

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE COURANT.

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## Poetry.

HENRY CLAY—"HE IS NOT' FALLEN."

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

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

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 his high estate;  
A Marius 'mid the ruins still.

HE IS NOT FALLEN! Every breeze  
That wanders o'er Columbia's bosom,  
From wild Penobscot's forest trees,  
From Ocean shore, from inland seas,  
Or where the rich Magnolia's blossoms  
Floats, snow-like, on the sultry wind,  
Is blooming 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  
Unharm'd, without a laurel gone,  
As from the flames of Babylon  
The angel-guarded trial 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.