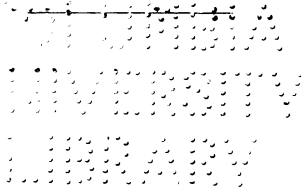


# OCCASIONAL POEMS

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By JOHN C. LORD.



BUFFALO:  
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## PREFACE.

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I DEDICATE this little volume to my parishioners, among whom I have labored for more than a generation. These poems have been written and published during a period of forty years, and may be truly styled "Occasional." I have neither the ambition or expectation of being enrolled by Mr. GRISWOLD among the "American Poets," but the people of my charge will naturally feel an interest in them as a memorial of one who for nearly thirty-five years has broken to them the bread of life.

JOHN C. LORD.

BUFFALO, 1869.

Ms. P. G. 1. 12/1/53

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# OCCASIONAL POEMS.

G O D .

O GOD, unchangeable and infinite,  
In whom all being is, and was, before  
Creation broke upon the eternal night,  
Or ancient silence heard the rush and roar  
Of mingled elements, when earth and sea  
And air and chaos strove for mastery,  
While Darkness brooded o'er the giant strife,  
And Earth was void and formless—without  
light or life.

Yet in thy counsels, from eternity,  
All things were manifest—all creatures known  
And visible, to thine Omniscient eye,  
As when the light, at thy commandment, shone

Around the new formed universe—when sang  
The morning stars, and heaven's high arches  
rang  
With shouts of praise—creation's jubilee,  
Like mingling waters of the upheaving sea.

Before the circling orbs began their race,  
Or Time to measure years and months and  
days,  
Before the wandering Comet passed through  
space,  
Startling the nations, with its lurid blaze,  
Yea—ere the amorphous worlds unformed and  
rude  
Disturbed the primal reign of solitude;  
All forms ordained of things *that were to be*,  
All forms *conceived—which are not*—were visible  
to Thee.



In Thee alone is life and light and form,  
For all thy works in wild disorder lay,  
Confused, perplexed in that primeval storm,  
Till Thou didst turn their darkness into day,  
When moved the living Spirit on the wave  
And law, and order, shape and beauty gave;  
From Him alone both life and spirit came  
His breath, the living soul the immortal flame.

Thy crowning work was man and thou didst  
bind

In him, formed in thine image, yet of clay,  
The World of Matter and the World of  
Mind,

All glorious he, till on that fatal day  
The fall'n Archangel tempted him to stray,  
Then Sin and Death commenced their fearful  
sway,

Then cried from Earth to Heaven the Voice  
of blood  
And shouts of triumph rose from Hell's dark  
Multitude.

Thou art the Eternal King, and King of kings,  
All things are Thine, all souls belong to Thee;  
Evil its revenue of glory brings,  
And sin but shows forth Thy dread majesty,  
The wrath of man doth praise Thee, in the  
event,  
And in the terrors on transgressors sent;  
Earth, Heaven and Hell, bend all beneath thy  
sway,  
While some constrained by love, and some by  
force, obey.

Change and decay are Thine, O Lord of life,  
And thou hast shaped the vast variety

Of earthly forms — whose never ceasing strife  
With dissolution, doth before Thee lie,  
Thyself immutable and still the same;  
As in the heated furnace' fiery flame,  
New forms are fashioned from the old and dead,  
So life is born of death, and by decay is fed.

At thy potential voice the heavens grow pale,  
And thrones and powers obedient, wait thy nod;  
The everlasting mountains melt and fail  
Before thy touch, for thou alone art God,  
Upholding, guiding, comprehending all,  
From atoms, insects, men — to those who fall,  
In adoration, round the eternal throne,  
Thyself incomprehensible to all — unknown.

For Thee — there is no Peer, to understand,  
Of thine Almightyness, the depths — to explore

Thy wisdom, power, the wonders of thy hand—  
Like to a soundless sea without a shore.  
Thy presence doth the universe surround,  
Thou art above thy works, beyond, around;  
As in an atmosphere, do all things lie,  
And finite, live and move in thine infinity.

Millions of eyes, O God, are gazing out  
Upon thy works—Who knows them? Who  
hath found  
The bound of Being? Philosophy, in doubt—  
Explores, irreverent, the eternal round,  
And reason wanders wide, till she has heard  
The still small voice of thy revealed Word,  
Which unfolds mysteries to her darkened  
sight,  
And proves whatever else is wrong—that God  
is right.

No eye hath seen Thee—uncreated One!  
Dwelling in the thick darkness, which conceals  
The glory, none can view and live. Thy Son  
Alone, to the whole universe reveals  
The Godhead's brightness—whose transcendent  
    beam  
Is in the God-man's person tempered seen;  
The eternal life is bodied forth in sight,  
THE FINITE APPREHENDS IN HIM THE INFINITE.

JESUS CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF THE  
KINGS OF THE EARTH.

*Revelations, 1: 6.*

**P**RINCE of Earth's kings and Lord of men!  
No jewelled turban bound thy brow,  
No warrior guard stood round thee, when  
O'er powers and proud dominions, thou  
Didst claim to rule and reign, alone;  
Monarchs thy subjects—Heaven thy throne.

With scornful smile, the Pharisee  
Heard this avowed in Pilate's hall—  
And gnashed his teeth with rage, to see  
Upon thy cross, surmounting all  
Of scorn, and agony, and shame,  
In different tongues, thy KINGLY NAME.

Thy kingdom came in power, and yet  
No war-cry heard, no captive's groan,  
No blood of slaughtered millions wet  
Thy peaceful passage to thy throne—  
The cup of suffering, wrath and dread,  
Was poured on thy devoted head.

Crowned Prince of Peace, thy regal claim  
Is known where Cæsar never trod,  
And where Napoleon's deathless name  
Was never heard—the Son of God  
Hath won the hearts of savage men,  
And worn them in his diadem.

The King of Terrors yields his place  
Beside the dying Christian's bed,  
And joy lights up the sick man's face  
To see his Saviour, Prince and Head.

The Bondman turns his eye to thee,  
His shackles fall, his soul is free.

Thy holy name is like a spell  
Upon the sons of lust and pride—  
Awakening passions dark as Hell,  
And fear and dread, which though denied,  
Appear in guilt's dejected eye,  
Or rage in angry blasphemy.

Prince of Earth's kings, we wait the day  
When clad in royal vestments, thou  
Shalt reign with undisputed sway—  
When every heart and knee shall bow,  
And Heaven and Earth with one accord  
Confess thee, UNIVERSAL LORD.



## THE GENIUS OF NIAGARA.

**P**ROUD Demon of the waters — thou  
Around whose stern and stormy brow  
Circles the rainbow's varied gem —  
The Vapor Spirit's diadem —  
While rushing headlong at thy feet,  
The everlasting thunders meet.

Throned on the mists, around thy form  
Is dashing an eternal storm,  
Whose ceaseless, changeless earthquake shock  
The tempests of old Ocean mock,  
And the dark Sea-King yields to thee  
The meed of might and majesty.

Depth, Sound, Immensity have lent  
    Their terrors to thy element;  
Thy congregated waters yell  
    Down caverns fathomless as Hell,  
While Heaven's glorious hues are set  
About thy gorgeous coronet.

Titanic winter strives in vain  
    To bind thee in his icy chain,  
Which rent by thy resistless wave  
    Finds in thy fearful depths—a grave;  
Or the torn fragments glistening lie  
In the glare of thy kingly eye.

A silvery web among thy trees  
    Unruffled by the passing breeze  
The vanquished Ice-King for thee weaves,  
    And gives them gems for winter leaves,

And rears thee columns, bright and vast,  
Their radiance through thy halls to cast.

The giant Time hath never yet  
His footstep in thy waters set:  
Grimly passing thy fall, he tries  
To notch his by-gone centuries  
Along the dark and devious track  
Of thy rock-crashing Cataract.

Emblem of Power—the mighty Sun  
Hath found and left thee roaring on,  
Thou wert with Chaos, e'er his light  
Shone out upon the starless night,  
Sole relic of that awful day  
When all in wild confusion lay.

And when Air, Earth, and Sea and Sky  
Formless again together lie,

When judgment fires are kindling o'er  
    Old Nature's wreck—Niagara's roar,  
First echo in the ear of Time,  
Shall sing his requiem sublime.

“O EARTH, EARTH, EARTH, HEAR  
THE WORD OF THE LORD.”

*Jeremiah, 22: 29.*

ANGEL.

**O** Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of  
the Lord,

Hear him ye mountains near the sky, and ye  
Warm vales beneath; O aged Ocean hear,  
In whose recesses rest the vast remains  
Of that old world whose giant wickedness  
Called up thy waters at the voice of God  
To cover Earth's pollution, and laid bare  
Thy former bed yet undefiled with crime.  
Hear him ye distant Islands of the deep,  
Ye ancient Cities, ye old battle fields,  
Ye Rivers, Lakes and Seas, ye dark abodes  
Of crime and misery hear, where'er the voice

Of Blood hath cried to God, or rests the stain  
Of pride, oppression, violence or fraud,  
Be ready with your record, for the hour  
Of recompense and vengeance draweth nigh,  
And Earth and Sea are called to testify  
Before they pass away. Hast thou thy proofs?  
O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the voice of the  
Lord.

## EARTH.

I hear thy message, I acknowledge him  
Whose angels are as winds, whose messengers  
Are flames of fire—and bow me reverently  
To God, who made both thee and me; whose  
voice  
Called form and motion out of nothingness.  
Ah me, how beautiful were the first days  
Of young Creation, as she came from HIM

In blushing beauty, yet unstained by sin,  
And earth was yet the garden of the Lord.  
But man, ungrateful man, formed of my dust,  
Whom God gave rule o'er earth and sea and  
air,

Brought ruin on himself and me. For him  
The Eternal cursed the earth, and I was shorn  
Of my young glories and compelled to bear  
The burden of his guilt. I murmur not;  
I've kept the record of my children's shame,  
My bosom bears the tokens of their guilt  
And waits the Master's voice to yield them  
up.

O, angel, I am weary, weary, weary,  
My soil is stained with every kind of sin,  
My memory is pained, my frame is old;  
Six thousand times around the mighty sun,  
In my appointed orbit I have run.

I seek repose, like some lone traveler, faint  
With toil and pain. O that I could forget  
The dying shriek of that old world of men  
Who lie beneath my waters and the cry  
Of horror and amazement nature gave  
When God's Eternal son was crucified  
By those, to whom he brought from heaven,  
    life, light  
And immortality. How long O Lord  
Shall earth be burdened with the guilt and  
    woe  
Of her lost sons? How long retain the forms  
Of thine own chosen people ere the trump  
Shall to a joyful resurrection day  
Awaken them? I faint, I weary Lord  
Beneath the weight of years and pain. O  
    when  
Shall the Archangel stand on sea and land



And swear by Thee, that time shall be no  
more?

O Lord how long?

## ANGEL.

O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of the  
Lord,

Behold he cometh, suddenly revealed,

When looked for least, and every knee shall  
bow

And every tongue confess, and Time shall  
die.

To thee it is not given to know the hour,

Bear yet thy burthen earth, and patiently

Await thine end. Dost thou not know that  
God

Will purge thy frame with fire, with fervent  
heat

Consume thy elements and reproduce  
Thy form as fresh, as fair, as beautiful,  
As when the morning stars together sang  
And all the sons of God did shout for joy,  
And the Most High himself pronounced thee  
    good  
And called thee Eden?

## EARTH.

Joy, joy, glad tidings of great joy. Awake  
Ye winds, ye waves of Ocean wake.  
Ye mountains lift your heads, ye valleys rise,  
Awake ye dragons, beast and bird awake,  
And sea and sky the mighty anthem join,  
“Let every thing that hath breath praise the  
    Lord.”

## THE TREACHEROUS HEART.

COLD blow the north winds from the ice-bound pole,

Dark is the night without moonlight or star—

But cold, colder still is the treacherous soul,  
And its blackness of darkness is gloomier far.

The oceans are deep where leviathan darts,  
Foul is the slime where the sea-monsters crawl;

But fouler things far dwell in treacherous hearts,

And their fathomless caverns are deepest of all.

Fair shines the marsh-meteor's bewildering  
light,

And the beacon the wrecker hangs out  
from the hill;

But the smile of the hypocrite, beaming and  
bright,

Is fairer and falser and deadlier still.

Vain is the tempest-tossed mariner's gaze

On the fast fading fog-bank, mistaken for  
shore,

Illusive and false, like the vapory haze

Which covers the dark heart's perfidy o'er.

The bald eagle screams ere he stoops on his  
foe,

And the panther's cry startles the timorous  
deer;

But the fair-false strikes with a treacherous  
    blow,  
    Betrays with a kiss and stabs with a tear.

From the "terror by night," the "arrow by day,"  
    The "scourge of the tongue," the stroke of  
        the sword,  
And the "horrible pit and the miry clay"  
    Of a treacherous heart—deliver us, Lord.

## THE APOSTLE PAUL.

“I’VE fought the good fight of faith,” for the  
Gospel of the Lord,  
Against Thrones and Dominions, without  
helmet, shield or sword  
And the “good word” of the Nazarene, glad  
tidings of Salvation,  
A soldier of the Lamb, I’ve borne, through  
every hostile nation,  
Though perils by the stormy sea, and spoilers  
by the land,  
With chain and scourge awaited me, the  
dungeon and the brand.

No prancing steeds or banners bright, have  
heralded my way,

As God's Ambassador to realms, which in  
thick darkness lay.

While Powers and Principalities, against me  
were arrayed,

And fears without and fears within, to make  
my soul afraid,

And the friends I trusted left me, forsaken  
and alone,

Yet the faith I kept, unterrified, at Athens  
and at Rome.

Now Glory to God's holy name, the victory  
is won,

The demi-gods have disappeared before the  
incarnate Son,

In sacred grove and haunted dell they shall  
no more appear,

For captive led are Death and Hell, and  
filled no more with fear,  
The blinded Pagan worshiper forsakes his  
idol's feast,  
And Oracle and Fane are left of Victim and  
of Priest.

O miracle of sov'reign grace, the persecuting  
Saul  
Hath run by faith the Christian race, and is  
"such an one as Paul,  
The aged" prisoner of the Lord, whose time  
is near at hand,  
And who looks for his departure, as the  
storm-tossed for the land;  
For there's "a house not made with hands,"  
which never shall decay,  
The Lord of Hosts, the righteous Judge,  
"shall give me on that day,"



As I have lived for Christ the Lord, "for me  
to die is gain,"

"I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," a  
night and day have lain

Amid conflicting winds and waves, upon the  
boisterous sea;

By the side of Death I've walked so long he  
seems no enemy,

An aged soldier scarred with wounds, for the  
promised rest I sigh,

As one engaged in warfare long, would lay  
his armor by.

I am ready to be offered, I see the mocking  
crowd,

I hear the voice of armed men and the  
brazen trumpet loud;

And glory to the Lord of Hosts, behold the  
accursed tree,

And I shall die the self-same death that  
Jesus died for me.

Then welcome all its agonies, for through  
that chosen door,

The Lord of Life, the Prince of Peace,  
himself hath passed before.

## BUFFALO.

QUEEN of the Lakes, whose tributary  
seas

Stretch from the frozen regions of the  
North

To Southern climates, where the wanton  
breeze

O'er field and forest goes rejoicing forth.

As Venice to the Adriatic sea

Was wedded in her brief, but glorious day;  
So broader, purer waters are to thee,

To whom a thousand streams a dowry pay.

What tho' the wild winds o'er thy waters sweep,  
While lingering Winter howls along thy  
shore,

And solemnly "deep calleth unto deep,"  
While storm and cataract responsive roar?\*

'Tis music fitting for the brave and free,  
Where Enterprise and Commerce vex the  
waves;

The soft, voluptuous airs of Italy  
Breathe among ruins, and are woo'd by  
slaves.

Thou art the Sovereign City of the Lakes,  
Crowned and acknowledged: may thy for-  
tunes be

Vast as the domain which thine empire takes,  
And onward, as thy waters to the sea.

\* The roar of the great Cataract of Niagara is frequently heard at Buffalo.

## THE INFANT DEAD.

ADDRESSED TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

THEY come to us in dreams,  
With laughing eyes and buoyant step,  
they come.

We hear the music of their childish glee,  
And the dark memories of Death are gone.

They come to thee—the lost—thy noble  
boy

Is sporting near thee, full of life and health,  
And thy fair daughters nestle by thy side;  
No mourning Rachel thou, for thy loved ones  
Are clasped in thy maternal arms again,  
Thy long-lost jewels are restored to thee.

Anon they seem to mock thy grasp,—their  
forms

Are those of angels, strangely beautiful!

They are winged cherubs now; from distant  
heights—

Half way from earth to heaven—they look  
down,

Drawn by the fervor of a mother's love;

Then upward gaze upon the holy hills

To Him who loved them ere the world  
began.

And dost thou wake to weep? Wouldst thou  
recall

Thy loved ones to a world like this—to live,

To sin, to mourn, to suffer and to die again,

To pass from Heaven to Earth, to exchange

Its golden streets, and pearly gates, and life

For evermore, for the dark dream of time?

Wouldst thou withdraw them from His  
blessed fold

Who bought them with His blood and agony?

Oh, no, thou couldst not take away the lambs

From the good Shepherd. They will not  
return,

But thou shalt go to them.

THE PROCLAMATION OF NEB-  
UCHADNEZZAR.

“**F**ROM Nebuchadnezzar, the king,  
To every people, tongue and tribe,  
Under our imperial wing,  
Mercy and peace be multiplied.

Mark ye the signs of the great God, accord  
Unceasing homage to the eternal Lord.”

I saw, in dreams, a mighty tree  
Its shadow o'er the nations fling,  
Its fruit and leaves were made to be  
The food of every living thing.  
A “Holy one from heaven,” proclaimed its  
fall,  
By His decree, who ruleth over all.



Sleep fled, and ere the morning sun  
Had dimmed the envious stars, which  
shone  
Upon the towers of Babylon,  
A thousand Sages, 'round my throne,  
Were silent all, till on my waking ear  
Broke Belteshazzar's words of fear.

“Thou art—thou art that shadowing tree,  
There is no other king beside,  
Thy rule is over earth and sea,  
But God will humble all thy pride,  
And to the dust thy power and glory bring,  
And cast thee out from men, a loathsome  
thing.

“O turn thee, Monarch, spare the poor.”  
I would have slain him where he stood;

He was mine ancient counselor,  
A Prophet of the living God.  
His eyes were dim with tears, I harmed him  
not,  
But all his holy counsels I forgot.

Twelve peaceful months had passed away  
I walked upon my palace wall,  
Before me in the sunshine lay  
Chaldea's gorgeous capital.  
"And is not this great Babylon mine own,  
Built for myself, my kingdom and my  
throne?"

I spoke, and suddenly from Heaven,  
A voice, like many thunders, fell:  
"To thee, O King, henceforth 'tis given  
On herbs to feed, with beasts to dwell,

Till "seven times" are gone, and thou dost  
know  
That the Most High is Lord of all below.

Then passed the glory of my state,  
The crown, the sceptre, and the throne;  
The humblest menial would not mate  
With him, who called the world his own.  
Cast out from men, to distant wilds I fled,  
And seven long years was numbered with  
the dead.

But when from that dark dream I woke,  
And words of penitence and prayer  
The stillness of the desert broke,  
God heard my supplication there:  
With increased power and glorious majesty,  
My long lost kingdom was restored to me.

To Him, alone,—the Eternal King,  
Belongs dominion without end;  
Ye Tongues and Tribes your off'rings  
bring,  
Before the unseen Sovereign bend.  
He can abase the proud: His name confess  
Before Him heaven is nothing—earth is less.

## THE THUNDER STORM.

THE sun was in the heavens, yet night  
Obscured his reign; and e'en the light  
Which sudden from some cloud-rift shone,  
Left darkness more intense. The moan  
Of winds that pause and seem to sigh  
O'er their commission ere they fly  
To desolate the earth, came  
Murmuring o'er the plain. A flame  
Play'd, circling, up the huge black mass  
Of clouds, that, gathering as they pass,  
By nature's God seem kindly given  
To shroud the artillery of heaven  
From mortal ken. Men saw the flash

Of the red Lightning; aye, and heard the  
    crash  
Of Thunder, echoing, ere its lurid path  
Was darkened—and bowed beneath the wrath  
Of the Eternal. Knees were bent in prayer  
That never knelt before. O where  
Was Reason then? Philosophy  
Fled, startled by the piercing cry  
Of some poor wretch in agony,  
Who wept to see the heavenly fire  
Make his dead kindred's funeral pyre  
Of their own dwelling. None may tell  
The horrors of that day. Rain fell  
In torrents. Rivers rose and swept  
Away their banks; and Nature wept  
O'er the destruction of her fairest works.

## SONNET.

ON THE FALL OF THE STUARTS.

**R**ACE God-forsaken, upon whom long years  
Of change and sorrow fell before there came  
The final judgment, like a scorching flame  
Consuming all. The oft-drained cup of tears,  
The ax twice falling, and the constant fears,  
Still left your false, ungrateful line the same—  
Untaught, unhumbled, careless of the shame  
Of broken faith, regarding more the sneers  
Of knaves and harlots than all else beside.  
Oh, bloody House! a pensioner and a slave  
To Rome, your last descendant lived and died:  
You lost a crown for Her—a place she gave  
To him, a scarlet hat and robe, to ride  
On the last journey to a Stuart's grave.

## THE SONG OF THE BELL.

WAKE, Wake, Wake!

Up, sluggard, up! the sun appears.

Awake, awake—thy bed forsake

Before the flowers have dried their tears;

Before the last star sinks away,

Lost in the golden hues of day.

Hark, the Matin Bell

Sounds o'er hill and dell,

Ding, Dong, Bell.

Bread, Bread, Bread!

Merchant, scholar and artisan



Hasten, hasten — the board is spread —  
Thank the Giver, thou thankless man!  
How many poor ones hear my voice,  
Yet never, never like thee rejoice

At the dinner Bell,  
With its peal and swell,  
Ding, Dong, Bell,

One, Two, Three!

Hark the numbering of the hours,  
Mark, mark, the moments swiftly flee —  
The Past the Present still devours.  
Seven and eight and nine and ten,  
They never will return again.

Mark the hourly Bell  
Its oft-told story tell,  
Ding, Dong, Bell.

Fire, Fire, Fire!

Hurry the engine, hearts of oak,  
For the flame is rising—higher, higher!  
Man on the ladder, mind your stroke!  
Dash in the window—grasp that child,—  
Pass him along,—the mother is wild!

Peal, peal, the Fire Bell,  
Crash, crash—who was it fell?  
Ding, Dong, Bell.

Toll, Toll, Toll!

As the dark hearse moves o'er the lea,  
Toll, toll, toll for the passing soul  
Whose earthly house dissolved must be;  
Dust goes to dust and earth to earth,  
Cease, careless trifler, cease thy mirth,

For the Funeral Bell  
Soon will ring thy knell,  
Ding, Dong, Bell.

Peal, Peal, Peal!

The merry, merry Marriage Bell—

Two hearts are joined for woe or weal,

Together, while life lasts, to dwell.

Peal out—the golden knot is tied,

Who would not bless the fair young Bride?

List—the merry Bell

The joyful tidings tell.

Ding, Dong, Bell.

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!

The battle's done, the town is won,

The thunder notes of victory

Drown the cry of the desolate one;

Fathers, husbands, children are slain,

Who heeds the dead? Who heeds the pain?

While the pealing Bell

The victor notes swell,

Ding, Dong, Bell.

Hurry, Hurry, Hark away!

The steamship vomits fire and smoke,  
'Gainst wind and tide she moves to-day  
With hundred arms and giant stroke—  
Like a fiery steed she pants and springs,  
Let go there, men, the last bell rings.

Run, run, the ship Bell,  
Rush on board pell mell.  
Ding, Dong, Bell.

Pray, Pray, Pray!

The Sabbath Bell rings solemnly;  
For thy soul's good, oh, come away,  
Visit the house of prayer to-day;  
Listen to the gospel, given  
To guide thee on the road to Heaven.

Hark, the Sabbath Bell  
To win thy soul from Hell,  
Ding, Dong, Bell.

Rest, Rest, Rest!

Weary Laborer—go to thy bed  
Under the eye of the Ever Blest,  
Who watches thy defenceless head;  
Sleep while the gay, the rich, the proud  
Weave in the dance an early shroud,  
    Though the Vesper Bell  
    Hath warned them well.  
    Ding, Dong, Bell.

## THE ATLANTIC.

**L**OST Titan of the stormy Sea,  
Long waited for by weary eyes,  
Which, blind with tears, still gaze for thee  
While rainbow hues of hope arise  
Above the dim and wintry lea,  
Shining upon the cold gray skies  
Like Sunbeams on a Sepulchre!

Say, Giant Stemmer of the Deep,  
Where hast thou wandered from thy way?  
'Mid Polar ice art thou asleep  
Benumbed beneath the Frost King's sway?  
Or Southward, broken, dost thou creep  
Where ever glows the God of Day,  
Where Summer breezes ever sweep?

Where now, that joyous company,  
Who, trusting in thy speed and power,  
Embarked on a December's sea;  
Who, homeward, thought that every hour  
Should waft them on,—as gallantly,  
Though wild winds blow and storm clouds

lower

The Atlantic strikes out fast and free?

Where are they? Echo answers, where!  
Strange visions of their fate arise,  
Of Summer seas and islets fair,  
Of tropic fruits and sunny skies;  
A storm 'scaped crew are wandering there,  
Gazing around with curious eyes,  
Unmindful of their late despair.

Anon, a gallant ship is seen  
Stemming the waves by fierce winds driven;

'Mid thunder peals the lightning's gleam  
Plays down her masts, her sides are riven,  
The doomed crew, wakened from their dream  
Of home and kindred, cry to Heaven  
And down she goes the waves between!

And now upon a calm clear night  
The Atlantic rushes on her way;  
With hundred arms she cleaves the bright  
And tranquil waters, where they lay  
Reflecting back the silvery light  
Of the glad moonbeams as they play,  
Chasing the ripples in their flight.

Hark! from the Ship a crash, a cry!  
The prisoned Demon bursts his shell,  
Hurling her timbers toward the sky,  
While fires, as from the mouth of Hell,  
Dart, fast and furious, flaming high,



As when from Ætna's crater fell  
The blazing lavas upward fly.

Once more along the silent main  
The Steamer plies thro' night's dark pall.  
No star shines out, and drops of rain  
Upon the nodding deck-watch fall.  
The panting Titan drives amain  
Heedless and fearless over all;  
The startled look-out cries in vain—

“A Ship, a Ship!” but ah! too late,  
The Atlantic with her mighty mass  
Strikes, crushing like the blow of fate  
The nameless Coaster, on, alas!  
With broken bow, an opening gate,  
Through which the sullen waves do pass,  
She staggers with her deadly freight.

Thus the dark Rider of the Wave  
Leaps like a Lion on his prey,  
And wounded finds himself a grave;  
Through opening seams the waters play  
And all the golden cabins lave,  
And stubborn knees are bent to pray  
Where part the Beautiful and Brave.

Like some spent wrestler on his knee  
The stout ship struggles as she feels  
The grasp from which she cannot flee,  
Her Giant Driver madly wheels  
To grapple with the enemy,  
But all in vain—the Atlantic reels  
And headlong, plunges down the sea.

FEBRUARY 3, 1851.

## NEW CEMETERY, NEAR BUFFALO.

PLACE for the dead—  
Not in the noisy City's crowd and glare,  
By heated walls and dusty streets, but where  
The balmy breath of the free summer air  
Moves murmuring softly o'er the new-made  
grave,  
Rustling among the boughs which wave  
Above the dwellers there.

Rest for the dead—  
Far, far, from the turmoil and strife of trade,  
Let the broken house of the soul be laid,  
Where the violets blossom in the shade,  
And the voices of nature do softly fall  
Over the silent sleepers all—  
Where rural graves are made.

Room for the dead—

Away from the crowded and ghastly caves,  
Where the dead lie heap'd and the thick  
    strewn graves

Do jostle each other like following waves—  
In the place where earth's broad bosom yields,  
Room for the dead, in woods and fields,  
    Which dying nature craves.

Place for the dead—

In the quiet glen where the wild vines creep,  
And the desolate mourner may wait and  
    weep,

In some silent place, o'er the loved who sleep;  
Nor sights, nor sounds profane, disturb their  
    moan—

With God and with the dead alone—

“Deep calleth unto deep.”

Rest for the dead—  
Away from all walls—where the wild bird  
    sings,  
And the hurrying cloud its shadow flings  
O'er streamlet and rock, where the ivy clings  
To the ancient oak—the dead should lie,  
Till on the ear of death the cry  
    Of final judgment rings.

Room for the dead—  
The living wait their doom, the gay, the  
    strong,  
The beautiful, together soon must throng  
The doors of death, and they who mourn,  
    ere long  
Must lie with kindred dust, and soon or late,  
All pass the ever open gate—  
    Room—Room—Oh! give them room!

## THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE BUFFALO JOURNAL, JANUARY, 1826.

**A**NOTHER year is numbered with the  
past!

Before the public I again appear,

At once to sound the requiem of the last,  
And hail the dawning of the coming year.

Patrons, howe'er your various lots are cast  
In this rough world,—to each may this day be  
A day of gladness and festivity.

Men mourn o'er Time's rapidity, yet greet  
The New Year's morn, with joyous coun-  
tenance,

And mark with mirth his rapid flight, and  
meet

In the high festival, or in the dance

Lead some fair partner, who with willing  
feet

Joins in the giddy round;—the grievous blot  
Time stamps on beauty, she hath quite forgot.

Why should the fair one glory in her  
beauty?

And why should man rejoice him in his  
prime?

Why bow at Pleasure's shrine? who seems  
to be

The willing handmaid of destroying Time,

Producing signs of premature decay,

While hastening death's dark angel on his  
path,

And proving Mirth the minister of Wrath.

Men have not altered since "a year ago."  
Fair faces and false hearts. The ancient  
sinner

Directs his honest friend to wait below,  
Because, forsooth, his worship's taking dinner.

In short, the world remains "in statu quo:"  
Fools still talk wisely: wise men hold their  
tongues,  
And save at once their credit and their  
lungs.

This of the world at large. A long review  
Of state affairs, no doubt, is now expected,  
But space and inclination fail us. You  
Who seek for information, are directed  
To the late Presidential message. Who  
Can read the glowing picture and not be  
Proud of the land of his nativity?



Let Europe scoff, Columbia's sons still pour  
Libations upon Freedom's shrine. The light  
Which led our veteran fathers on of yore  
To victory and fame, still gleams as bright  
As when from proud oppression's brow  
they tore  
The diadem of power, and reared on high  
The sacred beacon fire of Liberty.

Let despots mock the joy with which we  
met  
Upon our shores our father's friend and son,  
And greeted him the gallant La Fayette.  
Dare they insult the Flag that bore him  
home?

No! Europe never will again forget  
The due respect and proper courtesy  
Columbia's Banner claims upon the sea.

My Muse wants breathing, she is too  
sublime

For modern ears; 'twere well to take good care

Lest critics ridicule her lofty rhyme—

Which would indeed be a most sad affair.

We'll lower our strain then, and devote a  
line

To home concerns. 'Tis said that Buffalo

Is soon to be a city, and I know—

No reason why she should not. The  
foundation

Of Ararat we lately helped to fix,

And have had other public celebrations,

(According to my note book sixty-six.)

And have a right to make our calculations

On future greatness. There is something  
pretty

And quite harmonious in the name of "city."

The year hath been to us a Jubilee,  
A year of great rejoicing; we have seen  
Lake Erie's waters moving to the sea  
On their own element. The bark I deem  
Which bore our gift, more famous yet  
shall be,  
Than that proud ship in which to ancient  
Greece  
The intrepid Jason bore the Golden Fleece.

Yet boast we not of mighty labors done  
In our own strength or wisdom; we would  
bless

His sacred name in morning orison  
Who stamped his footstep on the wilderness.  
And towns and cities rose,—the busy hum  
Of congregated man, where erst HE viewed  
One dark and boundless solitude.

And the white sail now glistens on the  
Lake,  
Where late the Indian in his bark canoe,  
Bursting from some low marsh or tangled  
brake,  
Shot forth upon the waters joyously,  
Perchance his annual hunting tour to make,  
Where since the cultivated field, I ween,  
That savage mariner himself hath seen.

My Muse is wearied; but ere she retires,  
We would remind you Patrons, while stern  
winter  
Convenes around your hospitable fires  
Your friends and family—TO PAY THE PRINTER,  
Ere the last faggot on *his* hearth expires.

## THE RETURNING PESTILENCE.

**B**Y river and fountain,  
By desert and plain,  
Over valley and mountain,  
I am coming again,  
To execute judgment—an Angel of Wrath,  
With Terror, and Anguish, and Death in my  
path.

In the East I began,  
O'er the dank jungle sweeping:  
In the old Hindostan,  
Was wailing and weeping:

From the plague-smitten city e'en the Pariahs  
flee,  
And Gunga, corpse-burdened, rolls on to the  
sea.

Then Siberian snows  
In my passage I crossed,  
And the death-wail arose  
In the region of frost;  
For the Ice-Monarch's mantle was here no  
defence  
'Gainst the life-quelling touch of the pes-  
tilence.

By the sign of Salvation  
I paused for a time:  
From each Christian nation  
Rose voices of crime.

Tho' the symbol was there, the substance  
was gone,

To the harvest of death I went speedily on.

Then Russia—the cold—

In my pathway I swept,  
And in Moskwa, the old,

The gray-bearded have wept.

Who saw, without tears, their palaces fired  
For him whose commission at Moscow ex-  
pired.

And onward advancing,

Like a strong man from wine,  
Where the sun-browned are dancing  
In the land of the vine,

With the steps of a giant, Death's wine press  
I tread,

Before me the living, behind me the dead.

Weep maids of Vienna!

Howl, Paris and Rome!

The gates of Gehenna,

Are opening for doom.

The plague-cart shall wait at your mansions  
of pride,

The rich with the poor to the Dark House  
shall ride.

At last I shall sail

For the star-bannered West,

And my barque shall not fail

O'er the Ocean's broad breast,

To land me—long dreaded—tho' my ship-  
mates shall sleep

Where o'er the sea-buried the mermaidens  
weep.



## THE DYING CHILD.

[The following lines were suggested by the request of a young girl, who, dying, designated her burial place. The writer not long since stood with her respected parents under the tree where her body reposes, in the beautiful Cemetery near Baltimore, and heard from the Mother's lips an account of the last request of this lovely and pious child, and her touching quotation of the words of Job, "the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto me," with which she enforced her petition.]

**B**URY me, Mother, under the tree  
Where the balmy winds do blow;  
With the fair wild flowers above me,  
Or the white, untrodden snow.

Bury me, Mother, under the shade  
Of the Oak, whose branches sweep  
Fast by the spot where our dead are laid  
To rest in their dreamless sleep.

Bury me, Mother, under that tree,  
And not in the vault of stone:  
The clods of the valley are sweet to me,  
With the fresh green grass thereon.

I know very well my soul shall be  
With our dear Lord Christ above;  
Yet bury me under that spreading tree,  
In the calm sweet spot I love.

A watch sometimes by the grave, with thee,  
My soul may come down to share,  
Under the boughs of that beautiful tree:  
Oh, Mother, bury me there.

“KINGS AND THRONES ARE FALLING.”

**K**INGS and Thrones are falling,  
The sound comes o'er the sea,  
“Deep unto deep is calling”

To the conflict of the Free:

At the voices of the Nations, like the roaring  
of a flood,

The “Sun is turned to darkness, the Moon is  
changed to blood.”

The word of Power is spoken  
In accents loud and long,  
The iron chain is broken  
From the ankles of the strong;

The blind and beaten Giant is staggering up  
at length,  
And the pillars of his Prison House begin to  
feel his strength.

To exile goes the King,  
The Throne is in the street,  
And royal floors are echoing  
The sounds of Plebeian feet;  
O'er gilded rooms and Halls of State the  
common people throng,  
Half fearful of the spectre yet that haunted  
them so long.

The Purple Robe is riven,  
Ay, crushed beneath the tread  
Of masses hunger driven,  
Demanding work and bread:

And Death is riding grimly forth and Terror  
by his side  
With blood-stained War and Pestilence and  
Famine hollow-eyed.

The Powers of Earth are shaken  
From the Danube to the Rhine,  
Old Germany is waking  
Like a Cyclop from his wine;  
And dark his brow with hatred, and red his  
eye with wrath,  
While he scatters his tormentors like Pigmies  
from his path.

The famished Celt is crying,  
Arm, brethren, one and all,  
The Saxon Lord is flying  
To castle, keep and wall;

Unhappy Ireland grasps again the old de-  
tested bands  
And lifts toward the indignant Heaven her  
bruised and bleeding hands.

The Seine is running red  
Through the capital of France,  
Over ramparts of the dead  
The cry is still, advance!  
With pike and gun and paving stone the  
maddened people arm,  
And Peace and Freedom fly the scene of  
tumult and alarm.

What terror, pain and sorrow  
Till the travail throes are past,  
But then a glorious morrow,  
And the promised rest at last;

For the gospel of the Crucified shall triumph  
like the light  
From the golden gates of morning o'er the  
darkness of the night.

King or Priest shall never  
Rebuild the broken wall,  
For thought is freed forever  
And truth is now for all;  
The startled Nations hear a voice through  
Heaven and Earth resound,  
The everlasting Word of God shall never  
more be bound.

O'er shattered Thrones shall rise  
The kingdom of the Son  
And Ocean, Earth and Skies  
Proclaim his reign begun;

The angel voices heard before on the plains  
of Galilee

Shall sound once more on every shore and  
over every sea.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1848.



## THE INFANT DEAD.

**F**AREWELL, farewell to thee, beloved  
and blest!

Death touches thee gently, with counte-  
nance mild,

The half-opened rose-bud, that lies on thy  
breast,

Is dimm'd by the contrast, thou beautiful  
child!

For life seems to linger awhile on thy brow,

As if loath to abandon a temple so fair;

And the smile that death left thee, is life-  
like now

As the night wind stirs in thy clustering  
hair.

If tears would revive—if love could awaken—

The Rachel-like cry of a mother restore  
thee—

To desolate hearts and a household forsaken,

How rapid and joyous thy waking would be.

But the voice of our child is silent forever,

The light of our dwelling in darkness hath  
set;

Tho' death comes like sleep, 'tis a slumber,  
that never,

No, never, shall break till the judgment is  
met.

When the Archangel's trumpet shall sound  
from the skies,

To change all the living and startle the  
dead,

Thou shalt wake from thy slumber and glorious rise

With the crown of the ransomed encircling thy head.

Farewell then, beloved, the Master hath called thee,

To join with the blood-bought and sanctified throne;

To this dark world of ours, O, who would recall thee,

Who would lessen thy transports or silence thy song!

## JEHOVAH ZIDKENU.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

**A**BOVE the storms that round us beat  
While in this tenement of clay,  
There shines a light to guide our feet  
Along the dark and devious way;  
From HIM whose name we ever bless,  
The Holy, Merciful, and True,  
Our justifying Righteousness,  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

Should sin revive, and fear and shame  
Upon our hearts their shadows fling,  
In heaven or earth what other name  
Can to the troubled conscience bring

The hope of life and blessedness,  
More full and free than Eden knew,  
Through His imputed Righteousness,  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

When from the Mount of God, a sound  
Falls on the terror-smitten soul,  
While Sinai's lightnings blaze around,  
And legal thunders o'er us roll;  
The cloud and flame and mountain fall,  
And pass for ever from our view,  
As on that name of POWER we call,  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

If in that dungeon, damp and dim,  
Where prisoned PILGRIM suffering lay,  
While grim Despair was beating him,  
And crying, "Cast thy hope away;"

All effort to escape is vain,  
From that foul den, till Faith to you  
The key presents, that glorious name,  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

Or wandering in that valley drear,  
Which sin-born shadows haunt alone,  
Where CHRISTIAN saw those shapes of fear,  
Whose wicked whispers seemed his own,  
Who can these hideous spectres hide,  
That hinder all our passage through?  
Who but the God man crucified,  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

If crushed beneath the heavy load  
Of pain and loss, and grief, we groan,  
We think of HIM, who sorrowing trode  
The wine-press of God's wrath alone,

Who bore that untold agony,  
Which men or angels never knew,  
And drank the bitter cup to be  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

When Death o'er fainting life prevails,  
We tremble not, Emmanuel lives,  
And as this earthly temple fails,  
"A house not made with hands" HE gives;  
In that dark hour our souls shall bless  
The ever faithful, just, and true,  
Our everlasting Righteousness,  
Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!

As from the earth and sea the dead  
Shall stand around the eternal throne,  
When filled with anguish, shame, and dread,  
Their final Judge the wicked own,

Gently shall fall that eye of flame  
    Upon the chosen ones, who knew  
The MASTER in his hour of shame,  
And hailed him by his mystic name,  
    Jehovah Jesus Zidkenu!



## THE CAMANCHE CHIEF.

**A** FEARLESS Warrior forth I ride  
Over the desert wild and free—  
The scalps are rattling by my side,  
Of foes in battle slain by me.

Whoop!

My home is a tent by the river,  
My fields are the prairies vast;  
My goods are my bow and quiver,  
And my forest-foaled steed so fast.

Whoop!

That snow-white steed the wind out-flies,  
As the war-whoop rings in his ear,  
And the foe that we follow dies  
On the point of a chieftain's spear.

Whoop!

Fast doth the steel tipp'd arrow fly  
From my twanging bow-string—full  
In the red Panther's threat'ning eye,  
Or the heart of a Buffalo Bull.

Whoop!

I have gone for the grizzly Bear,  
To his cavernous haunts of prey;  
And his claws and his teeth I wear,  
The spoils of that desperate fray.

Whoop!

The Spaniard I bitterly hate;

I have taken his sons for slaves,  
And Mexican girls for ransom wait,  
In the tents of my Indian Braves.

Whoop!

I have forced the Castilian back,

I have lit up his cities with fire;  
The Dastard knows my horse's track,  
By shattered gate and fallen spire.

Whoop!

And what if a mightier foe

Are girdling our borders with steel,  
The length of our spears they shall know,  
When to charge my wild cavalry wheel.

Whoop!

We hold by the might of our hand,  
And he may take from us who can;  
The pale face who lusts for our land,  
Shall find the Camanche a man.  
Whoop!

## FORWARD! MARCH!

DEDICATED TO THE UNION CONTINENTALS BY THEIR CHAPLAIN.

FOR Altars and for firesides,  
For the Country and for God,  
For the State our Fathers founded,  
For the soil on which they trod,  
For loyal brethren trembling  
Beneath a Traitor's nod—

Forward! March!

From the rugged wilds of Maine,  
From New Hampshire's mountains gray,  
From Freedom's wave-washed cradle  
By Massachusetts Bay,

From all New England's valleys  
And hill tops—far away—

Forward! March!

From the basin of the Hudson,  
From the cities on its shore,  
From the borders of the stormy Lakes  
Who wake Niagara's roar,  
From Pennsylvania's fields of coal  
And her beds of iron ore—

Forward! March!

From fair Ohio's loyal States,  
From all her fertile plains,  
From every flower-clad Prairie  
Which the Mississippi drains,  
From California's rocky walls  
Rich with their golden veins—

Forward! March!

From treason's prostrate bulwarks  
Where the vaunting foe was met,  
Where rebel standards fell before  
The avenging bayonet,  
From Cumberland's ensanguined shore  
With blood of Patriots wet—

Forward! March!

From the Potomac's guarded banks,  
From the shores of the Tennessee,  
From Hatteras to Hilton Head,  
From Pickens and Tybee,  
From every point on every line  
From the Mountains to the Sea—

Forward! March!

For Altars and for firesides,  
For the Country and for God,

For the State our Fathers founded,  
For the soil on which they trod,  
For loyal brethren trembling  
Beneath a Traitor's nod—

Forward! March!



THE SILENT SORROW OF THE  
ENFRANCHISED SLAVE.

SUGGESTED BY THE OBSEQUIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN BUFFALO.

THE silent sorrow of the enfranchised slave  
Has no fit place amid our sad array;  
No symbol of these mourning millions wave  
Among our emblems, as they should, to-day.

What tears like theirs, for whom the Martyr  
bled?

What wail of thronging thousands can com-  
pare

With their unspoken anguish for the dead,  
Deep in its silence, dumb in its despair?

No booming cannon vocalize their grief,  
    No long processions, moving sad and slow;  
No solemn dirges give their souls relief,  
    No gorgeous standards, draped with signs  
    of woe.

Sadly the Freedmen wend from hill and vale,  
    Gath'ring in their rude huts at set of  
    sun,  
In solemn awe, to hear the appalling tale  
    Of that foul deed on their Deliverer done.

Ah! who can know their untold agony,  
    To whom his death appears the crowning  
    loss?—  
So the Disciples feared on that dread day  
    When the great SUFFERER hung upon the  
    Cross.

The sable Mother, as her eyes grow dim,  
Wails o'er her first-born by the cottage  
fire;

Freedom, though *late* for *her* is *all* to *him*—  
Must it, alas! with that great life expire?

Old, scarred and palsied slaves, who from the  
shore

Of burning Afric in their youth were torn,  
Bow down in speechless misery before  
The tale of horror on the breezes borne!

They know not that the *manner* of his death  
Forever seals their chartered rights as  
men—

That in their Martyr's last expiring breath  
The Nation heard these solemn words  
again:—

*Two hundred years of unrequited toil  
Have heaped up treasure for this day of  
blood,  
And every drop of Slave-gore on our soil  
Demands another from the Sword of God!*

## WAR SONG OF THE RUSSIANS.

**H**O! for the Dardanelles;  
The cry resounds afar,  
O'er Russia's hills and dales—  
Up for God and the Czar.

Arm for our holy places, Byzantium's sacred  
towers,

O'er the blaspheming Turk at last a cloud of  
Judgment lowers.

Four hundred years ago  
He piled her streets with dead;  
Of Christian blood the flow  
Dyed all the waters red.

The savage Moslem in his wrath spared  
neither age nor rank ;  
We proffer to his lips the cup of which our  
fathers drank.\*

Ten thousand martyrs lie  
By St. Sophia's wall,  
And from their tombs they cry,  
Arm, brethren! one and all.  
The howling Dervish leaps and shrieks on  
our dishonored graves ;  
Still o'er your Patriarch's holy seat the  
accursed Crescent waves.

Mount, Hetman! and advance,  
The eagle scents his prey ;  
The Cossack grasps his lance—  
He wins who rides to-day.

The fires of many a burning mosque shall  
light our horses' track;  
Mount! for the golden city, to 'siege, assault,  
and sack.

We hurl our battle gage  
For the Empire of the East;  
Let Western nations rage  
With Rome's usurping priest.  
In Europe's boasted balance the Scythian  
casts his sword,  
As he marches for Byzantium, with the banners  
of the Lord.

Once more the sacred seat  
Of holy Chrysostom  
Shall win all Christian feet  
Away from haughty Rome.

When Russia rules Byzantium, the throned  
terror falls,  
A shrunken spectre wailing, amid deserted  
halls.

March for the Dardanelles!

Ho! for the Golden Horn!

Peal out old Moskwa's bells!

We muster on the morn.

Forth from out his frozen lair our Scythian  
bear doth hie,  
To snuff the scent of orange groves in  
ancient Thessaly.

\*This expression is intended to refer to the ecclesiastical relations of Russia with Constantinople, anciently called Byzantium. The patriarchs and bishops of the Eastern or Greek Church were the spiritual fathers of the Russians. Constantinople sustains the same relations to the Eastern Church that Rome does to the Western Hierarchy. With the conflicts between the Patriarchs and Popes all readers of history are familiar. Constantinople was taken by Mahomed II. in 1453; sixty thousand Christians were put to the sword, and the city given up to the rapacity and lust of the Turkish soldiery. Nothing is more natural than that a nation attached to the Eastern Church should seek to regain possession of her ancient capital, the seat of her patriarch and the center of her ecclesiastical unity. Would Austria and France be content with Rome in the possession of Mahomedans? The event may be delayed for a time, but is inevitable, and certainly not by us to be deprecated.—1852.



# SONNETS.



## THE DOOM OF THE BOURBONS.

UNHAPPY House, to whom has come  
the end

Of all the splendors of your ancient line,  
O'er which dread memories hang and wrath  
divine;

Imbecile some, while others lonely wend  
Exiles to hated England, there to bend

To ancient rivals in a foreign clime,  
Humbled and hopeless in your last decline,  
Unsolaced by an honor or a friend;

Doomed from the day of black Barthole-  
mew,

With treachery foul and midnight murder  
stained

When Charles God's people from his win-  
dow slew  
And Louis after banished what remained,  
The cup of trembling, which they gave the  
true  
And innocent to drink, their race have drained.

## TO TRUTH.

SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT HISTORIES OF CROMWELL AND THE  
STUARTS.

**O**H truth, who with an atmosphere of light  
Upon the darkness of our present state  
Godlike dost move; for whose approach we  
wait,

When partial History obscures the right,  
Bending her supple neck to kingly might,  
Or bartering oft with priestcraft at the gate  
Of cruel Persecution; soon or late  
Thou risest, as the sun upon the night,  
To clear away detraction from the name  
Of the true Hero, and expose the lie

That gave to kings and parasites a fame,  
Which touched by thee is changed to infamy,  
While from the slandered just, the clouds of  
shame  
Do at thy glorious presence quickly fly!

TO A COVETOUS MAN WHOSE  
NAME IS LEGION.

**T**HOU Miser lost! in whom the lust of  
gold

Devours all rivals, like the Serpent Rod  
Of Hebrew Aaron:—careful thou dost plod  
In Plutus' sordid paths, to all else cold  
And passionless, while prematurely old  
Thou hoardest wealth and wrath. The  
gifts of God

Fall on thy thankless heart as on a clod;  
As sunbeams do a sepulchre enfold,  
So all His goodness doth encircle thee,  
Thou full of "rotteness and dead men's bones!"

'Gainst whom what bitter tears and agony,  
What cries of widows robb'd, what orphan's  
groans,  
Have pierced the heavens, while over thee  
doth lie  
A cloud of judgment in the angry sky!



## TO THE OCEAN.

GREAT ocean! shadow of eternity,  
Illimitable, restless, unconfined,  
Untamable and free, no power can bind  
Or bound thy force, save His who fashioned  
thee  
An image of His own infinity;  
For in thy boundless, ceaseless flow we find  
The Eternal figured to the finite mind.  
Thou echoest, too, the voice of Deity,  
When breaks the peaceful billow on the  
shore,  
We hear His tones of mercy in their sweep,  
The storm-tossed waters with their angry roar  
Resound, "God's judgments are a mighty deep,"  
Then thoughts of life to come, unfelt before,  
And endless judgment, over us do creep.

## TO GENERAL TAYLOR.

ON HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

**A**LONG the lengthened line of by-gone  
years,

TAYLOR, there is no other hero name

Like thine, since the bold Black Prince  
earned his fame

'Gainst desperate odds at Cressy and Poitiers,  
Or his of Azincourt; there are no Peers

Of Buena Vista's fields since England came  
With banners spread to France and sword  
and flame,

Leaving that fair land bathed in blood and  
tears.

Yet thou a steadfast heart, unhurt by praise,  
Hast ever shown; as turns the eagle's eye  
Sunward, undazzled by the burning rays,  
So thou hast looked on thy new victory  
Unmoved, though basking in the nation's  
gaze,  
Preserving still thy grand simplicity.

## TO GENERAL TAYLOR.

ON HIS ANTICIPATED INAUGURATION AS PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

TAYLOR, 'tis not alone for laurels won  
In battle's stormy hour, that millions wait  
To hail thine advent to the chair of State,  
Nor politician's skill: thou art not one  
Versed in their wiles—but for kind actions done  
'Mid war's dread horrors; victor at the gate  
Of Monterey thou spared it from the fate  
Of wild assault and storm, which once begun  
Regards not youth, or age, or womanhood,  
And when in Buena Vista's narrow way,  
Unnumbered hosts thy little band withstood,  
Thy wounded men behind thee, thou didst say  
"I pass them not." More than all glory could  
These words exalt thee in our hearts to-day.

## THIRST FOR GOLD.

ON THE EXCITEMENT AND EMIGRATION OCCASIONED BY THE RECENT  
DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

WHAT insane thirst of gold! corrupting  
all

Our kindly sympathies and household ties,  
When Rumor lifts her brazen voice, and  
lies

Of El Dorados *new*, which but recall  
The search of Raleigh and of Spain the  
thrall,

While buried visions of Pineda rise;  
Again the unwary rush to seize the prize,  
Onward to California, to fall

Along the dreary way, or live to meet  
The fate of Midas in a distant land,

Where wealth and want await their hurry-  
ing feet,  
And graves are yawning in the yellow sand,  
While sneering Mammon weaves their wind-  
ing sheet,  
And seeks on us Hispania's curse to brand.

TO THOMAS M. FOOTE, ESQ.

**T**HOMAS! when you and I were young,  
time past

Was counted nothing in our college halls:  
The coming future from those cloistered  
walls

Looked bright and glorious: but, ah me, how  
fast

The vision perished, and the clouds o'ercast  
Our working life. But memory now recalls  
The days despised; whatever ill befalls,  
In our stern struggle we must fly at last  
To young remembrances, which o'er us  
sweep

As harp of David soothed the Hebrew king.

Not forward now, but back, our thoughts  
do leap  
To the calm sunshine of our early spring;  
Earth's future has become a stormy deep,  
Toward which life's vessel plunges, laboring.



TO ELISHA N. PRATT, ESQ., OF  
GREENBUSH.

I DO not envy thee thy "Highland" seat,  
Friend Pratt; tho' oft beneath those glorious trees  
I've walked with thee, and felt the mountain breeze,  
Pure and refreshing, tempering the heat,  
Of the young Summer; for I know 'tis meet  
One should possess that spot, who nothing leaves  
Of kindly acts undone. Long may thy sheaves  
In full abundance press thy barns; thy wheat

No mildew blast; thy Lucy's cherished  
flowers  
In blushing beauty ever brightly glow,  
And round you both may all the joyous  
Hours  
Dance with delight—while *better* hopes you  
know  
Of life to come, which, when misfortune  
lowers,  
Upon the storm-cloud still their radiance  
throw.

TO JAMES O. PUTNAM, ESQ.

**H**OW often, JAMES, thy thoughts do over-  
leap

The narrow boundary of our working life,  
Which seems to thee but an ignoble strife,  
Where none do walk upright, but only creep  
To their mean ends; a harvest which to reap  
Demands a hardened heart and sharpened  
knife,

A soul with petty, selfish interests rife.  
So gifted men repine; yet in the deep  
And awful counsels of the Eternal King,  
Our daily life doth make our destiny;  
For this world's labors no defilement bring  
To him, who faithful in his passing day,  
Knows that its fleeting moments ever fling  
Their lasting shadows on Eternity.

## TO THE WINDS.

OH winds! that o'er the plains and mountains sweep  
Kissing the flower and whispering in the tree,  
Or, roaring madly, rush upon the sea,  
Lifting the billows of the mighty deep,  
And then along the shores do gently creep  
With soft deceitful airs and minstrelsy;  
Oh fickle winds, whose mournful melody  
Lures oft to our embrace the God of sleep  
Or scare away with wild discordant shriek,  
Like cry of damned spirit wailing near,  
With angel voices, I would hear ye speak,  
Breathing a blessing on the fruitful year,  
While o'er the desert and the mountain bleak,  
Let whirlwinds rage and howling fiends career.

## THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

[On seeing a picture representing the body of a dead hunter at the foot of a precipice in the Alps, from which he had fallen, guarded by his dog, who is fiercely repelling the mountain eagles from their expected banquet.]

THOU faithful guardian of thy master  
dead,  
Fallen from Alpine summits down where  
flows  
The sparkling streamlet from th' eternal  
snows,  
Fearless and staunch dost thou defend his  
bed  
From the bold eagle in the mountain bred,  
Or with the rav'nous vulture fiercely close  
In deadly fight, and from all other foes

Guarding with quenchless love that sacred  
head,

Rising at the least sound with bark and  
leap;

The pains of hunger seize thee, bitter frost

Benumbs, still thou thy guard dost keep;

One thought alone thou hast, to watch thy  
lost

And lifeless master in his final sleep!

Such rare fidelity might make us weep.

## THE DEATH OF GEORGE SPRAGUE.

WHO WAS KILLED INSTANTLY BY THE ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE  
OF HIS GUN ON GRAND ISLAND.

OH youth beloved, untimely death was  
thine,  
If measured by our weak imperfect thought;  
Yet who shall say 'tis not the happier lot  
To pass, as thou didst suddenly, the line  
Two worlds dividing, unto joys divine  
Without the agonies of dying brought;  
Falling unconsciously in that wild spot,  
Under the ancient shadows to recline  
Thy soul-deserted temple. God did guard  
Its resting place from wandering beasts of  
prey;

The moon and stars by night kept watch  
and ward;

- The forest birds a requiem sang by day,
- Till found at last in calm repose unmarred,  
And to thy weeping kindred borne away.



## TO A FLOWER IN THE DESERT.

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MUNGO PARK, THE  
AFRICAN TRAVELER.

SWEET Flower, lone dweller in the Desert  
Wild!

Drinking the scanty dews, and cherished  
there

By HIM who made thee; e'en the tainted  
air

And driving sands did pass thee undefiled

And blooming still; a Traveler beguiled

By mocking Mirage, wandered feebly where

Thy tiny blossoms blushed,—in dull despair

He laid him down, and feeble as a child,

Hungry and faint, he cast all hope away;

But GOD had planted thee his life to save,  
For when he spied thee as he listless lay,  
His heart revived, he thought of HIM who  
gave  
Life to the desert flower and rose to pray,  
And long years after found another grave.

## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF ITALY.\*

“**A** VENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,  
whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains  
cold,”  
So sang our greatest bard, who, famed of  
old  
As freedom’s friend, heard with dismay their  
groans,  
Who from God’s altar call in piercing tones  
“How long, O Lord” and Thou at length  
hast rolled  
The threatened tide of judgment o’er the  
bold

And "triple tyrant," casting down the thrones  
Of that apostate priest who claims to be  
Vicegerent of the Highest, who with blood  
Insatiate yet, is made at length to see  
And feel thy vengeance as the awful flood  
Of revolution pours o'er Italy;  
Nor Austria's bulwarks have its force with-  
stood.

\* See Milton's sonnet on the "Massacre in Piemont."

## DEATH OF FRANCIS MADIAl.

SUGGESTED BY HIS REPORTED DEATH IN PRISON.

LAST of the Martyrs for the Word of  
God,  
No more a Tuscan prison holds thy soul;  
Red-handed murder with the poisoned bowl,\*  
Dismissed thee, by the path Apostles trod.  
The mystic HARLOT, with approving nod  
Records her Jesuits, high upon the roll  
Of by-gone butchers, none else dare to dole  
For Rome the deadly drug; or stain the sod  
With blow of dagger, for the ghostly power  
That on her throne of skulls, sits tremblingly.

“How long, O Lord!” Do not thy judgments  
low'r

As 'neath the altar comes Madaia's cry?  
How long wilt thou delay the promised hour  
When from thy hand the avenging bolt shall  
fly?

\*In his sickness he expressed the opinion that his food had been poisoned.

## TO CHAOS.

CHAOS, first born of Time, who, with old  
Night,

Held carnival of discords, ere the day

Dawned on Creation; with what dreadful  
play

Of her wild forces, she rejoiced thy sight;

While yet unbound and unrestrained their  
might,

Earth, Air, and Ocean, in Titanic fray,

Met in blind fury, 'neath thine ancient  
sway;

Unspoken yet that word, "let there be light."

O, thou primeval king who reign'dst alone!

Demented monarch of a crazy world,

The elemental powers around thy throne  
In dark disorder from thy hand were whirled,  
Till on the formless void GOD'S SPIRIT  
shone,  
Then from thy kingdom headlong thou wast  
hurled.



“THOU SHALT NOT MUZZLE THE  
MOUTH OF THE OX THAT TREAD-  
ETH OUT THE CORN.”

*1 Corinthians, 9: 9.*

“**D**OTH God take care for Oxen”—who  
upholds

All suns and systems—’round whose august  
seat

The veiled Cherubim with covered feet,  
Cry Holy! Holy! He whose care enfolds  
The heavenly Powers who thro’ the streets  
of gold

Pass out, angelic Messengers, more fleet  
Than Winds to do his will?

He who of old  
Spared Nin’veh for its herds, doth yet behold

The poor dumb creatures, who do ever cry  
To Him for judgment, groaning with the lash  
And wounds and hunger—can that all-see-  
ing eye  
Fail to regard and judge, before whose flash  
The Heavens grow pale? Each moan of  
agony  
Is placed on record 'gainst the avenging day.

## TOLEDO, THE OLD AND NEW.

THE OLD Toledo lifts her ancient spires  
Fast by the stream, along whose fertile  
sands,

Two thousand years ago, the Roman bands  
Displayed their Eagles by the lurid fires  
Of conquer'd towns; Hispania's sons and sires  
Fell like the harvest in the reaper's hands,  
The Goth and Arab,—soldiers of *all* lands,  
Since then, have made Toledo's funeral pyres.

The NEW Toledo rises on a stream,  
Where late the grand old forest cast its shade,  
Echoing alone the savage panther's scream,  
Or warrior's whoop, or song of Indian maid;  
Yet here, a mightier city, shall the name—  
Of that old town preserve,—perhaps exceed  
its fame.