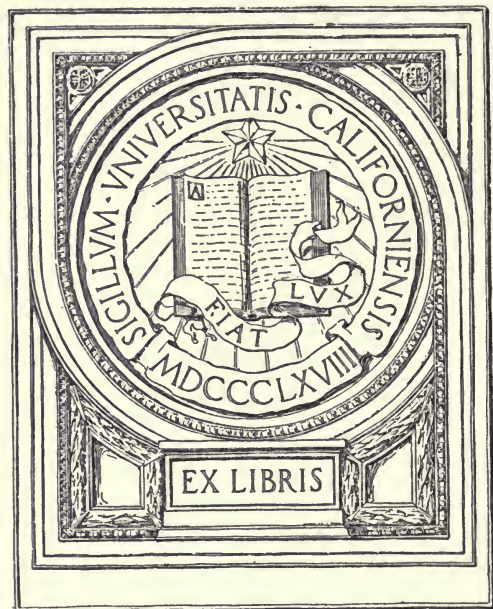


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With respects of the Author,
L. F. T.

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RHYMES OF THE ROUTS:

PALO-ALTO, RESACCA DE LA PALMA, MONTEREY, BUENA
VISTA, VERA CRUZ, CERRO GORDO, SACRAMENTO, &c.

BY LEWIS F. THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "INDA," AND OTHER POEMS.

"Arma virumque cano."

ALSO,

MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM:

BY THOMAS S. DONOHU,

AUTHOR OF "MOENA," AND OTHER POEMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM ADAM,
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

1847.



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IN MEXICO:

BY LEWIS F. THOMAS, 1808-1868

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following poem, "RHYMES OF THE ROUTS." was originally published in the Washington Saturday Evening News, and the demand for it, having soon exhausted the edition of the paper, it was deemed expedient to present it to the public in a more permanent and acceptable form; hence its appearance in its present style.

The MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM, which also first appeared in the same paper, has excited so much interest from the novelty of the subject, and the intrinsic merit of the performance, that its republication has been thought advisable.

THE PUBLISHER.

X The "Rhymes" - (I would not dignify them with the name of Poem) - were commenced on a Thursday & were in print on the following Saturday. When I wrote them I was convalescing from a long sickness. I sent a copy to Genl. Scott, while he was in Mexico & also one to Genl. Taylor, who returned me a handsome note in acknowledgement, dated (on his return from Buena Vista) at "Camp near Monterey"

L. L.

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RHYMES OF THE ROUTS,

INSCRIBED TO THE

PRESIDENT AND ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PALO ALTO—RESACCA.

Let the welkin ring with shouts,
Let the cannon loudly roar,
For such vict'ries and such routs
As were never known before!
When the eagle of the North
Was at Mexic's vulture flown,
And the stars and stripes went forth,
O'er the fields of his renown.
For the carrion-craven fled,
At our war-bird's battle cry,
And his Aztec legions sped
Swift as meteors in the sky!
To the PALO ALTO groves,
Where the chapparal grows rank,
And the wild deer freely roves
By the Rio Grande's bank;
There the Green and White and Red,*
Aztec's emblem of belief,
Were by bold ARISTA led,
Who in threat'ning terms and brief
Bade our glorious flag come down,
And be humbled to his band,
And our gallant TAYLOR own
Mexic's right o'er all the land!
But our noble leader said
That his march was o'er that field;
And the valiant troops he led
There would perish e'er they'd yield!
And he marshall'd his brave men,
To his foeman's three to one,
And a dreadful battle then
On the eighth of May begun.
With the cannon's thunder peal,

And the rifle's ringing crack,
 And the clattering of steel,
 Were the Aztecs driven back;
 And the Yankees' triumph shout
 O'er the battle's din rose high,
 As their banner bright streamed out
 In the pride of victory!
 For their enemies in dread
 At the terrors of the fight,
 Left their wounded and their dead,
 And their safety sought in flight.
 But a gallant foe, next day,
 Good LA VEGA, void of fear,
 At Resacca bade them stay,
 And controll'd their wild career:
 All in vain—the Northern ranks
 Like a whirlwind on their foe
 Rush'd, scat'ring front and flanks,
 As a whirlwind scatters snow.
 Loud the wounded shriek'd with pain,
 As the trampling steeds dash'd by,
 That no more would know the rein
 Of their riders left to die.
 Then their Horse and Foot flew fast,
 And whole legions in dismay,
 Where the river hurried past,
 Leap'd despairing in its spray:
 And the Rio Grande's tide
 Had that day a crimson flow,
 For its ev'ry wave was dyed
 With the blood of Mexico.

MONTEREY.

O Monterey! O Monterey!
 Sweet city far renown'd,
 Once in thy princely palaces
 Vice-regal pomp was found.
 Thy halls with mirth rang loud and free,
 And thou wast happy then,
 As through the gay fandango whirl'd
 Fond women and brave men!
 And mid thy lime and orange groves,
 Full many a tale was told
 Of heart-warm love and constancy,
 In merry days of old;
 And many a fierce fought field was won,
 By thy proud chivalry,
 When battling 'gainst the Spanish Don,
 They struck for Liberty.

But Monterey ! O Monterey !
 The stranger's in thy halls,
 And high his star-gem'd banner floats
 Above thy battered walls !
 He joins thy maidens in the dance,
 He woos them in thy groves,
 And spite thy olden warrior fame,
 Thy palaces he roves.
 Sad day for thee, when from the North
 The Alleghanians came,
 And on thy forts and turrets pour'd
 A devastating flame.
 Then roar'd the mad artillery,
 And rained the iron hail,
 And wild above the conflict's clash
 Uprose the shriek and wail !
 The sulphury clouds of smoke loom'd on,
 A huge black mourning pall ;
 For then, indeed, had many dead,
 Their ghastly funeral !
 Thy lancers bravely met the storm,
 Quick flash'd thy musket's flame ;
 But vain thy courage : who can stand
 The Northern's rifle-aim ?
 The whirling thunder-bolts of war
 With dreadful havoc flew,
 And forc'd a death encumber'd way
 Thy walls and bastions through !
 Thy streets with blood ran reeking red,
 Thy slain were heap'd in piles,
 As in our conquering hero led
 His thrice victorious files.
 Then Aztec's vanquish'd troops march'd forth
 In slow and sad array ;
 And Freedom's banner flouts the breeze
 O'er fallen Monterey !

BUENA VISTA.

'Twas on the Sabbath day, twice holy made
 To each who claims to be Columbia's son,
 The day whose recollections ne'er can fade,
 The birth-day of illustrious WASHINGTON !
 On hill-sides rocky, stretch'd on either hand,
 From BUENA VISTA's vale of lovely sight,
 There form'd in war's array a gallant band,
 In numbers few, but terrible in might.
 All silently they stood, and saw their foe,
 In force full four times greater than their own,
 Advancing in strong phalanx, firm and slow,

With bastions, bulwarks, towers and turrets
 crown'd,
 And donjon keeps, deep hidden under ground.
 Death-dealing engines blacken o'er its walls,
 And its dread armour Valour's self appals.
 Behind, the far-famed holy city lies,
 Its cross-capp'd steeples pointing to the skies,
 Mirth in its halls, and music in its streets,
 Love in its bowers, health in its cool retreats.
 The sweet guitar, by gallant's fingers play'd,
 Wakes nightly there the love-lorn serenade,
 And from the lattice peer dark sparkling eyes,
 While music's strains are echoed soft in sighs.
 Behold, approaching o'er yon silv'ry bay,
 Columbia's fleet, with pennons streaming gay,
 Bearing, alas, Death's ministers of woe,
 To change Joy's scene to aching Sorrow's show!
 The boats are lower'd, fill'd with a daring band,
 The oars are plied, they hasten to the strand,
 Eager they leap into the foaming spray,
 And through the breaking billows force their way;
 They gain the shore, and form in battle-line,
 And, briefly resting, on their arms recline.
 Loud rolls the drum, they heed its martial sound,
 And march that city to beleaguer round.
 O'er hills of sand their plans of siege they trace,
 The forts they rear, the pond'rous mortars place,
 And all war's dreaded implements of ill,
 That man invents his brother man to kill.
 Now flies the gleaming rocket through the air,
 The cannon belches forth its lurid glare,
 Sending its metal globes, with horrid aim,
 The booming bomb whirls from its mortar's flame,
 To burst, and scatter desolation round;
 The battle-ships, moor'd at the anchor-ground,
 Join in the siege, and loudly echo back
 The deep mouth'd thunderings of the shore attack.
 On that devoted city day by day,
 Death's iron showers kept up a fearful play,
 In vain its Castle's armament of might
 Essay'd to turn the fortunes of the fight.
 The broken roofs, the shatter'd walls, the dead,
 Kill'd in their chambers, slumbering in bed,
 Or slain while hastening to the church to pray
 God's mercy to protect them in the fray!
 Homes, hearth's, and hearts, by war made deso-
 late,
 All warned the city to beware its fate.
 The trumpet sounds a truce; the gates ope wide,
 And Aztec's troops march out in humbled pride.

RHYMES OF THE ROUTS.

Five thousand men upon the sandy plain
 Laid down their arms, ne'er to be used again :
 By noble SCOTT, Columbia's legion led,
 O'er VERA CRUZ their starry banner spread,
 And from her lordly castle bade it wave,
 The light, the hope, the glory of the Brave.
 Now 'neath its folds, peace, order, quiet reign ;
 Faith and Religion all their rights maintain !

CERRO GORDO.

On CERRO GORDO's side,
 With banners streaming wide,
 In martial pomp and pride,
 Stood Mexic's chivalry.
 In SANTA ANNA's name,
 Their chief, of hero-fame,
 They rais'd the oriflame
 Of Aztec's Heraldry.
 Down in the vale below,
 March'd steadily and slow,
 Their Alleghanian foe,
 All stern and silently.
 They form'd upon the plain,
 Till, at the trumpet's strain,
 They storm'd the heights amain,
 With dauntless bravery.
 Now in bold escalade,
 The Foot swift charges made,
 But soon their speed was staid
 By fires, pour'd fearfully.
 The Mexics, by the rock,
 Protected from their shock,
 With many a jeer and mock,
 Scoff'd at our soldiery.
 From breastwork, and from fort,
 Or guarded sally port,
 They deem'd it only sport,
 With their artillery,
 To sweep our climbing men,
 Back to the craggy glen,
 Never to climb again,
 In death's dread revelry.
 Their pastime was but brief ;
 For SCOTT, our noble chief,
 To th' Infantry's relief
 Fast sped his cavalry ;
 Wild rushing up the steep,
 O'er rocks they fearless leap,
 That overhang the deep
 And dread declivity.

RHYMES OF THE ROUTS.

2

On dashed our Foot and Horse ;
In their impetuous course,
Pouring resistless force
Upon the enemy.

Now peal'd the cannon's tone,
Now came the flash, the groan,
The yell, the dying moan,
And all war's misery !

Proud SANTA ANNA fled,
Full half his troops left dead,
Or forth as pris'ners led,
To Northern gallantry.

Loud o'er the Aztec's rout,
Right joyously rang out
The Alleghanians' shout,
For their great victory !

SACRAMENTO.

In rich CHIHUAHUA,† far away,
Where glitter SACRAMENTO's towers,
O'erlook'd by mountains bleak and gray,
That rise from lovely vales of flowers ;
Where grazing flocks the herdsman tends,
And the gay sportsman hunts the deer,
And village maiden coyly lends

Her sweetest smile his eve to cheer ;
War's blast is sounded—o'er the plains
Now flocks and deer may freely roam—
Herdsman and sportsman catch the strains,
And hasten to defend their home.

From many thousand miles afar,
The Northerns came, a hardy clan,
Led by the soldier-pet of War,
The dashing, daring, DONIPHAN !
Entrench'd upon their mountain height,
His foe's superior numbers stand,
Dauntless, he dares the unequal fight,
And conquers battling hand to hand !

On farther CALIFORNIA's field,
Whose shore the fair Pacific laves,
The gallant Alleghanians wield
Their dreaded and victorious glaves.
O who can stand the iron clutch,
The warklike prowess, matchless might
Of free, brave men, when nobly such
As STOCKTON, KEARNEY, FREMONT fight ?

PEAN.

Unfurl our stainless oriflame !
Its silver stars should shine on high,

And its bright stripes like meteors gleam,
 To light us still to victory !
 O'er every city, hill, and plain,
 Where met the foe our country's host,
 That emblem-banner flies amain,
 Proclaiming deeds we well may boast !
 While stars shine from yon Blue o'erhead,
 That flag shall type its hue—their light,
 While snow is white, and blood is red,
 Those streaming stripes be red and white,
 And 'neath that standard's folds, the Free
 Shall triumph over land and wave ;
 Shall win the World to Liberty,
 And guard the birthright of the Brave !
 Great Taylor! Gonfalon† of might,
 Well hath that standard met thy care ;
 On many fields of hottest fight,
 Thou wast its Saviour ; be its heir—
 Heir to its glory long since won,
 Now made more glorious by thine own !
 Thou art thy Country's, and thy name
 She holds her heritage for fame !
 Brave Scott! no nobler son than thou
 Can fair Vespucia§ call her own ;
 Long may the wreath entwine thy brow,
 Thy wisdom and thy valour won !
 Though many compeers round thee shine,
 Whose names shall glory's page impress
 None there can brighter glow than thine,
 None make us praise or love thee less !
 Taylor and Scott! or first or last,
 Be sounded mid the world's renown'd :
 No greater heroes in the past
 Can on the scroll of Fame be found !
 Columbia, honor is thy due,
 Mother of many *Grachii*! who,
 In ocean fight, and battle field,
 Have died, but never dared to yield !
 Thy sons are jewels, rare indeed,
 Earth's brightest, by their acts decreed ;
 In terms heroic and sublime,
 Their victories swell recorded time :
 O victories too dearly won,
 With loss of many a gallant son !

DIRGE.

Mourn, mourn for the departed,
 The brave, the noble hearted,
 True sons of Liberty ;
 Who, Glory's harvest reaping,
 Were sent to their last sleeping,

On fields of victory.
A nation sighs in sorrow
Their night, that knows no morrow:
Hearts hold their memory:
And ah! those hearts are beating
With hopes of happy meeting,
To live eternally!
We grieve, but in our grieving,
O! we joy in believing
Their truth and gallantry:
Their Country's proudest story,
Shall write their names in glory,
Earth's noblest chivalry!

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*These are the national colors of Mexico and of the uniform of her troops. The writer knew Gen. Arista when he was in exile at Cincinnati. He was not a tinner then, as has been said, probably from his having evinced much curiosity in our manufactures. He is a plain accomplished gentleman and brave soldier.

† Chihuahua, pronounced *She-waw-waw*.

‡ *Gonfalon*, the name formerly given to the standard of Florence and other Italian Republics. It was applied to the commander-in-chief, who was the protector of the standard. In process of time it became a sir-name and is now borne by the family of *Gonfalonieri*. The last Count of that name was fifteen years a close prisoner in an Austrian fortress.

§ Our country has no national name. I have availed myself of a rhymers prerogative, and christened her after the first discoverer of our coast.

Sometime in '30 or '32 I met him in Cincinnati. We used to ramble together over the hills that encircle it. I remember his standing on the "Eastern Peak" & his saying that he knew of no prospect more lovely except perhaps the Bay of Naples. He told me that while in Prison he was not permitted to hear any thing from the outer world. He did not know of the death of his father or of his wife & children till he was set at Liberty. Though they had been dead a long time. He was a small man prematurely gray & very much care worn which caused him to look much older than he really was. His offences were political.

MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM:

INSCRIBED TO

THOSE WHO MAY UNDERSTAND IT.

A sunny, sultry, Summer day;
An ivied cottage, quaint and gray,
Built when Elizabeth was Queen;
A brook, that makes a drowsy sound;
Stem oaks and stubborn hills around,
And vales of lazy, nodding green:
The lattice window open thrown,
Reveals a smiling youth alone.
A plain and simple-seeming youth,
Who honors Love, and worships Truth,
And even woos the "Sacred Nine!"
His poor credulity forgive,
It never was his lot to live
Where Wealth and Rank and Fashion shine.
As Nature was his only school,
Of course we write him down a fool!
But yawn not yet, my solemn friend,
The story soon will have an end;
And though a fool my hero be,
Perhaps thou wilt at last confess,
A sage may chance to offer less
Of Reason's common-law, than he.
Can humble means bring noble use?
Remember Æsop's golden fable!

The lattice window once again :
 O how I love a rambling strain,
 Now angular, now winding back ;
 The dearest path I ever knew
 Is that the field or forest through,
 But pshaw ! the formal city's track,
 Where Mathematics rules the line,
 And mars the whole with nice design !

Well, youth of pleasure's gentle smile,
 I've left thee now a weary while,
 But thou, methinks, wilt little feel it,
 The window-seat is shady rest,
 That ponderous tome a merry guest,
 For all thy changing looks reveal it !
 And if thou liberate thine eyes,
 A varied scene before thee lies.

Art thou perusing gay romance
 Of haughty Spain, or courteous France ?
 Or Shakspeare's wild and witty page ?
 Is't verse ? For seldom shineth joy
 So fair as o'er the poet boy,
 Whom dreams of melody engage !
 No :—" Voyages in Southern Seas !"
 How findest thou delight in these ?

The inconsistencies of man,
 A bending slave, since time began,
 To Fashion's autocratic ruling,
 Resolved he will no better learn,
 And living on, the rod to earn,
 Like dunces vainly doomed to schooling !
 These thoughts, as well they may, excite
 Pain first, then laughter's sunny light.

For Pity, hearing tale so sad
 Of nations going fashion-mad,
 Will first the honest bosom enter,
 But soon appears the silly part,
 And Laughter occupies the heart,
 And shakes it to its very centre !
 Thus felt the youth, while reading o'er
 The customs of a savage shore.

How, mid the South Sea Isles afar,
 They mark the form with flower and star,
 And wondrous labyrinthian lines,
 Tattooed upon the tender skin,
 "To tell the quality within,"

As rank alone too often shines
 Like lamps of horn, whose sober rays
 Would fail to dazzle public gaze !

Ah me! so very fierce the sun;
 And yet he has an arc to run
 Of nearly half the cloudless sky!
 All nature droops before his path,
 And e'en a poet owns his wrath,
 Though poets boast of dauntless eye:
 The leaden volume sinks apace,
 And sleep breathes heavy o'er his face.

O Sleep, thou art indeed Death's brother,
 And so resemble ye each other,
 We cannot instantly decide;
 But look again, and now we trace
 The spirit joys and sorrows grace
 Soft Sleep, to marble Death denied.
 The gleam of light, the sudden shade,
 Whence come they thus, to sport and fade?
 The fairy Visions visit Rest,
 By day or night they haunt the breast,
 And past or future scenes reveal;
 Then Approbation's smile in sweet,
 Or Terror shrieks around Deceit,
 And wounds him with her poisoned steel.
 How happy Virtue then appears!
 But Vice, all agony and tears!

The boy dreams on, and smiles are there,
 Forsooth the Vision whispers fair:
 Alternately, the waters blue,
 The bounding boat, the dashing spray,
 The misty mountains far away,
 Delight and lure his eager view!
 "Land ho!" He gains the pebbly shore—
 It is!—so strange—yet known before!

And now he flies the Southern Sea,
 And lo! can wonder ever be
 Incredible and wild as this!
 He saw—a Form, resembling man,
 It wore upon its head a pan,
 Which kitchens would not find amiss,
 A large black pan, perhaps a pot,
 To keep the head—poor dumpling!—hot.

And frequently the Form removed
 This ornament it dearly loved,
 This boiler, generating steam,
 When round the forehead—sight of dread!
 Was seen a line of ghastly red,
 Enough to make a maiden scream!
 Mayhap the token of a fight:
 The Creature said its "hat" was light.

But only this the dreamer knew,
The "hat" seemed awkward, heavy too,
Nor gave the head a kind protection,
And baldness swept away the hair,
As if 'twere sin to lavish there

The gifts of Nature's true affection.
"Tis fashion!" Thus the Figure cried,
And moved along with foppish pride !

It moved with pain: the dress was laced
Remorseless round its slender waist,

Above *suspended, strapped* below ;
And peeping from the scanty suit
Appeared the *corn*-producing boot,
With lofty heel and shovel toe :
But twitching up its starched collar,
It looked—as if applause should follow !

The vision changed ; my hero saw
A sight that filled his soul with awe !

A " Temple," framed in front of glass ;
Replete with exquisite perfume ;
With mirrors, giving back the bloom
Of dainty flowers of rarest class ;
With paintings, very soft and sweet,
Of lovers at their ladies' feet:

And papers, with " important news,"
And now and then a timid Muse,
O'er battlements of lard and cheese ;

Then boxes, basins, scissors, snuff,
Combs, brushes—and in fact enough

The Auctioneer himself to please.
But what amazed the dreamer there?
The Figure, in a curious chair !

Despondently reclining back,
Its throat exposed, while stands—alack !

'Twas this alarmed his panting heart !—
A sturdy man, who stern surveyed
The sharpening of a shining blade,
In haste to act the murderer's part !
No :—Fashion now commands her slave
The useful, manly beard to " shave !"

'Tis done, the metamorphose done,
And trips away the *womaned* one,
And swears, and rubs its purple chin,
But must return, again, again,
And bear the sacrificial pain,
A penance for a silly sin.
Nor this alone, for tooth, throat, ear,
Confirm their keenest suffering here.

"O Fashion!" thought the dreaming youth,
"Man bends to thee, reviling truth,
Grace, dignity, and serious sense!
And day by day but farther strays
From Wisdom's fair and flowery ways,
Still cheated by a vain pretence!"
He starts :—and where the magic spell?
What idle tales our visions tell!







