



The Tennessee State Capitol.

CLAMBER the Capitoline on sunny morn,
 To the fair temple freemen's hands have raised;
 The Citadel of Liberty, where, ages gone,
 The red man's sacrificial altars blazed:
 Not the Parthenon, o'er Athena's mart,
 E'er brighter shone to cheer the patriot heart.

The Fortress of the Free—each thoughtful eye
 Flashes with pride whene'er 'tis turned on thee;
 Thy beauteous pinnacle, pointing to the sky,
 Bears up the mind above wild Passion's sea,
 The petty struggles of each faction base,
 Whose loftiest aim is but the thought of "place."

Stand there for ever! all true glory thine!
 As the free winds amongst thy columns play,
 May the free footstep ever seek thy shrine,
 Nor ever know thy noble form decay;
 May thy broad portals ever open be
 To the proud entrance of the brave and free.

Enter, glad worshipper of Freedom, here!
 Dwell on memorials which meet the view:
 The ancient swords of patriots, which, e'er
 Wielded in fight, were to the country true;
 The tattered flag which tells of Monterey—
 Symbol of glory ne'er to pass away.

Proud trophy of the fight, Dupeyster's blade,*
 Bringeth us visions of King's Mountain strife,
 When the rough woodsmen met, all undismayed,
 The tory hosts with cruel carnage rife;
 Bright talisman, thou callest back the foe,
 The buried mighty, fallen long ago.

Wander around as relics meet the gaze,
 Relics of heroes of the olden time,
 Decaying scrolls, by statesmen writ, in days
 When—old men say—"the world was in its prime."
 The "Council Pitcher"†—who shall tell the tale
 Fancy may weave of that memorial frail?

O! if we could but conjure up, once more,
 The wild, dread scenes, mute witnessed by thee—
 The frowning brow each red-skinned warrior bore,
 As the War Council gathered gloomily—
 The wrath still dark'ning on each swarthy face,
 Till the wild war-whoop shook the forest space!

The antique vest which erst brave Putnam wore,
 And Indian garb, and Continental blue,
 All mingle here, the fearful strife long o'er,
 No more to mark their wearers foemen true;
 And rusting scalping-knife and pipe of peace
 Proclaim a truce 'tween foes which ne'er will cease.

A crumbling relic of Old Ti's‡ proud wall
 There rests for aye in fitting casket now;
 It trembled to fierce Allen's ringing call,
 As his bright sword flashed o'er the Briton's brow:
 "In His great name, in that of Congress, too,
 Yield up this fortress without more ado."

And it was yielded: silently we gaze
 On the mute witness of that glorious deed,
 Bearing us back in fancy to the days
 When for their country noble hearts did bleed;
 Scorn not the mute remembrancer of that time
 So fraught with fate to Freedom's battle clime.

Dark, dismal memento of Indian strife,
 Hiwassee's tomahawk, blood-rusted now—
 Thy sacrificial blade, Cholula's knife,
 Make the heart shudder as o'er these we bow;
 The Hessian firelock, of ancient dead,
 Carries far back the thoughts by fancy led.

Other memorials proud plead not in vain—
 Portraits of men who've served their country well:
 Of those who fought on many a gory plain,
 Who braved the savage in his ambushed dell;
 Well may their State and country own them now,
 And weave bright chaplets for each patriot brow.

Glorious the memories of those who bled;
 Cheering the thoughts called up so silently,
 Where the bright past unveils its laurelled dead,
 And makes us know the deeds which never die;
 Precious the heritage bequeathed us here—
 Strong be the faith to guard and keep it e'er.

Make of this temple, then, indeed a shrine,
 Where the fair child of after-years may stand
 To learn pure love of country, truth divine:
 So shall ye give the State a patriot band,
 Keeping the fires of this proud altar bright,
 Scattering earth's darkness with its glorious light.

* The sword of Col. Dupeyster, second in command of the British forces at the battle of King's Mountain. Upon the point of this weapon the flag of truce was elevated which signalled the termination of the battle.

† The Council Pitcher of the Cherokees, which was presented to the Tennessee Historical Society by Mrs. President Polk.

‡ Old Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, familiarly known as "Old Ti."