

Governor K in Am.

(From NY Trib - repr. Rochester
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+ By Wm Ross Wallace

Who is this for whom the tyrants see the
honour of a world,
Like a starry benediction, from the
mountain tops impured?

Who is this whose name when spoken
in our Freedom's trophied halls,
Made the Revolution's sabres clang
upon the startled walls!

Made the trumpets that called to battle
Freedom's tyrant-quelling ships
long to feel once more the capture!

From the throats of warrior lips,
Told the Nation through them thundered down
The wind his mighty name,
And the hero at the summons
to the World of Freedom came!

He has stood and seen the Nations,
by the despotisms bowed,
Like a band of blinded Titans,
groping in an ancient cloud—

Who if once they caught the
 sunlight, who if once they broke the chain,
 were by Europe's tyrants beaten
 bleeding, back to night again.

How he called unto his Nation, but in
 vain he suate the glaive;
 Years of fetters, years of torture was the
 glorious hero's dawn.

Not in vain he filled the dungeon —
 there he felt the future's fate.

All the coming groundswell through the
 Alpine passes of his soul —
 booming thunders in the gorges that
 should hurtle in the glen

Where the banded tyrants wore
 their leagues against the subject-men.

But the tyrants thought him
 humbled, thought him broken by the ill-

Oh! the storm may scar the mountain,
 but it is the mountain still,
 with its torrents, with its passes
 where the chainless eagles shriek,
 with its mighty avalanche
 prancing on its grim unconquered peak!

Are ye not that mountain's voices?

Are ye not its bolts of fire?

Blazing, swiftly, fiercely, deadly on
 the monarch's funeral pyre.



Lo! The avalanches in trembling erie its
powerful masses fall
On the traitor's gloomy palace,
On the tyrant's gory hall.

Freemen! shall we stand supinely? Shall
Columbia's thunder sleep?
Up! and bid it roar and mingle with
the storm beyond the deep,
With that storm it is raging on the
Kingdoms and the Throne,
Till, like stars from Godhead
bursting, great Republics ~~from~~ ^{beam} alone!

Welcome, then to Europe's stern! Welcome
then on Freedom's sod,
One whose aim is but to give his
Nation back to Freedom's God —
One who would build up the Peoples,
one who sees in Freedom's plan
Grandest phases in the Future,
pursuing for the life of man —
One whose country need not see his
noble forehead greenly crowned
with the immortal leaves our nation
plundered on Vernon's holy ground!

This is he whose name when spoken
 in our Armory's trophy halls
 Make the Revolution's sabres clanging
 upon the startled walls
 This is he whom the tyrants see
 the Banner of a world
 Like plenary benediction
 his noble brow unfurled!

To Paris

by C. D. Stuart (24) ✓

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K! thy mission shall not fail - perchance

is app'd.
 to the People of the U.S.

by Ella Ellwood

for the Dallas Newspaper, Phila
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