

The Cecil Whig.

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P. C. RICKETTS, EDITOR.



For President in 1844
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.

When Professor Bartlett, of the Lexington Medical School, came to the West, we stated that we knew him in his boyhood as a brilliant poet. The following beautiful production shows that the early fire, which burned in his heart and upon his lips, is unextinguished:

Low. Jour.

[From the Observer and Reporter.]

MR. NAGLE'S PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.

Lofty, erect, beneath the Senate's dome,
His bald high forehead eloquent with thought,
His clear eye kindled with a patriot's fire,
Stands up, my country, here, the noble form
Of one amongst the proudest and the best,
Of thy illustrious sons; around him spread
Memorials of the trophies he has won:
Here are the ANVIL, and the SHUTTLE; here,
Hard by the PLOUGH, which his own hand hath held;

While far upon the blue and booming sea,
Leans the tall SHIP before the fresh'ning gale;
Fair symbols all, of that tri-sisterhood,
The bond of nations, and their muniment,
The strength and glory of the common weal—
Wide COMMERCE, ancient HUSBANDRY, and ART.

Beside him hangs in broad and flowing folds
Of striped and starry blazonry, that flag,
Ne'er borne aloft by tyrant hands, nor struck
In base dishonor to a conquering foe—
Young freedom's ensign to a waiting world.
O, well the artist's cunning hand hath wrought,
In shape and shade, the spirit of the scene!
And musing here in still and thoughtful mood,
In pensive silence gazing on the brow,
My busy memory gathers up the past,
Runs o'er the records of departed time,
And marks the progress of his high career,
Whose form and features beam upon me now.

I see him first, an orphan boy; his name
Unknown to greatness, borne upon no page
Of proud but empty heraldry; his lot
Cast not amidst the gay and glittering scenes
Of rank and riches; his sole heritage,
A clear, strong head, a great and fiery heart,
And, crowning these, the birthright of the free!

While yet the fresh bloom of life's youthful
years
Glow on his cheeks, that burning soul hath
found.

Full utterance from his eloquent lips—to scourge
The false fears of oppression, and to claim,
Unshackled, freedom for the pen and speech.

I see him next, ere thirty summer suns
Had shed their radiance on his upward path,
Standing, a peer, amidst that choicest few,
The honored and the trusted of the land,
The guardians of its liberty and laws—
Bearing upon his brow, and in his heart,
With the high hope and confidence of youth,
The calm, clear wisdom of experienced age.

Well hast thou placed him, artist, underneath
That vaulted roof, whose arches have sent back
So oft the echo of his clarion voice,
Uplifted, ever, for the right and true.

Here, when deep gloom was brooding o'er the
realm,

When foreign despots trampled down our rights,
And wavering sons within grew pale with fear,
He roused the ancient spirit of our homes,
To guard again their fire-sides, and once more
To keep their altars unprofaned and free:

And his strong words, like tempests o'er the sea,
Bore on that infant navy, whose young arm
Struck down, in many a well-contested fight,
Her meteor flag, whose folds had proudly swept,
In haughty triumph, over the red waves
Of Nile, the Baltic, and dread Trafalgar!

Here when that cry for help fell on his ear,
From out the Andes' Rocky fastnesses,
From the green borders of the far La Plate,
And from its broad Savannas—how he hailed,
With answering voice, the supplicating call,
And bade the struggling nations to be free!

Here, in a prouder hour, with loftier post,
When his own country's sword had cloven thro'
The sanctity of private right—he stood,
Ueawed, amidst the storm of obloquy,
And hissing hate, that rattled round his head,
Guarding the civic ægis of the State
From the rough onset of usurping war!

When Greece—fair land of liberty and song—
Long crushed, and bound, and bleeding—with
her neck

Beneath the Moslem's heel—rose up at length
Stirred by the genius of her glorious past,
Summoned by voices from the sunny shores
Of Salamis, and from the rocky pass
Of terrible Thermopylæ, to shake

Off from her limbs the fetters of the slave,
And from her soul the palsy lethargy
Of long, dark years, a new Demosthenes
Spoke hope and courage to her listening ear,
In tones and spirit worthy of the old.

Hail! Patriot, Sage, and Statesman! on thy
brow,

Though fickle Fortune may not set her seal,
A greener garland blooms than any wreath
The wayward goddess for her minions binds;
And in thy hands, though office may not place
Its barren sceptre and its fleeting power,
A brighter, better destiny is thine,

Then all these empty honors can bestow.
Thou hast thy country's love: with her renown
Thy own is woven; with her name, thy name,
In union indestructable, is bound;
The pages of her history are thine!

And when thy setting sun shall touch the verge
Of life's horizon, shall a nation's eyes
Follow in sadness the departing light;
A nation's heart thy memory shall embalm;
A nation's tongue thy eulogy shall speak;
Worthy amongst the worthiest of her sons,
Her dauntless champion, and her steadfast friend.