

MR. NEAGLE'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 amidst 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 monument,  
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 dishonour 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 that 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, born upon no page  
Of proud and 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 fear 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, amid that choicest few,  
The honoured 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 warning voice,  
Uplifted, ever, for the right and true.

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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  
Than all these empty honours can bestow.  
Thou hast thy country's love:—with her re-  
nown

Thy own is woven ; with her name, thy name,  
In union indestructible, 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 !