



"A Ship in High Seas Caught by a Squall" aka
"The Gust" (1680) by Willem van de Velde II (1633-1707).

PAULUS: A MONODY

This most enchanting and soulful poem appears as part of, what amounts to, the appendix to Alexander Garden's *Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War*, second series (1828), pp. 236-238. The effective anonymity of both the subject and author of this "Monody" confers on it a brooding charm and lasting poignancy, and which lend it the verve and air of a Romantic piece written decades later than when it actually was. Had the author lived, perhaps he might have become an American Cowper, Byron, or Shelley; any of whom some, on reading this, will no doubt feel reminded of.

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[Garden:] The Monody which follows, was written very shortly after the commencement of the war of the Revolution, by a young Irish student named DUNN, then attached to the Glasgow College. The name of the friend so pathetically lamented, was (to the best of my recollection) ROGERS, a native of Maryland, who, hastening homewards to assist in defending the liberties of his country, unhappily perished at sea.

PAULUS: A MONODY.

Upon a sea-girt rock Eugenius stood,
And viewed with stedfast eyes the rolling flood;
And still, in every passing wave
He sought his Paulus' watery grave,
And fancy oft the corse descry'd,
Wound in its billowy shroud, and floating with the tide.

But far on wide Atlantic's dreary coast,
Beneath a Promontory's shade,
The youth by pious hands is laid,
And vainly dost thou weep thy Paulus lost,
To distant shores and more inclement skies;
The faithless vessel yielded up her prize.

And are you then at rest,
The sport no longer of the watery waste;
An unprotected corse?
The swain is blest,
Who snatch'd thee from the surge's force,
And hallowed is the glebe that holds thy clay,

And blest the pious youth that sung thy funeral lay.

But ah! thy virtues could he tell,
Thy firm integrity above a price;
Thy warm devotion to the public weal;
Thy ardent friendship honour nice.
Courage with pity still allied,
And modesty that like a veil did all thy virtues hide.

Could he thy innocence declare,
A grace so rare,
When linked with knowledge, that it shone
Complete in thee alone.
Could he thy love of liberal arts proclaim.
Still guided to the noblest end,
Thy country's freedom to defend,

Not to achieve an empty name.
For this thou oft hast conn'd the historic page,
For this the jurist's knotty lore,
From Alfred's down to William's age,
Increasing still thy copious store,
A future gift for the Atlantic's shore.

Thine was the task her sacred rights to guard,
Her wide-spread States with friendly links to bind;
The happiness of millions thy reward,
Thy monument in every patriot mind.

Soon, as the tyrant spoke the word
'Be slaves! or dread the exterminating sword,'
Britannia's hated isles you fled,
And mourn'd her ancient spirit dead;
Your native woods you sought,
With Spartan virtue fraught;
That virtue which can fate defy,
Prepared to nobly live or bravely die.

Behold the wish'd for shore,
The tempest howls and Paulus is no more.
Whilst many a mercenary host,
Securely glides along the hapless coast
While safe the German transport bends its sails,
And Caledonia's slaves arrive with prosperous gales --

Yet shall thy country's liberties survive;
Yet shall she triumph o'er her ruthless foe.
And Paulus yet shall live,
Whilst tyrants sink beneath the avenging blow;
Short is the gloomy Despot's sway,
But freedom's radiant form shall never know decay,

Immortal Youth farewell, thy sorrowing friend
This last sad tribute to thy virtues pays,
Too true a mourner justly to commend,
And rich in reverence, though but poor in praise,

Yet shall Columbia oft thy worth rehearse,
When patriot virtue claims her poet's song,
Thy sorrowing friends repeat the solemn verse,
Thy native woods the solemn notes prolong.

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