

The Life and Public Services of  
Henry Clay, Down to 1848  
by Epes Sargent, 1855.

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III.

'HE IS NOT FALLEN.'†

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

NOT FALLEN! No as well the tall  
And pillared Allegheny fall—  
As well Ohio's giant tide  
Roll backward on its mighty track  
As he, Columbia's hope and pride,  
The slandered and the sorely tried,  
In his triumphant course turn back.

† Incited by a spirited article thus entitled by George D. Prentice in his *Louisville Journal*.

LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.

HE IS NOT FALLEN! Seek to bind  
The chainless and unbidden wind;  
Oppose the torrent's headlong course,  
And turn aside the whirlwind's force  
But deem not that the mighty mind  
Will cower before the blast of hate,  
Or quail at dark and causeless ill.  
For though all else be desolate,  
It stoops not from its high estate—  
A Marius 'mid the ruins still.

HE IS NOT FALLEN! Every breeze  
That wander's o'er Columbia's bosom,  
From wild Penobscot's forest-trees,  
From ocean shore, from inland seas,  
Or where the rich Magnolia's blossom  
Floats, snow-like, on the sultry wind,  
Is booming onward on his ear,  
A homage to his lofty mind—  
A meed the falling never find,  
A praise which Patriots only hear.

STAR OF THE WEST! a million eyes  
Are turning gladly unto him;  
The shrine of old idolatries  
Before his kindling light grows dim!  
And men awake as from a dream,  
Or meteors dazzling to betray;  
And bow before his purer beam,  
The earnest of a better day.

ALL HAIL! the hour is hastening on  
When, vainly tried by Slander's flame,  
Columbia shall behold her son  
Unharmed, without a laurel gone,  
As from the flames of Babylon  
The angel-guarded triad came!  
The Slanderer shall be silent then,  
His spell shall leave the minds of men,  
And higher glory wait upon  
The WESTERN PATRIOT'S future fame.

THE END.