

Philadelphia August 17th 1847.

My Respected Friend =

I have the honour of enclosing a little poetical effusion which I composed some few months ago, on the last words of your patriotic Son who nobly fell in his Country's cause bequeathing a name and character which must ever form that Country's dearest legacy = Will you do me the pleasure to accept and retain it as a slight memento of the Poet's estimation, & should it awaken reminiscences, somewhat painful may they be fully counteracted by the glowing anticipation of a fond reunion with the brave and true beyond the confines of the Sepulchre, That your remaining days may be as tranquil as your past existence has been brilliant, & a hope full of Immortality cheer you at the last is

The sincere prayer etc

Of yours very sincerely

Edward C. Jones,

Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church

23, 1847.

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[For the Public Ledger.]

The Last Words of Colonel Clay.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

Drawing a brace of pistols from his breast, he handed them to Captain Cutter, saying, "Say to my father, that he gave them to me, that I have done all I can with them, and now return them."

A father's gift—in sunnier hours,
He bound them to my side,
Oh, tell him that with failing powers,
I blest him as I died.

A father's gift—of him they spoke
In language bold and high,
And urged with more than clarion note,
To deeds of chivalry.

Go, take them back—and as he weeps,
Till anguish bows his frame,
Tell him that he who calmly sleeps,
Dishonored not his name.

Go, tell him that a loving son,
Till death, did use them well,
Resigned the sacred boon to none,
But grasped them as he fell.

Yes, give them to my aged sire,
And though the tear-drop start,
They still shall fan the patriot fire
That burns within his heart.

A father's gift—in sunnier hours,
He bound them to my side,
Oh, tell him that with failing powers,
I blest him as I died.

LEDGER & TRANSCRIPT.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 23.

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