
Oct. 6th, 1859...

When like turbid sea unknown,
What countless numbers rashly go,
Unconcerned of the storms that blow
"For thousands to the gulf of woe!
That threatening dark and drear, to explore
Before you leave the peaceful shore of youthful days.

Some mid the rocks are hailed forlorn;
Some mid the quicksands covered are;
Some by a thousand tempests torn;
A million sail, to sail no more.
That threatening dark, friend, to explore
Before you leave the peaceful shore of youthful days.

The mad the lost a few sail on,
With steady course and prosperous sail.
They for the prize of virtue run,
Sail quickly immortal sails their sail.
With these blast and these launch your bark,
And sail, young friend, for Walsh's mark,
From youthful days.

The land of youth,
There is a fountain in the soul,
With golden waters moist.
It is the fountain where tears do roll
The tears of winter's griefs.

Oh! on fountains the wormed earth does know.
For they have never known it.
And there the good do seldom go,
And therefore do not need it?

It is for few reserved to taste,
The good and happy fallen,
It is the victor after feast,
When once from duty stolen.

6. Sheek were the tears of David's days,
When they had sent committing,
Sheek were the precious relics made,
Whose of eminent repented.

6. Sheek were the tears of Shiloh days,
When in the garden tithers,
Sheek are the tears of tears are they
By saints who've wore ind Heavens.

6. Sheek to be more abhorrent Is found,
By good logomachy driven,
Why heaven yield one on that day,
Why tears of buried grieved.

As green spots are a desert wide,
Or isles bathed and ocean's tide
Or stars that glimmer in the night
Or transient moonbeams kesting lights
Are pleasing friendships sudden gone,
But which shall never, never fade.

Then while in glory distance far,
We mutual fall like setting star,
Will really think on moments past?
That bound us each to other fast.
Nor said a stronger burning flame,
Forget to call each other's name.
As long as the sky the snowball clouds drive on, 
And while they shine still hotter to be gone, 
Or like the will plume arrow darting fast, 
Or once we see it, rang against the east? 
Or like the meteor blazing through the night, 
And now it glares and now it dies from sight. 
So soon to come, your kindred best friends, 
So short to see, so pleasant to the mind. 
And now as fond as called to part, 
Your name I lay enbalm'd in my heart, 
And on't there engraven, with friendly hand, 
Will pour the best perfumes of all the land. 
And as you pass away, we must to know, 
The stars that set to us, to others go. 

As I must then fare thee well, 
To parting and pain great grief, 
Thy stream of kindred, and hands that dwell, 
As children, a long, long advice, 
Yet still not found under other sky, 
Soft shall brother learn my love, 
And pay my homage, land, to thee. 

Heaven make thee wise in all to choose, 
Heaven make thee wise thy time to use, 
Sustains thee through the varied road, 
And bring thee home at last to God."

October 7, 1837.

R. H. Calhoun.