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1894

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1894









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# POEMS

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... BY ...

✓  
DANIEL BATCHELOR.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

UTICA, N. Y.

1894.

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PS 1075  
B. 574  
1894

DANIEL BATCHELOR, who recently passed away, was a familiar figure in Utica for more than half a century. He was a man of intelligence, a good citizen, a faithful and loving friend. Pleasant it was to meet him on the street, you were sure of some pleasantry or a cheerful salutation. He was a keen observer, and an interesting talker.

“In the love of Nature he held communion with her visible forms,” and to him “she had a voice of gladness,” for he loved all things beautiful, especially trees, flowers and little children.

Mr. Batchelor was nearly the last of a group of anti-slavery men who often met for converse and friendly discussion by the evening lamp in a shop on Genesee street during ante-bellum times and long afterwards. One by one have left us,

\* \* \* \* “All are departed.”

“Gone, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

This little volume of poems written by Mr. Batchelor at intervals during a busy life, was intended by him for distribution only among his own descendants and a few friends. The copy he handed to the printer a few days before his death, without title or preface.

W. B.

Utica, January 24, 1894.

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## THE SHEPHERD'S DYING REQUEST.

O, once more bear me to that spring  
    Beneath the mossy rock,  
Where I have heard the linnet sing,  
    And oft have led my flock :—

Where I the pearly draughts have drank,  
    In sultry summer day,  
And rambled o'er each primrose bank  
    Along the gurgling way.

O, once again could I behold  
    And taste that limped stream,  
Of greater worth than shining gold  
    I should the treasure deem.

'Twas sweet to walk at early morn  
    Its devious track along,  
To wake the lark from out the corn  
    And hear her heavenly song.

There blackbirds tune their earlier notes,  
    And kine at eve resort ;  
Lambkins there cool their bleating throats,  
    And silvery minnows sport.

“EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM”—  
SOMETIMES.

'Tis early March, and bleak the morn,  
O birdie, crouching on the thorn,  
    Vernal harbinger robin.  
The bloom that did thy breast adorn,  
By northern blasts is sadly torn ;  
Shrunk is thy crop, thy heart is throbbing ;  
Here, take this crumb, poor, starving robin.

Why didst thou leave the sunny South  
To brave rude Boreas in the mouth,  
    Hardy, advent'rous robin ?  
The streams are chained, stern winter's reign,  
Extends o'er hill, and wood, and plain ;  
Ice ribbed, the glebe, no grass for Dobbin ;  
No plough a-field ; no worm for robin.

But jocund days will come e're long,  
And thou wilt sing thy liquid song,  
    Blithesome, tumultuous robin ;  
Now frozen berries strain thy bill,  
But soon on cherries shalt thou fill ;  
And with thy mate and young hob-nobbing,  
Be prince of songsters then, cock-robin.

1843.

MY MOTHER'S HOME.

My mother's home in Avondale,  
The cot amid the flowers ;  
The briery lane where woodbines trail  
Around the tangled bowers.

The primrose paths, the cowslip leas,  
The dingles and the dells,  
Where laughing echo sways the breeze  
With sound from distant bells.

Where Philomel enchants the night ;  
Where thrushes greet the dawn ;  
And larks at morn soar out of sight,  
From brake and daisy lawn.

There English maids with milk-white brows,  
And cheeks that vie the rose,  
Run o'er the fields to call the cows,  
Where purple clover grows.

My mother's home in Avondale,  
The cot amid the flowers ;  
The briery lane where woodbines trail  
Around the tangled bowers.

## TOASTS FOR LABOR.

Here's to the man with horny hand,  
Who tugs the breathing bellows ;  
Where anvils ring in every land,  
He's loved by all his fellows.

Good cheer to him who goes a-field,  
And through the glebe is ploughing,  
Or with stout arm the axe doth wield,  
While ancient trees are bowing.

Here's to the men who delve the mine,  
Or plough the stormy ocean,  
With those of every craft or line  
Who work with true devotion.

Our love for her who toils in gloom  
Where cranks and wheels are clanking ;  
Bereft is she of Nature's bloom,  
Yet God in patience thanking.

But not for him who sneers at toil,  
And shuns his share of labor :  
The knave who robs his native soil  
Whilst leaning on his neighbor.

Here may this truth be taught on earth,  
 Grow more and more in favor :  
 There is no wealth but owes its birth  
 To handicraft and labor.

Here hail the founders of our wealth,  
 The builders of the nation :  
 Ye know their worth, and to their health  
 Now drink with acclamation.

1852.

---

OUT WITH HIM.

Strike now a blow at Northern chains,  
 That bind the *soul* in slavery ;  
 Here, North, where vaunted Freedom reigns,  
 A tinge of color in the veins  
 Is worse than vilest knavery.

“ Out with the nigger from the school !  
 Out with him ! Close the portal ! ”  
 Thus shout the impious mob who rule,  
 Then turn and taunt him : “ Cuffee, fool ! ”  
 Is he not an immortal ?

Christ died for man ; ye know the plan  
 And scheme of the redemption ;  
 Yet back you thrust the colored man,  
 Yourselves afore God’s altar van,  
 As if by “ right preëmption.”

But He will "turn you out" at last,  
 Into the realms infernal;  
 What time Truth blows her angry blast,  
 And human power, like chaff is cast—  
 Thrust back by the Eternal!

The above lines were suggested on reading an account of the refusal of a teacher, a woman, to receive a mulatto boy from the lower to the upper school, simply on account of his complexion. A majority of the commissioners voted to sustain the vixen in her decision. The case occurred in the city of Cincinnati, O., in the month of January, 1855.

A FLOWER PLUCKED ON THE SPOT  
 WHERE WARREN FELL.

Emblem of peace, O silent flower,  
 Dost know that on this spot  
 Brave Warren fell, but would not cower  
 Before the regal George's power,  
 Or storm of shell and shot.

Sweet buds like thee were sodden then;  
 Trampled in bloody mire  
 Beneath the feet of baffled men,  
 And those who came "again, again,"  
 To flash forth Freedom's fire.



Emblem of hope, thine amber frill,  
 Just seen above the sod,  
 By far outvies in power and skill  
 Man's lofty work, here on the hill,  
 For thine wert made by God.

Yon monument in time, shall fall,  
 As falls all human power ;  
 But their good fame, stern patriots all,  
 Who rose to heed their country's call,  
 Shall stand while blooms a flower.

1849.

---

 REPETITION.

Let he, the bard or sage,  
 Immortal thoughts indite,  
 To pass in power from age to age,  
 Increasing more the light.

Let he of fluent speech  
 Give freedom's purest fire ;  
 His words shall pass from each to each,  
 While son is taught by sire.

Let he of master hand  
 Build up the lofty fane ;  
 His fame shall pass from land to land,  
 While empires wax and wane.

Let he who has one mite  
 Yield that in faith to God ;  
 'Twill pass in power to life and light  
 When man and fame are clod.

---

TO ERASTUS CLARK.

Heaven touches earth for aye with radiant gifts  
 Of rosy morns, of sunset glows and glancing moon-  
 beams

That from hill, tree-top or lake translucent,  
 Send silent soothings to the heart of man,  
 Until it with delight o'erflows and throbs  
 In pulsing rythm with the great soul of Nature.  
 But O, my friend, of all the sweet delights  
 That twine their purple tendrils round the heart,  
 None have a firmer hold than the soft limbs  
 And velvet hand of a dear, darling boy,  
 Just conscious of each growing sense.

Thou knowest it well,

For such an one in robust lambent health  
 Rolls on thy hearth ; his knees like golden pippins ;  
 His laughing cheek plump as a Bolmar plumb ;  
 His brimful sapphire eyes, well set apart,  
 Throw back his golden hair. Look in those orbs,  
 Look calmly in their depths cerulean ;

They are the ways of beauty to the soul,  
And soon athwart each pearly marge reflexed,  
Shall pass the good and bad in full review.  
What time he tempt the hill of reason,  
Then he will turn enquiring to thy face.  
Heaven help thee aid him to discriminate.

1856.

---

## SCHOOL HYMN.

Let children sing the praise of Him  
Who spread the spacious sky,  
And brought the world from chaos dim  
With all the stars on high.

He gave the sun his genial flame—  
The moon her glorious birth :  
At his command the ocean came  
And rolled around the earth.

He formed the hills and mountains grand,  
And made the trees and flowers,  
With all that swim, that walk the land,  
Or warble in the bowers.

To man he gave an angel's face,  
As lord of all the scene ;  
A child of love, the choice of grace,  
An heir of heaven serene.

Yet serpent sin found willing man,  
And bound him as a slave ;  
Then Jesus came with Heaven's own plan,  
Our fallen race to save.

And he will bless young children now,  
From his high place above,  
If we in prayer do humbly bow,  
And seek the Saviour's love.

---

OUTWARD BOUND.

Down through the bay, against the tide,  
And booming at the breeze,  
Our steady steamship goes to ride  
Straight o'er the rampant seas.

Dear land ! good bye, and dearest friends,  
Now gathered on the height ;  
I feel the kisses each one sends,  
Like sunbeams on me, light.

It tingles all my life-blood through,  
To see amid that band,  
A kerchief, waving love's adieu,  
Held by a gentle hand.

I signal back, but am I seen,  
Here on the crowded deck ?  
For as we hurry from the scene,  
Our ship is but a speck—

A spot out on the ocean vast,  
At which her eyes will strain,  
'Till we the watery rim have passed,  
And she will look in vain.

But not in vain, for her blue eyes  
Will journey on with me  
O'er sea and land, two welcome spies,  
Aye gazing tenderly.

Es es that will surely call me back,  
As Heaven shall give me life,  
Again in that green vale to roam,  
Where dwells my darling wife.

---

### HOIST THE FLAG.

Our country gives the potent word,  
“ Repel the daring foe !”  
He comes with fire—he comes with sword,  
Our land to whelm in woe.

Then hoist the flag, the stout staff grip,  
Let the proud banner dance ;  
Though to the foe it ne'er shall dip,  
'T will drop at beauty's glance.

Love hovered when that flag was wrought  
And given to our hands ;  
To bear it well when closer brought  
To the invading bands.

Then hoist the flag, &c.

See ! See ! They come in dire array ;  
They halt to form the line ;  
Now hurl them back and bring this day,  
Our spoils to Freedom's shrine.

Then hoist the flag, &c.

Our country's honor is the law  
That moves our close phalanx ;  
For hearth and home the sword we draw ;  
Inspired, we charge their ranks.

Then hoist the flag, &c.

Set to music by Prof. Shaw and sung by the U. C. C.

1857.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHAKESPEARE  
TERCENTENNIAL—1864.

Hail sons of England now,  
On Avon, 'Tay or 'Tweed,  
Or 'round the world, by sea and land,  
We bid you all "God speed,"  
For this is Shakespeare's natal day.  
So let each bosom thrill  
With pride to know our native isle  
Gave birth to "Glorious Will."

The mightiest of the names  
That shine on England's roll,  
His fame is like her potent sway  
That sweeps from pole to pole.  
The language of his master mind  
Shall penetrate each age,  
'Till half the world, in English speech,  
May read his peerless page.

'Three hundred years have passed  
Since that immortal birth  
Which gave to light the kingliest man  
That ever trod the earth ;  
And still he walks, in league with Time,  
To sway the coming throng  
Of nations, and of peoples vast,  
With his majestic song !

## BURNS' CENTENNIAL DAY.

Her bonnet blue let Scotia don  
On this centennial day,  
For now a hundred years are gone  
Since first a morning ray  
Beamed in on his cherubic face,  
Who to her fame has sung  
Songs that will move the human race  
While earth to Heaven is swung !

For auld lang syne her sons now band  
In mansion, camp or cot,  
From Orkney Isles to India's strand,  
Or where may be their lot ;  
On land or sea, in peace or strife,  
Wherever duty leads,  
Their hearts are stirred to quicker life,  
Their souls to loftier deeds.

And proud are they to speak of him  
Who stood behind the plow  
At morn, when lingering stars were dim,  
And made a youthful vow  
To sing the mem'ries of the land  
That gave the Bruce his birth ;  
The land of glen and mountain grand,  
Wild loch and booming firth.



But yet, O Scotsmen, all the world  
Reveres your poet's name,  
For he at "stern oppression" hurl'd,  
With quick and certain aim,  
Like lightning shafts, his living words  
To penetrate each age  
With keener points than Highland swords,  
When clansmen battle wage.

Yes, o'er the world this day may sing  
Free men, in every clime,  
For they are free whom priest nor king,  
Can urge from truth sublime.  
Not Scots alone, but all who dare  
Meet haughty power with spurns ;  
Aye, such as these may well declare  
Their love for Robert Burns.

His memory then, as babe and boy,  
As man and mighty bard,  
The songs that speak the cotters' joy  
And freedom's great reward :  
That independent life which needs  
No proud memorial urns,  
Nor graven brass to mark the meeds  
Of our dear Robert Burns.

## SONG.

Around thy belt old ocean leaps,  
O mother England dear !  
Freedom with thee a watch-tower keeps  
To see the coast is clear.  
What says she from her beacon height,  
Now to her chosen ones ?  
“ Your warlike weapons burnish bright  
And double-shot your guns.”

Bring out your ships from dock and bay,  
And lash the seas to foam ;  
Keep watch and ward, by night and day  
Around your island home,  
Call home your veterans from the east,  
Your sailors o'er the world ;  
Be ready, peasant, peer and priest,  
When the red bolt is hurled.

Behold, a foe, in friendly guise,  
Holds out to you his hand ;  
Fury behind him lurking [lies,  
To throw his blazing brand !

And soon will hurl the fiery shaft,  
With all his strength a-main !  
See that you're trim both fore and aft,  
To sweep through the red rain.

One spirit in your counsels now,  
One voice throughout the land,  
One voice to heaven, one only vow,  
Against the foe to stand !  
Against the foe for England's sake,  
The Queen and common weal,  
Brave Britons now your weapons take,  
Your hearts are true as steel.

---

A FREE CHANT.

O welcome the fire pure and fervent,  
That glows to the welding white heat ;  
Right welcome the master or servant  
Who yield us the weapons complete

To cut down the tares and the thistles  
That grow in the garden of God :  
Where boldly a noisome crop bristles  
To cumber and plunder the sod.

We'll cut them down now in the seeding,  
Ere yet it flies out on the air  
In myriads, to lodge and be breeding  
On Freedom's young pastures so fair.

See! there grows a vile plant, the rankest,  
Tainting leagues of the soil and the sea!  
The roots under running, the darkest  
That thrive in the "Land of the Free."

'Tis slavery, here struggling and stunted,  
There strong as a banyan, we see;  
Sharp axes have often been blunted  
While smiting the sturdy old tree.

But truth tempered tools are still forging  
Bright spade, and stout wedge for the helve;  
Now, at the old trunk they are charging,  
And down to the roots they will delve.

1855.

---

### THE MOHAWK RIVER.

Is there no bard that wears the bays,  
Whose words like harp-tones quiver,  
Will yield to thee a note of praise,  
My gentle Mohawk River?

My river, sing thine undertone,  
Soft as a low south wind  
That down a leaf strewn dell makes moan,  
When autumn days are kind.

Thine is an hey-dey youthful life;  
Yet underneath the plough  
Old empires went—unknown their strife—  
And thou wert then as now.

Than thee, has Tiber longer rolled  
His torrent to the sea?  
Are not thy sources full as old,  
As constant and as free?

Have not the sun, the moon and stars,  
Through ages on thee shone?  
Have not whole oceans passed thy bars,  
Yea, all through thee have flown!

There's not a drop in clouds or seas,  
In cave or fountain deeps,  
But it has sped, past forest trees,  
Along thy banks and steeps.

Adown thy course, with lavish hands,  
Kind nature's gifts are thrown:  
Sweet sunny slopes, fat meadow lands,  
And mounts to eagles known.

Here sweet the paths with teded hay,  
Or later sprouting grass,  
Or dappled autumn leaves, at play,  
Like elves in tumbling mass.

Here scented ferns in many nooks,  
Bend down to lilies blue ;  
That nod in files, where entering brooks,  
Song murmurs whisper through.

Here winking violets love to blow,  
The firstlings of the spring,  
And here the latest asters grow,  
The latest robins sing.

Alone I walk the devious track,  
In love with every scene ;  
The sinking sun now warns me back  
To where the spires are seen.

There crowds do pace the dusty street,  
All heedless of my river,—  
His bowery banks and waters sweet,  
The song he sings forever.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

Will then no proud centennial morn  
Dawn on these federate States?  
And must the golden web be torn,  
Or severed by the Fates?

Are there no men of kingly might,  
Like Clay and his compeers,  
To guide the Ship of State to-night,  
While she the head-land clears?

For sure 'tis night—stormy and black ;  
Yet lights are in the bow,  
To show the perils on the tack  
Where leaps our gallant prow.

There's faction's luggage in the hold ;  
She cannot keep her trim !  
The helmsman's hand is cramp't and cold,  
His eyes are weak and dim !

Up, patriots, then, true to the core,  
The storm is but a breeze ;  
If you will hurl your idols o'er—  
Grasp helm and breast the seas.

Then we shall see centennial morn,  
 And turn the hand of Fate,  
 For coming millions yet unborn,  
 To bless the Ship of State !

1860.

---

ACROSTIC.

Reflective soul, by wisdom won  
 Art thou delib'rate Emerson ;  
 Lofty thy genius and serene ;  
 Pure ether only is between  
 High vortex and thy vision keen.

Whatever truth to earth has brought,  
 And from her highest stations taught,  
 Lies out before thee on a plain,  
 Distinct and clear as the bright train  
 Of solar stars in night's domain.

E'en as Mont Blanc's tall cones arise  
 Majestic to the morning skies,  
 Ever, from that supernal height,  
 Reaching to dawns of rosy light,  
 So thy great thoughts go up to scan  
 Omnific power, and gauge the plan  
 Nature displays to daring man.



## STANZAS FROM AN OLD ODE.

---

ADAPTED TO THE TEMPER OF THE PRÉSENT TIME.

---

Who trembling in the White House dwells,  
    And sits in Jackson's chair,  
Scorned by the States? At such a time  
When dullest ears may hear the chime  
Of coming thunders—when dark skies  
Are writ with crimson prophecies,  
    A wise man should be there!  
A man of nerve, whose life might be  
The living logic of the sea;  
One quick to know and keen to feel—  
A fervid man, and full of zeal  
    Should sit in Jackson's chair!

Alas! no fervid man is there,  
    No earnest, honest heart;  
But one, though dressed in patriot guise,  
Looks on the storm with timid eyes;  
One who can trim a summer's sail  
Or ride a diplomatic gale,  
    And knows no deeper art;

One who can dally with smooth word,  
Where he should thrust the nation's sword!  
No man is he to hold the helm  
When rude winds blow, and wild waves whelm  
And creaking timbers start.

1861.

---

GARDEN TALK.

O full of faith, blue hyacinth,  
Thou pushest up thy cone,  
Well knowing that with May's sweet breath  
Thy petals will be blown.

The snows are lingering in the clefts,  
Yet Robin bids thee come,  
The baffled bee floats over thee  
With an impatient hum.

Welcome, O hardy Northern flower,  
Full sentient to the Spring;  
Art sentient to my country's voice?  
Dost hear her soldiers sing?

Did Sumter's fall, by traitor guns,  
Disturb thy vernal dreams?  
Dost feel the glowing pentecost  
That o'er our northland beams?

Hast heard how Boston's marching men  
Were slain in Baltimore?  
And how their blood boils up in pools  
By every patriot's door?

Ah, gracious Heaven! my little flower,  
I wander wide from thee,  
And see the red avenging host,  
Who strike for liberty!—

The whirling of the cannon wheels,  
The roll tap on the drum,  
The glistening lines of flashing steel,  
The hurling of the bomb!—

The welt'ring gap, the serried close:  
The stern, unflinching square:—  
Our glorious banner borne aloft,  
And victory perching there!

My little flower, when treason, dead,  
Lies rotting in the earth,  
No snow or rain will e'er again  
Bring it to second birth.

But thou wilt die and rise anew  
In beauty with the year,  
To deck the coming victor's brow  
While thronging myriads cheer.

## VOX POPULI.

---

AIR—“*Ellen Bain.*”

---

Raise now your voices,  
Sons of the free ;  
You are resistless  
As is the sea !  
Send forth your fiat,  
And it is done !  
Millions in earnest  
Move ye as one !  
Freedom's standard then shall soar ;  
Shaming all who would enslave,  
Lincoln bearing it before,  
Lincoln the brave.

Heed not the traitors,—  
Heed not their scorn ;  
Who are but flouting  
Freedom's bright morn :  
They threat to sunder  
Our flag of stars !

So may they threaten  
    Neptune or Mars!  
Freedom's standard then shall soar;  
    Shaming all who would enslave,  
Lincoln bearing it before,  
    Lincoln the brave.

Onward undaunted,  
    Upward for right;  
Nations, through ages,  
    Will see your light:  
Anew, now declare,  
    And it is done,—  
"All men are equal  
    Under the sun!"  
Freedom's standard then shall soar;  
    Shaming all who would enslave,  
Lincoln bearing it before,  
    Lincoln the brave.

---

JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK.

Who were "the scum of Europe" when  
    You stood, with screaming voice,  
And called on Bath's stout working-men  
    To make of you their choice?

I saw a "ten-pound-renter" then  
Give you a "Plumper" vote,  
Heedless though Powerscourt and his men  
Held out the bribing note.

That time you praised "Fair Freedom's Land;"  
I heard you, too, I swear;  
Now, you fling forth your puny brand,  
And fain *our* flag would tear.

I, sir, am with "the scum," just now,  
Cursing your knavish heart,  
And glad would see your body plough  
Behind a Tyburn cart!

What are you, man? You've gone the round,  
As Burdett did before;  
Your life with disappointment crowned;  
A little screeching bore.

I know not if 'tis Sheffield sends  
You to St. Stephen's Hall;  
If so, the Corn-Law-Rhymer's friends  
Should sound a stern recall,

And bring you back, or cut you down  
With a strong Elliott blade.  
You pandering pimp, you shuffling clown,  
You heartless renegade!

## LINES FOR THE TIMES.

Speak, Lincoln, to the people speak,  
And let thy language not be weak ;  
From Jackson's chair give Jackson's ire,  
In words that burn like flashing fire,  
To blast the traitors in our land  
Where'er they be, how'er they band.  
Wield now the nation's mighty wrath,  
While Justice hews herself a path  
Straight through the hearts of fiendish knaves  
Who fain would make us all their slaves !  
Heaven offers thee this very hour  
The lightnings of Olympian power !  
Take then the gift and show the world  
That slavery from its throne is hurled ;  
So shall the children yet unborn,  
From age to age thy tomb adorn,  
And pilgrims meet around thy dust,  
Where lives a man to love the just.

## GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC.

Come let us pledge with lifted hands,  
And strike from shore to shore ;  
Resolved to die, or rid our lands  
Of traitors steeped in gore !  
We fight for those we cherish here,  
And for our sacred dead,  
Who gave their lives and all most dear,  
And fell on " honor's bed !"

They, at their country's holy call,  
Sprang with elastic bound ;  
They fell, as noble heroes fall,  
And hallowed all the ground ;  
Shall we dispute about the cause  
That led them to the strife ?  
Nay, let us vindicate the laws  
And save the nation's life ?

One spirit in our councils now,  
One voice throughout the land,  
One voice to heaven, one only vow,  
Against the foe to stand !  
Against the foe for Freedom's sake,  
And for the common weal ;  
Come, brethren, now your weapons take  
With hearts as true as steel !



THEY NEVER FAIL WHO DIE IN A GREAT  
CAUSE."

He of the proud electric name  
Has passed through slander's lurid flame,  
And like the silent diamond's light  
His virtue shines more purely bright,  
Heedless, though Faction's blasting breath,  
Blew up the fire and sought his death ;  
Heedless of all save Heaven's command  
And the strong faith that this dear land,  
Its tribes and kindred, every one,  
Will yet believe in Washington,  
And speak the truths our fathers spoke  
When they threw off King George's yoke.  
Hail, Soldier, Hail ! On Freedom's path  
Go then to wield a people's wrath ;  
E'en as thy virtues foiled thy foes,  
Shall traitors fall beneath thy blows :  
Our country's love thy fame shall keep,  
When her wide wounds have ceased to weep ;  
And age on age, by many a font,  
Sponsors will give thy name—Fremont !

## "DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION."

What though we fall down in the dust  
Before thine awful throne,  
O, God Almighty, ever just,  
We cannot thus atone !  
Our sins rise up in mountains vast—  
They stretch across our path,  
While through them blows a bitter blast  
Of thy most righteous wrath.  
Now here, now there, we rush and try,  
But spend our strength in vain,  
Till from the nation comes a cry  
Wrung out by burning pain :  
"Heaven help us in our dire distress ;  
Do we not fast and pray  
That Thou our banded arms wilt bless  
And lead us through the fray ?"  
And yet the answering Heavens respond :  
The prophets are not dead,  
The night is dark, but why despond  
When light is overhead !  
These words shine through the ebon cope—  
"Go set my people free !  
Then will I crown the nation's hope  
And give the victory !"

“ I'LL SING THY GLORY.”

The breezy Atlantic,  
The booming Pacific,  
Aye sing thee deep anthems  
Calm voiced or terrific ;  
From the lakes of the north,  
And mountains of grandeur,  
To Texan savannas,  
How great is thy splendor !  
O land of my love and devotion.

Unfold in the ages  
O empire expanding,  
For the pine and the palm  
Are in thy commanding !  
The future shall fill thee  
With hundreds of millions,  
The bravest of heroes,  
The boldest civilians ;  
O land of my love and devotion.

With speed of the lightning  
New steam whirled wonders,  
Through mountain and valley,  
Shall waken the thunders ;

While the trade of the world—  
The transit of nations,  
From ocean to ocean  
Shall halt in thy stations ;  
O land of my love and devotion.

Look up, then, my country,  
In grateful thanksgiving,  
Look up through the azure  
To God ever-living ;  
For He laid out thy lakes,  
And lifted thy mountains,  
He laved thee with oceans,  
And filled thee with fountains,  
O land of my love and devotion.

The above jingle was penned ere this [the late] cruel war began. If you think that the lines are worthy of "pleasant places," please put them in a corner of your paper.

---

"BABYLON'S FALLEN."

Out of the battle storm, out of the surges  
Of blood and of fire, the nation emerges  
With banners resplendent,  
In glory transcendent :

Up from the conflict, with demons all frantic,  
From heaving Pacific to booming Atlantic,  
In panoply glorious  
She rises victorious.

The hope of the Brutus, the hope of the ages,  
The dream of the seers, the desire of the sages  
Shall come to fruition  
Through mighty volition.

From the lakes of the North to Southern savannas,  
The people respond in hearty hosannas ;  
For the lightning Eternal,  
Has struck the Infernal.

Out of the battle-storm, out of the surges  
Of blood and of fire the nation emerges  
With banners resplendent,  
In glory transcendent.

---

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE  
FREE-LOVERS.

Out with you, dirty devils ;  
Go to the harem'd East,—  
Or where, in Phallic revels,  
The Sepoy is a beast !

How dare you, here, in this good land,  
Invoke the name of Jesus ?  
“ Go sin no more,” was his command ;  
But you assert the thesis

That all may do as think them best :  
Yea, fools and knaves and dastards,  
May hug new damsels to their breast  
And breed a race of bastards !

Out with you, dirty devils ;  
Go to the harem'd East,—  
Or where, in Phallic revels,  
The Sepoy is a beast !

---

### THE HOUR HAS STRUCK.

How sweet the calm September day,  
When Heaven's effulgence came,  
With Abr'am Lincoln's potent words  
To set our souls aflame !

Then did our hearts respond, “ Amen.  
Haste earth thy shining way ;  
Fly swift along the ecliptic track,  
And bring the happy day.”

For Nature waits the human deed,  
Stars linger to respond,  
Up to the far remotest sphere ;  
Up to the Throne beyond.

God bless the man for faithful speech,  
Glorious vicegerant he ;  
The ages lead him by the hand,  
Where truth makes all men free.

There he must walk, for golden cords  
Are drawn before him now,  
And at each step the meeting morn  
Sheds radiance on his brow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, bare the arm and bare the blade,  
And say, "Thy will be done ;"  
Then march into the sacred fight,  
A million men as one !

For soon the announcing guns will roar,  
The echoes die away ;  
And Freedom's flag dance on the dome  
In Freedom's perfect day.

## THE QUEEN OF SONG.

There are whom Nature teaches,  
To her their souls attend ;  
They mount the lofty reaches  
Where earth and ether blend.

They walk through mountain azure,  
All robed in halo light,  
Where silence opes her treasure  
Like stars in summer night.

They hear the morning solos—  
Bird waking bird to song,  
Till all the glens with echoes,  
Rare madigrals prolong.

Day brings them dainty beauties,  
Eve pours her crimson wine ;  
Their every sense acute is,  
Touched with the fire divine.

Who in their circle dances,  
A living healthy muse ?  
Behold her star-eyed glances,  
Her garlands floating loose !



Her rustic chaplet shining  
With leaves of northern trees ;  
Around her zone are twining  
Wild flowers, like swarming bees.

She is the Queen of Nature's song,  
A daisy-loving fairy,  
Bounding with ease the bards among,  
Beloved ALICE CAREY !

*Utica, September 6, 1859.*

---

#### GRANT SHALL TAKE THE CHAIR.

Did, then, our gallant sailors bleed—  
Our noble soldiers die ?  
And was our flag torn like a weed  
When rebel bolts flew by ?  
Was human gore shed like a flood  
On many a battle plain ?  
And were those streams but mingled mud,  
Libations poured in vain ?  
Did Lincoln free four million slaves,  
Then share a martyr's fate  
That we should yield to traitor knaves  
His glorious chair of State ?

No! By the sacred rights of man—  
 By Heaven's protecting care,  
 We place a patriot in the van,  
 And Grant shall take the chair!

---

SONG.

O lave me in Lethe! for I would forget  
 The eyes and the face of fickle Annette;  
 Her arms and white shoulders—  
 Her curling black hair;  
 The seat on the boulders  
 By lovely St. Clair.

The stars were our vouchers; the lake heard her voice  
 When softly she told me that I was her choice;  
 In raptures caressing,  
 Elated with bliss,  
 Our hearts felt the blessing  
 Of kiss claiming kiss.

Who now is the fond one, usurping the breast?  
 Or is there no crown'd one—her life but a jest?  
 Her face is a glory;  
 Her heart, is it ice?  
 Her love but a story—  
 A changing device?

ould but I cannot, no never, forget  
e love that burns in me for fickle Annette ;  
When proud she goes by me,  
And lapsed is my breath ;  
'Tis love that defies me  
And will be my death !

---

HUSH, REPINER, NATURE LISTENS !”

“ Well, the old year is skin and bone,  
And wheezy is his gasp,  
As with a fitful muffled moan,  
He yields to Time’s strong grasp.”

“ Then go, gaunt year ! Come, Fifty-nine,  
With largess in thy hand—  
With juices from the purple vine,  
And plenty to the land.”

But why my friend to him incline ?  
He may unto you bring,  
Not wealth, nor mirth, but deep repine ;  
'Then why the New Year sing ?

There's Fifty-Eight gone down the vale,  
And heedless of your snarl:  
Then tell the whole, not half his tale;  
I' faith he was no carle.

What tho' to you he brought a ban,  
Full many he did bless:  
Sometimes the stars look dim and wan,  
Yet bright they shine nathless.

And what are you, or what am I  
Within the realm of Fate?  
Though fleeting sunshine pass us by,  
Great Nature is elate!

'Tis by a calm we gauge a storm,  
And love reverses ruth:  
Did not untruth our natures harm,  
There would be then no truth.

For 'tis by contrast that we learn  
The evil, the divine;  
Then from the dead year silent turn,  
And meet young Fifty-Nine!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF G. S. DANA, ESQ.

Art gone, O friend, to sleep with those  
Whom Nature folds in long repose ?  
Art gone, dear friend, up through the spheres,  
To live the long immortal years ?  
Thy love and life an image left  
That death from us has not bereft ;  
And as we scan the radiant night,  
Each star will bring thee to our sight.  
The dust, we lay in yonder slope,  
And for the clod there is no hope ;  
But there are bowers above the tomb,  
Bright flowers that shed a sweet perfume,  
And trees whose golden sunbeams play,  
Birds answering birds in roundelay--  
While over all leans June's blue dome,  
Where beckoning angels called thee home.  
Hope grown to faith, knows that thy rest  
Is there with God and with the blest.  
'Tis meet we shed a parting tear,  
That thou hast ceased to journey here--  
'Twere best thy life to imitate,  
As here we travel to our fate.

## ITALY.

Dear land of old light,  
Is this thy red morning?  
And fled thy long night  
Like mist from the mountains?  
O can it then be  
That thou art a champion,  
Full mailed, cap a-pie,  
Heroic, triumphant?  
Who hate thee, Italia,  
A curse on them fall!  
Or Austrian, or Russian,  
Earth swallow them all!  
Who yields thee his service,  
His life, or his death,  
Gives homage to Heaven,  
Pure as a babe's breath.  
Two kings go before thee—  
Two captains renowned—  
Garibaldi, THE MAN,  
And Victor the crowned.  
God save them and keep them  
Through Freedom's campaign,  
Till from Etna to Alp  
No tyrant shall reign.

## CONJUGAL.

My charming ——, the ruddy tide  
Runs rapid in my breast,  
As I draw close to thy dear side,  
And feel that I am blest.

What tho' the silver streaks our hair,  
We live in golden days ;  
Each morn to us will beauties bear,  
And blessings bring always.

For we glide down the course of life  
Close by the southern shore,  
And thus avoid the mid-stream strife,  
Where angry waters roar.

When storms arise, we quickly urge  
Our boat into a bay,  
There safely float, despite the surge  
That round the headlands play.

Oft times in calm, 'neath sun or stars,  
We seek some bowered nook ;  
Where lilies lift their purple spars,  
Close by an entering brook.

Sometimes we clamber rugged banks,  
To view the heights above ;  
There give to Heaven our hearty thanks,  
For knowledge, and for love.

But fate decrees we sail the streams,  
So down our journey tends  
To where eternal morning beams  
With love that never ends.

---

LABRA.

“ Give me a rebus,” Clara said,  
“ For I am quick at guessing.”  
I kissed her twice ; she thump’d my head,  
And spurned my warm caressing.

“ Hold up !” I cried, “ you ruffled wren,  
My deed needs no discussing ;  
I kissed you once, and then again,  
Was not the last *re*-bussing ?”



## AN OLD FELLOW'S VALENTINE.

Dear Nan ! They talk of blissful spheres,  
    Beyond the earth and sun,  
Where we may live immortal years,  
    When Time's brief course is run.

They teach us to despise the earth,  
    The dear, green earth so grand,  
Where sacred sorrow, love and mirth  
    Are sisters hand in hand ;

Our lovely world, where land and sea  
    Are kissed by sun and moon,  
Where morning laughs on lake and lea,  
    And splendor comes at noon ;

Where evening waits for queenly night  
    To come with all her stars—  
Her radiant robe aglow with light  
    From flashing boreal bars.

Sure Heaven is here, when summer comes  
    To glad the golden year,  
And every dappled meadow hums  
    With music we should hear ;

While mountains chant and valleys sing,  
All nature keeping time,  
If we our wayward senses bring  
To hear the lusty rhyme.

Dear Nan ! 'Tis Heaven around, above,  
Whatever skies incline,  
If I but live with thee, my love,  
And am thy Valentine !

---

## JOCUND HEALTH.

A wealth of yellow, dancing curls  
Play o'er my Minnie's head,  
Like to a race of giddy whirls  
Along a brooklet sped.

Her eyes are blue as heaven's own hue ;  
Stars, too, within them shine,  
Sparkling like beads of morning dew  
Upon a clustered vine.

Her nectar cheek, and dimple chin,  
Provoke us all to kiss;  
Yet little thinks the laughing Min  
Of our exquisite bliss.

Free as a zephyr is the child,  
To laugh, to leap, to run,—  
To ramble through the grasses wild,  
Or tumble 'neath the sun.

Like sun-kist pippins gleam her knees,  
As o'er and o'er she rolls;  
Or straining round the apple trees,  
She strives to climb the boles.

Life glows through her with ruddy light,  
Health supples frame and limb,  
And fills her with a wild delight,  
Aye, bubbling to the brim.

She is to us, a morning song—  
A noon and evening hymn—  
A God-sent bird, the flowers among  
Singing sweet praise to Him.

## SOMETHING HATCHED OUT.

BY A CELESTIAL SHANGHAI.

Among the spiritual luminaries of the present day there is one bright star, a Mrs. Hatch, who protests that her soul is "lighted by glory from on high," and that in trance she is impelled to speak with the tongues of defunct saints and sages and to utter "amended wisdom." She has made her appearance here in Utica with the flourish of a "prima donna." Her charms, her age, her dress, etc., are all advertised in newspapers and on showbills, while, as the scribbler of the subjoined happens to know, her husband writes notices, purporting to come from our citizens, setting forth her powers and mission, for which he pays so much per line as advertisements in the papers. The quoted allusions in the stanzas are taken from the said paid communications.

The gates of heaven were left ajar  
 By the goddess of the morning,  
 The latch was up and down the bar :  
 " Good ! " quoth a *bright, particular star*,  
 " No more the spheres adorning,  
 I'll slope below."

Then bouncing into a golden cab,  
 Soon passed the bridge celestial,  
 Careering by the old Queen Mab,  
 She called the witch a "dirty drab,"  
 Then lighted on terrestrial,  
 And here she is !

If Guido's gal had closed the latch,  
We ne'er had glimpsed the "new divinity"—  
This donna of a dubious batch,  
The world renowned Mrs. Hatch,  
Her flaxen curls and dimity,  
In this here sphere.

Good news for gapers—lo! she comes,  
With eye and tongue prophetic,  
To smash the lore of ancient tomes,  
To talk of spheres, and thrones, and domes,  
And do up the pathetic—  
"Come all and query!"

Come lawyer, client, squire and priest—  
But do not crowd nor jostle—  
Come from the North, the South, the East,  
There's leaven enough, or rather yeast,  
Poured by the "Young Apostle,"  
To raise you all;—

To raise you up some half score spheres,  
High o'er old Jacob's Ladder,  
Above the vale of groans and tears,  
Until a noise rings in your ears,  
And your head feels like a bladder,  
Well nigh busted.

I wonder how much it cost per line,  
Inserted in the *Observer*,  
How Willis discovered the "new divine,"

How fair her face—how she did shine—  
 How terrible was the fervor  
 In New York City.

“Just seventeen years,”—That story’s old;  
 “Her beauty is absorbing.”  
 In the same notice it is told,  
 “Her flights are lofty, graceful, bold:”  
 I s’pose that’s when she’s orbiting  
 Or shooting stars.

All Gotham went in seething crowds,  
 Policeman and politician,  
 Uncertain belles and ancient dowds,—  
 All soared beyond the reach of clouds,  
 Led off by the “Logician,”  
 “The ethereal.”

And now she favors our good town  
 With sing-song prayer and vision;  
 Will box with Cox, and confound Brown,  
 Set up a post to knock it down,  
 Make railways to the Elysian,  
 The spherical.

Besides, it is not her who talks—  
 Old Plato’s the colloquial,  
 While Socrates the sombre, stalks,  
 And chalks the rope Anacreon walks;  
 Bacon is ventriloquial,  
 Poor Verulam!

So come in earnest, not in joke,  
 A question ask igneous,  
 How many yards of condensed smoke  
 Into a bushel can you poke,  
 Or acid pyroligneous,  
                   Or creosote ?

What was the compound called Black Broth,  
 Gulped down by greedy Grecians ?  
 Who first invented tissue cloth ?  
 Did Eve or Adam first plight troth ?  
 Whence came the proud Phœnicians ?  
                   Who was Jason ?

A hundred questions you can ax—  
 A dime and a half the pittance—  
 Just see how trifling is the tax,  
 Unless your pocket that sum lacks,  
 To gain you an admittance,  
                   To hear the angels!

Perchance an evil ghost may come  
 And make her his reflector,  
 He's every chance the fools to gum,  
 While to his nose he claps his thumb :  
 McDonough sells no Detector  
                   For bogus spooks.  
                                   Eggs-actly.

## TRENTON FALLS.

## A RHAPSODY.

Thy sylvan echoes, Kauyahoorā,  
And salvos of thy roaring cataracts,  
Thy whelming waters, scooping deep cauldrons  
Wherein to seethe and surge on earth's foundations  
The myriad elemental voices all  
With loud acclaim thine ancient name recall.  
Fit name, mellifluent and descriptive,  
By hunter of the primal woods first given,  
Who with amaze thy raging torrents heard;  
And as he viewed thy "leaping waters"  
From shelvy rock, he sent a shout baptismal,  
That down the steep did echo—"Kauyahoorā!"  
Wondrous ravine! The lone enthusiast,  
(Fresh from Niagara's thundrous booming,  
The sound still rumbling in my willing ear  
Like ocean's roar heard in the moaning conch,)  
I view enwrap thy ranging cascades  
And foaming floods, thine Arethusan beauty,  
Behold with awe the white-helmed squadrons  
Mounting from cavern to crag, or rushing  
O'er rocky ramparts; now down the precipice



ey charge with cloudy banners streaming ;  
 on in narrowing chasm close compressed,  
 ft gliding like troop of huge constrictors ;  
 v on the marge in mighty strength amain  
 ey raise their crests for final leap ;  
 en with loud roar they urge aloft  
 unlit spray up to the beetling cliffs,  
 ere blue hare bell its trembling petal opes  
 bathe in rainbow radiance.  
 mple of Nature ! Time tessellates thy halls,  
 rs on thy floods majestic altars,  
 urns thy walls with arch and pediment  
 ereon the lofty swaying pines do stand,  
 gling their wind woke symphonies  
 h thy God praising anthem, " Kauyahoora."

---

 CARPE DIEM.

Come, drink the wine of life with me  
 Until your bosom thrills ;  
 For like a dream of fantasie  
 Now sleep the distant hills.

Cloud argosies are in the sky,  
 Of loveliest shape and hue ;  
 There is no breeze to urge them by,  
 They bask within the blue.

See how the shadows haunt each steep,  
Dark as the leafless woods,  
O'er which in stealth they seem to creep,  
Like love's alternate moods.

Let you and I now thither wend,  
For sure some asters stay,  
Down in the glens, where brooklets lend  
Their music to the day :

This affluent November day,  
That shows the whole campaign,  
Till field and cot and mounds of hay,  
The upland winding wain,

And every object in the scene  
Is open to our view ;  
While over all a cope serene,  
Like June's resplendent blue.

Come, drink the wine of life with me,  
Glad Nature holds the cup ;  
'Tis crystal clear, and we can see  
Bright sparkles bubbling up.

*Nov. 16, 1860.*

## CHEMISTRY OF THE SUNBEAM.

Suggested by Prof. Youman's lecture last evening, before  
Mechanics' Association.

Youmans, thou hast the key wherewith to ope  
The rich stores of Nature, and can'st display  
Her hidden germs—her ordered methods;  
In oral lessons, with point and emphasis  
Clear, as the silv'ry tones that rang of old  
Within the Porch, or through sweet Tempe's vale.  
'Tis thine through space, to trace the unfoldings  
Of that momentous power, celestial,  
Which moves an atom or a planet moulds.  
Taught by thee, we see the genial sunbeam,  
Earth-slanting, touch with prismatic fingers,  
The quiv'ring blade or leaf, and thus impart  
A vital force, resistless in its cycle  
As an orb passed from the right hand of God.

The following lines are from the prosaico-poetic style of Disraeli. Many more might be culled, from his Oriental tale of Alroy, and as easily arranged to something like rhythm and rhyme.

D. B.

It is the tender twilight hour,  
 When maidens in their lonely bower,  
     Sigh softer than the eve.  
 The languid rose her head upraises,  
 And listens to the nightingale,  
 While his wild and thrilling praises  
     From his trembling bosom gush!  
 The languid rose her head upraises,  
     And listens with a blush.

In the clear and rosy air,  
 Sparkling with a single star,  
 The sharp and spiry cypress tree  
     *Rises like a gloomy thought*  
 Amid the flow of revelry.

*A singing bird, a single star,*  
*A solemn tree, an odorous flower,*  
 Are dangerous in the tender hour,  
 When maidens in their twilight bower  
     Sigh softer than the eve!

WHAT IS SHE LIKE ?

I.

A thorough Barb, an Arab's prize,  
A beautiful gazelle ;  
A graceful fawn, with lustrous eyes,  
Is my dear Isabel.

II.

The light of morn shines in her face,  
On her rich lip the dew ;  
Her neck is like a Phidian vase ;  
Her eyes a radiant blue.

III.

Down her white brow bright love-locks creep,  
To pass her pearl like ears ;  
Then down in wavy masses sweep,  
Free as the Belvidere's.

IV.

In her fair form three graces blend—  
Or rather, in her soul—  
Love, Patience, Hope—these ever bend  
All things to her control.

## “WHAT IS LOVE LIKE?”

'Tis like the breath of early morn,  
That bends the rose with dappled dew,  
When wafted odors, silent borne,  
Do wake the sense and soul anew.

'Tis like that sweet and mellow hour,  
"Twixt setting sun and rising moon ;  
When summer, with a gorgeous dower,  
Fills the last eve of glowing June.

'Tis felt, what time the full-zoned queen  
Serenely walks the fields of night,  
The zenith sweeping with her sheen,  
The rolling world bathed in her light.

'Tis felt when I sit by thy side,  
And hours like swift-winged song birds flee ;  
“ Oh ! what is love ? ” you ask, my bride—  
Love is a scepter swayed by thee.

## OCTOBER.

Come home, my wife, my darling :

I long to have you here  
Ere all our garden beauties  
Go with the waning year.

The aster heads are drooping,  
The larkspur leaves are sere,  
So, too, the climbing apios—  
A plant you hold most dear.

Our larch is dropping her needles  
Down on the pansy bed ;  
The maples glow in golden,  
While some are flaming red.

White frost has nipped the balsam  
And made the vine leaves fall,  
Yet oh, what stores of purple  
Are clustered on the wall.

A pink rose I have sheltered,  
It is the last of all ;  
A sheldon I have gathered  
Looks like a golden ball.

The rose and pear are waiting  
The touch of thy fair hand,  
To come and taste their sweetness  
Ere winter rules the land.

Last eve I heard the robins  
In parley on the eaves,  
They talked of warm savannas  
Where fall no autumn leaves.  
Come, then, dear gentle mother,  
Though summer blooms are dead  
And birds that blest the morning  
To softer climes are fled,  
There dwells within our cottage  
The children of our love,  
Whose songs will soar to Heaven  
If led by thee, my dove.

1857.

\*B hortensis.

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## THE COCKNEY.

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BY JOHN G. SAXE.

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It was in my foreign travel,  
At a famous Flemish inn,  
That I met a stoutish person  
With a very ruddy skin;  
And his hair was something sandy,  
And was done in knotty curls,  
And was parted in the middle,  
In the manner of a girl's.



He was clad in chequered trousers,  
And his coat was of a sort  
To suggest a scanty pattern,  
It was bobbed so very short ;  
And his cap was very little,  
Such as soldiers often use ;  
And he wore a pair of gaiters,  
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,  
And he answered in the same,  
Though he spoke it in a fashion  
That I thought a little lame ;  
For the aspirant was missing  
Where the letter should have been,  
But where'er it wasn't wanted,  
He was sure to put it in !

When I spoke with admiration  
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,  
He remarked :—" 'Tis really nothing  
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome !"  
And declared upon his honor,—  
Though of course, 'twas very queer,—  
That he doubted if the Romans  
'Ad the *hart* of making beer !

Then we talked of other countries,  
 And he said that he had heard  
 That Hamericans spoke Hinglish,  
 But he deemed it quite *h*absurd;  
 Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest  
 In the missionary work,  
 And would like to know if Georgia  
 Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,  
 He was grumbling o'er his gin,  
 At the charges of the hostess  
 Of that famous Flemish inn;  
 And he looked a very Briton,  
 (So, methinks, I see him still,)  
 As he pocketed the candle  
 That was mentioned in the bill.

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TRANSPOSITION BY D. B.

It was in my foreign travel,  
 At a famous Flemish inn,  
 That I met a tallish person  
 With a very sallow skin;  
 And his hair was somewhat lanky,  
 And was done in greasy twirls,  
 And it curved more like a fiddle  
 Than like knobby Saxon curls.

He was clad in baggy trousers,  
And the coat upon his back,  
As he had no taste for pattern,  
So he chose to have it black ;  
And his hat, a slouchy brimmer,  
Such as sailors often wear,  
And his boots, a rusty brindle—  
They intruded on my chair.

I addressed the man in English,  
And he answered in the same,  
Though he spoke it in a fashion  
That I thought a little lame ;  
For the ultimate was shortened  
Where the letter should have been,  
And where'er it was not wanted,  
He was sure to put it in.

When I spoke in admiration  
Of the vineyards on the Rhine,  
He remarked : "That *aire* ain't nothin'"—  
This he drawled with nasal whine.  
"We have *gardings* near to *Bosting*  
That'll beat the Dutchmen here,  
Who, sir, really don't know nothin'  
But to brew their lager beer."

Then we talked of other matters  
 And "he guessed, from what he *heard*  
 Some Britishers were *gen'lemen*,"  
 And he said, "Sir, here's my *keerd*,"  
 Then added, "I'm interested  
 In some stocks *an* public works,  
*An* am *goin* up the Bosph'rus,  
 For to skin the tarnal Turks."

When I left the man-in-trousers,  
 He was grumbling o'er his grog,  
 And disputing the Dutch hostess—  
 He was "*goin* the whole hog!"  
 And he looked a very Yankee.  
 (So, methinks, I see him still,)  
 As the woman said "Ich Dankee,"  
 And 'the man, "gol darn your bill!"

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THIS MORNING—MARCH 27, 1868.

As kindling she blushes  
 For earth's bridal kiss;  
 And robin he gushes  
 To sing of the bliss:

I forget that 'tis March,  
So soft, and serene  
Is the beautiful arch  
That blendeth the scene.

A star of the morning  
Is waiting to see  
The nuptial adorning,  
The grandeur and glee :

Ere she joins in her place,  
The chorus of love  
That is heard in all space,  
Below and above.

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## DISCOVERED.

And now I know the mighty muse  
Did but disclose to me  
A reflex of her radiant form,  
Like star-gleams on the sea ;

Or moonlight through the drifting clouds,  
Mistaken for a ray  
Direct from that resplendent orb  
Our wheeling worlds obey.

Sometimes she came, as Luna did,  
    Veiled in a filmy haze,  
To fade away in darkening mist  
    Beyond Endymion's gaze ;

And then it was a feeble light  
    Would glimmer through my brain,  
With foolish dreams of lofty heights  
    The gods alone attain.

Illusive light, deluding dreams,  
    Vain visions every one,  
Now gone away, like phantom forms,  
    Before the rising sun :

For in good time there came a muse,  
    Sweet as the morning bright,  
Where June bestrews our Northern hills  
    With pearls and rosy light.

Nor did she come from Helicon,  
    But from an English lea ;  
No plaint or scorn upon her lip,  
    No droning prophecy ;

Plain truth and love, with patient hope,  
    Beam from her face divine,  
While grace beyond Castilian nymph  
    Adorns this muse of mine.

## SEPTEMBER SUNSET.

Are not the hills that bound our sight  
Lap'd in a gorgeous dream ?  
Athwart them floats a flood of light,  
In one long saffron stream.

With mellow rays, the sinking sun  
Shines through the forests deep ;  
While o'er clear uplands, green, or dun,  
Fast lengthening shadows sweep.

The trees are tinged with changing hues  
Of purple, gold and rose ;  
With these such heavenly beams infuse  
That all the landscape glows :

Glow with a glory only known  
Within this lovely clime ;  
No sky or land has ever shown  
A splendor more sublime.

Then pause, O day, and picture brief,  
But fulgent as the spheres !  
For few such scenes, in rare relief,  
Greet our fast fleeting years.

But no! the sun, with downward verge,  
Smiles on the loftiest height;  
And soon must sink below our marge,  
Far lands and seas to light.

The shrouded glens now seem more deep,  
And mounds increase in size;  
While darkness climbs from steep to steep  
And soon will scale the skies.

The Mohawk sings with clearer tone;  
Home wending cattle low;  
Yon black crow sails the air alone;  
And trembling bats flit slow.

The village clangors now are still,  
Yet echo answers sweet,  
To voices clear and laughter shrill  
Of children as they meet.

The hills are blank, stars twinkle down  
And woo the world to rest;  
Night presses close yon halo crown  
That lingers in the West.



## MOONLIGHT.

O Mary, dear Mary !  
O why dost thou stay,  
When moon-beams are dancing  
All over the bay ?

Our boat she is dipping  
Her bows to the way,  
As bends a fleet beagle  
His neck for the fray.

This night is a vision  
Of beauty and balm ;  
The south sends her zephyrs  
That sing of the palm.

Adown the old mountain,  
Dian takes her march ;  
Aglow is the forest  
From maple to larch.

O come, then, my dearest,  
Our boat we will urge  
Up through the blue lilies,  
Where brook and bay merge.

Why, love, dost thou linger,  
While nature, in tune,  
Awaits thee with roses  
Beneath the full moon ?

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ERASTUS CLARK.

O, ever-blessed sister, saint ;  
We bear her to the tomb,  
'Mid sanctities of solemn plaint  
And deep funereal gloom.

And as we gently raise the bier,  
That holds our lifeless trust,  
We feel 'tis sacred to be near  
The consecrated dust.

For she was holy in her life,  
While genius was her dower,  
Held for the duties of a wife—  
A mother's gentle power.

And yet all know how love and grace  
Were like a hallowed light,  
When beaming from that radiant face  
Now hidden from our sight.

Therefore, O! ever blessed saint,  
We bear thee to the tomb,  
While praise is mingled with our plaint  
And hope dispels our gloom.

ON AN ENGLISH PRIMROSE.

I.

How sweet thou art, my darling flower,  
How sweet thou art to me ;  
I feel thy mild but mighty power  
O'er soul and senses free.

II.

A power that covers time and space,  
And bears me to the dells  
Where myriads of thy kindred grace  
The fields and rocky fells.

III.

Where March winds blow in softer gales  
To stir the yellow frills,  
And waft the odors from the vales  
Far up the Mendip hills.

IV.

There have I seen, in clump and file,  
My primrose all aglow,  
By tufted mound and mossy pile,  
Where English violets grow.

## v.

How sweet thou art, my darling flower,  
How sweet thou art to me ;  
I feel thy mild but mighty power  
O'er soul and senses free.

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## BUTLER MEMORIAL HALL.

May 13th, 1890, was an important day in the history of New Hartford, it having been selected as the occasion for opening the Butler Memorial Hall. In honor of the event the village was elaborately decorated with the national colors and everyone seemed to be in his best mood. Formality was banished and stranger greeted stranger with a hearty hand-shake and cordial smile. Everyone, from the members of the rising generation to the oldest inhabitant, was out, each dressed in his best suit of clothes. Good feeling and harmony prevailed, and all seemed intent upon showing their appreciation of the magnanimity of New Hartford's benefactor, Morgan Butler.

Daniel Batchelor was called upon and expressed his thoughts in the following poem :

## IN THE BUTLER MEMORIAL HALL.

An aged man who to the last  
Is eager heaping gold,  
That heirs may squander very fast  
When he is low and cold,

Has led a life perchance distraught  
In striving for the pelf  
He vainly hoards, as if he thought  
The whole was for himself.

But here's a man of nobler mold,  
A native of this dale;  
Eighty-four years have not made old  
Our patriot stout and hale.

Courage and force are with him yet,  
Cheerful his voice and strong,  
His eyes are bright as sparkling jet,  
Well can he pace along.

He looks like one in mid-career,  
Whom time does gently touch,  
Only to whisper in his ear,  
"Thou must not toil too much."

Now our dear friend this mansion prime  
Gives to the people free,  
For civic meeting, festal time,  
Or what good cause there be.

Kind Heaven to him the talent gave  
That made the structure rise;  
And surely 'tis a building brave,  
Unto the town a prize.

Good health to him for many a day,  
So pray we one and all,  
That children, yet unborn, may say  
“ He built the Butler Hall.”

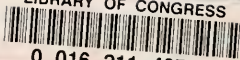








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