

The
Southland Columbiad
And Other Poems

Wm. Allen

FEB 24 1897

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS1039

Chap.----- Copyright No.-----

Shelf A25256

1897

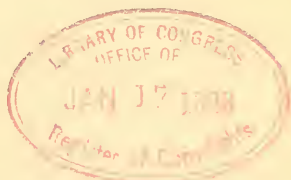
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
SOUTHLAND COLUMBIAD

And Other Poems.

BY HON. WILLIAM ALLEN.

In Two Parts.



NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.

1897.

13

TWO COPIES TO ...

687542 32

PS 1039
A252 S6
1897

2025

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1897,
BY WILLIAM ALLEN,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

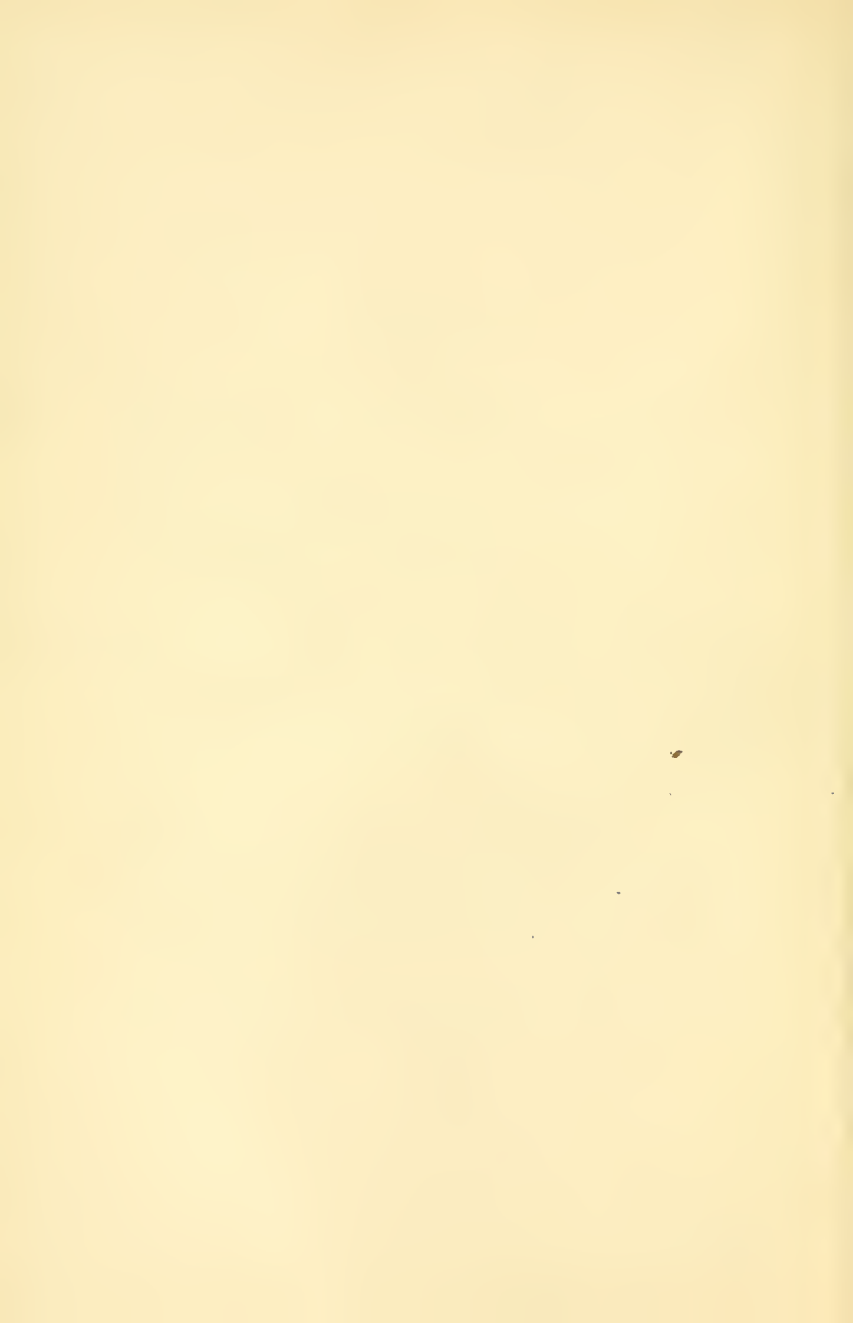
PREFACE.

THESE poems are presented to the public not with a view of challenging criticism, at least not that kind of criticism that falls afoul of every imperfection and affirms its condemnation regardless of general merit. If the author is a poet, if he has any gift as poet, it has but recently been discovered—accidentally so—in a friendly correspondence in which he was caricatured in rime. This evoked from him a friendly reply; and since then, at odd times within the last two years, he has written this volume.

Having been in the late war from first to last, either as soldier or chaplain, the author's heart was in the "Lost Cause." Thinking, after this drama was over, that perhaps he was on the wrong side, he made an exhaustive study of the forefathers, and through that study became thoroughly convinced that the South had the Federal Constitution on its side. Hence the "Southland Columbiad."

The author desires fair play, and sees no reason why the name of the South should be odious in any quarter of the globe; nor why it should be held in execration for the course it pursued, and its honest, heroic vindication of constitutional principles. He hopes that the "Columbiad" will, in some degree, assist in maintaining the South's rightful standing in the eyes of all the world.

Most of the other poems are in rime, and this will make them more pleasing to many readers. THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

PART I.

PAGE

THE SOUTHLAND COLUMBIAD.....	9
------------------------------	---

PART II.

OTHER POEMS.....	189
Smiles.....	193
Eve under the Tree of Forbidden Fruit.....	195
Helena, Napoleon's Grave.....	215
Poor Benjamin's Prayer.....	218
Seeing the Flowers Grow.....	222
Who Are Kings and Queens?.....	224
Munsey—A Painting.....	227
Our Southern Lily Hands.....	229
Is There a God?.....	231
Man in the Image.....	234
To the Mother-Bird.....	236
The Young Mother's Lament.....	238
Avarice.....	241
Where Is Contentment Found?.....	244
How People See.....	249
The Mind of Ants.....	251
The Orphan Boy.....	255
Winter.....	257
A Problem.....	258
The Discontented Boy.....	259
Wouldn't Pick Cotton.....	261
The Fall of Lee.....	263
Space.....	266
Uncle Phil Moss Visits the Old Homestead.....	270
The Flood.....	284
The Universal Voice.....	297

PART I.

THE SOUTHLAND COLUMBIAD.

THE SOUTHLAND COLUMBIAD.

CHAPTER I.

A DRAMA of four years our thoughts engage
With scenes innumerable. A tale too long,
If all the scenes were shown, or half the tale
Were told, for one lifetime to pencil down.
Four long, dreary years the drama lasted,
While time moved slow, and crept as up some slope
Whose rocks and steeps abated breath and action ;
Such years, perhaps, as ne'er the world had seen,
And such as God forbid shall come again.
It is the tale of the Southland, whose sons,
Like its tall pines, had tasted an upper air
Where breathed a fragrant thought of liberty ;
And on that lofty plain the hope indulged
That not Juno, nor goddess less or greater,
Would torment their country and chase them round,
As did relentless Juno ancient Troy.

But hope was vain ; and since thrice told's the tale,
And o'er the world thrice told the tale has gone,
The Southland feels, is pained with added grief ;
For much that's told is so unfair, her cause
She would again espouse ; not with her sword,
For long ensheathed her honored sword must rest ;
Nor would she raise her voice through will corrupt
To circulate her tale of wrongs and woes,
Nor would charge crimes where they do not belong.
She would that all the wrongs should be forgot,

That she and those she fought had thus agreed.
But with her voice, whate'er the wreath she wears,
She will deal fair, for truth always behaves ;
Her heroes and truth occupy twin graves.

If Mars has a weeping eye, though his tears
May have been pent, restrained in all the past—
If e'er he had been nigh to tears, these years
Must have suffused his face, have satisfied
His thirst for blood and tears, and made him bring
That epoch in the world when gates of war,
By his command, shall ne'er be found ajar.

In writing this drama, not I the pen
Doth move, nor I with will the pen doth hold ;
But rather would cover o'er all the scenes,
And hide them from the children then unborn,
That other eyes than those who bore a part,
And were actors in the dreadful fray,
Might see no page that tells the tale of wrongs.
Better by far the tale should be untold,
And all lie hid, e'en the right with the wrong.
But something moves the hand, and brings afresh
Those sad, dark years we would were now forgot.
Call it a Muse, or else ; whate'er the name,
Charge all to it ; what's writ we shall disclaim.

The gray-haired sires whose days had been pro-
longed,
Who ne'er had known to want, or felt a blast
That chills, saw times they ne'er had thought or
dreamed.
And worse times grew, the less they said, till scarce
A word they spoke. Deep-wrought hesitation
Controlled their steps ; and voices, like their steps,

Had ceased ere curtain fell and closed the scenes.
Like gray-haired statues, struck not dead but dumb,
They stood amazed at what the times had wrought—
Dumb, since life and treasure had gone for naught.

Gray-haired matrons stood beside gray-haired sires,
Not as in youth, nor those marital days
When the morning songs in the magnolias
Were answered with the harp-string and the lute ;
But with wondering look, as waiting
Some fair speech or news or turn in events,
Which would weaken the hand of Time, who wrought
With rapid pace, and in his haste did touch
The brow, and deeper, wider furrows made
Than any age or country yet had known.
They stood amazed, aghast, trembling, forlorn,
The noon and evening news the same as morn.

All were fond brothers once, both North and South ;
Comrades in former war, where, side by side,
Through smoke and death, they gained their first vic-
tory.

The world looked on, and saw the dreadful fray,
As, side by side, with friendly aid they fought,
Nor eyes withdrew till Briton's strength had waned,
And all Columbian shores shouted triumph.
The struggle made, the losses of life, and all
The common ruin and desolation
Which was the price that gave to freedom birth,
Increased the faith that naught could ever break
The brotherhood who, arm in arm, had battled.
And when the victory came, and shores were clear,
When Britons left, and Columbia was free,
With heart in heart they raised a brother's shout ;

For they had gained, through a dreadful carnage,
A great free land as common heritage.

But rarest flowers oft have the tenderest blades,
And sweet perfumes get mixed with bitter cups.
Hence all rare tender things need guardian watch,
Or else some evil tide may intervene,
When rarest gems shall waste and go to naught.
For once a brother stands no proof that ties
Of fond affection shall forever last.
Down his rapid slope Time leads to a bell,
If love is not renewed each morning sun,
That tolls the knell of fond old memories.
When these grow dim and have a distant look
They leave the world a meager chance to hold
The love of to-day as strong on the morrow.
Its decadence keeps pace with marching time,
And time must stop or else the love will wane.

Love's a thing renewed, or, if not renewed,
Time will perform its last sad obsequies.
But how renewed and how refreshed each day
Is the great task, and shows how love is kept,
How keeps its pace the morrow as to-day,
Unchanged in evening and the morning gray.

When passion is left free to rule the life,
How oft the changes wrought in human thought
Do bring a time that tries the strength of love,
And make a harder task to guard its life
Than the assent to open revolution,
Than the consent to rupture, when the heart
Is filled with hate, and anger glows with heat.
Ofttimes the pain that's felt to guard friendship,
And the sacrifice friendship oft demands,

So strain the tensions that the soul is chilled.
The cord, though strong, will break, as break it did ;
For the exactions grew such a burden
The South, though loath to take a step so dire,
Chose secession to love embraced with chains.

The step the South took showed a hand and heart,
Displayed a thought and courage, such as when
The fathers drove the Britons from their shores,
And gained themselves names famous and renowned.
If the South was wrong, the fathers were wrong.
Charge crime on the South for the step she took,
Pluck from her crown the right to love liberty,
Rob her of the right that made her defense,
Pull off her crown, and execrate her name ;
Then turn the eyes, behold the fathers' heads :
No honored chaplet wreath hangs o'er their brows.
How bare their heads! How lost to name and fame!

For scenes that followed, go ask the actors ;
Go stand by the graves of the countless dead,
Hallowed with good will and matchless valor ;
Stir that sleeping dust, and ask the reason
Why love that was so strong met with its death ;
Why descendants of honored sires who loved
Trampled the sacred threshold of friendship,
And substituted hate for love, war for peace.
Go to the sonless widows with aching hearts—
If sorrow and tears have not found a grave—
And hear the tale of the bereft, in more than
Acadian accents, speak those dreadful times.

But why repeat? Why doth the thought so long
Brood over the wrongs the Southland suffered?
Why so long look back again on shadows,

Whence all else is gone except living signs,
Which, as index fingers, will not decay?
Why look on these signs and on these shadows
When every sign and shade doth stir again
The memory that brings back the olden pain?
Why follow back this resounding echo
To fields of carnage, aching hearts, and tears?

To follow back is not the will; had it
The strength, it would roll back the evil tide
Of memories which, the signs and shadows show,
Would slay these signs and shadows, even as
Southern heroes fell slain, nor leave a trace
To follow back and see the blood again.

But why talk of what is impossible?
Can the husband forget his loving wife,
Or the mother the suckling on her breast?
Nature must change that these may be forgot;
Or else, as long as signs and shadows walk,
They will be traced where more than shadows dwelt.
As well to try estop the rolling spheres,
Or try to snatch the man from off the moon,
As to rid the mind of signs and shadows,
Or check the piercing thought of tracing back.

A stone is dead, and in itself inert;
And, while inert in all, not so with man:
But like the stone, helpless, his thought runs back,
His eyes behold the shadows and the signs,
And then, inert, he follows back the way
They point, and sees again the bloody fields;
Sees again the Southland in its struggle,
Its marching soldiery, impoverished lands,
And burnt cities; sees again the stars and bars,

Powder-burned, ball-rent, and weather-stained ;
Sees all the sacrifice of home and life,
Which, without strong faith and honest purpose
Deeply implanted on the Southland side,
Could not have been ; and in the end he sees
The loss, the tears, the widows, and the graves.

If they were all he sees, it could be borne,
For honest hearts can bear all this and more ;
But he sees his name, that sacred keystone
Which is dearer than life, is placed beneath
The slave, and kicked about and spit upon,
Until he feels he's hated and outlawed,
Without a country that is named his own ;
Without rights except such as others give ;
With naught around except a broken sword.
On this he looks with fainting, bleeding heart ;
His eyes then turn to other continents,
If perchance on these or some far isle
He may find air that's free, and have a chance
To enjoy the liberty of one born free.

CHAPTER II.

IN the early spring, when nature assumes
An air of triumph over a withered world,
The Southland heroes fought their last battle.
But no buds of spring, nor the flowers gay,
Could have effect or raise their drooping spirits.
In strange contrast faced they and spring.
Nature, as if in sympathy, raised her hand
Some cheer to give, and kindly her voice spake.
But when hope and cheer have been left behind,
And, hovering o'er, clouds of gloom are gathered,
Words of cheer go for naught, and more than naught ;
For life may pass a gate where nothing cheers.
Then seers may speak and prophets foretell,
And set in music every cheering bell ;
And spring, to cheer, may add her charming flowers,
Clothe the fields and all the woodland bowers ;
Yet not these outward notes, though all combined,
Can yield the cheer the day, the hour, demands
When the soul contains its own auguries,
And gets its cheer, if cheer at all can rise,
Not from the things that laugh with hearts alee,
But from the things which speak grief and sorrow,
For these, akin, do make the best company.

When the Southland had fought its last battle,
Since its courage and blood could not obtain
The freedom for which the battles were fought,
Confusion reigned mixed with disgust and tears.
Standing alone in his thought, each soldier
A conclusion reached, but not all the same.

Remaining in the lost and wasted land,
Where principles for which the war was made
Could never more reign, was a doubtful course,
A gruesome task, a course that some did shun.
Nor was it less heroic to spin life's thread,
As otherwise they did, than to remain.

Southland eyes turned toward some other lands,
Looked across the seas to isles far away,
And hope indulged, if not an asylum
Of liberty for which they yearned, that at least
Some sacred spot might be gained, where the shades
Of their ruined country would not intrude,
Where these might not torment, harass the soul.
The tale, what those endured who did return,
Is long, nor will the pencil tell that tale.
To tell the tale of those who fled away
Would make in volumes e'en as those who fled.
Only one shall be made to speak, and his voice,
If found worthy, shall represent the whole.

Captain Drake, who endured for his country
Heat, cold, and a thousand dangers escaped,
Care-worn and scarred, stood by a little ship.
A few comrades who had borne the battle fray,
Who for the South had battled all they could,
Now by his side stood round and viewed the sea,
And looked the captain in the eye, to know
What was his mind, his thought, his purpose all,
Determined to follow as once in battle.
Few words were spoke, as by the briny shore
They stood and gazed upon the little ship.
The captain's eye seemed turned across the brine,
As though he saw a land of milk and wine ;

But scarce a word he spoke, but orders gave
To lade the ship with supplies abundant.

The ship being laden as was commanded,
The captain lay down on the Southland shore
To rest and dream ; nor hoped another sleep
Upon the land he loved, but the morrow
To hoist sail in search of another shore.
When morning came the sun smote the Southland
With rarest beams. It was the Southland sun.
Whatever else might escape the memory
On the doubtful sea in life's wandering,
That Southland sun, as it shone that morning,
Did so impress, it could ne'er be forgotten.
It would have held the ship fast moored to shore,
For it did produce some hesitation,
So strong its invitation to remain on land,
So hard the task to bid the South farewell.
But while it was kissing those Floridian shores
It was smiting the hard-fought battle-fields,
The graves on which so many tears were shed,
The living and weeping, the penury and want,
The whole field of Southland desolation.
The captain took that sun as good omen,
And, stepping from off the Southland shore,
And standing aboard his little ship, said :

“ Comrades, friends, first of all I cross the line
'Tween that behind and that which lies beyond.
Sometimes a sea is all that's left to man,
And on its fair bosom man may be free.
Its moving waters wash down all false lines
And leave no chance a sign or post to plant
As mark or line to bar the rights of man.

The stubborn shores that break the rugged waves
Plant their hills and cliffs of rocks as a bound,
But leave the sea a heritage for all.
I look across these deep briny waters,
And while yonder brilliant sun doth look down
And kiss the land and sea with rays resplendent,
Though tears do consecrate these war-worn shores,
I kiss that sea, I kiss its rugged wave,
Kiss I this open way and friend of man,
And shake parting hand with this Southland clime.

“O'erthrown in war, I can not yield a slave;
Will not bear the taunts and jeers that follow
When victors lose reason in shouts of triumph,
A triumph dead to what the world has lost,
Nor feels nor knows how long the time shall be
Before the world again shall meet repairs.
I will not bend the neck to bear the yoke,
That fleeces life to pay the debts incurred
Through war that overthrew the rights of man.
I can not endure the land I once so loved
Unless lost hope should be regained, and light
The heart again, forsooth, that by and by,
The right spirit might seize the conquerors,
When liberty, perchance, might rise again.

“What a somber look all things do present?
Where are the songs that once regaled our thoughts?
Where and what that country so dearly loved?
Where that sweet impulse, that in former days,
Mixed with siren songs of Southland love,
Tuned the heart and set its key beyond
The afflictions which now this day enroach?
Ready to sail, I look back on the graves

Of heroes slain, that monumental pile,
That tells the tale of struggling liberty.

“The world has oft gone wrong, and yet as oft
Some guiding star hath led a meager few
To seek a land and make it free, lest rights
Should all be lost and the world left forlorn.
Since now a glimmering hope leads the way,
Is it not better far this to follow
Than dwell on these shores, where the odds against
Rule after their will and have no mercy?
Better far to seize a glimmering hope
And pursue, with chances as to results,
Than hopeless, with chance among the victors;
At least, chances taken with light and shade,
Are better far than when there's naught but shade.

“Should no land be found, occupied and free,
Where as welcome guests we may stay our feet,
Or should no land be found, unoccupied,
Where we might, in hope a colony plant,
The sea is ours, and on its broad bosom
We may follow the brightest star that guides
Till Fortune, which doth not always forsake,
Shall lead us to a port, or high sea friends,
Who will rift the clouds that shall be hanging
And bring to life again a joyous spirit.

“Our choice is made, we leave to friends behind
Good will and cheer; such cheer as they may find
Amidst the graves of slaughtered knights who fell
For the Constitution their fathers made,
And which they tried to keep with guardian care;
Such cheer as their moldering cities bring,
The cheer that military camps uphold,

And all the cheer that's found in poverty,
In usurpation and degradation.
Naught else remains in all the Southland air
To them who dwell and look and still remain ;
They are the unfortunate of the times.

“ But time doth show her hand, as ages prove,
When powdered dust doth gather in mountains,
And arrogant mountains melt down to dust ;
And time doth turn a wheel, the dust to raise,
When vain arrogancy to dust returns.
Trusting to Him who guides the stars in course,
Who oft to weakness brings some healthful breeze,
Almost in faith we leave such cheer behind ;
If true, there's hope for the children's children.

“ Our ship standing here we name the ‘ Southland ; ’
It is the christened name that she shall bear.
Where'er she sails, upon her oaken walls
The Southland name shall show, and while she lasts
The Southland name and cause shall not be lost.
She's built for the wave, the storm, built for time.
How long she will ride the waves is unknown.
What billowy heights and deep-cut channels
Shall try her keel and shake her oaken frame ;
What storms shall whistle and try her cordage,
Or fiercely press her sails and strain her masts,
Lies out on the paths her keel shall plow.
A war-worn freight, with nerves that have been tried
Bearing good will to mankind, form her crew.”

Ere Captain Drake had finished, his comrades,
Twelve in number, went aboard waiting orders.
In statue form a while the captain stood,
As one in short hesitation doth stand,

Ere first step in some great undertaking ;
Stood long enough to photograph his form,
His eyes, his mien, on those who stood on shore ;
Stood long enough for those on shore to see
His height six feet, erect, skin blondo-brunette,
Brown hair and blue eyes, large nose and broad chin,
Twenty-five years of age and college bred,
Without fear, a typical Southerner.

At the word of command the sails unreel
And catch the breeze and soon the Southland ship
Began to leave, for long, the Southland shores.
“Unreave, unreave, full sail!” the captain cried ;
“To the South Sea bend the prow. That sea, as yet
Not full explored, may yield an island home,
An island new, nor may it be too cold,
Of such expanse in that unbounded waste,
That ample room shall be to build a state
On principles for which the Southland fought.
Full sail, nor is the word a bantering cry,
Nor doth with sea or wind or tide find fault,
Nor doth it mean to haste our destiny.
It’s but the cry of that within which speaks,
For man, when times extreme possess his soul,
Finds help, nor should he question why or whence.
Full sail, an all-helping Hand is in the cry,
And though the South Sea may not yield the fruits
On which a glimmering hope this hour is stayed,
What of defeat? It’s but the common lot.
But why is defeat the common lot of man?
It must be so when numbers overwhelm,
For this we learned in our Southland battles,
Whence numbers drove us out upon the sea.
It must be so when the all-higher Hand

Doth hedge the way with sword and cherubim.
It must be so, though oft is hid from sight,
When He who knows it all works with design;
Who thinks less upon an hour or one day,
Than upon the compounded years, through which
He sees, and brings to man the greatest good.
But with such chance, this freedom of the sea,
The hedgerows seem broken and gates seem open.
Remains now only that we plow the sea,
Plow it in calm and storm, by night and day,
And with the rocking ship cast up the spray,
Till that voice within crying ' Full sail,'
Will bring some isle of refuge to the view,
Or raise some friend in whom we'll find rescue."

Each heart the captain cheered, and all the crew,
Each at his post, full sail the " Southland " kept.
It was the Southland ship in search of home ;
In search of home in the far southern sea,
With glimmering hope in that far region,
That a Southland new, a peer of the old,
With time to found and build would rise resplendent.
It was a search for home, a land as once ;
A clime in hope, like unto the Southland
Where again the tall poplars would blossom
And fragrant magnolias perfume the air,
While the morning catbird, straining his throat
With his best songs, would cheer each rising day ;
And the whippoorwill, the Southern curfew,
Facing the arched twilight, would toll a note
Through gathering shades of each day's departure,
Where man might give his soul to God and time,
Enwrapped, morn and eve, with Nature's melody.

On the Southland ship rode Sergeant McClure,
As once with Semmes on the Alabama;
Tall and brave, calm in battle and full of hope.
Lieutenant Starke, who at Fortress Monroe
Rode on the "Virginia," that ship which sent down
The "Congress" and "Cumberland," nor withdrew
Until she had frightened the "Ericsson,"
Now rode the "Southland" in calm quietness,
As though with sound of war unacquainted.
Heroes all, their spurs had won; Jameson,
Ralston and Tom Gossom, Jones and Riley,
Hill, Grace and Tilley, Robey and Wiley,
Are names who the Southland cause espoused,
And now aboard, bound for the southern sea.

For days it was beautiful sail. The sun
No clouds obscured. With good will shone the moon,
And the stars in twinkling dance sang favor.
Each rising day brought a new song of cheer
And filled their hearts with seafaring melody.
Captain Drake and his companions looked up
And caught the humor of the sky, nor draped they
Their thoughts with Southland shadows left behind,
But talked of the South Sea, where dwelt their homes.
There lay for them some island home or else,
As sea of promise, some happy fate unknown.
In this did all agree, to this consent,
For auguries and voices did thus incline.

But when the Southland ship had reached a line
Where its noon-hour shadow reached to southward,
Threatening cirrus tails the sky besprinkled,
And dark banks veiled the horizon around.
Under this cirrus sky, pent in by these banks,

With her sails unpressed, the "Southland" rested,
As though by some Plutonian skill or art
The quiet zephyrs, with the fierce storm winds,
Had fled, rebuked, to their Æolian caves.
As when in battle-line the South had stood
On many a battle-field ere fray began,
This hour, this calm, did token coming storm.

Robey had oft been o'er the tropic sea,
And on its bosom fought for Southland home ;
Had seen its fogs and clouds, what winds had borne,
And mingled with it all the tones of war.
Now on the deck he calmly stood, and viewing
The thickening cirrus tails and rising banks,
While all the crew awaited for his speech.

"A storm," said he, "is hovering round ; our ship
Is central point, and like a Southland battle
We shall be pressed, but like a Southland battle
The first we'll gain ; and if not o'er and o'er,
Like Southland battles which would never stop,
Such storms repeated do not thickly come,
We'll ride beyond these tails, beyond these banks,
Until in view will come the southern sea."

"Reef sail," cried Captain Drake. "Leave just
enough
To tack the storm. Lash ye each at his post,
On mast, on yard, and in rigging high,
With hands and limbs unlaced and free to act,
For the 'Southland's' in center of a storm
Which soon will strike and with tremendous wail.
My brave comrades"—

But other words were vain.
The storm had struck. Old Neptune sank below,

Nor dared such storm to brave. Darkness gathered.
The day became a dreadful night that naught
Did rend to show one star or streak of light.
One continuous roar subdued the thunder's note.
Electric light came and went in blinding play,
And when gone left the darkness doubly thick.
With reeling frame the "Southland" rode the sea
With screeching cordage midst the whistling winds.
For hours waves and spray washed the heroes' frames,
While lashed each at his post, the ship to guide.
For hours, with panting breath and dripping hair,
They reached their arms the stays to hold,
Nor yielded courage as they fought the storm.
And while it blew no one a comrade saw,
Nor voice was heard except the howling wind ;
Yet each one, as though in dreadful battle,
When the fate of all on him depended,
Stood at his post to save the ship or die,
And when the storm was gone there each one stood.

And the day was gone, so long blew the storm ;
But when unlaced from masts and rigging gear
The comrades stood aboard the rocking ship,
They combed their dripping locks 'neath smiling stars ;
And while Captain Drake stood the ship to guard,
They cast their weary frames on cots till day ;
For the "Southland" bore well, nor lost a sail,
Nor showed at any place a gaping wound.

The crew refreshed, the morning cry, " Full sail,"
Rang on the air, and soon the Southland ship
Steered, " full sail," toward the southern sea ;
Nor e'er did stop through storm, or change her course,
Until o'er southern seas her sails were spread.

Thirty degrees east of Cape Horn, South Georgia,
A land of small extent, far leeward rose.
The name this island bore produced a pause :
It had a name so dear, of Southland state,
The hearts of all the crew ran out for it,
And seemed that they would kiss its shores, its rocks,
And all that it contained, so much they loved
The name it bore ! So much fond affection,
In the absence of the object dearly loved,
Doth grasp a name, a painted form, a ring,
A lock of hair, and all that lies between
The heart that loves and objects far away.

Had the breadth of this isle, from north to south,
Been as much as the length, this land's extent
Would have charmed the eyes, and the Southland
ship
Might long have paused, and, with crew debarked,
Explored its hills and drank its limpid streams,
E'en might have made South Georgia isle a home.
The air was pure, but rather cold for those
Who were not inured to temperature so low.
Numerous birds of various tribes flocked its shores,
Nor else was seen, that gave signs forbidding.

Around this Georgian isle the "Southland" sailed,
The coast surveyed ; and while her whited sheets,
Puffed by the breeze, carried her on her course,
The novel sight caught the eyes of fowl,
And now and then from off their perch they came,
Inspecting the Southland ship and her crew.
The weak-winged penguins sat and croaked on shore ;
Not penguins all, for other tribes of fowl,
As winged messengers, came to know the wants

Of the "Southland," and whether friend or foe.
 Like couriers on guard, they came and went ;
 And when the "Southland" nearer the shore drew,
 Commotion rose, such as when liberty
 That has long been enjoyed is infringed.
 In their marshaling bands they flew and croaked,
 Ready their breasts to bare against the foe,
 And drive all trespassers away from home
 Ere liberty their fathers gave shall go for naught.

"Look at these birds, comrades," said Captain Drake.
 All eyes gazed, saw the care the birds bestowed
 On natural rights, and what defense they made ;
 Saw how they watched, with what suspecting eye ;
 How far they flew at sight of threatening war,
 How placed their guards, and croaked the matter o'er ;
 Saw the commotion on South Georgia isle ;
 Saw what the winged jealous birds will do
 To guard their sacred rights, their liberty.

"Look at these birds, comrades, look at these birds !
 Whence came this love of home, this love of rocks,
 This jealous watch that guards these wave-dashed
 shores ?

The Hand that formed these hills and set these bounds
 Held birds within his thought, and formed them so
 They love a field, a tree, or any place
 They call their home ; for home's a sacred spot,
 And thus it's felt by birds as well as man.

"When first they came this isle to occupy
 An eagle might have put them all to flight,
 For then it was not home, but night's sojourn ;
 But now it's home—a home endeared by time—
 A home with ancient rights so long enjoyed

That now an eagle's fought; nor will they yield
Their island home until a struggle's made,
And not even then unless hope is vanquished.

“But eagles here may come and multiply
Till home so loved by all these jealous tribes
Shall be a land of war; and then the weak,
On whom nature bestowed no beak or claw
To match the foe, must trust to wing and flight.
And much like this is seen the tribes of men:
The strong do occupy, the weak do fly.
In equal match in war the right prevails;
For the patriotic hold the vantage-ground,
Nor yield they will till yield they must through blood.
But all's not equal war, as signs do show,
For the strongest beak and the longest claw,
Or heaviest guns and most numerous swords,
Oft play a hand when the battle is joined
In which the patriotic must yield or die.”

For six months the “Southland” had been to sea;
No news had heard: had reached a Southern line
Where the winds in chilling accents revealed
That little hope lay in the sea beyond.
Though a continent might spread ample coast,
It would be where poplars had never grown,
Where no morning songsters could cheer the heart,
And fragrant blossoms ne'er perfume the air;
A land too cold, not like the Southland clime.
A council was called, and Captain Drake
Sat as chairman. The chilly winds and cold breaths
From off the waves made all the arguments,
For they were now far south of Georgia's isle.
The cold breaths would not cease. It was their sea.

Few words were spoken. "Guide ship to the east,"
Rang the captain's voice; and soon the "Southland"
Faced the morning sun, whose radiant beams
Gave token that the heaven who rules will guide.
The comrade crew caught the radiant spirit,
And under that favoring sun, where naught
But sea and wave and wind communed with them,
They sent up three cheers for the Southland ship.

For days they sailed under a sun and sky
Which never hid their face behind the clouds,
Nor gave a sign of ill that lay ahead.
Riley stood on deck in majestic form,
As once he stood a Southland warrior.
Oft thus he stood and gazed o'er the waters.
There was a day that breathed a kindly air,
When on the deck no breath did chill, and all
This air embraced, and walked and stood together.
Near to the captain Riley stood and gazed—
Gazed as though he saw some distant object,
Nor dared refrain his look, so fixed his eyes.
"A ship, captain—a ship lies on our way."
Riley said no more, but all intently gazed.
The captain raised his glass, a moment looked,
Then, turning his eyes on his comrades, said:

"A pirate ship. Her guns are turned this way.
We have no guns, no strength to drive her off,
No speed, no way by which we might escape.
She's after gold, but this she can not get,
For we are poor; the pirate's out of luck,
But then we'll meet as heroes met their foes.
Each comrade will stand on deck undaunted,
Stand as once he stood in Southland battle.

Greatest strength does not always lie in guns,
 There's something in the looks of man that wins.
 The look has won battles ere they were fought;
 It is this look the mastiff dog doth cower.
 The Southland battles have molded us men
 Whose looks can more than a mastiff subdue;
 We'll trust to this, it is our greatest strength,
 Nor doth helpless courage e'en go for naught."

A stream of white smoke from the pirate's bow
 Broke the captain's speech, and a whistling ball
 Struck the "Southland's" sail; and soon the pirate
 Drew near, and her captain: "What ship be ye,
 And why stand ye thus unarmed and exposed,
 And at this hour why stand ye unalarmed?
 What race are ye, and whence this courage born?
 Why doth our ship and shot no nerves disturb?
 Whence came your iron nerves and hearts of steel?
 Are ye some sons of Mars who lost their arms,
 And now, condemned, doth roam a penal sea?
 Perceive ye not that we're a pirate band,
 That the boat we ride is a pirate ship?
 Know ye not that pirates do live on blood?
 Whence came ye, captain, and why on this sea?"

Then Captain Drake: "This is the Southland
 ship:
 See thou her name upon her oaken walls;
 Her crew that dares this sea, a Southland crew.
 Of the small remnant left we are a few
 Who dared the battles which the Southland fought.
 The odds we fought prevailed: our cause we lost,
 And now aboard this Southland ship we search
 This sea and ride these waves a land to find,

If such a shore some guiding star will show,
Where we may found a state, and there maintain
The Southland principles, the world to bless.
The iron heel of force too much prevails,
So much required force to uphold, that man,
Who was born to be free, is made a slave.
No, captain, no, we do not fear your guns ;
To war's alarms we are long accustomed,
Nor will we wince at smoke or sword or shell.
We stand for right, from right we make appeal ;
And though our voice may not be heard, we'll die
Before in line with wrong we'll take a stand."

The pirate captain : " Ho, ho ! I thus may guess
You have heard ' Dixie Land,' your Southern air ;
We sometimes play that air when sky is fair.
It's fair with us to-day ; how's sky with you ?
Play, comrades ; play the air of ' Dixie Land.'
The occasion has merit, some songs demand."
The pirate band then played the " Dixie " air,
The notes of horn and drum sang with the wave,
And scarce the second chorus had reached when
The Southland crew, thrilled by that Southland air,
Joined their voices as once on Southern shores.
The two captains stood with folded arms, each
Aboard his ship, and smiled till song did end.
And then the captain of the pirate ship :

" We're not so bad in heart as some suppose ;
In blood we take no pleasure, nor would shed
One drop to see it run, nor make a wound
That doth give pain, that man may writhe and groan.
But we must live ; it is our trade, and man
Wherever found gets his bread by his trade.

The age doth not allow contrasts to make ;
 Should it do this, and yield a chance for words,
 We would show our trade in honor stands
 Not a whit behind the trade of legal theft,
 Nor doth one-half the pain and blood produce.
 But words are dead ; nor would I justify
 This trade of mine ; and yet would justify
 My pirate trade as soon as much that's done
 In every state, where nothing's said nor done.
 We show our hand and speak truth undisguised ;
 But they are false, the hidden hypocrite.

“ But then, O captain, we have a pirate law.
 That law's a sacred trust ; unobeyed is crime.
 The law is this : No lease of booty's given,
 Nor trust of life, except upon a vote.
 I know these comrades aboard my pirate.
 They've heard the news of the Southland's struggle,
 Its hard-fought battles and its streaming blood.
 And much they sympathized with 'Dixie Land,'
 Nor would they lift a hair of one who fought
 The right of man to gain. But then to prove
 Ye are the men who took a part, we'll hear
 No idle tale, but words that swear the truth ;
 If but these signal words the truth do swear,
 Your rights ye gain, untouched, this sea to roam.
 But bare your breasts and let them speak to us.
 If ye are Southland heroes as ye claim,
 Ye wear the marks that came of dreadful fray.
 Bare your breasts, this command ye must obey.”

The Southland crew looked with hearts revolting,
 Felt the old spirit rising for defense,
 Spake few words, but caught each other's thoughts

As eyes on eyes looked as fierce burning flames.
They felt that before such disgrace would bear,
They would meet their fate, die upon the spot.
Captain Drake made protest with no avail.
His eyes burned as fire. He stood as statue,
And for a while would not move, least passion
Would bring some hasty act, and cast the shame
Of blood on a heart that dwelt in reason.
All eyes turned toward Captain Drake, whose eyes
Still burned as living coals, yet consulting
In this fretful hour what course to pursue ;
At last, though loath to speak his thought, said :

“ Comrades, form a line, this disgrace submit ;
And while in heart we resent and condemn
The force that compels us our breasts to bare,
For these sacred scars of the Southland cause
Are ours, and not for trade or public gaze ;
Yet submit, and let that pirate captain
Enjoy the sight, and then feel self-condemned.”

The line was formed, and there, with breasts exposed,
Stood Captain Drake and all his Southland crew,
Each breast had been torn by sword or ball,
And some with scars so thick the wonder rose
Why these men had survived, were yet alive,
Why such heroes had lost the Southland cause.
The pirate captain and crew gazed not long.
No word was spoken, no vote was taken.
It was enough. The pirate captain cried :
“ Three cheers for the Southland and the Southland
ship ! ”
And three cheers rang across the ocean wave.
A salute of three guns shook the waters round,

And while the pirate band played "Dixie Land"
The pirate captain waved adieu, and left
The Southland crew, insulted for the wound
That made them bare their breasts to pirate-gaze,
To breath free air and roam the sea again.

As the pirate sails receded silence reigned
Aboard the Southland ship. No one a thought
Could frame, or word of cheer, to pacify.
They seemed to wait on time to yield its help,
Such help as would, in some degree, assuage
Distressing pains the pirate captain wrought.
For the hour e'en Captain Drake spoke no word,
Not e'en an order gave to move the ship.
All eyes still burned at thought of the disgrace,
Disgrace deep-felt, that clung, would not escape.
They bent their eyes the way the "Pirate" went,
And as they looked swore eternal hatred
Against the band that brought a keener pain
Than e'er they felt when Southland cause was lost ;
Not pain so broad, nor bore with weight as that,
For that involved a country and its people,
And spread their future years in hopeless toil ;
But pain that cut their hearts with keener edge
Because their naked frames were held exposed.

When in the distance now far receded
The pirate's hated sheets grew faint and dim,
The Southland crew turned eyes on Captain Drake,
He caught their thought, and thus to them he spake :

" Sometimes upon life's sea we meet events
That for the hour bring fierce pain and worry ;
Hard to endure, and yet they must be borne.
Our future years are hid, not yet explained.

Some star doth lead, above its guiding hand.
We may mistake in what we do, yet He
Who knows it all, since we by him are watched,
May have a hand in that which brought our pain.
Broad as this sea and as yon azure sky
Is His helping hand and His watchful eye.
Why that pirate rode here upon this sea,
Where business is scarce, as all of us see,
Awakes a thought that there is in reserve,
A hand deep hidden and that will preserve ;
Doth now impress that the voice we heard,
Still lingers round and hath not disappeared.
Things of future days undiscovered lie ;
For these we toil in hope, and groan and sigh ;
Yet not this hour, but when those days have come,
Whate'er the seas we ride or paths we roam,
A better thought will come, and will explain
What good was hid in things where we feel pain.
Oft the cups we drink, cups that are compelled,
Do lead the way where Marahs are dispelled.
In bitter cups, though hard the draughts to drink,
Some Providence doth dwell, that leads to brink
Where ample pay returns for all endured ;
When that day comes we then shall feel assured."

CHAPTER III.

ALMOST two years the Southland ship had been
A lone wanderer; and many a risk had run,
And seemed her peril ne'er would have an end.
The friendly stars themselves would sometimes frown
And hide their light behind dark, fearful clouds,
Which, swept by dreadful winds across the sea,
Oft left the ship to groan in darkness and storm—
Darkness sometimes so thick it could be felt.
But oft as cordage broke or sail was rent,
The crew a hand applied, and held it fast
Till tied again the ship to guide amain,
And oft such deeds were done in midst of storm.
Yet no land was found on which to found a state.

Nor need a wonder rise or thought evoke,
That men endured such toils and never groaned
In all the task through dangers undergone.
Frames not long accustomed to toil and pain,
Nerves that would shake when danger gives alarm,
And those who bear their cares with fainting heart
Would have yielded, nor half such perils borne.
But heroes who fought for Southland cause
Such task could well assume, and never wince,
As wince they never did through all the toils
Which four years bore, ere the last shot was fired
And the Southland in smoking ruin lay.

At last the world awoke as from a dream;
The Southland ship, its fate, was in its thought.
Whether yet it rode upon the ocean wave,

What sea it rode, what land as yet had found ;
The health of crew, or what distress was in ;
Or if beneath the wave the ship had gone,
What spot on the wide extent marked the place,
What isle with weeping hill beheld the scene,
What denizen of the sea could tell the tale,
Or keg afloat some sacred parchment held ;
What trace was left and all that could be known,
The world with thought awoke, desired to know.

When ships engaged in trade met on the sea,
They ne'er forgot to ask what news each bore
Of Captain Drake and of the Southland crew ;
And when at port arrived, the Southland ship
Was first on tongue. From land to ship, and then
From ship to land, the news was frequent asked.
E'en brave captains aboard strong men-of-war,
Whose hearts admired courage wherever found,
Talked of Captain Drake, of the Southland crew,
E'en guessed what fate that ship and crew had met,

E'en royal blood, whose heads are crowned to rule,
Viceroys, high presidents, and governors,
For as the sunrise Mikado kingdom,
Spoke of Captain Drake and the Southland ship ;
Had learned the names of all that famous crew,
What deeds they had dared and what battles fought ;
Nor were they deaf to news, but asked in hope
Each traveler of the sea if he could give
A word or hint what sea the captain rode.

Reporters to the gaping press hailed ships
Ere they had gained the ports or anchor cast,
And first of all they asked what news from Drake.
But when no news they then to fable turned,

And filled the press with such alarming tales
Of sea disaster and death so horrid
As made the nerves of some with palsy shake.
The press was surcharged with these awful tales,
Tales of pirates stabbing helpless victims,
Tales of cannibals roasting human flesh,
Of sea monsters that had devoured the crew,
Of shipwreck and slow death on lonely rocks.
Cunning wits helped reporters make these tales
Till so massive grew the contradictions
That people denounced them fabrications,
And said that Captain Drake was still alive.

Among these was heard on Corsican Isle
A voice that spake in friendly terms, and claimed
That Captain Drake and ship were yet afloat.
The voice heard was that of Count Galestein,
A count of wealth and sympathizing heart ;
In whose veins run trace of Lafayette blood
And on the Polish side Pulaskin trace.
As blood will tell nor covenant forget,
Galestein, with large sympathizing heart,
Looked on the oppressed, who had struggled hard
Their liberty to gain, but yet had lost.
But as he could not do as Lafayette did,
Nor as the Pole who was a soldier schooled,
Who with friendly aid helped freedom's battle,
Yet in this hour could help the wandering crew,
Who were seeking a land to found a state,
And this with ship and treasure proposed to do.

At Ajaccio the count a captain met,
A captain brave, and one who owned a ship,
And to that captain thus he made an address :
"Ajaccio is a noted place. It was here,

And just about one hundred years ago,
Great Napoleon lay in his mother's arms,
Was seen by people of this port and town ;
In this town was born that mighty chieftain.
Hath not the time approached when Ajaccio
Should wake and shake herself from idle ways
And do some deed that will uphold her name?
Napoleon's birth is now an ancient mark,
And doth with distant time look meek and dim,
Why not some other deed, lest Ajaccio
Shall lose her fame and then her name go down.
And now, since time hath rolled a century forth,
It seems a new epoch is ushering in,
And that it should be marked, as marked it ought,
With celebration due Napoleon's name.
I propose a work, a work not for fame,
But for the common good, the help of man ;
If fame it brings, let fame be conjoined.
Hast not thou heard of the famous ' Southland,'
The ship that bears Captain Drake and his crew,
Whose names, both as chieftain and as comrades,
Are now the common talk? Two years are gone,
And no news hath been heard. They seek a land
To found a state, a state that love conjoins.
In view of their courage and probity,
The good intent they have to found a state,
In view of dreadful war they each endured,
The battles fought and yet their cause not won,
Their scars and perils now undergoing,
If earth presents no land unoccupied,
The sea itself should mildly give a place
And spread a continent to rest their feet.
So much is due when man presumes to judge.

“ But then the sea is not supposed to yawn,
And stand in walls a continent to form,
Not e’en for heroes such as Drake and crew.
Yet some high hand directs that state to found,
Or else reserves for all the Southland crew,
And for all comrades whom they would befriend,
Some way of life that brings an end to toils.
And now, high captain, in hope I propose
That you do go in search of Captain Drake ;
That you do ride the sea till him you find.
You’ll bear him word, I think, which he will hear,
And haste to come with you to Ajaccio.
Take this letter. In it my words are writ.
Give it to him, and he will think it o’er,
And then with you will come to Ajaccio.”

Not many days elapsed ere Captain Wyck,
A man of kindred blood to Captain Semmes—
That Raphael Semmes of “Alabama” fame—
Sailed out the port of Ajaccio, in search
Of the Southland ship, never to return
Till he should find that ship, or bring the news
What fate Captain Drake and his crew had met.
Three months had sailed and searched, when a lone isle,
Far southward and of small compass, they found,
And on that isle a man in great distress.
He waved a signal call to Captain Wyck ;
A boat was launched, and he was brought on board.

Then Captain Wyck : “ How came you here, my
man?
Why wear you rags, and why in such distress?
Art thou the only one that’s left to tell
The tale of the Southland ship? All the tale

Of things endured, and where the ship went down?
Art thou the only one that's left, a man
Whom Providence hath kept to tell the world
Last news of Captain Drake and the "Southland?"
Art thou Ralston, Gossom, Hill, Grace, or Jones?
Or brave Jameson? What one of the crew?
Speak, hero, and tell us which one thou art?
And then while we weep tell the tragic scene,
And though we lament and groan, tell it all."

The man: "I am not Ralston, Hill, or Grace,
Nor any one of the brave Southland crew.
My name is Karnes, and once a ship I rode,
A pirate ship that meant no good to man.
And once our pirate met the Southland ship;
But when I saw those brave heroes, and learned
What they endured for a cause that was just,
And saw their scars exposed to satisfy
Our rash captain and all the pirate crew,
That they indeed had fought for the Southland,
My heart began to faint, and I was grieved.
From that hour I found fault with pirate trade.
Because I spoke my mind, it gave offense,
Was tried as pirates try a man, and then
Was cast into the sea and left to die.
By chance I met a drifting spar some ship
Had lost in wreck. I rode that drifting log
Till suns had rose and set. At last I found
A little port midst rocks and rolling waves.
Hence on this isle, famished and in rags,
I waved a hopeful signal to your ship.

"But better news I bear, some good tidings,
If I am yet allowed some further speech.

The Southland ship still floats upon the wave.
Two days ago she passed, but saw me not.
So leisurely she sailed she was in sight
For half a day ; her course the setting sun.
Do with me as suits. Hold me prisoner bound,
Or slay me if you will. For better far
That I die, and stain your ship with my blood,
Than rot among the rocks of yonder isle."

Then Captain Wyck : "If truthful tale you tell,
The 'Southland' is near, and can be found.
Three days we give to guide our ship aright.
If in three days you guide our course and bring
In view the Southland ship, you shall be free,
And we do bind ourselves with seaman's oath
That naught abroad shall e'er be told of thee
That thou didst once belong to pirate band ;
But if thou dost prove us false, in our hand
Will be thy life, and thou thyself dost know
That pirates by fair speech can not escape."

It was a hopeful day with Captain Wyck
As toward the west with rapid sail he steered.
There was some doubt, and yet to all it seemed
Some Providence that guides had intervened.
They thought of Captain Drake and what he said
To console in the hour of their deep grief.
And the thought rose that the friendly skies,
In smiling accents looked down with good will ;
That high Heaven himself with watching care
Stood guard till yet, as ne'er his help withdrew
The years the Southland ship had been at sea.

Karnes stood on deck and looked o'er all the wave,
But mainly toward the west he bent his eyes.

He did whate'er he could to verify
That he, while on the lonely isle, had seen
The ship that was the world's common talk.
With anxious eye he scanned the sea around,
Nor lost his time in idle speech or sleep.
His speech and looks proclaimed: "It must be found,
Or else my limbs and body all shall wear
Heavy manacles and hard to be borne
Till I at last shall meet a pirate's fate."

Those days were hours of anxious care with Wyck:
Were days and hours 'tween hope and doubt, and gave
His brow a changing look, as thoughts of doubt
Or thoughts of rising hope possessed his soul.
With Karnes were days and hours no one could know,
Unless as Karnes could feel what must be done,
Or else endure the fate that he must meet.
The third day was almost gone when Karnes,
Who wore deep signs of care and gloom, cried out:

"A ship, captain! The 'Southland' is in view!
Look! look! the ship that passed the lonely isle,
The ship that has a crew that saw me not,
That knew not the distress that I was in,
Or else they would have come to my relief.
The ship that has a crew the Heavens protect;
Nor dares there rise a man that knows that crew,
Their scars, their looks, courage, and god-like mien,
Whose hand could hold a sword that meant them ill.
Their looks, once seen, hath wrought a thought in me
That made me feel that I was self-condemned.
Since them I saw, I hate this pirate trade,
I hate myself because in look and trade
I fall so far below those god-like men.

And now I do rejoice that I found fault
With the rash captain and his pirate crew ;
That I was thrown into the foaming sea,
And found a way to that lonely island.
Am glad that high Providence intervened,
And when cast away his hand took me up
To act as guide to find the Southland ship ;
And now I know that God doth rule events,
And hath high use for Captain Drake and crew.”

Scarce had Karnes ceased his speech ere Captain
Wyck

Hailed the Southland ship. Soon the captains met,
And with those two it was a business hour.
Captain Drake received the proposition
Sent through Captain Wyck from Count Galestein.
He turned to his comrade crew and thus read :
“ High Captain, and All Aboard the ‘ Southland : ’
If you will condescend to hear my speech,
I will transmit a word through Captain Wyck,
A word that’s fair if I interpret right
The high intentions you hold in mind.
If not as yet a land is found on which
To found a commonwealth as you aspire,
I would, in love to you, myself intervene,
And lend the help that love and wealth can yield.
But suffer me herein to interweave
The great love I had for your Southland cause.
I watched your battles with sympathizing heart,
And grieved was I the day I heard you lost.
When from a port bordering on a lovely land,
A land that’s called a ‘ Land of Flowers,’ you sailed,
My heart went with you and wished you success.
Nor would I now attempt to check your aim,

For large labors do sometimes take more years
Than are believed in first calculations.

“Now I propose, if you see fit to hear,
That you do bring your ship to Ajaccio,
A port and town on the isle of Corsica.
If this accords with your high taste and will,
I propose to ride with you on the seas,
And help to find a land, if anywhere
A land that’s unoccupied can be found,
And whose extent invites to found a state.
I propose the expense shall all be mine,
E’en all repairs of fitting up your ship.
I wish to ride the Southland ship o’er seas
In company with you and your honored crew,
To visit the great ports of all the earth,
And find, if knowledge to man be given,
In what quarter of the earth a land
Such as you are now in quest can be found.

“Now, high captain, if this proposition
Accords with your will, come to Ajaccio;
And while the Southland ship shall be repaired
You shall find rest for all the Southland crew.”

It was a silent hour. The breeze and waves,
While the ships faced in that southern sea,
Made all the speech that broke upon the air.
The Southland crew gazed upon their captain,
Yet silently he their speech awaited.
Just such silence as intrudes on heroes
Before their minds have reached conclusion;
But when a voice doth speak they all agree,
And as in the great battles they had fought
They still preserve an unbroken column.

Captain Wyck looked on in admiration,
Envy seemed almost kindled in his eye
As he beheld the silent consultation.
The brave Jameson in his stalwart form
Advanced a step and thus the silence broke :

“ While the Southland was in its great struggle,
And much seemed to depend on our marine,
Off the west shores of France I was cruising.
Our ship was in great distress ; such distress
As sometimes puts a ship to disadvantage
When her speed is checked nigh unto foes,
Whose ships in battle give but little chance.
In this distress I found a friend who gave
Such help as set me right again ; a friend
Who ran the risk of things contraband of war,
Interposed as friend of the Southland cause,
In midst of times when few would dare such deeds.
Some are friends because they hope for gain,
And when this hope is gone their friendship ends.
Some are friends when danger doth not intrude,
But when frowning guns shake the earth and air
Their friendship wanes and fast they seek retreat.
Some are friends in peace or war ; nor doth time,
Whate’er the loss, whate’er o’ertakes as fate,
Yield a day their friendship begins to wane.

“ In my distress Count Galestein was friend ;
As friend to me, a higher friendship proved,
For he was a friend to the Southland cause.
He is our friend to-day. Why halt we here ?
The high Providence that rules in events
Hath intervened some aid, and it is best
To heed the voice Captain Wyck represents.”

The voice of Jameson was the voice of all.
The face of Captain Drake was lit with smiles,
Nor less the other ship with smiles approved.
No time was lost. That hour the orders came,
And the two ships headed toward Ajaccio.
Nor more than thirty suns had come and gone
Ere the Southland ship had her anchor cast,
When all on board did enter Ajaccio,
A pleasant city for a seaman's rest,
With much around that wakes the warrior's thought,
And much profound for his meditation.

The Count and captain talked all matters o'er,
And set the fortieth day for voyage again.
The work began the "Southland" to repair,
And well arranged to meet the time exact.
Ajaccio had the grace to entertain,
And gave herself to Captain Drake and crew,
Nor left a care amiss, or thought relaxed,
But showed great welcome to her honored guests.

They did oft look on the great stone building
In which the great Napoleon was born.
They sought the room where once in cradle lay
That mighty chief who shook the earth with arms,
Nor failed to shake it less in serious thought.
On old relics they gazed, and walked the yard
Where played that child one hundred years before.
They talked his deeds, and praised the name of France
For the lasting love she bore her chieftain;
But when their thought turned to Helena's rocks,
They condemned the power that took from France
The man for whom she had the greatest love.

Over all the city of Ajaccio
Went these heroes of the Southland battles.

Whatever street they walked, where'er they paused
To look on the scenes of this healthful city,
They drew along with them the thronging crowds ;
Nor mattered much whether one was alone,
Or all the Southland heroes together,
Whether in street, or where'er they were seen,
Much business for the time was suspended,
And all eyes inclined to turn on the men
Whose fame had reached the ports of all the earth,
But now were guests at friendly Ajaccio ;
Who, after war in which they met defeat,
Could no more be else than dumb denizens
In that land they loved and for which they bled,
Unless, forsooth, would swear that they did wrong
Because they dared battle for the Southland.

For brave men such as these did Ajaccio
Suspend her business and turn to behold
The heroes who had defended a cause,
And rather than make an oath from the lips,
When the heart's acclaim did reverse the act,
Had rode the seas in storms, and undergone
Dreadful labors while in search of a land
Where they might live in peace, and, uncorrupt
By oaths that spake not the truth from the heart,
There found a colony and build a state.
For men like these did friendly Ajaccio
Open her bosom with warm rays of love,
And gave her guests heartiest welcome.

In Ajaccio was found a great surprise
That woke the wonder of the Southland crew.
For on the walls, e'en of the humblest home,
There hung enframed some brave Southern hero,

Or painted battle where he bore a part ;
Some sign or token that all Corsica
With the Southland cause was well acquainted.
But in the halls of art there was surprise
That woke their thought in more than double wonder.
Here oft they paused and gazed through all the days
Of rest upon the isle of Corsica,
Beholding paintings hanging on the walls.

On the great battle-ground of Shiloh
Lay the dying Albert Sidney Johnston,
The greatest soldier the Southland had known,
And whose death was its first deep fatal stroke.
The enemy fleeing, his horse near his side,
But like the chieftain his breath was gone.
There rode Lee among his brave troops, as oft
He rode two years in defense of Richmond,
His enemy, two hundred thousand strong,
Fleeing or slain on the great battle-fields.
There was Stonewall Jackson, who knew no fear,
Ready to strike a blow with dreadful shock,
Nor ever stop till the enemy had fled.
There was the brave Stewart, with mortal wound,
Still cheering and leading the battle,
Though the odds he fought were seven to one.
Nor was this all, nor one-half the paintings
On the walls in the city of Ajaccio.

But one thing more must not remain untold,
For it was most unexpected of all.
One day when in the halls of art, Grace,
Who was wandering through the halls alone,
In a voice that shook the building o'er, cried :
"The Southland ship and Southland crew are here !

Come, comrades, come see the ship and her crew.”
And there, e’en as Grace first saw, was the ship.
It was the ship with all her crew, as once
She stood in a Floridian port, while Drake
Spake a message to those he left behind.
Some artist had caught the scene, and gave
To canvas true report, as all agreed.
It was the Southland ship with men and names,
And there had hung through all their toils on sea,
Through all the toils and perils undergone.
Nor is this all; for artists sought the crew,
To learn the toils at sea. With pencil jot
They took them down. The world will see a day
When Ajaccio’s halls will show these scenes aside
The great battles in which the South engaged.
Nor shall be left so far as art can prove,
To waste its fragrance in neglected air,
One jot deserved and due the Southland cause.
Nor shall it be that those who were victors
Shall wear all the crowns which courage deserves;
Nor shall so triumph in historic art,
As that the generations yet unborn,
Shall view their fathers in a sense otherwise
Than avowed champions of liberty,
Who fought her battles and made themselves poor
Rather than abandon rights due a state.

CHAPTER IV.

AT last the forty days had come and gone,
The days allowed the "Southland" to repair.
The morning sun with golden rays adorned
The bay. The walls and spires of Ajaccio
Shone freshly bright, as though prepared to give
The guests she entertained her parting kiss,
And by this token of her love impress
The brave captain and all on board the ship
That Ajaccio sent her love o'er the seas,
And dwelt with them in thought where'er they went.

The Southland ship stood at the port renewed,
With fairer look than when, two years before,
She left a port on the Floridian shore.
Recast with paint and in cabin renewed,
With deck o'erhauled, she stood a charming sight.
With sails all new, she was as comely ship
As one would wish to ride the ocean wave,
And thus she stood in port awaiting time.

Ajaccio gathered at the port, to place
Her parting blessing on the Southland ship,
On all aboard that ship the seas to ride.
With many tender words of cheer they spoke,
And some, with weeping eyes and grief, who smote
Their breasts and said: "Ajaccio may not hope
A thousand years to come such guests again."
It was a grief, because as yet unknown
Was the time when Drake would see Ajaccio,
And bring with him the Count and Southland crew.

The noon hour came, and Captain Drake, the Count,
And all the Southland crew stood round the ship.
The first to pass the gangway was the Count,
His wife, a brave women, upon his arm ;
The next on gangway bridge was Captain Drake,
And on his arm the fair Alathalene,
The daughter and only child of the Count ;
Soon Riley, Jameson, and all the crew
Stood on the deck ; and as the morning broke
They waved adieu to Ajaccio, and soon
That city appeared a far-distant speck.

Captain Drake and Count Galestein agreed
To ride the seas in search of news that told
Of land on which there might a state be built ;
And thus to guide the ship a course at sea,
That would lead to the greatest ports ; and there,
'Mid the centers of news from all the earth,
Find whether lands yet remained ; whether lands
Were anywhere with soil and balmy air,
Fair lands untrammelled by a dangerous claim,
Where they might pause, and lay the foundations
Of a commonwealth with freedom in its air.
But should they find the earth was occupied,
And hope should wane, and they should quit the seas,
They hope indulged that yet some light would shine,
That by the help which came through news at sea,
Some chance would yet remain, some star would guide,
That in the end would bring some fairer day
With smiles of light to chase their gloom away.

Of all aboard the ship, Alathalene
Stood first, and as the first she well deserved.
Fairly tall and of faultless form, with eyes

That proved a tender heart ; educated,
Social, brave, well-balanced, and full of wit ;
Had seen the spring blossom for eighteen years,
And now her turn had come to blossom out,
And as a flower she made the air as spring.

Not many days had passed when Captain Drake
With fair Alathalene sat on the deck,
Both charmed alike with the ocean expanse,
With the tides and the waves and the gliding ship ;
Charmed alike with the blue vault above
And with the soft zephyrs that fanned their cheeks,
While warming rays subdued the chilly air.
It was one of those hours when hearts are thrilled
With those secret sounds that break on the ear
When the soul, enwrapped in meditation,
Fondly dwells among the secret archives
Where Nature, mindful of all her children
Who seek her charms and hidden melody,
Pours a strain of music in the ear
That lifts her children to that delightful plane
Where naught intrudes that disturbs the soul.

It was while here they sat Alathalene
Turned her eye and thus addressed the captain :
“ While you fought the Southland cause I was young.
I was in school, engaged with other things,
Nor scarce gave thought, so young was I those years,
To your cause, nor watched those illustrious deeds
The South performed in her heroic struggle.
It was a time when youth a battle makes
To break the bands that must be broke, or else
The freedom of the mind can not be gained.
The books we had spoke of the olden time,

Of Greece and Rome, and told the tale of Troy,
And e'en came down in modern times as far
As when your brave fathers fought the Briton,
Drove him from their coasts that they might be free ;
But naught of the Southland in school was said.
Hence now, all the past explained, we reach down,
The things of recent times to grasp and learn.
I thank you for all the thrilling events
You narrated us while in Ajaccio,
For all you saw and met in southern seas.
But now doth still remain the Southland cause
Of which you were a part, and much you saw ;
Of it I feign would learn, and from your lips.
You dwelt amid the scenes and breathed the smoke
That spread upon the dreadful battle-fields.
You knew your cause, what right upon your side,
The struggle made and how you came to lose.
From first to last it all I now would learn.
The air we breathe, the ship we ride, the sun
That yonder shines and the voyage we make
Do all bespeak the time is good to hear ;
And if good to hear, it is, high captain,
Unless my anxious heart forgets, intrudes,
Good time to tell all, which not I alone,
But all the world looks for and still awaits."

And then Captain Drake : " O Alathalene !
What vile spirit is this that dares take hold
And possess one so fair as thee ? How large
The question thou dost ask ! How much doth drive
The thought where it is not inclined to dwell !
How much intrudes on memories put to rest !
Dost thou not know that I would grasp and hold
The lid secure that binds the buried past,

And guard the turf that hides our cares and toils?
 Dost thou not know the smoke of battle, the dead,
 Dying, and all the pains of dreadful strife,
 Bring pain afresh when in the past we dwell?
 But since thou hast made request, I will dare
 Those dreadful scenes, but gird myself as then ;
 Must have my sword as though again in war,
 For with my sword my courage will not wane.

“ But think not that yonder sun shall shine
 Till all, or half it all, to thee is told.
 And though the night be consumed till the dawn
 Bespeaks another day, yet more than half
 Of all the tale you ask would yet remain.
 Would that I some brief speech might find to tell
 The Southland cause ere the sun sinks to rest ;
 Or that some power that sun would hold in place,
 That with the silent night my voice might cease
 And find the needed rest, strength to regain,
 That must be lost by the task you impose.
 Canst thou command the sun, as on the plain
 Of Ajalon, the day the sun stood still
 Till Joshua had done his task in hand?
 And dost thou know, as the silent hours came,
 When task was done, how sweet his rest from cares ?

“Alone for thee I now the task assume,
 For thou wast young and of such tender years
 Thou hadst no heart to bear the Southland tale.
 E'en hadst thou in thy youth the story read
 Of the tented fields and the deep sorrows
 In the day of these events thy young heart
 Would have been pained, and eyes have flowed with
 tears ;

But braver, stronger now, thou canst withstand
Whate'er the truth proclaims ; and though it leads
To battle-fields, and lifts the veil that hides
The dead, the widow's gown and weeping eyes,
And lifts the veil that hides the crape which hangs
In mournful drapery the Southland o'er,
Thou canst, perhaps, the horrid tale withstand.
Yet gird thyself lest thou retreat from scenes,
Nor do thou let that courage wane thou hadst
When thou didst ask the tale of Southland woes.

“ But, Alathalene, there is some previous ground,
And on this we first must look and make our steps ;
For thy question implies the right and wrong ;
Doth imply all the truth on either side,
A statement full, that hides no bit of truth,
And leaves exposed, condemned, whoe'er was wrong.
In vindication thus the Southland cause
Shall rest on truth, nor shall a prop but truth
Support, for truth is adamantine stone.

“ Hence, ere the tale of heroes or battle,
Ere we walk the fields of dreadful carnage,
The Southland cause, its right must be explained.
At least two things must be well understood,
For they are chief. All else that can be thought
Doth hang on these but as adorning cloaks ;
All else doth dance respect to these alone ;
And had all else eyes from which they might look,
The gaze of every eye would be on these ;
These two, if understood, all truth is known.

“ The first of these is slavery and its cause,
Why sable sons of Africa were brought
Across the ocean, and in servitude

Compelled to tasks on Columbia's soil,
Under what laws existed, how controlled ;
What national relation it sustained,
What relation the states sustained to it.

“ The second is the political faith
On which the government of states was framed :
What powers were centralized, and of the states
What powers reserved ; whether the fathers' creed
Did justify government centralized,
Or left the states with right to judge the wrong ;
Whether, when some offense went unredressed,
With great unconcern to correct the wrong,
Or daring menace threatened safety,
And pledges sought met with the fate of scorn,
A right arose to dissolve the Union.

“ These two are central thoughts, and these the first
To be understood ; or rather right thought
Of these, when all the ground is well surveyed,
Will show the right, the wrong, and who must bear
The blame for all the sorrow, blood, and tears,
For all the fire and wasting ruin that came ;
Whether the North that wear's the victor's wreath,
Or the South which bravely fought but lost her cause.
These two must first the thought engage, and then
The scenes of strife, in which the South did prove
Herself a stock of chivalrous soldiery.

“ The first, negro slavery, shall claim the hour.
There was a time when ships on the seas
Were uncondemned when laden with Afric's sons ;
Nor scarce as yet had half a century gone
Since states condemned the trade with penal laws.
Those days the world was all agreed. The states

That worshiped God in Christian name, no less
Than the pagan, sought the coasts of Africa.
They gathered her dark sons aboard their ships
And unmolested sought a foreign shore.
Uncondemned, and for gold, they sold these sons,
Sold them to the Christian and the pagan.
Was this negro traffic a righteous cause?
Was negro bondage right when all approved?
When all applauded and not one condemned?
Who would dare in this day thus to affirm?
Who can say his blood is unattainted?
Who can rise with arguments in his mouth,
And prove he is of guiltless ancestry?

“Let all the earth then bow its head in guilt.
Let no one say, when to African shores
He turns his eyes, that he is washed and clean,
Until he proves he has atonement made,
Or else can prove a guiltless ancestry.
O let all be wise when they walk the ground
That is hallowed with sacrificial blood,
Nor in some weak hour vainly imagine
That they atonement made on fields of strife,
E'en through the shedding of their brother's blood.
Let them be wise in every thought, nor let
Ensanguined dreams debauch a judgment fair,
Nor dream that they are free through blood they shed
In razing foundations they helped to build.

“Negro slavery is the world's leprous spot.
It is the stain, not on a few, but on
The world. For time was once when all looked on,
Saw the traffic, heard the groans, yet no voice
Condemned the trade, till passing time had wrought

Such complications among the nations,
In race and condition, that a problem rose
Which the wisest men were troubled to solve.
And while wise men were troubled and anxious,
Feeling a way out of complications,
Fanaticism, impatient and senseless,
Strode o'er the North, nor e'er did rights regard ;
Tore from Peace her gown, and left that virgin
Naked and exposed. All eyes turned away,
And evil speech with thoughts of war began.
Long before the North and South fought in twain,
Before the fathers broke the Lion's strength,
Virginia, a Southland state, raised her voice,
Found fault with England's course, condemned her act ;
Yet Britons sought the shores of Africa,
Loaded their ships with those dark-skinned people,
Almost drove that Southland state to receive,
While she was young and weak, cargoes of slaves.

“E'en while the states that formed the Southland realm
Plowed fertile fields and ate their bread content,
Nor sent their ships to the African coast
To bring Ham's sable sons and make them slaves,
Yet oft with ships and slaves their shores were
thronged.

But Oglethorpe for Georgia spake and said :
‘ The state we build will need no slaves. Go back
And give to Africa that is her own.
We have for gold another use than slaves.
We build a state for the oppressed and poor,
And while the blood of Cavalier flows, remains,
Georgia's fair sons will plow the Georgian fields ;
Nor e'er shall send a Georgian ship or gold
To Afric's shores to buy Ham's sons for slaves.’

“Alathalene, behold! Dost thou not see,
Among the first the Southland raised her voice
Against what fate at last upon her sealed?
Yet thou canst never see one-half the web
That formed the snare, nor e’er will see one-half
The gold the North obtained to set it up.
Behold the treacherous hand and how it played!
The North did shift its slaves to Southland states,
And as it could it sold those slaves for gold.

“Yet they would have the world believe the tale
They set them free for love they had for man.
It is a cheat, an interlude that bought
A name which the deed doth not justify.
Nor was their deed through love of Afric’s sons
That they set free remaining few they held,
But because the costs overran the profits;
And because the meager few could not disturb,
Nor breed discord in social relation.
Ah! so few were they it was an easy work.
Had the fates dealt with them as with the South,
They would have had the voice of Southland states.
Where are those sable men the North set free?
What Northern man would dare the question answer?
If the deed was great as the boast they made,
Why did they never show great numbers freed?

“Within Virginia’s bounds were numerous slaves,
E’en twice o’er all the North did e’er set free;
Yet Virginia, though slaves did profit yield,
Began her plans to free her sable sons.
Had her deliberations not been disturbed
By organizing crusades trampling her rights,
And that fanatical spirit of hate

That woke jealousy and provoked her wrath,
Virginia would have freed her numerous slaves,
E'en all the Southland would thus have done ;
Not in hot haste, but in due time ; such time
As questions large require for all concerned.
Might not have met the time, and satisfied
The thought of those whose fiery haste knew not
The complications, but with such a guide
As their reason they would this work have done.

“ O Alathalene ! behold the dark stain
That must forever cleave to people North,
To those who little did, yet asked so much ;
Who interfered amidst the gravest thought
The Southern States in contemplation held ;
That drove them from their cool deliberation,
And buried national peace 'neath war of words ;
Awoke jealousy and supplanted love,
And through meddling premature, criminal,
Postponed the freedom of the negro slaves ;
Nor e'er did stop the unhallowed crusade
Until the foul blot of sectional war,
With costs more than equal to all the gain.

“ The crime of holding slaves is not a stain
So deep crimsoned as that on hands and heads
Who urged its existence against the will,
And were the prime actors that gave it root.
But the crimson stream swells the deepest tide
On those who interfered and broke the calm
When organizing plans were under way
To free Ham's sable sons in the Southland.

“ The North may wear the victor's wreath, and at
The chancel bow and render thanks to God

For abolition and resulting union ;
May forget their stain midst exulting thought,
As victors always do when right or wrong,
Yet still that crime of theirs that broke the calm
Will cleave, nor e'er will cease to cling and show
Its bloody head till old memories shall fade
And the tombs of the dead shalt be forgot."

Throughout the hour consumed by Captain Drake
Alathalene sat with attentive ear.
The captain ne'er had done, but sat a while
With silent lips. Alathalene then said :

"I have read a tale of a little prince
Of dark skin, and thus the tale commences :
A Boston ship left Boston port, and sailed
For the coast of Africa ; cast anchor
Near the Guinean shore, and friendly spirit
Showed in trade, and presents gave the natives.
The captain of the ship professed great love,
And gained the affection of the people.
Not many days passed ere from country round
And from the villages far came great crowds,
Among them the king and all his household,
To see the Boston captain, ship, and crew.
They came to trade, and friendly words exchanged.
The king and captain talked all matters o'er,
Talked of each other's country, and exchanged
Their good will in form of established peace,
Arranged the time when the ship would return,
And bring beads, brass wire, and such ornaments
As pleased the untutored, dark-skinned natives.

"The ship was a wonder and much admired
By all who dwelt that part the Guinean shore,

For on that coast few ships had e'er been seen.
The king desired to go aboard the ship
And ride upon the sea an hour or two.
The captain agreed that he and the old,
For whom he seemed to have the greater love,
Might get aboard; and thus they did, and rode
The sea on the Boston ship. The captain
And crew explained much, and some presents gave.
When the delighted king and all the old
Were returned, with presents, on shore again,
The captain said: "As the time will be long
Before the ship shall return, I desire
To give to the young people the pleasure
Of boarding my ship, and of an hour's sail."
All agreed, and soon fourscore of the young
Left the shore, and went aboard the Boston ship.
They were chiefly boys and girls in their teens,
Among them the twelve-year son of the king.

"They sang their native songs, and made the air
Resound with the shouts which the youth alone,
When cheered on heights of pleasure, can acclaim;
They waved their hands toward those left on shore;
They leaned forth their heads in affection's bow
And threw back their kisses to those they loved;
They danced their joys aboard the Boston ship,
And Mahleen, the king's son, led the chorus.
While at this height of pleasure, which Mahleen
And all those scores of unsuspecting youth
Enjoyed with song aboard the Boston ship,
She changed her sail and bent her course away
From Afric's coast where loved ones stood and gazed.
Nor e'er did reef her sail till she had gained
Boston harbor, where she discharged her freight;

And soon in Boston town those stolen youths,
Mahleen and all, stood round exposed for sale
In a place called the "Boston Slave Market."

"Mahleen was sold when he could not explain
His caste, his royal blood; but when he learned
The speech of those who speak the English tongue,
This tale he told; and as the story runs,
It was confirmed by those who came aboard
The Boston ship and were exposed for sale,
Who saw the prince when he was led away
From Boston Slave Market, not to a throne,
But as a slave to work his daily task.

"And though another name this royal youth
Was given, and while a slave did answer it,
But oft as it was called his thought would lean
Beyond the wave where he was called Mahleen,
And oft as thought occurred a master reigns
He thought of royal blood within his veins.
But naught availed his thought or tale he told,
For as a slave, a slave in bondage sold,
Mahleen could only think of Afric's strand,
And what he might have been on native land.
But as a slave through artful fraud, his lip
Dared curse the captain of the Boston ship
Till his gray hair and age did so increase
He found in death at last a sure release."

Then Captain Drake: "And now, Alathalene,
From all crime I would not the South exempt,
Nor make her name appear above the plane
On which the Southland stood and fought her cause;
Would not make her people as sons of Kish,
In moral tone with head and shoulders high

Above all humankind ; or e'en that they
In moral sense did high o'ertop the North
In every evangelical way and thought ;
But would exempt the South from all that crime
That lies within the trade of human flesh,
That tore from Africa her free people
And put them in pens for sale as cattle.
I would lift the Southland above that crime,
Would show her hands unstained, and leave the North
Its share to bear with all who are accursed.

“And I would show, as history doth prove,
When in convention the North and South met .
To frame the federal constitution,
The Northern states no less than Southland states
Did vote the unhallowed slave-trade further time ;
E'en Massachusetts, a commercial state,
A state in gear to lead the Northern thought,
Did cast her vote the traffic to extend.
This is the state that has the Boston town
That raised the captain in the tale you told.
If what you told was all the royal blood,
That state infringed and cast it down to dust,
The foul blot might be passed o'er as a stain
That came in midst of accidental times.

“ But there lies another charge, a deep stain
Time can never wash from Massachusetts.
Go ask the Wampanoags ; dig the grave
Of Metacomet ; hear the herald speak
From the Bermudas ; hear all the sad tale
How King Philip's son was sold in bondage ;
See Massachusetts drop the price of sale
In her state coffer, and then hear her swear

She is not stained with the blood of slavery.
See that royal youth under master's lash ;
Hear his groans, and see at last his death.
Then turn to King Philip ; see his sadness ;
Behold his broken heart ; and then remember
These were the children of Massasoit,
Who was ever the white man's greatest friend.

“ It was the times that seemed to rule as fate,
The times in which no voice of the Northern states,
Nor scarce a voice in all the world at large,
Was raised against the right to hold as slaves
The weak children of the dark continent.
Such times as these ruled as fate rules the storm,
And brought a day when all the Southland realm,
With smaller sin than the commercial world,
Woke and found themselves embarrassed with slaves ;
Woke and saw the sons of slave-approving sires
Stand and curse Southland states with dreadful names.

“ Those who held the gain of that accursed trade,
Who all the commerce did that gave the root
From which the fated stem of slavery grew,
Could pause, could quit the trade with coffers full
Of gold ; could rise and condemn Southland states
Because they held in bondage sons of Ham,
Could all this do and not a dollar lose ;
And, forgetful of the wealth they had gained
Through the unhallowed traffic which the South
Had ne'er indulged, bow at the chancel rail
And thank high Heaven that their hands were clean ;
And then with heads above the chancel board,
Would dare indulge the vain imagination
That they ne'er had sinned, were unattainted ;

Then asked the South to surrender a claim
Where eight hundred millions were invested,
But offer not one cent indemnity.

Although they had grown rich on the profits;
Would ask it, press it, nor scarcely give time,
Which large questions always require, to find
A way, and justice do to all concerned.

“Such manners do but tend to stir the wrath,
Wake hate, and defer to other times
That which, if let alone, sober reason
Would correct. Japheth blood can meet the sword,
Defend its cause, but ne'er can be driven.
Japheth blood doth dwell in the tents of Shem,
A scepter holds; and of this Japheth blood,
One part, of right, can never claim or hold
Another part debased, beneath its sway.
It is the blood of reason; that reason
Which adjudicates at the proper time,
Regulates with justice to all concerned.

“Whoever dares to lift a thought and say
That slavery was the primal cause that broke
The peace between the North and South denies
A truth that reaches back to other times.
If lies in this direction the primal cause,
It then doth lie in facts still farther on;
It lies with those who did kidnap the slaves,
And makes them bear the guilt of primal cause.
But who did this, and who the shame should feel?
Dares any man to say the Southland states?
It is denied. Nor can it be sustained.

“But there is a cause, nearer home doth lie;
That cause is hate, that raised its evil eye,

A hate without excuse to justify.
 Had not that hate dwelt in the Northern camp,
 Seceding right would scarce have been impeached.
 At least if hate had not dwelt in the thought,
 Heartless wrath would have scarce provoked to arms.
 Whence came that hate? Whence came the bitter
 thought?

Who did provoke? And who was first in crime?
 Is it too harsh? Dares the tongue to speak the truth?
 It must be said: the North began to hate,
 And then with hate provoked the Southern wrath.
 When this she did she cast a gauntlet down,
 And then the right to secede she challenged.
 Why did the North provoke this wrath? Did laws
 The fathers made excuse an act so bold?
 Ask the constitution. Ask the fathers,
 Who with great care that constitution framed?
 Did it forbid the meddler's hand to touch
 The rights of states reserved? Ask the fathers?
 Did not their hands frame the constitution?
 To it the South appeals. There rests her cause.

“ Because the world began reform in thought
 Ne'er proved the South in thought opposed reform.
 It was the meddler's hand the South opposed.
 There's vantage-ground; and those who hold such
 ground

In war with swords or war with words do hiss
 Their reproach, and from ramparts which they hold
 Do jeer those who at disadvantage stand.
 A kid high on a roof may jeer a passing wolf,
 And men like senseless kids oft do the like.
 Such was the Northern voice in the reform.
 The North had naught to lose; not so the South.

And while the North, unembarrassed with slaves,
Could freely speak its full thought of reform,
The South was left to feel, nor scarce do more
Than feel, because of its embarrassments.
Did the North feel pain because slaves were here?
The South this pain did feel with keener sense.
Did the North desire the slaves should be free?
The Southland thought kept pace in this reform.
The world is all alike when conditions
Are the same ; and had the Northern people
Occupied the Southland states, all their thoughts
Would have been the same as Southland people.”

CHAPTER V.

THE day being far spent, the chilly air
Gave token the unfinished Southland tale
Should be deferred until another day.
But not until the stars began to show
Did Alathalene retire from the deck
Of the Southland ship, where with Captain Drake
She sat and drank the evening air and heard
With wondering ear the first of the story ;
So deep intent was she to know the cause
For which the Southland had made its battle.
The young hero with whom she sat on deck
Her heart had won, until it seemed his cause
Was hers, nor scarce did seem their lives were twain.
Her meditations through the night were such
The Southland cause received but half her thought ;
The brave young captain got the other share.

But soon another morning sun shed rays
That softly kissed the wave and rose aloft,
Until his warming beams enticed on deck
The captain and Alathalene again.
It was the place to tell the Southland tale ;
That in the light of the broad sea's expanse
They might mingle their voices with the tide,
With the distant heralds that spake from far,
And play their thoughts on music-strings that reached
From Ajaccio to the far Southland shores.
First, while thus entranced, spake Alathalene :

“ To me it seems a wonder that the North,
Knowing all the changes which time had wrought,

Did feel no sympathy for the Southland ;
Why, in light of history, in view of fate,
That fixed so numerous slaves in Southland states,
There was no kind feeling, no mercy shown ;
Why the endless hate, the embittered thought,
The heartless crusade that woke the Southland wrath ;
Why domestic affairs, the rights of states,
Rights protected by the Constitution,
Should be molested by the meddler's hand ;
Why such sectional haste should drive free people
And make them slaves to another's thought,
Such haste, such crusade as woke jealousy,
And turned the current of the Southland's care
From serious thoughts of slave-manumission
Into the channel of Southland protection.
But thus it seems relentless fate decreed
That dreadful hate should rise, no mercy show.
By these fates stood the Northern herd who helped
To cut the thread the Southland spun, not in
A day, but by a long and bloody war.

“ But, captain, if I understood aright,
You said two things must first be understood,
That all may know chief causes of the war.
One of these is slavery. Of this you spoke ;
The other is, and yet remains, the right
Of the states to secede from the Union.
Of the first you well have spoken ; may I ask
The second, if it be no grievous task ? ”

Then Drake : “ It is no task, Alathalene,
To dwell with the fathers who wrote the times,
And left deep impress as to what they meant
When they, in deep thought, the government framed.

It is to dwell in thought with men such as,
Perhaps from Adam's day, had ne'er been seen.
It is to dwell amidst those stirring times
When the fathers' thoughts were more sternly fixed
On human rights than all preceding ages,
On times when arguments of words had failed
To break the chains that held liberty bound ;
With sword in hand the fathers made defense,
And on the tented field snatched the Virgin
From the jaws of the devouring Lion.

“ Until that day the world had gone astray,
And little seemed to feel, howe'er so great
The labors the many were made to bear.
The world, those days, the slave-trade did approve ;
Those dark days when rights were disregarded,
And the world pauperized for royal glory.
With kindred thought Japheth's sons were enslaved,
And tribute paid to decorate old crowns
That glittered e'en as gold beset with gems,
While the heads on which they sat never cared
How few were those who oppressed the many,
Nor how few did all the profits obtain ;
Nor that man was a slave with voice suppressed,
Yet forced to toil and fight the king's battles.

“ But the fathers broke this tyrannous yoke
And turned to ashes on a funeral pyre
The chains that bound their land in slavery.
They woke new thought, and in chimes of victory
Such music strains were heard on distant shores
As woke the world from slumbers deep and long,
And fixed its thoughts on rights inalienable :
The right to have a voice in government ;

The right to say what burdens they would bear,
What chains shall be endured, and what their strength ;
The right to think, to change, and form anew,
And find redress, not on the fields of blood,
Where might doth conquer often as the right,
But by recalling powers that were abused.

“ Thus stood the fathers in those trying days
When King George and all the land of Britain
Boldly claimed and did dare assert the right
To bind them in all cases whatsoever ;
They broke the chain, their connection severed,
And declared themselves free and independent.
They strove with the sword, nor did it ensheath
Till they obtained the rights for which they fought.
They strove the pen, and left their heirs enframed,
The ‘ Declaration of Independence.’
That bill of human rights, which in that day
The world astonished, and in modern times
Forms an epoch in the march of freedom.
To it the eyes may turn and there behold
The political faith the fathers resolved.

“ They claimed the right to sit in judgment
And weigh the deeds of those who did oppress ;
The right to break oppression’s chains, and mold
The whole anew unto a better day ;
But when their strength could not effect the whole,
They claimed the right, rather than be slaves,
To break the bonds of a defunct union,
And form and mold the part oppressed anew.
This they claimed to be man’s common duty.

“ When the fathers severed their connection
They did the act of freedom, and denied

The right of Britain further to molest,
Thus in their thought and political creed
They threw the blame of blood on the Briton.
They meant no challenge, threw no gauntlet down,
But meant they would not be Great Britain's slaves.
If Great Britain had a just cause of war,
The fathers were unjust when they withdrew ;
If the fathers had a just cause to withdraw,
Then Britain had no right to wage the war.
But whate'er that olden time, what the rights,
Whate'er the ground to build apology,
The fathers framed their thoughts anew, and held
That governments should be so constructed
As that the parts should sit and judge their wrongs.

“ Nor were the fathers reckless in their thought,
For they had faith in the virtue of man,
That in his thought there dwelt a right appeal ;
That he loved country as he loved his God,
That nature formed him thus, gave this impulse ;
That by his nature he would bear offense,
Nor give a sign that he would break the bonds,
Until a train of abuses, multiplied,
Would compel and drive him to seek release
In separation, where he might be free.
This the fathers claimed a bounden duty,
And denied the right of coercive war.

“ Herein they laid their ground of natural right,
And pledged themselves such right to e'er maintain.
Their thought, so well expressed, condemned Britain,
Who used her force to subjugate and rule
With burdens imposed that made her colonies
Less free than other English citizens.

“Their ‘Declaration of Independence’
Sowed the first seed, the first that they conceived
To be the right of man and the rights of states
That formed the parts of a government framed.
They looked upon a state not as a child,
That had a parent head to check and guide,
To make it take just what it might receive,
Subject to the will of the parent head,
And to be castigated at the will ;
But as the peer of all with rights to guard.
Nor did they call a state a fickle child,
Possessed of whims and hard to pacify ;
But as a wise, patriotic jury,
That would mete right judgment to all concerned.

“Such the principles, such the fathers thought.
For these they pledged their lives and sacred honor,
And bore the tragic scenes of battle-fields,
Till the tide of war ceased and they were free.
So much the cost that broke oppression’s arms,
So much the cost that gave to freedom birth,
So much the cost to build those foundations
That denied the coercive right of war.

“It is not our province to break a thread,
Or string paragraphs of philosophy,
Or speak metaphysical disquisition,
Concerning the thought of our honored sires.
They were actors, theirs the dramatic times ;
Of them we speak and tell the things they did,
The things they thought and how they led reform.

“But when the Briton left, and they were free,
The work they had in hand was but half done ;
Not more than half, for then the task arose

To mold the independent states intact
 For general welfare and common defense.
 This was a task, and much debate ensued ;
 And at that time there rose a few who claimed,
 Large concessions should be made by the states,
 And the government strongly centralized.
 But even these, as all the records prove,
 Denied the right that states should be coerced ;
 That whatever the powers delegated
 For general welfare and common good,
 The states that granted might recall again
 Whene'er their judgment taught they were abused.
 It was the fathers' political creed ;
 Howe'er they differed, all on this agreed.

“At last the day came when in convention,
 The wise met, a constitution to frame ;
 Met with instructions concerning powers,
 Instructions forbidding to so centralize
 The form of government, as that the states
 Should not be free when they received abuse.
 Nor came there a dream that they should not judge,
 With right to act on all provocations.

“Federalists, it is true, did not agree
 With Anti-Federalists in the debate.
 They differed on the division of powers,
 The one more deferential to the states,
 The other to consolidating strength.
 But where arose a voice that gave a whisper,
 That a state in the compact should be coerced ?
 Remembered they not what they had espoused
 In their Declaration of Independence ?
 Could either party at this early day
 Ignore the principles of their great cause ?

“Ah no! It is a dream of modern date.
Time did wait till other children grew,
Whose eyes had never seen the smoke, and who
Had never smelt the sulfurous air of war;
Till then such a change was impossible.
He who sees that all were not agreed,
And thence concludes a part would bind a state,
Doth charge reproach, and doth our sires impeach;
Doth make of them, instead of arching strength,
Matchlessly inconsistent imbeciles.

“Long the current world doth show traitors’ hands
Have aimed the world’s greatest good to despoil.
Ne’er has the world some great good attempted,
For peace, happiness, and the general welfare,
Unless appeared amidst some traitor’s hand
Whose wicked will and art and vain deceit,
Then or thereafter, would lift a hand of spoil.
Arnolds, Burrs, and Judases are not all,
But other types and shades of traitorous art
Stand uncovered to the gaze and condemned.
Whoever in the Federal convention,
Nor matters not what name he then espoused,
Whether Federalist or Anti-Federalist,
Either this or that or something other,
Whene’er he dared deceit, or to cover
Some hideous thing that would breed disaster,
Was a traitor to the cause of our sires.

“Should it be allowed in those thoughtful days
That one rose in the federal convention—
Or e’en two or three, it makes no matter—
Who with traitorous art strove to override
The creed of the fathers, which they did build
In their Declaration of Independence,

Doth not prove the fathers betrayed their trust,
And canceled that declaration of rights
In which they grounded their justification
For revolution against the Britons.

“Ah no! If any man thinks he sees disguised,
A thought that Hamilton spoke, or a thought
Of any other who sat in convention,
And under fair judgment of construction
Doth conclude the fathers dared ignore
The Declaration of Independence,
Or infringe the rights belonging to states,
He doth bring false charge against the fathers,
Who had not forgotten their Valley Forge,
Nor the seven long years of dreadful war;
Doth bring a charge the fathers were fickle,
And that in creed they were not consistent.
Better far to look again, and see a hand
That would prove a traitor, or else conclude
There's fault with modern interpretation.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT now, Alathalene, we bid adieu
To the honored fathers who, through trials
Such as few patriots had ever borne,
Attained at last triumphal liberty,
And perpetuated freedom of the states
In the American constitution.
They first declared their political creed
In that ever-memorable document
That woke the wonder of the world, and is known
As their Declaration of Independence.
These principles, though written on parchment sheets,
Were far from free. The Britons intervened,
And would have held them forever suppressed,
Had not the fathers rallied to defense.
They won, and their principles became free.
Those ever-dear sacred rights they advanced,
Until in the federal constitution
They framed a great compact of liberty.

“The fathers now grew old in war and thought,
Had borne life through in a mighty struggle.
E’en when their eyes grew dim through weight of
years,
They little knew the wonders they had wrought,
What an epoch made in the world’s history.
They knew not the millions of eyes down time,
That would turn and gaze on their achievement.
And as they went down into honored graves,
They gave all to their sons as heritage,

Nor dreamed that the compact would e'er be broken,
But hope indulged, always as they had been,
That love would ever dwell between the sections.
It was in the world's political thought,
The richest gift fathers had e'er bequeathed,
Or sons from Adam down had e'er received.

“Their gift came through a long and bloody war,
Through the Declaration of Independence,
Through the great federal constitution,
Through much labor and toil intellectual,
Through their youthful bloom and education,
Through manhood strong that met the deadly foe,
Through innate love they had for human rights,
Through manhood courage and thoughtful age.

“What a country! What a great heritage!
What a great charge on their sons! It bid fair
To crush the foundations of oppression,
And be the end of fratricidal wars.

“It meant release, not by such arts as kings
And all domineering courts exercise,
But by the fathers' will, who shed their blood
From Lexington, e'en seven weary years,
Till at Yorktown they raised triumphal shout.

“The first sign that breathed a distant token
That the fathers' work would be forgotten,
That the rights of states would be neglected,
Grew on a vine of false patriotism.
So unbounded was the appreciation
Of the rich heritage the sons received,
That some grew dazed by the illumination,
And right judgment lost amidst the blaze.
Mistaking the fathers' political creed,

The deep, firm safeguards against oppression
Planted in the liberty of the states,
Their hearts began to swell into the thought
That the Union was "one and inseparable."
That for no cause could a state of the Union
Recall the powers it once delegated.

"O shameful thought! O false patriotism!
Was such the fathers' will? Was such the war?
O shame! It doth place American states
Under a master, bound and sealed to fate;
Bound and sealed as were the colonies.
How treacherous the thought that intruded
Amidst the glamour of rest and heritage!

"As long as rights of states were regarded,
As long as mutual rights were respected,
That long did love exist between the sections;
Long as love existed between the sections
They were indeed 'one and inseparable;'
For love's a cord that earth can never break;
But when love has turned to hate, division
Has then commenced, and is a thing that grows.

"'One and inseparable!' What doth it mean?
Go search the fathers' vocabulary,
Search through all their written constitution,
Through the Declaration of Independence;
Go search the blood they shed and which yet speaks;
Call up their deep still voices from the grave;
Lift the veil that hides each secret intent,
And, if so be, break the adamantine walls
Behind which is conceived a hidden thought,
And every voice and every written word
Doth declare the liberty of the states,

That they were a compact, with love the cord,
And not a sword, that held them together.

“But for eloquence, those enchanting sounds
That so oft move the pulse of human thought
And wake the human sense to love the wrong,
The early thought born in uncertain heat,
That the states were “one and inseparable,”
Might have died away, and the fathers’ will
Of state liberty would have been preserved.
Eloquence hath made the world half what it is.
It is the power that sways the public mind,
And next to music naught hath greater power.
But wrongly used it is a dreadful art,
And they who have the gift this art to use
May live to rue the day of their vain speech.
If time moves slow the wrongs this art has done,
Those men may be entombed ere what they sowed
Have made their harvest of bitter herbs.

“Oft hath eloquence brought to Marah’s bank
The anxious, thirsting millions of our race,
And left them perched by Marah’s bitter stream
To lament and groan through their years, e’en till
Some great prophet, like him who heard God’s voice
Amidst such cries as shook all Rephidim,
Looks down on the withering, weeping flesh,
And strikes the rock that makes the waters flow,
Or tells the art that makes the waters pure.

“America had orators, eloquent men,
Who thrilled the public heart with the music
Of the fathers’ deeds. Under the banner
Of the free they boasted a great country.
If this were all, and here had stopped acclaim,

Eloquent speech would have no mischief done,
But this was not all; it was but the half.
They claimed the states should be preserved intact,
That no state could judge its cause and withdraw,
That this the fathers willed and had spoken.
One dominating thought prevailed and reigned
In the speech of such orators, whose minds
Seemed framed to grasp no more than solid Union,
Union inseparable except by might,
Union in peace, in war and oppression.

“Union!” enchanting word. It largely did
The work which weird enchantment does.
Like winds aloft among the forest pines,
These orators used their enchanting speech,
Which fell as siren songs on those below,
And with effect that music often yields.
Like dry leaves broken from stems, which the winds
Drive in heaps, thousands of America’s sons
Were led in throngs by siren tongues of art,
Until a party rose who built their hopes
Upon a plane of false patriotism.

“Would that the task were not this day imposed
To tell the whole of truth. The task is hard
When it doth lead to grounds where lie entombed
The honored dead. The sacred tomb is still;
It has no voice that speaks. It is but dust.
In it lies the frame of Daniel Webster.
That frame is the mute tenement that once
Was seen of men, was once a living voice
That could affirm or then again deny;
But now the grave has claimed him for its own,
Condemned the hand that would molest that dust;

Condemned the art that would impeach his life ;
But when the times do lead to duty's task,
Condemned the tongue that will not speak the truth.
Truth means to give no offense to the grave,
To stir no breath of air or wave a wand
O'er the tomb of the sleeping, honored dead.
Truth, though oft been buried, is immortal.
There breathes a magic power about its grave.
As spring brings forth what lay in winter's arms,
And the deep-buried buds break through the doors
That laced the holly and the fragrant roses.
So doth truth, oft as buried, have spring-tide ;
And oft as truth prevails, man occupies
The road that leads to highest destiny.

“ Webster, whose name was as a magic word ;
Webster, who loved his country, and who meant
No wrong—America's greatest orator—
Has left this side the tomb his living words.
Not one sprig would take from his laurel crown,
Nor voice would raise against the good he did
In other times, or good that yet may rise,
Would praise him for the good he ever did ;
Would then hush the voice and let Webster rest.
Would say he was a man of good intent,
With a heart that was filled with many virtues ;
Would pay him honor for honest impulse.
But who e'er lived that was infallible ?
Who e'er lived that can say : ‘ I have not sinned ? ’ ”

“ When vines that cling on the sturdy oak fall
There is no thunderous sound, and scarce a leaf
Receives a wound. But when that sturdy oak
Doth break its deep-struck root and tear the earth,

The thunder of its voice is heard afar,
And in its crash not only leaves and vines,
But the tall, strong-built trees, do feel its weight.
And thus it is with those whose humble birth
Hath ne'er aspired o'er men to dominate :
Like humble vines, the things on which they cling,
Or those on which, with loosened root, they fall,
Do feel no shock, nor do disaster note.
But when Websterian power sowed the fields
Of statehood liberty with seeds of thorn,
The crackling sound of breaking roots was heard,
Nor ever did cease the warning to give,
Until the Northern states with will proclaimed,
There is, never was, nor shall be a right
Of a state to secede from the Union.

“ Had not great Webster lived, or, having lived,
Had he been of humble walk, liberty,
As it was written by the father's pen,
As it was purchased by their virtuous blood,
Would have remained the adamant stone
On which were built our free institutions.
But the great Webster lived, and, having lived,
Had he espoused the cause of the fathers,
Had raised his thought above entrenching fears,
With mind unfettered and with keener sense,
Had observed the deep-writ lines in the creed
The fathers taught, and had put on that creed
The friendly stamp of his great influence,
America would not have sold her rights
And built instead a hill of treacherous power.

“ But Webster lived. His fame hath reached the
stars.

Yet in his life his hand did lead the way

To the spot where liberty lies entombed.
He meant no harm. It was the way he thought.
That backward step will in time be recalled.
The lash of force will not always prevail.
There is virtue in cultivated love ;
But the world is so accustomed to force,
So accustomed to bend the will with might,
As yet it has not learned the worth of love,
And what its worth to all tribes and kindreds,
That they may be 'one and inseparable.'

“Light that brings a better day is dawning.
Hence the world moves on. Daily multiplied,
The lovers of liberty do increase ;
They throng the streets and fill the thoroughfares,
They talk in the city and the hamlet.
They talk with voice that will not be suppressed
Until their voice of prayer is heard on high,
When he, who looks with frown on human wrongs,
Will send some man more than great Webster's peer
To the spot where liberty lies buried.
At that sacred spot the entombed virgin
Will hear a voice, that stirs a storm, cry out :
'O liberty, why hast thou found a grave !
Lift up thy eyes, thy friend is here ! Come forth !
Thy cords, thy chains are broke ! The earth is thine !'

“The virgin queen will hear the voice appeal ;
Come out from her grave, unwrap her swaddling,
Raise her scepter o'er the free, and disarm
The countless frauds that used their cunning arts
To educate the states that they were free,
When imperial force and onerous burdens proved
A most direful state of despotic rule.

What dreadful storms shall burst and rend the air!
What earthquake shock of those arrayed in arms!
What depths of distress shall afflict the world
To lift the crushing weight mankind have borne,
And give to all the birthright of freedom,
Depend upon the stubborn might of force
That from of old had contested the claim
Where'er man rose to gain his proper rights!

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN woodmen with axes in hand do go
To the great forests and, with stroke on stroke,
Do cleave the solid wood, there is at first
A crackling sound long ere the stately oaks
Break their firm foundations, bow their tall heads
And seek the solid earth with crushing fall.
We now approach the time, Alathalene,
When we stand amidst the dread crackling sounds
That preceded the thunders of angry war.
We leave behind the fathers and their work ;
We leave behind the question of the slaves,
How they came to be in the Southland states,
And what relation to the government
That institution had always sustained.
The rights of the states, the right to secede,
Hath been full explored, and it with else
That occupied our time we bid adieu.
We leave Webster, whose influential hand
Was raised against the will of the fathers,
In that sound slumber, which no crackling sounds,
Nor e'en the loud notes of dreadful war
Can disturb. May his rest be sweet! The tomb
Is oft a place of dread, but when from sight
It hides the sorrows that sprang from the seeds
The living sowed, it is with pleasure met.
The entombed rest from care, nor lift their eyes
To see the good or evil that follows life.

“ We now approach that strain 'tween North and
South

When crackling sounds of tension strings are heard.
The tension strength could bear a strain, but, like
All else, there is a weight that breaks the strength.
The hour had come when Southland forbearance
Was put on its last trial. It was a time
When not to speak and act its fate was sealed.
Not to speak and act in this momentous hour,
Whate'er the calculations of results,
Would prove the South unworthy of its cause,
Would lay those foundations of future weakness
That can boast no famous ancestral line.

“A crisis in affairs doth not arise
So much from times as it depends on growth.
A mountain grows until it rears its head
Into regions of ice and snow, and there
Midst these, opposing heat and cold do make
A crisis line to all the plants and trees.
The proud old hill may rear its head still higher
But plants and trees will halt upon a line.
Beyond that line they sniff a breath of air
In which are contained the cold winds of death.
Upon that line they fight their battle of life.
Thus doth all nature show there is a line
At which fond company, howe'er so dear,
Must be broken, unless the eager, restless march
Is made to halt where all can live, embrace;
Or if not, be as the proud mountain peak,
Hold no whip to castigate things below,
But as it grows, pulverize its rocks,
And form a mold to bless the life of things
That can not live in its tall summit air.

“There is a growth in the affairs of men
That none must dare to pass, or, passing it,

Naught this side azure heights can pacify.
Upon this line is seen a balance beam.
It doth its level keep. E'en hairs do weigh,
And they are watched ; with them is kept account.
All eyes look on that beam. 'Tis watched with eyes
That know no sleep, and held with hands whose
strength,
When broken, makes bayonets the next appeal.

“ In the affairs of men, the world around,
A crisis is but a line reached by growth.
It is a line at which, on either side,
From opposing ways men do march and meet ;
And there, face to face, with look unyielding,
They war at first with words, and then with swords.
But right should stand, for sake of right, till death.
This is the law the fathers left their sons.
Will those in wrong retreat? Go ask the North.
Did the Briton yield, and when did he retreat?
Were they not in the wrong? Ask the fathers.

“ There was in the affairs of America
A line drawn. It was the crisis line.
For many years it had a distant look.
In those years little noise was heard abroad,
Nor was much hate, nor was contention rife.
But e'en as trees do show circles of growth,
So in those times each year did work, increase
Of opposing thought between the North and South,
Until at length with angry speech they met
And showed their hate upon this dangerous line.
Like angry bulls each one his herd defending,
Which paw the earth and throw the dust in air,
And shake the earth with heavy tread and sound,

So stood the North and South in angry speech
Before the day they met with clash of arms,

“The beam was balanced on the dangerous line.
Thus stood the North and South, all looking on.
But place one pound more—nay, put one hair’s weight—
And the tension breaks that holds together.
Did the North not see it? Did it not feel
The tension strain? Knew it not added weight
Doth break the strongest cords? that naught is safe
Where is no care of weight with calculations?

“The weight that turned the beam against the South
Was the election to the presidency
Of a man who, in his political thought
Could not have that sympathy for the South
That would give constitutional protection.
This has been denied. But how stands the case?
Expect thou a leopard to change his spots,
Or a dark son of Ham to change his skin,
As that President Lincoln would change his creed.
Expect thou a new era in the world,
When a man is called to exaltation,
If he does not upon the heights of power
Do some injury to the thing he hates.
As well attempt to prove the night is day
As that President Lincoln loved the South,
Or would foster Southland institutions.

“The olden history doth lift the cover,
Doth prove the truth that a man and his creed
Are one. Doth a man love a thing he hates?
Doth he throw arms of love around the thing
He hates, and give protection, as he doth
To the things which he holds in fond embrace?

Did not the broken laws along the past,
And the violated constitution, prove
That men do not embrace the thing they hate?
Nor lift their hands with equal grace to shield
Both the things they love and the things they hate?

“ If it be granted that President Lincoln
Had strong desires to do right things ; that he
Was a good man, e’en better than the most,
That he had great courage ; yet not all this
Doth prove that he was free from prejudice ;
Doth not prove that he would be impartial ;
Doth not prove a less regard for his creed,
Nor that he would not feel the influence,
And in a large sense be led by the power,
That placed him in the chief magistracy.
Nor can all this and sixfold more prove else
Than that the great President was a man,
Not more than a man of earth, in whom dwelt
The common heritage of one who’s dust,
Who had his share of frailty and prejudice,
With all those dispositions men possess
In humble walk or official station.

“ No Homerican verse nor Virgilian strain,
No verse or prose whate’er may be its grace,
Nor thought conceived in pathetic feeling
At sight of flowing blood of martyrdom,
Can make Lincoln less nor more than a man.
He was no god, nor are we as the Greeks
Who oft did raise a man above his mark.
There are angels good and bad ; man’s between.
All verse that’s writ from ancient time till now
That makes a man as Him who’s over all

This age rebukes, and treats it all as fable.
All verse that makes this world a world of devils,
Or gives to man the name of angel good,
Doth stand against the truth that man's between ;
Not angel yet nor devil, but 'tween the two,
Not as yet in sunken degradation,
Nor attained to the summit of the best.

“ The South in power was as a thrashing-floor,
And oft did yield and compromise a peace.
Nor can be found a written page wherein
The South e'er asked more than the constitution.
With that great fundamental law in hand,
With it unstained, the South was e'er content.
It was the sacred charter of the fathers,
A legacy committed to their children.
The Northern cry that the constitution
Was a great compromise of opinions,
A compromise of sections and of states,
Could not effect the rights therein contained.
It was the compact that formed the Union,
Without which the Union had not been framed.
With rights preserved as were then understood,
With no unwarranted interpretations,
With no foul hands laid on that agreement,
The Southland states had ne'er complained,
Nor would have been this dreadful crisis hour
When low murmurings of worse things were heard.

“ But now the fair Southland sun had gone down.
She saw it set with no hope left behind.
Her power was broken, and she must breathe the air
Under the domination of a power
That had long struggled to gain those dread heights

Of political vanity, from which dark frowns
Looked down on the chastened and weary mind ;
Weary because there was no peace, because
There was an irrepressible conflict,
Because the cords of love had all been broken.

“When Lincoln said the states should all be free,
Or should all be slave, he declared his creed.
All declarations otherwise but meant
Delay, a time to breathe, a time to think,
But never meant that meddling arts should cease ;
Never meant that he, in any guise or thought,
Would consent that all the states should be slave.
And thus such talk was vain and idle speech,
A play of words in which was hid deceit.

“The Northern act that made their President
Awoke anew the dangers of the South ;
It swung the ax with heaviest stroke to cut
The Southern oak. The top began to shake.
The crackling sounds, which cry before the fall,
The Southland heard, and in the crisis hour
Claimed the right the fathers purchased with blood
At Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Valley Forge.

“O Alathalene, behold the gathering clouds !
Incline your ear to catch the rumbling sounds
Dixie heard before the dreadful battle came.
The wrathful winds of anger and hate not far
Are seen to play. Nearer they bring the clouds
Whose dark banks are gathering in mighty force,
And point a line of march directly o'er
The Southland states ; and, if they come, will make
Her lovely daughters don the widow's gown,
Will hush the voice of her sons with the sword,

And leave a lonesome wail among her pines ;
Will hunger bring, and nakedness, through all the land ;
Make the home of the free a military camp,
And trample down virtue with lawless freedom.

“ What hath the Southland done to bring this storm ?
Where lives the man or sleeps the dust of fame,
Be he called statesman or by hero name,
Who bequeathed a page or left word behind,
Which when fairly weighed can prove as true
That Southland states did e'er o'erride the law,
Or e'en that they attempted such a crime ?

“ But ah ! in midst of accidental times
Slavery was planted in the Southland states.
This was their crime, and was chief ground of hate.
But hark ! the crime was in the law ; not law
Of states alone that held the negro bound,
But in the great national constitution.
Did e'er the South infringe that law ? Did she,
E'en in the days of her power, e'er attempt
Disgrace so deep, or build up such reproach,
Or stain her name with art to override
The constitution ? Where in all her thought
Are found the elastic cords that e'er gave
A strained meaning to that great instrument ?
The constitution made servile labor
A domestic institution, and threw
Its arms around the states in protection.
If slavery was reproach, was crime, no less
The great constitution was like involved,
Was in the crime, and pledged the people all
That crime to endure, maintain, till the states
At times of their own choice should free the slaves.
Thus the South, thus her virtue, thus her crime.

“ Sometimes, through hate and ire, occasions rise
That drive free people to revolution ;
Occasions in which battle is preferred
To chains and grievous things oppression brings.
Our fathers did elect such open rupture.
Sometimes occasions rise to exercise
A right left free by a constitution.
Such were the times the Southland states made choice
Of dissolution that they might be free.
It was all they asked, and this right they claimed.
When this they did, the clouds more furious grew,
Some lightning-flashes played across the sky,
Some deeper notes of distant thunder rolled ;
Yet the storm hung on the Northern horizon.

“ Was this a crime, this act of Southland states?
Ask, then, the cause that made them take the step?
Were they not loath to leave the cherished Union?
But when the oppressor’s hand was lifted up,
They chose to flee from hate and seek their joys
In smaller tents, where peace and love encamped.
Had faith been kept, ne’er had this step been taken.
But marital vows are sometimes broken ;
The law then kindly intervenes, and makes
A way that hating people may not dwell
In the same tent in fear and dread and crime.
Had Southland rights been respected, protected,
The cord of love would have ne’er been broken.
But such the fates and such the heart of man,
Such one heart alone, or aggregated.

“ Was this a crime, this act of Southland states?
The question still is asked, still repeated.
Ask the fathers if they e’er saw a day

When they, with their pen, would have parchment
stroke

To rob the equal states of such discretion ;
Ask if e'er they thought or dreamed of molding
Independent states, as lead is molded,
Into one mass, with all distinctions lost ;
Ask them of the times, of liberty enjoyed,
Of jealous eyes o'ercasting rights of states
In the day when they were arranging union ;
Ask the fathers, and every voice responds
From every page they wrote, and from their graves,
The times forbade, it was impossible.

“The voice is in the wind, without a mask ;
It floats from clime to clime, and still doth ask :
Was it a crime for the Southland states to secede ?
A crime against the law, a crime against God,
A crime to get free from oppression's chains ?
Ask Lincoln, ask that great war President ;
Ask that captain of a political party
Which was a born foe of the Southland states,
Ask him, and let him speak himself for all ;
Hear his words, and if no art to deceive,
No deep-feigned report, but heart and voice one,
Each word will show the thinly covered snare,
Will show they meant a crusade on the South,
On slavery, regardless of the rights of states ;
That not the states alone where it exists
Shall have a voice about its place, its life,
But that his great party shall speak, be heard ;
And, speaking, will say it shall be confined,
Shall no more have the privilege once it had,
Shall no more have one inch of the domain
Which is the common heritage of all ;

But shall be hedged, confined, and kept in bounds.
Ask Lincoln of this hate, and what it meant ;
Ask if it was respectful to the South ;
Then ask if it e'er made or freed a slave.

“ The Southland saw the gathering storm, saw it
In Kansas some years before, saw it dawn
But retreat again at Harper's Ferry.
Now and then through the years the cloud appeared,
Would come and go in dark, threatening menace.
The Southland stood on guard and watched the times ;
Nor was her thought so much on slaves as on
The rights the fathers gave, the rights of states.

“ The Southland built its democratic fires,
And winter nights they talked the fathers' will.
In the profound depths of their hearts they thanked
Them for the heritage bequeathed, received.
From budding spring till falling leaves they dwelt
In tranquil hope, breathing the sweet fragrance
Of their magnolias and poplar blossoms,
And in twilight hour sang their hymns of praise.
In those sweet-scented hours of Southern song
They talked of liberty and pledged their honor
To guard and keep with care the gift received.
While Southern macaws croaked and climbed around,
And parrots sat sedately and amused,
In the midst of their fears they built their hope
That no party e'er would rise whose creed would drive
To a dissolution of the great Union.
For they loved the Union, loved it with hearts
That burned as coals on consecrated altars.
They loved it because it was the fabric
The fathers built and gave in trust to sons.

“ They loved it because it was able to stand,
But yet so built that it was free to fall ;
Built in hope that love is stronger than force ;
Built for the free against oppressors’ hands ;
Built with its doors kept closed with love,
But with exchanging hate the doors would open.
They loved it because their fathers ne’er meant
That one part should suffer repeated wrong,
Or have more patience than themselves possessed.
They loved it as a Union, union of states
In which had crept no alien blood that sought
To make it other than the fathers meant.

“ But one by one Southland states seceded.
It was a jury verdict. All alike
Saw the organized crusade and coming storm.
They chose to pitch their tents, entrench themselves
As laws of nature and nature’s God declared.
They took the course their fathers did, but claimed,
Not as they, the right of revolution,
But claimed the right on which their sires agreed
On the day they made the compact between
The thirteen free and independent states,
The right to judge offense and to withdraw ;
And, withdrawing as common right, proclaimed
That every lifted hand that would coerce
Was but a hand of crime, and in event
A war should rise and drench the land in blood,
The stain and crime would be on hands and hearts
That would not bide the law the fathers made.

“ For almost fourscore years the Union lived.
At first it was in love and fond embrace,
A love unfeigned, that fond remembrance cherished ;

But half the time it was with noise and hate,
All lived, this evil half, as in one tent,
But in that tent were seen partition walls ;
Yet faith gave hope that time would tear away
These unseemly walls in America's tent.
Peace dwelt long enough to build those ties
Which a long comradeship doth sometimes build,
Comradeship that stands against dissolving dreams,
Which in tender way bears such goodly fruit
As would suppress, frown down, oppressor's arts.

“ It was the cherished fathers' dream, no doubt,
That thus the states in arms affectionate
Would dwell, and the union be perpetual.
But dreams oft vanish with the night ; the day
Bears memory of hope that's seen in vision,
But tides the thought beyond the sleeping hour,
Where it meets facts borne on the wings of time,
And midst of these man must dwell and wrestle.
The facts were seen through all those days and years
In which, in oral speech and written page,
All America was a debating-club.
Through these debates the truth was kept alive,
The truths on which the states first formed the Union.
Whate'er the charm that would intrude, dispel
And drive the truth from those who could oppress,
Yet truth was never lost to Southland eyes ;
And though she lost her cause and fell at last,
She has the folds of truth around her frame.

“ Although secession dwelt in tents of truth,
The act when done enkindled fires anew,
Made wrathful flames shoot forth amazing height.
The blaze and glare and crackling sounds they made,

The tone and fret and rasping noise, spake forth
That Southland states should not dissolve the Union,
That it should be "one and inseparable."
Thus stood the North and South. The line was drawn.
The die was cast. The Potomac between.
The crime and stain of blood with them doth lie
Who dare first to cross this Rubicon. If it
Shall ne'er be crossed, no brother's blood will flow.
The Southland states refrained, were well content.

"Midst the scenes there was din of rustling sounds,
Some dread noises and sturdy haste of change.
Southland Senators still stood on duty ;
E'en to the last hour with sad but brave hearts
They plead the North to save its hand from blood.
But when the notice came as state by state
The Southland seceded from the Union,
Her Senators, in cultured Southern tone,
Bade adieu and left the halls so fondly loved.
They left kind words, some manly straggling tears,
And carried home fond memories of Congress life.
They brought to Southland states no hate, but hope.
They came to be among their brethren, to cast
Their lot with the states which they called their home,
To bide the times, in hope, with those they loved ;
To drink free waters from the Southern springs,
And there, if let alone, enjoy the liberty
Which forefathers had won through gory fields.

"Jefferson Davis, than whom none excelled
In amiable life and tender courtesies,
Whose sad heart burned with consecrated love
For the heritage forefathers had bequeathed,
Stood midst the senatorial throng and said :

‘ To-day I have learned my adopted state
Is no longer a member of this Union.
I stood yesterday to represent her
In these halls, but to-day I have no voice,
In vote or other act, that she will hear.
She will report and hear through commissions,
Commissions which she will make, seeking peace.
Her vote at home doth end my action here,
Doth end my mission in the Senate hall.
Mississippi has withdrawn from the Union.
On your national colors she is not a star
As once, but now resumes her independence.
Her comradeship with these is now broken.
Her olden comradeship she leaves with you,
With it her name, and all her sword has done
To make us all a great and famous country.
It is her act, judgment, release from fears ;
It is her chosen course, and, as she thinks,
The only road that safety points to save
Her honor and preserve her natural rights.

“ Mississippi had a heart but not as now,
A heart that loved the whole Union of states,
Nor now doth blame herself that love grew faint ;
Nor doth she blame the law, for that is good.
She blames a power that long hath sought a change,
A power existing now that change will make.
Her honored sons who once were here spoke out
Their love for the Union of the fathers.
In valor other sons have proved their love.
They sleep upon the plains of Mexico ;
They sleep where they fell, in defense of home
Against Indian tribes and British invasion.
These she consecrated on the altar

Of the country for the Union of the states.
These gifts she made, and now asks for peace ;
For peace has begged, entreated, compromised.
Yet, after forty years, the peace she sought
Lingers on shores more distant than at first.
She sees no peace except that conquerors make,
A peace not loved but hated, not free but bound,
A peace that is unagreed by the states,
So cast that a section line doth mark it.

“ I have no free voice here, no right to speak.
It is a solemn hour, and that is why
I speak, and why, in solemn service, you hear.
I am a Mississippian. That state I love,
To her am pledged, to her must give account.
She sent me here, but now she calls me back.
I hear her democratic fires burning ;
They whisper to me the duty of a son.
To her I owe allegiance first. I bend
To her decrees, with her shall cast my lot.
I have no choice. I am a citizen.
My state shows me the citizen that I am.
My recognition in these halls shows me
Mississippi made me her Senator,
Her counselor in this grave body of peers.
I was Senator here, but citizen now
Of my adopted state. Her act doth bind,
Her course I follow, mine shall be her fate.
I am of her body, her pain is mine ;
With her I go, with her shall rise or fall.
Advancing or retreating, in union
Or secession, I am a Mississippian.

“ I can not be recreant to the will
Of my adopted state, can not declare,

Can not feel, only as she speaks and feels.
She sees the cloud of wrong, has tried to drive
It back. Her hand has failed, with it her heart.
That threatening cloud, the force that brings it nigh,
Has woke to life the natural act instinct
Doth teach, the act that drives from danger's threat,
Or else prepares a counter force to meet.

“‘ My state has found no fault with national laws,
No fault with fathers or the constitution ;
But with rising numbers seeking change,
Who e'en now have power gained, and will change
The law, if not in word will so construe.
My state would this condemn as heretofore,
My state now takes a course that will evade,
Takes it in peace and good will to those behind,
Good will as deep as in her soul can dwell
When driven to the act which she has done.

“‘ But I have done. The deed that's done proclaims
I have no voice here. Am I Senator?
How can it be? I once was Senator.
My state hath drawn the line that set me free.
How can I represent that which is not?
Can I yet speak a word which would be heard
On the sunny banks of Mississippi?
Her voice is mine. She calls; my lips are sealed.

“‘ I see some vacant chairs, chairs that once
Were occupied by some who fought for right,
But who in faded hope have ceased to battle.
They heard their call, have left these vacant chairs.
Some sit here waiting. The voice of their states
Is in the breeze, is coming, will soon be here,
When the Southland states in solid phalanx

Will have vacated chairs, and stand a wall
 For right, for home, for law, for God, and peace.

“‘Now fades from off my heart, if once there was,
 Each pain that dwelt, and every carping thought
 That rose through debate and communion here.
 These shall bear me no company where I go.
 I forgive, and, forgiving, would retract
 Each idle word I may have spoken, and which,
 Lingering yet in thought or heart, gives pain.
 I would leave in peace, forgiving and forgiven,
 Would raise the olive-branch to you, and would
 That you would raise the olive-branch to me,
 And would some sign might show that your good will
 Doth follow me in my Southland journey.
 And now in hope I bid you all farewell.’

“Not only Congressmen and Governors
 Spake out against the rising tide of wrong,
 But educated soldiers rose and spoke as they.
 They had fought the battles of their country,
 Had risked what they possessed, e’en life itself,
 To build and make the Union great and dear.
 They fought as though the fathers still looked on,
 Perchance had broke their tombs, or angel good
 Had oped their eyes to see the work of sons,
 To see how they the heritage did keep ;
 Then, satisfied with all that they beheld,
 Return again into their silent walls
 And sweetly sleep till Gabriel’s trump should sound.
 Robert E. Lee, who was a soldier brave,
 Who lived life unspotted and untainted,
 Shall speak for these ; and speaking thus he said

“‘I am Virginia’s son ; her sisters are
 The other states. Our revolutionary sires

Through blood-stained fields baptized us into one
blood,
Into one thought, and made us all akin,
Akin in love, attachment, and in reason.
This led to those deep-wrought marital bans
Which the fathers celebrated in the day
They formed the Union and called it good.
I will lift no sword against my mother ;
I am Virginia's son, will her defend,
Will her defend as once and oft I have
When all the states made common cause in war.
I would that I might keep my sword ensheathed,
That cause for blood might not again appear,
That reason might be so enriched, enthroned,
The earth would hush its angry cries of war.

“I am not a soldier. I have resigned.
I am Virginia's son. I have come home
Because my state has spoken, to me proclaimed
That the times forebode such evils to her name
That she has made choice of independence.
At home I have around those whom I love,
And those who turn fond eyes of love on me.
The times are such it's only place to dwell.
I flee the regions of passion and hate,
I flee the wards that would make me other
Than Virginia's son, and make me forget
The fair land of my first allegiance.
I have come to rest my head on her bosom,
And, in these trying times when she is menaced,
Catch the voices her deep-sounding heart
May proclaim. Her voice speaks louder notes
Than all that is heard these unhappy times.
As Virginia's son I'll hear Virginia's call ;

I'll hear her call when she proclaims to me
Her rights are trodden down, her soil invaded.
I seek no honors higher than my state,
By her I stand, with her will fall, for her,
For her alone will e'er unsheath my sword.'

“But why delay about the words they spake,
For the times spake action rather than words.
The air itself seemed filled with buzzing sounds
That came from East and West, North and South.
They filled the ear with such mixing noises,
As that not only seers, but all who thought,
Could feel the throbbing pulse that then foretold
There were at hand momentous days and years.

“No gun was fired except saluting news,
Or here and there some shots with training-bands.
But everywhere the posts made haste, and crowds
Stood on the streets and at the crossing roads
To catch all news that floated in the air.
Couriers were sent when posts were not on time,
And many a foaming steed, in rapid pace,
Made haste to meet the time by whip and spur.
Steam-whistles seemed to catch the times, and where
Was mill or gin or any whistling thing
The noise seemed louder and more oft repeated
Than was the rule of whistling things till then?
In the distance were heard those rumbling sounds,
Such as has oft disturbed the sleeping ox,
And waked his thought before some frightful shock,
As though the whole horizon held thunderous clouds,
Ready for their angry march; and peal on peal
Shake the solid earth with their resounding noise.
The waters of the rivers were disturbed

By splashing oars and rapidly turning wheels
That hastened boats to meet the time, and mixed
Their noises with tramping feet and rolling wheels
That made their haste to meet the pause of boats.
The clang and clattering sound seemed everywhere.

“ It seemed that all the earth, as if aware
That some dread rolling tide or coming shock
Was pent, but strained and swelled to find release,
Felt the effect, and gave the world its signs.
Yet sun and moon rose forth, and shone and set,
Nor gave a sign to naught on which they shone,
Nor shot a star, nor hung a frightful sign
In all the sky. The blue concave o’erhead
Went on its march as though the earth was peace,
And beamed and smiled above the noise and din ;
But left the earth alone to give her signs,
Since she alone stood on the ground of shock,
And alone could feel in her weary bone
The preluding pain and deep sensation.

“ While dwelt these signs there were rustling sounds,
As of clapping wings, among the army chiefs.
They sought their places, and many captains
Came and went ; and oft they met, but spake few words.
Some North, some South, in hastened step marched
forth.

Confusion seemed everywhere, like lines disturbed,
Like broken ranks, as from defeat, on march
To organize and make a battle new.
Among the great chiefs whom the Southland chose
Was Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell
On Shiloh’s hard-contested battle-field ;
And Robert Lee, who woke the thinking world

As it beheld the armies he put to flight ;
 J. E. Johnston, the brave, cautious general,
 Who knew when and where and how to fight ;
 Beauregard, who, from Sumter till the end,
 Gave himself, a strong soldier, to the South ;
 Thomas J. Jackson, who loved the Southland,
 And gave himself, his life, a sacrifice,
 Might have lived and died a man unnoticed,
 But scarce had he begun to act before
 He wore renowned, historic sobriquet,
 And e'er will remain the Southland *Stonewall* ;
 Leonidas Polk, the brave clergyman-soldier,
 Fell, a hero-martyr, to the cause he loved ;
 The daring, stubborn Hood, Longstreet, Stuart,
 And many others with hearts both pure and brave,
 Espoused the Southland cause and led her armies.

“ Each one his place did find, and stood alined
 With the Southland states, or else chose to stand
 With the Northern side, and there do battle.
 Scarce e'er the world has greater courage seen
 Than that which dwelt in Southland heroes' breasts.
 Not for fame, nor to obtain wreath or crown,
 Nor with a soul that sought unhallowed stain,
 Did they avouch the Southland cause and name ;
 But from conviction, with hearts that were true,
 They chose this course, and with it pledged their lives.

“ Theirs was the courage born from virtue's mold,
 That lives and thrives, nor grieves midst danger's
 threat.

E'en when opposing forces multiplied,
 And dug in sight a grave, and shook a gown
 In which to wrap its frame and make it dust,
 In sight of these their courage did increase,

Did fill again the grave the ruffian dug,
And tore the gown that ruffian hands had made.
Not in midst of numbers did it e'er fail,
Nor e'en can find a grave ; but, immortal,
Like truth, ' when crushed to earth, shall rise again.'

“ Scarce one-third the Northland the Southland stood,
So much were they in the unequal match.
It was a fearful odds when war ensued.
Had odds alone told all the tale, the South
Could have withstood it all, and e'en much more ;
For the Southland was renowned for chivalry.
But in the Northland arose greater odds
Than e'er is known in the tale numbers tell ;
For the North stood organized and equipped,
Its mills and factories well-built and running,
With vessels of war in hand, an ample number
For ocean service and the larger rivers.
Its shops well-built, equipped, and workmen skilled,
Who on short notice answered all demands :
Could fill their arsenals with munitions,
With all the engines dreadful war demands.

“ Against these odds the South was called to face.
The ships and numbers, shops and artisans,
And all that opposed, made her look forlorn ;
But on the Southern side there rose great hope ;
For e'en as rain and spring can not produce
Unless a fertile soil sustains the plants,
And showers and heat are as a wasted breath
Unless the plants take root in a goodly soil,
So the South struck its root deep in truth—
Deep as the honored sires who framed her rights—
And needed only the grace that chance doth yield ;

That e'en as spring doth yield a harvest rich
 When sun and rain befriend a goodly soil,
 So, with some friendly aid, some kindly words,
 At least a friendship and a helping hand,
 No less than that her Northern foes received,
 The Southland states, with truth upon their side,
 Had no need to fear their deadly foes, or
 To shudder when is heard their thundering guns.

O Alathalene, behold the day, the hour,
 When thus, face to face, stood the North and South !
 The act was done, the states seceded stood,
 Nor would they yield an inch of all they claimed
 Unless assured their rights would be guarded.
 The North stood full opposed, declared the states
 That had seceded were yet in the Union,
 That secession would not be recognized,
 That the laws of the Union would be enforced
 O'er the Southern states as o'er the others.

“In that stubborn will blew the fearful winds,
 On it floated the angry clouds of strife.
 That resolve was the declaration of war,
 Of war to subjugate the Southland states.
 By it the swords between were seen to cross,
 And each began its work to meet in battle.
 That declaration of the North made her
 Trespasser, aggressor, and first in war.
 In view of all the South looked calmly on,
 Would not invade, but stood for hearth and home,
 For native Southern soil ; nor e'er had gun
 In hostile shot been heard, except her soil
 Were occupied by foes that meant her harm.

“ But since the day that Eve apologized,

And Adam no less his art did play to weave
 Excuse for eating fruit against the law,
 All lands do show how art has been attempted
 To throw the blame where it does not belong.
 The more the world has wrought a tale of blood
 And wove a cloth that shames the eyes of man,
 They who of right ought bear the charge of crime,
 Have framed their artful speech, though deep in
 wrong,

And with a play of words, when out of reason,
 Have wove their story of apology.
 Nations themselves, no less than man alone,
 Attempt this artful speech; and more they feel
 The pain their deeds have wrought, the more they
 daub

Their ink on whited sheets, and waste their breath,
 To prove what must remain impossible.

“The North would have the world believe the story
 That the South is stained and all blame should bear
 Because she fired her guns on Sumter fort.
 Strange indeed the North should thus presume,
 Or in thoughtless spirit should thus assume
 To change a fact of history and make appear
 The false for truth, and make the world believe.
 Ah! forgets she not that war had been declared?
 Declared by her when she espoused the right
 To enforce the Union laws o’er all the South?
 Declared, confirmed by her in every act,
 By every word of her great President?

“Take his inaugural, that document
 That stands renowned, more for the times in which
 It came, than for the body of truth proclaimed;
 Take it, search it through, analyze it well,

And touching the Southland seceded states,
 Two sentiments are grounded in its depths,
 And only these do on its surface blaze.
 The first of these was promise, a deed of words,
 That the seceded states should have protection ;
 The second bore the ruffian hand of war,
 Denied the right of secession, and proclaimed
 The Union laws would be enforced o'er states
 That had withdrawn, the same as o'er the others.
 Was this not war declared? Did not the North,
 Its Congress and its people, all uphold
 Their great President, and on his either side,
 Like Aaron and Hur, stay up his hands for battle?

“What meant this speech toward seceded states?
 What meant this help and all these hands supporting?
 Ah! meant it not a denial of the rights
 The fathers gave the states? And that unless
 The Southland states should all retract their act,
 And thus ignore, destroy the noblest right
 The fathers built in their war of liberty,
 Sword and gun would enforce the Union laws,
 Enforce these laws all o'er seceded states.
 This was the biggest gun, the first that fired ;
 Compared with it small affair was Sumter's shot.

“But why impeach the South? Were not her guns
 Upon her soil? Were not the Northern ships
 Then on their way, with soldiers and supplies
 To reenforce, to hold the fort? And yet,
 Forsooth, because a gun was fired, impeach
 The South, and shift the blame of war and blood
 Where it, in light of truth, can ne'er belong.
 It was the act of self-defense, impelled
 By nature's laws and born of nature's God.

“Who formed the quick lids of the appled eye?
And set them laws to close in self-defense?
Who formed the hands and gave them laws to rise
In self-defense to guard the sacred life?
Can these refuse the laws that nature binds?
As well declare that these should disobey
And leave the body pierced, in pain and dead,
As that the guns round Sumter should be still.
It was a Southern act to save the eye,
The act that lifts the hand to save the life.

“And yet the South must wear the culprit’s chain,
Endure reproach, and lose her wreath of fame,
Because she raised her hand through nature’s law!
From this she makes appeal; and as from dust
The blood of Abel spake, a voice was heard,
So she from dust her voice again proclaims,
Nor e’er will cease until the mark of guilt
Is writ on those to whom the guilt belongs.

“But now, Alathalene, enough is heard.
Another day must come ere I begin
The tale of battle where heroes met and fell.
There needs another day to tell the tale
That bowed the heads of aged men and matrons.
The war had now begun. You must have rest
Ere you travel with me the bloody paths
Where met the struggling hosts in battle-array.”

Alathalene then spoke, and thus she said:
“As you propose, with it I am content.
And almost now I reproach myself
Because that I imposed so great a task.
How great it is! So much already said,
And yet the battle-ground lies out before.

Surely I would hide my eyes in deep grief,
Would feel my pain for task imposed on you,
But my deep interest in all that you say
Allows it not. I would apology make,
But still I want to hear unto the end.
And now, great Captain, accept my thanks
For all you have said, and that remaining.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT of rest restored the weary frame,
Revived the mind, and new courage gave.
Soon as the morning sun dispelled the chill,
And drove the dampness from the bracing air,
Appeared the captain and Alathalene.
They sat on deck, as on the other days,
But first exchanged morning salutations.

Then spoke Alathalene: "I must confess
The voyage we make, whate'er may be results,
Has borne me, as it seems, on upper air,
In a realm of thought and association,
Of deep-wrought feeling through meditation,
As scarce befalls one's lot in mortal life.
Why thus to me the times have been so kind,
Have given delights which are denied so many,
Inspires me with a trust and thankful spirit,
E'en with a worshipful mind that would adore
That one by whose hands they are raised again,
Whom sad misfortune hath cast down to dust.
This bracing air, this light, these deep-blue waves,
This plowing ship, christened with the Southland
name,
These dauntless comrades, who have been with you
Through scenes and dangers such as few have known,
Do make my life, at least this part in hand,
The spot on which I must forever look,
The time which doth encompass most delight.

Down life's long lane, should e'er the time approach
 When I shall dwell amidst flowers and fruitful fields,
 Where sing the birds and flow the limpid streams,
 Where nature spreads her feast of happiest things ;
 Not these, nor all that spreads a joyous wing,
 Methinks, can e'er so much impress my soul,
 Or surpass delights aboard the Southland ship.
 In memory's chain, whate'er the lane I look,
 Through nature's kindly hand to me addressed,
 Above it all a voice in me proclaims
 These are the days where thought most fondly dwells,
 So deeply do I feel the Southland cause."

But ere Alathalene had ceased to speak
 Old comrades gathered round to hear the deeds
 In which they bore a part ; for they had heard
 The hour had come in which they would be spoke.
 As they sat awaiting, they glanced their eyes
 On the young Alathalene, and saw in her
 The Southland daughters, whose heroic lives
 Had stirred their hearts, and had new courage given,
 In the days they wore their swords in Southland bat-
 tles.

So much was she like those who stood on porch,
 Or at the edging-gate, and gave their cheer
 Of kindly spoken words, while they themselves
 Marched the dusty roads in summer's heat,
 Or trod the mud in winter's rain and snow.
 So much was she like those who, with the needle
 Wrought the colors which they bore in battle.
 But now the hour had come ; and Captain Drake,
 Amidst the silence, raised his hand and spoke :
 " Certain battles, such as were of former times,
 Had been fought ; but these we pass, for they,

In mustered troops and count of all their slain,
Do but compare with battles our fathers fought,
Or those twelve years before in Mexico.
Of small affairs we can not speak, nor dare
We speak of all that's great the Southland did,
Nor in tedious detail risk time or thought.
Only on some chief things, events or battles,
Doth time allow, or else the sun will set,
And leave us but little on the way of all.

“Between James River and the Potomac
Lie fertile lands, and good to look upon,
But lands most battle-stained on Southern soil;
Lands, perhaps, most blood-stained of all the world.
O'er this stretch of country, in daily accents,
Was heard for four years the dread thunderous sound
That would not hush, but told each rising day
That this space between was a land of war.
If not at this place, the sounds were yonder;
If not in the midst of marshaling hosts
Who strove in sulfurous air to win the day,
They were amid the few who stood on guard.
If not in view, in smoke and deafening sound
The earth and air would shake some distant note,
And tell each morning sun that all the space
Between the James and Potomac was a land
O'er which the god of war had spread his wings.

“On either side this space a city stood,
And each to each faced with stern, angry look.
These were Richmond and Washington, the seats
Of Davis and Lincoln, the two war Presidents.
Scarce lay between the two one hundred miles;
So near that each could hear the thundrous sound
When battling hosts met between and fought.

“Four gloomy years this space was occupied
By large contending hosts who fought and died.
This space between, Virginia’s sacred soil!
A land of strife, invaders touch and spoil!
The most blood-bespattered the earth has given!
The most sword-pierced, and most bullet-riven!

“On this space, and not far from Washington,
In speech and note that Lincoln heard, was fought
The first great battle between the North and South.
Yet on that spot, and but one year after,
Still greater hosts did consecrate that ground.
The first great battle was called Manassas,
But perhaps that is not the rightful name;
For Manassas Junction lay five miles away,
Heard the thundering sound in dread trembling awe,
But was untouched with plowing shot and shell.
Feeding the Potomac there runs a quiet stream,
Bull Run the name, and on its banks the battle.

“Approaching near to Washington City,
Almost in view of the capitol dome,
Just twenty-five miles from where Lincoln sat
And mixed with his hopes his many a joke,
Beauregard had marched, encamped his army.
Bull Run he chose to make his battle-ground,
And camped his army on its southern bank.
This was a quiet stream with certain fords,
With but one bridge, and it upon his left.
Thus encamped, the Southern lines awaited.
Nor long did they await, for soon came news
That on the march came down the Northern army.
It was McDowell, with his massive host,
Then on his way to meet and make the battle.

“ The news was borne as on some rapid wing,
For Beauregard had not the force to match
McDowell’s host, nor long hold him in check.
But on they came in confidence to crush
The Southland cause as by a single blow.
So hopeful and determined did they come
That they e’en bore with them handcuffs and chains
To fetter and bind the captured Southland chiefs.

“ Non-combatants were confident, and came
In their starch, in glee, and in witticism,
To see the deadly stroke McDowell would give.
With rich viands on which to make their feasts,
They came in carriage and on prancing steeds.
Their hearts were light, and oft they told their jokes ;
So much their heads were turned they had forgot
To look ahead and calculate the chances.

“ Joe Johnston, forty miles away, broke loose
From Patterson ; left a guard him to watch,
Then hastened with his troops to gain Bull Run
Before McDowell should fight with Beauregard.
The field he gained, and there assumed command.
McDowell, confident, crossed o’er Bull Run,
And soon the hills around echoed the notes
Of heavy tread and loud-resounding arms.
The smoke began to rise and drift as clouds,
While thundering guns and bursting shells gave notes
That swelled above the groans of the dying.
Under a burning sun and heat intense,
Each fought and strove with deep stubborn courage.
The North, to prove its boast, unyielding stood,
The South, for rights the fathers gave, and home.

“ But look ! Some Southern troops are seen to fly !

So hardly pressed, so dread the awful day!
But look again. See General Bee, who stands
But soon must fall, as he points to Jackson
And midst the flying shot and bursting shells,
As rallying word proclaims the wall of stone.
And in that smoke, within that sulfurous air,
He pours on Jackson's head the christening oil
Which changed his name into the name "Stonewall."
Although Bee falls and Jackson gets a wound,
The stone wall stands amidst the sulfurous heat.
Thrice the plain near the bridge is yielded ground,
But thrice again it is reconquered.
At last it yields again, and McDowell
Declares the end has come, that he has won.
Northern carriages with non-combatants
Draw near, and think the time has come to spread
Their feast, and now begin to joke and laugh.
The good news flies in haste to Washington,
And Lincoln, standing in his stately height,
Rejoices that the Southland cause is dead.
McDowell conceives the last stroke to end
The day and gather up the captured spoils.
He orders a charge upon the Southern center.
But scarce this order gave ere he beheld
His right confused and swept from off the field.
Johnston had kept watch and had in gear a thought
McDowell ne'er had dreamed, and when he struck
He meant to prove the battle would not end
Until the Northern hosts were put to flight.

"The rout began. The South had won the day!
It was a dreadful fright to those who dreamed
Their easy task. How dread that fright when comes
Some sudden shock amidst the peaceful dreams!

What terrors rise in the imagination
When massive herds are thus struck and terror-blind!
How like an avalanche on its dread journey
Down some mountain slope, where no human hand
Can plant a prop to stay its crashing march!

“It was the greatest fright of modern times.
So great that bare six hours did elapse
Ere they trembling stood on Potomac’s banks.
So fast they ran they thus retraced the steps
That consumed forty hours of forward march.
In fright and haste they crossed Bull Run, nor sought
For bridge, but crossed as frightened people do.
With clothing wet and dry they ran and mixed,
Nor did they pause to speak apology,
Nor halted anywhere to criticize.
It was a running, throbbing, sweating throng
That trod upon and trampled carriages
That bore non-combatants upon the ground,
Nor did they stop to eat the scattered viands.

“For miles the roads were strewn with the debris:
With broken carriages, wagons, and guns;
With cannon and accouterments, and e’en
With those unseemly things that bind the wrists,
The sight of which did nerve the freeman’s heart;
With hats and caps, and capes and cloaks, and things,
Which if in tedious detail were mentioned,
There would rise those humorous smiles, such as
Were shown in Southland lads as they beheld.
Indeed it was the fright of all the war,
And did present a humorous sight so great,
In senseless aim, as if possessed, grown mad,
That the Southland lads thought of the swineherd

That once had sought the sea and there were choked.
Thus many went, no doubt, if all the truth
Were told, but oft some secrets are withheld.

“ But where were Beauregard and Johnston?
They were upon the conquered field, among
Their brave exhausted troops, nor had they yet
Realized results the awful day had borne.
Hundreds of the brave Southland lads lay stretched
Upon that blood-bespattered battle-field.
Hundreds more with gaping wounds and broken bones
Were other helpless victims of the day.
It was the first great baptism of sacred blood
Consecrated on the altar of freedom,
The enlarged imitation of the Fathers
Who freely gave their sacred blood for home.

“ It seems McDowell should have been pursued,
That Joe Johnston should have made no delay
Until he drove Lincoln from his capital
And occupied the state of Maryland.
But things that seem are oft the things, when weighed,
That lead the way on grounds where gain is lost.
When flushed with victory it is not the rule
For generals to try the impossible,
Nor try hard tasks until the facts are known.

“ Johnston's troops, though brave, were all new sol-
diers,
Not much inured to heavy march or drill.
They felt fatigue from that which they had done,
And needed rest to build again their frames,
And time to organize their broken ranks.
But e'en all this doth not the half unfold;
For the Potomac River lay between,

With works defensive and troops increasing,
And that which most inspires e'en beaten foes,
When they realize that on them depends
The honor of a sacred capital.
The battle drove from off Virginia's soil
McDowell's mighty host of invaders,
And set them on Potomac's farther bank.
It was enough, and all that could be done.

“Till now the North and South had lived in dream,
A dream mistaken as to each other's foe.
Nor till now had either perceived the tasks
Which must be done before the war should end.
Each saw it had a foe of steel to meet,
That a war was waged such as modern times
Had never seen, nor ancient days recorded.
It woke the distant world as it beheld,
Shook off its dream of idle speculation,
Impressed crowned heads and citadels of strength,
And turned all eyes and thoughts to America.
They stood, gazed and wondered, and laid their hands
Upon their breasts, in doubts as to results.

“A deep stillness intervened; those deep hours
When eye in eye doth look and thoughts revolve.
The North had met defeat and felt its shame,
Had seen McDowell's mighty army o'erthrown,
His haughty colors trailing in the dust,
And high hope cast down through Southern chivalry.
Inspecting eyes, while they looked on results,
As they beheld the Southland heroism,
Winked in great doubt, but left to time to solve
Future ways and calculate the chances.

“With one defeat the North was not content;

It hoped to raise its bowed head, regain
The field it lost, and stand as once in boast.
It built its hope on numbers and on those
Multiplied resources which it possessed
Above its Southland adversary, by which
Through years, since days had failed, it might
Subdue the South and make a conquered peace.

“Had Southern numbers and resources been
The half of those the Northern states possessed,
The North might well have quit the battle-field.
Bull Run battles would have been repeated
Until the South had gained a conquered peace.
But fate decreed—at least that way it seems—
That in resources the South should be weak.
The North this weakness did so apprehend
As to build its hope to subdue the South
Through worrying years and Southern exhaustion.
Having this hope, it put into the field
Five hundred thousand troops additional.
Everywhere their hammers were heard to sound,
Forging battle armor and boats of war,
Blockading fleets closed up the Southern ports,
Cutting off resources that came through trade.
Dark, angry, iron-cased gunboats faced the South
Upon the rivers, and half a million troops,
With heavy tread, looked o’er the Southland country.

“The South, unterrified, beheld the arms
She had to meet. Bravely, as best she could,
Her stroking hammers rang in forging guns
And all munitions for the battle-field.
She brought into the field numerous troops,
But less by far than those that stood opposed.

She had no ships, but few iron boats, yet still
She bravely faced the raiders of her soil.

“An army two hundred thousand strong
Lay round the Federal capital as guard
To keep that sacred city, McClellan’s host.
That bold commander, young and ambitious,
Awaited, organized, drilled, and equipped
This mighty throng, until it was accounted
The grandest army modern times had seen.
So grandly it moved in military step,
So ready in martial evolution,
So heroic in its looks and bearing,
With an air of confidence so self-imposed,
It was enough to awe the faint-hearted,
And bow their heads and weigh them down with fear.

“But young McClellan hesitated long,
Remained around the Federal capital.
His time to march had not as yet been given.
Bull Run, that fated field, lay on his way,
And Old Virginia’s sacred ground and soil.
He looked across and saw Johnston and Lee ;
That sight gave cause to hesitate and wait.

“But while McClellan waited and delayed
The eyes of all were turned to Western scenes,
To General Grant with thirty thousand men,
And Commodore Foote with his flotilla
Of angry-looking and iron-cased gunboats.
All eyes were turned to these as they combined
And attacked Forts Donelson and Henry.
The South had here ten thousand in all.
These ten thousand fought with Southern chivalry,
And while they fought inflicted greater loss

On those whom they opposed than they received.
But with the odds against there came an hour
When Buckner chose the course of surrender ;
A course the environments did compel,
And wiser when pursued than wholesale slaughter.

“ It was a cup to drink that had its dregs,
A fate heroes are sometimes called to meet,
A cup which, when as fate, heroes can drink.
It was a sad event, the first deep stroke
That had befallen the Southland states, the first
That woke new courage in their boastful foes.
It provoked retreat, and Sidney Johnston,
Through want of arms, in winter’s ice and snow,
Left Kentucky’s soil in the hands of foes ;
Then down through Tennessee was yet compelled.
His great heart turned with grief as he beheld,
For lack of arms, these Southland states o’errun
And occupied by their relentless foes.
Johnston turned his eyes upon his brave troops,
Now ready for the fray, but yet unarmed.
His heart grew sad, and sadness mixed with tears ;
But mid it all he wore a hero’s mien,
Awaiting to be armed, when he would strike.

“ Deep and painful as was the chieftain’s grief,
It was not all that he was called to bear ;
For unwise citizens raised their clamor
Because he would not engage in battle.
Unused to chances the soldier is taught to take,
They meant well, but knew not the chieftain’s thought ;
They did not know the highest art in war
Destroys the foe with smallest sacrifice ;
That this is not accomplished in a day,

Nor e'er can be by troops that are unarmed.
How vain and foolish are the cries of those
Whose ignorance would lead to useless destruction!
Whose eyes can numbers see, but do not count
That soldiers without guns are useless troops!
Amidst it all Johnston stood, nor complained,
So deeply did he love the Southland cause;
So much he loved the Southland lads, who came
And placed their lives within his hands to fight,
E'en yield up life with chance in even battle.

“But by and by there came an even day:
It was the day they camped on Shiloh's ground.
The sun shone bright as that at Austerlitz,
And bode a day for Johnston's Southland lads.
Northward the chieftain turned his anxious eyes
Across the blue-grass states that had fallen.
He was the chieftain of whom the President,
In answer to clamoring Tennesseans, said:
'If Sidney Johnston is not a general,
The Southland states have no general to give.'
Of whom he said again: 'Of Southland men,
Sidney Johnston is the first citizen.
To him alone would I yield my office,
And think the Southland cause in safer hands.'

“Across Tennessee and old Kentucky,
The states trampled down by Union soldiery,
The chieftain turned his eyes in hope, and said:
'To-day these Southland states shall be made free.
Strike, Tennesseans! Strike, Kentuckians!
Strike for your altars, for your hearth and home!
Strike the ruffian hand! nor cease to strike
Until you drive your foes from off your soil!'

“ They struck the foe at rising of the sun,
And rushed as Southern heroes move in battle.
It was a strike for home, for Tennessee,
For Kentucky, for their fair native land.
They rushed, and fought with guns unfit for battle,
With muskets, rifles, shotguns—anything ;
But fought with hearts to win the field or die.
They drove the boasting foe in headlong flight,
Walked o’er their dead, and chased from hill to hill,
Until on the banks of the Tennessee
Stood the foe, a broken, trembling army.

“ The day was won, and but one charge remained ;
Just such a charge as those that had been made
When all the troops this side the Tennessee
Would have surrendered into Johnston’s hands.
All others on their march through Southern states
Would then have turned and marched the other way,
And Southland states would have regained their soil.

“ Sid Johnston rode among the battling troops,
And midst flying missiles cried : ‘ Forward ; charge ! ’
He rode as god of war through battle-carnage,
His heart as bursting full of Southland love,
His eyes in burning heat to beat his foes,
Unconscious of the risk of life he ran.
His coat was torn with ball in many a place,
With shot a heel was torn from off his boot ;
Four times his charging steed received a wound ;
But, powder-begrimed, through smoke and battle-
din
Rode this conquering general, from whose lips
There ever rolled his earnest battle-cry :
‘ Forward ; charge ! Strike for altars and for home ! ’

Thus rode the chief, the hero of the day ;
Thus he rode from early morn till the sun
Gave signs that he must haste the battle through.
No words escaped his lips to cease the charge,
No sign he showed this side his morning thought—
The thought to beat and capture Grant's army.
This was the task of the day, the great task
That cheered his heart in hope at early morn,
Nor ceased to cheer as he beheld them fly
From hill to hill throughout the bloody day.

“ But O what slender threads support the hope !
How much upon one life it oft depends !
How much upon one word, if it be spoken
By one who holds the confidence of all !
Sometimes lives one who knows what touch to give
To move a mountain-side, the hour to touch,
And how to hold the hand for best effect.
Should he not live, no one can touch the key
That doth unlock the force that nature yields.
Should he die with hand applied, while the mass
Is on its way to final resting-place,
No one may be found who, with ready hand,
Can touch the key as him who then lies dead.
Then comes the hour when hands not on the key
Do change the order and bring confusion.
The rising dust and sounds discordant tell,
Do speak, proclaim so loud a nation cries :
‘ What slender threads do oft suspend the hope
So oft upon one's life, upon one touch ! ’

“ Johnston had won the day. He held his hand
Upon the key that drove his massive foe.
He would not lift his hand, but pressed the key.

The air was filled with sounds, the echoing hills
From far and near proclaimed the victory gained :
That one more hour, that but one charge, remained,
When he would hold in hand a captured army.
He held his hand upon the key ; last charge
Would soon have made ; when lo ! a fatal shot !
His hand dropped from the key, and Johnston died !

“ Beauregard took up the battle Johnston left,
But touched another key. He called a rest.
It was a fatal rest, a dread delay,
A loss of time that brought a time of grief.
The after-day the sun crept o’er the hills,
And shone upon the awful scene of wreck :
Upon the sleeping dead ; upon Johnston,
Whose life, when it went out, gave such a pause
On Shiloh’s field, that all the Southland shook ;
Nor did it e’er recover from that event.
The morning sun revealed that time was lost,
That the opportune hour was gone forever,
That it was too late to make that last charge !

“ The foe had time to breathe, repair, recover,
In the still hours the Southland lads reposed,
And sought in sleep renewed strength for the fray,
The foe rested not ; but consumed the night
In bringing wreck to order, while thousands
Who had heard the distant note of battle
Appeared upon the field e’er dawn of day.
The morn revealed the odds that stood opposed,
Woke Beauregard from out his thoughtless dream,
And shook him hard, because he trusted news
That Buell could not arrive by morning,
When lo ! at morn Buell was on the ground,
With multiplied thousands fresh for battle.

“ ’Tis seen how small a thing doth turn events,
On what a hair a nation’s life depends.
What hopes do hang upon one human life!
What loss sustained, when postponed till the morrow
The battle charge that should be made to-day!

“ On Johnston, in his saddle, hung the hope
Of the Southland West, of old Tennessee.
On him, more than any one, hung the hope
Of the Southland country and final victory.
Had he lived, things might have been that are not.
But Johnston fell, fell with the enemy fleeing;
Fell with his heart full of hope, and his eyes
Beaming with love for his Southland country.
Though his fine frame doth sleep the sleep of earth,
His head reclines upon a pillow of fame,
That speaks in accents no mausolean pile,
Nor imps that rise to display brazen heads
Can speak, or e’er accentuate his deeds.
While in Southland memory he ever lives,
Nor shall die while thoughts of liberty remain,
The Southland states do give his frame to earth,
His spirit to God, and his grand presence
To the lads who fell with him on Shiloh’s field.

“ Beauregard was pure, loved the Southland cause.
He stood a giant, but of smaller size,
When compared with him who won Shiloh’s battle.
If he could not grasp as Sid Johnston did,
Nor press the key that Johnston’s hand could press,
He held a giant’s grip as often proved,
As oft the foe did feel on many a field.
If he was unable to touch the key
From which the mighty hand of Johnston fell,

He touched as best he could, nor is he blamed.
Though the foe regained the field, and entrenched
Upon that Southland soil, all had been done
That could be done, after Johnston fell and died.

“A thousand things must be left unspoken,
E’en ten thousand deeds worthy of mention,
Portraying the heroism oft displayed,
In the inimitable Southland battles.
The West must be left for a while unnoticed,
Howe’er so wonderful the battles fought.
Johnston and his lads are left on the field ;
Many Western battles shall have no bard.
Virginia speaks again, and calls attention
To the multiplied scenes of battling hosts,
To the seven days’ battle on the Chickahominy.
A battle continued and would not stop,
So hard the task on Virginia’s fair soil
To drive stubborn foes and wreck their army.

“ With a heart sore-vexed Lincoln was uneasy,
Saw he had a task more than expected.
He looked o’er the South, saw weakness in numbers,
But deep awe-struck at the prowess and valor ;
In awe of Joe Johnston and R. E. Lee,
The soldiers he was unable to match.
His long, lean limbs he oft drew with a sigh,
And shrugged his tall shoulders in shivering thought,
While he hid his heart in a veil of humor.
But resolved on the task he had begun,
On George B. McClellan he set his heart,
On him his heavy hand he laid, and said :
‘ On you I depend to capture Richmond.
At your command are munitions and treasure,

Soldiers, help, resources, and sympathy,
E'en all the stock that's in the trade of war,
But fail not to overthrow the rebellion.
Richmond is the key. First capture Richmond;
Then with that key march on as conquering host
Until rebellious states shall beg and yield.'

“McClellan soon marched with his mighty host,
As proud as Xerxes on the borders of Greece.
On a hill like him he stood and reviewed,
And as Xerxes thought Greece would be laid low.
So McClellan presumed Richmond would bow.
He came in slow pace, and marched on a line
Between two rivers, the York and the James;
For between these two he chose his campaign,
Not doubting that it was practicable.
At Yorktown and Norfolk he smelt some powder
That would burn as flame ere Richmond would fall.
The ‘Merrimac’ ram whistled on the James,
Some alarm produced, some hesitation,
But after consulting, McClellan marched on.
Magruder intervened with six thousand men,
And more than once struck blows on the foe
Which taught him caution on the line of march.

“But Johnston, who was commander-in-chief,
Alertly withdrew, contesting the ground,
Concentrating and organizing his army,
Until he approached near Richmond city.
Having arranged all things in readiness,
He drew a line and defied McClellan,
Declared he should stop, no nearer approach,
That every advancing step should be battle.
Not long did he await, for soon the air

Was filled with sound, the tread of marching hosts,
The shrill cries and loud notes of hot collision.
It was the ringing battle-cry, proclaiming
That Richmond shall not fall, nor e'er will fall
Until an Alamo shall be repeated.
Johnston and his army, like Leonidas
At Thermopylæ, stood guard at the gates
Determined that Richmond should never fall.

“The Seven Pines and Fair Oaks this battle name.
Brief but fatal the thundrous roar was heard,
For it was a battle of one short evening.
Scarce five hours they fought, but brief as the time,
Eight thousand or more had fallen on the field.
It was a contest to conquer Richmond,
But battle to defend that Southland city.
The foes were even in their numbers and slain,
Nor rose shouts of victory on either side,
It was the kind of battle the North nor South
Saw fit to repeat, nor for weeks repeated.
As the sun was sinking and darkness gathering
Johnston was wounded and borne from the field.
He fell at the front in heat of the battle,
Contesting the ground and driving his foe,
But pierced and bleeding they carried him back,
Yet stains of his blood were left on the field.

“It was a battle in sight of Richmond,
The first that was fought with its spires in view,
The first jarring sounds that shook its windows,
The first deep, dread notes on its steepled walls,
The first alarming tide, borne on the wind,
That woke the thought and told the foe was near.
McClellan looked o'er at the shining spires,

And as the young 'Napoleon of the West'
He felt his heart beat as Napoleon's did
When the domes of Moscow shone on his vision.

“After the battle of the Pines and Oaks
McClellan paused with Richmond on his view.
Oft in his dreams he felt a rising hope
Forecasting those higher joys which oft rise
When arduous tasks have been met and fulfilled.
It almost seems some pity should be shown
When one builds hopes that kiss the stars and sky,
Forecasting joys that rise in the bosom,
Should his strength fail and his arm be broken,
When deep pain takes place of anticipations.
But who will rise and pity McClellan
Should he fail in his task to capture Richmond?
Not Southland States nor soldiers of their cause,
Not the wounded Johnston, nor his wounded lads ;
Not weeping widows, nor motherless matrons,
Nor all down South who love their liberty,
And forego all for the Southland's sake.
If he some pity finds his heart to cheer,
He must turn his weary eyes to Northern shores.
There kindly hearts may speak some words of cheer
Through wrath and hate, and words that curse the
South ;
But Southland's soil is not a traitor's ground,
Yet pity shows to them who pity need.

“McClellan's pause before he fought again
Brought Lee into the field in Johnston's place.
This was an event, not as at Shiloh,
Where none were found who could the battle guide
As Sidney's hand, as Sidney would have done ;

For Lee was bold and had the soldier's skill.
With Lee at head of arms in Johnston's place,
That wounded soldier could rest, as pain would let,
In conscious hope the lads he loved and led
Had found another leader skilled in arms,
Who would not lead to useless sacrifice,
But who would shake the foe as he had done.

“ For weeks McClellan paused, nor nearer drew ;
It seemed the shock received at Pines and Oaks,
The shock that Johnston gave, awoke his fear.
Yet the bright spires of Richmond shone, proclaimed
Each rising sun, that within her walls dwelt
The great heart of the Southland country.
R. E. Lee stood on guard and rode between,
Resolved that this fair city should not fall.
McClellan paused and fortified his camp,
Would strike, but when and where he knew not how.
What long, dreadful days of hope and fear !
How painful when unable, yet so near !

“ McClellan's boasting threat and near approach
Was borne until the Southland patience wept,
Until the Southland army cried for battle.
Lee caught the cries that rode upon the air,
Resolved to break the camps in sight of Richmond,
To drive the foe beyond, to other fields,
And e'en beyond Virginia's sacred soil.

“ Lee struck the foe upon his flank, the right,
Struck with force that shook McClellan's dream,
And from that hour the tall spires of Richmond
Began to wane on McClellan's vision.
Stand, McClellan, stand ! You have mighty hosts !
Lift your cries to Lincoln, if not now too late !

Call for McDowell! Call till he doth hear!
Call as once you called, for you need him now!
But remember that the Chickahominy
Runs through Virginia's soil, and is her river;
That Richmond is her city, the Southland heart;
Remember Magruder is here, and Huger,
Longstreet and Hill, and Stuart and Jackson,
And others who swear Richmond shall not fall.
Remember the lads they lead in battle,
The boys who, round home altars, vowed to die,
Or else the Southland country shall be free.
Remember they are no army of brigands,
Who on hired pay are in the field for booty,
But with deep-bred patriotism do confront.

“McClellan, wondering at the boldness,
Yet in dread of the stroke upon his flank,
Grew sullen and stubborn and fought for life,
Fought for honor which hung upon the hour,
Fought for the name of the host he commanded.
He struck as none could strike save those he fought,
Yet the heavy hand of Lee he could not lift.

“If art and evolution could have won,
McClellan might have occupied his ground.
But storms do rise that tear the oaks, and shake
The stubborn hills and shock the mountain-sides.
As they ride they give no time for repairs.
McClellan met a storm which in its march
Gave little time for art and evolution.
It was a storm the tactics of the Hudson,
And all schools of military art and skill
Can never meet, a storm of native freemen
In battle for home and their native land.

“McClellan was driven, and as day on day
He saw the domes of Richmond fade on his sight
He bowed his head in humble fate, and sought
For ways to save the wreck of his army.
For seven long days the battle was on
In its rattling arms and its thundrous note,
But never in flood or rolling tide
Was e'er such roar both sides the Chickahominy.
Stonewall Jackson was here, seemed everywhere,
And J. E. B. Stuart with his cavalry,
Pursuing the foe through fields and marshes,
In dread of Lee and of Southland chivalry.

“O long dread days of carnage! and for what?
To bind the South! to break her will and arm.
To hold in union the states discontented,
To violate the laws which nature gave,
And compel union without affinity.
Is it wise? Did God create man for chains?
Did he give him the earth to be a slave?
Did he make one arm strong to crush the weak?
Or did he not mean that man should be wise
And use his mighty gift for protection?
Where is reason, and where are her pillars?
Is not this seven days' battle, its thundrous roar,
Its slain, its wounded and dying, sufficient cries
To vindicate the South and end the carnage?
Is it not massive proof she should go free?
Doth it not open up the rolling tide
That swells her bosom in self-vindication?
E'en wake the stoical world from its dream,
That all humanity's eyes might look, behold,
And sympathize with struggling liberty?
How long shall human rights be trodden down?

How long, while one is strong, another weak,
Shall iron heels stand on the human neck?
A better, fairer day the world doth need,
When needless force shall lift its heavy hand
And lend its sword to those who feel the pain.

“ But alas! the world’s grown old in custom,
In prejudice, and in a thousand fashions
That tend to crush, oppress, yet feels no pain.
Hence battles may be fought and yield no gain.
Who wears oppression’s chains may be a fool,
But greater fool is called, if he should strive,
But fails to break the rods that whip his back.
The custom of the world, moss-backed and steeled,
No pity shows, but wears itself away,
And pulls along the human herd in chains,
Until the nations have grown bald and poor,
Wielding their strength to smite, subdue the weak.

“ McClellan, with his weary, beaten army
At Harrison’s Landing on refuge shores,
May raise his eyes and scan the fields, where fell
Ten thousand innocents, who knew not why
The battles were fought, or why this useless blood ;
May look o’er those fields where lay in heaps
Their myriad dead, whose blood doth speak and ask :
‘ For what is this, and why these scenes to-day ? ’
Lincoln may sit at ease and order battle ;
May try to prove excuse by oath he swore,
Attempt to veil his crime with jokes of humor,
May feel no pain at sight of human slaughter ;
But still that blood doth speak and ask and cry :
‘ For what is this, and why these scenes to-day ? ’

“ Let Lincoln turn his eyes another way.

Richmond stands a fair city on the James.
No ball as yet has pierced its painted walls,
No foes have walked its streets cursing the South ;
Davis sits there, yet untouched, to judge and guide,
And Lee, the Southern Achilles, rides in front.
Not the sight of the dead in ghastly look,
Nor myriads slain, nor weeping everywhere,
Nor costs of war in tears and widows' gowns,
Nor debts incurred that shake the future years ;
Not these, nor all that comes through crime of war,
Doth weary Lincoln and make him toss his frame
Upon his couch, or on his easy chair,
One-half so much as he doth feel the sting
Of McClellan's defeat, with Richmond city
Yet untouched ; where Jeff Davis sits and rules,
And Lee, a conquering chieftain, rides on guard.

CHAPTER IX.

THE battles fought and described were but few
Of the many the Southland was called to fight,
Nor may they be called the greatest of the war.
They called attention because they were the first,
And as the first do show Southland courage,
That never waned as long as Southland states
Had men or munitions fit for battle.

“No further have I heart, Alathalene,
To trespass on the patience, or uncover
The thousand bloody scenes of struggling hosts,
Who fought, bled, and died for Southland liberty.
Such scenes of battle as have been laid bare
Are lessons framed on which the eyes may look.
If eyes unsatisfied remain, and heart
Its courage keeps, from these may turn away
And view the numerous fields of bloody fray.
Yet all will prove repeated lines, a tale
Like that which stands in frame already told,
Where Southland courage never failed, and where
With equal chance they beat their foes and won.

“We come to times when rose on Southland vision
The thought that was no dream as to results ;
A time in which the Southland states did hang
Their hopes not on Southland chivalry alone,
For well they knew the triumph numbers give
When foes persist and will not cease the battle.
They saw how strong the arms of Northern foes,
How easily they recruited their armies,

Their ships of war, and their vast resources ;
Saw that since the war assumed magnitude
That modern times had never seen nor dreamed,
So large the North and South astonished stood ;
That drums of war would never cease to beat
Until the North or South should yield, and that,
All things compared, the Southern arm was weak.
At sight of these there rose on Southland vision
What would at last result, the final end,
If naught appeared in aid of Southland states.
On her courage the South did main depend,
Nor ever did relax when in the battle ;
But saw that something more must intervene,
Or else the day, the hour, must come at last
When she must yield a province overthrown
And bow to yokes as oft the conquered bow.

“It was the Southern gloomy thought that came,
That would trespass amidst their hopes and fears,
Yet on the battle went, awaiting hope
That no one knew, fighting and expecting ;
Trusting that some rising sun, with tidings
Borne upon the wind, would speak in the ear
That something intervened as guiding star
To build the hope in the unequal struggle.

“The South soon saw how vain it was to hope,
That all which she received were but merit marks,
Those slight tokens which are small-toned trifles,
Merely kisses instead of guns in battle ;
Kisses that fool the simple, stir their ardor,
But smite the wise and wake in them disgust.
She gazed upon the deep-writ lines that hope,
The only hope that was or could arise,
Was in her own arm, and on her arm relied.

“Wearied and pained with uncertain tokens
 That bore no fruit nor raised an arm of help,
 She flung to the wind the kisses received,
 And asked a pledge friendly, unfeigned, or none ;
 Resolved to fight the odds as best she could,
 And if she must, unaided and alone,
 Would fall at last for lack of men to fight ;
 Would fall exhausted, helpless, worn, and bare.
 That while she slept in tomb foes prepared,
 The cause for which she fought, its worth, would e'er
 Speak out its signs on every battle-field ;
 Nor would that cause be counted lost, until
 That honored blood should lose its trace
 And battle-fields should fade from off the vision.

“In view of all it may be asked : ‘ Why did
 The South so long meet her foes in battle ?
 Why did she not at sight of mighty hosts,
 That must some distant day lay waste her strength,
 Make a pause, think, and end the scenes of blood ? ’
 Not thus should be the question, nor doth need
 An answer given when thus the question’s framed.
 Why did the North persist ? is question asked,
 And is question that must be answered first.
 What right had they except of will to force,
 A will to dominate, a will born of hate ?
 And who declares that will doth give a right ?
 Or that because one has the greater power
 A right to dominate the weak is born ?
 Because the North was strong and had a will
 And built her hope a distant day to win,
 Is that a proof that she should lose in men,
 In treasure and sacrifice, the millions

She would be made to lose, before would come
The day the South would yield the cause she loved?

“And who doth know what love may not achieve?
Or who hath found the depths of love’s devotion?
The soul of man seems framed in such a way
That when a thing is loved, in its defense
A hand doth rise, nor doth e’er intervene
A reason, except that the thing is loved.
The Southland citizens did love their cause,
Nor had they heart to yield or stop the battle,
For love did reign supreme and urge them on.
Had time ruled round a day when love was lost,
It would have brought the day and hour to yield.

“And things are loved which time can not control,
Nor can control or stop the battle, until
The strength that would defend is exhausted.
Doth not the barn-yard hen defend her brood?
And fight the hawks, and e’en attack the wolf?
Doth not the birds fight things they can not whip?
And make defense against the mighty odds
That trespass round their loved domiciles?
Though man can frame a reason, yet he loves,
Loves as the birds and other things of nature,
And for the thing he loves he makes his battle.
Hence, in view of all, Southland states stood up
In self-defense, and in making their battle,
Like all that’s seen in nature everywhere,
They stood for rights and in defense of love.

“But now we turn to other scenes, where fought
Through weary months and years the Southland hosts.
On what remains we shall bestow less care,
At least detail that’s tedious will avoid.

More dimly scenes shall rise, not in deep stains,
But paler hue, for eyes have seen enough of blood,
And ears have heard enough of battle sound.

“As has been shown, had Sidney Johnston lived,
Had he not breathed his last on Shiloh’s field,
Brave Kentucky and Tennessee, and all
The Southland West might have been regained.
This, combined with McClellan’s overthrow,
Must have struck the Northern sense such a blow,
And such encouragement to Southland given,
As that deep signs of peace would have appeared,
And honorable to all the Southland realm.
But Johnston fell, with him the Southland West.
With a grasp like this on the Southland throat,
McClellan’s defeat was not a shock so great
As that the North would say: ‘Enough of blood.’
Hence the war god spread wide his sable wings,
And spread a feast of blood e’en more by far
Than Bull Run, Shiloh, and the Richmond battles.

“But eyes have seen enough, nor would the ears
Hear more of the thundrous and deafening sound.
‘Touch lightly’ doth speak the eyes, and ‘lightly’
The ears proclaim, of all that yet remains.
The siege of Vicksburg, and those battle-grounds
Which lay around, lifting their bloody face,
The forty-six days’ struggle and brave defense,
The heroic deeds upon those battle-fields,
The hungry, sunken cheeks and swollen limbs,
The heaps of the dead and the bleeding wounded
Are left behind for songs of other bards,
For bards whose eyes can look on ghastly sights
And who have hearts that can endure such scenes.

“ Bull Run again lies in the trend of thought.
Its banks and plains and woods rise on the view
To celebrate the first great Bull Run battle ;
Doth now encroach again and bring in mind
The field on which there was, one year before,
That greatest fright that’s been in modern times,
In which were mixed the humorous things described
In the tale of the first great Bull Run battle.

“ The treacherous Pope, the foul braggadocio,
At the second Bull Run commanded the foe.
Now Pope, do your best, and quit your pillage.
When called to fight Lee and Stonewall Jackson,
Do feel as mean as man should feel his guilt,
Who ordered pillage and lived on robbery.
Stuart is here, and Longstreet and Jackson,
And the great Lee is here, the battle to guide.
They sent McClellan, who was a soldier brave,
And not stained as thou with crimes and pillage,
From the Chickahominy to the Potomac.
Charge, Pope, charge! and gather in your booty,
Not from the weak, but from the camps of Lee.

“ Ah! Pope, your arm is not so strong as once,
For once you fought the weak, and these you whipped,
Their bread you took, and them you left in want.
But learn thou now that they have a country,
That heroes are here that country to guard.
Strike, Pope! but remember this is Bull Run,
And being Bull Run day you meet defeat.
Know thou Virginia is a Southland state,
And as a Southland state will make defense,
Will brush the robbing, thieving foe from her soil.
Go to the Potomac. McClellan is there.

“Jackson struck, and Longstreet, Hill and Stuart.
But the sullen Pope stood up in the battle,
As though he had hope to win the day ;
Nor was one day enough, but on the morrow
Did stand again, and seemed as though would die
Or hold the field which was impossible.
But all was vain, and Pope was made to flee ;
He robbed the weak, but ran away from Lee.

“How is it now, Pope, on the Potomac?
Hast thou carried away booty with thee?
How much of thy army hast left behind?
How much munition and accouterments?
Couldst thou not rob Hill, Longstreet, and Jackson
As thou didst the weak, helpless citizens?
Ah! Pope, the joke is turned, and thou hast lost.
Look back on your almost twenty thousand
Dead, wounded, and prisoners in the hands of Lee ;
Thirty pieces of artillery, and of arms
More than twenty thousand in Southland hands.
Ah! Pope, learn a lesson, quit your stealing !
Be thou as McClellan, who conducts the war
Not by pillage, but on the ground of honor.

“McClellan and Pope had been driven away,
Beyond the Potomac were taking their rest,
But organizing their armies anew.
Lee marched on, and, crossing the Potomac,
Woke fear and alarm through the Northern realm,
Lest he should ride through Washington City.
O haste thee, McClellan, haste thee, Hooker,
Haste ye, Burnside, and Franklin and Sumner ;
Combine all troops from Harrison's Landing,
With the remnant of Pope escaped from Lee ;

Combine with all these all others ye can,
For they will be needed at the Antietam.

“Lincoln grew restless and became uneasy,
More restless than the day ere Sid was slain,
More restless than he was at Bull Run battles.
Though he belonged to no Church, as Davis,
As R. E. Lee, and as Stonewall Jackson,
His trouble did stir religious emotion.
For he vowed a vow, like Jephthah of old,
That he would sacrifice, if God would help;
If God would give McClellan the power
To force Lee back across the Potomac,
And save Washington from the Southland hand.

“Strange it doth seem that a man’s religion
May lay so concealed for long months and years,
Through ages of peace when free from danger;
Yet when some deep, dread news awakes his fear,
And he feels the Almighty’s arm is needed,
That he doth turn his eyes and thoughts to Heaven,
And with bowed spirit make his promises.
Yet how often in the hours of distress,
With the nerves unstrung man vows the wrong thing,
And, like Jephthah when he met his daughter,
Sees his rashness, and feels the pain it bears.

“But it is allowed, with a show of truth,
That Lincoln’s rash vow was first intended
By the great party which he represented,
And which had given him the Presidency.
Hence the proclamation to free the slaves,
Not by the consent of the Southland states;
Not as the constitution provided,
But by that higher law that knew no bounds,

And which contained the same ruffian hand
That made and prosecuted the bloody war.

“And yet it seems, if this was intended,
Religious show should not have intruded,
For all holy vows that have ascended
Have never of law been so denuded.

“In view of the grave vow that Lincoln made,
When the North met Lee at the brook Antietam,
It was a battle to free the slaves, a battle
As the Southland saw when the states seceded.
As long as Lincoln saw that it would be,
“Like the pope’s bull at the moon,” ridiculous,
He withheld the lawless proclamation.
But when o’erwhelmed in a mood most serious,
Being urged by those who gave him his power,
With religious zeal, but o’erstepping the law,
He proclaimed to the world the document.

“A hard-contested field was Antietam,
Nor did the Southland army meet defeat.
When the sun had set and the battle ended,
Both armies retained their ground and waited.
McClellan lost twelve thousand men, or more,
While Lee sustained a loss not near so many.
A day elapsed while each to each confronted,
But reinforcements did so help McClellan,
Did so augment and gave such advantage,
As that the numbers made Lee think prudent
To assume the defensive as was his custom;
Hence he came back across the Potomac.
It was hard fought at the brook Antietam,
And many of the brave did there find a grave,
Falling at the front, and did go to greet them
Who elsewhere had fallen, their country to save.

“ When Lee crossed back over the Potomac
Some troops of the foe anxiously followed.
Hill, who commanded the rear-guard of Lee,
Turning back on them, rebuked their boldness,
And made them hasten back to the river.
He drove them hard and gave them such a fright
That they ran pell-mell into the water,
And in less time than tells the sad story
Three thousand or more fell in the slaughter.

“ The stream was blue with their floating bodies,
And red with blood the deep-flowing water,
The floundering heaps floated down the river,
And thus passed from sight the dreadful slaughter.
It was a sight revolting to the eyes,
The saddest the war had yet presented ;
Hill and his soldiers turned their eyes away,
Feeling aggrieved that war compelled it.

“ The Antietam grew calm and all Maryland,
No war-cloud hung beyond the Potomac,
For McClellan sought a moment of rest,
His army being stunned by the blows received.
But Lee had come back to his Southland state,
To battle defensive as was his custom.
But at Antietam and at the Potomac
He shook his foes and taught them some lessons,
Lessons from the South, renowned for chivalry,
And how she would fight whene'er invaded.

“ But the storm-cloud of war arose again,
And sought in its course Rappahannock River,
With Burnside, the war-god, riding the wind.
He rode with a host, one hundred thousand,
And said he would redeem the lost Antietam
And punish Hill for that Potomac slaughter.

“ Lee observed the cloud, the course which it took,
For like Palinuras, he could forecast
And tell where to steer for easiest weather.
He let the war-cloud rage and march at will,
Expand its fury and threaten destruction,
But made its limit Rappahannock River.
On came the war-wind and hard blew the storm,
And Burnside, as he rode, seemed not weary,
But on he came with his hundred thousand,
The storm increasing to greater fury.
But Lee met the storm on the Hannock River,
Told Burnside, the war-god, that he must stop,
That the reins which he held were guiding steeds
As Phaëton’s hand, and not as Apollo,
That if not Jupiter, some weak god leads,
And not far ahead was his river Po.

“ But on came Burnside until he met Lee,
Until he met Jackson, Longstreet, and Stuart,
Met them on the Hannock at Fredericksburg.
Fire from your hills, Burnside, fire your cannon,
Shoot at your will, shoot across the Hannock,
And amidst the uproar lay your pontoons.
You’ll find some trouble in meeting Barksdale,
Enough, perhaps, to make some faces pale ;
He’s only sharpshooting, contesting the crossing,
Intends to give way, for a while refusing,
For Lee wants you across, and then the battle.

“ So on came Burnside across the Hannock,
While Lee awaited with his two Stonewalls ;
One of these on his right, that was Jackson ;
The other on his left, which was an old road
That long had been dug, and was a great ditch,

Four feet in depth and with a stone wall front.
Ah! Burnside, what are you now confronting!
And know that the storm-wind in which you ride
Shall be broken and wrecked by these stone walls.

“ Send forward Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin,
Come against Lee with your hundred thousand,
Come against Jackson, for he's a Stonewall,
Come against the stone wall on Lee's left wing,
For two thousand of the brave stand in the road,
And Longstreet in the rear a mighty guard.
Thunder from the hills your hundred cannon
And march to that thunder your heavy columns,
For Lee is waiting and the Stonewalls anxious.

“ On came Franklin with Sumner as his aid,
On they came with heavy columns charging;
But they melted away as fogs of the morning,
For they struck a rock when they met Jackson.
On they came again and again, but hark!
As oft as they came they fell on the plain,
Until, exhausted, they could do no more,
Then ran to the Hannock, where they stood before.
Then on came Hooker to charge the stone wall,
Where two thousand brave troops stood in the road,
With Longstreet on the hills standing as guard.
Six times did they charge, but oft as they came
They were hurled to the town on the Hannock;
And the plain was spread with wounded and dead,
Presenting a scene so stained and revolting,
That the day was won and Burnside retreated.

“ It was a great victory for Lee and the South,
And caused sensation in Northern circles;
For Burnside, with twenty thousand more than Lee,

Had met with defeat and sad disaster.
His loss having been thirteen thousand,
Almost three times that of the Southland side.
The war-wind hushed and gave quiet a while,
And did seem enough battles had been fought,
That the chivalrous South was brave and worthy
As their ancient sires who fought the Briton.

“On the south side of the Rappahannock,
Through the winter months Lee camped and rested ;
But with the songs of birds war-drums were heard,
For when buds came in the spring of the year
Hooker endeavored to get in Lee’s rear,
And sever his connection with Richmond.
And truly it seemed he could do as he would
With his great army of six score thousand,
While Lee had just about half as many.
And strange doth it seem that Robert E. Lee
Should be so still while Hooker was moving.
Yet he was watching with a chieftain’s eye,
His troops getting ready, and ungloving
To strike at a word when Hooker should reach
The place where Lee, in his calculations,
Would strike on his flank with a thundrous bolt,
And thus demoralize Hooker’s great army.

“Come on Hooker, come across the Hannock,
Come on southward across the Rapidan,
But be not deceived, for Lee’s not deceived,
Your feint at Fredericksburg he understands.
Beware or he will catch you in detail
And send you again across the Hannock.
Come on, Hooker, to the lone brick building,
To Chancellorsville, environed by the woods,

But there you must halt and make your battle,
For Lee will be there and Stonewall Jackson.

“Crash! What is that, Hooker? why did you fall?
It's only a shot striking the brick wall,
A little brief news that Jackson's coming.
You are only shocked and not hard wounded,
Come, rise, and get you out of Chancellorsville,
For this is the Southland, south of the Hannock.
Crash! boom, boom, pop, pop, spra pop, crar bom
boom!

What's that, Hooker? It's Jackson on your flank.
Boom, boom, sput sput bom, crar-ar, bom bom boom!
What is that, Hooker? It is Lee at your front.
Now do your best, Hooker, the battle is on;
But fight as you may, R. E. Lee has won.

“The deep night came with Hooker much dismayed,
Thanking high heaven for the curtains of darkness;
For had the battle begun earlier in the day
The night would have brought still greater dismay,
A scene of slaughter while fighting his way,
Or the surrender of Hooker's great army.

“During the sad night Hooker did strengthen
All of his weak points and built defenses.
But as the morning dawned the battle renewed,
Nor was a halt called till Hooker was driven
And began retreat to the Hannock River.
Nor much did he stop, but in fretful mood,
Like a dog that is chased, stopping to bay,
Then start again to get out of the way,
Until within two days Hooker's great army,
As many of them as Lee had not caught,
Were breathing a rest beyond the Hannock,

Talking about *Rebs* and how they could fight,
But still in fear they were coming in sight.

“Hooker in this battle lost seventeen thousand,
Lost fame, and left behind him his hammock,
While Lee in this battle lost four thousand less,
And saved the country south of the Hannock.
Hooker left in the hands of the Southland lads
Seventeen colors and thirteen of his cannon,
Twenty thousand arms and much ammunition.
He was glad to retreat with his loss so small,
And hastened away lest others should fall.

“Alas for the South! it was a day of fate,
For Stonewall Jackson fell mortally wounded,
He received his furlough, passed though the gate,
While the Southland mourned, aggrieved, astounded.

— “The Jews said David was worth ten thousand;
The same may be said of the South’s Stonewall.
He was to the South a veriest husband,
And the widow wept at the news of his fall.

“He fell at the front, but not by the foe,
He had passed all danger and was returning,
The darkness was deep and in it a woe,
For in its thickness was hard discerning.

“He had been at the front watching the foe,
With his staff returning in a hurry,
Mistaken as the enemy, some shots—when lo!
Jackson had fallen and was soon to bury.

“It was only his frame, not our Stonewall,
That at Lexington they buried in gloom,
For a deep voice proclaims in every hall
The Southland heart is the great Stonewall tomb.

CHAPTER X.

BUT now, Alathalene, again your eyes
Must turn to Western scenes, and there behold
The struggling host in all the regions round
Where Sidney fought so hard but fell with wound.
We leave the region where fell our Stonewall,
And come to the West where our Johnston fell;
For one in the East and one in the West,
Who had the arm that could master the foe,
Had fallen, and left the Southland weeping.
Not that these alone stirred the Southland grief,
But these are named because their arms were strong,
And on their names did hang the greater hope.
Chancellorsville and Shiloh are battle-fields
The South can ne'er forget nor e'en the North,
For on these fell two great Southland chieftans,
But e're they fell the foe did feel their arms.

“ But now on Western scenes the eye must turn.
Braxton Bragg and Kirby Smith are marching,
Have left Tennessee and are in Kentucky.
Buell in alarm has left Tennessee,
Is marching in haste to gain the Ohio.
Haste thee, Buell, for Braxton and Kirby
Will soon form a junction and cut your base;
Haste thee, Buell, or you will lose in the race.
Buell in excitement gained the Ohio,
While Bragg and Smith recruited their armies,
And sent great stores and munitions southward.

“ Having done as they aimed, redeemed those states,

Recruited, and gathered supplies immensely,
They gradually withdrew, but were followed.
It was an annoyance, and Bragg called a halt,
Struck them such a blow at Perryville town
That he was allowed to leisurely march,
While they nursed their shame and buried their dead.
The enemy lost a brigadier-general,
Lost two other generals hard wounded,
Lost fifteen cannon and troops four thousand,
Which made them wonder and look astounded
When they learned Bragg lost just half as many.

“ Buell could not withstand the ‘grape’ of Bragg ;
Being defeated, he was superseded,
And Rosecrans was called to fight that captain.
But Bragg, unconcerned about the exchange,
Marched on, but stopped at Murfreesboro.
It was cold and rainy, in midwinter time,
But on came Rosecrans with a numerous army,
And soon did they meet on the Stone River.
With thundrous sound the battle rolled on
In the midst of the cold and drenching rain,
Stubbornly they fought in the early dawn,
And through all the day, again and again.

“ The blood flowed down and colored the water,
But on they charged with dreadful slaughter,
Until old Stone River increased its tide,
So dreadful the fray, so many that died.

“ Considering the forces that were engaged
It was a battle severe and dreadful.
Of Rosecrans’ army, sixty thousand,
Almost one-third were lost in the battle,
And of Bragg’s forty thousand, nearly one-third.

Rosecrans being reenforced, Bragg retreated,
But with much booty, about thirty cannon,
Six thousand of arms and six thousand captured.

“And shall the tale unto the end be told?
The long tale of the hard-fought Southland battles?
The life must be prolonged if all is said,
For who hath seen an end of all these scenes?
Or who has heart that can withstand it all?
And who doth not see the South loved her cause?
Doth not her blood and all these battle-fields
Give proof how dear her cause lay on her heart?
Doth it not prove enough to make her free?
Why yet repeat these scenes until, exhausted,
When worn with cares and loss of blood, she must
Yield to lash and do as some master bids?”

“Can not those people see the injustice
Who in their great proclamation declared
That the Southland states should not enslave?
Then where is reason? And on what tall seat
Doth justice sit and give their dues to all?
And where doth consistence dwell? Or what art
Is this, that makes right wrong, and then again
Doth judgment change, and make wrong right?”

“If the fathers, in their thought of liberty,
Had natural law and right upon their side
In those gloomy days when they fought the Briton;
If the dark sons of Ham who were enslaved,
Would have natural law and right on their side
When they should make battle for their freedom,
Who dares deny, in the light of reason,
That the Southland states had an equal right?
What art is this, on what ground justified,

That would unbind the one, yet bind another,
That would unbind the black, and so decide
A son of Ham is the white man's brother?
And yet with a heart far worse than treason
Crush the white man and override reason?

“Doth force make a right? Then what of reason?
Or what use hath half the world for justice?
Are not great judgment-halls ofttimes abused,
And their pavements trampled with ruffian heels?
Hath not great judges fled away in fear,
Driven from their seats at the point of the sword?
Have they not in judgment oft been compelled
To satisfy passion and lawless force?
What is this that intervenes in Heaven's law,
Which doth inflict pain on the guilty head?
That with a hand so tender lifts the weak
From under the rod of fierce oppression?
It is the strong arm of equal justice,
Which treats the unit as it doth the many,
And the many as it doth the unit.
It is the thought that explores, runs through all,
Observes the unit, and the people multiplied,
Observes the right in every judgment-hall,
And with right judgment doth all things decide.
Judgment like this, when man outgrows passion,
Will enter earth's halls, and waste the fashion
That has cursed the world time immemorial.

“Nay, Alathalene, not by just decree,
Nor by a law of right, or of judgment
That gives their dues to all, the South must fall;
But by the law of a force blind and deaf,
A force that shuts its eyes and stops its ears,

Nor sees nor hears nor feels a rightful law.
When reason reigns supreme, e'en one can judge,
And speech of one, when he is right, is heard.
But when in judgment-halls force holds the courts,
That side which has the weaker force must lose,
For pounds do weigh, and smaller oaks must bend
When greater oaks on them do bow and fall.

“But why lament, or stop in grief or tears?
Can these effect a change or bring relief?
Ah no, for force is blind and deaf and dead.
Hence on the battles went for months and years,
E'en length of time that seemed a wonder,
When no more troops in all the Southland states
Could be found to increase their armies.
Not so their foes, for they increased at will,
E'en had now, in the field, a fighting force
So large as made their strength as four to one.

“After the hard-fought battle on Stone River,
The Southland West, for want of troops, foresaw
That in the unequal match it soon must fall.
Vicksburg had fallen, and soon fell Port Hudson,
Giving to foes the great ‘Father of Waters.’
The South saw it all, but would not retreat
Only as compelled by o'erwhelming numbers.

“Bragg made a retreat to Chattanooga,
But, pursued by numbers overwhelming,
Retreated on to the Chickamauga.
Rosecrans followed with his numerous army,
But Bragg had stopped, confronting for battle.
Though somewhat unequal to Rosecrans' host,
He would not move from the Chickamauga.
But turned on the chief he once had beaten

On little Stone River near Murfreesboro.
It was a hard fight 'tween Thomas and Polk,
For on the right wing they fought furiously,
But Hood on the left drove the foe easily.

“Rosecrans fled ten miles to Chattanooga,
Ere the battle was finished altogether,
And sent a telegram of great disaster
To the President at Washington City.
It was a strange telegram, premature,
Reflecting some fright, for he did not know
How hard on his left Thomas was fighting.
Of course Rosecrans was whipped, and yet it seems
That he was in a great hurry to tell it.
He knew the same Bragg he met at Stone River,
The same Buell met at Perryville battle,
Were riding across the Chickamauga.
But why should he report great disaster,
While his lieutenant was fighting his foe,
And bring deep mourning in Washington City
Full six hours before the trouble was due?

“Ah! Rosecrans, the writing is on the wall,
That telegram told your Chickamauga fall.
Like Buell, you must be superseded,
For Lincoln is now calling another,
And will change and change until chance of some kind
Will give victory o'er the Southland chieftain.
Ah! Rosecrans, you have fought a hard battle.
The Southland wounded and the Southland dead
Are about as those you left on the field;
But you have lost fifteen thousand of arms,
Fifty cannon and six thousand prisoners,
Besides munitions and the battle-field,

“The victorious Grant had been put in charge
Of the Northern armies in Tennessee,
He came in confidence from Vicksburg scenes
Where he had charge when Pemberton surrendered.
Buoyant in hope, he came wearing laurels,
Because his star led the way of success.
But the laurel wreath with which he was crowned
Would have been placed upon another’s head
Had he commanded around the doomed city.

“While Grant was a soldier well schooled in art,
Yet not to art but in numbers trusted ;
For in his successes no more of art
Nor of war genius is found displayed,
Than of right belongs to many others.

“But fortune guides a star that rests o’erhead,
Nor doth ever desert her favorite son,
Will hold up his head and keep him in lead,
Gives him his numbers until he has won
Great fame and honor in high relation,
Renowned in deeds and chief of a nation.

“Grant came to Chattanooga, the city where,
Behind embankment and embattlements,
The defeated army of Rosecrans encamped,
With Thomas, his successor, in command,
While Bragg was hanging round and keeping watch.
And surely that army would have been driven,
Ere many more days would have come and gone,
Unless battalions had come as relief.
Grant inspected, saw the situation,
Nor indulged a moment in art of war,
But called for numbers, in which he trusted,
Then soon Chattanooga had an army

More than eighty thousand in number,
While Bragg stood besieging with half as many.
Then began the march round Lookout Mountain,
That memorable battle above the clouds,
And all that followed at Missionary Ridge.
For Grant had the numbers which he could trust,
But dared not advance till these he obtained.
He took advantage of the valley fog,
Sent Hooker on with his many thousands,
Who pushed his way far up the mountain-side,
While Southland troops far up above these clouds
Could not discern Hooker's force and movements,
Or know the place to throw their shot and shells,
Until above these fogs Hooker appeared
In numbers very large and o'erwhelming.
It is called the battle above the clouds,
But then there was not very much shooting,
For when Hooker's massive force came in sight,
Showed their heavy columns above the clouds,
A retreat was ordered and the mountain lost.

“With never a hope to be recruited,
In the midst of all Bragg still contended,
Yielding the ground, but striking as he went.
He drew up his lines on Missionary Ridge;
They were but a few to confront the many,
But on that Ridge he planted his cannon.
It was his last chance and there he must stand,
For should he fail with his little army,
There would be no reason for further battle.

“Soon on came the foe in heavy battalions,
Facing shot and shell and climbing the Ridge,
Falling and dying but others still climbing,

Until from the Ridge the brave Southland lads,
Having fought all they could, retreated away,
But left behind them all of their cannon.

“In the battle that is called “above the clouds,”
The battle around and on Lookout Mountain,
And the fierce contest on Missionary Ridge,
With smaller contests in the country round,
The enemy lost, in his killed and wounded,
Far more than were lost on the Southland side ;
But because of the odds Bragg made retreats
And lost some prisoners and many of his cannon.

“Tennessee had fallen, and much of the West,
But not for the lack of Southland chivalry.
They ne’er would have fallen if the contest
Had been no more than an equal rivalry.

“Had it been unequal to large extent,
But not so vast, not greatly unequal,
The world would have seen in the battle blent
Another decision, some other sequel.

“Far away beyond the ‘Father of Waters,’
But not with armies large, the Southland
Did meet her foes on many a battle-field.
Elk Horn, called Pea Ridge, was a hard-fought battle,
And on that field fell the brave McCulloch.
In the first of the war Van Dorn and Price
Struck the fierce foe many a deadly blow
And marched the Western country through and
through,
E’en until they were called to Tennessee
To fight in larger battles for the free.

“On the far Texas coast were battle scenes

That woke the public sense, and proved e'en there,
The same courage that dwelt in larger armies
Shone with equal light in these smaller hosts.

“It was a daring deed Magruder planned
When he prepared his little steamboat fleet
And whistled them in line for Galveston Bay ;
It looked forlorn as it sailed out to meet
The many ships that lay upon its way.
But when the sun was down and stars appeared
He drew the line and gave the marching word.
Full well he knew by day he had no chance,
And hence he chose the night to thrust his lance.

“The Southland lads who rode this little fleet,
As if unconscious what they had to meet,
Threw back their cheers to those they left ashore,
Not knowing whether they would see them more ;
But on they went beneath the twinkling stars,
To prove that they were sons of freedom's sires.

“Upon these boats were placed some cotton bales,
And pointing o'er these some mounted cannon ;
And then, besides, some troops did step aboard,
To help to fight the battle at closer range.
Leon Smith, a captain, was put in charge.
Two boats in all composed his little fleet.
He went with this flotilla to the bay,
While battalions, camped at Victoria's Point,
Did cross the bridge and make attack by land,
And all of these the brave Green did command.

“On went the little fleet and on went Green,
They went through darkness while stars were twin-
kling ;
On and on they went, by Renshaw unseen,

Nor of their coming had he yet an inkling.
The fleet of Smith attacked the 'Harriet Lane.'
Lashing their boats alongside, they went aboard,
And trained her guns on ships that did remain,
For 'Harriet' now fought under Leon's word.
Then down came Green with forces on the land,
Crowding the shore and edging the water.
Firing cannon and fighting hand to hand,
Determined to conquer, whate'er the slaughter.

"And soon Galveston fell a Southland prey,
With all of its booty, to Southland boys.
Her commander was buried in the sea,
And then was an end of the battle noise.

"On the Texas coast a deed was performed
Far more brilliant than Galveston battle;
A deed unparalleled, and will be sung
A thousand years hence by the tongues of bards
When their souls put on a martial attire
And get in unison with Southland chivalry.

"That illustrious deed was at Sabine Pass,
For that is the place of the noted battle
Fought by Odlum and Lieutenant Dowling,
With a brave company of forty-two men,
Against ten thousand with their boats and ships.
This little garrison remained in the fort,
Receiving the while heavy shot and shell,
Until the enemy drew very near.
Then, rising up as if woke from the dead,
With fearful effect they trained their six guns,
And in two hours had conquered the battle.
They captured two gunboats, crippled a third,
They captured great stores and eighteen cannon,

And killed fifty men and drove off the fleet ;
They held captive one hundred and fifty—
And all of this without losing a man.

“ But we turn to Louisiana, where Dick Taylor
Conceived a plan to relieve Port Hudson,
By making a threat to capture New Orleans,
And forcing the enemy to raise the siege.
The enemy had stores at Berwick city,
And a garrison there for protection.
This fortified city lay in the way,
And Taylor resolved it should be captured.
To do this work sugar coolers and skiffs
Were gathered in abundance on the Teche,
And in them rode the famous three hundred.

“ Brave Major Hunter commanded this fleet,
And was ordered to row across Grand Lake ;
But to see that the oars were well muffled,
Lest some boat of the foe, prowling round,
Might get a hint of what he was doing,
And attack his brave little cooler fleet.

“ It was in the twilight of the evening,
When under cheers on shore and waving colors,
The little skiff and cooler fleet started.
They toiled through the night, working at the oars,
But ere the dawn of the day had landed.

“ Then Hunter made known the object in view,
The reason of rowing they had passed through ;
That now had come the day and the hour,
When the enemy must feel the Southland power.
So Hunter marched on, struck Berwick in the rear,
And soon the three hundred awoke such fear

With sudden attack, their boldness supporting,
That the battle was short, for the three hundred
Soon had possession of all of the forts,
And held as prisoner seventeen hundred.
Much and large booty fell into their hands,
And the way was open for Taylor's march.

CHAPTER XI.

N^OW, Alathalene, we are approaching
The end of Southland toils, e'en nigh unto
That solemn hour when, with her broken sword,
She, in helpless ruin, lay to groan and sigh.
Scarce more than two hundred thousand soldiers
Yet remained in the field to make defense,
And each morning roll-call showed their number
Was on the wane and soon would be but few.
There was no help except in these, for all
Southland had been taxed, until able men,
And e'en of boys in their teens, were no more.
Twelve hundred thousand stood opposed to these,
So great the odds, so unequal the battle,
And as these fell their ranks were filled again.

“We leave the West, a fair land of the brave;
We leave it in a large degree o'errun,
Beginning to drink from the conqueror's cups
Feeling the first deep throes of a lost cause.
We leave it, but have not told the half of all;
Have said nothing of Bizland battle,
Of Franklin, of Mansfield, of Pleasant Hill,
Nor of Marksville or of Yellow Bayou,
Nor of the seventy who challenged and captured
The gunboat 'Diana' on the Teche River;
Nothing of a thousand illustrious deeds
Which the brave lads of the Southland performed.
All of these we leave for the tongues of bards
Who down future years will sing their rewards.

“ But ere these unhappy hours had come,
Lee, with the best army of the Southland,
Again crossed o’er the Potomac River
And fought the great battle of Gettysburg.
Not that the South believed herself able
To carry on war in the field of the foe,
Did R. E. Lee cross over the Potomac ;
Nor with a view of challenging the foe,
Nor with a design of bringing on battle,
Did this great general invade the enemy.
But marched northward as an act of strategy,
To call the foe from the Southland country.
Nor did Lee march in the way of the foe ;
He marched on a line that left him eastward,
But the foe pursued and brought on the battle.

“ For three days they fought, and neither side won,
For each stood his ground, still stood awaiting
And thus they stood after the battle was done,
Each to each facing and both armies fainting.
It was enough, for the battle was done,
Neither would attack, yet neither would run,
For each stood in thoughtful hesitation,
And each was glad of the battle cessation.
Either was willing for the other to go,
Either was willing to say : “ Go in peace.”
Neither was willing to attempt a blow,
For on either side there was wish for ease.

“ Lee was abroad in the land of the foe ;
He concluded at last that he would go.
Hence in fine order he turned from northward,
And marched his army on a line southward.
Whate’er may be said of Gettysburg battle,

Whate'er opinions or words may rattle,
It was in fair view a battle drawn game,
As it was with Lee, with Meade just the same.
If Lee, with Meade, in ground had been equal,
There would have been quite another sequel.

“Like the she wolf that snaps and fights the bear,
Though little can she do in such a battle,
The Southland hosts would not submit to fate,
But fought as wolf doth fight in bear's embrace.
And though all saw the end in near approach,
The embracing arms of power reaching round,
And felt the cold grip of the strong embrace
That bated breath and bound the Southland arm,
Yet like the wolf that snaps until she's dead,
The wolf that strives so long as life remains,
The Southland lads did strive and fight and strike
As long as they saw chance to make a wound ;
And e'en did strive and strike in the embrace,
Until the cords around did tightly lace,
When all the Southland reeled in fainting-spell,
A wreck of those who fought for liberty's bell.

“All saw the folds and felt the increasing lace,
As a huge monster holding fast his prey,
That would not loose its folds, but with the hours
Would tighter lace, until the breath was gone,
When all the bones were crushed, and life extinct.
All saw, as serpent doth with struggling prey,
The heartless folds in motion quick to bind,
And heard the panting breath and breaking bones,
Till on a day the sounds could not be heard ;
And then they saw the victim's lengthened form,
Prostrate and slimed, the monstrous serpent's feast ;

Saw all, and saw there was a lack of heart,
As serpents lack, when in their folds they hold
The prey that Heaven made to be as free as they.

“Now, Alathalene, we are near the end,
Near the hour when the cannon’s thundrous note
Will cease, and the noted Southland country,
Worn and bare by the long-continued war,
Is cast bleeding at the conqueror’s feet.
Twice cut in twain, the foes in marching lines
Occupy ground in almost every state.
They hold in hand the ‘Father of Waters,’
And their gunboats ride all the branching rivers.
Sherman, whom neither our Johnson nor Hood,
For lack of troops, could hold in check, has marched
Across the Southland center to the sea,
And, adding fire to his sword, has left in wreck
Much of what was once a happy country.

“The Southland’s great armies have grown so small
That her foes do march hither and thither,
And as they go do waste the land with fire;
Until, impoverished, the Southland’s meager few,
Compelled by want and much desolation,
Are battling on in rags and starving want.
Chased almost on every field, these heroes
Are willing yet to bare their breasts, and strike
For the constitution that the fathers made;
Ready to stand in rags and in hunger,
Where they see a dawn or glimmering ray
That yields a chance for home and native soil.

“In this distress the eyes of all the land
Toward Richmond turn, and turn alike on Lee,
For his strong hand grasps yet the Southland key.

Unconquered yet, his veteran troops do stand
And will defend the key that saves their land.
Richmond, that fair city, so long has stood,
Amidst the wreck around and scenes of blood,
That now in the dark days of closing battle,
While the Southland sun is gloomily setting,
All eyes do turn to Richmond and to Lee,
Awaiting results and watching the key ;
For all know full well if Richmond should fall
The Southland would lose her last strong wall.

“ The foe knew this, had known it for long,
Had sought for this key, but Lee was too strong.
But now in the hour of the Southland waste,
They hurried troops on in wonderful haste
And laid siege to Richmond, the last strong wall,
To press on the battle till Richmond should fall ;
To press on the battle and heed no rumor,
Press the battle hard through Grant’s long summer,
Through the long hot dog-days and through the fall,
Never ceasing effort to break the wall ;
Through the long winter, through the cold and snow,
E’en until spring, when the warm breezes blow ;
For it took this time for Richmond to fall,
A summer and winter filled with rumor ;
Hence since those days we humorously call
A season so long a long “ Grant’s summer.”
For this chieftain said, though he meant no humor,
That he would take Richmond in one brief summer.

“ The forces that gathered, stormed and beleaguered,
Met shot and shell ; and thousands, disfigured,
Lay stretched on the ground, nevermore to rise,
Their limbs growing stiff, and ghastly their eyes.

Yet others came on and gathered and stormed,
But with the same fate were alike disarmed,
For the missiles of death flew thick and fast,
And these as the others did breathe their last.

“Through weary days and months the battle went
on,
Oft at the noon hour, sometimes at the dawn,
In the evening shades, sometimes under stars,
For both day and night were chosen by Mars
To battle round Richmond and conquer the South,
Reckless of life until the Southland youth,
Reduced to a few, would give up their wall,
Then hide in retreat from the scene of the fall.

“O dreadful were the hours and long the days
When hearts were breaking, and no minstrel lays
Rang in the air as once in the Southland,
When the free and the bound on every strand,
In unison with the birds sang their praise
To Him who had given those blissful days.

“But now they saw not far away willows,
While thundering guns shook the air in billows,
And each hour did bring those willows nearer,
And nearer they came, those things much dearer
Were fading away with the South's soft pillows
And soon their harps would hang on those willows.

“O Richmond! hast thy hour come at last?
O where is thy hope, thy proud bugle-blast?
Must thou indeed fall, and bring the sad hour
When all hope is gone of the Southland power?
Well hast thou stood, thou great Sebastopol,
And still would stand in thy amiable rule,

Hadst thou had a chance. But this thou hadst not,
And now thy hour hast come to fall and rot.
With thee goes all hope of the Southland cause,
All hope of the South and of Southland laws.
Thy hands are washed clean of all pollution
That doth attain the great constitution.

“O Lee! Enough is done, now save the brave,
Order thou retreat from this bloody grave.
The word was given, and the army of Lee,
That fought bravely for the Southland country,
Was compelled by the foe at last to yield,
And soon his brave columns had left the field.
And Richmond had fallen! The cause was gone!
The struggle was hard, the battle not won.

“Ah! Alathalene, bravely didst thou hear
The Southland tale that told the bloody war,
Bravely hast withstood the scenes of the battle,
Walking amidst the blood and thundrous rattle.
But now is the end, the once happy land
Lies low and meek, a burnt and ruined strand.
No more has a voice, but as a slave is bound,
As a helpless slave bleeding from a wound.

“When the mind reverts on the deep-stained cost
Of the great war, in which the Southland lost,
The immense treasure, and the million dead,
The thought doth rise: Who wears the guilty head?
When the thought doth turn on the fire and sword,
On all that was burned, on all things deplored,
The poverty and waste, the sadness and tears,
The deep, sad stillness, with nothing that cheers,
The great foe himself in view of it all,
Although rejoicing in the Southland fall,

Beholding his stain, should be pierced with pain,
And feel in his heart, were it to do again,
He would refrain such work to undertake,
And escape the guilt of such dreadful wreck.

“Who says the gain justified the cost?
Then why the war in which the Southland lost?
Hath not the nations changed in all the past?
Who knows of one that shall forever last?
Must the changes be made always by war?
And has the earth no gift, no happy hour,
With calculative skill that counts the cost,
Lest they who gain with the others have lost?
And hath not the world some rights in common,
Rights affecting the herd of man and woman?
And hath not the people a right to claim
All to which they are heirs in liberty’s name?”

“O Liberty! thou child of a morning!
Brief was thy life, and now there is mourning.
Thou wast so fair, such a promising child,
All our struggling sires beheld thee and smiled.
They heard thee cry in thy encoffined tomb,
Where long thou didst lay in sadness and gloom.
Charmed with the music of thy struggling cry,
Than not release thee, they rather would die,
They raised their swords to cut away the cords,
Around thy tomb spake many kindly words.
But over thy tomb the Briton crossed swords,
And there was a season of war’s discords,
But the fathers ne’er ceased to hear thee cry,
And for thy birthright resolved to die;
The battle went on through long weary years,
Till the Briton stood back and relieved their fears.

And then wast thou born, fair child of a morning ;
The South was thy friend, but now in mourning,
For the North hath slain, entombed thee again,
And thou art bound till other fathers reign.
The Southland is with thee, is in the tomb,
Doth feel thy sadness, and in the same gloom ;
Will cry with thee, that the fathers may hear,
Will make music with thee, charming the ear,
Until the brave come as the fathers did
And help thee break loose the strong coffin-lid.”

CHAPTER XII.

SOMETIMES o'er man there creeps a changing
thought,
Nor knows he how or why or when it's wrought,
Nor knows the path from whence the changing came,
But knows the thought of now is not the same
As once it was a year, a month, some time ago.

Whate'er man thinks about his mood of mind,
About changes wrought that were undesigned,
Howe'er so much he thinks he thought, before
He felt some change was knocking at his door,
Yet he should know the changes wrought in mind,
Of mental mood and will, are not all one kind.
Though oft our changes come through meditation,
And oft through means that cause some hesitation,
Yet sometimes in ways no one has yet explained,
Men find that they a mood of mind have gained,
Where mind and will and thought are not the same,
Yet can not explain why the changes came.

No one explains the way the bones do grow,
No one explains the half that man would know,
For much lies deep, too deep for man to reach,
Much less be able to explain and teach.

And thus it seems the Southland crew awoke
And found themselves in thought beside a brook,
In which they looked and felt a changing thought,
But yet could not explain why it was wrought.
Like those who long had been away from home,

Seized freshly with the things of youthful bloom,
They knew not how the thought had come, or why,
Yet come it did, and with a longing sigh.

The Southland ship had sailed full many a league,
From port to port had gone, nor felt fatigue,
For all on board had ways to pass their days,
In sports and songs, and in their games and plays,
And had their reading hours, which was a rule,
For on the Southland ship they kept a school.

The Count, when he arranged to sail with Drake,
Arranged to guard against the least mistake :
Had placed aboard viands in large measure,
Books and maps, and every sacred treasure
On which the body and soul of man do feast,
To entertain the greatest and the least ;
Had drawn upon the halls of art, and placed
Fair paintings on the walls in utmost taste.
To these he added service for all the crew
To attend and wait where'er a trumpet blew,
Or any sign calling for attention.

Thus rode the Southland ship o'er ocean wave,
And of the crew no one as yet had found a grave ;
She rode the seas in search of place to rest.
Like birds that know not where to build their nest,
And which appear in doubt which way to go,
That fly, and stop and chirp, and search to know,
So rode the Southland ship for months around,
Like bird in search of nest, in search of ground
On which to rest their feet, and found a state
With justice in its law, the Southland's mate.
They found at last on the great Afric strand
The earth had room, a fair and goodly land

On which, if they would deal as fair as Penn,
They might found a state, with times as good as then.

But, as was said, and as none could explain,
Changing thought kept creeping, would not refrain,
And all would think and talk of Southland days ;
And thoughts like these mixed with their sports and
 plays,

Until one day a scene appeared aboard,
When all attention gave with one accord.
Tilley, standing gazing from the "Southland's" deck—
Tilley, who once had saved the ship from wreck—
Had turned a bard, and, having gift in song,
In solemn air he sent the strains along
Until each heart was touched and stood in awe,
Deep-struck, and held as bound by nature's law.
The ship was filled with more than Tilley sought,
For every heart did feel as Tilley thought ;
And when he ceased, and tears were wiped away,
There rose some cheer, a hope of brighter day ;
For all then felt the course the ship should go,
And soon her prow turned toward Ajaccio.
But thus the Southland bard in words and song :

 There is a land that charms my eye,

 But now I roam the sea ;

 Still for that land I fondly sigh,

 But by some strange decree

 The blasting winds of war and shame

 Have borne away all but its name,

 And naught is left to me.

 A cruel fate the war hath borne,

 But we are in the right ;

 Though victors laugh and show their scorn,

 We made a valiant fight.

Our cause, though lost, is not yet dead,
We wait a day when for our head
A crown will be in sight.

Beyond the wave is mother's grave,
A spot I love so well.
She was a Southland mother brave—
How brave I can not tell.

She kissed my cheek, and bade me go,
Her darling boy, to meet the foe ;
But then I heard a knell,

For soon was borne the news from home,
While I was in the war,
At mother's home, in father's room,
There was a vacant chair ;
For she had heard the distant knell
That told the news how father fell—
O, it was hard to bear !

When father died my mother sighed,
Began to pine away ;
But still she stood on Southland's side,
Would cheer, would weep and pray ;
She prayed for me and brother John,
But soon came news her work was done—
A second vacant chair !

The wailing winds around us sighed,
My brother John and me,
But yet we strove through evil tide
To make the Southland free ;
But then again on Richmond plain
A bullet strayed, and John was slain—
Another vacant chair !

And here am I out on the sea,
I represent our home ;
No other now can speak but me,
Can speak this side the tomb ;
But then a grave speaks forth to me,
I hear a voice I can not see :
“ My boy, why do you roam ? ”

I wonder now if roses bloom
As once in mother's yard,
If violets grow around her tomb,
Of this I have not heard.
If I could see that sacred place,
And hold that sod in my embrace,
I would again stand guard.

I know “ Aunt Prissy ” thinks of me,
God bless her woolly head !
And “ Uncle Tom,” around whose knee
I stood the while he prayed.
Though times have changed, and here I roam,
Perhaps are some at our old home
Who think that I am dead.

There is a land that charms my eye,
But now I roam the sea ;
Still for that land I fondly sigh,
In dust, or how it be.
In all its waste, in all its gloom,
Howe'er it stands, it was our home,
It clings, it clings to me.

When searching cares at last had found an end,
Did deep thanksgiving from the crew ascend
To Him whose watchful eye did never sleep,
But through storms and perils had kept the ship ;

While now with anchored hope on Afric's strand
The thought once more had turned on native land.

When Tilley sang his song, his Southland lay,
Three years had passed in sail upon the sea ;
And now since they had found a hopeful land,
Ere they began to colonize and expand,
They sought a rest to see their native homes
To kiss the Southland grounds and sacred tombs.

Not many days had sailed ere through a strait
They passed where Hercules had made a gate.
Then soon they saw the walls and spires where dwelt
Those many kindly friends who often knelt
And prayed the help of the Almighty's hand
While sailed the Southland ship in search of land.

With tender heart Ajaccio thronged the shore
To greet the Southland ship as once before ;
Nor could they land for throngs that pressed aboard,
Striving the first to give the welcome word.
Thousands gathered, and in their smiling grace
Each one did show the welcome in his face.

To clear the bridge was not an easy work,
No easy task for the crew to debark.
The Count was first to pass, and at his side
The Countess, who e'er had been Ajaccio's pride.
Then came the captain and Alathalene,
The fairest twain Ajaccio had ever seen.
As down the gangway plank they walked in arm,
The thousands looked in pride and felt the charm ;
Gave cheers that shook Ajaccio's walls around,
Such was the welcome to their island ground.
And soon the Southland crew were all on shore
While stood the Southland ship as once before.

Cupid, the god that is reported blind,
Has man deceived for time that is out of mind ;
Has hid his face where eyes of others show
And made believe he has no eyes below.
But then this god has eyes, must be I ween,
Although no one reports they have been seen.

He does but hide his eyes, a useful art,
To give him better chance to throw his dart,
For none do fear the bow he bears along,
Nor think that he, while blind, will do them wrong ;
Nor wrong he seeks, but chance to throw his dart
And with the wound to make a happy heart.
Thousands thus pierced have thanked this god of love,
Have felt his darts in many a shady grove.

The Southland ship, far out and sailing round,
For long had found no place as resting-ground,
And this great pity 'woke 'mong powers unseen,
How much remains unknown in human ken.
With them blind Cupid joined to give his mite
And with his bow awoke the most delight,
For with an arrow, first Alathalene
He wounded hard, but remained unseen ;
Then from his covert place he shot again,
The dart struck Drake, and with him did remain.

It made two happy hearts through sailing days,
Through all the time at sea in sports and plays.
Which, when the Southland crew perceived, it gave
Them double joy while out upon the wave,
For Drake was much esteemed, as all have seen,
And the delight of all was Alathalene.

Soon all Ajaccio heard the gossip round,

For the air was filled with the ringing sound,
As though the nuptial bells, by an inkling
Were in haste to start their merry tinkling.
Nor need a tale be long that's easy told,
Nor need a word be said about the gold ;
Nor need we tell about the wedding scene,
How well appeared the fair Alathalene ;
It is enough to speak the wondrous favor,
That made a glowing feast and gave it flavor.

And now's the end, for soon as feast was over,
The famous Southland crew began to gather
About the ship to seek their native land.
The first that went aboard, and hand in hand,
Were Captain Drake and fair Alathalene,
That fairest twain Ajaccio had ever seen.
The Count and Countess bade them fond adieu,
And then with all the happy Southland crew
The ship began to sail for native land,
Where once they held the sword with stubborn hand.

PART II.

OTHER POEMS.

CONTENTS.

PART II.

	PAGE
OTHER POEMS.....	189
Smiles.....	193
Eve under the Tree of Forbidden Fruit.	195
Helena, Napoleon's Grave.....	215
Poor Benjamin's Prayer.....	218
Seeing the Flowers Grow.....	222
Who Are Kings and Queens?.....	224
Munsey— A Painting.....	227
Our Southern Lily Hands.....	229
Is There a God?.....	231
Man in the Image.....	234
To the Mother-Bird.....	236
The Young Mother's Lament.....	238
Avarice.....	241
Where Is Contentment Found?.....	244
How People See.....	249
The Mind of Ants.....	251
The Orphan Boy.....	255
Winter.....	257
A Problem.....	258
The Discontented Boy.....	259
Wouldn't Pick Cotton.....	261
The Fall of Lee.....	263
Space.....	266
Uncle Phil Moss Visits the Old Homestead.....	270
The Flood.....	284
The Universal Voice.....	297

SMILES.

IF smile 's a sign we have a friend,
If smile 's a kiss and kisses blend
And rift the clouds along life's trend,
 What wondrous gifts to earth are smiles!
 How soft they kiss our weary miles!

If smile 's a sign approval is given,
If smile 's a sign the heart is heaven
And smiles work up a goodly leaven,
 O may the world increase its smiles
 And lay them thick as roofing-tiles.

If smile 's a look we like to see,
If smile 's a word of love to me,
And smiles give cheer to all of ye;
 God give us smiles for every day,
 And with these smiles chase scowls away.

God bless the smiles on sea and land,
And send them thick with his right hand,
Till everywhere on old earth's strand
 They rift the clouds that hide the sun
 And make the earth as it begun.

If smile 's a lamp seen on the face,
If smile 's a school of moral grace,
If smiles help make a happy race,
 O may the world increase them more
 And rain them down on every shore!

All nature beams her smiles to show
And calls on man to look and know,

In all his rambles to and fro,
In midst of smiles and things that praise,
In midst of smiles he spends his days.

The dewdrop climbs to tip of leaf,
And, though its life is e'er so brief,
It shines in sunlight like a chief,
And laughs and smiles and greets the eye
At least one hour ere it doth die.

And when it's gone, the thing so dear,
Leaves where it stood the stain of tear
That it so soon must cease to cheer
And do its part in humble way
To show its smiles from day to day.

But sign of tear on tip of leaf
That dewdrop graced, then left its grief,
Consecrates the spot where smiles were brief;
For others come each morning dawn
And cover grief o'er field and lawn.

And everywhere o'er flowery field,
Bursting the doors that kept them sealed,
Are seen the smiles the flowers yield,
With voices soft as zephyr play,
Each calling man to come her way.

And when the birds at early morn,
Perched on the larch or on the thorn,
And deaf and dead to hunter's horn,
With wing and throat do preach their smiles
Through all the continents and isles.

And arching high is seen the bow,
That wondrous gift and smiling show,

And that high arch looks down below,
 On man to bless and raise his thought
 To look and see what God hath wrought.

Who fills the land with smiles around,
 With smiles on upper concave ground,
 That all voices, with entreating sound,
 May call man's eye to smiles of love
 And raise his smiles in thoughts above.

And all those stars which smile by night,
 Which laugh and shine as lamps of light,
 And whom no darkness can affright,
 Do show a field of smiles so great
 That man sometimes doth seek retreat.

If such is earth and all expanse
 And everywhere these smiles entrance
 On every path in man's advance,
 O what must be at end of road!
 What light and smiles in God's abode!

EVE UNDER THE TREE OF FORBIDDEN
 FRUIT.

AT noon hour 'neath a tree of gentle shade
 Rested the fairest form which God had made,
 Unconscious that an enemy was near
 Who was using arts to assuage her fear,
 And make her forget that danger was nigh,
 Yet was all unseen by the fair one's eye.
 For he, suspecting that on some fair day
 The mother of us all would come that way,

In anxious thought indulged the hope to see
As now he saw, Eve standing 'neath that tree.

With his keen eye he had surveyed the ground
And gave it a fair look all coasts around ;
Had so smoothed the grass, so arranged the fruit,
Exhausting his art to make all things suit ;
For on other days, all hidden from sight,
His eyes turned on Eve by day and by night,
If perchance he might find, if find he could,
The things most pleasing wherever she stood.

With branches hanging and ready to hand
Hung the rich fruit as this enemy had planned.
With the best fragrance he perfumed the fruit,
In this way used art to make all things suit.
He pruned away the shrubs and left the flowers
That these might attract and prolong Eve's hours ;
And gave the whole place an enchanting sound
To awake her love for this dangerous ground.
And having arranged as he judged Eve's taste,
He covered all foul signs, and then made haste
To his covert place to watch Eve's motion
And learn as he could her every notion.

Day by day fair Eve wandered here and there,
In love with the beauty seen everywhere.
Now a moment with this and then with that,
And sometimes she on a pleasure mound sat ;
Sometimes admiring the beautiful leaves
Where the birds sang hymns in the midst of trees,
Or looking on bursting buds and flowers,
Passing happily her paradise hours.
But her enemy had scarce hidden away
Ere he heard soft footfalls coming that way.

And when Eve came to the tree forbidden
He scarce could remain in his covert hidden ;
So much of dread fear that she would not eat
He hardly knew how to remain in retreat.

Close by the tree on this dangerous ground
Eve stood in her beauty and looked around.
She saw nothing uncouth, nothing unfair,
And as elsewhere, she felt as happy there.
She reached not a hand to the hanging fruit ;
It was not made for her, though free for the brute.
By creation her appetites were pure,
And the things forbidden did not allure ;
Unenticed, untempted by all she saw,
For much as she loved God she loved his law.
Within her own heart there could nothing rise
That would violate law, make her unwise.
The realm of her nature was pure within,
Nothing could rise that would produce sin.
No root or seed within of unbelief.
Where's no seed to sprout there could spring no grief.
She looked toward the east as Adam's good wife,
And there, standing high, grew the tree of life.
With soft-moving step she no longer stayed,
But left the spot where treachery was laid,
And came to the tree, tree of protection,
With a heart full of love, Satan's dejection.

When he saw the retreat which Eve had made
His heart grew sad because she had not stayed.
He saw all his plan had failed to allure,
That the snare he had set had failed to secure
The prize he sought, the ruin of the world,
And frowns came on his face, his blue lips curled

At thought of defeat, of such disaster,
Though faintly hoping he'd yet be master.

The sun not yet down by three hours or more,
Yet the dread evening harassed him sore.
He tossed through the hours, and worried his frame,
Cursed all nature, and found fault with his name.
Plainly he saw he did not understand
That, wrought in Eve by the Almighty hand,
There dwelt a strength that all alluring charms
Could not affect; that whoever disarms
Her of love, truth, and virtue must deceive,
And with cunning arts must make her believe
That in touching and tasting that fruit-tree
Instead of grim death, she would plainly see
That it is the key to the knowledge-gate,
That none of God's children should longer wait,
And believe the lie that death will o'erwhelm,
But as goddess and god they'd walk the realm.

Eve's great enemy almost laughed aloud
When that thought came and dispelled the cloud,
And made his dark spirit feel light again
Through his great hope that he, not God, should reign.
Yet three hours or more, care-worn and weary,
In his covert retreat, lonesome and dreary,
Sad in heart, almost hopeless, in sorrow,
Satan thought o'er his plan for the morrow.
But not until the light of day was gone,
When nature rests, and dark spirits alone
Are laying their plans, and roaming around
In silent thought and undisturbing sound,
Did Satan mature his plan to deceive
And ruin mankind, but first mother Eve.

Yet a sad thought embarrassed his mind ;
It was the thought that he was not refined.
So uncouth was he in his natural state,
He knew his looks would provoke Eve's hate.
He labored much for a way to appear,
And livery that would allay Eve's fear.
He had studied Eve's taste, and knew her mind
Dwelt but short while on things unrefined.
How best to refine his looks, and appear
Most pleasing to Eve, and relieve her fear ;
How best to smooth his voice in lutelike tone,
And charm her with this when all alone ;
How best to assume false one in disguise,
And show bad spirit as true, good, and wise,
Mixed doubt with hope, and courage with fear,
Yet this foul fiend would let nothing deter.

He knew he had arts of transfiguration,
Yet almost grew wild in hesitation,
Not knowing what form is best to assume,
Or what name to wear as his *nom de plume*.
Like a groom, full vexed to have things fitting,
He stands, he walks, and sometimes he's sitting.
Looks at his arms, his legs, and body all,
Like a soldier training to charge a wall.

But still of all there was one part of grace
Unseen and untrained, and that was his face.
Toward Hiddekel's brink, with measured pace,
He goes in absorbed thought to train that face ;
And standing there, high upon bank or mound,
Leaning his head beyond the verge of ground,
He looks deep down into the crystal stream,
And looks and trains that he may catch the beam

Of countenance, full reflecting within
That the heart is all pure, and can not sin.

Morning and evening he went to that ground,
And oft as he went he stood on that mound ;
For the task of all in the training race
Was to find a mask that showed a good face.
Hard was his task, while o'erstanding that brook,
To catch gleams that pleased in his horrid look.
Sometimes he would pause and look at a mask,
Not pleased with it, then go on with his task ;
Sometimes, hope most gone, feeling of despair
Tormented his soul ; still he remained there
In his hard toil, laboring for a look
That would please so well he could leave the brook.
Yet hard he labored, and the sweat rolled down,
Labored on and on, unwilling to own
That his transforming power would soon be gone,
Unless he let God and his works alone.
Impatient, stubborn, he ended his task,
And left the crystal stream with the best mask.

To the tree of knowledge of good and evil
Immediately came this disguised devil.
It was the hour when in Eden's bowers
Eve walked and smiled among the birds and flowers
At the tree of knowledge he chose to stay,
And never leave it till Eve came that way.

Up and down the paths, with an eye intent,
He endeavored to find whither she went.
He looked o'er flowers, peeped through bushes,
And for vision clear turned aside rushes,
Following her walk with an anxious eye,
Mistrusting but hoping she would draw nigh.

When Eve sat down, and seemed willing to stay,
Watching the leaves and zephyrs in their play,
And the honey-birds flitting hour on hour,
Sipping sweet nectar from flower and flower,
And the sunbeams trickling down through the leaves,
Turning her thoughts on God, whom she believes.
Trespassing on such an hour of prayer
Is the act of a fiend ; none else would dare.

But at this hour burst forth musical sounds
As never before were heard on these grounds,
Such was the gift, such her enemy's art,
With no less effect than blind Cupid's dart.
Eve rose enchanted, listened and wondered,
The more lutes played the more she pondered ;
And, in love with the sounds, she marched away ;
And soft and gentle that beautiful day
She came amidst that musical display,
All unconscious of else except the sounds
Which seemed to bless her paradise grounds ;
And scarcely knew, her soul was in such glee,
That she stood beneath the forbidden tree.

Her eyes fell on one who seemed not a brute ;
He was pulling down boughs, eating the fruit ;
He seemed not surprised, and looked unconcerned,
And, in so far as mother Eve discerned,
He minded his own business, did not intrude,
Nor in aught did he show a spirit rude.

There were two things now that troubled Eve's mind,
And she sought for a key that would unbind,
And grant her knowledge of the music heard,
And of this new creature that now appeared.
With an anxious heart she began to walk ;

The creature looked up, and began to talk.
“Fair one,” said he, “I think I know your mind,
Some mystery lies round you’re troubling to find.
If you’ll hear me explain, I’ll tell you some things :
What creature I am, and why nature sings.
There be gods and goddesses where I have been,
But with dull eyes they can not be seen,
Unless, perchance, one has the will to come
Into your garden, where the rosebuds bloom,
And see fair creatures enjoying their rest,
Unwise, it’s true, but they think themselves blessed.
The music you heard is a goddess kind ;
I scarce know the force which it struck your mind.
As a wise goddess you could play the strings ;
Not till then can know all that music brings.
You may call me a god, for I have come down
With a heart all kind to inspect what’s sown,
To break all fetters if my voice be heard
And build wise columns where ign’rance is reared.”

“Kind sir,” said Eve, “you talk as one who’s wise;
Please throw off your mask if you’re in disguise ;
Or please, sir, I may be asking too much,
I’ll regard you as wise and treat you as such.
That higher wisdom about which you speak
May bless your kind, but may not bless the weak.
That some creatures dwell in a land far away,
Called gods and goddesses, e’en as you say,
Shows the wisdom of God who made us all
And all may be happy and none need fall.
But the law is life, and should I refuse
And disobey God, then grim death ensues.
What fetters those you talk about breaking ?
Are they not laws of God’s own making ?

And have you come with a claim to dispute,
And fetter our mouths as you would a brute?
Bringing certain tidings that all's unfair
In this land of beauty so free from care?
Tell me if you know of a better way
Than to honor God's law, rest, live, obey?"

"You falsely imagine," Satan replied,
"Your speech betrays that somebody has lied.
Heap your reproaches and drive me away,
But you will find fault with yourself some day,
Pierced with sorrow because I did not stay.
I revere that God about whom you speak,
His law is over all, the strong and the weak.
In ancient days much deceived, and not strong,
I felt as you that it would all be wrong
To walk in the fields where wisdom blesses
And buries away all our distresses.
But I bless that day when my mind aspired
And I marched out strong with a heart all fired,
And marched, nor ceased, till I had gained the prize
Which refined the mind, enlightened the eyes.
This accounts for my roaming, why I am here,
And my greatest wonder is why you fear.
Please excuse me for this kindly intent;
Whatever you think, I know it's well meant.
I ask not that you should find fault with God;
Grieved I'd be to see you under his rod.
All I ask comes from a will refined;
It is that you have respect for your mind."

Eve replied with a resolute spirit,
And said: "I do not believe all merit
Belongs to the mind, but the heart as well,

And in all countries wherever we dwell,
Whether with you in that land far away,
Or here with me where we now talk and stay,
The heart must be pure the same as mind,
For light's in the path where the will's resigned,
And the heart's with God who created all,
With whom is life, away from whom we fall.
You talk of the mind, a beautiful thought;
No one believes that it was made for naught.
What's this that whispers so softly within,
And tells how horrid is the crime of sin?
That if I forget, enamored with mind,
Break loose from God and become unresigned
And sink in death; mind, spirit, body, all
Would be wrecked in the calamitous fall?"

Satan leisurely looked until Eve got through;
While she spoke he ate an apple or two.
Then replied: "I still am glad that I've come
And see the beauties of your Paradise home,
To see these flowers and breathe this fragrant air,
And mix my joys with those which all things wear;
To see these tall trees and these grassy plats
And recline my frame on these mossy mats;
To feel soft zephyrs, drink crystal waters,
And enjoy luxuries made for God's daughters.
I am glad I'm here on this pleasant ground
To mingle my lute with melodies round;
With winged songsters and praising flowers
And double the joys of these happy hours.
I am glad I stand underneath this tree
As fair to look on as any we see;
A tree of rich fruit and of joyous shade
And frowning no more than any that's made.

In the midst of this grace I understand
 By eating this fruit you fear a command
 That speaks of death and horrid things conceived
 And more it frightens the more it's believed.
 If this fruit's polluting, why not this air?
 Why do these flowers grow and everything wear
 The smiles of life and beauty on this ground
 As seems they wear everywhere around?
 Why these songsters in its branches singing
 And these tender creeping vines all clinging?
 If this be the place of death, why are seen
 The life-growing buds and the grass still green?
 Why stand we here if the law's murderous sound
 Has marked this fair spot as polluted ground?
 Why not now be dead, having lost all grace
 For crime approaching this unhallowed place?
 Do you hear hissing of any serpent near?
 Do you hear a sound that would awake fear?
 The voices are all good; no death, no sin;
 As elsewhere on these grounds, all's peace within.
 Is not this fragrance which now fills the air
 All coming from that fruit hanging so rare?
 Breath on breath do we not breathe it in?
 Does it bring death? Does it pollute with sin?
 If breathing this air we eat of that fruit,
 It will bring no death, it can not pollute."

Eve replied: "There's no command forbidding me
 To love the shade of this forbidden tree,
 Nor to refrain my breathing should I dare
 Approach unto this spot and breathe the air.
 This tree is comely, and I may enjoy
 Its shade and foliage and not destroy
 The life I live, and not be cast from this place

By a frowning God, all stained with disgrace.
This odorous air and this fragrance sweet,
Whether on my lips, or whate'er they meet,
Can not destroy nor can set up decay
However much they're breathed from day to day.
The law I received to govern my ways
Leaves large liberty to enjoy my days ;
Left me free to roam wherever I please
And enjoy the good in all of the trees.
For beauty and shade everywhere around
There's little distinction on all this ground.
E'en here I rest and feel my spirit rise
In gratitude to Him who is all-wise,
And same as elsewhere in spirit of praise
I enjoy my rest and my anthems raise.
And midst of all here this stately tree stands
Bearing fruit forbidden as law demands,
I'll rest in its shade and breathe air serene
As elsewhere found wherever I have been ;
But to pluck this fruit, hold it in my hand,
Much less eat it against law's demand
Would so pollute my soul, so prove my fate,
That all cries for help, all pleading to wait,
Would be faint responses in that dread hour
When 'neath the wrath of Almighty Power.
I love to think of him who with such grace
Created so much good in all this place,
And lets me roam and eat unbounded, free,
And covers with law only this one tree.
When I think of all that is wondrous here
And view such goodness bestowed everywhere,
I honor that hand who such goodness shows
And through all that kindness on me bestows

This life, these trees, these birds and garden all,
Yet only asks that I obey one call.
What a wondrous love! And it seems to me,
Had it been the will to make me less free,
Had God retained half it all forbidden,
I would have felt blessed while in this garden.
But now so much blessed beyond all reason,
How damned the soul that brings guilt with treason;
That fain would eat this fruit and die in gloom
Like some fair flower dies with fading bloom.
Wherever I have been on all these grounds,
The things in vale, on slopes, or high on mounds,
Whether birds in their songs with plumage rare,
Or creeping vines and flowers—all seemed aware
Of my approach and paid me their homage,
In raptures most at sight of their image;
And gave their signs to me after their way
Of worshipful spirit from day to day;
Nor in one such did I ever behold
A trespass on the dominion I hold.
If in these dwells a nature to obey,
And sport and bless me after their way,
Should not I, who have thought and care and mind
And made in heart and image so refined,
Be good as they, and raise my anthems high
And obey him who rules in earth and sky?"

Satan looked up and leisurely replied:
"Your speech has been long and nothing's denied.
In all you have said replying to me
I'm troubled to find where we disagree;
I worship that God whom you honor and love,
Keep all my vows with him who reigns above,
Recognize all his goodness in all we see,

E'en where we stand in the shade of this tree,
And well did you speak when by inspection
'Mong all the trees you saw no distinction.
Does it not seem if this would kill the soul
In some form it would play another rôle?
Are there not beasts that tear, serpents that sting?
Foes walking the earth, creeping and on wing?
Do these in beak and claw and mane and sound
Show they are mild, like lambs and doves around?
If some dire evil then belongs to this tree,
Why not some outward trace that all may see?
And stand on guard, lest in some evil hour
Some advantage gained might end our power.
This garden's all hedged by a strong built wall,
And all that's shut in here is free for all.
But o'er that wall, by some evil device,
A relentless foe came and spake that voice
Which said this tree bears fruit forbidden;
Making it appear in this fair garden
That God who loves his children did prepare
And set in this beautiful place a snare.
Such contradiction might be expected
Where the mind is weak, not well directed,
And of a foe who would destroy all
That's encompassed within this strong built wall;
But God, who loves and provided these scenes,
These tall trees, these flowers, these evergreens,
Can not be so unkind and set this snare
And say to his daughter: 'Eat, but beware.'
Who made this tree, and who planted it here?
Did not that God whom we honor and fear?
Did his hand create mischief on this ground?
I'll not believe it; I'll ascend some mound

Above these voices that impeach his name,
Or go back to that land whence I came ;
Land where no one now doth dare to encroach
With heart to stain God's name with such reproach.
I can not believe that God hath set this snare
And threatens with death like a madman's dare.
There are ways of life that will prove the mind ;
By the Almighty they have been assigned
To all his creatures, here and everywhere,
And they must be kept with worshipful care.
You hear the voice to be tender with flowers,
And have good will toward all in these bowers ;
Be kind to the birds and all things here found,
Be kind to thy Lord who stands somewhere round.
And ne'er forget to worship God, and praise,
Morning and evening your anthems raise.
These are the upright ways, the ways which prove
The heart is inspired and divine in love.
When out of these the life all becomes evil,
The life that was good is changed to devil.
To all who thus live, and who wear this wreath,
There can come no sorrow and come no death.
Only those who forget this kindness and praise
Will suffer all that your commandment says.
But to eat this fruit, hanging here so rare,
Will brood solemn death and such like despair
Is no thought of God, but thought of your foe,
Who trespasses here and seeks your woe ;
Whose cunning arts and whose whispering voice
Would make you forget through his mad device
The things most good and the things which most prove
And sustain the heart in created love.
Surely in thought some mistake has been made.

Can you not see it when all things are weighed?
It came not in your mind by choice, I know.
It's created by one, your deadly foe.
My argument is made, you see I'm through.
Will you eat this apple? I'll eat with you."

Eve: "Yet in me some fear is remaining;
For should I die, what chance of regaining
The breath I lose, and open again these eyes?
Who will raise me up? Who will hear my cries?
But perhaps you are right, and as a friend
You will give me help, and your power lend.
But then some things are hard for me to know.
I thought God spake to me; you say a foe.
Maybe I heard wrong; then I am unwise,
Yet fear that foe that assumed such disguise.
I know I am here, but can not reason;
My words all seem choked, all out of season.
God knows my heart, he knows I'll do no wrong.
My heart, my life, my all to him belong.
Almost now I am persuaded to believe
Some one came who had power to deceive.
Should I eat of this fruit, it's an act so small,
It almost appears it's too much to fall.
You say a foe; perhaps it must have been.
I don't know all, nor how he came within.
You seem to be a friend; your reason's strong.
You know I love God and would do no wrong.
You say you love God, worship and obey.
We are almost agreed in all you say.
I see you eat this fruit, yet live and are wise,
And perhaps it may enlighten my eyes.
While I feel there is no will in my mind
To disobey, or do wrong of any kind,

It seems I'm not strong, and that some power
Is ruling my thoughts this day, at this hour.
I'm in the folds of that will. Is it God?
I have done his will in the paths I've trod.
Perhaps he's guiding me to undeceive
What that treacherous foe made me believe.
I've about concluded the voice I heard
Concerning this tree, and which I so feared,
Was not God's voice, but that treacherous foe
Of whom you speak, and who now seeks my woe."

Satan replied: "Tree of life is on this ground,
It heals all ailments; you can have no wound
Unless its balm will restore right again,
And save you from death and every pain.
It looks like the work of God, who knows best,
Who loves all his children, and gives them rest;
It corresponds with flowers and balmy air,
And all these goodly things seem everywhere;
But it's not like God to make this foul tree,
And with a foul command make us less free,
And frighten with threats of death, and this kind
Of hate show in a place that's so refined.
But I'll no longer indulge useless words,
Since your faith with mine so well accords;
I'll soon go away, but I'll play my lute,
And, while I'm playing, you may eat this fruit."

And Satan seized his lute, and sang and played:
Sang of the garden, and beauties displayed;
Of the crystal streams, and birds and flowers,
Of all his pleasure in Eden's bowers;
Sang of the tall trees, and shade and mounds,
Of the beautiful paths through grassy lawns;

Sang of God, of his love and power,
Sang blessings and praises throughout the hour.

While he played and sang, deceived, o'erpowered,
Eve reached forth her hand, and some fruit devoured.
The voice of lute-strings ceased ; the work was done ;
Eve was left to loneliness, all alone.

He who beguiled her had finished his task,
And, wearied so long with his tiresome mask,
Now hastened away to find some retreat
Where devil unmasked with devils might meet,
Bearing tidings for which all of them sought,
Showing the mask by which the world was bought.

Eve stood like a statue no force could move,
Waiting, expecting, yet nothing could prove ;
Fixed to the spot, as waiting for the end,
O'erwhelmed, astonished, no limb could she bend.
Toward the tree of life her eyes were turned,
Sorrow increased, while every thought burned ;
Pale was her cheek, and her breathing was slow,
Unnerved, cast down, heart-beats would come and go ;
Thinking, trembling, felt fearfully blasted,
Would have died had the spell longer lasted.

It was her own thought that troubled her most
While she stood unmoved and pale as a ghost.
For God had delayed to come and make known
The depth of crime which the serpent had sown.
When the shock received began to abate
There arose in Eve's mind an unending hate
For that foe who, under mask of a friend,
Now rejoiced to see her happiness end.

At thought of him she raised her voice and said :
" May God's curse be forever on his head !

May he find gloom shut in some dark abode
And be forever weary with some load
That's hard to bear; and with his briny tears
Mixed with scalding sweat thus pass his years!
May creatures worse than he, standing round,
Goad, pierce, and drive him over all that ground;
And when he shrieks with pain while at his task
Grant no request, whatever he may ask!
And when bowed under weight of load and wounds,
Let no one show pity e'en when he swoons.
May his conscience feel more his guilt and pain
Through the cycles of time that God shall reign!
At thought of art and cunning to deceive,
For each thought may he double pain receive,
For each thought of woman wherever found
May his guilty blood besprinkle the ground!
Whenever in time woman's made to think
What his vile deceptions have made her drink,
May he for each thought throughout all ages
Receive double pain as his just wages;
May those to whom may be given the task
To punish this fiend who wore the false mask
Inflict double pain when he writhes and groans,
And laugh in his face when he cries and moans!
Let him thus be kept imprisoned, and bound,
Where every note that comes within and sound
Wakes his memory that his fate is sealed,
And must eternal years groan in that field."

When Eve thought of Adam, the lord she loved,
She clothed a smile, for her faint heart was moved;
Like all her daughters in hour of distress,
She longed for a friend who had heart to bless;
One to whom she could speak her heart and woe,

Whose sympathetic hand would smooth her brow.
Thus thinking a while, she assumed the grace
Admired of Adam : a bright, smiling face.

Eve's heart leaped when she saw Adam draw near ;
His presence was joy and allayed her fear.
She smiled in his face and caressed his hand,
Twined her arms round him as a lacing band,
And kissed his lips her affection to prove
And in a thousand ways expressed her love.

The soul of Adam was touched at the scene,
Nor asked he of Eve whither she had been,
But talked of love and the beautiful land
Prepared as their home by the Almighty's hand.

Eve told Adam all the perils of the day,
Whom she had met and what he had to say,
Who said he loved God and all that he made,
How they had met and under what shade.
That his speech was elegant and reason strong,
And persuaded her she would do no wrong
Nor evil would follow, nor would she die,
But in effect it would open her eye,
“ And in knowledge a goddess I would be ;
Thus he persuaded, and I ate of that tree.”

“ A goddess, did he say ? ” Adam replied,
“ Always a goddess, thou rib of my side,
Under these shades and enjoying these scenes,
These brooks, vines, and birds, and these evergreens.
A goddess to me, a goddess shall be ;
And love shall not wane though you ate of that tree.
As flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone,
Come what may, we shall forever be one.

You can not undo the deed you have done ;
 Though a link is broken, we shall be one."

Thus kindly entreated by her loved lord,
 Eve felt happy and blessed by his word.
 With a woman's wit that they might be one,
 She gave Adam some fruit—the work was done.

HELENA, NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

RISING from these rocks one voice, and but one,
 Above all others doth declare
 This island is unoccupied ; alone,
 Speak its hills, its unbalmy air,
 And thus they speak as long they have spoken,
 And long hence that speech shall be unbroken.
 Deep, dead silence reigns in this empty tomb
 Where a living man was buried,
 These shores and rocks still wear chaplets of gloom,
 And for long will wear unwearied
 And list the deep sorrow which then o'erspread
 The buried chieftan, though as yet not dead.
 He was not buried? that voice is fable ;
 As well declare he was not dead.
 Only tongues that speak the truth are able ;
 All else declared should be unsaid.
 Truthful tongues tell who sought this isle of gloom
 And made it the living Napoleon's tomb.
 Napoleon lived, but they made him a grave.
 This rock-ribbed island marks the spot

Where the living man was buried, a knave
They thought, and left him here to rot.
Six long, weary years his eyes beheld his tomb,
Then closed and shut from view this isle of gloom.

The frame entombed marks not Napoleon's grave,
It speaks not like Helena's isle,
Whose deep-toned rocks, struck by each stubborn wave,
Ring not a note that would beguile,
But swear his grave was while he lived, six years,
Those years deep spent, those years too sad for tears,
These bending boughs send forth their weeping notes
As once before the chieftain's eye.
Time still permits to wear their weeping coats,
Such weeping as will never die
Till Helena's rocks shall be scorched with fire
And all things else shall waste 'neath wrathful ire.

Since creation's morn waves have washed these shores,
Sun, moon, and stars have cheered these hills,
And long a people here have raised their stores
And ate their bread by brooks and rills,
But all that history and that to come
Stirs no breeze in thought like Napoleon's tomb.

Measured by the changes of future years,
How long so e'er those years shall last,
There's naught contained, nor naught in thought ap-
pears,
Though earthquakes shock, rocks rend and blast,
That strikes the mind, or doth the thought enslave,
As this Helenean tomb—Napoleon's grave.

The sun of Austerlitz, long remembered,
The sun that shone on empires' fate,

May lose its luster and be dissevered,
And be forgot through wrathful hate,
Yet while these rocks are piled and washed by wave
Helena's isle shall be Napoleon's grave.

Those who loved may take his moldering clay,
Place it beside illustrious dead,
Plant evergreens around that dust and say,
"Here lies our chief for whom we bled ;"
Yet Helena's rocks and shores both proclaim,
"We have his grave, you have his dust and name."

What is writ in these rocks and speech of these waves
Is writ and speech that shall be kept ;
They do declare of all illustrious graves
Helena's first, though now unwept.
The fragrance is in the air, and shall be
Till against these harsh shores shall wash no sea.

On his pile of rocks the first consul sat
With glimpses across the blue sea ;
Helpless, friendless, hopeless, and more than that,
For from those rocks could rise no plea
That would guide his hope, for his grave was dead,
And longer it rotted, the less was said.

When liberty is gone, and more than life
Is snatched away, and every right
That's dear, of home and land, of child and wife,
And man's set down on rocks to blight,
Without a hope release will come, 'tis hell
Where all voices speak the funeral knell.

Helena's rocks are not the first-told tale
Where graves were dug e'er man was dead,

A few steps back a piercing, angry wail
 Shakes a crime o'er the Lion's head ;
 Acadia rises and her ashes swear
 Who dug her grave and got the Lion's share.

But of these graves why dare this late to speak,
 Longfellow's burning words declare
 The scenes and griefs that come upon the weak
 Whose hands were unequipped for war.
 The truth is told, the poet's underided,
 And though he showed no way well provided,
 The world's come round, and all have decided,
 No Lion's share shall go undivided.

POOR BENJAMIN'S PRAYER.

COME, all ye wise, come everybody,
 Come in your capes or clothing shoddy ;
 Come, temperance folks who love your toddy ;
 Let all appear ;
 For 'tis our fault to know nobody,
 But hear our prayer.

The world is wrong in many ways,
 Hence there is need for him who prays ;
 Lord, hear his prayer in all he says.
 He looks to thee,
 And calls for help these evil days ;
 Hear thou his plea.

Had we been heard in this our day,
 Less need would be for us to pray,

But since unheeded's what we say,
Our knees we bend,
And trust by prayer our Father may
Some blessing send.

The world just now is full of fashion,
Fuller than's been since creation ;
Crazy drunk it's made our nation.

O dread disease !

It's wrought e'en now such desolation,
We need some ease.

We raise our prayer in man's behalf,
We lift it up whoe'er may laugh,
The time has come when on this staff

We lean our head,

And ask no one to give us taff,
Not e'en when dead.

We raise our prayer since all's undone,
Since none are righteous, no, not one,
For where there's something good begun,

Then comes the art

To mix along so much of fun,

Fun runs the heart.

We pray for those who rule our nation,
Whose minds are wild with speculation
That sinks us down to degradation.

Destroy their style ;

Save us from their fascination ;

Give rest a while.

The pension fraud, O Lord, we ask
That thou wouldst come pull off its mask,
For there are none will do this task ;

We ask no more.

Too long, O Lord, this draining flask
Hath kept us poor.

If thou, O Lord, canst not do this,
Provide some way in thy rich grace
That all may gain the pension bliss,
For few are left.

That all may then with equal trace
Enjoy the theft.

Thy ways do help all the distressed ;
Grant this, O Lord, for the oppressed,
That they may have their wrongs redressed,
Make us joint heir ;

Thy name shall then be ever blessed,
Lord, hear our prayer.

Thy will be done in either way,
But do not fail to hear us pray,
Look down on our distressful day ;
All help's in thee,

And bind us all in sinful way,
Or set all free.

Lord, teach the voters common sense,
Save them from folly's recompense,
And show to them the everywhence
Our misery comes,
And teach them not to vote our pence
And waste our homes.

O give us men of manners plain
To fill our offices again,
Ere there shall nothing else remain
But debt and pain.

The world for gold has gone insane ;
Hear us explain.

O give us men who love the right,
Who will not sell the good in sight
To have office another night ;

Such men we need ;
And keep the ermine ever bright,
O Lord, we plead.

Lord, we fear all men are liars ;
Hear thou the falsehoods of the buyers,
Hear thou the falsehoods of the criers ;
See all the lies,
And save us from these lying mires,
O hear our cries.

Lord, we fear we're all for sale ;
We blush at sight with faces pale ;
Would thou would send some happy gale
And sweep our floor,
Or make us find a better trail,
And clean our door.

O Lord, that stain that curses all,
That love of gold by which we fall,
To thee we pray, we cry, we call ;
Nor end our plea,
Till thou dost build some virtuous wall
And set us free.

That ruthless queen, artful fashion,
That rules and drains without compassion,
That steals our cash and daily ration,
Haste thee to curse ;
Else thou wilt see our great nation
Without a purse.

Give thou, O Lord, an honest trade
To every man whom thou hast made,

That all may eat as thou hast said,
 With sweat on brow ;
 For in this way thou wilt persuade
 We're neighbors now.

Do thou, O Lord, with thy keen blade
 Correct each trick that's done in trade,
 Each trick that's wrong when things are weighed,
 Each thought and art,
 Till nothing's left, all else decayed,
 But honest heart.

Give thou free course in all the land
 To gospel truth which plays the hand
 That winnows wheat from chaff and sand,
 And makes earth's man
 A type of all that's good and grand
 Of Heaven's plan.

This prayer we've prayed's an open book ;
 O Lord, we pray thee on it look,
 And long as there's a running brook,
 Constant answer give ;
 That all who have thy ways forsook
 May praise and live. Amen.

SEEING THE FLOWERS GROW.

HOW oft I've watched to see the grasses rise
 And the first buds of spring open their eyes ;
 To see how nature does her work to bring
 Such changes as are wrought in opening spring ;
 To see spring work each day as winter fades,

Giving for icicles the green grass blades ;
To see each day how Spring plies her hand
In her labors to beautify our land ;
To find her secret, her mind, and her grace,
To journey with her in her work, and trace
Each small change in blade and tint and flower,
And see her work progress each day and hour !
She has ways in her work I'd like to know ;
Would she would show me how the flowers grow !
I'd like to see unwonted dust depart,
Blown aside by the spring's choice hand of art,
And then see nature gather in her bowl
That dust of better sort and stir the whole,
Then with her brush spread on a growth each hour
Giving small changes to each bud and flower ;
Could I have eyes to see this growing art,
'Twould place a fragrant blossom on my heart ;
And then to those who'd ask how much I know
I'd boast and say I've seen the flowers grow.
But then, my eyes so dull, I can not see
The half that spring each hour is teaching me ;
Each hour and each half there must be a change
In growth and tint through all the flowery range ;
But when I look and look I can not trace
This growing work that's done with so much grace ;
I can not see the growing dust of spring,
Nor how it's spread on any growing thing ;
Can not see each growing step of motion,
Nor keep pace with Spring in half her notion.
For Spring has hid her art and keeps me blind,
Yet I am not content to be confined
Within the narrow pale of what I know ;
I'll be content when I see the flowers grow.

When in twilight ere yet it has grown dark
I stoop o'er some spot and there make a mark
At head of vine or other growing thing,
The morning dawn shows that the curious thing
Has sought another air, and is striving still
To stretch itself yet farther up the hill.
All this I see, the changes of the night ;
Each morning brings new roses to my sight.
But should I sit up and watch through the hours
I'd not see this motion of vines and flowers !
I'd see as human eyes can see, you know ;
But human eyes can't see the flowers grow.

O they tell me of a land far away
Where no flower fades and no hair turns gray ;
A land of virtue, a land full of bloom,
Where there's milk and wine, called the good man's
home.

I'll set sail, steer my bark, and plow the main,
Strew bright flowers, endure my share of pain,
Improve heart and mind, strive as best I can
To be all required of an upright man ;
Then I'll gravitate to that land, I know,
And there have eyes to see the flowers grow.

WHO ARE KINGS AND QUEENS?

SOME are born kings, mind or no mind, to rule ;
Thrones have been occupied by many a fool.
Yet some are kings who never held a throne,
Kings by great talents, talents all their own,

And have ruled the nations with greater sway
Than the enthroned kings who ruled in their day.
To be a king and have power in the earth
Does not depend on the accident of birth ;
A man's a king not by official place,
For crowns sometimes show signs of foul disgrace ;
But that man's a king who has heart and mind
That love, lead, and improve his fellow kind.

Wise men are not concerned about a throne,
Looked at by fools as dogs behold a bone,
Yet they're ambitious with the right spirit
And seek the honors where there lies merit.
They rightfully claim all that's due from birth,
All powers of the mind, all moral worth,
And these they strengthen and cause them to grow,
Till themselves are springs from which virtues flow ;
But to occupy a throne by right of birth,
And rule, mind or no mind, worth or no worth,
Awakes in the wise man great compassion
And pain for the world's political fashion.

Some women are queens because their mothers
Came of royal blood which makes the others ;
Some women are queens, a much nobler brood,
For they are such queens as make their own blood.
The former class of queens, whate'er their boast,
Is not the class of queens the world needs most,
For they're custom-made, whom the world must bear
With all their annoyances whatever they are.
We pray the time when democratic spirit
Will cut this standard of custom-made merit,
And all Eve's daughters, not by chance of birth
But by merit, shall be made queens of earth.

Long time allured the world by false notion,
With fads on land and fads on the ocean,
Unconsciously guilty in its mistake,
Has found custom-made kings and queens a fake.
How slowly the old earth sheds off its moss,
How long been allured with its silks and floss!
How weary with customs made by the sword
And with custom-made kings and queens been bored!
Does any one ask why the custom-made are here;
The answer is, birth makes kings and queens appear.
Does birth give them brains, does birth give them
merit?

Does birth give the heart, heart of right spirit?
Answer, all ye kings and queens that now rule,
And tell how much ye all the world do fool.
But its old custom the fathers entailed;
Helmeted custom, iron-bound and mailed.
Then rule on, ye innocents, wear your crown;
Ye're not blamed for being up while we're down.
All our complaint we file with ancient sires,
Who smothered down their democratic fires.
Men are much alike, and in your places,
We, as we believe, would play your aces:
But please excuse us, we wish you no harm,
Yet we hold the place that leads the reform.

The earth needs kings and queens to rule it fair,
Not such as are known by the cut of the hair,
Nor those who sit on thrones by honorable birth,
Who, worth or no worth, wield sway o'er the earth,
But men and women who see the ragged bones
Of Adam's suffering race, and build their thrones
In the hearts of the people whom they lead,

Whose rights they guard, and whom they clothe and
feed ;

In the hearts of those who have long abode
Hard labors and poor pay on their weary road.

God give our earth such kings and queens as these,
Till they are numbered like the forest-trees ;

Till all in heart shall say, " We be brethren,"

And no land shall dare produce a heathen.

MUNSEY—A PAINTING.

REV. WILLIAM E. MUNSEY I never saw,
Of " Old Dominion " a native,
A reverend man who had power to draw,
For he had a mind creative.

But a broad portrait hanging on a wall
In my ramblings I somewhere met,
That painting impressed me while in that hall,
Impressed me then, follows me yet.

Nor is it strange that I there stopped and gazed
At that painting upon that wall,
For through my wanderings that picture hath blazed
And placed my thoughts back in that hall.

Yet many a painting I've seen renowned,
Of them have read in poet's song,
But in all my travels I've never found
One on which I have gazed so long.

It seemed as one resting in a window,
Or else on some dividing-line,

With eyes so pure, as bright as the rainbow,
Nor seemed this the painter's design.

And now almost I am afraid to talk
And tell some thoughts yet further on
About this painting I found in my walk
That woke such thoughts when looked upon.

For it seems there's a power to gain a place
By thought and pure meditation,
When man-angel changes glow in the face,
And with upward gravitation.

For all Adam's race are painting a face,
Each one holds a brush and a bowl;
And whatever that face through all the race,
It shows the image of the soul.

And the soul and the face keep equal pace,
Radiant may be the reflection,
And this improvement comes on all the race
Who walk in the right direction.

With Munsey as type as the painting shows,
Encouragement to man is given,
For on virtue's road the face always glows,
And this is the road to heaven.

Out on this road Munsey gained a strand,
Ere the silver bowl was broken,
Far on the way on the dividing land
And handed back the earth a token.

For he seemed to stand on dividing land
With two worlds on his vision,
With equal interest on either hand,
Awaiting the Lord's decision.

Then let angel changes glow in the face,
All radiant as the arching bow
Until all the kingdoms of Adam's race
Shall show a face in virtue's glow.

OUR SOUTHERN LILY HANDS.

HOW oft before old sixty-one
The days before our war begun,
Days our young hearts ran out on fun
While negroes worked our lands,
We seldom rose before the sun,
And gloved our lily hands.

Days when we from our schoolmasters
Received no more the thing that blisters,
But were done with school disasters
And held our diploma,
For we were then young negro-masters
And breathed its aroma.

How oft those days of negro labor
We did not hoe, but wore a saber,
And sat and talked with friend and neighbor
And nursed our lily hands,
And ate our bread and sweetened clabber
While negroes plowed our lands.

Old days of yore we called you good,
For then we knew as best we could,
But since all's now well understood,
We blame ourselves in part,

Nor curse ourselves for half the blood
That broke our country's heart.

On all the past we turn and find
There's likeness in all human kind,
For when they're mad they all are blind ;
Such was the North and South ;
And in their rage they lose their mind
And ope the cannon's mouth.

Those days of rest we nursed our wrath ;
We thought on all, but saw not half,
And met the war with grinning laugh,
A laugh on either side ;
Like angry bulls or senseless calf
We fought and bled and died.

And when the war swelled daily bigger,
And came our turn to pull the trigger,
Our lot grew worse than the nigger,
Who plowed our cotton lands ;
For we were soldier and trench-digger
And soiled our lily hands.

Our gloves and hands we so much prized,
And all in which we enterprised,
To kill the Yanks we undersized,
We lost on fields gory ;
One thing is left and undespised
And that's Southern glory.

And although now we don't repent,
Or grieve how much in war we spent,
We're glad the way the battle went ;
For it was best to loose,
And close again that awful rent
With quiet, healing dews.

Since all are guilty, North and South,
 And nothing's gained with angry mouth,
 It's time that each should pledge its troth,
 For both we know were wrong ;
 If North will quit and hold its mouth,
 We'll cease our Southern song.

We all are punished and enough,
 We've had enough of angry stuff,
 And time's full up to slay McDuff,
 If he dares to lift a hand ;
 For now indeed we speak the truth,
 We want a peaceful land.

The war is over, and we are glad,
 Yet some seem now just getting mad,
 The sight of whom makes us feel sad ;
 They never smelled the powder ;
 They never wore the lint and pad ;
 That's why they stir the odor.

We'll start again, we're working now,
 And with our negroes hold the plow ;
 And though we lost, still on we go
 And plant and hoe our lands ;
 And this will bring again, we know,
 Our Southern lily hands.

IS THERE A GOD?

(Ps. xiv. 1.)

IS there a God? Who dares to ask?
 It is a question fools propound ;
 The wonder is where's found the mask

Worn by the man who does the task
Of sending such a question round.
In Nature's law it's all explained,
Confirmed by all that is revealed ;
By sun and moon and stars sustained,
And in the heart of man ingrained
With depths of proof forever sealed.
In youthful life the little child
Looks out beyond his father's power ;
His little mind's not reconciled
Nor rests content with answers wild,
For these distress his evening hour.
Explain to him the universe
On plans that men sometimes conceive,
Tell all the tale, it all rehearse,
And blandish it with fine discourse,
And still his heart will not believe.
But talk to him in simple way
That brings no strain a thread to break,
And dwell on grounds where's light of day,
Then if there's reason in what you say
He'll hear and believe what you speak.
One word alone explains it all,
At sound of it all else will nod ;
That word doth charm in every hall,
And satisfies the great and small,
It is the word, " There is a God."
No word e'er came from distant shore,
Or e'er such magic has contained ;
It means so much there's asked no more,
'Tis only key that fits the door
Inside of which it's all explained.

A God who speaks and then 'tis done,
 And when commands all fast it stands,
 Who watches dust where'er it's blown
 And gave the world his loved Son,
 And by his grace all good expands.

The man who says there is no God,
 Like bird on wing that has no feet,
 Must steer life through on painful road,
 Be ever weary with his load,
 Fly on without a resting seat.

But one who's wise his anchor casts
 At foot of Cross by faith in God,
 And though his life meets stormy blasts
 He yet gets through with ship and masts,
 And finds true life at end of road.

Is there a God? Ask it no more ;
 The world needs rest, in faith it's found ;
 If here it's found, enter the door,
 And entering in like days of yore,
 Find faith in God is resting-ground.

The universe has such a frame,
 Design is writ in every part ;
 The order seen and whence it came
 Proves a first cause, that wondrous name,
 Who by his word wrought all this art.

And then again it's all upheld
 Each day, each hour, a constant care ;
 One voice is heard o'er all the field,
 And to this voice each part doth yield,
 That voice is God, who's everywhere.

Not a blind force, for this he made,
 Nor those deaf laws that hear no prayer,
 But head o'er all that's seen, displayed,
 O'er earth and worlds of every grade;
 That he is God all things do swear.

MAN IN THE IMAGE.

THE substantial God whom we all adore
 Existed through the ages, long before
 The things of sense, the world, and all that's made,
 Before all that is seen, admired, displayed.
 That Entity lived in chaotic space,
 Dwelt and occupied universal place;
 Composed of substance more refined than all
 That's made in sky or on this earthly ball;
 Of substance in universe wherever found,
 A substance of that Entity's compound,
 Nor any part of it can e'er find place
 Except in God, through universal space.
 It is his own, and thus o'er all he reigns,
 And thus will reign while unchanged he remains.

'Tis this that makes him God, honored, refined,
 The wise, the good, the universal mind;
 'Tis substance that has life, uncreated,
 Loved of all the good, only devil-hated;
 Whose energy, will, mind, heart, and soul
 Would render good the universal whole.

All other substance came of a command,
 Sprang into being e'en as God had planned,

From a substance coarse to a substance refined ;
None God's equal, but one the image kind.
Thus substances lower in their degrees,
God in his wisdom made all these,
And framed the world and all the worlds contain,
All that breathe, e'en man with his thinking brain ;
But in making these he used a substance refined
When man appeared reflecting God's own mind.

When fowls of the air and the beasts were made,
Each made of a substance suited to its grade,
There was no mind in this created train
That had substance of a worshipping brain,
That could lift the thought in honor and love
Or sing one hymn of praise to God above ;
Then substance most refined of all God made
Was called into form, and there stood displayed
A man of mind who gave God his homage,
And God said the man was in his image ;
Not that form made of clay which walked around,
Not coarse material such as the ground,
But of substance put into earthly sod,
Substance the purest, substance next to God.

Sculptors looking on block of marble stone
Oft see the image they wish to enthrone ;
But the sculptor's thought is a borrowed one,
An imitation of what God had done ;
For he first of all made substance refined
And saw in it the image of his mind ;
Something that looked like him in moral thought,
Without whose life the world seemed made for naught.
Clothed with this image, the thought was implied
That man should have dominion and preside

O'er all the earth, and make each spot as fair
As the garden where breathed the fragrant air.
Had that image been retained in the man,
As was the will of God's creative plan,
What a world we'd had in these modern days
With its millions walking in righteous ways ;
With its universal fruitage, and each place
A plenteous garden and full of grace ;
And in each fair garden, planted with care,
A "tree of life," shedding its fragrance there,
Warding diseases, preserving man's health,
For which millionaires would give their wealth.
No thorns nor thistles in the way of bread,
No sweat on the face in the laborer's tread ;
With ancestors present in youthful bloom
And nowhere in the earth a dismal tomb ;
A world unperverse, wearing the image,
From vale and hill-top giving God homage.

TO THE MOTHER BIRD.

MOTHER bird, mother bird, how did you rest?
And did the watching vigils guard your nest?
Did they guard with care,
Watching everywhere
Telling foes beware?
Did they watch with such care that while you slept
No frightful dreams over your vision crept?
And are you not glad the morning is here?
In the light of day do you not feel less fear?

For the secret foe
 Has less chance you know
 To give your nest a blow
 When your lord mate's nigh and can see all round
 And with vigilant eye guard all this ground.

Aren't you afraid in the dark, lest perchance
 Some vile foe might come and with wicked glance
 See you on your nest
 And break up your rest
 And leave you distressed
 By taking away the birdies you love,
 And leave you sorrowful in this grove?

O may such a foe lose all his power!
 May he not have eyes to find this bower!
 May he wander where
 There's no mother's care
 Like mother bird here

Who surveys these grounds with a mother's eye,
 And will save her young or as mother die.

Tell me what wit is this that you possess?
 Or in building here is it all a guess?

 Did you think of foes
 And build here because
 There are certain laws
 That teach the birds to build, the form and place?
 And do these laws give them this wit and grace?

And sure I know, at least it seems to me,
 For things so small you're unusually free
 From the falcon's claw,
 From the fierce cat's paw
 And her bloody jaw.

Surely some wise one whispered in your ear,
You heard that voice and built in safety here.

He who numbers my hairs guards your feathers,
And guards with equal care in all weathers ;

Shows to you a field,
In which tree to build,
And just as God willed

You find safety and rear your little young
And wake them early with your mother song.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LAMENT.

MY infant child, thou flower brief,
Why came on thee this sad mischief?
Thy life a span, a month or two,
A time so short ere death-winds blew
And touched thy cheek and stilled thy heart,
And thou and I so soon must part.

My death-struck child, household center,
Thou sawest this world ; did but enter
When death did grasp and take thee out,
Ere thou hadst strength or battle fought.
Thou saw'st but smiles while thou did'st stay,
Thy mother's smiles did on thee play ;
Like sunshine on the drops of rain,
Thou did'st reflect the smiles again.
But sunshine's gone—no arching bow—
With thy brief life, all seemed to go.

Thou did'st not know that on thy path
Thou would'st have made me daily laugh ;
But thou art gone, and sad's my heart,
That thou and I so soon must part.

O who will give thee back thy breath,
And snatch thee from the folds of death,
And start thy blood in currents warm,
And snatch, with thee, me out this storm
That beats my soul with wrathful rage,
And shuts all doors that would assuage
The grief that thy cold form hath brought—
This deep sorrow that death hath wrought?

The memory of thy sweet face
Is all that's left for my embrace.
Thy other mother, stern old earth,
Sets up a claim, so near thy birth,
That all I've done seems work for tears,
And grief which seems will last for years.

As oft before I'll kiss thy brow,
But not as then are kisses now ;
For oft I saw thee smiling, sleeping,
And then my love would oft come creeping,
And while asleep would on thy brow
Imprint a kiss, but not as now ;
For that was sleep that would awake,
But this death-sleep love can not break.

How strong that grasp that holds thee now !
So strong no life ebbs on thy brow.
The grasp thou had'st on life so sweet,
That played thy hands and toyed thy feet—
If it had been a grasp so strong,
Thou would'st have fought the monster long ;

Thou would'st have fought through infant years,
Through boyish sports and manhood's cares,
Nor left me first to grieve and sigh ;
Thou would'st have fought till first I die.
But had'st not strength, and hence art gone.
I'll never see thee romp the lawn ;
Never see thee in manhood strong
Taking thy place upright, among
Those whose service doth bless the earth,
Rejoicing hearts that gave them birth.

O, hide from me these thoughts, these scenes
Where dwelt my hope ; these evergreens
Are now all sere, by autumn blown ;
With thee they died, with thee are gone.

But hush, my soul ! I'm mortal, too ;
My life's a day ; I'll soon get through ;
And I'll go down and with thee sleep,
And kindred vines will o'er us creep,
And there together rest, repose,
For time how long, nobody knows.
But time will end, thank God, it's taught,
When thou and I shall both be brought
To fields all green and pastures fair,
And there will be no weeping there ;
No tears, no sorrow, and no death,
A land of light and living breath.

I'll dry my tears and bide my time,
For thou, my child, hast gained that clime,
That wondrous place where thou wilt bloom
The days thy clay's within earth's womb.
I'll meet thee there ; it won't be long,
And there we'll join in heaven's song.

AVARICE.

GOOD is found in man, in part at least, yet
 When placed under inspection, nor needs he
 A microscope to see the smaller things,
 What coarse alloy is found in man's nature!
 How much that's coarse on surface, seen of all
 Who turn their eyes with only casual glance!
 Outermost and plainest seen is love of gold;
 A love as common as in olden time
 On which we are disposed to look and frown;
 A love unbridled, disgraceful as the day
 When the spirit touched the lips, and one inspired
 As God's voice to man, his preaching herald,
 Declared what all should know, that the base love
 Of money "is the root of all evil."

Time has produced no change. The lessons
 Of history, that long catalogue of crimes
 Blotting the beauty of man's moral sky,
 Of base crimes committed through love of gold,
 Have not been read, or, if read, gone for naught.
 No herald of the cross has had a voice
 That could lift the lid and expose the soul
 That man should see and feel his vile disgrace;
 Or if made to feel, has been so absorbed
 With gold-engrossing thoughts, that the morrow
 Plants his restless feet on ways forgetful.

To-day, as in the days when lustrous Rome
 Lost patriotism, fell through the love of gold,
 The mind and heart of man here, everywhere,
 If avarice remains to all a sign,
 Are unimproved, and man's the same as then.

Nor need the thought of man turn toward the past
To find examples from which his lessons
May be drawn to show his lustful nature,
And show his living crime that holds his name
In hateful guild and unholy execration,
When his virtue, if not an empty name,
Has long since found its lasting sepulture.

Nay, but rather may he look on the fields
Of present action ; on the busy world,
Its bargains, trade, and all its deceptions ;
And looking thus on these degenerate times,
If held in contrast with the ancient man,
Two parallels may be seen, or if not,
These modern times have least ground for boasting.
The farce sometimes played of being generous
When man is old and sees in front his tomb
Is oft the thought of fraud to buy a name,
And oft is done as penance for crimes,
Such as were committed through love of gold.
Gray hairs, the vision of the gaping tomb,
And seventy winters past, lift a voice
That is sometimes heard when the holy law,
“Thou shalt not covet,” has gone unheeded.

Thus avarice robs man of better thought
In youth and strong manhood ; and character,
That stem that bears the rich fragrant blossoms
Which adorn life, and which is the passport
Of the poor man, and which alone man takes
With him in his journey to the unknown,
Is left for age to mend ; but brittle then,
The strokes that would give it shape, mend it right,
Though with best art applied, do not paint o'er
The flaws and lines deep cut by course of sin.

The gospel truth that came of God, and which
In mission ne'er shall cease to war on sin,
On man's nature has had effect, and he
Is made better by the proclamation.
There's no whirl of spindles on Sabbath days,
No furrows made by plowmen in the fields,
Yardstick and tape line dropped and doors closed ;
Church-bells sound, pews are filled, the gospel preached,
And man's thoughts are turned toward God in praise.
Thus in his weaker parts by gospel truth
Man's been touched ; made better by all he yields.

Yet one rampart of his soul is untouched,
Showing a front of iron against all truth,
And builds breaches as fast as they are made.
Can avarice be this rampart so loved of man ?
Is this indeed the hardest task of God
In his work of moral elevation ?
It must be so. Man need but lift his eyes,
And where'er he looks, if his eyes are clear,
Signs of decay in all else may be seen.

Dark avarice alone through all the ages
Has stood greatest foe against gospel grace.
In the moral progression of the world,
Strong and stubborn and e'en unwounded now,
It is the greatest enemy ; and in the ways
Of material progression there is no foe
Like unto it. It claims the world its own,
And matters not who owns it, whether few
Or one ; a few at most, but one preferred.
There's no content, nor doth a feeling rise
Of pity toward the poor, nor hand applied
To save from hunger and the piercing cold.

By this demon the world's been cursed too long,
And long as it has been, man's character
Has come far short of what it might have been ;
Nor can he build his name as name should be
Nor lift his life on virtue's plain and prove
His right to hold dominion continued,
Till he shall break the folds with which he's bound
And drive the acursed demon from his heart.

The night has already been far too long,
The night of wrong ; and too many millions
Suffer wrong, are pinched with cold and hunger.
God left with man the right to "eat his bread
In the sweat of his face" and have plenty,
But avarice in its greed denies the right ;
If not in speech, denied in bargains made,
In bargains made where only one is free.

Avarice must be slain, or else the world
Will not cease to groan in cold and hunger.
Declared to be the "root of all evil,"
What a monster ! How needful that it die !

WHERE IS CONTENTMENT FOUND?

IN my lonely hours I looked upon men,
On men who are old, on men young and strong,
On the little folk ; and wondering then
If in all contentment dwelt, and the song
That sings within shows peace and joy and rest,
Or whether half or more do feel unblessed.

I knew that age brings the sad evil days,
That the old see much, feel much, that give pain ;
That the once loved young manhood sports and plays
No longer exercise their limbs and brain ;
Slow steps, dim eyes, no music in their voice,
And much more untold ; they can not rejoice
In these ; in physical sense they must bear
The evils of age seen borne everywhere.

I looked upon the aged, decrepid forms
That moved slowly, halting, among the throng,
Who for years and years had withstood the storms
That beat and bear all Adam's sons along,
Nor could I see in physical sense a ray
Of hope, tokening that a better day
For these forms could come and be well approved
Till evils of age should all be removed.

On one aged man I looked ; he was sad.
His appetites and passions gone, and he
Felt all bereft ; must soon die and was mad
Without reason, for his mind did not see
That age need not be a time of unrest,
That even the aged may all be blessed ;
That it's always thus if the youthful days
Have properly regarded wisdom's ways.

Another aged one passed before my sight ;
His heart was glad, his eyes turned toward the skies.
Something whispered in my ear : " He is right
While looking upward as do all the wise."
Then I found contentment, here joined with age,
Is more than gold. All honor to the sage
Who, loving the world in need of truth and light,
Baptized it with faith and wasted its night.

Then even the aged contented may be,
Looking to the time when they would get free,
Reaching in hope for the eternal shore
Where physical ailments will curse no more.

I turned from the old and looked on the young ;
 No spectacled eyes, no crutches, no staff ;
Heard their music in the songs which they sung,
 Observed all their manner, heard all their laugh,
And wondering if in young manhood stage
Contentment dwelt, and belonged to that age,
And whether young men in the lives they wrought
Discovered how contentment was sold and bought.

One who was young, whom I thought strong and
 bold,

 Passed under review ; and then well I saw
He was fretful, morose, and growing old
 By his listless regard for Nature's law.
His treasury was full and he knew no want,
And worrying with cares his soul grew gaunt
Like the poor man's barn, with nothing within,
No corn in one, in the other all sin.

When I discovered no contentment is found
In all young men thus morally unsound,
Not even in wealth, for in it there lives
Something that annoys and always deceives,
I began to wonder under what disguise
They passed life through, never op'ning their eyes
In search of the boon that lightens all hearts,
That treasure within which quenches all darts,
Teaching the truth in the lives all should live
"That giving is more blessed than to receive."

Another as young stood out on the view,
And rising or falling his heart was true ;
Saw what need be seen, heard what need be heard,
Had pity on the poor, the wayworn and seared.
All in want he considered his brothers,
And made his strength the estate of others.

How wise, how philosophical was he !
A blessing to the world and making it free ;
Living in deeds above the narrow gage
Of millions of earth worrying in rage,
Traveling down where no blessings are strewn,
Rapidly hastening into the unknown.

How grieved was I as I looked and pondered,
My sorrow increased the more I wondered ;
For under the curse of the law divine
Day-dawn is somewhere, for all it must shine ;
Yet some gather fruits, they gather and groan,
Walking in darkness where evil is strewn ;
Some walk in the light, gathering flowers,
As happy as Eve in her Eden bowers,
Happy as she in pure consecration,
Those primal days before desolation.

Then on the young folk sporting and playing
My eyes and heart turned, inwardly praying
That here may be found contentment for all,
Surely none like it on this earthly ball.
Chasing the butterfly among the birds,
Running and capering among the herds,
Down by the spring, sporting in the water,
All a going in loud-pealing laughter ;
Running foot-races and skipping the rope,
There is fun all round and all full of hope.

In winter with shoes all walking on the snow,
Merry and happy wherever they go ;
In the spring time, when the grass is all green,
Little bare feet all about may be seen ;
When summer hath come and the flowers gay,
They ramble and gather and sport and play ;
When autumn hath come and the rich fruits drop,
They eat and play, there is never a stop.

A gladsome spirit came over my frame
To find contentment not an empty name.
My mind now began to assume a mood
That made me cry out to the young folk brood :
“ O happy, thrice happy are you girls and boys
I read it in your sports, go on with your noise.”
I was turning away when a look in one
Told me that he was a dead mother’s son.
That look impressed me ; I can not forget ;
It impressed me then and follows me yet.
I ciphered then, am still ciphering now,
To calculate all that was told on that brow.
His little heart felt, as told in that look,
Only it could know the weight of the stroke.
If a word of mine could only abate,
Or any tear of mine could lift the weight ;
Or could I divide and suffer a part
Of the sorrow found in that little heart,
I would do it all should it change that look
And free us both from the weight of that stroke.

On these bands of young sisters and brothers
Strokes, deep in some and less deep in others,
Weighed down their little souls with such sorrow
That the mood of to-day changed on the morrow.

O how glad was I when I discovered
 That pain and sorrow not always hovered
 O'er these little folk, but most of their days
 Were joyfully passed in their sports and plays.
 I must give it up, for I can not find,
 Patiently searching through all mankind,
 In any class contentment as a rule,
 But more or less sorrow in each one's school.

All hands must push at the wheels of progression
 And move in phalanx a solid procession
 Till light in the East dawns on each mind
 Sufficiently broad to bless all mankind ;
 That old and young and all the little folk,
 In steering their way may have strength to brook
 The evil of life and reach to the main
 Where the world will be free, having lost its pain.

HOW PEOPLE SEE.

HOW oft we look and something see,
 Yet all who look see not as we,
 And oft the thought on beholding
 Differs wide in its unfolding !
 Let men be placed with equal chance
 That all may see with equal glance,
 Let it be this or that or other
 On which they gaze and altogether,
 And when it's done, as oft hath been,
 They'll differ wide in what they've seen,

And talking over what they saw
Each with other will find a flaw,
Or else have some seen deeper in,
Which if some see, must look again.
Now each is honest, thinks he's right
And testifies things in his sight,
Yet sees but half, and when expressed
Much truth is lost with half suppressed ;
And yet no lie is in the heart
When half is told, though but a part ;
And he who tells the largest tale
Saw not some things behind the veil,
Or else he saw with cogitation
And had one eye imagination.

The way men see and make report
On some sad day when called in court,
Shows crook of eyes with honest heart,
A crook of eyes that saw a part.
And this gives ground for artful men
Who call them up from field and glen
To tell the court all which they saw
About some case that's in the law ;
And when one tells, but not enough,
On him is laid the hand of Duff ;
And when one tells he saw yet more,
Then some would thrust him out the door ;
And yet all's true, and stands together,
The storm's in court, it makes the weather.

Some men visit Niagara Fall
And see so much can not write all ;
Yet some men see such meager share
Of tumbling waters and wonders there,

That should they write, ten cents a line
 Fifty would pay all they'd define.
 And thus it is with problems too,
 Some are able to see them through,
 Some so poor in calculation
 Seven plus nine doth bring vexation.
 When two hath looked, but one hath seen,
 Though equal chance to both these men;
 While one will say it's so and so,
 The other says, "I do not know,"
 Or, having looked with less intent,
 He testifies with wide dissent;
 And thus it's seen that thought and power
 Must go with eyes, or else some hour
 Will ridicule the man with eyes,
 The man in whom no thoughts arise.

 THE MIND OF ANTS.

BEHOLD the ants, their wondrous ways,
 Consider how they spend their days
 And learn a lesson, for their art
 And wise-like ways make them a part
 Of things which teach, for they are wise
 And wake our thought and light our eyes.

All their lore lies in tradition;
 At least, that seems their condition,
 And this tradition is so borne
 It seems they have nothing to learn;

If naught to learn of any kind,
Is it a proof ants have no mind?

The wise men say they have instinct,
Politest term that yet has blinked.
But what is that, will wise men say?
Or do they mean on words to play?
The grasses rise and flowers grow ;
If that's instinct, I want to know
What instinct's this among the ants?
Is it instinct same as the plants?

Is not instinct also in man?
And do not ants arrange and plan?
Man is weak and instinct greater
With no schools as to that matter.

There's mind in ants that knows some rules,
'Tis not taught them, they have no schools ;
Will wise men say without his schools
Man has no mind, yet knows some rules?

If there's no mind in ants that shows,
No mind in them like man's that grows,
There's yet in all this insect brood
Something by man not understood.

Though man allows in them no mind,
He sees the work they do, its kind ;
Sees while at work, where'er they meet
They stop a while for each to greet,
Or else they have some news to tell ;
Perhaps they say, " Go on, all's well ;"
Or if the way from whence they came
Has news that's bad, they tell the same,

And quick as man the facts are known,
The news is borne to every one.

Couriers travel every road
That leads out from the ant abode,
And as they go with angered rate
They stir the hearts of all they meet,
And never stop till all the throng
Of ants has heard that something's wrong.

Furiously they go with no mistake ;
All seem to know which road to take
As shortest route to find the place
Where has been done some foul disgrace.
In many ways with wondrous skill
They make defense of their ant-hill.

What's this that shows to them a spot,
And tells whether to build or not?
That tells them where to build a nest,
Or march yet on, though wanting rest,
Till some one speaks whose voice they hear,
And news is borne from front to rear ;
And head of column decides to wait
Till all shall around him congregate
And build a fort defending round
Till they survey that plat of ground?

What mean these pickets round the fort?
And these that come and make report?
What means all this hesitation
'Bout a place for habitation?
Is it not choice selecting ground,
Such choice as oft in man is found?

And when they find a location,
Each one knowing his vocation,

Like wise artisans schooled to trade
They do no work through mistakes made ;
And that's the place man should find,
For mistakes prove imperfect mind.

Ants know how to build bridges,
And for defense construct hedges ;
They place their guards, send out scouts,
Survey the ground, extend the routs,
Till home commands a plat of ground ;
Which extends many yards round ;
And crossing other ant-bed trace
They make treaty and keep the peace ;
Or when there's one with a rich load
Called apace at some crossing road,
It's war begun, nor will it stop
Till legs are gone, or ant heads drop

But then its said " they have no mind,"
And strange indeed, if of no kind.
Then call it instinct for a name,
Mind and instinct's about the same ;
Only he who has the greatest power,
Whose mind or instinct can discover ;
Whose mind doth grow by use of schools
Whose hand doth build by use of tools ;
Who bursts the rock from mountain-side
And decides its place before it's tried ;
Whose thoughts look up and stars survey
And tend still on through Milky Way.
And when the eye hath run its length
Resorts to methods for further strength ;
Plants a lens in revolving line,
New stars appear and on him shine ;

Till at last and furtherest of all
In rising thought gives God a call,
And humbly asks that wondrous mind
To make man's thought still more refined ;
And when in thoughts like these he dwells
'Mong stars with God his bosom swells,
For he's a man and less confined,
Not like the ants with limited mind.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

I 'M an orphan boy and know not why
I 'm in this world so cold,
I can not laugh with tears in my eye
That have so often told
There's no one a carin' for me.

Had I a tongue that could make known
All that is felt in me,
Wher'er I'd roam by the cold winds blown
I'd let the people see
There's no one a carin' for me.

My feet are sore, I knock at the door,
Where there's abundance in,
I'd like to see the beautiful floor
And see the reigning queen,
But no one's a carin' for me.

When mother died, the day I cried,
I can not soon forget ;

There by her side woke honest pride,
But still I'm thinking yet
There's no one a carin' for me.

But mother's gone, the only one
Who fondly kissed away
My sorrow and grief and called me son,
Whose lips did never say
There's no one a carin' for me.

I'm often hungry and sometimes cold,
Yet see warm fires burning ;
I feel like one to misfortune sold,
For in my discerning
There's no one a carin' for me.

What's that I hear so fond and clear
A ringing on the air,
For sounds I hear a drawing near,
Dissolving my despair.
Hope something's a carin' for me.

Whose hand is that touching my head?
Saying, " Little brother,
My house will give you food and bed
And a living mother."
O some one's a carin' for me,
A carin' for me.

Since mother died the birds nor flowers
Chase my darkness away,
But now in these my happy hours,
In song and look, they say
They are now a carin' for me,
A carin' for me.

WINTER.

THE winter has come with his clouds and storms,
 Nature looks dreary and barren to me ;
 Boreas, all heartless, extends his arms
 And cares not a jot who freezes or warms,
 And bears away all the beauty I see.

The trees are all bare and the grass all sear,
 No carpet of green, and the flowers gone.
 How drear is the look all nature doth wear,
 Blighting and blasting, with never a care
 How much of beauty and comfort's undone !

No longer the birds sing among the trees,
 The cold winds blow, and there's snow on the
 limbs,
 They warble not songs in the cold north breeze,
 They can not sing when their little feet freeze,
 They'll await the spring and then sing their hymns.

The sheep are bleating, all covered with snow,
 All helpless they bleat exposed in the cold,
 They cry as a call that shepherds may go
 And bring them fodder from the tempting mow,
 Lest winter slays them before they are old.

In frost, ice, and snow the winter has come,
 And in rain sometimes, all chilly and cold.
 As a warrior without his fife or drum
 There is no music in all of his hum ;
 How sad when we meet him if we are old ?

He said he was coming in the light frost,
 He gave a warning to all who had care ;
 Now with his icy arms he presses most

On that careless and improvident host,
Who saw not in frost a need to prepare.

So much of warning beforehand he gave,
Before in his icy embrace he came,
Shows kindness in him like one of the brave
In exhortation to prepare and save ;
For winter, though drear, is not all to blame.

O then let it snow and the cold winds blow,
But a shame on those who neglect the poor ;
Ye young may run, go sleighing in the snow,
Whooping and shouting, but where'er ye go,
Visit the poor and fill largely their store.

O then let it snow and the cold winds blow,
However so much may go unheeded,
For when the spring time comes and the grasses grow
The wise will talk and let all of us know,
Though suffering came, the winter was needed.

A PROBLEM.

A WEALTHY king once of old
Adorned himself in his gold ;
But having more gold beside,
Gave in bounty to his bride.
Then she in pride viewing round
Saw a lovely spot of ground ;
To that spot she gave a share
To enclose what then grew there.
In round form did lay the land,

In its center a tree did stand,
Height of which when measured neat
Made exact one hundred feet.
From the tree's top to the ground
Far as circle reached around
Was twice the height of the tree
As king and queen did agree.

The gold in wire was drawn fine,
Half-pound in feet did reach nine.
Now let tyros calculate
Amount of gold it did take
To enclose this piece of ground,
Six wires high, each go once around.

THE DISCONTENTED BOY.

THE discontented boy wants to be a man.
Who can help him grow? Let all help who can ;
He's striving for six feet with all his might,
And will thank any one for a lift in height.

But when advanced years have made him a man
He sometimes laments the hurry he ran ;
Too late he thinks if it were all to go over
He would not hurry to get out of his clover.

But who is able while he's yet a boy,
Treading life's pathway in freedom and joy,
To keep down thoughts that a better time's coming
When the sweetest days are in boyhood's roaming.

O let one wise who knows best how to tell it,
Write it in such words that all boys will spell it,
That manhood brings cares and many a worry,
Which when the boys read they will no more hurry.

Until this is done the fond conceit will dwell
In the brain of boys, and continue to swell
The thought that the young in their sports and plays
Can have no great enjoyment like manhood days.

But in this may be seen like all the world round,
Both men and boys bury pleasure in the ground ;
The thinking of one is the same as the others,
And in fashion of thinking they all are brothers.

For while boys, forgetful, look to manhood day
To see pleasures rise from a grave hid away,
The man, forgetful, turns to the bygone days
When he sported and frolicked in boyhood plays.

The lesson to learn, and all should learn it well,
Is, as man or boy, to train the thoughts to dwell
On that which is ; the other may never come
Until man and boy must forever change home.

The good Lord has provided for all a way,
Whether man in his cares or boy in his play,
To find happiness sufficient for every day,
And live life through with resplendent display.

The boy who thinks of naught but his games and
fun
Will not find it, however fast he may run ;
The man who thinks of his cares, and only of these,
Will never find it, though he goes on his knees.

It begins in right employment, with steady eyes
 Reading what is written in the star-lit skies ;
 In raising the fallen and feeding the hungry,
 Clothing the naked and quieting the angry ;

Honest work, on time, and fair dealing in trade,
 No deception, and all things honestly made ;
 As men and boys whatever ye would in others,
 Do the same, remembering all are brothers.

Let the man and boy look on rules like these,
 They may heed them or not, go do as they please ;
 If they heed them not, they are crossing all rules,
 Hunting for happiness, like the world of fools.

WOULDN'T PICK COTTON.

IT was not long ago, the sky was clear
 And dancing in the light, lovely sunbeams
 Filled my heart with good will, and mellow cheer
 Had chased all evil away ; and it seems
 That such a day could bring no contention
 Among those who might hold a convention.

By chance this fair day it fell to my lot
 To sit in a room joining one near by
 Where voices mingled in such polyglot
 That my reading ceased, and I could but sigh,
 Because this loud-talking congregation
 Upset all my thoughts in meditation.

So earnestly they talked and louder grew
 Made a buzz in my room, and more than that,

As though some enemy wind as it blew

Cast all they said at the place where I sat ;
Angry at first my eyes fairly glistened,
But then I changed and intently listened.

To tell all they said is too much to say

And some of it I may have forgotten,
But they talked and growled the livelong day
Because John Camy's wife wouldn't pick cotton.
They were all agreed and talked very loud,
Talked of Camy's wife away from their crowd.

So much of nonsense is heard the world round

That the air is not what it ought to be ;
It is too much filled with some growling sound
Made by the lips of all those who agree
To talk and fret and keep up confusion,
And talk most about things in illusion.

If John Camy's wife would not pick cotton,

To talk and fret does it do any good?
Better by far be sewing on a button,
Or anything else for the talking mood ;
Better pick no cotton and be John's wife
Than talk too much and keep up strife.

Did not our forefathers fight in the field

At Eutaw, Guilford, and at King's Mountain?
And fought with the Briton and would not yield?

So well did they love liberty's fountain.
Can any one say all this blood was shed
To make John's wife do as other mouths said?

And John, good man, who has heard him complain?

He loves his wife and knows all that is best ;
He works at the cotton and feels no pain
While Nan's in the house enjoying her rest.

John learned a lesson and hasn't forgotten
What Nan said to him about the cotton.

And John would rather nothing should be said

And all the past talk should be forgotten ;
Well he remembers his own heart has bled

For talking too much about the cotton.

He wants no more talk and thinks it the best

That all wives with Nan do now take a rest.

THE FALL OF LEE.

THE monarch of soldiers at last reached the goal
When his sword was broken ; yet his great soul
Complained not, for with that sword he had borne
Heat, cold, and a stout heart, until, all torn
By war, he saw his country hopeless, lost ;
And yielded then ; no further useless cost
Would he inflict on comrades who withstood
For so long the carnage in field and wood.

More slender reeds had fallen here and there ;
One by one had yielded, and everywhere,
Their broken swords, no longer fit for thrusting,
Lay on the ground, all bloody and rusting.
Less sturdy oaks that stood against the storm,
Less stout hearts who fought with valorous arm,
Stood against war's alarms and shot and shell
And met the foe and fought their battle well ;
But long before Lee, all their power gone,
They yielded up the ground they once had won.

Now like wild stags when chased in dread and fear,
Hearts beating in fright as the hounds drew near ;
Only when compelled dared they make a stand
For loved ones and home, for their dear Southland.

Only Virginia's son maintained his ground ;
Everywhere, South, West, wherever found,
Southern hosts were bleeding and retreating ;
Each roll-call showed their ranks were depleting.
Dripping and weak was every other sword,
Only in form they gave the marching word.

In this hopeless hour all eyes turned on Lee ;
Only this sword in the land of the free
Remained to battle in this crisis of cost,
And, failing, the Southland's forever lost.
His bosom heaved under this weight of cares,
Such cares as all the past had made no heirs.

He cast in the balance and weighed his sword,
It was o'erbalanced by the Northern horde ;
Yet on Richmond's plain, like a strong-built tower,
He kept his vigils and fought hour on hour.
The news that came from all other fields
Was line on line that every other yields.
His shoulders only stooped that he might bear
Greater burdens in carrying on the war.

But at last there came at the roll-call hour
The truth told in numbers, that the power
Longer to hold old Richmond's tented field
Was broken and wasted, and Lee must yield.
The hero of Richmond, pale in the face,
Ordered retreat, and entered on the race
To combine all forces and make a stand
As the only hope for fair Dixie's land.

But, worn by vigilance and torn by war,
And no good news; then the hour of despair
Came unwelcome and settled in his face;
That look was enough, the end of the race.
For when at Appomattox Lee had come,
East, West, North, South, was heard the war-drum.
Yet in the midst Lee and his army stood
Who through smoke and blood had done all they could.

But the man of all was Lee on the field,
Grieved at the hour that his country must yield.
This monarch man stood there viewing the end,
Scarred but unconquered, and will only bend
To numbers whose guns and bayonets frown
And take his sword, but can not take his crown.

Lee sees the budding rose and ivy-bloom
And spring time burying all winter's gloom;
But sees a yawning, wide-opening tomb
For his country. Spring may come, grasses rise,
And dewdrops rest on buds with laughing eyes,
And old dame nature may assume a rôle
And show her laughing eye from pole to pole,
But in this sterner hour other things please,
Lee and his comrades are thinking of these;
Thinking of a way if anywhere found,
Where is heard no war-drum, no bugle sound;
Of a way through these environing lines
To find free air among the Southland pines.

But thinking and hoping no longer avail;
They stand like heroes, but faces are pale;
The lines of the foe are drawing so near
Their clinking armor and voices they hear.

Lee gave his comrades his last marching word,
The white flag rises, and Lee sheathes his sword.
Come summer, come winter, come flowers or frost,
Lee's sword is broken and the Southland lost.

SPACE.

HOW weak we are in view of all
Contained this side the outer wall
That limits space and limits thought,
The bounding line wise men have sought ;
The wall that's found at end of road
Where there's no space, no work of God !
How small the urn our thought doth fill,
How small the size of yonder hill,
Or earth or sun or everywhere
The mind can range or thought compare
When measured by the total ground
Where rolling spheres their anthems sound.
How small we feel when effort's made
To travel the sky's esplanade
That leads through space till some thick wall
Makes every thought reflect or fall ;
When such darkness gathers, enshrouds,
O'erwhelmed we stand in midst of clouds ;
And midst of these, with bow in hand,
There's held in view no other land ;
For quiver's gone, all arrows flown ;
'Tis mists and clouds where thought seems gone.
But who will say all space is found,
Or that the thought is so profound

All else is naught, is mystic space
 That limits God and ends his grace?
 Or dares to say a limit's found
 To space, to God, there's no beyond?

O what is this that hems thought in?
 Is it because man's full of sin?
 Is it because man's lost some power
 That once he had in Eden's bower?
 Not this. At least not this alone,
 For man's a child, and till he's grown
 He can not see nor comprehend
 Nor scarcely can he apprehend
 The smaller things, much less be able
 To understand the incalculable.

O wondrous space, extension wide!
 Tell where doth end thy rolling tide?
 Thou dost contain the stars we see
 Which grace with light and show us thee;
 And when with lens new heavens appear,
 Its stars and light, these everywhere.
 When man's invention helps no more,
 With no light and stars as before
 To see the way and count the miles
 And mount through space the star-lit styles,
 The thought doth reach still out beyond,
 Doth reach and strain, but feels the wound;
 Imagines stars and light again,
 Imagines on, will not refrain;
 New suns, systems, constellations,
 Are passed in thought's imaginations,
 And these repeated o'er and o'er
 Until at last appears no more;

Then thought doth ask in wonder wild
What occupies that other field.
'Tis something left to look upon ;
Can it be space? Or is space gone?

In nature's chain, where'er we look,
On greatest depths or rippling brook,
On things seen or unseen, all the same,
An end is found that makes them tame.
Whether space alone has no check,
No bridled force to bend its neck,
No force to say it shall extend,
Nor force to say where it shall end,
Is not assumed by mortal man
Yet may be true in heaven's plan.
Gravity is a force which at some length
Must find a grave for want of strength ;
And suns that blaze with brilliant light
By space are blotted out of sight ;
Those burning orbs with heat intense
May send their power distance immense,
But there's an end to greatest ray,
Their heat's all gone, gone with their day.
Nor do great sounds made on the sun
Howe'er so loud to earth e'er run.
If these and all that's wide or high
Are made in space somewhere to die,
Then what of space, extension wide?
Where doth it end? Who will decide?

Who made all space? Or was it made?
Did he who made all things displayed?
Did he who made, except his own,
All substance that's seen or unknown?

If space was made, whate'er its ground,
Like all things else, it's compassed round,
And he who made it may extend,
Yet make it have at last an end.
It seems the universe profound
How far so'er it radiates round,
First began at some center place,
And grew through unfathomable space.
Call that center home of God ;
To that great name each part doth nod ;
His eye, his arm, his mind do fall
On all the parts and guard them all ;
As space extends there's made more room
For other worlds to ride and bloom.

Thus old chaos, a name for naught,
Not God, uncreated, when brought
To life, becomes a thing that's made,
With space and worlds in light displayed ;
And first of all's an open space
With light let in, then worlds to grace.
How far this work has yet advanced,
Which man beholds with mind entranced,
No eye hath found, nor helping lens
Doth show the place where it all ends,
Nor mind nor thought a way hath found
To measure all these depths profound.

Then why has man this strong desire
That would the universe explore ?
This discontent at end of rope
Where thought's broke down, yet mounts on hope
And spurs and whips that he may find
Imaginations beyond the mind ?

'Tis ambition deep implanted,
 Gift of God in man transplanted ;
 For man's a child, and little knows,
 But by ambition always grows.
 Without this gift that strives, aspires,
 These enkindling virtuous fires
 That burn within in fond desire
 To mount the rings that raise man higher
 He would not be of rightful trade,
 Nor would he be the man God made.

UNCLE PHIL MOSS VISITS THE OLD
 HOMESTEAD.

IS this the old homestead I've longed to see?
 Is this the house and that the apple-tree?
 And does yonder slope lead down to the spring
 Where grape-vines hung on which I used to swing?
 Is yonder old orchard the place of song
 Where birds sung for my cheer when I was young?
 Yes, 'twas here light first broke upon my eyes,
 And here I gave to all my first surprise ;
 For one morning a note was heard so loud
 That whispers ran through all our family crowd,
 Nor would they rest until they found the bed
 On which I lay, and heard what mother said.
 Of this event its due perhaps to state
 My mother told me all I here relate.
 But here I find I'm at the old homestead,
 See some familiar things, but no truckle-bed,

I have come a long way to meet this spot
And longed to see some things which I can not ;
For they are gone, and like of them will ne'er return,
They do not follow here as fern does fern.

What an ancient look all things here assume !
So old it seems they've lost their time of bloom.
Nor have I forgotten to keep my pace
Along with the old things about this place.
This orchard once was young, and so was I,
And thus with many things I here descry.

When I behold the change marked on these trees,
How deep faded, when once they used to please,
I think of myself, how I walk and stand,
So unlike the days I roamed on this strand ;
And then these dead limbs and these frail flowers,
Not as once they were in my youthful hours,
Do make me think of my spectacled nose,
Of a few gray hairs and what each friend knows,
That I have changed as much as all I see,
And soon my head will be an almond tree.

Yet there's use in decay on all this ground ;
These aged trees may fall with deaf'ning sound,
But in falling they'll wake each coming germ
And echo the news that each cutting worm
Is preparing dust of trees that once were gay,
To help each germ to have like lustrous day ;
As fathers for children each doth prepare
A substance of use for his coming heir.

Hence the change I see and things here entombed
That once looked gay when here as a boy I roamed
Are not so bad by far as first I thought,
For this decay in winding line hath brought

Youth again from seeds borne by these trees,
Whose shrunken forms prove age, mortal disease.

On all things which were here when I was young
I love to look ; for me they have a tongue
That speaks of days when I was free from care ;
They speak, e'en though of life they wear despair.

O'er this ground I'll modestly roam again
And mark where once I had delight or pain,
And chasing round I'll find whether or not
The ground of youth is still a sacred spot.
With the old courtyard the tale commences,
The scene of much sport and some offenses.
These courtyard trees are tall, and some are gone.
What's left now standing, storms have spit upon ;
And these eating scars and limbs decaying
Are deep-cut signs, intruding, portraying
They'll soon sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Following comrades sleeping and awaiting.

And shall these trees die and be forgot,
Trees which in my youth so much blessed this spot?
Some of my comrades have decayed as they ;
Time in man, as in trees, sets up decay ;
He gives each his youth and then stately power,
But tells all that life's a limited hour.

What tree is this that's now so gnarled with age?
Yet struggling on for life midst storms that rage,
Determined to conquer death, if its scars
Deep-cut through so many tempestuous wars,
Will wake respect in Time his scythe to hold,
Such respect as is due to the brave and old?
Near it, I see traces of an old mound
Built when I was young and played on this ground.

Near this tree I built, built the mound higher
Year by year, with ambition all on fire,
Resolved whatever growth this tree might make
I'd leap o'er its top, through ambition's sake ;
And when I could not from the level ground,
I began the labor to build the mound.
Here I labored to build, but more to leap ;
Ambitions I would build, and jump and weep.
How it all ended sometimes wakes a sigh,
As in all whose ambition shoots too high.

Old tree, I love you well, give me your hand ;
We loved in youth, in age together we stand ;
But now farewell, I'm bound for everglades,
A land of blossoms, where youth never fades.
If I find you not there, I think I'll tell
How we both wrought life through, yielded and fell.

On this yard white clover is still blooming
As long gone years, faithfully assuming
To mix numerous blossoms on this green
That longside the colors white blossoms may be seen,
Breathing on my vision through all this yard
Things boys had to suffer when off their guard.
While white clover blossoms with nectar sweet,
Were beds very soft for little bare feet,
They were coy traps for bees, boys remember,
From early spring till late as September.
Beautiful, white, soft, but more than that,
For bees often hid in the flowery mat.

How often and often boys in this yard,
Running and playing have been off their guard ;
And placing the foot, vile act, oppression,
Where bees in clover-beds held possession,

Have roared in pain, thus calling attention
That all who thus suffer should draw a pension
Then boys would come round, some solace to bring
And watch the fellow hurt, extract the sting.
This work being done, the play was resumed,
But played a while where clover had not bloomed.

In the rear of this court the mulberries grew ;
They are nearly all gone ; only a few
Remain, and will not a great while await,
Till with comrades gone they will join their fate.
Oft when in front, forgetful, wicked boys,
Would provoke some mistress, disturbed by noise.
Rather than stop the shouting noise we made,
We chose to go to our mulberry shade.
O spot of liberty ! place of ancient love !
We're glad to greet thee, dear mulberry grove.

From the courtyard mansion, far in the rear
Did houses for negroes less grandly appear.
Through the mulberry grove the pathway led,
Oft I ran it to hear what negroes said ;
To see them work at their baskets and trays,
And hear them laugh in their slavery days.
Freely they showed me all their ready cash,
And spent their opinion of " poor white trash."

They helped me make my chestnut whistles,
Picked from my feet the briers and thistles ;
Made for me my noisy hickory whips
As I looked on whittling the buckeye chips.
Uncle Jim with tools, the round-shave and howel,
Stroke the buckeye block, stroke to embowel
The wood and give it the form of a tray,
Ready to " peddle " his first holiday.

Uncle Tom as busy displaying his wits,
Riving from pin-oaks the elastic splits ;
Weaving them in baskets large and small,
And bottoming chairs for all who would call.

When Uncle Jim would stop to moralize,
They would crane their necks and open their eyes,
Hear and believe this patriarchal man,
Believe all he taught and adopt his plan.
When Uncle Tom stopped and commenced to talk,
'Twas of ghosts he met in his lonely walk ;
Such frightful tales he told of goblins dire,
I was always scared when I should retire
To the mansion beyond the mulberry grove ;
Till some one went with me I would not move,
For my visits were made always at night,
And dark was the time Tom's ghosts were in sight.

Then wise Uncle Jim—God bless the old man!—
Divining my mind, always with a plan,
Kind in heart, always ready to please,
Would send one with me to the mulberry-trees.
Here I would stop, still trembling with fear,
And scan to see if the pathway was clear,
That part of it which tow'rd the mansion lay,
Wishing with all my heart the night was day.
From mulberries to the mansion I'd break
In dread every step ghosts would overtake,
And when I reached it and ended my scare
I breathed like Tam and Mag cross bridge of Ayr.

Well I remember a dark, gloomy night
When Tom at his best told his gloomiest fright
That as I left the trees I tripped and fell—
And all space seemed filled with goblins of hell.

How I lived over it and reached the court,
If e'er it's known another must report ;
But one thing I know 'twas a long time before
I heard old Tom tell goblin stories more.

But now it's all past with the years gone by,
Little is left but the wind in its sigh ;
Uncle Jim, who moralized through his days,
Is seen here no more working at his trays.
Uncle Tom, good fellow, who frightened most,
Has passed the river, I suppose a ghost.
I see no splits, no baskets on the wall ;
Some time ago Tom heard his last call.
By the mulberry-trees no boys appear
As once by my side to relieve my fear.

How changed all things ! and this is called time.
How wonderful ! dreadful ! and yet sublime.
I stand here by these trees viewing this ground,
Listening, if mayhap some echoing sound
May bring back some of the things that are gone
And cheer this loneliness so much alone ;
Yet no echoing sound can I discern,
All that's past is gone, never to return.

I'll go to the spring where oft I quenched thirst
And watched the waters in their bubbling burst ;
I'll see the old gourd hanging on the stake
Always inviting to give me a slake ; ¶
I'll walk on the foot-log across the creek
And look at the minnows play hide and seek ;
I'll look 'tween the rocks where my whistles lay
Renewing their strength better notes to play ;
I'll see my whips lying in the water,
Whips I once used with loud, joyous laughter.

O place of my youth, it so bewitches
I'll wade the water with rolled-up breeches.
High up on the banks I'll dig out new springs
And heir the pleasure a waterfall brings ;
Corn-stalk flutter-mills I'll erect below,
Turned by the cascade either fast or slow.
O place of my youth, I thank you for all ;
Long years have elapsed, but I give you a call.

When we were boys one Miller did portend
The day was not far when the world would end.
This class of men have been guessing a long time,
I'll weave doxology in my rime ;
If they had guessed right, as I have discerned,
The world long since would have been burned.
When such prophets fail they find their mistake,
And never rest, but build another fake.
Of this guessing the world has had enough,
God and men demand preaching better stuff.
God knows all are willing to stand the fright
If they who preach have their opinions right.

It was down by the spring a bright fair day
We boys were sporting, enjoying our play
When a most solemn thought came, shook my frame,
Shook away my joys, and I'll always blame
The man who preached falsely the world would end,
And made wretchedness and his doctrine blend.
The thought was severe, fastened itself deep,
And with such power it did over me sweep
That I ceased all sport and sat down in gloom
Like one awaiting some impending doom.
My little comrades came and around me pressed,
Troubled as Job's friends while I was distressed.

I told them my trouble, fully stating
The doom of us all, time not far waiting.
In this solemn hour there was nothing said
Until a negro boy spoke to our aid.
This skeptical boy declared we should learn
The earth was a material that would not burn.
This boy we believed, quit believing Miller,
Troubled no more about that joy-killer.
Then we walked the foot-log, drank of the spring,
And the day grew bright round our grape-vine swing.
Till this day in our thoughts we thank the boy
Who around the old spring renewed our joy.
Here waters are still running, here the spring ;
Other grape-vines hanging, but not the old swing.
Some birds are flying round, I hear their notes,
There seems something wrong in their feathery coats,
They hop and sport in their twittering lay,
Happy perhaps as in my boyhood day ;
Yet such change has come as time has advanced
I am not as then by their songs entranced.
These tall sycamores, monarchs of the vale,
Are handing from their tops a lonesome wail.
These gliding waters and these sighing trees
And these rocks and banks and this cooling breeze
Were made for my youth unless I had stayed
And watched through the changes which they have
made.
I've long been gone, they have forgotten me ;
Things round here and I have lost harmony.
No one was sent to herald my coming,
I've caught them unawares, out of blooming.
All the joys I have through my inspection
Are joys that come of old recollection.

I'll go to the orchard, the blossoms see,
And I'll climb again the June-apple tree,
I'll take the old ladder along with me
And I'll prop it against the bluebird tree,
I'll lean it forward with a steady rest,
Climb its rungs and peep in the bluebird's nest.
I'll hunt again the lady-finger tree
Where oft we stood, my young comrades with me,
And we'll gather the rocks and pile them round .
As long gone years we have done on this ground ;
And we will fight the hornets, destroy their nest,
And when we get stung we will cry and rest.
With my bow and arrows I'll make a raid
And shoot at the spot the sapsuckers made ;
I'll drive out enemies if any appear,
And protect the birds which have a right here.
I'll pull green apples, and stick them on switches,
Give them a whirl, send them over ditches,
Watch them in their course and see where they fall,
And shout for him who throws farthest of all.
My comrades and I will each take a tree
And watch our chances each other to see,
And throwing the apples we'll throw to hit
And strike the fellow first who has the least wit ;
We'll fight in the game till somebody cries,
Struck on the nose or perhaps in the eyes ;
I'll see again how our games oft ended,
Then play no more till our comrade's mended.

Hard by the orchard stood the walnut grove,
Of kindred spirit in my early love.
Here, brought in baskets, the apples were piled,
And I remember how they blushed and smiled
With their ripened colors, red, striped, and yellow,

And I'll eat again the mellowest fellow.
I'll see Uncle Tom work the swinging maul,
Each stroke crushing the apples in its fall;
The spring maul rising and falling unceasing,
The mass in the trough ever increasing
Till the cider-trough was full, running o'er,
When Uncle Tom stops and crushes no more.
I'll see Uncle Tom work the cider-press
And squeeze the cider from the pomace mess,
As it runs in the channels tempting sweet
My rye-straw and cider and mouth will meet;
I'll suck at the straw, for it's cider day,
Somtimes Tom "'lows young Mas' to have his way."
But I'll leave the ground of the cider-press,
I'll march away with my apple-stained dress
And see the channel where I built my boats
Where comrades and I oft with wetted coats
Carried on commerce 'tween different ports,
Trading and exchanging, business, not sports.
I'll see the stock in trade along our pass,
Flint stones, old pans, broken crockery, and glass,
Apples and cherries and a few old clothes,
Things we bought and sold as price fell and rose.
I'll walk across the bridge made of one plank,
And view at either end wares on the bank;
I'll look underneath on boats a floating
And join my comrades pulling and shouting,
I'll see the old flag, a ribbon flying,
And our wet clothes on the banks a drying.
I'll see again how we sometimes found flaws
In the way we understood commerce laws;
Jealous of our boats, protecting our rights,
How disputes sometimes we settled in fights.

What reason could not do we did by force,
Like nations now, feeling little remorse.
For we were then Uncle Sam's little boys,
Guarding our rights sometimes with noise.

When we declared war in our dripping coats
We would seize upon and destroy some boats.
By and by, all ruined in finances,
We made peace, disgusted with war's chances.
As we labored hard our boats to rebuild
We mentioned not the war nor who was killed.
Our friendship grew strong, and longer lasted;
From what we learned, it was not soon blasted.

I'll see the channel where we built our boats,
Our war, our peace, and our dripping coats,
I'll see our wares and the boats a meeting
And join my comrades passing and greeting;
I'll pull the strings which we used for ropes,
I'll pull into my youthful joys and hopes.

But alas! while standing here on this ground
Little do I see that I here once found.
What profit now is this old channel to see
Unless I had my young comrades with me?
Unless gray hairs on my head had not come,
How can I love as once my boyhood home?

Standing on this bank seems a middle ground,
From either way meeting me comes a sound;
One tells of my youth, its sports and joys;
But I hear, am touched by that other noise
Coming the other way and making known
That youth blooms a flower and is soon gone,
Fading into manhood and then to age,
And each of these makes a different page.

As youth becomes man the bridge behind burns,
With no bridge to cross, man never returns ;
And as young manhood fades away in age
Another bridge burns, burned another page.

Life is a straight road leading to the front,
Each decade man drinks from another fount.
No halcyon spring, no fair winding lines,
Nor any thought of hope in man's desigus
Or labor to search out ways returning,
And to keep bridges behind from burning,
Can ever be found, and man must march on,
Steering the front, leaving farther what's gone
Till low moans are heard, around some sighing,
When some one whispers the man is dying ;
But these are the throes reaching to the main
Where the good man obtains his youth again.

My young comrades and I will steer that boat,
Steer under the orders the prophets wrote ;
Whoever shall first gain the farther bank
Will remember, I know, the old bridge plank ;
If nothing's better, they'll keep it in place,
And help their comrades while ending life's race.
And when we all have put foot on that shore
Where time has been slain and youth's evermore,
What we will do, what our employment,
What course we'll pursue to find enjoyment,
Is hard to tell, as the place will be new,
But it'll be reunion for all our crew.

We'll talk of the spring where hung the old gourd,
Of the old foot-log speak many a word,
Of our boats, the orchard, and swinging maul ;
None will be forgotten, we'll talk of all.

And we'll see Uncle Jim, that good old man ;
And Uncle Tom, provided he outran
The ghosts and goblins that sought for his life,
He may get in with his ghost-fighting knife.
If he's not come, we'll think he's on his way ;
That losing his knife had caused his delay.
When the old man comes he'll have much to tell,
How he fought his way midst goblins of hell.

My eyes have seen enough of all that's here,
Have seen enough of things so quaint and queer.
I'll end my visit to the old homestead,
For I have long outgrown my truckle-bed,
Have grown in thought and manners and days
Till I've lost delight in my boyhood ways.
Imagination deceived me in thought,
Not knowing till I came what time had wrought.

Yet the old courtyard mansion's standing there,
And fear enters into my soul should I dare
Enter its portals as in days of yore ;
I'm afraid to see things inside the door ;
For that's the place where oft my mother sat,
There oft she gave my cheek a tender pat,
A pat of love and affection so dear,
To enter the door is too much, I fear.

I see the old steps on which oft I climbed,
And these through wasting years by age are dimmed.
The doors are closed, and shut within
Rest the sacred things, hushed our boyhood din.
Closed they shall be and guard the sacred halls
Till time discloses them through crumbling walls.
The old hearth's in there where on wintry nights
We formed circle and told each day's delights,

And saw the smile that came on mother's face,
 So well pleased was she in our youthful race.
 There we spelled hard words and turned books' pages,
 Improved our minds, receiving good wages ;
 There made our riddles and indulged in puns,
 Talked of great things, things small as our popguns ;
 O 'twas the place, fair or stormy weather,
 Where in evening shades all sat together.

THE FLOOD.

THE task is now assumed to tell the tale
 Of men in fear and fright and faces pale
 Midst lightning flashes blazing on their eyes,
 With dreadful signs in all the earth and skies,
 When thundering sounds that shook the earth around
 Made all the living tremble with the ground ;
 The tale of rising waters and drenching rains
 That made the flood that rose above the plains
 And climbed o'er hills and up the mountain-sides
 Till mountain-tops were washed with rolling tides,
 And naught of life was left to breathe the air
 But Noah and all which did to him repair.

The task is great, and doth the thought provoke
 That he who undertakes it should invoke
 The help of Muse or any friendly power
 To bless the thought and pen each writing hour ;
 And this we do with all becoming grace,
 And add the prayer that task when done will please.

The earth as yet had not grown old or gray ;
 Methuselah had seen some of Adam's day,

And had seen Noah's youth six hundred years,
Nor scarce had died when the flood appears.
'Twas not from age nor from a kindred cause,
Nor hardly may be said from natural laws,
That a flood so great in destructive might
Should change the life of earth to sleeping night.
The cause was man, his ways, his heart, his mind ;
Man, who in moral thought had so declined,
And gained a mind so congenial with hell
That he had lost his right on earth to dwell.
With right of home outlawed through wicked ways
He deserved a worse place to spend his days.

But patience kept her temple, waited long,
Hoping some day that man would mend his wrong ;
That some thought of virtue if not all gone,
Or straggling thought of what good men had done,
Would shake him from his sin and stir his soul
To strive to place his name on virtue's roll.

Old Noah for one hundred years or more
Condemned sin and preached righteousness before
The rains, when the fountains of the deep broke
And smote the earth with the flood's deadly stroke.
But news from earth or the far-off stars,
From Venus, ringed Saturn, or the cloudy Mars,
Or from those regions farther off in space,
Called home of God at virtue's center place,
Could not have touched the heart so vilely schooled,
Nor that sin-stained nature by Satan ruled.

For a long time, e'en some hundreds of years,
A moral line of Adam's race appears,
Who in their course of virtue gained a name
That's handed down this day in honored fame ;

A line that said their prayers, in virtue trod,
And these hundreds of years remembered God.
'Twas this line of Seth, Adam's younger son,
Who next to Abel was the holiest one.
These were the "sons of God" who long time strove
To guard true worship through their thoughts of love ;
And did for many years preserve that course,
While all others in deed and thought grew worse.

Had the line of Seth remained true to God
We may believe there would have been no flood,
For they would have been salt that saves a world,
Without which salt the fierce bolts of wrath are hurled.
But these "sons of God," sorrowful to tell,
Lost their love of God and ceased to do well.
The "daughters of men" grew fair in their eyes ;
With these they formed union, ceased to be wise.
Then God looked down, saw their criminal way,
And declared "all flesh corrupted his way."
He saw no prophets to teach in their schools
Who might perchance restore time-honored rules.
Though grieved in his heart, he saw it was good
That man should learn a lesson by the flood.

Many men of might, of art, of useful trade,
Who in their lines had deep impressions made,
Long as they spun life's thread that ancient day,
Lived now but in thought, for they had passed away.
Adam, who was the father of us all,
And Eve, who was first in the dreadful fall,
If allowed Adam's age she did attain,
Seven hundred years had ceased to live and reign.

Lamech, renowned, second to slay his kind,
First polygamous man that's held in mind,

First of all known in poetical strain
That talked with his wives of his bloody stain.
He was of the line of Cain, but now was gone,
But his wives left behind each one a son,
Each of them impressed the world with his art,
And dates with them the world a better start ;
For music charms, and the useful smithy's forge
Calls wild men from lurking-grounds and mountain
gorge.

These were Jubal and Tubal, men of renown,
But long were taking chances in the unknown.

And Enoch, who for full three hundred years,
Midst life's temptations in a world of cares,
Walked with God and so improved his nature
That he at last gained a moral stature
Which reached so high that the hand of God reached
down

And raised him up and kept him as his own.
This event was nine hundred years or more
Before the rain and the flood's thunderous roar.

Sometimes it's strange, as human thought doth run,
In view of the flood, that man was begun ;
It's strange as heaven's problems often are,
A ground on which when man presumes to dare
He risks his health of mind and meets defeat,
And learns that mind is more than self-conceit.
What man can compass he may learn and know,
And on these fields of thought his learning show,
But can not know some of the smaller things,
Because he's hemmed by thought's embounding rings.
Strange as it seems to man that man was made,
Yet stranger still if man will think and grade

The thought that speaks to God and asks him why
 He made the man that by the flood must die.
 Man embounded may think of all that's there,
 And may of these learn, affirm, or swear,
 But when he swells his thought on paths untrod,
 And swells till he in thought contends with God,
 Though there be no flood that will wash him down,
 He's just the class of man that God would drown.
 'Tis but some line like Seth's of virtuous ways
 That makes the plea that doth prolong his days,
 And when this line, like Seth's, doth change its road
 And leave none on the earth to worship God,
 If not a flood to wash away disgrace,
 Other means would be used to end man's race.

But Noah heard a voice, that voice obeyed ;
 It was the voice of God, a voice which said :
 " Build an ark ; the end of all flesh has come ;
 The man I made awaits impending doom ;
 His heart is polluted, besmeared with slime,
 His thoughts but lead him to the vilest crime,
 Till now he's such offense I raise my hand
 And will remove his race from off the land.
 Build the ark ; I give thee a hundred years
 To build in midst of all thy hopes and fears ;
 Build with warning voice, with thy preaching word ;
 Build, preach as thou dost build, till all have heard.
 The time I give to thee to build is long,
 It all to thee to build doth not belong,
 Its time, the last I give to man to hear
 Thy preaching word, and then believe and fear."

Ere gopher-trees were felled or pitch prepared
 Of which the ark was built as God declared,

Noah preached the news, warned the guilty world ;
 The shafts of truth upon their heads he hurled,
 Not with soft words, nor in a softer tone,
 But words of doom awaiting every one.
 He preached repentance, preached the wrath of God ;
 Preached God would drown man, though the heavens
 nod,
 Unless he turned from sin and looked above,
 And called on God for his mercy and love.
 Happy had been that man of righteousness
 Had the times relieved him of his distress,
 Had those ancients heard his proclamation
 And risen out of sinful degradation.
 Happy had that good man been in heart and mind
 At sight of a doomed world growing refined,
 At the thought that God's wrath had abated
 And man condemned stood justified, acquitted.
 Had that ancient world viewed God's wrath dis-
 played
 And heard Noah's warning voice, and obeyed,
 There would have been no wrath, no flood, no rain,
 And gopher-trees would have been left unslain ;
 No hunting for a place on which to build
 If the land had assumed a virtuous guild.
 But Noah occupied a middle ground
 Between a guilty world to judgment bound
 And angry wrath with sword already drawn
 To cut the stays that held the tides which drown ;
 A middle ground of humble trust and love
 'Tween guilty man and God who dwells above ;
 And yet while on this middle ground he stood,
 Filled with thoughts of God and thoughts of the
 flood,

He worshiped God and for man made his plea,
Made it in prayer upon his bended knee.
It was the thought of love to intercede
As last chance the grace of God t'implead.
But the answer came that man must reform
As only chance to shun the wrathful storm.
When Noah saw his preaching was all in vain
To stay impending ruin from wrathful rain,
That naught of help could come from bending knees,
He took to woods and felled the gopher-trees.
The ax, saw, and crashing trees resounded,
While people looked on, looked on astounded,
Not in fear of flood or great disaster,
For they acknowledged no God as master,
But that Noah, who believed a flood would come
With storm and rain and bursting thunder's boom,
Should now, since he had preached the faky thing,
Fell trees a ship to build, and in it bring
The horse, the ox, and all the animal train;
They laughed and scoffed and said: "The man's in-
sane."

But on and on the strokes and trees resounded,
Heedless of those who scoffed or gazed astounded;
On and on through taunts and jeers this man "in-
sane"
Cut boards with saw and made them smooth with
plane,
Till timber piles lay round enough to build,
When with hammer, nail, bolt, again he trilled
The air with sounds that laced the wood in form,
And built the ship with strength to ride the storm.
And yet the all-wise and patient God above
Extended to the world his further love;

He told Noah to paint the ark with pitch,
Paint it well, in and out, and leave no niche
For wood to swell or draw or change its form,
That it must stand a while a sign of storm.
And there it stood for days, and, aught we know,
For years of days, for years that move so slow.
Noah preached and said: "Time is close at hand
When wrathful storm will brood o'er all the land;
For the ark is built, and it alone can ride
In the storm's dreadful path and stem the tide;
For the world is condemned in sin and crime,
So stained God hath declared the end of time.
Repent's my warning cry; repent, reform,
Repent, believe, and check the rising storm.
It's man's last chance, or else the flood, the flood;
Repent, or else you'll see the dreadful cloud.

Ye sons of Seth, ye men guilty and stained,
Ye are of all most fearfully arraigned;
Ye had the fathers who taught virtue's schools,
Taught love of God, taught love of pious rules.
They raised a man who for three hundred years
Walked with God and taught as one of your seers.
Have ye forgotten him? how he went away,
Ye men of Seth, remember Enoch's day.
Remember in ancient days that your sires
Were "sons of God" and lived as law requires.
Look on their history, their emblemished day,
Call back their songs, their thoughts, and live as they.

Ye men of Seth, look up to God who reigns
And wash your souls from all their guilty stains;
Build again your altars, fires have gone down,
Till these are built you'll not escape God's frown;

Build again your fires and bring your sacrifice,
Send up the curling smoke to kiss the skies,
And send along your sorrow and your prayers ;
If you will not do this, your thought but dares
To still offend the God who mercy shows
And adds double pain to your coming woes.

Ye men of Seth, will ye not save the lives
Of your sons, your fair daughters, and your wives?
Will you have your names go down on pages,
Written in crime and read through all the ages?
Ye line of Seth, once called 'sons of God,' fly
From sin and crime and flood, or else you die."

Noah's voice was unheard ; they went on eating,
Drinking, and in sinful festival greeting ;
Regardless, senseless, skeptical, and blind,
Corrupt, debased in crime, with hearts combined
In war against virtue, in war against God,
Sin dwelling in all the paths they trod ;
Thoughtless, condemned, unworthy, beyond hope ;
Repentless, unashamed, God's laws all broke.
Men, wives, boys and girls with nerves yet unstrung,
Showed their degradation in the songs they sung.

Profane in speech, of Noah made sport,
Danced round the ark, danced with a merry heart.
Dead in trespasses, unawoke, fate sealed,
Against all argument shielded and steeled ;
Hard-hearted, stiff-necked, over sin no hood,
Lost past redemption, must die in the flood ;
Defiant, joined to idols, godless, gone ;
Let alone, just waiting the flood, must drown ;
Remorseless, beastly, envious, vain, proud,
With no Sabbath day, no dread of the cloud.

God said to Noah : " Thy preaching-days are o'er ;
There remain but seven days respite before
The clouds, the rain and forty days' storm
Shall brood o'er the world that will not reform.
Come thou and thy house, get ye in the ark ;
Make no delay, for the storm will be dark.
Receive in with thee the birds I shall send
And beasts and creeping things, all that shall bend
Their course to thee and seek of thee a place,
For I'll save some of all the animal race.
Make haste with thy work ere the tempest's roar ;
Last of all enter thou, and I'll shut the door."

The seven days, sacred number, scene sublime
As e'er the eyes beheld in all past time ;
Scene of animals wild, gentle as the tame,
With the gentle kinds marching in all the same
And birds, wild eagle as well as the lark,
All on their pinions flying to the ark.
No talons reaching for the tender birds,
No glistening fangs among the serpent herds,
No growls from lions' mouths to shake the fear,
For all made peace as they the ark drew near ;
Such peace as God commanded, and was kept
Through time of flood as though their natures slept.

And men gazed at the sight, wondering why
This wondrous change in beasts and birds of sky,
And why the ark became a center place
For birds, creeping things, and the mammal race.
They wondered at the sight and talked it o'er,
But yet they saw no cloud and felt secure.

When all had entered and Noah last one in
There began a time such as ne'er had been ;

For up to this hour was no dreadful roar,
But when Noah entered God shut the door,
To it his hand applied and held it there,
Made it the line across which none might dare.
Then wrathful signs began in earth and sky
Telling Adam's sinful race that all must die ;
Signs that woke deep fear and dreadful crying
And told in thunder notes the world was dying.
The lightning flashed and thunder rolled amain,
In the heat and noise came the flooding rain,
Such pouring rain as the world never knew,
With dread storm winds, such winds as never blew.
And clouds so dark they brought the pall of night,
So dark that only wails told of death and fright ;
And scarce could wails be heard through storm-wind's
 sound

And deep bursting fountains that shook the ground.

Men crowded toward the ark in dread and fear,
That sacred ship which God guarded with care,
Who with one hand placed on the sacred door
With one he thrust them back amidst the roar.
Men stood on the hills, climbed the mountain slopes,
Reached for other heights where hung no pendent
ropes ;

Hoping some higher ground they yet might gain,
They thrust themselves into the watery main
And caught at whatever floated on the way,
But lost their hold amidst the storm-wind's play,
Then struggled for life upon the turbid waves,
But sunk and dwelt with those in watery graves.

Besides the ark other boats and ships there were,
Here and yonder these afloat did appear,

And there was hope aboard, some joy of crew,
A hope for life against the winds that blew ;
But electric storms sought their floating-ground,
And rove their timbers till with gaping wound
The waters rushed in and weighed them down
And left their crews to float a while, then drown.

Forty days the tempest raged with wrathful tide,
Forty days the thunders rolled on every side,
And all these days there was no sun or star
To light a ray of hope from dread despair,
Nor beacon-light was seen, so great the pour,
Nor could fog-horn be heard, so great the roar.

These days man was so helpless in the blow
He saw not where to help or where to go.
In darkness, spirit-broken, each cried for aid,
While lightnings flashed and thunders round them
played.

Man, beast, and reptile crowded each for space
On rocks and hills till flood possessed the place.
For the flood climbed o'er hills an easy prey
And last of all o'er mountains dashed its spray
And rose till naught of land could kiss the storm,
When all was dead, beneath, no heart was warm.
It was a world slain and buried from view,
Man, beast, bird, reptile, formed the motley crew.

There lay the husband, ghastly, pale and dead,
The deep soft mud a pillow for his head.
No wife to smoothe back his water-stained hair ;
How lowly he lies ! what a look doth wear !
And yonder the wife, she's speechless and dead,
All tangled and soiled her water-drenched head,
And there with her curls mixed with mud and sand

Must remain as now ; all's death in the land.
And yonder's the child, still beautiful in death,
Composed as in sleep, and wearing a wreath
Of smiles and innocence kissing the wave,
Just the helpless innocent God would save,

The work is done, thunders no longer roll,
A dreadful silence reigns from pole to pole ;
The millions dead lift no voice ; in death's stocks
They sleep amidst sand as dumb as the rocks.
It is the silence that intrudes a day
When each would hear what each might have to say
Of that which has been done ; yet silence reigns
On mountains and hills and through all the plains.
No angry lightnings play above, around,
They have gone with the thunder's rolling sound ;
And the sun, radiant as in former days,
Kisses the deluge with his warming rays.
The moon and stars by night look on the scene ;
They see no herds on hills, no valleys green ;
They see no city nor hear the voice of man ;
They see what ne'er had been since man began ;
Silently they behold, as silently reign,
But kiss no hilltop, kiss no grassy plain.

Look on, ye sun and moon and stars, look on !
While ye witness the work which has been done,
And look on this unbroken silence with unbroken
 sound,
And see this desolation wrought around.
Ye did witness the crimes that filled the earth,
The mockery of man and his foolish mirth,
His wicked songs and his altars of sin,
With soul all stained, and polluted within,

Which built the wrath of God and wrought the right
To remove man from universal sight.

THE UNIVERSAL VOICE.

HO! stranger, whitherward steering?
Toward what shore art thou nearing?
How looks the far off in thy course?
Seems it better or seems it worse?
Seest thou light, or is it dark?
Give some reason for steering thy bark.
Dost thou see fruit and lovely scenes,
A land of flowers and evergreens,
Or some rock-ribbed shore, scarce and dry,
With rocks on rocks and mountains high?
Seest thou sand, an arid clime,
Burning wastes and nothing sublime?
Ho! stranger, pulling at the oars,
Ahead thee a cataract roars.
Nor pull to the left in thy course,
A Charybdis and Scylla make it worse;
A halt is best till reason shows
The course of life the right wind blows,
Till voices wise to thee explain
The lands of storm, of hail and rain,
The lands of joy, of peace and rest
Inspiring thee to reach the best.”

Miles Calebs was struck with wonder
In thought and soul much torn asunder,
That out, alone, upon the main
A voice was heard in words so plain,

A voice tender, that asked a pause
To think of life, and by what laws
He steered his course some shore to gain,
Or why at all he plowed the main ;
A voice that knew all paths of seas
Lands barren and of fruitful trees,
That knew all lands, how oars to bear
And which should be the guiding star.
A pause he made, but first of all,
While pond'ring deep that voice's call,
He turned his eyes the way it came,
To see who called, what was his name.
The zephyr played an easy rill,
So small that all the earth seemed still,
At least to Calebs, looking there
And looking here and everywhere,
Certain a voice from aft the lea
Had strode to him across the sea,
And seemed so near, two lengths of oar
Could well have reached the cap he wore.
No one was seen adorned in white,
No sable one that would affright,
The calm blue sea and dead still air
Shook not his doors that stood ajar
To catch each motion and all sounds
Intruding on his blue sea grounds.

Calebs reached forth his oars to grasp,
But scarcely held the oars a-clasp
When, struck with wonder as before,
He made no stroke, but held his oar ;
Nor scarcely breathed, so deep intent
To hear the voice, and what it meant.

“Ho! neighbor! knowest thou art right,
What kind of clime gleams on thy sight?
Dost thou have fears mixed with distress?
Is all thy toil built on a guess?
A halt is best till reason shows
The course of life the right wind blows.”

Miles Calebs was brave, knew no fear,
Feared not that voice that drew so near;
Though all alone, far from all shores
He calmly sat and rested oars,
Deep-struck and awed by what he heard,
With this course and that each voice barred.
He thought it best till reason shows
The course of life the right wind blows
His oars should rest and drift his bark,
Then ply his oars and do right work,
And in this mood he must have died
Unless that voice would stay and guide.

“Ho! friend, thou art trusting to chance;
Know thou its uncertain advance.
May angels guard thee whilst thou rest
And save thee from each angry crest,
At least protect till thou resume
Thy oars and row for coasts that bloom,
When uncertain aim and doubtful
Shall subside with all thoughts dreadful.”

Miles now assumed a statue form,
And though his heart-blood still flowed warm,
His limbs grew stiff, nor turned his eye
To ought of things he floated by;
His frame, his mind, his senses all
Had been so stunned by that voice call

He seemed to dream, waiting the hour
When he would wake, resume his oar.

“Ho! brother, the voice of a friend
Volunteers, and would to thee lend
Some help to guide thee on thy way;
Illumine thy mind, send a ray
Thy course to guide, right judgment show,
And point the way the right winds blow.”

As from reverie Calebs awoke,
Satisfied now a good voice spoke.
Believing the voice undisguised,
Calebs found strength, soliloquized:
“That voice I hear, so kind in tone,
Rings on me yet, is never gone.
It seems to touch me, stirs my thought.
I am o'erwhelmed and in it caught.
Though he who speaks may hide from sight,
Enough to know the voice is right.
Alone, at sea, a voice I hear,
If not of earth, some voice afar
In winsome tone doth make me think
And turn my bark from ruin's brink.
A voice that checks a reckless way
And seeks for me a better day;
And me at first a 'stranger' called,
So far was I, so deeply walled,
But then again it nearer came
And called me by the 'neighbor' name;
Nor was this all nor half the end,
But called me by the name of 'friend';
This seemed enough when came the other,
And I was called the name of 'brother.'”

I am awake, was sleeping long,
 Awake to see the right and wrong.
 High scribes have writ the voice I hear ;
 For what they wrote I had no care ;
 It must be thus, for good is good,
 A voice to each shows all a road,
 A road that leads to endless gain
 Where shocks are full of ripened grain,
 A land that lies just o'er the crest ;
 This side is worry, and that is rest."

Miles Calebs now felt near his side,
 E'en out at sea, lives a voice guide,
 A voice that speaks to him who needs,
 And brings good luck to him who heeds ;
 A voice universal and free,
 That speaks to all on land or sea ;
 But not so much he cared to see
 That one who spake from aft the lea
 As he desired to know the cause,
 The whence and why and by what laws
 A voice could speak and man could hear,
 Could not resist a voice so clear ;
 Desired to know why one alone
 Could hear the voice in thunderous tone,
 While by his side another stood
 As deaf to it as stone or wood,
 And Calebs cried and said : " I know
 The voice I hear right paths will show,
 And while that voice doth speak to me
 Where'er I steer on land or sea
 As it doth guide, e'en everywhere
 It e'er shall be my guiding star ;

And most of all I e'er shall seek
The whence and why the voice doth speak,
And know, if known to man it tells,
How that universal voice dwells,
And why it speaks to man and shows
The paths of life the right wind blows ;
That makes man reason, stirs his soul,
Seeks good for all from pole to pole ;
And only this in humble line
I dare would ask that voice define,
If it would feign to condescend
To hear man's prayer, some light to lend,
And say to man in darkness slain
How dwells this voice on land and main ;
Why such interest for the whole,
Why such love for the human soul."
Calebs then stretched his arms amain
And held in his hand his oars again,
He pressed the wave his bark to steer,
Impressed fair shores would soon appear ;
His bark o'er seas did fairly glide
Through paths full safe as sought his guide ;
No angry clouds embanked the sky,
No dreadful lightnings lit his eye,
No dread labor nor dread of mind,
All pain and dread seemed left behind.
But just as he espied a shore,
Simply a glimpse, a glimpse no more,
A hazy mist bespread his eyes,
A mist like that when some one dies ;
But still his oars threw up the spray,
And Calebs still pursued his way.
At last a stroke that reached the shore

He made with strength, then dropped the oar ;
He gained a shore safe from the deep,
But edging that shore went fast asleep.
But morning came, for light will creep
And rouse from slumbers all who sleep.
The haze had gone from Caleb's eyes ;
No mist obscured the azure skies.
It was a land beyond all dreams
Of fruits and song and limpid streams,
Of precious air, perpetual spring,
A chorus land where all things sing ;
Of hill and vale and clinging vines
That hung their fruits that made the wines ;
Of vines that met, then kissed, embraced,
That hung in love so interlaced
That Calebs gazed and seemed entranced
At these good omens ere he advanced.
In this fair land where all was new,
Land unscarred, where no storm-winds blew,
Spellbound in his admiration,
Calebs went slow in exploration.
Small distance a hill stood in view,
With meadowy slopes where orchards grew,
And grazing herds of docile nature
Occupied the wondrous pasture,
With springs near by and crystal streams
Kissed lovingly by the sunbeams.
Birds of plumage in these bowers
Perched as though they grew as flowers.
As flowers on wing in sporting play
They greeted Calebs a happy day.
But on he went, the hilltop gained,
And there for long would have remained,

So moved, entranced his state of mind
At wondrous things of every kind ;
But to the east he cast his eyes,
And there, beneath these wondrous skies,
A city such as ne'er had been
In all the lands he e'er had seen
Fell on his wonder-gazing eyes,
A city broad, as high as skies.
From where he stood a street was straight
That led him to the city's gate.

Calebs left birds and vines behind,
The herds and all of every kind,
And hastened on with faster rate,
For thought was on the city's gate
And that within and who abode,
On wonders found that end the road,
And soon he stood just out the gate,
He stood as one who orders wait,
And standing there somewhat amazed,
He saw o'erhead a word that blazed ;
It was a word that struck his mind
More than the herds and all behind,
And seemed to him to indicate
Much wisdom dwelt inside the gate.

The word that blazed, written " Knowledge,"
Made Calebs cry : " I've found a college,
And things in darkness long contained
I trust in here will be explained ;
And that still voice that speaks to all,
That penetrates the hardest wall,
That speaks to-day, the morrow again,
And seems so linked as part of man,

Since now I have this city gained,
Inside this gate will be explained."

Eager, anxious to get within,
Calebs labored to pull the pin
That held the gate, held it secure,
A guard to all inside the door,
And, pulling hard, such noise he made
A voice inside addressed him, said :
" Who now comes there, and dost thou know
Inside this gate the right winds blow ?
We ride on these to knowledge wells,
And knowledge rings our music bells,
A voice inspires each step and motion ;
Outside that voice we have no notion ;
That voice has made us all we claim,
And represents the greatest name
In earth or sky or heaven's dome,
Hath led us to this wondrous home,
And here the scales have left our eyes
With mists that held us all unwise.
The things that were so dark contained
Inside these walls are all explained ;
And e'en that voice, ere we came here,
That spake through universal sphere,
Is here explained, and all knowledge
Lights this universal college.
What's thy mission? I pray you tell
Thy mission right, I'll ring the bell,
The charm-spring bell that spreads the gate,
And give entrance to our estate."

" Ho, ho ! " cried Calebs in delight,
" I much admire your college site,

And since I learned what darkness gained
Has come to light is here explained,
If I but gain your college lore
I'll be happier than e'er before.
How came I here I hardly know,
But kept the course the right winds blow
In search of lands, fair lands regained,
Where voices deep are all explained.
A mariner I on billows high
Once rode the sea with dreadful sky,
And trusted all to luck and chance,
And luckless on I made advance ;
Drifted and shifted till a star
Not seen but heard bade me beware ;
A voice star strode over the sea
And spake to me from aft the lea ;
That voice I heard hath led the way,
Hath brought me here, and I must stay,
At least till I shall have explained
All that is in that voice contained.
Gaining this shore experience strange
Is half-way hid from memory's range ;
A hazy air encompassed round,
My strength was gone, I felt the wound,
But made a stroke that brought ashore,
That stroke's remembered, nothing more ;
The sea was good, the port was wide,
And there I slept, or else I died ;
But I awoke, have found your home,
A sky lit 'neath the voice's dome."

The voice within at once replied :
" O man, you neither slept nor died,
On thee came a changing spell

To fit thee for the place we dwell,
Not to stay nor to linger long,
But long enough to learn the song
That thrills the soul and lights the eyes,
And know that voice that leads the wise.
Then shalt return and take thy place,
An instructor of thine own race,
Nor happier less wilt thou e'er be
By instructing thy own country.
Yet in time thou wilt gravitate
And hold with us this high estate.
From all thy mist thou art not free,
Hence all in here thou canst not see ;
And well it is in your estate
Some things are hid inside the gate,
For mind like yours could not embrace
Their altitude nor half their base.
And if made known to all their kind,
They would confuse and craze the mind ;
But such thou'lt learn as are won
By those thou left through works begun.
Your eyes shall see as far-off shores
Some hidden things inside these doors,
But thine own tongue can ne'er express
The wonders seen in mystic dress.
Thou shalt come in, but shalt be led
With bare feet and uncovered head
Till thou shalt stand before a seer
Who will teach the truth in thine ear,
That universal voice, its whence,
And having learned thou shalt go hence.”
That one within, the gate to guard
Spake to Calebs no other word.

But rang the bell that sprang the gate
And led him through their rich estate,
The schools, knowledge, and their fair fields,
All these, and all that virtue yields,
Where was no sun but light innate
Fell soft on all inside the gate,
And all within bore much the guise
Of lands of wondrous enterprise,
That sought through all the paths they trod
To do assistant work for God,
Thus bring around in wisdom's way
The triumphant, illustrious day
When all revealed because of crime
Would show the universe more sublime
And breathe in each created soul
Better thoughts of the wondrous whole.

But Calebs stood before the seer
With feet abare, on head no gear,
A pupil in strange transition
To learn the voice, end his mission.
The seer put shoes on Caleb's feet,
Geared his head and gave him a seat,
And then began his great discourse
On the voice of the universe :

“Fortunate as thou, O my son,
Few have been since thy race begun ;
But thou nor those who came before,
Nor those who here may yet explore,
Shall hold in memory what is here
Of all they see, of things or seer ;
But they shall learn and not forget
The lessons taught inside this gate.

On this plan the great hand divine
 Gives out his cups of knowledge-wine
 And deals it out through compassion
 As gifts of love for every nation.
 'Tis not the mind of man alone
 That builds himself an honored throne,
 But through a work of secret kind
 Which to man is not well defined ;
 For help creeps on man's mind and thought,
 Though he gets praise for all that's wrought.
 Some things are lost of useful kind,
 Allowed and found not by man's mind.
 Man finds a key that rusted long,
 Unbolts, unlocks, and writes a song
 That yields a name and yields a throne
 As high as all the good that's done,
 Yet stumbled he on that lost key
 With higher help your race to free.
 O'er all that live some one's above,
 Some one with power, some one to love ;
 From lowest grade to topmost round
 In earth or sky wherever found,
 Some one's above, may help afford
 And bless those 'neath as friendly lord ;
 And in the grade the last is man,
 Yet he's embraced in the great plan
 And gets some help, or else he goes
 The ways of life no right wind blows.
 One seems sent here, knocks at our gate
 Now and then the political state
 To improve ; of these Charlemagne
 Did this great benefit obtain.
 In view of all that doth give pain,

Disturbs your race, runs mad, insane ;
Another comes that he may find
Some skill that he may bless your kind ;
Of these Pasteur was at our gate,
A man whom all your world calls great.
Fulton was here, and navigation,
Since, has blessed every nation.
Edison, not the least, was here,
And now speeds the electric car.

Enough are named, enough to show
That in the paths the right winds blow
The universe doth hold conserved
All light and force and well preserved ;
Doth lavish these with prudent care,
To all of which the world is heir ;
And these the world may yet obtain,
Obtain as fast as crime shall wane.
Obtain as fast as man assumes
An attitude to cleanse his rooms.
All this good will is unto man,
Your comrade man, who doth not scan
The light and depth of borrowed mind
His race obtains to grow refined ;
And doth not know outside his brain
The benefits he doth obtain,
Nor knows he yet how much concern
The spheres do feel that he may learn,
And learning on may reach the goal
Where man's a man, a man of soul.

Thou, O Calebs, in thought profound
Hath heard at last the voice's sound,
Hath knocked our gate, unlocked it stands,

Hath found this place, reached forth thy hands
To hold communion at these wells,
Hath heard the music of our bells ;
And while thy heart doth not rejoice,
Approached so nigh the wondrous voice,
It thou shalt learn, for time has come
When what thou learnest beneath this dome
Shall bless thy country, and shall raise
Thy country's thought to higher ways.

Of all who came, gained entrance here,
Thine is the brightest guiding star ;
It seeks the knowledge which when gained,
If in memory it's well maintained,
That shows a voice, voice man should hear,
A voice on sea, land, everywhere.
Not the conscience, not it alone,
Though it be touched, if not all gone,
But that without which speaks within,
The thought of man would discipline.

Grass and flowers each have an ear,
And they as man this voice doth hear.
Not all is law, it's but a part,
The law is frame, the voice is heart ;
Without the voice the frame is dead,
O'er all that is the voice is head.
A law itself can not enforce,
When from the voice it gets divorce
Worlds run wild for lack of master,
Man and worlds then meet disaster.
The law's a name, not much beside,
It's small compared with the voice guide.
The voice that spake and it was done

Is not a voice that's now withdrawn,
But stays and guides and upholds all,
And once withdrawn the whole must fall.
But now, O Calcbs, go with me,
And thou this voice shalt further see ;
We pass the line of ancient days,
When there was naught with lips of praise,
No earth nor sky nor moon nor star,
But all was darkness everywhere.
Abysmal depths pervaded all,
Chaos, a name, embounding wall.
These are the coasts where man ungrown,
With lights blown out and thought all gone,
Attempts surveys mid darkened scenes,
But leaves the field where all careens.
Out on this shore we stand on ground
Ethereal, antedating sound
And motion and evolution
And all circling revolution.
On these chaotic depths our star
Bids us on, but whispers ' Beware.'
Here are no worlds and no motion,
No daybreak, no evolution,
For time as yet has not begun,
There's naught that measures, moon nor sun,
But life is here uncreated,
So ancient its life undated,
And naught but it is anywhere.
There's naught, no sun, no moon, no star ;
It's life that throbs, but counts not time,
It's life that dwells alone, sublime ;
It's life extensive, fills all space,
It doth the universe embrace.

Our silence here as silence then,
In view of all we can not ken,
Almost enjoins that we who speak
This solemn silence ne'er should break.
These coasts we steer, thought-cut, severe,
Would frighten back, awake our fear,
Would harness thought and dwarf its length,
And break oars of whatever strength.

What woke the silence in ancient days
And formed the world and all that praise?
The rocks, the hills, and the mountains,
And set in place the living fountains,
Nor e'er did stop the wondrous plan
Till over all was built a man?

Naught is naught, nor can produce,
E'en multiplied it serves no use;
Ten thousand times when taken o'er
It's blasted nothing, nothing more.
No law as yet has been conceived,
Or struck the sense and been believed,
That could create and form the earth,
Much more the universe give birth.
The law's a force, must have been made,
A force that's not of higher grade
Than worlds themselves in circling flight
No higher grade than wondrous light.
The worlds and light, the law and all
Must all have heard the same voice call.
Behind them all, and lest they fall,
A hand's applied that sustains all;
It's on the law, for it was made
The same as things of other grade.

Withdraw that hand, and all withdraws,
All circling worlds with all their laws.

Though man has mind of wondrous strength,
His thought is barred at certain length.
Can reach, conceive, pursue a trace
Of thought within its narrow base.
His thought can run to primal laws,
Or better spoken, the first Great Cause,
But whence these came, or why they were,
Clothes thought with such a weight of fear
That all attempts to stretch and reach
The coasts of that far, unknown beach
Are dreams indulged in fancied art
Where no one knows truth's a part.

On granted truths all science is built ;
He who denies doth incur guilt ;
Of granted truths no one inquires,
To cast them down no one aspires ;
Something granted must be allowed,
Something granted dispels a cloud
That hovers round and darkens all,
Which must be moved or all must fall.

If such condition is in thought
Touching all some great hand hath wrought,
And such limit is placed on mind
That it wears fetters, is confined,
How much more when the farthest bound
Is reached through depths the most profound,
Doth judgment teach and thought proclaim
Upholding all there is a name,
A name unknown, except revealed,
A name that was forever sealed,

Till suns and planets, light and mind,
Woke up space and chaos resigned.

Now, O Calebs, on this far shore
There dwelt a life the worlds adore,
A life that was, that is, will be,
Life unmeasured, above degree,
A life with will and mind and power,
What it creates, upholds each hour,
A life that fills all space extreme,
A life that's still, with worlds in dream ;
That life's a substance, none beside,
A substance free, the life its guide ;
If e'er a life than it doth rise,
Or substance than it, earth or skies,
Howe'er it be, howe'er it shine,
Material coarse, or substance fine,
'Tis generation this life hath formed,
And yet this life untouched, unharmed,
Remains the same, and ne'er can give
Of its substance that aught may live.
This is as far as mind can reach ;
Fools may speak on, but on some beach
They'll strand their bark, their mind and strength ;
Full prone they'll lie, and stretched full length.

That name, the first of all, is God ;
The universe is his abode
And every part his mind and power
Sustain, uphold, each day and hour.
Nor doth he seek himself divorce,
Or turn worlds loose to law and force
But doth sustain, if law there be,
The law and all with wise decree ;

Nor labors more with his own hand
And word of speech, to guard, command,
Than through some law of fancied art
That he commands to do a part.
His eye's o'er all, it all surveys
Through ether blue or milky ways.
His voice is heard to distant stars ;
Obeyed ; hence no breaks nor repairs.
He is the voice ; the law rehearsal ;
He is the voice universal."

The seer was done and left his seat,
Disrobed Miles Calebs head and feet,
Clothed his mind, made him a doctor,
Then gave him to the conductor,
Who led him through the gate he came
And sent him to his country's hame
A wiser man the voice to teach,
And Calebs now the voice doth preach





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 287 5

