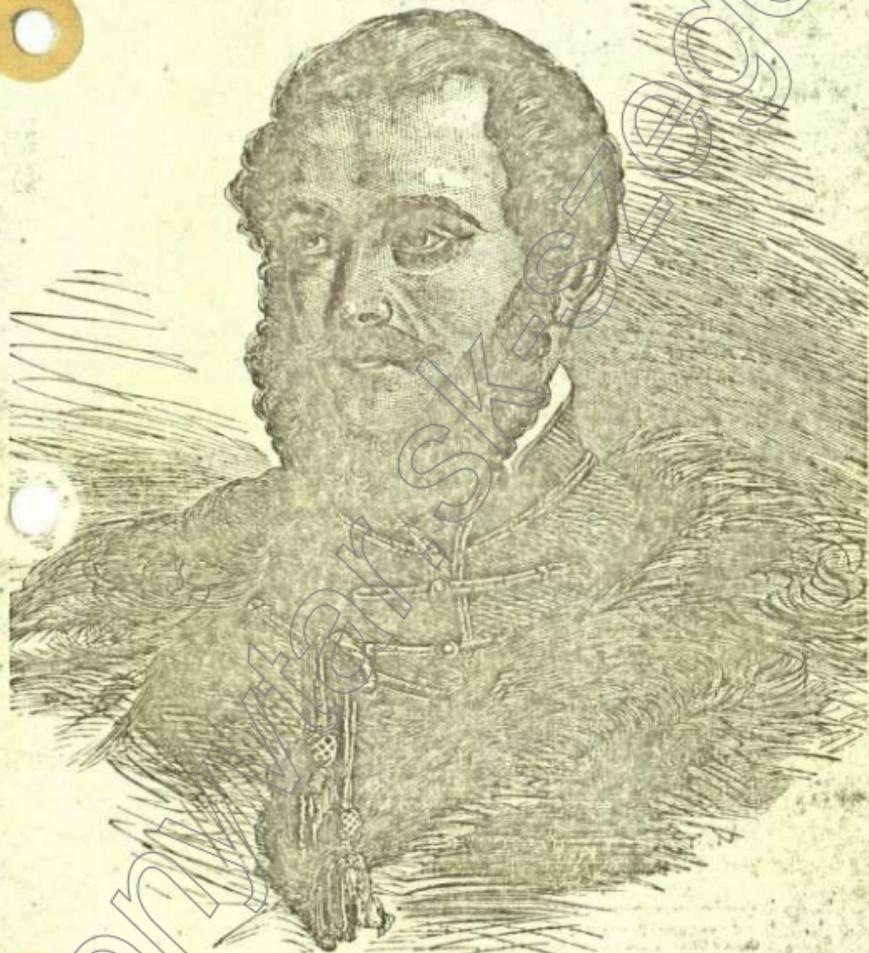


BROTHER JONATHAN'S
Welcome to Kossuth.
A POEM.



By Eugene Batchelder, of Cambridge, Mass.
By the Author of "Border Adventures, and other Poems," &c., &c.

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PREFACE.

THIS little poem has been rapidly written. There has been no time to revise it; but if any of the sentiments it contains should find a responsive echo in a single breast, it is all that is hoped for by

THE AUTHOR.

Cambridge.

This poem is respectfully dedicated to COLONEL T. B. LAWRENCE, Attaché of the American Legation at the Court of St. James, who gave the first diplomatic American welcome to KOSSUTH.

"I come not to try to engage your arms, and the blood of your hearts, to fight our battles. We will fight them ourselves. (*Applause.*) I come not here to entangle you in any war. * * * * * The only thing we ask is to have fair play, that we may not have to fight the whole world." (*Laughter and applause.*)—KOSSUTH to the Democratic Association at Washington.

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"It is your policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."—WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address.

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PROLOGUE.

BY THE GENIUS OF COMMERCE.

I.

ALL hail, ye New York Editors,
Who at the Astor dined,
And who rather in your speeches
Left Washington behind!
Who in your rapid progress
Forgot a sage, or so, —
Such as Jefferson, and Adams,
Ben Franklin, and Monroe.

II.

They were rather clever fellows,
And men of some renown,
But they were of the "Country,"
And you are of the "Town:"
And if they now were living,
They'd be reckoned "slightly slow,"—
Decidedly "behind the age,"
As matters seem to go.

III.

And with you was a preacher,
With love of freedom crammed,—
Who still is Dr. Beecher,
Though in "certain circles damned."
He, the follower of Jesus,
So peaceful, meek, and lowly,
Now urges on his fellow-men
To deeds the most unholy!

IV.

No doubt that wit was flowing
Around that festive board,
Inspired by the blood-red wine
The Astor's bins afford;
But another sort of "claret"
Shall flush the Russian snow,
When those valiant "New York Editors"
Rush forth to meet the foe.

V.

When their really gifted Morris,
Their valiant "Brigadier,"
Shall forsake the "pen and scissors,"
And with vengeance grasp the spear;
For he — the modern Körner —
Of lyric verse the lord,
Shall at evening, on his lyre,
Sing the prowess of his sword!

PROLOGUE

5

VI.

Ah! how easy at the "Banquet,"
Mid the popping of Champagne,
To speak of all the glories
Of an Austrian Campaign.
And ah! how very easy,
With a waiter at your back,
And a venison steak before you,
To speak of an attack!!

VII.

All hail to thee, my Country!
'T is to thee I fondly turn;
Oh! ever on thy mountains,
May the fires of Freedom burn:
May thy Starry Standard ever
Float, as it floats to-day;
May thy years that add new brilliants,
See no brilliant star decay.

VIII.

When I dream of all the glories
Of the Present and the Past;
When I think of our Republic,
So young, and yet so vast,—
Then gazing through the Future,
Through the veil of coming years,
I see with what a lustre
My "Native Land" appears!

IX.

May the "birthright of our Fathers,"
With all their fair renown,
Still to their children's children
Be with honor handed down ;
May Peace and Plenty ever
On our happy shores abide,
And no foreign, arm'd invasion,
Overwhelm us like a tide.

X.

For every suffering nation
We will Fast, and Preach, and Pray,
"In our day and generation,"
We will work while it is day ;
But as to intervention,
That with "Commerce" interferes,
"So we'll beat our swords to ploughshares,"
"And to pruning hooks, our spears."

XI.

"Shall we, whose lamp is lighted"
"With wisdom from on high,"
Disturb the peace of nations
Who come of us to buy ?
No, never ! Yet fair Freedom
We will by our *words* proclaim,
And perhaps each distant nation
"May yet learn the hallowed name."

P O E M .

I.

BEHOLD! the curtain rises ;
Look ! the stage with flags is drest ;
And, amongst them, waving proudly,
Shines the " Banner of the West."
Pray, who are these that enter,
With Kossuth in the van ?
Why, the sons of patriot heroes,
Who now guard the rights of man.

II.

And who is that among them,
With glance so proud and high,
Whose very look is eloquent
With the will to do or die ?
'T is the genius of our country, —
But hark ! he seems to speak ;
While the color mounts and mantles
O'er his flushed and burning cheek.

III.

Kossuth! we bid you welcome
To our country vast and free ;
We have battle-fields to show you,
That surpass Thermopylæ.
We have noble men of nature,
And valiant men of might ;
Wise and prudent heads for council,
Young and lusty arms to fight.

IV.

We laugh at haughty Europe,
We make of kings a jest —
All the brave and happy millions
Of this empire of the West.
To tyrants hurl defiance,
To despots, point with pride
To our armed and countless thousands,
To our navies on the tide.

V.

Immortal as a nation
We stand before the world ;
O'er three million thinking bayonets
Is our starry flag unfurled.
The music of our rifles,
With our cannon's booming roar,
May yet preach intervention
On Russia's ice-bound shore.

VI.

Who trembles or who falters
At Russia's fearful might ?
Our vows are on our altars,
Our voice is for the right ;
Our armies shake the solid shore,
Our fleets are on the sea ;
If we strike, the world is ours,
Every serf in Europe free.

VII.

If we march, the world goes with us;
All the gathered wrongs of years
Shall be swept away, and vanish
Before our gleaming spears.
"The lightning has its power,
And the hurricane its breath,"
But our voice, more strong than either,
Dooms all tyranny to death.

VIII.

Take down the musket from the wall,
Gird on the rusty sword —
Fling forth our storm-torn banner,
Leave the wine-cups on the board;
Call up the memory of the past,
Think, think whose sons ye are,
And rush bravely forth to battle
With Austria and the Czar.

IX.

Shall they in distant Europe
Strike a struggling nation down,
And we not rise to crush them
With the fierceness of our frown?
Shall we linger on our mission,
When the blood, and tears, and groans
Of crushed and bleeding Hungary,
Might move the very stones?

X.

Has our land a hill or valley,
Where a free-born Yankee lives,
Who would not for Kossuth rally,
With the impulse freedom gives?
Who would not for God and liberty
Flash forth his patriot steel,
And teach the serfs of Europe
What sympathies we feel?

XI.

Has the love of arms subsided
With the reign of gentle peace?
Shall we look on in silence
While the foes of man increase?
Shall we see a haughty despot
On a nation place his yoke,
And not some word of comfort
For the crushed and weak invoke?

XII.

Shall we go down in silence
To the graves our fathers fill —
Forgetful of their memories,
Their indomitable will?
Forgetful of their valor,
That like a flame gushed forth,
From the peaceful southern valley
To the mountains of the north?

XIII.

Has death for Freedom's holy cause
A power to make us turn ?
Shall we not for suffering nations
The torch of Freedom burn ?
Shall not Columbia's Ægis
The ranks of patriots screen ?
May we not, at least in speeches,
For our comrades intervene ?

XIV.

May not the Press, in thunder tones,
Through the length of our great land,
Peal out the notes of welcome
To a faint and exiled band ?
May not our gallant soldiers,
With tears of joy, embrace
The hero who has battled
For his nation — for his race ?

XV.

What crown have we to give him —
He, who never sought a crown,
That can equal all the lustre
Of his own world-wide renown ?
And what to him the glory
Of our gaudiest parade ?
He, before whom monarchs tremble —
Of whom tyrants are afraid ?

XVI.

Still, while the foaming river
Sweeps down to meet the sea,
Shall the beating hearts of freemen
Rush forth to meet the free,
While the sun with splendor flashes
From the heavenly vault above,
We will hail with joy and rapture
The patriot that we love.

XVII.

While hope, and thought, and feeling,
Make up the human soul —
While 't is certain that our nation
Shall at last the earth control ;
While each revolving season
Adds new strength to our career,
We as freemen see no treason
In a cordial welcome here.

XVIII.

While our mighty western empire
Stretches on from sea to sea ;
While each State shall now, as ever,
To our UNION still agree ;
While the stars that shine above us,
In their destined orbits roll,
With the truth that angels love us,
We will love the patriot's soul.

XIX.

For each principle we fought for
Has Kossuth the valiant stood,
And the government he sought for
Was republican and good.
Where is the craven spirit
That would dare to show his face,
And proclaim our nation's welcome
Was a national disgrace!

XX.

Humanity is with us
In the path that we have trod,
And not alone humanity,
But a wise, all-seeing God.
He ordereth the nations —
It is His o'erruling hand
That has given wealth and power
To our wide and fruitful land.

XXI.

What are kings, and thrones, and nations,
Or the power for which they lust,
Compared with Him who values
"All our vanities as dust" —
"He who taketh up the islands"
"As a very little thing,"
"To whom men are but as grasshoppers?"
Then what to Him a king?

XXII.

“HE looketh down from Heaven,
HE ordereth all things well,”
HE hath raised us up a nation
Old Europe's woes to quell.
In our youth HE watched and guarded
Us, with power from His Throne,
But our Future,—and our Destiny
Is known to Him alone.

XXIII.

HE has planted deep in every heart
The love of truth and right,
HE has taught us by our conscience
That for Freedom we may fight;
HE has taught us we may welcome
Here, the poor and the oppressed,
Give the exile aid and comfort,
Give the weak and weary rest.

XXIV.

We see in Kossuth something more
Than merely man alone,
He bears his high commission
From God's Eternal Throne;
He comes to save his nation,
To set the captive free,
To Europe bears salvation,
To Earth Christianity.

XXV.

Through many years we waited,
As patient mortals can ;
Oft with our friends debated,
About the "coming man."
But now 't is dark no longer,
The whole horizon's clear ;
Kossuth at last has reached us,
The "coming man" is here.

XXVI.

But who is this that enters,
In a costume rather queer ?
Ah ! our old friend Brother Jonathan,
We're glad to see you here.
Very short and striped trowse's,
Very straight and yellow vest,
In a coat that laughter rouses,
Comes the Ajax of the West.

XXVII.

And over all a homespun coat
Of faint sky-blue he wears,
Which often 'round the elbows
Has met with some repairs ;
On his feet a pair of cowhide boots,
On his neck a dark cravat,
And o'er his gray and grizzled locks,
A nice new cotton hat.

XXVIII.

In one hand he swings a jackknife,
 In the other holds a stick,
 From which the long-tailed shavings
 Fly furious and thick.
 There's something very easy
 And careless in his mien,
 That might almost mark him noble,
 In a different costume seen.

XXIX.

There's a very shrewd expression
 About the mouth and eyes,
 That the want of any "mother wit"
 Most decidedly denies;
 Something wise, too, seems to linger
 In that slow and drawling tone,
 With which to us, his audience,
 He makes his "notions" known.

XXX.

Kossuth — I'm glad to see you;
 I hope as how you're well;
 It's reckoned, down in our town,
 You've come to stay a spell;
 We kinder calkilate as how
 You're a rather smartish man,
 And I guess our folks can du for
 You, all any body can.

XXXI.

We like you pretty well to hum,
Though Uncle Sam is skittish
About your scheme for joining
With them bloody red-coat British;
He told me so last Sunday,
As we walked home from meetin',
And what the 'tarnal critter said,
Perhaps,—will bear repeatin'.

XXXII.

Sez he, "I ha n't a doubt," sez he,
"But what Kossuth's a chap,
Who, if he'd men and money,
Would give them kings a rap.
He's got true grit, that's sartain,
And lots of ginwine pluck,
And I wish that down in Hungary
He'd met with better luck.

XXXIII.

"My father fought for freedom;
He was out at Concord fight,
I have heard him tell the story,
On many a winter night;
I used to love to listen
To the deeds that then were done,
When they drove like sheep the British
From the fields of Lexington.

XXXIV.

"He also stood with Warren,
On Bunker's sacred height,
And though rather short for powder,
They made quite a pretty fight.
When Washington rode into camp,
He concluded he would draw
His sword for God and Liberty,
And enlisted for the war.

XXXV.

"He saw some darned hard fightin',
And I guess as how that we
Have hardly any notion
What it cost to make us free.
He rose to be a captain,
And I've always understood,
He was reckoned in his regiment,
A soldier brave and good.

XXXVI.

"In fact, I've got a letter,
Sent by Washington to him;
Whene'er he read that letter
His eyes with tears grew dim.
'Twas written on the Delaware,
When the Hessian camp they stormed,
And he, beneath his leader's eye,
Some gallant act performed.

XXXVII.

“ Now Jonathan, I tell you,”
Sez Uncle Sam, “ I know
Two things my father valued
More than any thing below ;
The one was that old letter,
And the other, you may guess,
Were the words his chieftain uttered
In his last farewell Address.”

XXXVIII.

“ He would sometimes call me to him,
And would pat me on the head,
Saying, ‘ Do n't forget this counsel,
When your poor old father's dead :
Keep an eye upon your rulers, Sam,
And be sure that they steer clear
Of forming an alliance
With any nation far or near.”

XXXIX.

“ Let us preach by our example ;
All nations soon must see
They'd be a darned sight better off,
If they were only free.
Then let them rise as we did,
And the aid of God invoke,
And shake from off their shoulders,
The hateful tyrant's yoke.”

XL.

"Then, Sam, I tell you what you do,
If you are living then:
Give them your truest sympathy,
And bid them fight like men.
Don't you stir a step to help them,
But sing out,—'go ahead!'
And point them to your fathers,
Who for freedom fought and bled.

XLI.

"Look on, a cool spectator;
If they beg you to intervene,
Though it goes against your nature,
Let them know you're not so green.
If a nation really rises,
The battle soon is done,
For the people are the many,
And the tyrant is but one.

XLII.

"There'll be lots of patriots comin',
As came Monsieur Genet,
But the rule laid down by Washington
You must never once forget:
Inspire them with ardor,
Weep for their country's pain,
Then whisper softly in their ear,
'Go home and try again.'

XLIII.

“The day is surely dawning,
It will all be right in time,
We have given kings a warning
That rebellion is n't crime.
British cannon down at Yorktown
Did n't frighten Yankee boys,
Though I rather guess that victory
Every tyrant still annoys.

XLIV.

“When their freedom is established,
When their battles all are fought,
Then hasten to embrace them,
If your friendship then is sought;
Then shout and throw your hat up,
Ring the bells, and blaze away
With your muskets and your cannon,
On *that* Independence Day.

XLV.

“But Sam, if foes invade us,
Take down your father's gun,
And be sure you ne'er resign it
But with death, or victory won.
The freedom that I fought to gain
I give to you to keep,
And ne'er forget this counsel, Sam,
When your father's gone to sleep.

XLVI.

"Brother Jonathan, I tell you,"
Sez Uncle Sam to me,
"I learnt that lesson pretty well
Beside my father's knee.
So when Old England dared to 'press'
Our sailors on the ocean,
I got of fighting, I confess,
A very pretty notion.

XLVII.

"I was on the northern frontier
With Harrison and Scott;
At the battle of Niagara
The work was rather hot.
I charged with Colonel Miller,
Up Lundy's bloody lane,
Where many a noble spirit
Of the gallant 'Fourth' was slain.

XLVIII.

"Hoarsely, amid the darkness,
Rang from Miller's lips 'I'll try;'
'Fix bayonets, steady,—forward!
We'll take it, men, or die!'"
Like a living wall of fire
Gleamed that battery in our eyes,
Yet not a single musket
From our serried ranks replies.

XLIX.

“On! on! we mount the rampart,
We sweep them from our path;
What can oppose the valor
Of a Yankee soldier's wrath!
Ah! Jonathan, I tell ye,
It's known to very few
How Miller like a whirlwind
Put those bragging red-coats through!

L.

“And you remember Dick, my boy,
Who left his home, to go
Volunteering with brave Taylor
To fight in Mexico,
He was valiant as a lion,
So all his comrades say;
But he fell — 't was for his country,
On the field of Monterey.

LL.

“However, both his sword and belt
His company brought back;
At home we often weep for *him*,
But we glory in ‘Old Zack;’
His sword and belt are hanging
With his father's gun, — and I
Should like to see the money
That that gun and sword could buy!

LII.

"So Jonathan, I tell you,
 When you go down to York,
 Be sure you go and see Kossuth,
 And have with him a talk.
 Tell him I like him pretty well,
 And don't wish him any harm,
 And if he'll come to our town
 We'll give him here a farm."

LIII.

So you see I've come to see you,—
 Darnation! what's that drumming
 Oh! here's a delegation
 Of Westerners a comin'.
 Hallo! they're walking in here;
 Stand back there—clear the way!
 I wonder what these Hoosier chaps
 Are goin' for to say.

LIV.

Stranger, we've come to meet you
 More than a thousand miles,
 But we don't care for the journey,
 Or the spending of our "piles;"
 For we know like General Jackson
 You're half hoss—half alligator,
 But we wish you'd brought us Gorgey,
 For we'd like to lynch the traitor.

LV.

We were with that brave old hoss, sir,
At the fight of New Orleans ;
If you talk of blood and thunder,
We know just what it means.
We don't know what the government
Will do, and we do n't care ;
But if you fight in Hungary,
Depend on 't " we are *thar*."

LVI.

In the broad and fruitful valleys
Of the wide and teeming West, ✓
We feel something more than sympathy
For a nation that's opprest ;—
So we go for intervention ;
Those who fight *shall* have " fair play,"
And we'll help you with our rifles
Keep the Russian Bear at bay.

LVII.

We will come and bring our banner ;
It shall float there o'er the free ;
And the " double jointed " manner
With which we strike for Liberty,
Shall long confound the nations,
But shall teach them still to feel
That our hearts were born to glory
In our common country's weal.

LVIII.

We are strong now,—and we feel it,—
 The *World* is all our own —
 At our sovereign pleasure only,
 Every sovereign holds his throne.
 We are masters, we are rulers,
 There's none dare say us nay —
 From the frozen snows of Russia,
 To the island of Bombay!

LIX.

We have come to tell these prudent
 Men you meet with about here,
 That they are now behind the times
 At least — about a year ;
 They are full of talk and wisdom,—
 Very knowing men, no doubt,—
 But to know the strength of Progress
 They must to the West come out!

LX. .

Come out, then, to our Western home,
 Your patriot sabre draw,
 Ten thousand hearts are beating
 To hear the sound of war ;
 Plant high upon some rocky hill
 This starry flag I hold,
 And your cry for help is answered
 By our valiant Hoosiers bold.

WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.

27

"T is the star-spangled banner;
And long may it wave
O'er the hearts of the free,
And the home of the brave.

[Chorus, in which Kossuth, waving the "Stars
and Stripes," joins with the rest.]

"T is the star-spangled banner;
And proudly 't will wave
As we march to the fight
With the hearts of the brave."

Curtain Falls.