

Lines

Written on the reception of M. Kossovitch
by John H. Hunter

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The wild howling blast ^{had} swept over the
 mountains
 The rivers stood still and the
 streams ceased to flow;
 The cold hand of winter had sealed up
 the fountain,
 And nature was decked in a garment
 of snow
 When of a sudden in the east a bright goddess
 appearing,
 With stars, stripes and eagle, she
 rode on the storm,
 A liberty cap on her head she was
 wearing
 Whilst nations amazed watched
 her angelic form,
 Aloft in bright ether her wings were
 extended,
 To shelter and cherish the rights of
 mankind,
 Whilst millions of freemen, with
 visage resplendent,
 Rejoiced in those blessings that
 God has designed.

I watched her, with feelings of deep toned
emotion,
descending to earth, and there pausing awhile
to welcome a stranger tossed over
ocean —

A lover of freedom — a lonely exile.
For O! how that stranger for justice
had pleaded

With reason and virtue — supporting
his claim.
The Genius of Freedom has heard and
has heeded

That bright son of Liberty — K. his name.
"All hail to the chief, and his down-trodden
nation!"

"All hail!" she exclaimed, "to the
cause he defends!"

We'll strain every nerve for your
country's salvation,
Acknowledge your rights, and accept
you, as friends.

O Kenneth! the call thou hast made
in thy mission,
Comes home to our bosom and
touches our soul.

God speed thee whilst bursting
the bands of oppression,
Till freedom's established beyond
man's control.

Our people shall act and support
the example



They set to the nations o'er tarra's
domain
Shen down with the despots that
warrantonly trample
on rights you are sworn to
write and maintain!"
She gave him a wreath of the green
spreading laurel,
Entwined with a branch of the
Liberty tree,
To show that our feelings were wove
in the quarrel,
Then bade him adieu and said:
"K. be free."

But who can describe what the
heart of the stranger
Had felt in the space of that
brief interview,
His arm new afresh to outbrave
every danger,
Determined the foes of his land
to subdue.
And O! may the hand of the
mighty Creator
Preserve, guide and bless him,
wherever he be;
And O! may his brand flash
aloft like a meteor
Till bards strike the anthem
of "H. free."