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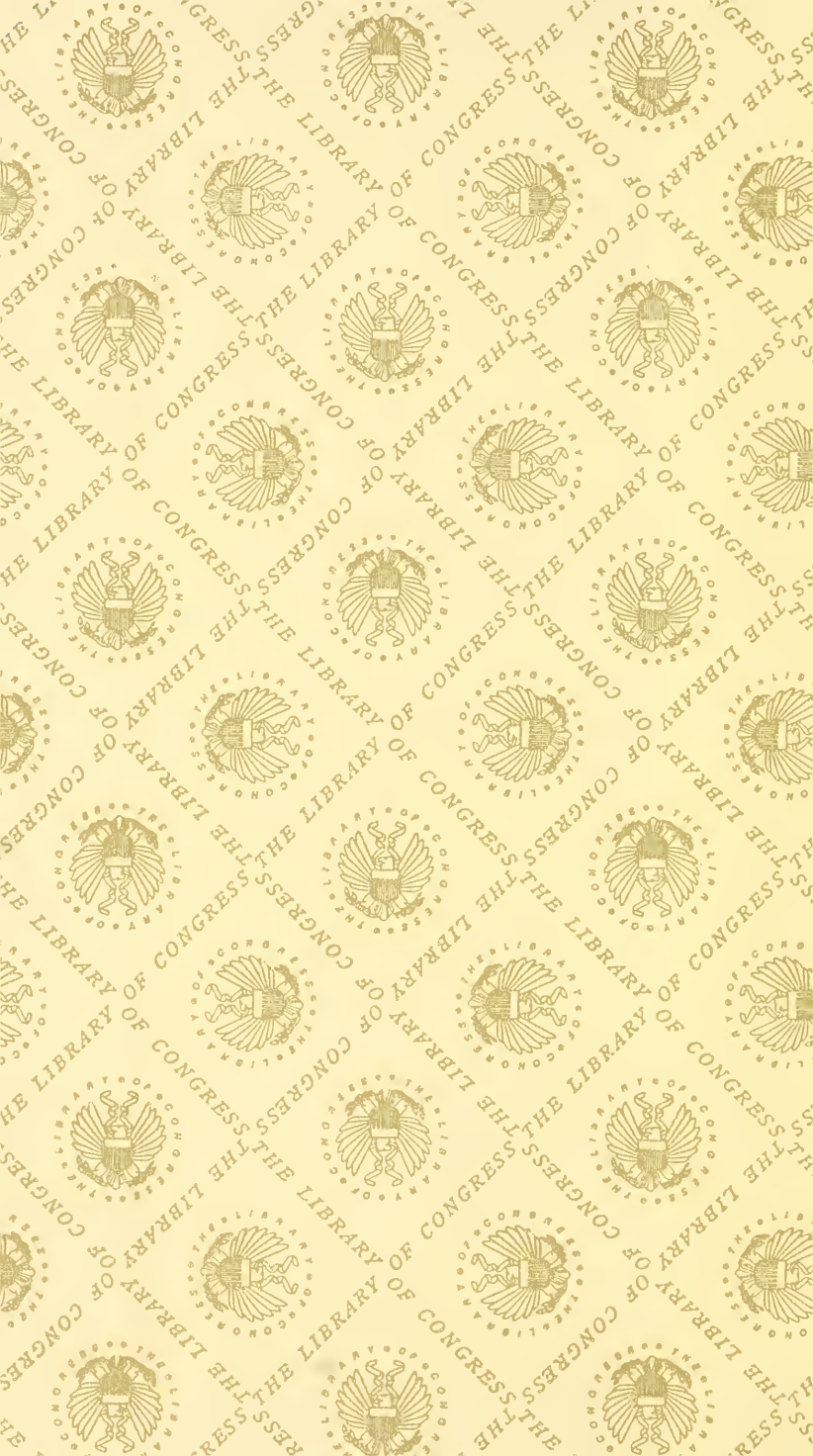
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Chronicles of Donkers.



# Chronicles of Yonkers.

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SHOULD you ask me whence these stories,  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you—  
From the "Cowboys" and the "Skinners"  
Of the Sawmill River Valley.  
I repeat them as I heard them,  
From the lips of some old fogies  
On the "Neutral-Ground" of Yonkers.

HIAWATHA, with variations.

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DON'T lend your copy, nor tell much what's in it,  
Except that fifty cents will get one in a minute.  
Bark and snarl now, you carping old hunkers!—  
This dog-grel was written for young-curs (YONKERS).



YONKERS, N. Y.:

A WAIF, PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE  
UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

1864.

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C. A. ALVORD, PRINTER.



# CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

ON Hudson's River, eastern shore,  
Just north of Manhattan's teeming isle,  
Fair Yonkers lies, as it did of yore,  
Save being somewhat changed the while.

Long time ago, can't tell what year,  
Came Vonderdonk, from Holland sent,  
As agent for the Van Rensselaer,  
To mark his tenants' bounds, and fix the rent.

The old Patroon, Van Rensselaer,  
Allowed Vonderdonk to count the pelf,  
And, by small savings from year to year,  
Herr Vonderdonk got rich himself.

To invest his gains in a plantation,  
With Von became a strong passion to do ;  
So he treated with the Indian nation,  
And purchased the Yonkers of Chief Mosholu.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

Hilly and broken the plantation appeared,  
    Strewed with boulders and studded with trees,  
Abounding in swamps and rocks upreared—  
    Acres so wild and so rocky one seldom sees.

A beautiful river, since made famous by Drake,  
    Bounded the east of Von's landed right ;  
On the north by a line the chief did make,  
    On the south by the creek the "Devil in spite."

On the west by the Hudson, expansive and grand,  
    Where the gray Palisades are ever in view—  
A granitic formation, unique in this land,  
    If what Lyell, the geologist, avers should be true.

The best of this land farmers took at a rent—  
    To work it they tried, always barring the rocks ;  
But in vain time, labor, and money, was spent—  
    They raised little but cucumbers, game hens and cocks.

Game-cocks and gherkins, ever since then,  
    Have been the only reliable crop of the hunkers ;  
Some cucumber-seed, a game-cock and hen,  
    Was capital sufficient to begin in old Yonkers.

Time passed on, and Herr Vonderdonk sold  
    All and singular the Dorp of Yonkers  
To one Frederick Phillipse, for English gold—  
    One of the greatest of New-Amsterdam hunkers.

Said Phillipse had wealth in great abundance,  
    And to improve his burgh was to him all in all ;  
So two churches he built from his redundance,  
    And also two mansions—one our own Manor Hall.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

His wife was fast, for her times, we are told,  
And with resistless vim she asserted her right,  
For carriage and horses to lavish his gold,  
And drive stallions four, as black as the night.

So matters went on year in and year out,  
Until seventeen hundred and seventy-six,  
When the war a wondrous change brought about,  
And got old Phillipse, the tory, into a fix :

So that his property all, both personal and real,  
Was taken away and summarily sold,  
For and on account of the public weal,  
By commissioners of forfeiture, for silver and gold.

Alas! alas! by virtue of these decrees,  
His fair estate was sold in lots of acres  
To the Posts, and Lawrences, Odells, and Sees,  
Nodines, Archers, Crafts, and Bakers.

One fair portion, —— acres, more or less,  
Lying in the centre of the tract,  
One wealthy Howland purchased to possess,  
And kept the same for many years intact—

Until about the year 'fifteen, the record tells  
(The whys and wherefores tradition fails to say),  
Mr. Howland sold out to Lemuel Wells,  
Pulled up his stakes, and moved away.

Lemuel Wells kept the estate till 'forty-seven,  
When death sent a summons and took him away ;  
But whether to a place like old Yonkers or heaven,  
The present inhabitants presume not to say.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

Succeeding him a nephew, best as farmer known,  
A Wells of noble mien, brave, generous, and true,  
Parcelled the land to the heirs of flesh and bone,  
And gave to each their portion justly due.

The Yankees now, by a successful raid,  
Took full possession—their Flags inscribed “No pillage”  
And out of a hamlet of Dutchmen have made  
Our beautiful cosmopolitan village.

In times gone by the old Dutch settlers met  
To smoke and chat, as was their way,  
At the old one-horse tavern—a jolly set—  
When a child was born, or on a holiday.

The beer passed round in a big tin pot,  
And each in his turn then took a pull,  
With the remark, it may be, “It is good,” or not,  
And drank without measure until he was full.

Then each lit his pipe and began to smoke,  
Each asking the other questions a number,  
As, “Who ’sessed the damages? did the cow have a poke?  
Has Jake come from York? sold his cucumbers?”

Or, “Is your pickle-patch ready? the hills all made?  
Think it best to plant now? ain’t the ground wet?  
Grubs seem dreadful plenty; ain’t you afraid  
They’ll destroy all the vines? I’ll not plant yet.”

So they talked, drank, and smoked, whenever assembled,  
On matters affecting their general weal;  
Blunt and free-spoken, in nothing dissembled,  
Except to the butcher on the age of their veal.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

How strange now to us would these colloquies sound,  
Their wants were so few, their mental vision so bound ;  
So few things to talk about, be they ever so willing!—  
Books were then scarce, and weekly papers a shilling.

Cheap books and papers were not wanted, you see,  
As there had been as yet no schools that were free ;  
The invention of free schools was later in date,  
Patented by the man who thought the people the State.

“Oh, for the good old times!” we hear some exclaim ;  
Humbug! say I, except as the wish of widowed dame.  
In the times that are passed, now called the old,  
Ignorance prevailed, and men and women were sold.

Yes, in this very spot, the old manor of Yonkers,  
There were plenty of practical slaveholding hunkers ;  
A few are still left who, under dark skins, can't see the man,  
And to perpetuate slavery do all that they can—

With tongue, types, paper, ink, and steam press,  
And will lie as if taught by the Brooks' *Express* ;  
Let them remember Tom Pepper, of whom they've heard tell,  
Whom the Devil found such a liar he kicked out of h—ll !

And if such was the fate of poor old Tom Pepper,  
What will become of the lying copperhead leper ?  
The Devil won't have him, he has expressed his opinion—  
The only place left now is Jeff's own dominion.

## CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

About this time there ruled here a judge called Vark,  
Who was considered the Noah of the old Yonkers Ark ;  
As such he paired all who expressed the desire,  
Not by special command, as old Noah did, but for hire.  
Better still, he took in all who came in his way,  
In pairs or singly, lost, stolen, or astray.  
As judge, counsel, or neighbor, he the laws did expound—  
There was no one in the burgh then half so profound.  
A doctor he was too, and cured all ills of body,  
Sometimes with calomel, but generally with toddy.  
The latter prescription, so the chronicles say,  
He considered infallible ; if it failed, no pay ;  
To be taken in doses, a dram, liquid measure,  
To be repeated always by the patient at pleasure.  
When taken for cold or heat, headache or colic,  
It operates the same—makes you feel like a frolic.  
If the patient too much had unwittingly taken,  
Then rub his ears hard, and have him well shaken ;  
Carry him out, give fresh air at the door,  
And when he revives, give him one dose more.  
Such was the fame of this old Doctor Vark,  
People came before light, and long after dark,  
To be treated by him, or his clerks in the shop,  
Who knew when to begin and at what time to stop.  
The old Doctor's instructions were sometimes verbose,  
But were strictly adhered to by Farrington and Rose.  
Such were the simple prescriptions and rules  
Which kept people healthy in an age of few schools ;  
But since schools have been common, you hear such a clatter ;  
About Homœopathy, Allopathy, and even Cold Water,  
That if you are sick as a dog now, you're unable to tell  
Whether to call Upham or Flagg, or plunge into a well.  
When frivolous questions like these men's thoughts do engage,  
It marks the degeneracy of a common-school age :  
When compared with the age of this extraordinary man,

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

The present is nowhere—find his peer if you can!  
He could blister and bleed, draw teeth, and leech you,  
Make stump-speeches, and if need be could preach too;  
Could make wagons, and paint them—sloops, and sail them;  
Saw logs into joists and boards, and nail them.  
Such was th' versatility of his genius, naught e'er came amiss,  
Even to driving fast horses, or pretty women to kiss:  
His store was a museum or old curiosity-shop—  
Wanted, no matter what, you had only the question to pop,  
When, presto! it was shown you on the counter or floor,  
Or it might be exhibited on the stoop at the door;  
Kept all things on hand from India and isles of the sea,  
From the continent of Europe, Britain and Ireland, and even Fejee.

Such a collection of things was only once before seen,  
That was when Noah placed the contents of the ark on the green;  
He had all sorts of traps, from the bear's to the mouse,  
And every kind of utensil which was used in a house—  
Horn and iron spoons, ditto pewter, and pewter platters;  
Knee and shoe buckles, wooden bowls, ladles, and spatters;  
Yokes, too, of every description, from the ox to the goose,  
To restrain vicious animals, or yoke them for use;  
Also dye-woods, chemicals, and all sorts of drugs,  
And all kinds of powders for the destruction of bugs;  
Hardware, from hinges and hasps to shovel and tongs,  
And all kinds of hollow ware which to the kitchen belongs;  
Dry goods generally—silks and satins, hosiery, and spool-cotton,  
Needles and pins, side-combs, and fine tooth that were rotten:  
Of the latter it was said they fetched nothing but hair,  
When raked through it to catch other things that were there!  
He kept groceries, and a thousand things too tedious to mention,  
To give a complete inventory of which was not my intention,  
But to mark some of the changes between his birth and his death:  
To recount, or even read all of them, would put one out of breath.  
Suffice it to say, then, that at the time of his birth,  
There were no steamships on water, no locomotives on earth;

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

No anthracite coal, nor stoves invented to burn it ;  
No ice-cream machine, nor steam-engine to turn it ;  
No rock-oil or petroleum, nor yet kerosene,  
Nor lard-oil, nor burning-fluid, nor even camphene,  
And no lamp to burn either had yet ever been seen ;  
No gas to illuminate, no India rubber or elliptical springs,  
No gutta percha, no cotton, nor spindles, nor gins ;  
No daguerreotypes, no photographs, nor color obtained from the  
sun,  
No magnetic machines, no telegraph, nor railroad-cars run ;  
No steel or gold pens, nor silver forks or split spoon,  
No Lord Ross's telescope to see men in the moon ;  
No California was known with its golden sands,  
Few written constitutions, and no public lands ;  
Nor free schools, nor free churches, were yet in vogue,  
Nor juvenile asylums to reform the young rogue ;  
No asylums for idiots, the blind, and the dumb,  
Nor even for inebriates who had been injured by rum ;  
No orphan-asylums for the white or the black,  
No material here for mobs such places to wrack ;  
No state-prisons to confine and sometimes make better  
Some unfortunates who had sinned less in spirit than letter ;  
No crystal palaces and no world's fairs,  
No Yankee clocks, no Colt's revolvers in pairs—  
The first to keep time for sinner and saint,  
The latter to put them out of time if loyal they ain't ;  
No Starr-Arms revolvers, or breach-loading carbine,  
Which will kill a mile distant eight times out of nine ;  
Nor revolvers or carbines of Warner invention,  
The *ne plus ultra* of arms—they admit no dissension ;  
No steam sloops-of-war, with both ends alike,  
Which are always bow on whichever end they strike ;  
No Eriesson nor Monitor, in steel coats-of-mail,  
To turn off cannon-balls as a duck's back does hail ;  
No ships built of iron, one to ten inches thick,



## CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

With a sharp iron prow or (by some called) a beak,  
As the horn of a ram, to buck the enemy's centre,  
And open his ship so the water may enter,  
Thereby saving lives and labor, powder and shot—  
The patented way of sending ship and ship's crew to pot!  
No cannons like Dahlgren's or Parrot's, made rifle,  
Nor "swamp angel" to carry six miles and a trifle:  
No, no—all these things were unknown when Judge Vark was born,  
And to have been predicted then would have excited but scorn;  
And a thousand things more which we now enjoy,  
Had not even been thought of when he was a boy.  
He lived at Yonkers, whence a trip to New York by steam  
Took a day with a team, and considered hard work;  
Yet he lived to see much, and go to New York by steam  
In less time than it once took to hitch up his team.  
But enough of Judge Vark: he's been brought into view  
As the link of connection between the old times and the new.

This brings us down to the year 'forty-nine,  
When our modern village appeared in outline—  
And in lines, too, by Woodworth, Scrymser, and Rich,  
Who lined into building-lots rocks, orchard, and ditch;  
They lined them so small, people said they would rue,  
Yet Judge Woodworth since then has made one into two:  
They are still large enough to be divided once more,  
When people build houses without a front door!  
These men were the first to make such a stride,  
As to the size of the plot on which one could lie down on his side.  
This conduct of theirs terribly shocked the old hunkers,  
And all of them wished these great fools out of Yonkers.  
Therefore they had thought that less than an acre  
Was too little for even the blacksmith or baker.  
At this time the old village had few inhabitants in it—  
A few old settlers, whose names can be told in a minute:

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

Away up in the north was Sampson Simpson the Jew,  
Next south Mr. Foote, a Presbyterian called blue ;  
Then came Stewart, Rockwell, Jennings, and Barry,  
Farmer Wells, Mrs. Bashford—but I can't tarry  
To give all the names, though it would not take long—  
All told, young and old, they were not three hundred strong ;  
Yet a few more I think I must mention—  
Some were born here, others came by intention :  
There was Tony Archer, and old Ben Nodyne,  
And Major Baldwin, who came to Youklers lang syne ;  
Vineent and Obed Paddock, and William called Prince,  
Some of whom moved away, and others died since ;  
Old Captain Garrison, and Baker, and Jacob Kniffen,  
Louis Ritter, John Robinson, and old King Griffin ;  
W. W. Scrugham the lawyer, and a Barnburner flat,  
Now a judge of the State Supreme Court, and first rate at that ;  
James Bashford, Lyman Seely, Hutchinson, and Mitchell,  
Bill Revere, Sam Chambers, and old Jack Switchell ;  
The Baldwins, the Warings, and Francis the teacher,  
B. Hobbs, D. Macfarlane, and Demune the preacher ;  
Doctor Kellinger, Colonel Denslow, and Larry Post,  
Doctor Amos Gates, and Carlton, a doctor almost ;  
Mrs. Flagg, and the doctor also—Ethan and Farmer Wells,  
And about this time came the family of Bells ;  
Then came also, from York, ex-Alderman Getty,  
Who built a big tavern, thought by some rather pretty,  
But I and the old folks said the investment he'd rue—  
And time, which proves all things, has made our words true :  
The ladies of the village did present him a flag,  
The men put his name on the house as a brag ;  
They gave a great blow-out up in the new hall,  
And fired cannon on Locust Hill, not loaded with ball ;  
Speeches were made, and congratulations exchanged—  
A stranger would have thought the whole people deranged !  
Improvement now went on at such a wonderful pace,

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

A looker-on would have thought it a carpenters' race :  
Houses went up like magic in every direction,  
Architectural blunders then escaped all detection ;  
I must except the thing called a house, at the railroad station,  
Which every one said was a bran-new creation ;  
It still stands as a monument of the company's taste,  
Not gaudy or ornate, but simple and chaste :  
The architect who designed it died soon thereafter—  
Of immortality sure, he hung himself on a rafter !  
Donations having been solicited of things valuable and rare  
To be exhibited at the New York Sanitary Fair,  
The company have offered the thing at the station—  
They will take it, I guess, and astonish the nation.  
On hearing of this, the people of Yonkers assembled,  
And from their manner in naught they dissembled ;  
They resolved that if this " What is it " should be taken away,  
They would petition the company for a station-house, and ever pray  
Among others who came to reside were E. W. Caudée and H. F.

Devoe,

Each built many good houses and stores, and factories too ;  
John Copcut erected factories and houses, substantial and strong,  
Which, barring accidents, are sure to stand long ;  
Adapted to so many purposes, and so very diverse,  
It makes one feel embarrassed if he tries to rehearse :  
For cutting logs of mahogany into boards and veneers ;  
For making steam-engines, with all sorts of gears ;  
For sawing, splitting, and planing, and spinning of rope ;  
For sewing-silk, sash-making, and boiling of soap ;  
And a variety of other productions, which minor we deem,  
But requiring the power of water or steam.  
Then there is A. Baldwin and William C. Waring,  
Sometimes single-handed, other times pairing ;  
And John T. and Ethan Flagg, and E. Underhill,  
They have built numerous factories, and are building them still.  
To see these improvements, you have only to look

## CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

On the top of Locust Hill, and along by the brook.  
I think Everett Clapp deserves the next place—  
He has never lagged behind since he joined in the race ;  
To beautify, adorn, and embellish with taste,  
Is a passion with him, not trammelled by caste ;  
Whether in factory or cottage, or more costly hall,  
You see fitness and beauty pervading them all.

If but a few here are mentioned, let none take offence—  
There are few who have built here who require a defence ;  
There are no village houses which ours of Yonkers excel  
For completeness and comfort, in which all classes dwell :  
There's our village hall, too, so snug and complete,  
With such economic arrangements all wants to meet—  
A fine, airy room, in which the trustees debate ;  
A lodging-room for the homeless, and a jail with a grate ;  
A dwelling for the keeper—what he lives on nobody knows ;  
Room for Engine Number Two and One—also Number One Hose.  
What else the building contains none can exactly tell,  
Except it may be the vermin which are found in each cell :  
If asked, they won't tell ; being corporation squatters,  
They bid defiance to the police and terrier-ratters.  
There is one kind of vermin which feel quite at home,  
Which can only be expelled by soap, brush, and comb !

All things here mentioned are plain to the sight—  
To tell something new will be hailed with delight :  
A limited partnership's been formed under the act,  
Which, to manage with profit, will require business tact ;  
The name and title of which is Ludlow, Village and Co.  
Special enters by edict, whether generals are willing or no ;  
Village and Co. generals, Ludlow special at will,  
He contributes the damage to Fern-brook old mill ;  
Their whole assets are valued at three millions and over,  
Besides a contingent fund all blunders to cover.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

The nature of the business is, to lay and collect corporate taxes,  
Litigate, pay costs and judgments, and grind political axes.  
This firm will make a noise in the village, no doubt,  
By the admission of new specials as the present go out ;  
There are one or two now anxiously waiting to see  
The amount they shall take special by a jury's decree.  
In this special partnership we the order reverse :  
The generals are silent, the specials active, perverse ;  
The specials, domineering and playing the boss,  
They take the clean profits—the general partners all loss.  
Now conduct like this looks very like pillage,  
That all losses are taxed and paid by poor village ;  
It's a kind of pugilistic concern, *a la* Heenan and Sayer,  
No matter which whips, the loser's the tax-payer,  
Who will eventually find, if long in Yonkers he dwells,  
That the oysters go elsewhere, and to him come the shells.  
Litigious men are a pest in any community,  
And they ought to be told so the first opportunity ;  
The village fathers in time will view litigation with awe,  
And strive to settle all claims without recourse to law ;  
To get on without lawyers where John Copent resides !  
As well blot out the moon, and expect to have tides ;  
So the people of Yonkers may as well rest content  
Until the breath leaves his body, or his money's all spent :  
From the latter occurring there is nothing to hope,  
The improvements he fights constantly strengthen that rope.  
The trustees, by their action, have made his dimes into dollars,  
And he is most conscious of that when loudest he hollers  
That he's been assessed unrighteously by these village trustees,  
And, as positive proof of it, cites "Maccabees ;"  
Then appeals to Mr. Evitt, and may-be William P. Mott,  
Who know it to be so, though other people do not.  
Now, there is Main street, with its beautiful curve—  
His obstinacy caused it, for he would not swerve ;  
Yet he was assessed as others, at the very same rate,

Though they would have spoiled it by making it straight.  
 "Now was this fair?" he exclaims, and appeals to any sane man,  
 "When you ne'er should go straight, if crooked you can.  
 It's a principle in drawing lines, to divide land or booty,  
 To go always with Hogarth and his lines of beauty;  
 And, to have them as beautiful as curved lines can be,  
 Make the curve large, and all of the inside to me!"  
 He says the Warburton bridge is only a sham—  
 That it don't cross the creek, but only his dam;  
 And for the dam-age done, pay him they won't—  
 Though not profane, he'll keep saying "Dam" if they don't!  
 For a long time Van Pelt has managed his case,  
 Until he had the audacity, right to his face,  
 To tell him it was bad in spirit and letter—  
 That he might go to pot if he chose, or do better.  
 So he made up his mind to employ Bangs and Van Cott,  
 Thinking it better to fee them than go instanter to pot;  
 Messrs. Bangs and Van Cott, he thinks, will do all they can  
 To make a good case, though adverse to the opinion of Van.  
 He says lawyers are bound to work for a client that's strong,  
 If a cause of action will lie, be it right or be it wrong.  
 The village trustees will have Marsh, Wallace and Co.,  
 With Edward Baird, and one or two others or so;  
 John M. Mason will appear for ex-President Waring,  
 While for Hugh Curran there is nobody caring.  
 For all of these lawyers he says he don't care a straw,  
 Except Mr. Marsh, soft in name, but not in questions of law.  
 However, he will risk it, though it's great wear and tear  
 When courts won't take your word, but require you to swear:  
 Strange some lawyers won't swear what a client says is true;  
 If I could help it I would not employ such, would you?  
 "But Van Cott, Buckam, and Bangs, are good lawyers three,  
 And will, no doubt, win a big verdict for me."  
 This is probably his daily talk, dream, and thought,  
 At the cost of peace of mind expensively bought.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

O man! O man! you may think you're a saint—  
It may be you are—but others think that you ain't!  
The Good Book we quote from teaches peace and good will,  
But it appears by your practice such teachings are nil.  
One who sees all other men rogues (and so goes his chatter),  
Don't wear honest spectacles, "that's what's the matter."

With spiritual shepherds we are very well furnished,  
All faithful and earnest, with intellects burnished;  
Each tends his flock with a loving devotion,  
Strives to strengthen their faith and insure their promotion,  
And to have them deserve the "Well done, faithful servant:"  
Hold stated preaching, and make prayers that are fervent.  
There is Domine Hurlburt, he is one of the oldest;  
He has warmed up his flock, though seeming the coldest;  
And if earnest good nature, main strength and love,  
Can make open their way to the mansions above,  
He will make their path clean with an orthodox broom—  
If they keep step to his music, they will have a good Room.  
Then Minister Seward comes next in order of date,  
Doctor D. M. I mean, not Uncle Abe's one of state;  
As statesman and diplomat the latter does shine,  
Yet our Seward's as brilliant in a more humble line—  
Humble, I say—that is, in the world's estimation;  
Yet the doctor's commission's from God, W. H.'s from the head of  
the nation.  
May God bless our Seward, and honest Abraham too,  
With wisdom and strength for the work set them to do!  
Let the one earn renown in our national story,  
While the other wins a crown in the kingdom of glory.  
Next Doctor Carter, old St. John's able rector,  
Who, with kindness proverbial, is the weak one's protector;  
In sonorous tones the stated lessons he reads,  
Ne'er forgetting their import when he meets one who needs;

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

Either advice, consolation, or eleemosynary aid,  
He gives to them freely, and's seldom heard to upbraid.  
Go on, gentle pastor! give the famishing food;  
Even as thy Divine Master, go about doing good.  
In St. Paul's we have Brewer, the dauntless and bold,  
Who speaks out without fear, like apostles of old;  
Tells the coward he's a sinner whom no ritual can save,  
Who dares not, among men, be the friend of the slave!  
Christ's gospel he preaches, his daily walk does it too—  
For himself demands freedom, and grants it to you.  
Such preaching as his will become quite the rage  
When saints control churches, and "love our brother" is the gauge;  
That slavery was wrong then each will see as plain as a steeple,  
And wonder they couldn't see it till pointed out by "plain people."  
Then we have got Clark, and Carter the second,  
In place of Miller and Sawyer, who left on being beckoned.  
Also Wakefield, who controls not the length of his stay;  
Whene'er his church calls him, he must the summons obey.  
Livermore has gone—his loss all deplore,  
Yet his people still meet in "Hope" as before:  
The sun in his course will oft gild each pew-door,  
Ere that pulpit is filled by thy peer, Livermore!  
So talented and gentle, so mild, persuasive, and plain,  
We long much to enjoy thy dear presence again.  
Your creed it was het'rodox, as most Christians contend,  
But he must indeed be a Christian whom you could not mend—  
Not in doctrinal points, which are productive of strife,  
But in all that is lovely in a true Christian life.  
As none of us know positively which 'doxy is right,  
Be at peace, then; it never can be settled by might.  
Why not, as Christians, each other love and befriend,  
While we worship one Father, the beginning and end?  
St. Mary's good priest I know by repute,  
His zeal and devotion no one can dispute;  
To his Church and her dogmas gives ready assent,



CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

And labors incessantly to have sinners repent :  
All praise him, who know how earnest the man  
To do good, and make good whomsoever he can.  
Be the Protestant or Catholic the truth, let me clinch :  
There are few better men than our own Father Lynch.  
Other clergymen are here—not stationed, but stay,  
Who are doing much good, each one in his way :  
There was one whom most knew, and all must have heard,  
But he is dead—the beloved, the gentle, the good Doctor Baird ;  
So learned, so bland, so genial and mild,  
He resembled most nearly Christ's emblem, the child ;  
His learning was thorough, his experience great,  
He had seen in his day nearly every kingdom and state ;  
As an evangelist, free he travelled the world,  
And in all places, like Paul, the gospel banner unfurled :  
To carve stone for his grave is labor misspent—  
His living character survives—he needs no monument.

For lawyers this village stands well on the roster :  
Some Latin maxims recite, and quote Hawkins and Foster ;  
While others, not so learned, yet full of good pith,  
Cite modern jurists, such as Cobb, Andrews, and Smith.  
Between these it's hard for a layman to choose ;  
It's the same game with either—"Heads I win, tails you lose !"  
Some hold that lawyers are inspired by the Spirit of Evil,  
While others are positive that they are born of the Devil :  
Be this as it may, I will not argne the point—  
They are a necessary evil when the world is out of joint ;  
But when each one of us tries this joint to reset,  
By the practice of honesty, virtue, and truth, I will bet  
Many of the lawyers will leave or die out,  
Those only remaining whom we can't do without.  
If you like litigation, and provoke strife and ill will,  
And must needs have a lawyer, you should pay his bill :  
Suppose he does skin you ? who'll blame him ? Not I ;

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

It was by your own invitation he fingered your pie.  
Cause is—the selfish passions most men love to nurse :  
Effect—the kind of lawyers who lighten your purse.  
A true Christian man, who is a good lawyer too,  
Takes the first rank among men, so give him his due ;  
Let all men praise him in private and throng,  
He's a shield to the innocent, a defence against wrong.  
But while to such lawyers our praises are due,  
There is another large class of a different hue,  
Who are venomous, spiteful, malicious, and mean ;  
Vindictive, oppressive, cruel, and cowardly, I ween ;  
Extorting, threat'ning, bullying even a dying man's wife !  
Men better than they have been sent to prison for life.  
I would have those who attempt such feats understand  
That while the laws we obey, such petty tyrants we'll brand  
With a mark as indelible and a curse as terrible as Cain of old ;  
So they shall not escape th' honest man's scorn, though loaded with  
When resisting oppression, the pigmy's a giant— [gold :  
The oppressor's no match for him, be he e'er so defiant.

Time passes rapidly—the fair opens this day ;  
To-night girls and boys in tableaux, in quaintest array.  
Railroads are projected to gridiron our streets,  
And one is bored, pro and con, by each one he meets ;  
I shall be glad when decided, one way or t'other,  
So our people get quiet, and rid of the pother :  
Before the rails are laid, there may be a hitch,  
And the projectors, with Getty, be run on a switch.  
Lawyers Sanders and Mason will lay down the law—  
Some other lawyer dispute them—so end in a jaw.

The Sanitary Fair, for whose benefit this thing is written,  
If they paid the printer, would be badly bitten ;  
But as the writer and payer will alike be a mystery,  
All they get will be gain from this veracious history.

CHRONICLES OF YONKERS.

“History?—Oh, crackee!” I hear some people say :  
Well, it’s got truth enough to be got up in a day.  
It may give offence to some—for such ones there are—  
If their names are put in, or not—but others won’t care :  
No unkindness intended ; the writer would not injure one hair  
Of any one’s head, even for the benefit of our Sanitary Fair.  
One request now he makes, and he hopes you will heed it :  
Buy a copy yourself, and then you may read it.  
Don’t lend your copy, nor tell much what is in it,  
Except that fifty cents will get one in a minute.  
Bark and snarl now, you carping old hunkers!—  
This dog-grel was written for young-eurs (Yonkers).

THE END.



















































































































































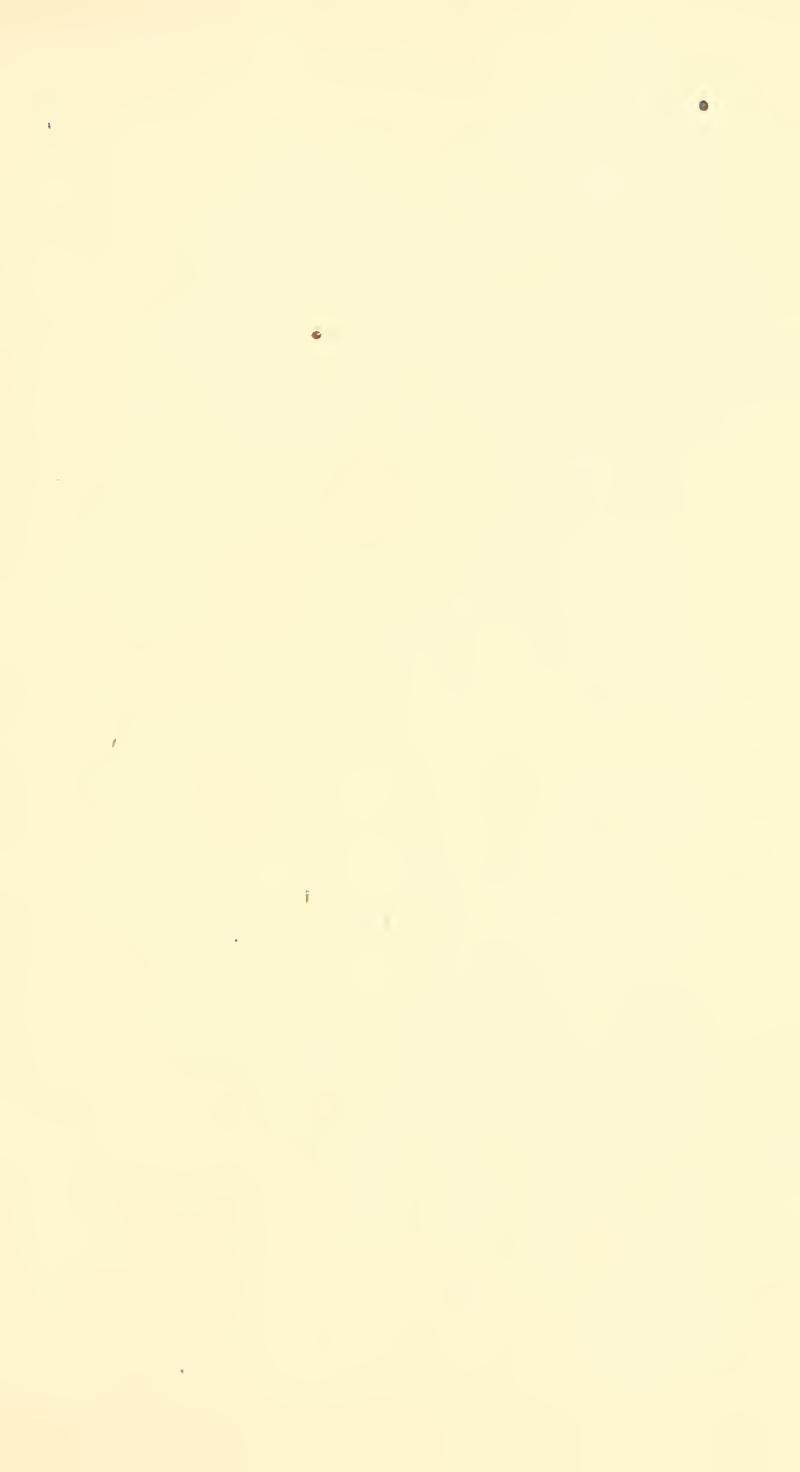










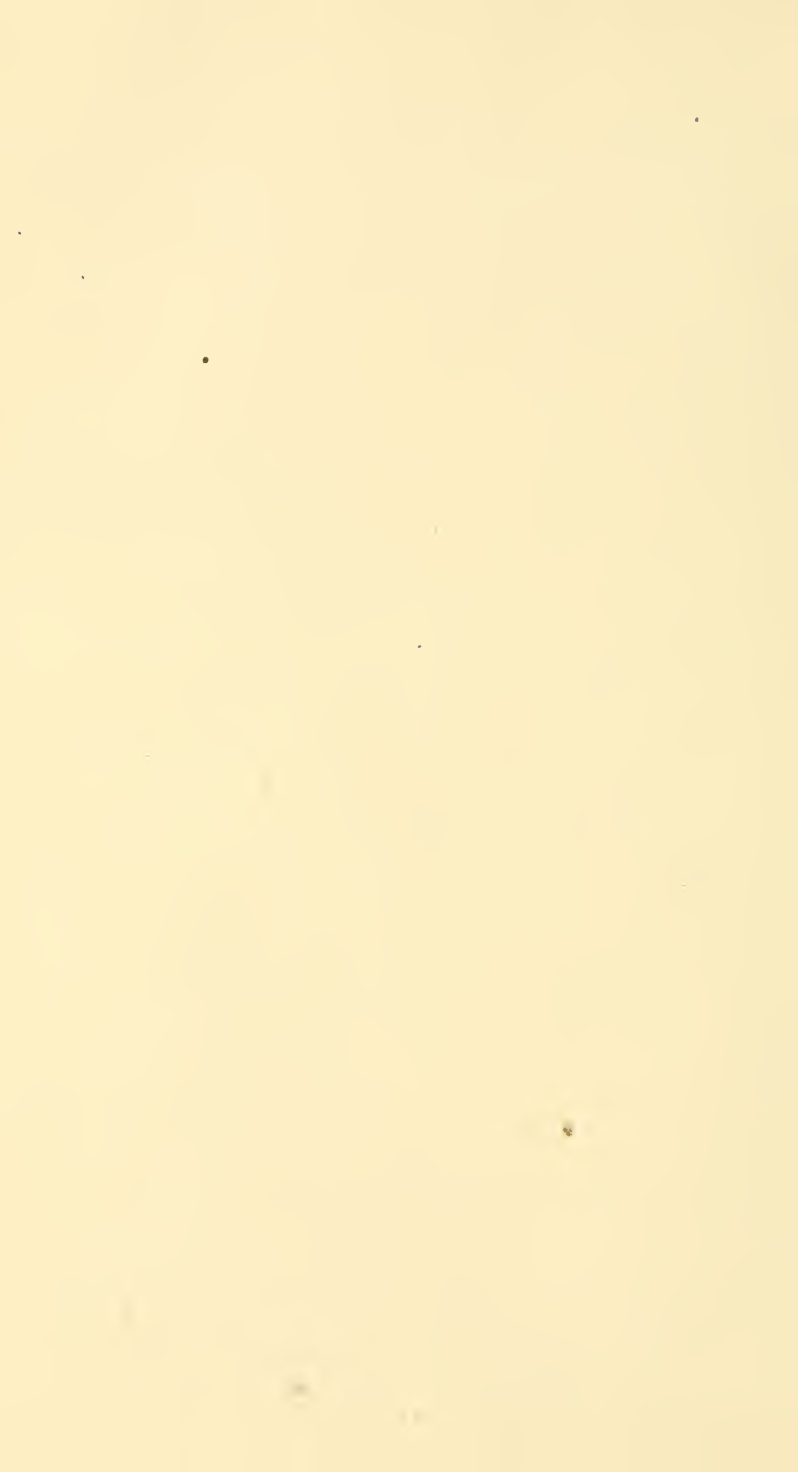








































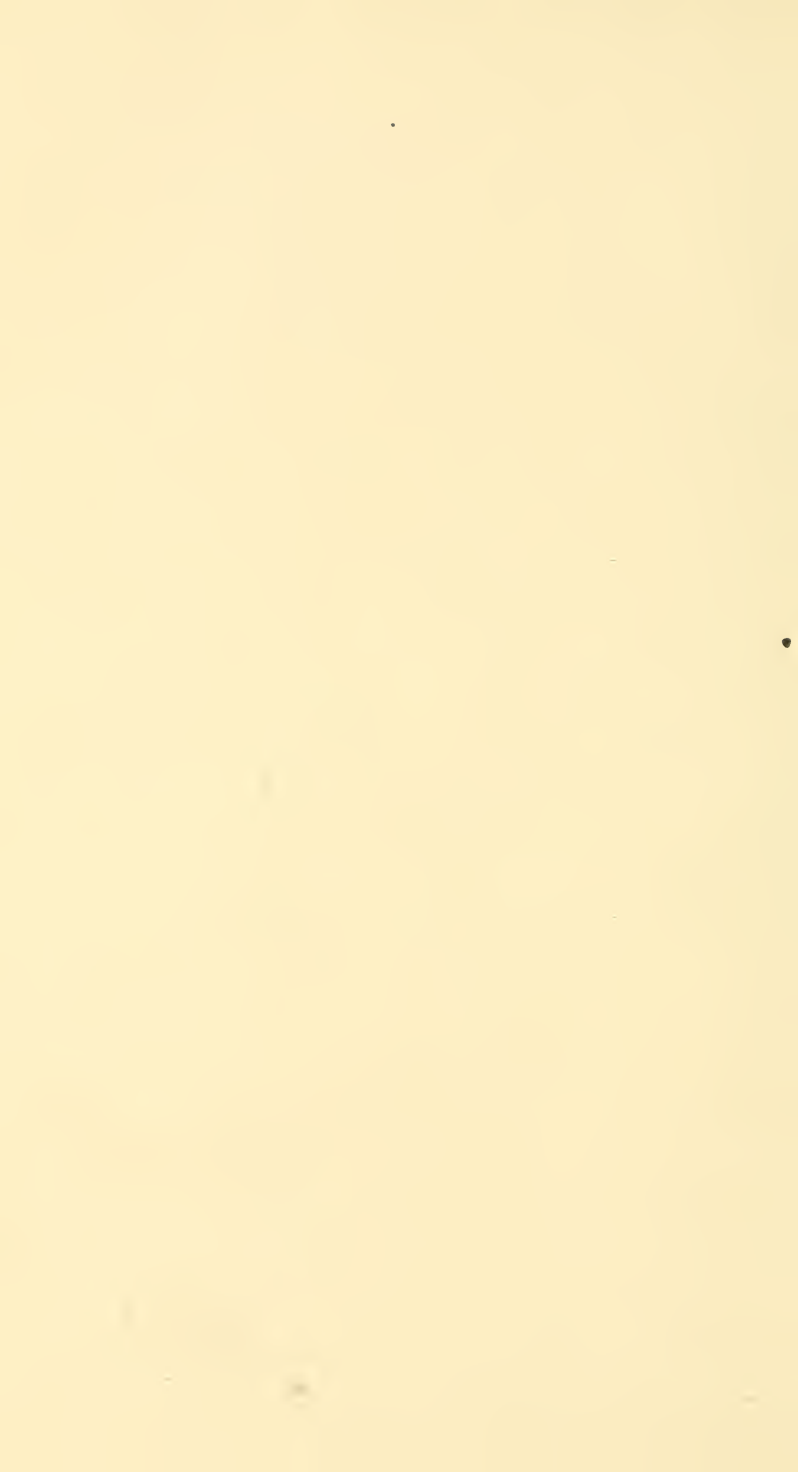
























































































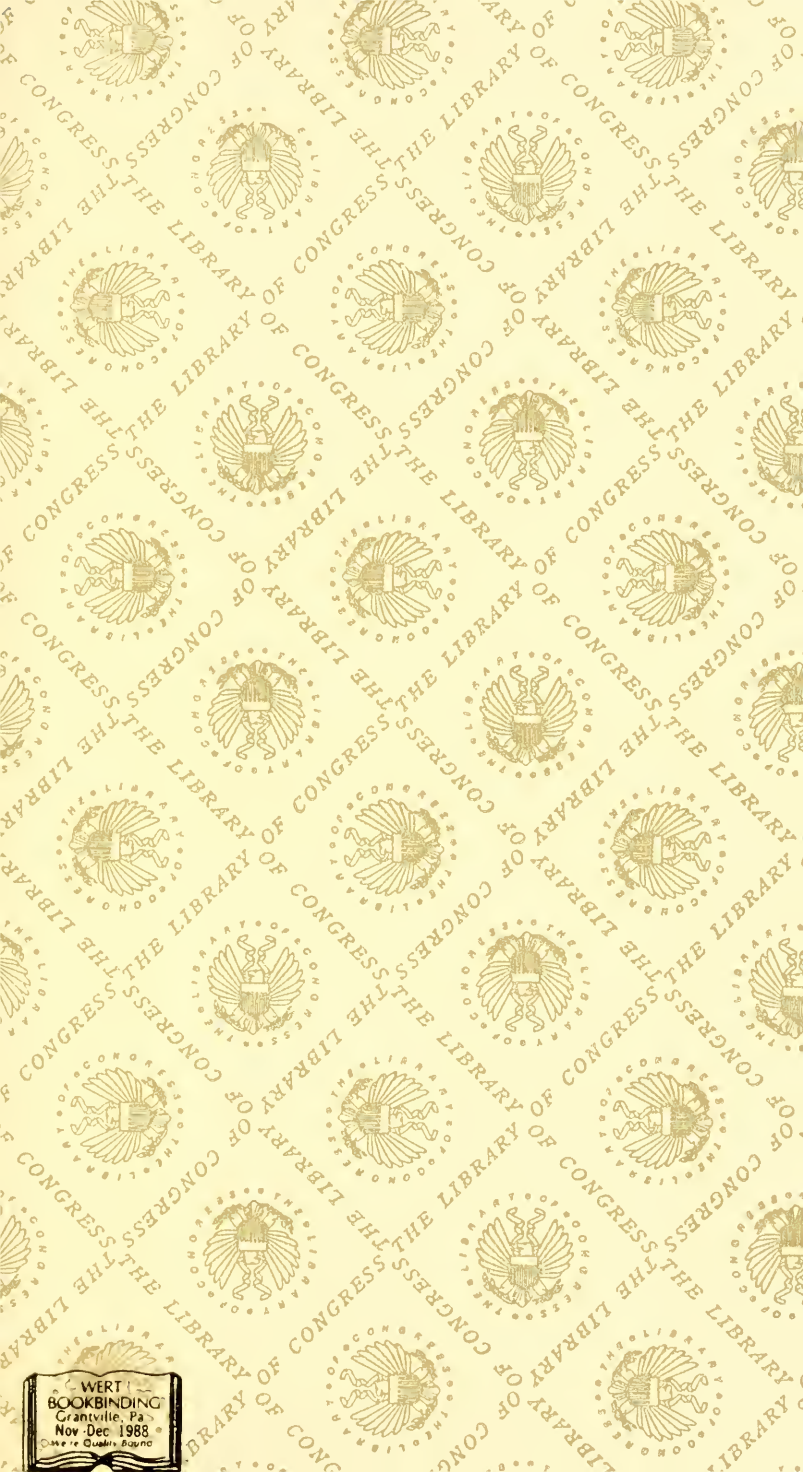












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