Go, humble record of Salopia's vales,  
Her moated mansions and historic tales;  
Her valorous chiefs, her sons of letter'd fame,  
And those less honoured, and neglected name,  
Of noble deeds ne'er made the poets song,  
And thousand facts held ling'ring on the tongue.  
In after times, when years their course will run,  
And he who bids thee go, himself is gone,  
Some gen'rous spirit shall thy leaves explore,  
With eager eye shall glanced by pages o'er;  
Observe the line in which the records made,  
Of one in gone-by days, oblivion laid,  
From whom he sprang,-his true, though distant sire,  
What filial glee may then his bosom on fire;  
And things mere trifles deemed in passing day,  
To interest rise, as years shall roll by;  
Then made some fact which in thy records lie,  
Preserve thy name, nor let the authors die.

Charles Hulbert

Jan 1st, 1837