

The sentiment and spirit of the poem struck a chord so responsive in his community that Mr. Snowden's already bright reputation was much enhanced. The verses went through several publications, notably one limited edition, "printed from type, rubricated, on antique paper, for the use of the author," by a gentleman calling himself "*Amicus*."

A CAROLINA BOURBON,

Ridiculous to some may seem
This relic of the old régime,
So rudely wakened from his dream
Of high ambition.

A heart of nature's noblest mould,
By honor tempered and controlled—
Oh! look not in a soul so bold
For mock contrition.

For, when the die of war was cast,
And through the land the bugle blast
Called all to arms from first to last,
For Carolina;
Careless of what might be his fate,
He gave his all to save the State;
He thought, thinks now, (strange to relate),
No cause diviner.

Of name and lineage proud, he bore
The character 'mongst rich and poor
Which marks now, as in days of yore,
The Huguenot.
Two hundred slaves were in his train,
Six thousand acres broad domain.
(His ancestors in fair Touraine
Had no such lot.)

He feared and worshipped God; and then
Women, for whom, with tongue and pen,
He used all safeguards in his ken
Without pretence.

Fearless of men as old John Knox,
He practiced customs heterodox,
Believing duels women's rocks
Of strong defence.