

The Star of the East, West

There is a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of vapor decay
He must worship its light though he not our own
For liberty burns in its ray
Shall the name of Washington ever be heard
By a precursor and torch not his breath
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west?

War war to the knife be on thine or ye die
Has the echo that wakes in the land
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry
Nor his madness that kindled the brand
He raised not his arm he defied not his foes
While a leaf of the olive remained
Till galled with insult his spirit arose
Like a long baited lion unconstrained.

He stood with firm courage the blow of the brave
But he sighed o'er the carnage that spread
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave
But wait for the thousands that bled
Though he threw back the fetters and heaved the stripe
Till man's charter was fairly restored
Yet he pray'd for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh his laurels were pure and his patriot name
For the page of the future shall dwell
And be seen in all annals the foremost in fame
By the side of a Sefers and Tell
Rebels not my song for the wine and the gold
Amongst brutes have nobly confessed
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply stained field of the west. F. C.

The Charnel Ship.

The night the long dark night at last
Passed fearfully away
This crashing ice and howling blast
They hail the Saviour of Day
Which broke to cheer the whalers crew
And wide around its gray light threw.

The storm had ceased its wrath had rent
The ice walls asunder
And many a piercing glance they sent
Around in awe and wonder
And sailor hearts their rapt praise gave
To God that wove from o'er the wars.

The breeze blew fresh and the sun
Shone his full radiant fur
On heaps of ice fragments now
Sad trophies in the past night's war
Of winds and waters and in piles
Now drifted by bright shining isles.

But to still farther off appears
A form more dim and dark
And anxious eyes and hopes and fears
Its slow strange progress mark
As it moves toward them by the breeze
Boats onward from more northern seas.

Near and more near and can it be
More venturous than their own
A ship whose sunning ghost they see
Among those icebergs thrown
With broken masts ismantled all
And dark sails like a funeral pall