the march of war :
Closed is the ear to the deep sullen roar
Of mighty combat—to th' exulting shout
Of marshalled vict'ry on the heels of rout—
He who in battle showed a Cæsar's skill,
A Bayard's fearlessness, a Cromwell's will,
But who surpassed them all in this—that crowned
With laurels such as never yet have bound
With greater beauty the triumphant head,
Gave all the praise to God—the God who led
Old Israel's hosts, when Pharaoh hemmed their way,
Thro' the dark waters unto Canaan's day—
He, too, is fallen !

Now the very breath
Of war seems hushed, astonished at the death
Which its red hand has wrought upon the chief
Of all its daring spirits.

On the leaf
Where splendid actions and immortal names,
Blend their rich colors in the midst of flames,
Behold, in characters, which like the lightnings ran,
JACKSON, the hero, patriot, Christian man !
Ages shall sing his praise : a nation weeps—
Behold, how still the spirit of the mighty sleeps !

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