

*By the author of*  
*the Jew* H.C. 15

A JEW:  
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L O R D M A Y O R.

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Rancour will sully, bigotry will blind,  
Only till truth shall animate mankind.

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Salomons (St. David), Bart.



## A JEW, LORD MAYOR.

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ETERNAL time rolls onward, year on year  
Crowds into chaos but to disappear,—  
E'en as the track the wind-tossed vessel makes,  
That vanishes as each new billow breaks—  
And still it rolls its headlong course apace,  
Stone-like, attraction lost, in endless space.  
He who has wandered on some sunny shore,  
Which pleasure-seeking crowds, toil done, explore,  
Has marked the tiny mounds that children raise  
With all the ardour of youth's joyous days,  
And noted, too, how each succeeding tide  
Has washed away these monuments of pride—  
So man; he prints his footsteps on the sand  
Scattered from out time's ever-open hand,  
And still eternity's e'er-flashing stream  
Destroys all trace—vain shadows of a dream.  
Millions have been, millions will be again,  
Whose whole existence two short words contain :

They *live*, they *die* ; from birth to death no mark—  
 Meteors they flash, and all again is dark.

Not ever thus ; as in tumultuous crowd,  
 Above the hum some voices echo loud ;  
 As in the antlered herd that browse the plain,  
 Some heads still undulate with higher strain :  
 As when a conflagration licks the ground,  
 And spreads its desolating trail around,  
 Some isolated stack remains unriven  
 Amid the shattered wreck to ruin given—  
 So, in the rush of dull humanity,  
 Hurrying ever to eternity,  
 Some tower aloft, and rear a nobler crest,  
 Which, honouring them, ennobles all the rest.

The poet weaves his tale of fancied deeds,  
 Telling how virtue guides, where honour bleeds.  
 He wakes an echo from the tenderest chord  
 Of human heart ; yet what is his reward ?  
 Despotie critics poisoned weapons wield,  
 Merit in vain uplifts defensive shield ;  
 Life lingers out in struggles e'er renewed ;  
 Posterity may love, the present but reviewed.

The statesman labouring for impartial laws,  
 Knowing no guerdon but his country's cause ;

His honesty no claims of party turn,  
 Nor place, nor pension, doth he stoop to earn ;  
 Yet listen to the opposition cries,  
 " Factious " his pleadings, accusations, " lies :"  
 Hark how they drown exposure of abuse,  
 And when they cannot palliate, traduce.

The warrior in the battle's fearful roar,  
 Finds glory's crown bestained with human gore ;  
 The widow's sobs, the orphan's friendless lot,  
 And breaking hearts for lost ones unforgot ;  
 These are the triumphs warlike deeds achieve,  
 The darkness these amid the sheen they leave ;  
 Statues may blazon, monuments may hide,  
 But still the captives shade the victor's pride,  
 Their clanking fetters drag his chariot wheel,  
 His flaunting trophies ill their woes conceal.

'Tis ever thus, most human efforts vain ;  
 Pleasure still has its counterpoise of pain ;  
 The stations few that " so can number days  
 Wisely " to merit universal praise.  
 Yet some : chief the philanthropist and they  
 Who lead the van where freedom points the way,  
 Who vindicate religion to mankind  
 And bigot chains, degrading faith, unbind.

ROTHSCHILD, illustrious, aye, magic name,  
 Possessed by many but in all the same ;  
 Each scion of thine house, of nobler worth,  
 Becomes the dove of charity on earth,  
 Each feeling that to own the name inspires  
 The holiest virtue that the world requires.  
 Oh blessed branches of one parent stem,  
 Like fabled tree, each shoot produced a gem,  
 May ye, like India's Banyan branches, be  
 The parents of a larger progeny,  
 That man to loftiest deeds may still be led,  
 And charity's eternal lamp be fed.  
 See the abodes of squalid misery,  
 Illumined by their bright philanthropy,  
 The darkened alleys, never warmed by sun,  
 Made radiant by the beams from mercy flung ;  
 See ignorance before their teachings quail,  
 And reddened crime, beneath their contact, pale.  
 On every want see how their blessing hovers,  
 Ennobling, purple like, whate'er it covers.  
 As starry rays on wand'ring footsteps fall,  
 Nor give to one the light designed for all ;  
 As vegetation's purifying breath  
 Extracts from air the elements of death  
 Wheree'er dispersed, nor in one clime alone,  
 In frozen regions as in torrid zone ;

As every creature finds beneath its feet  
 The food by Providence pronounced most meet—  
 So ROTHSCHILD'S house ; not to one spot confined,  
 Its influence extends o'er all mankind ;  
 In England, Frauce, in German fatherland,  
 In sunny Italy, its pillars stand ;  
 Beacons to all, pointing the way aright,  
 Tide-marks by day, nor less a guide by night.

When despot king, or mob infuriate,  
 On helpless Jews its wrath would satiate ;  
 When foul aspersions Israel's honour stain,  
 And innocence its prayer pours in vain ;  
 When bigotry inflicts the bondman's taint,  
 And of the crimes it causes makes complaint ;  
 See MONTEFIORE'S banner waves above  
 The mission ventured by fraternal love.  
 The degradation of the Russian slave,  
 Who owns no earth-spot but his vassal's grave,  
 O'er whose existence desolation casts  
 The waste of steppes e'er swept by freezing blasts ;—  
 The wrongs of Palestine, so stern, so deep,  
 That persecuted wretches scarce dare sleep :—  
 These are the claims most sacred in their eyes,  
 Who know no difference when a brother cries.  
 The icy north its snowy mantle spreads,  
 The burning sun is scorching o'er their heads ;

That brings no chill, discomforts pleasures count,  
 This cannot parch religion's sacred fount ;  
 The joys of home, the ties of social life,  
 They leave to still the elements of strife,  
 And, lo, before their ministering zeal,  
 Hatred forgets and envy learns to feel ;  
 The slave shakes off his fetters and is free,  
 And even tyrants love humanity.

Amid the band engaged in noble fight,  
 Claiming for equal burden equal right,  
 Who hold that Christianity a blank  
 Which makes distinction between rank and rank,  
 The name of SALOMONS must hold a place,  
 His brethren's watchword and his people's grace.  
 What tho' our laws before the world profess  
 That slaves gain freedom when our shores they press ;  
 Is there no serfdom but the body's thrall ?  
 Is conscience nothing, body all in all ?  
 Say, who less free ? whom bonds, whom chains, de-  
 grade,  
 Or he to harsher servitude betrayed ?  
 Harsher, because it seeks with galling rod,  
 To curb man in communion with his God.  
 The martyr, quivering at the burning stake,  
 Died in the hope to brighter life to wake ;  
 He felt that persecution would be right,  
 Only till knowledge could prevail o'er might,

And that the flame which set his spirit free  
 Would light the torch of future liberty.  
 Could we feel thus, born subjects of the throne,  
 Who dared not call one privilege our own,  
 Save that which taught us silently to bear  
 The lingering agony of calm despair ;  
 Despair, because our wrongers claimed to be  
 Struggling for vital Christianity,  
 Averred that honour and that freedom both  
 Were guarded by peculiar form of oath,  
 Whose spirit (save the mark) were all destroyed  
 Save for the words "on Christian faith employed,"  
 To tear which out with sacrilegious hand  
 Was only to unchristianize the land.  
 Will it be so ? say, will this land be worse  
 (Could toleration prove so great a curse ?)  
 If faith teach hatred less, forbearance more,  
 Nor forge the bigot fetters once it wore ?  
 If social state by social worth be weighed ?  
 If merit be the only touchstone made ?  
 If public place for public good be given ?  
 If man trade less in piety and heaven ?  
 If *words* of oaths should less affect the state,  
 So that their *spirit* were at higher rate ?

When fanatics their hostile banner reared ;  
 SALOMONS, champion of our cause appeared ;

Alone, untired, he bore the battle's brunt,  
 Displaying e'er a calm, unflinching front ;  
 Strong in his trust in true religion's might,  
 By patient steps he sought and gained the right,  
 Still animated by the goal in view,  
 And still to *all* his noble mission true ; .  
 Not satisfied with half a victory gained,  
 Or that himself a vantage ground obtained,  
 But struggling ever for the final trust,  
 Would level persecution with the dust.  
 And now that, seated in the stately chair,  
 The highest praise of those who placed him there,  
 He sways the world's first city by his will,  
 May his example fight the battle still ;  
 May canting puritans be taught to feel  
 How much that's noble Jewish hearts conceal ;  
 May bigot bishops—lesson highly prized—  
 See the great city not unchristianized,  
 E'en tho' a Jew in purple sits enthroned  
 Where once a Jew beneath their teachings groaned,  
 And be their future text, ere yet too late,  
 Religion should forbear and tolerate.

The painted warrior 'mid his gory scalps ;  
 The venturous huntsman of the snow-crowned Alps ;  
 The midnight student wrapped in musty lore ;  
 The shipwrecked mariner on surf-washed shore :

The lonely outpost in his silent glen,  
All stand distinguished from the herd of men.  
In classic Hellas too, who, first in fame,  
Was crowned the victor at Olympic game,  
And bore the oaken chaplet on his brow,  
Gave to the year his name, so be it now.  
*We* have a victor in a nobler cause,  
Be *ours* a nobler measure of applause.  
SALOMONS Freedom let our תר"ט"ז be  
A monument to all posterity.

