



The Sentinel:

WOODSTOCK:

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1844.

MR. NEAGLE'S PORTRAIT OF
HENRY CLAY.

Lofty, erect, beneath the Senate's dome,
His bold, 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 freshening gale,
Fair symbols all of that tri-sisterhood,
The bond of nations, and their muniment,
The strength and glory of the common weal,—
Nide *Commerce*, ancient *Husbandry* and *Art*.

Beside him hangs, in broad & 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 author'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, borne 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 birth right 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, beneath
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 our firesides, 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 proud
swept

In haughty triumph o'er 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 fair La Platte,
And from its broad savannas—how he hailed

With answering voice the supplicating call,
And bade the struggling nations to be free.

Then in a prouder hour, with loftier past
When his own country's sword had cloven
through .

The sanctity of private right—he stood
Unmoved amidst the storm of obliquy

And hissing hate that rattled round his head
Guarding the civil Ægis of the State

From the rough onset of usurping war.

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

Beneath the Moslem's heel, raise 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 Themopylæ to shake

Off from her limbs the fetters of the slave,

And from her soul the palseying 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,

Tho' fickle fortune may not set her seal

A greener garland blooms than any wreath

The wayward Goddess for her minors binds—

And in thy hands tho' office may not place

Its barren sceptre and its fleeting power,

A brighter, better destiny is thine

Than all these empty honors can bestow.

Thou hast thy country's love—with her
renown

Thine 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
Of life's horizon, shall a nation's eyes [verge

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 & her steadfast friend.