

C O L U M B I A

An Epic Poem

ON

THE LATE CIVIL WAR

BETWEEN THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES
OF NORTH AMERICA

BY

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VOL. I

BOSTON

PRESS OF ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL

1893

KD11510



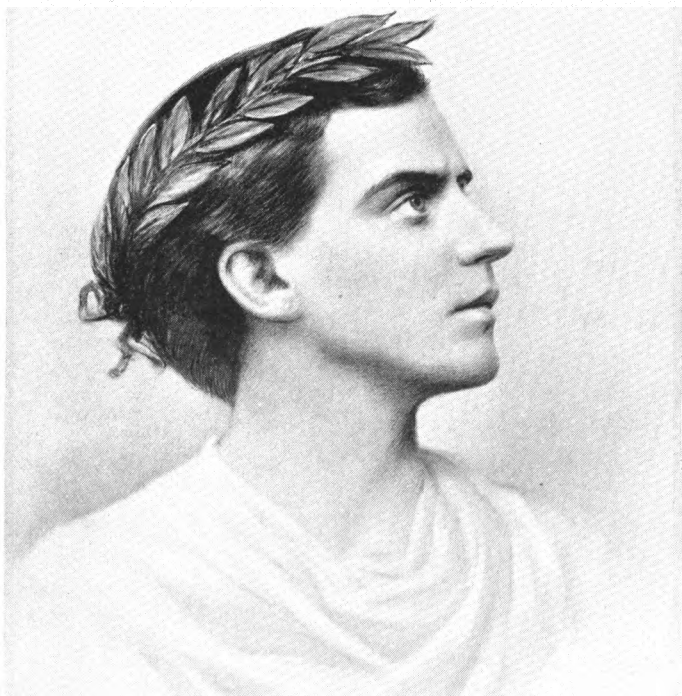
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PRICE, \$1.50



Frank C. Algerton.

DEDICATED
TO THE
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

P R E F A C E .

THE sphere of an epic poem is bounded by certain well-defined limitations. The song that would appeal to a nation must not be personal, sectional, or sectarian ; neither radical nor conservative ; avoiding extremes, its aim should be to interest, instruct and benefit all ; wound the sensitive feelings of none, nor cater to the prejudices of any. To accomplish this difficult task, it becomes necessary to adhere rigidly to recognized truths, neither ignoring demonstrated facts to please the conservative portion of the community, nor indorsing radical theories to gain the approbation of extremists. Indeed, the province of an epic poem is not to express opinions or advance theories, but to describe and narrate events, historical or fictitious, in the guise of poetry. Notwithstanding, it is the undeniable privilege of the bard to do as he pleases with his themes ; the characters that move in and animate the poem are absolutely the creatures of the creator,

and may be manifested to suit his purpose. His judgment may be questioned, his inalienable prerogatives, never.

Nevertheless, it is the sacred duty of poets to extol truth, honesty and patriotism, and condemn the antithesis of these virtues.

Patriots and traitors are not to be weighed in the same balance. The fidelity of Washington is to be praised, and the disloyalty of Coriolanus, censured, even though the latter was harshly treated by his fellow-citizens of Rome.

Columbia is written from a national, not a sectional standpoint. We know no East, no West, no North, no South; we know only the Union—"One government, one people, one country." The civil war forever settled the doctrine of "State Supremacy," clearly and for all time defined the legal rights of the States, and the prerogatives of the general government; and all teachings to the contrary but serve to weaken that strongest bond a great people can know—patriotism.

Our object in writing *Columbia* is to place before the world a clear, concise, and truthful account of the "Civil War" in poetry, with such embellishments as

epic poetry demands, and poetic license allows. The illustrious examples of the Federal commanders and soldiers must not be lost, while the fate of the Confederates should be preserved. Thus, while the heroic and glorious deeds of the patriots will serve to incite the fidelity and inspire the patriotism of the loyal, the ultimate overthrow of the secessionists will remain a wholesome warning to those who would follow in their footsteps.

Withal, while discouraging the doctrine of State Sovereignty and condemning the course pursued by those who upheld it, it behooves us to recognize, admire and respect the bravery and evident sincerity of those who supported, and in the civil war put those principles to the bitter test. Though blinded and mistaken in an unworthy cause, they exhibited in their own persons, both in the council and in the field, all the elements of human greatness. By endangering their property and lives, they proved their earnestness, and had they been arrayed on the side of justice, humanity and mercy, their names and actions would surely be found worthy of lasting remembrance and veneration.

The "Lost Cause" was not lost through the incom-

petency, negligence, timidity, infidelity or cowardice of its supporters, but because it was inhuman and therefore predestined to defeat and ruin.

To avoid censure in the treatment of *Columbia* would be as difficult as to merit universal commendation. Sympathizers on both sides of the great struggle will doubtless take exception to many things contained herein. However, we can truthfully assert that we have no war prejudices. In many instances we have found it necessary, in order to preserve the meter, melody of language and versification of words, to conflict with some of the more rigid rules of grammar. Lindley Murray does not always harmonize with the muses; and the nature of our theme compels us to take the part of the "Divine Sisters" against the illustrious grammarian. For what remains, we feel assured that "The critic's eye—that microscope of wit" will discover many grave faults in *Columbia*; we can only plead in extenuation, that we write not so much for the literary and critical world as for the masses.

Very respectfully,

FRANK C. ALGERTON.

BOSTON, MASS., May, 1893.

P R E L U D E .

COLUMBIA, the guardian of our land,
Appearing to my soul in visions grand,
Placed Clio's¹ pen and tablets in my hand.

She bade me write of battles bravely fought,
Defeats sustained and vict'ries nobly bought,
Of heroes and heroic deeds they wrought.

I answered : " I, who am but mortal clay,
Am nowise fit to sing such heavenly lay ; "
She whispered : " I will teach thee what to say."

And thus uplifted, fearlessly I sail
On "thought wings," blown by inspiration's gale ;
The theme is grand ; the themer,² weak and frail.

¹ Clio, The Muse that presides over history.

² Themer, i.e. one who themes ; as actor, one who acts ; singer, one who sings.

BOOK I.

THE CONVENTION.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, after invoking the muse to inspire and assist him, applies himself to his theme. He proceeds to relate the discovery of America by Columbus; its exploration by adventurers and explorers, and its settlement and colonization by the Pilgrims. Thence he describes the expulsion of the English by Washington and his band of fellow-patriots. Washington ascends the Presidential seat and inaugurates the United States Government. Columbia begins to reign; truth, justice and partial liberty are established on this continent; and humanity advances in civilization. Slavery, however, still exists, and becoming every day more avaricious and tyrannical, causes at length the great rupture between the States and leads to civil war.

The slave-holding States assemble their ambassadors, who proceed to inaugurate the "Confederate States of America." Speeches are made by the most prominent delegates and their persons and manners described. The convention proclaims the "Southern Confederacy" an independent government, and closes with loud shouts for its future prosperity. The time consumed in the convention is supposed to be one afternoon, and the place, the State House, Montgomery, Alabama.

COLUMBIA'S wrongs and fierce Slavonia's¹ hate,
Dire causes of the war, O Muse, relate;
That war, which to the distant, spirit world,
The shades of mighty men untimely hurled;

¹ Slavonia, the daughter of slavery and barbarism; *i.e.*, the spirit that animated slavery. See Book the Fifth.

With all thine inspiration theme this song,
Broad as this land and to endure as long;
On wheels of light let it forever roll,
Uplifting man and nourishing his soul,
O'er all the teeming earth, from pole to frozen pole.

To do this thing I viewed the bright abodes
Where live the dead, and held converse with gods.
The garnered treasures of my mind I bring
To thee, fair goddess, by whose powers I sing;
Upon thy shrine I pour the thoughts that roll
Far in the hallowed depths and centres of my soul.

Hence, while I listen, touch thy tuneful lyre,
And kindle in my heart the sacred fire;
The flame of flames, that bright, celestial glow,
Which causes tongues to speak and words to flow;
Attune my spirit; may each noble thought
To labor in the godlike work be brought;
Let self be dead, and only faith arise
To waft my aspirations to the skies;
For with no middle flight I mean to soar,
And while I sing of war, return to earth no more.

Calliope¹ responds; divinely clear
Her measured accents fall upon the ear.
Columbia, fair daughter of the skies,
What light serene illumed thy starry eyes

¹ Calliope, the muse that presides over epic poetry.

When they directed Columbo to haste
Across the wilderness of ocean waste?
As through the wide and vast profound he came
In search of India and endless fame,
And earthly treasure, man's alluring goal,
What hopes and solemn fears, alternate swayed his
soul?

Conflicting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled ;
Now faith inspired, now disappointment cooled ;
That, prompts his mind to offer fervent prayers,
This, fills his heart with withering despairs ;
The crew, possessed by superstitious fears,
Regard the creeping days as tedious years ;
Half mutinous, they urge him to retreat,
Now threaten, and now grovel at his feet ;
But undismayed, swept onward by the gales,
To regions all unknown, the dauntless spirit sails.

So Jason,¹ resolutely sailed from Greece,
Determined to secure the golden fleece.

Ten weary weeks the Spanish ships are tossed
Upon the surging seas, and nearly lost ;
While all around tempestuous billows roll —
'Tis so engraved on Clio's spotless scroll —
At times, vague horrors seize each sailor's brain,
They gaze in terror on the boundless main ;

¹ Jason, the hero of the Argonautic expedition.

Nought meets the gazer's strained and anxious eye
Save spreading water and o'erarching sky ;
Until the mariners in mental anguish cry : —

“ Shall we behold our native land again?
Or, wrecked upon this never-ending main,
Be swallowed up forever in the waves,
Deprived of peaceful rest in consecrated graves? ”

At length undoubted signs of land appear,
Birds skim about, and trees are floating near ;
The voyagers behold and raise a joyful cheer.

Thus when the traveller in forest glades
Is overtaken by the evening shades,
He dares not venture through the gloomy night,
But crouches down, dismayed and filled with fright ;
He dreads to fall unwary on the lair
Of skulking wolf, or wild and savage bear ;
But soon as morning streaks the east with gray,
All fears dismissed, he speeds him on his way.
So did Columbo and his little band
Pursue with hope renewed at the approach of land.

He stood upon the deck and viewed the skies
And foaming seas, with keen-discerning eyes ;
Now to the right, now to the left, he gazed,
Then suddenly he stood transfixed, amazed,
For he beheld as in a blessed dream
The looming shores, that bright, resplendent gleam ;
The India for which he hoped and sighed,

In visions viewed, but long to sight denied.
His heart with joy and happiness possessed,
Swelled high, and labored in his manly breast ;
Sublimest thoughts o'er his great spirit roll,
And scenes of grandeur pass before his soul ;
Then on his knees with fixed, enraptured gaze
In fervid ecstasy, unto his God he prays.

So when a woman, whose unfruitful womb
Has caused her to repine in grief and gloom,
Conceives, and bears her happy spouse a boy,
Her mind is filled with overwhelming joy ;
She holds the priceless treasure in her arms,
And scans with doting eyes his youthful charms ;
A thousand pure and holy thoughts control,
And all a mother's love comes rushing through her
soul.

His ships, securely anchored on the main,
Columbo lands with all his brilliant train ;
Amid the chanting of the solemn prayers,
And tuneful hymns of praise, religious airs,
He plants the cross upon the shining strand,
And takes possession of the new-discovered land.

Meanwhile, the awe-struck natives gather round,
Or prostrate fall, adoring on the ground ;
Each whispers to his neighbor as he lies —
“Behold the gods descended from the skies !”

Pale terror seizes every savage heart,
Some fear to stay, and others to depart.
Convinced the barques were from the "hunting ground,"
Loud exclamations from their dusky throats resound.

Adventurers now hasten to explore —
Athirst for gold and fame — the distant shore ;
In multitudes across the swelling seas they pour.

De Soto, lured by wealth's illusive dream,
Discovered nature's most majestic stream —
The Mississippi, flowing deep and grand
Through mountains, plains and fertile meadow land ;
Upon its flood he rolled his greedy eyes,
Then stricken by its awful grandeur dies ;
And in its peaceful bed his restless body lies.

Sir Henry Hudson gained immortal fame,
He found the river that preserves his name ;
Then to the mercy of the billows tossed
By human fiends, the noble man was lost.
Now thousands, driven by the fearful gale
Of persecution, to the new world sail ;
The Pilgrims came, and kneeling on the sod
Devoted all their time and energies to God.

The wilderness soon disappeared from view,
The arts of commerce and of science grew ;
A civilizing inspiration spread,
And destiny the population led

O'er hill and plain to where the Rockies stand,
Stupendous monuments of the Almighty hand.

The narrow thoughts of men were made more wide,
And nations grew and prospered side by side ;
Humanity emerged from out the gloom
Of superstition ; truth began to bloom ;
Pure knowledge flourished on the earth again,
And Liberty, reborn, began a brighter reign.

A century of pleasing progress sped,
Then tyranny upreared its hydra head ;
The British king, without a rightful cause,
Attempted to annul the common laws.
He sent oppressive minions o'er the sea
To tax the colonists illegally.
Then Washington appeared, and with him came
A host of spirits to enrich his fame ;
A manly form the fearless soul confined,
A well-knit frame and a judicious mind ;
Clio herself from her empyreal seat
Arose and sped the favored one to meet ;
With pen prepared and tablets purely white,
A full account of all his mighty deeds to write.

Wise Mary, to whose womb he owed his birth,
Was sage Cornelia¹ come again to earth,

¹Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus the elder, and mother of the famous Gracchus brothers.

The daughter of the dauntless Scipio,
Who never failed to subjugate the foe ;
A soul exalted — Plutarch hands her down
To glory, as the scorner of a crown ;
When Ptolemy offered her his diadem,
Refused the marriage and disdained the gem ;
Preferring to remain in widowed state
For him who died to rescue her from fate,
And rear her boys to be in youthful days
Their mother's honor, and their country's praise.
She now returned a nobler son to rear,
Whom kings would dread, and nations would revere ;
Him did the fates inspire and fix their seal
Upon his brow, impressing there the weal
And joy of peoples ; when he came to birth,
A most illustrious soul was born upon the earth.

The patriotic light burns in his eye,
The foes behold, they tremble and they fly ;
So when a wild fire once is kindled high,
It blazes up and looms amid the sky,
Urged onward by the agitating wind,
Vast forests are destroyed and ruin left behind.

The war subdued, the tyrant at his feet,
The hero takes the Presidential seat ;
There by wise laws, examples and commands
He binds the thirteen States in everlasting bands.

And now Columbia begins to reign
Upon the land and on the sounding main;
Her spangled banner waves before the breeze;
Where'er it flies, the people there it frees;
Each year a State is added to the land,
Justice and Liberty walk hand in hand;
Truth, peace and fair prosperity control,
And wisdom springs to life deep in the human soul.

But like that baleful fruit in Paradise,
For greed and lust there still remained a prize,
Predestined in this fated land to be
Of war, despair and death, the bitter-fruited tree.

Melpomene, thou Muse of tragic air!
The source of all this misery declare;
Rekindle now the consecrated fire,
Evoke the spirit of thy sister's sacred lyre.

Since first our world began its ceaseless round,
Urged by resistless law, in space profound,
"Man's inhumanity to man," the cause
Of poverty and crime and cruel laws,
The few have sought the many to control,
To subjugate them, body, mind and soul;
The varied ills and woes that plague the earth,
From this unholy womb derive their lawless birth.

The kidnapped African, transported o'er
In fettered gangs to this unhappy shore,

Then sold and bought as chattels, brewed the strife
That robbed a million men of mortal life.
Transplanted to the South, though Justice raves,
They labored there, despised and helpless slaves,
Until their feeble moans and plaintive cries,
Mixed with their blood, ascended to the skies,
And called from thence the merciful decree
That broke the cruel chain and set the captives free.

From State to State the slavery question ran,
And like an epidemic seized on man ;
It caused contention, wrath and stern debate,
And plunged the masses into bitter hate ;
'Thence, rising to the Congress, soon displayed
A hostile host on either side arrayed ;
The South demanded bondage should advance ;
The North refused, nor feared the threatened lance ;
Resolved to nourish and protect their cause,
Denounced and menaced by projected laws,
Each proud and haughty slave-possessing State
Convened her councillors in grave debate.
To Alabama hastened every man,
For in Montgomery the great consult began.

The Nation felt the fast approaching strife,
And trembled in the centres of her life.
A thousand fears and nameless horrors shake
Her quivering heart and cause her soul to quake.
Before the black, destructive earthquake flies
Up through the ground and rends the earth and skies,

While yet it gathers close its sable wings,
Such terror broods upon the dismal face of things.

Secession and rebellion its intent,
The vast concourse to consultation went ;
The murmur of a thousand tongues was heard,
But no distinct, articulated word ;
Alecto¹ hastens from the dread abyss,
Her spirit filled with an unholy bliss ;
Whose tongue profane and formed for fierce debate,
Inflames and stirs mankind with rage and hate.
Unseen, among the mighty host she swims
Between their bodies, and their souls she skims ;
She taints their selfish hearts with base desires,
And kindles in their minds nefarious fires ;
Dark crimes in her atrocious spirit roll,
And all the fury wakes in her malignant soul.

Each rebel breast with fancied wrongs and ills,
The demon with a vengeful malice fills ;
This one she lures to act a traitor's part,
And stems remorse arising in his heart,
By dreams of glory and surpassing fame,
High honors and an everlasting name ;
That one she tempts with bribes of sordid gold,
And soon his conscience has been bargained for
and sold.

¹ Alecto, one of the furies of heathen mythology.

The conclave fills the Legislative room,
Each member there an instrument of doom;
Then Howell Cobb, an influential man,
To open the convention thus began:—

“Ye representatives and delegates,
Here by the will of your respective States,
A solemn duty claims our minds to-day,
All future ages list to what we say;
The Lord of Hosts designs that we shall be
Dispensers of our country's destiny;
Assembled by her wishes and commands,
She guides, yet we conduct her by the hands;
Should I relate our many wrongs and woes,
I could but tell what everybody knows;
The tariff law has burdened us for years,
Despite remonstrance, grief, despair and tears;
It bears right heavily upon the South,
But fills with bread the hungry Northern mouth;
But now a danger threatens, far more grave,
Which is the liberation of the slave;
Slavery exists, and has become a part
And portion of ourselves; the vital heart
Of our prosperity and social life;
This is the cause of discontent and strife;
The coming government at one fell blow,
This cherished institution will o'erthrow;
Yea more, the tyrant, Lincoln, will demand
Quiet submission, while he rules our land;
Great Jefferson, Calhoun and Henry Clay
Presaged the coming of this direful day;

Each one beheld with far-discerning eyes,
War's horrors grow and thicken in the skies.
Now Southerners! it is your fate to say
If war shall be, or peace still hold the sway;
Express your minds, for nought have you to fear,
No power but truth controls our actions here;
Give voice to the instructions of your States,
On your resolves an anxious nation waits;
And may that God, to whom in awe we pray,
Inspire our actions and direct our doubtful way."

He said and sat; tumultuous thoughts arose;
Throughout the hall a strong commotion grows.
On Shasta's hoary head, so nod the trees,
When they are touched by the increasing breeze,
Ere yet the most destructive cyclones rage,
Destroying in an hour the labors of an age.

Then Robert Toombs of Georgia took the stand,
Imperious, and born to wield command;
In all the gifts of oratory skilled,
Words of pure eloquence his lips distilled;
He had the tongue of mighty Zeno,¹ who,
"Say what one would, could argue it untrue;"
Despotic and rebellious in his heart,
He urged secession with infernal art;
On the vast host he rolled his glowing eyes,
And to convince their minds appealingly applies:—

¹ Zeno, the Greek philosopher.

“Ambassadors and ministers, forsooth,
The President proclaims the living truth ;
Our slaves abscond, whereto, no need to ask (?)
And to pursue them now no easy task ;
Do not imagine that the North will fight,
The very notion fills her soul with fright ;
Her leaders are for cunning only prized,
Her population, crude and pauperized ;
I advocate withdrawal from such hinds,
Unfit associates for noble minds ;
To hold communion with these vulgar knaves,
Is to declare ourselves a race of slaves ;
Black Lincoln, when he comes to office, will
Control our States, and bid our tongues be still ;
If possible, by peaceful means of course ; (?)
If not, then by the arm of brutal force ;
‘He that once enters at a tyrant’s door,
Becomes a slave though he were free before.
Equip and strengthen every fearless hand,
And light the flames of war throughout the land ;
The truth will lead us on to valiant deeds ;
Bright glory points the way and Justice leads ;
God gives the triumph to the soul that strives,
We’ll save our honor, though we lose our precious
lives.”

The next to speak was Rhett, the candidate
Of South Carolina ; that contentious State,
Whose shameless acts provoked the civil war,
With its dire train of horrors from afar ;

Forgetful of the Nation's honored name,
Her present glories and her future fame,
She first seceded from the love embrace,
And brewed the sorrow, ruin and disgrace;
Uprising slow, the stern and haughty man
Commenced with piercing looks the crowd to scan,
As if to single from among the throng
Those that most favored his seditious song;
Hate, rage and malice in his spirit roll,
And slavery's venom fires his strife-provoking soul.

“Commissioners! Envoys! Confederates!
Appointed to confer by sovereign States;
In me, the living thoughts and fearless minds
Of the ‘Palmetto State’ expression finds;
I represent their sentiments, and here
Will voice their firm resolves without a fear;
Betwixt the South and North there ne’er can be
A bond of trust, good faith or harmony;
E’en nature has bequeathed a different lot
To each, for one is cold, the other hot;
Our habits, modes of thinking, ways of life,
Are wide apart as unison and strife;
A social and political abyss
Forever separates that land from this;
They seek to elevate the negro race,
And plunge their own in infamous disgrace;
Manhood and self-esteem the Yankee lacks,
For he would fraternize with common blacks;
With such a people let us cease to deal;

A noble thought not one of them can feel;
We'll emulate our fathers, heart to heart
They rose in wrath and played the patriots' part;
They drove the harsh oppressor o'er the sea,
And gave to us their children, liberty;
The mighty shades of these departed sires
Will kindle in our souls consuming fires;
Brave men, that dare the fates of war to try,
Will live like heroes, or like heroes nobly die."

He ceased to speak, an awful clamor grows;
Commingled shouts for peace and war arose;
The fierce commotion, swelling to a roar,
Shook the vast room, and rumbled through the floor.

Now rose to argue the politic Swain,
Procrastinating, timorous and vain;
By North Carolina chosen; in his speech
He wished to follow, not to lead the breach;
He longed for war; but feared to so demand,
Afraid to lift and wield the traitor's lawless hand.

Thus he began:—"Permit me to advise
What I consider just, discreet and wise;
Let us be sure that we have strength to fight
Ere we attempt the flames of war to light;
That man is sage who looks before he leaps;
Whose one eye watches while the other sleeps;
To get by stratagem instead of force,
Appears a better and a safer course;

To nothing risk, and yet accomplish all,
Is what I do the height of wisdom call ;
Could we not press the government by threats,
To yield us peacefully what strife begets?
Such menaces succeeded oft before,
And may attain our purposes once more ;
The North o'erawed, will surely compromise,
And rear our honored name and glory to the skies."

Sudden, as when the whirlwind, fierce and strong,
Bounds through the air and carries death along,
Chilton of Alabama, forward ran,
With wrath and hate a roused and furious man ;
Rebellion raged within his cruel heart,
Blazed in his eyes, and smote his lips apart ;
Thus the wild horse, held captive on the plain,
Rears, foams and plunges, to be free again ;
He stamps, he neighs, his fiery eyeballs roll,
And all the savage rises in his soul ;
Not with less fury raging Chilton roars,
As in attentive ears his angry mind he pours ;

Thus he exclaimed :— "And do I live to hear
A son of North Carolina speak in fear?
Our just resentment such a craven braves ;
What ! are we men, or vile and wretched slaves?
That spurious show of knowledge I despise,
Which cloaks a knave in wisdom's fairest guise.
Where is our manhood? Have our senses fled?
It truly seems as if our hearts were dead.

Why stand we here with nerveless, palsied hands,
Awaiting e'en the whisper of commands !
Already arm the foe with sword and shield,
Determine war, and measure off the field ;
In peace the North will never let us go ;
Blood is demanded, and its streams must flow.
Her President elect of Illinois,
Whose very look true liberty destroys,
Shall never live to sit and rule the State ;
The South reserves for him another fate.
Let us no longer threaten or entreat,
Nor longer grovel at the Union's feet ;
This Lincoln will his purposes pursue,
And such base tactics will no longer do ;
The East and West will liberate our slaves,
Then what remains for us but paupers' graves ?
Be there no looking back nor halting now,
For we have put our shoulders to the plough.
Equip each arm that can emit a blow,
Haste to the North, and slaughter as we go ;
Nor dare to talk of peace while life remains ;
Who dies in such a cause, immortal glory gains."

Unknown to all a patriot was there
From Minnesota, the intrepid Blair ;
The threats of the conspirators he heard,
His loyal soul detested every word ;
His indignation, caution cast aside,
And thus to the seditionists he cried : —
"With what a weight of everlasting shame

Do ye intend to load the Southern name?
Would ye deprive a million souls of life,
And plunge a nation into civil strife?
Destroy the work that men and angels reared,
The Constitution, sacred and revered?
Annihilate at one infernal blow
The "Union" and humanity o'erthrow?
Crazed as ye are, this horrid plot restrain,
Nor think my warning admonition vain;
Awaken from your dreams of self and state,
Repent, retreat, before it is too late;
Retract your words so impious and abhorred,
Nor dare to draw the fratricidal sword;
For if ye do, your land alone shall feel
The sharpened edge of its avenging steel;
Here in the South will deadly cannons roar,
And blood in torrents from your hearts outpour;
Your bodies flung to a dishonored grave,
While mothers, sisters, wives and daughters rave;
Or, pierced with wounds amid the vulgar slain,
Be food for vultures on the gory plain;
Your children will lament they e'er were born,
And looking back in shame, contempt and scorn
On this your action, curse your natal morn;
Blind to the future, heedless of the past,
In woe, despair and death, ye will reflect at last."

So when the sailor's penetrating eyes
Behold the omens of the tempest rise,
He to the Captain of the ship repairs,

And straightway all his anxious thought declares ;
Experienced, he points the varied signs
That prove the coming of destructive winds ;
His careful eyes round the horizon roll,
And all the mariner looms in his soul ;
The prudent skipper with attention hears,
His mind is filled with sage and wholesome fears ;
At his command the seamen furl the sails,
Secure the bark and wait the rushing gales ;
Or safe at anchor, near some guarded shore,
Ride taut and snug until the hurricane is o'er.

Not with such wisdom were the men possessed,
To whom presageful Blair his speech addressed ;
He scarce commenced ere every eye began
With black distrust to view the loyal man ;
Revenge and hatred seethe in every breast,
And rage appears in every face confessed ;
A thousand voices call aloud for doom
On him who dares such counsels to presume.

“Base and degraded wretch ! no virtuous womb
Conceived thee 'mid its pure and sacred gloom ;
You owe your being to the foul embrace
Of some base ravisher, mankind's disgrace.
Dare you unblushing stand and prophesy
Such well-paid falsehoods and our wrath defy ?
Whom do you think such braggadocio braves—
Determined men, or miserable slaves ?”

Then to themselves:—“Shall this infernal spy
Cause the intention of our souls to fly?
Shall it be said this loud, bombastic speech
Intimidated all and threatened each?
And yet we listened with attentive ears,
Nor dared object, o'erpowered with craven fears?
Not while a drop of blood flows in our veins,
Or decent pride in any here remains,
Will we permit such language to be used,
Ourselves insulted and our cause abused;
Mad as he is, his life shall pay the boast,
Hell yearns and yawns for such a patriotic (?) ghost.”

Thus when the spirits of the vast profound,
Break from the prisons where they have been bound,
They roll the billows o'er the swelling main,
And shake with thunder, mountain, hill and plain.
The clouds are shrivelled up like scorching scrolls,
And scud away before the liberated souls.

But Minnesota views the brewing strife,
Her love maternal, trembles for his life;
Invisible, she wards the pending harms,
And clasps the cherished hero in her arms;
Quick o'er his form she throws a strange disguise,
And covers him from their astonished eyes.
Instead of youth and beauty, now appears
An aged man, infirm and sunk in years;
Swift from the features fades the blooming grace
And leaves a sallow, shrunken, bloodless face;

The frosts of sixty years successful spread
The whitened hairs upon the crafty head ;
The eyes no longer shine with godlike mind,
But vacant stare, expressionless and blind.
While the avengers scour the crowded room,
She safely guides him from the just averted doom.

To calm the storm and stem the angry tide,
Uprose to view Louisiana's pride,
Persuasive Spencer, skilled in every art
That thrills and sways an audience's heart ;
To soothe the ireful members thus began
The firm, sagacious and politic man.

"Return to reason, friends ! such tumult rules,
As might e'en stigmatize a band of fools ;
Escaping from our midst the scoundrel fled,
And innocence now suffers in his stead ;
Let us make haste to finish this debate,
For mark, the hours of day are waxing late.
Ere stop these speeches, ere these counsels cease,
We must decide on either strife or peace ;
A stern, terrific war is doomed to be ;
God wills it ; and His will is destiny ;
Man but performs the part that he must play ;
The world's the stage, the time is every day ;
Each thought and word and action has been made
By Him, who deep the vast foundation laid ;
Who swept the sea from off the solid land,
And bade the hills and awful mountains stand ;

He in His wisdom brings this strife about,
Nor may we hope to find His reasons out;
Now let us vote; the issue He controls;
Here present, He will speak from out our very souls."

His voice resounded through the lofty hall;
They hear his words, and they obey his call;
Each delegate his proper place regains,
And where confusion ruled, now solemn silence reigns.

So when a lion bursts to sudden sight,
He fills the grazing flock with wild affright;
Until the shepherd, gazing from afar,
Defends his charge and hastens to the war;
With gentle speech he quiets their alarms,
And threatens then the raging foe with harms;
Who now intimidated, scours away,
Nor dares appease his hunger on the prey.

Then Morton, Florida's deputed man,
To argue for secession thus began: —

"Away with these delusive thoughts of peace;
Let preparations for the war increase;
For know, the North will never rest content
Until to Africa the slave is sent.
In shape of skull and matter of the brain,
He is a thrall and such he must remain;
By nature made to serve, to him she gave
The proper requisites to be a slave.
The colored people are a soulless race,

And proof thereof appears in every face ;
Mere animals with faculties of speech,
Who may be trained, but cannot learn to teach ;
Inferior in every mental power,
A gift to labor is their only dower.
Our institution is the Lord's design ;
The Bible sanctions it ; it is divine ;
Therefore let it become the corner-stone
On which our Constitution stands alone ;
Supported thus, our glories will arise,
The envy of the earth and wonder of the skies."

The last to speak from Mississippi came ;
A noted man and Clayton was his name ;
His potent mind his fellow beings swayed,
Whate'er he willed, they faithfully obeyed ;
He reasoned thus : — "To shamefully retreat
Would be far worse than to sustain defeat
In open conflict on the gory field ;
And I to such base thoughts will never yield.
The world has pity for a fallen foe
If he be brave ; but none as ye well know
For cowards ; living, they are known as knaves,
And dead, their bodies fill dishonored graves.
How would the scornful North exult to view
Her fears of danger undeceived in you !
While she now trembles and would fain comply
With half our wishes ; she would then deny
The slightest favor, and our threats defy.
We must not compromise ; our fame shall be

Secure in death if not in victory.
Deport ourselves like men, and if we fall
Let one stupendous ruin cover all.
Let North and South in desolation lie,
But ne'er forsake, nor from our duty fly.
Improve our time as sovereign delegates,
And bring to healthful birth confederated States."

He said no more; the voting then began,
The yeas and nays of each deputed man
Were noted down; and while the loyal prayed,
Fate carefully the doubtful issue weighed;
One scale with war, and one with peace she strews,
Then watchfully the trembling balance views;
The adverse votes she heaps on either side;
Now up, now down, the swaying measures glide;
Then, as her eyes with keen discernment gleam,
The scale of peace ascends and strikes the mystic
beam.

The great result made known, triumphant shouts
Invade the air from their exultant throats;
Rebellion and secession thrive and grow,
And time is big with fast-maturing woe.
Meanwhile Columbia beholds from far
This dire beginning of seditious war;
Deep in her heart the tides of anguish roll,
And tears of bitter grief come trickling from her soul.

BOOK II.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

ARGUMENT.

Lincoln ascends the Presidential seat and convenes his Cabinet to take immediate measures for the preservation of the Union. He relates to them his premonitions of coming disaster; explains the present condition of affairs, announces his resolute determination to preserve the Union, and closes with an urgent appeal for their sagest advice.

The various members of the Cabinet respond and counsel him to the best of their ability; he replies to them in a closing speech, defining his own position and outlining the attitude to be pursued by the government. He then dismisses them to their duties, and retiring to his chamber offers up a fervent prayer for the protection of the people, the conservation of the Union, and the prevention of civil war.

The place of session is the "White House," and the time occupied one afternoon.

THE man of men upraised by fate and God
To save the Nation's life, O Muse! record,
Who, when he struck the shackles from the slave,
Sealed peace eternal in a martyr's grave.
Him and his deeds describe, his words dictate,
Nor overdo, nor under estimate;
But with severest truth detail the facts,
His thoughts, his speeches, and his noble acts.

O! save some fragments of these things from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to mankind relate;
While I preserve them from the jaws of time,
In pleasing rhythm and seductive rhyme;
That future generations may descry
How to uplift the world great heroes live and die.

The ship of state to manage and direct,
Him did the people lawfully elect;
With judgment and superior wisdom filled,
What he commanded, the Almighty willed;
Deep-versed in human hearts, he could control
The secret mind of man though hidden in his soul.

Kentucky gave the noble statesman birth,
Whose works for freedom have improved the earth;
But from fair Illinois the hero came
To free the slaves and earn immortal fame.
In equal parts the rugged form combined
A dauntless spirit and a peaceful mind;
A soul composed, forbearing and sedate,
And absolutely proof against the shocks of fate.

He read the secret writing on the wall
And hastened to obey his country's call.
Not in despair, but resolute and strong,
Determined to resist and conquer wrong.
So Cato¹ rose to purge the Roman state,
Supreme in virtue as in noble action great.

¹ Cato, the Roman censor.

To Washington he went, and on the way
Assassins sought the godlike man to slay ;
But fates averse and big with vast design,
To circumvent the horrid scheme combine ;
Ere the appointed time arrives, he goes
By stealth, and countermines his vengeful foes,
Who thus outwitted in their wicked arts,
Return from whence they came, with murder in their
 hearts.

So when a band of thieves, a lawless train,
In ambush wait upon the lonely plain,
Rich spoils and plundered booty their delight,
Nor do they fear the gallows in their might :
Far o'er the land their hawk-like eyeballs roll,
And theft appears in every thievish soul.
If then forewarned, the strangers turn about,
Escape from thence and take another route ;
Defrauded of their anxious-waited prize,
Rage mixed with burning hate inflames their greedy
 eyes.

Now he ascends the Presidential seat
And summons thence his Cabinet to meet
With him in conclave, there to counsel plans,
And act as the emergency demands.
Before his august presence they appear,
In awe, respect, and reverential fear ;
Each takes the seat allotted by degree ;
These near him sit, and those more distant be ;

All eyes are fastened on the thoughtful chief,
The people's hope, Columbia's relief,
On whom she cast the weight of all her cares,
And for whose life and death aspire conflicting
prayers.

And ne'er before within the "White" ¹ abode
Were men so much in need of aid from God;
A mighty service every member calls;
A weight of duty every soul appals;
A Nation's awful eyes full on them roll,
While Clio spreads to human view her most-enduring
scroll.

Thus sat the hoary priests of ancient Rome
Assembled under that religious dome ²
Which Numa built, Pompilius ³ his name,
When from Cures the learned Sabine came;
Wherein the Vestal Virgins held the rule,
Preserved the sacred fire and kept the school,
And in whose shrine the Sibyl sensed control,
When some attendant god came rushing on her soul.

And now, when all were seated, thus began
The heavy-burdened, much-enduring man.
No word of anger or of hate displayed

¹ White abode, *i.e.*, "White House." The first Cabinet meeting was actually held in the navy building, but for poetic purposes we alter the place of meeting.

² "Religious dome," *i.e.*, the temple of Vesta.

³ Numa Pompilius; the Sabine King of Rome.

Itself, while he the facts before them laid ;
But with dejected mien and saddened heart,
His sentiments did Lincoln thus impart : —

“ Friends and advisers, with regardful ears
Attend, while I unfold to you my fears ;
And may the power of truth in each of you
Direct the course that justice would pursue.
Last night, as late I slumbered on my bed,
A phantom came and hovered o’er my head ;
A solemn presence, fearful to the sight ;
Around it shone a more-than-mortal light ;
Then, while I listened, filled with sacred dread,
Thus spoke the spirit of the mighty dead : —

‘ I am the living soul of Washington,
And thy inspirer till thy work be done ;
A woeful civil war approaches nigh,
’Tis wisdom wills it, and in vain you try
By compromises base its ills to fly ;
To purge the nation’s soul is God’s intent,
And time now labors with the vast event.
I hear the winds, I see the billows roll,
And seas of blood rise dreadful in my soul.
Now you have been ordained by God and fate,
To guide the counsel and direct the State
Through this fierce storm of frenzy, death and hate.
The rebel States must be by force retained,
Their treason punished, and the law sustained ;
Prayers, arguments and threats are used in vain,
The “ Cotton States ” dissevered will remain ;
Insane and blind, no words can make them feel ;

But you shall quell their stubborn souls with steel.
This is thy duty, hearken and obey.'
The spectre ceased and slowly waned away.

“Though this to you incredible may seem,
To me it looks a most presageful dream ;
But I have called you here, not to relate
This vision, which to me seems big with fate,
But to receive instruction from your minds,
How to avert the traitors' mad designs.
The South, inflamed with slavery's jealous hate,
So turbulent and discomposed of late,
Now seethes and foams in a seditious state ;
Defeated at the polls, with bated breath
Her leaders drag her, gagged and bound, to death ;
I dread a war with all its woe and strife,
Destructive both to property and life ;
But I have registered a vow with God,
To cherish and protect this sacred sod.
While voting millions placed me in command
To save from anarchy my native land ;
From failure I shall hold the vows exempt
I made to them, or die in the attempt.
Disunion now would utter ruin mean,
Nor God, nor man, could interfere between ;
It must not be ! the South shall not depart
As long as we can find one loyal heart
To struggle in the pure and holy cause
Of justice, freedom and enlightened laws.
How to accomplish this stupendous task,

Is what from each sage councillor I ask.
 Let each debater from his inmost soul
 Speak what he thinks, and speak without control;
 And may our father's God, whom worlds obey,
 With His all-reaching mind depict the rightful way."

He ceased; the members gaze upon the ground
 With looks abstracted, and with thoughts profound;
 In every bosom dire forebodings glide,
 Misgivings that they vainly strive to hide
 From him, their revered chief, who sits apart
 And reads the fears of each devoted heart.

Then first arose Attorney General Bates,
 His function was to guard the legal straits,
 That nothing might be done but what could stand
 As law in every court throughout the land.
 Full on the President he fixed his eyes,
 And to assure the sitters, thus applies:—

"Your Excellency, and my honored peers,
 Why these discouraged looks, and baseless fears?
 The Constitution plain reveals to view
 The proper steps steadfastly to pursue;
 Great Jefferson, with true-prophetic eyes,
 Beheld this day approaching in the skies;
 The instrument he gave us regulates
 The lawful jurisdiction of the States;
 Not one of them, nor all of them combined,
 Can break the bands his gifted soul designed;
 Can leave the ancient Union, nor decide

To separate, and for themselves provide ;
As well might they determine and elect,
One of their ranks to forcibly eject ;
Such theories can exist but in the brain
Inflamed with rage, or violently insane ;
United by this holy bond, they stand
Impregnable, endurable and grand ;
Absolved from it, they sink to petty States,
The scorn of men and sport of hostile fates.
Who dares thus to rebel, in freedom's name
Is lost to justice, virtue, truth and shame.
You are empowered to draw the Nation's sword,
And crush secession, lawless as abhorred ;
A wise, sagacious people so demand,
And God himself has placed the weapon in your
hand."

His fervid words a cheerful glow impart,
Nerve every mind and strengthen every heart ;
Each glances at his neighbor and espies
His hope reflected in the other's eyes.

So when a tempest, brewing in the night,
Breaks on the ocean with resistless might,
The prudent Captain plies the seas no more,
But furls his sails, and speeds him toward the shore ;
Yet, if he be a stranger to the place,
Grave difficulties stare him in the face ;
Here, dreadful to behold, the breakers roar,
There, hid from view, are rocks that wound and gore ;

Between them both the brig careens and rolls ;
Now threatened by the reefs, and now the shoals ;
If in that hour, a pilot heaves in sight,
The mariners are filled with vast delight ;
Anon, the skilled conductor points the way,
Directs the course, and guides the vessel to the bay.

Now Salmon Chase, Ohio's son, began
Thus to address the much-sustaining man :—

“The land is in a foul and turbid state,
Both North and South are plunged in rage and hate ;
One holds in vile servility, a race,
The other countenances the disgrace ;
All nature wears a look, austere and grave,
In sympathy with the down-trodden slave,
Whose woeful suffering has drawn the rod
And retribution of an angry God
Upon the Nation's head, and nought that we
Can do, can now avert the dire calamity ;
Corruption rules, and ignorance controls,
For slavery has debased our brightest souls ;
The human heart with detestation rings
And angels frown upon the state of things ;
I too am loath to welcome from afar
The awful scourge of devastating war ;
I dread to see the multitude in arms,
A civil strife with all its stern alarms ;
But nothing else can permanently ease
Or cure the country of this fell disease ;
The wrong must be subdued, the right shall rise

O'er all its foes, triumphant to the skies.
To crush sedition be our holy task,
Strength will be given if we duly ask.
The pliable persuade, the strong subdue,
Remains for us the method to pursue ;
With force and justice equally inspired
Our armies shall attain the end desired.
But more of this anon ; it now remains
For men-of-war to plough the liquid plains,
Fast sailing round the far-extended Horn,
Our treasure ships upon the winds are borne,
From California, the home of gold,
Whose regions yet contain its wealth untold,
And all my mind is filled with anxious fears
Lest they become a spoil to greedy privateers."

He ceased, and Simon Cameron, stern began : —

"Arm and accoutre every loyal man !
Rush o'er the rebel South, a woeful flood,
And quench this foul conspiracy in blood ;
False to this sacred land that gave them birth !
False to our government, the best on earth !
No longer they partake our flesh and bone,
But thieves and robbers, whom we must disown ;
To dally with them longer than the time
We need to raise our powers, would be a crime ;
Disperse their bands without regard of cost,
For if they triumph, everything is lost."

These words to temper with the thoughts of age,

Uprose to view a statesman and a sage ;
 The patriotic and far-seeing Welles,
 In him discernment, joined with wisdom, dwells ;
 From old Connecticut the hero came,
 She gave him honors, he enlarged her fame ;
 His duty was the navy to control,
 And of its body be the vital soul ;
 A thoughtful gravity, a solemn grace,
 Gave dignity to his majestic face.
 In speech that flowed with pleasing streams of art,
 He thus disclosed the feelings of his heart : —
 “ My counsel is to arm, then calmly wait
 To see what issues from this troubled state ;
 Ignore their boastful threats ; our strength increase ;
 Prepared for war, we may secure the peace.
 Yield not, nor hark to such insane demands,
 Nor yet with brother's blood bestain our hands ;
 Persuasion, aided by a show of force,
 Appears to me the most judicious course ;
 If mild forbearance can our ends insure,
 Prevention is far better than to cure ;
 ‘ A people always minds its rulers best,
 When it is neither humored nor oppressed.’
 A nation, to be truly great and wise,
 Strong as the mountains, steadfast as the skies,
 Must salve the sentence, that its law imparts,
 With mercy, suitable to human hearts ;
 So that the dwellers over all the earth
 May honor and revere its moral worth ;
 Harsh justice may produce restraining fear,

But mercy owns a more exalted sphere.
Nor is it prudent yet to force their powers,
For theirs are far superior to ours.
The rebels have been storing arms, while we
Have been beguiled by false security.
Our fleet has been despatched to foreign lands
By treacherous Toucy's infamous commands;
Of ninety ships of war, a stately train!
But two, the "Brooklyn" and "Relief," remain;
The rest are scattered o'er the vast profound,
On traitorous or useless errands bound.
In such a weak and unprotected state,
To wage a war would be to close with fate;
'Twould be impossible to conquer, hence
Reserve our rights and stand on the defence."

To clinch these reasons, Seward thus addressed
To his colleagues, these thoughts that labored in his
breast:—

"The truths just uttered cannot be denied,
Already are we slandered and belied;
Defeated in the starting of the race,
Would stamp us with indelible disgrace;
If we succeed against us they will rail,
And heap contemptuous slander if we fail;
Mature our forces e'er our arms contend,
Sure victory awaits us in the end.
But should we now unsheath the Nation's lance,
Success must hang on miracle or chance;
A hundred thousand rebel soldiers stand,

Awaiting but the whisper of command ;
This capital to seize is their intent ;
To test our strength, spies hitherward are sent ;
The city swarms with traitors in disguise,
Who long to see it fall a rebel prize ;
Let Union troops by thousands hither flow,
And rout this deep-planned onslaught of the foe ;
Secure ourselves against surprise, then far
Extend the potent arm of retributive war."

So when a pack of wolves invade the fold,
The shepherd swains a consultation hold,
How best to capture the marauding foe,
And lay the fierce, voracious creatures low ;
These, urge a sudden, concentrated plan
To seize the rear and circumvent the van ;
Those, not desirous to approach too near,
Advise intimidation, threats and fear ;
But all agree the helpless charge to keep,
Scourge the invaders and protect the timid sheep.

The pious chief, with keen attention hears,
And shares in full their many hopes and fears ;
Conflicting thoughts possess his loyal breast,
As each in turn his words to him addressed ;
Now faith displays her pleasing fancies round,
Deep in imagination's fertile ground ;
Anon, misgivings, baleful hues impart,
And fill with dismal shades the hero's heart ;
That, paints the triumph of the Union arms

And lulls to rest all serious alarms ;
These, bare to view disaster and defeat,
With all the wrath and scorn the vanquished meet.
Between the two contending factions tossed,
He seemed like some poor soul condemned and lost.
But not for long he hesitant appears,
Strong faith in God o'ercomes his direful fears.
On the conclave the chosen of the skies,
Rolls the gray orbs of his discerning eyes ;
Then thus to end the conference began
The honest, trustful and religious man : —

“With every sense attuned, my mind has heard
And duly weighed each well-intentioned word ;
It is indeed a thorny path we tread,
Traps, snares and nets to catch our feet are spread ;
The border States aver they will secede
And join the rebels if the slaves are freed ;
Designing foes are swarming everywhere,
Their breath contaminates the vital air ;
The officers that should support my hands
Have traitors turned and leagued with hostile bands ;
Their country bore them with a mother's throes,
Alas ! to turn and pierce her heart with woes ;
Ungrateful wretches ! lost to sense and shame,
Americans in nothing but the name !
O'erweening pride, presumption and disdain,
Inhuman lust for glory, power and gain
Nerve the infamous crew to lift the sword,
And wage a war, by God and man abhorred ;

What reasons can they give, what wrongs invent
To shade with justice such a foul intent?
Have harsh, unjust and arbitrary laws
Been e'er enacted to oppress their cause?
Have we not yielded them enough? Or must
We bow our heads and grovel in the dust?
But now a truce to speech, the way is clear;
Who do their duty, have no need to fear;
My mission is to keep the Union whole,
'United States' in body, mind and soul;
Unto that end, the Power Divine saw meet
To place me in the Presidential seat.
The law shall be enforced in every State,
Despite the growing storm of rage and hate;
The forts and arsenals in Southern lands,
Usurped and held by her seditious bands,
Must be delivered back into my hands;
The Constitution is alone supreme,
Else is our government an idle dream.
Welles! hasten to the labors of your post,
Create a navy and blockade the coast;
Despatch a frigate, and without delay,
To guard with vigilance the watery way;
The specie coming round the stormy Horn
Shall to the treasury be safely borne.
You, Seward, in my name proclaim alarms,
And call, if need, a million men to arms.
Declare, and make to anxious nations known
These resolutions to protect our own;
Who favor, or to their assistance go,

Stand forth the friends of our relentless foe.
Chase ! it is yours to lay financial plans,
Such as this dire necessity demands ;
While Scott and Cameron secretly devise,
To guard the capital against surprise.
If mild persuasion fail to make them yield,
War will ensue and God decide the doubtful field."

These firm resolves each loyal spirit hears
With rising courage and diminished fears ;
Bright confidence again assumes control,
And hope renews herself in each heroic soul.

So when a host of travellers by night,
Are guided by the moon's uncertain light,
Impending dangers threat them on the way,
Not half so frightful in the rays of day ;
Here, dreadful to the sight, are quags and fens,
In whose black depths wild beasts have made their
dens ;
There, and instilling equal fear and dread,
A gloomy forest nods its awful head.
Safe through the midst a well-made pathway lies,
Though dim, obscured to their bewildered eyes ;
Until the leader's penetrating sight
Discerns the pathway through the dismal night ;
The gladsome tidings instant he imparts,
Re-animates their minds and cheers their drooping
hearts.

The memorable session now expired,
Each man to his allotted task retired ;
Then to his chamber goes the thoughtful chief,
And with his God he pleads to find relief.
Deep from his soul in silence and alone,
He supplicates the everlasting throne ;
With hands uplifted, and entreating gaze,
Thus to the source of good the earnest Christian
prays :—

“Most Holy God ! Thy power alone can save
This Nation’s life from a dishonored grave ;
O Soul of righteousness and love divine !
May Thy infinite wisdom so design ;
Let mercy temper all Thy just decrees,
Nor slay because of our iniquities ;
But if Thy wrath must fall, then let it be
Thy gracious will that it descend on me ;
Accept as sacrifice my humble life,
And save the people from a civil strife ;
O ! Spare the woes of Thy avenging rod,
And let the father triumph o’er the God.”

BOOK III.

THE BOMBARDMENT AND FALL OF FORT SUMTER.

ARGUMENT.

Major Anderson evacuates Fort Moultrie and intrenches his forces in Fort Sumter, where he is besieged by the Confederates under General Beauregard. The Southern commander despatches Chesnutt to him to demand the surrender of the fort, which, being refused, Beauregard opens fire upon the beleaguered garrison and inaugurates the civil war.

The Northern Major responds, and for thirty-six hours the battle rages furiously, when, the fort being disabled, the patriots are compelled to surrender. Anderson capitulates to Beauregard with the honors of war, and he and his heroic band depart for the North.

The time occupied is about two days, and the scene is laid in Charleston, South Carolina.

WHILE faithful Lincoln thus his mind engaged,
The rebels with increasing fury raged;
To capture Sumter's lofty towers they throng,
Sad cause of strife, and theme of endless song!
How Robert Anderson and his support
Were sore besieged in the contested fort,

Till Beauregard subdued him from afar,
And crossed the Rubicon of civil war,
That sacred maid will well relate, who sings
The wars of nations and the mighty deeds of kings.

In Charleston Bay the stately fortress rose,
A pride to friends, a source of grief to foes.
Upon an isle the martial structure stands,
And the approaches to the town commands;
Octagonal, four frowning sides watch o'er
The surging seas, the others guard the shore.
Huge, massive, vast, the solid walls uprise,
Strong for defence, astounding to the eyes;
Skilled architects, each matchless in his art,
Of hardest stone constructed every part;
Stern cannon from the deep embrasures leer,
And instantaneous death in their black mouths appear.

Here, when his enemies were closing round,
The loyal man a speedy refuge found.
'Twas night when he and his undaunted few
From Moultrie's ill-protected walls withdrew.

Soon as Aurora's beams diffused the light,
The baffled rebels mark the secret flight;
Chagrin unbounded, wrath and fury fly
Through every breast, and flame in every eye.
O'er the great city swift the tidings spread,
And maledictions pour upon his head.

Thus when an eagle fain would bear away
A timid lamb, a bleating, helpless prey,
Back to the fold the fearful lambkin runs,
And the impending fate astutely shuns ;
The rabid bird, poised on suspended wings,
Enraged at this unlooked-for turn of things,
Rolls his far-seeing orbs in frenzied glare,
And utters screams of wrath that rend the vital air.

Now in the fort the brave Commander stands,
While clustered near him pause his meagre bands,
Some eighty men ; and yet he dares to stay
And hold against ten thousand troops the bay.
To raise the sacred flag upon the pole
Is now the wish and pleasure of his soul ;
Upon the ground the pious Major kneels,
A solemn stillness o'er the soldier steals ;
Then with beseeching looks and pleading eyes,
The earnest Chaplain thus to the All-hearing cries : —
“ O Thou ! whose presence fills the boundless space,
Source of eternal mercy, love and grace !
Omnipotent ! Thy omnipresent power
By us is needed in this doleful hour ;
Thy potent aid we earnestly implore ;
Forget our sins ; remember them no more ;
Oh ! on the people cast a lenient eye,
And may the blood-avenger pass them by !
Protect and shield this noble fort, for here
Lies all a nation's sentiments revere ;
Fame, honor, dignity and freedom falls

If Thy omniscience fail to save these walls;
In the approaching war be Thou our might,
Our hands instruct, our fingers teach to fight;
Let it be ours to conquer in the cause
Of human liberty and virtuous laws;
So mortals yet unborn shall bless Thy name,
And age to age exhalt Thy never-dying fame."

The kneeling warriors with attention heard;
And in their souls repeated every word;
The pleader ceased; Jehovah heard the prayer,
But doomed the fortress to destruction there;
Such rigor in a hardened Judge appears,
Whose love of justice strengthens with his years;
When at the bar the shrinking culprit falls,
And loud for mercy and forbearance calls;
E'en though the guilty, trembling man appears
Dissolved in misery and bathed in tears,
No pity in the rigid face is seen;
Law rules the breast where once the heart had been.
Full on the wretch his eyes indignant roll,
And outraged law comes rushing through his soul;
In speech denouncing, and with mien austere,
He passes judgment, harsh and woeful as severe.

The Major now amid prolonged applause,
Up the flag-staff the sacred ensign draws;
Till high in air the spangled banner flies,
And mixes with the ether of the skies;
Then, while the briny drops stream down his cheeks,

Thus to his loyal men the good Commander speaks : —

“Our duty is to hold this place secure,
And for our country's sake all things endure ;
To her are owed the honors we have gained,
Her spotless record must not be distained ;
Long as these walls uphold, we shall defy
The enemy, and yon proud flag shall fly.
'Tis not to numbers, Victory always runs,
Whose cause is just she never willing shuns ;
Be mindful of Columbia's former name,
Her present glories and your future fame ;
Though spies and traitors everywhere abound,
None but the loyal shall with me be found ;
With all our strength we will defend this sod,
The weighty issue rests with the eternal God.”

He ceased ; the faithful few with loud acclaim,
Attest their views and sentiments the same ;
A mean surrender every bosom spurns,
And each to do a deed of valor burns.
Enthusiasm wounds, then bears away
Base, vile and selfish thoughts, a sudden prey ;
A deep, sincere and patriotic shout
Shakes the vast fort and echoes round about ;
While martial music's soul-inspiring strain
Prolongs the stirring sounds and wafts them o'er the
main.

The ceremony o'er, they haste away
Each to the varied labors of the day ;

These speed to load the deadly guns ; and those
To watch the tactics of the wily foes ;
Soon preparations for the siege are rife,
And every heart beats high with thoughts of coming
 strife.

While thus these ardent men their time employ,
The winding shores a busy scene enjoy ;
In secret, Beauregard prepares his plans
To gain the fort and all that it commands,
With all the art war's genius could devise ;
Stupendous engines of destruction rise
Impervious to bullets, each displays
Strength, scarcely dreamed of in these peaceful days ;
Steel, massive iron and flinty stone combine
In dexterous hands to aid the treacherous design.

A multitude, in purpose but a man,
To rear the structures instantly began.
Three months they labor to construct the fleet,
The fourth beholds the growing work complete ;
On Pleasant Mount one grim besieger stands,
Looks o'er the sea, and the doomed fort commands
Point Cummings groans beneath another's weight,
A monument of fast-maturing fate.
Remodelled, Moultrie grows to be the third,
And to give battle but awaits the word.
A water battery they also rear,
Whose look might cause the stoutest heart to fear ;
Prone on the waves the metal monster lay,

Imbedded in and floating on the bay.
While Anderson, beleaguered thus around,
Beholds the enemies with grief profound;
In his mind's eye the loyal structures fall
While ruin and destruction cover all.
"Submit," his sense and better judgment say,
"For sure disaster waits you if you stay."
But to this counsel, duty disinclined,
A weak surrender scorns, and fortifies his mind.

Conflicting thoughts to struggle then prepare;
They storm the brain and seize the spirit there;
To hold the fort is to insure defeat,
To yield or fly is base contempt to meet.
Between the two contending factions tossed,
He struggles wildly and is nearly lost.
In dim uncertainty his senses roll,
And dark forebodings cloud his grief-afflicted soul.

At length a vantage ground the warrior spies,
Which to possess the cautious hero flies;
Fame, honor, glory, there remain intact,
And innate loyalty approves the act,
Which was to stay and at whatever cost,
Protect the flag till everything be lost;
He can with name unsullied only yield,
Who has been beaten on a well-defended field.

'Tis night! A sacred horror fills the sky,
In restless sleep the weary soldiers lie;

On one side, hunger stares them in the face,
The other, grins with capture and disgrace;
But all unconscious of these threatened pains
Each slumbering man his needed strength regains.
The moon's pale rays illumine the stately towers,
Whose fate hangs heavy on the winged hours;
Calm and serene the ocean rose and fell,
With mournful murmur and with solemn swell;
No sound of busy life was sensed or heard,
Save the weird wailing of the dismal bird;¹

On Sumter's battlements the Major stands,
Intently scanning o'er the hostile bands;
With hopeful words the peaceful man of prayer,
Supports the vigil of the burdened hero there.

The Major thus began: — "To-morrow morn
Fierce war upon this continent is born;
Inhuman selfishness and fiendish greed
Conspire to usher in the woeful deed;
That this, the old 'Palmetto State' is first
Out of the close and sacred bond to burst,
Is owing to the greed-concocted arts
Of politicians' slave-envenomed hearts;
Long have I labored, fearful of her fate,
To save from anarchy this famous State;
But all in vain; and now the time draws nigh
When loyal men must for their menaced country
die."

¹ Dismal bird, the albatross.

Scarce had he ceased, when, with uplifted eyes,
The Chaplain to the sacred Spirit cries :—
“Almighty God ! infinite source of love,
Father of men below and souls above ;
On this fell movement cast Thine awful eye,
Mark how the rebels human rights defy ;
A horrid war to wage from shore to shore,
And plunge this peaceful land in strife and gore,
All to enslave a wretched, helpless race,
Their endless misery and our disgrace ;
To them eternal woe, despair and shame,
To us a cleanseless blot upon our name.
O ! hurl destruction on the South and bring
Her haughty heart to curse the hateful thing ;
Swift on their heads let Thy hot vengeance roll,
And terrify each proud, seditious soul ;
So shall the evil doers feel Thy rod,
And in their souls confess that Thou alone art
God.”

He ceased. Now to the barracks far below,
In earnest talk the loyal watchers go ;
There each betakes himself a different way,
One to prepare for war and one to pray.

Scarce had Aurora's self-diffusing light
Dispersed the shades of fast-dissolving night,
When Beauregard from Moultrie's sides afar
The dreaded signal gave and oped the war ;
A council of his officers he calls

To meet with him upon the frowning walls ;
When the conclave assembled thus began
The brave and gallant, though mistaken man : —
 “ Our preparations for attack are made,
No longer shall this conflict be delayed ;
When Sumter's towers lie level with the ground,
The North shall have received a fatal wound ;
Steeped in the infamy of black disgrace,
She will no longer dare to show her face,
But first a meek surrender to demand,
Which one of you will face yon hopeless band ? ”

 “ I volunteer,” the haughty Chesnutt cries,
While flames of anger issue from his eyes.

Then thus the General : — “ These conditions bear,
A useless loss of life I wish to spare ;
Bid him to instant yield the fort and stores,
And leave forever South Carolina's shores ;
His flag unblemished, and his arms retain,
And in yon navy plough the raging main.”

The willing herald hastens to the strand,
Launches a yawl and hurries from the land ;
Two negroes he selects amid the throng,
One rows the skiff, and one directs along ;
The lusty fellows their vocation ply,
Swift through the liquid element they fly ;
A flag of truce high o'er the dory flew,
And soon the mighty fortress loomed to view ;

The sentinel the approaching boat espies,
And to inform the Major swiftly flies;
Permitted, at the entrance gate they land,
And haul the skiff upon the shifting sand;
Huge doors on brazen hinges ope their sides
And through the passageway the herald glides.
Then in the presence of the chief he stands,
And word for word repeats the harsh commands.
To the stern message, Anderson replied:—

“Our weak condition cannot be denied;
For want of food my starving soldiers fast,
This morning’s scanty meal must be their last;
But, till compelled by want, or forced by you
To yield, here I remain with all my crew;
’Tis duty to my country bids me stay,
And bide the fate of this unholy day;
The gravest charge an officer can meet
Is cowardice or falsehood, not defeat.
Nor think to fright my mind with false alarms,
Versed as I am in war, and skilled in arms;
Now go! and tell the authors of these woes,
We are their friends until they make us foes.”

He said no more; the scornful man withdrew,
Rushed to his boat and called the sable crew;
Relaunching swift, once more they stem the main,
Skim o’er the seas and hasten back again;
Ere long upon the shore the bark is tied,
Her painted keel the sparkling sands divide;

Then to great Beauregard the herald flew,
And told the unsuccessful interview.

When the stern General the message heard,
Conflicting passions in his bosom stirred;
Now Southern pride, and now rebuking shame
O'er the proud spirit of the soldier came;
This, prompts him to renounce the wicked cause,
Uphold the Union and protect the laws;
That, urges him to let the war resound,
And raze the stubborn fortress to the ground.
There the pure forces of his manhood fought—
Truth, honor, virtue, each uplifting thought;
His noble prisoner to him appears
All that his military soul reveres;
Brave, loyal, firm, though with a helpless few,
True to himself, and to his country true;
Here the base feelings of the heart combined,
Stormed through the intellect and seized the mind;
The adverse hosts o'er all his being ran,
And for a while controlled the pondering man.
But not for long they struggled in his breast,
The selfish factions soon subdued the rest;
Under their sway his burning rage awoke,
Then thus to his confederates he spoke:—

“Unhappy man, he dares defy our power,
His Sumter falls, and this the fatal hour;
I hoped by fright'ning him to gain the fort,
And make his cowardice my own support;

But since it otherwise is so decreed,
War now ensues ; may God approve the solemn deed ! ”

He spake ; and sudden booms a hundred guns,
From fort to fort the direful signal runs ;
Earth, air and ocean, the concussion take,
And Sumter's walls to their foundations shake.
About her towers the screaming missiles fly,
Death hovers round, and terror lights the sky.
The solid shot upon the rampart falls,
And tears and rends away the crumbling walls ;
Huge shells an entrance o'er the bulwarks found,
Tore up the buttresses and ploughed the ground.
Upon the parapet they ceaseless pour,
While every moment louder grows the roar ;
Vast bombs come hissing through the quaking air,
Exploding and destroying everywhere ;
Huge cannon-balls inflicting death and woe
Rush through the sky and bellow as they go.
Some speed apast the fort and find their graves
Deep in the troubled and excited waves ;
But others, falling with gigantic shocks,
Hit the hard bricks and split the flinty rocks.
The dread “ Flotilla ” throws her wasteful darts,
Continuous they spring from all her parts ;
High on the wings of flame they shriek and fall
With devastation on the shattered wall ;
A thousand harsh, discordant sounds awake,
And war's grim tongues a horrid outcry make.

Now like a terrified or drunken man,
The fort, to stagger, reel and shake began ;
As guns upset, and ramparts downward roll,
A tremor ran and seized her quailing soul.

For two whole hours the foes their cannons ply ;
But Anderson returns them no reply.
At length, determined to defend his walls,
He bids the gunners fire their deadly balls ;
The men respond, and from their cannons' throats
A fiery storm of deadly missiles floats ;
The faithful messengers wend to the shores,
The land re-echoes and the ocean roars ;
The atmosphere hung thick with clouds of smoke,
And sounds, unheard before, with clamor woke.
Hall, Doubleday and Crawford ope the war,
While the Commander from the heights afar,
Stands in a turret on the trembling walls,
And thus to animate their martial spirit calls : —

“Americans ! be worthy of your name ;
Eternal infamy or endless fame
Awaits you here ; they stalk with equal pace,
Which one of them will my brave troops embrace ?
If these strong towers must by yon rebels fall,
Let blood and desolation cover all ;
They shall not boast these walls so easy gained,
Or, frightened by their threats, we from the war
refrained.”

So when a tribe of famished wolves appear,

The shepherd's heart is filled with rage and fear ;
Fear, lest they gain an entrance to the fold,
And rage, because they dare to be so bold ;
Among the sheep the frantic herdsman flies,
And heaven and earth re-echo with his cries.
Undaunted, with his swains he meets the foes,
And at the pack a shower of harmful missiles throws.

While Anderson thus cheers his faithful band,
A wondrous scene transpires upon the land ;
The startled town comes flocking to the shore,
Wives, widows, maids, the eager women pour ;
The promenades soon fill with human forms ;
Upon the wharves a crowd of people swarms ;
They surge, they sweep, they sway, they flow along ;
Prayers, groans and curses issue from the throng.

To watch the battle, from Virginia came
A minister, and Boyden was his name ;
Strong in rebellious principles and hate,
He viewed the rising war with joy elate ;
With hands imploringly upraised in air,
To heaven he sends this sacrilegious prayer :—
“ Jehovah ! God of Gods ! and King of Kings !
Creator ! Source of Justice ! Soul of things !
Smite in Thy wrath, nor longer spare the rod,
Or we shall cease to feel that Thou art God.
The North, Thy righteous indignation braves,
Imprisons us and liberates our slaves.
Pour on her head Thy rage, a direful flood,

And make her mourn in woe, despair and blood ;
Annihilate her on the gory field,
Till to our just demands her people yield ;
Acknowledge war and all its horrid woe,
From their injustice, not our actions, flow ;
Grant us to lay her glories in the dust,
To punish lawless deeds and vanquish greedy lust."

He closed ; the host approved with shouts of hate ;
Prophetic prayer ! presaging future fate.
Meanwhile the war's increasing rage and ire
Gave Sumter's wooden barracks to the fire.
In vain they try to quench the lurid flame,
Each instant it more furious became ;
Twice they subdue, the third time bears away
All things combustible, an easy prey ;
Obscured in dense and suffocating smoke,
The stifling soldiers gasp and nearly choke ;
But still they work the guns, the strife abounds,
The conflict thickens and the war resounds.

On shore, with triumph blazing in his eyes,
From fort to fort the arch Commander flies ;
Here he encourages and there commends,
While words like these to all the host he sends : —
"Remember in what country you were born,
Nor prove unworthy this auspicious morn ;
Ye are selected to achieve the birth
Of a great nation now enwombed on earth ;
In dire travail already nature groans,

While the exalted soul, delay disowns.
See how the flames in yonder fort aspire ;
God gives her to the vengeance of our fire ;
Let it be ominous to every mind,
That the Almighty has with us combined ;
So labor that your children's sons may say : —
'Our fathers' sires were equal to the day.'
Behave so grand, that they shall sing your fame,
And blushing, blush from pride, and not from burning
shame."

Thus from the rising to the setting sun
The battle roars, and valiant deeds are done ;
On either side the brave, the brave inspire,
And every spirit glows with furious ire.
O'er the vast bay the combat blazes high,
Shells scream, bombs burst and balls commingle in
the sky.

From where he slumbers with his victims dead,
Death rears on high his grim and awful head ;
He hears the strife resounding from afar,
Puts on his armor and prepares for war.
His feet the teeming, foodful earth enshrouds,
His head looks far above the fleecy clouds ;
Plague, famine and disease, befoul his breath,
And nature shrinks at the approach of Death.
In that foul stomach endless hungers roll,
While quenchless thirst for blood inflames the rabid
soul.

Now gloomy night invades the sombre main
With murky clouds, fierce winds and floods of rain;
The lightnings flash, loud thunder roars from far,
And all the elements join in the war;
Grim, sable shades involve the earth and skies,
The moon and stars are ravished from the eyes.
A dozen winds in mad contention roar,
And the huge billows scourge the quiv'ring shore;
While over all the war's dread voice appals,
Recalling to and from the tottering walls;
Hills, hollows, plains and mountains shake around,
And clammy feels with fear, the trembling ground;
Old Ocean in dismay and terror groans,
She vomits from her stomach weeds and stones,
The foaming billows o'er her features roll,
And present death appears to haunt her quaking soul.

That night the rebels, great and common, dine
On healthful foods, rich meats and rosy wine;
Fair women graced the boards; their sparkling eyes
Supplied the lustre lacking in the skies;
The jest, the toast, the witty speech went round,
While slaves with luscious drink the foaming goblets
crowned.

But Anderson and his exhausted crew,
No strength, save from unflinching duty, drew;
Starved, weary, sick in soul, the heroes lay
And wait with sinking hearts the coming day.
About their heads the bullets crash and roar,

Towers fall, walls creak, and shells in torrents pour.
When morning dawned, the gazer's eyes behold
A sight to make a patriot's blood run cold.
Dismantled, broken, charred, dead Sumter lay,
A mass of smoking ruins on the bay;
Her battlements entirely overthrown,
Her shattered walls an utter wreck made known;
Huge heaps on heaps the weighty cannons lay,
Smashed out of shape and mixed with common clay;
Towers, turrets, buttresses, disfigured, marred,
Disclosed their figures blotched and battle scarred.

So when a ship is on the ocean tossed,
Her screw disabled and her rudder lost,
Vast seas break o'er the hulk and float away,
Masts, sails and rigging, an entangled prey;
From side to side she plunges with a roll,
Her Captain mourns, unable to control;
The sailors view the wreck with hopeless eyes,
Then to the lifeboat every seaman flies;
Soon with long oars the swollen waves they sweep,
Anon the vessel sinks and gurgles in the deep.

Now Anderson collects his wearied bands,
And thus to cease the useless strife commands: —
“Enough has now been done to prove your name
Most worthy to be wreathed in fadeless fame;
Brave men desist to wage a senseless strife;
Dear as my own is every precious life.

Your deeds all future ages will applaud,
Now leave your country in the hands of God."

Then high in air the flag of truce they float,
The rebels view and give a joyful shout;
To yield the fort agreements then began,
Most honorable to the noble man;
Not as a prisoner is he to yield,
Or ignominiously quit the field;
But with his property and private arms,
Majestically leave nor fear alarms.
The war-scathed flag as down the pole it runs
Is well saluted with a hundred guns.

Just as the mournful celebration ends,
A sad and fatal accident attends;
A gun explodes with loud, terrific roar,
And lays a number weltering in their gore;
Legs, arms and bleeding flesh are scattered round,
Blood issues out and ensanguines the ground.

Courageous Hough received a mortal blow,
A fragment struck the man and laid him low;
Stretched on the earth the mangled body lay
And the brave soul prepares to wend its way;
Ere shades eternal seal the closing eyes,
Thus to his anguished friends he faintly cries: —
"I die contented, for my work is done,
War now begins and freedom shall be won."
He gasped, the shattered lungs refused the breath,

And the pure spirit passed from life to death.
A grave they dig, then reverently lay
The lifeless body back to parent clay.
The Chaplain reads a prayer; the weepers round
With mournful voices aid the solemn sound;
Next, o'er the tomb, a monument they rear,
And thus inscribe: — "A hero perished here."

Then, while the tears of sorrow downward flow,
Forth to the transport "Isabel" they go;
Transferred, upon the "Baltic's" deck they stand,
A saddened, silent, melancholy band;
The stately ship invades the stormy main,
And brings them home to friends and liberty again.

BOOK IV.

COLUMBIA AND THE CATALOGUE OF THE NORTHERN ARMY.

ARGUMENT.

The fall of Sumter arouses Columbia to action. She clothes herself in armor, and prepares for the encounter.

Her shield is described. From Mount Marcy she calls the loyal States to the war. They respond and summon their forces to the fields of battle; which gives occasion to enumerate the Federal armies together with a catalogue of the prominent officers who attained distinction in the conflict.

NOW great Columbia arms her for the field;
O Heavenly Muse! describe her massive shield
Of adamant o'erlaid with solid gold;
Around its rim a thousand terrors rolled;
So large it was, so weighty and so round,
Not fifty States could lift it from the ground;
This continent was 'graved upon it plain,
'Twixt the Pacific and Atlantic main;
In awful grandeur hills and mountains rise,
Loom in the air and threat the vaulted skies;
Here stretch the prairies, there the forest grows,
And winding through the midst the Mississippi flows.

The Rocky Mountains, rising wild and grand,
O'erlook and frown upon the level land.
The lofty Catskills reach the arching sky,
Where "Father Hudson" rolls his waters by;
While the great lakes in all their glory seen,
Roll their blue-tinted waves these rugged mounts
 between.

The present, past and future stand revealed
In bold relief on the immortal shield;
A tribe of savage Indians I view,
Such as in years ago this country knew;
The chiefs are seated round the council fire,
Scalps at their belts, dread trophies of their ire.
With subtle speech concocting cunning plans
To rush by stealth and seize their neighbors' lands.
Meanwhile a spy, one from the tribe adverse,
Hears them contrive the scheme and the device
 rehearse.

Another scene, one happier by far,
The boys and youths engage in mimic war;
With skill they handle tomahawk and bow,
The maidens watch them and enjoy the show;
The conquered, seeing succor from afar,
Discreetly yield as prisoners of war;
With simulated rage the victors glow,
The vanquished feign to die and blood appears to flow.

Removed from thence, around a barkless pole,

Are those that torture body, mind and soul ;
Young braves for whom the highest honors wait,
In warlike council and in mild debate,
If they emerge triumphant from the pole,
Approved in body and assured in soul ;
Inured to hardships, confident in strife,
Fearless of death and unconcerned of life,
They lacerate their flesh ; from every wound
Blood streams in torrents and distains the ground.
The men of medicine about them stand,
And urge with threat, entreaty and command ;
These they encourage, those their scorn disowns,
The victims sigh, and earth re-echoes with their groans.

Far in the West a herd of monsters feed,
Giants of nature, a prodigious breed ;
Huge Mastodons, each mammoth brute appears
As if he lived and grew a thousand years.

Another picture spreads a pleasing view ;
The Pilgrims land, a persecuted crew ;
It represents them kneeling on the sod,
With prayerful spirits supplicating God ;
The sacred bark that bore them safely o'er,
Lies anchored near the rugged, rocky shore ;
Calm, peaceful billows sport about her sides,
And on their crested tops the good ship smoothly rides.

The Revolution next you may behold
Embossed upon the orb in purest gold ;

Here Bunker Hill's enduring glories shine,
There looms to view the strife of Brandywine.
The camp at Valley Forge is clearly shown,
And Arnold's guilt and André's death made known.
Concord and Lexington rich honors share;
While yonder heroes cross the swollen Delaware.

The Constitution gleams upon the shield,
Wrought out in gems upon a golden field;
And the great men to whom we owe the scroll,
Gaze from the mighty orb, each form instinct with soul.

The scenes that prove a brilliant past are done,
For there upon his steed sits Washington;
About and near him all his Generals stand,
Receiving and transmitting his command;
The cheerful presence of the chief imparts
Assurance, faith and hope to their unyielding hearts.

The coming war is faithfully revealed,
Though from the eyes of mortals yet concealed;
The dreadful scenes of each dire battle shown,
And the grand sequel faithfully made known.
Antietam looms a spectacle of woe,
The crimson tides of Chickamauga flow;
Pale Gettysburg lies steeped in death and gore,
Stone River runs empurpled to the shore;
Fierce Shiloh awes with dread the gazer's soul;
In seas of blood the Wildernesses roll.
Four million soldiers struggle in the strife,

One-tenth of whom are robbed of mortal life;
The slaves are free and victory unfolds
The sacred Stars and Stripes above a billion souls.

By the immortal hand the shield was made,
O'er darkened space it cast a solemn shade;
To screen her person and protect from harm,
Columbia upraised it on her arm;
Next on her head the golden casque she drew,
And round her form the martial mantle threw;
In her right hand a two-edged sword she bore,
By artists wrought on the eternal shore;
The golden sandals glitter on her feet,
Their diamond clasps above the insteps meet;
Supremest beauty in her looks, combined
With majesty of form and potency of mind.

Accoutred thus, on Marcy's¹ top she stands,
And summons to the war her loyal bands.
While tears of sorrow flood her lovely eyes,
Thus to the loyal States their troubled parent cries:

“My daughters! haste to save me from the fate
Prepared for us by rebel rage and hate;
Cause the rebellious Southern powers to see
Their future happiness alone in me;
They heap my name with infamous disgrace,
Seize on my lands and scorn me to my face.
Your Constitution trampled in the mire;
Your meek forbearance but augments their ire;

¹ Marcy, highest peak of the Adirondacks.

Now rise, two million strong, my banner rear,
And fill their senseless souls with wholesome fear.
Myself will lead you, and this massive shield,
Will bring you victory on a well-fought field;
In Lincoln every confidence repose;
My secret mind his thoughtful spirit knows;
Be speedy! draw the crime-avenging rod;
The solemn issue rests with the Almighty God."

Her faithful children hear the earnest cry,
And straight to aid their pleading mother fly;
East, North and West, the loyal States from far
Come with their mighty legions to the war.
Each valiant maid in sable clouds concealed,
Leads her stern armies to the gory field;
Each in her hand a beamy falchion bears,
And on her stately head a blazing helmet wears.

Columbia, thy poet's mind inspire!
Incite his spirit with the fervid fire
Which glows in martial song, while he relates
The names and numbers of those potent States,
Who, at the sounding of thy dire alarms,
Rose in their might and hurried into arms.
War is my theme! the scenes of battle roll,
And blood-stained armies flit before my soul;
A language, not of earth, relates to me
Who and from whence are all the troops I see;
To count the men, their weapons and their steeds,
And well depict their everlasting deeds;

The fields of gore on mountain, hill and plain,
Such dreadful deaths and numbers of the slain,
Demand the purest gold and silver tongues,
Combined with throats of brass and brazen lungs.
Immortal spirit aid ! to thee I bring
Their names and titles, and from whence they spring.
Arise my ardent soul ! ope wide thy lips and sing.

Resolved the sacred Union to maintain,
Uprose the sons of patriotic Maine ;
Augusta's true and Portland's noble fly
From homes and friends, to conquer or to die.
Bath, Lewiston and Biddeford from far
Send their stout sons to swell the growing war.
Saco and Bangor dauntless warriors yield,
Like lambs at home, like lions in the field ;
With waving flags and beating drums they throng
The cars and ships full seventy thousand strong ;
Berry and Douty shine amid the host,
Chancellorsville the former made a ghost ;
Thomaston gave the fearless hero birth,
At Chickahominy he proved his worth.
The gallant Howard heads the vast array
By talents fitted to assume the sway.
So was Æmilius Paulus¹ sent to Spain
To quell the insurrectionists again.
The martial music sounds in every ear,
It ravishes away all doubt and fear.

¹ Æmilius Paulus, son of Lucius Paulus, the Roman General; conqueror of Macedonia. Lived 160 B.C.

Penobscot wakens at the warlike strain,
And Kennebec¹ o'erflows his watery reign;
One noted for the lumber he commands,
The other for his broad and fertile meadow lands.

New Hampshire hears her parent's wild alarms,
She marshals forth her hosts to instant arms;
Each winding vale and hill by mountain crowned,
With preparations for the strife resound.
Manchester, Dover, Nashua and Keene,
Give valiant sons the Nation's life to screen.
Concord and Exeter their forces send,
Whom Whipple, Harriman and Head attend;
Each in the arts of battle sagely skilled,
What one commands, the others would have willed.
Inspired by duty and devoid of fear,
These gallant officers like gods appear;
In all some thirty thousand patriots yield
The joys of private living for the field.
Clad in the awful panoply of war,
Most dreadful to behold, they loom from far;
The trembling earth re-echoes with their tread,
And Washington² bows down the honors of his head.

Winnepisseokkee³ moans in awe and fear,
Her liquid soul divines the danger near.
The war-stained veteran, Porter, guides the trains

¹ Kennebec, Indian name, meaning "Dark flowing water."

² Mount Washington.

³ Winnepisseokkee, Indian name, meaning "Pleasant water in a high place," or "The smile of the Great Spirit."

To scenes of slaughter on the dreadful plains.
The bloody conflict of the Belen Gate¹
Gave the Commander wounds and nearly fate.
Thus marched the Romans to their captured walls,
To save the Capitol and seize the Gauls,
When great Camillus² held the sole command,
From banishment recalled to rule the Latin band.

Vermont, the souls of her brave sons inspires,
And warms their breasts with patriotic fires;
From Burlington and Rutland troops advance,
These words their banners flaunt to every glance:—
“We will bring back untarnished these our shields,
Or be brought back upon them from the fields.”

Montpelier and Brattleborough pour
A martial tide to flood the South with war.
Proud Bennington regilds her former fame,
The strife for freedom glorifies her name.
From every corner of the State they throng
To be enrolled, nigh thirty thousand strong;
As sweep to war these stern Green Mountain boys,
Their native hills resound with martial joys;
Though hidden and obscured in mist and fog,
Shakes with unwonted awe, Memphramagog.
Griffin and Richardson conduct the bands
To conquer and subdue the Southern lands;
Each in his sphere the gathered host controls,

¹ Belen Gate, one of the gates of the City of Mexico.

² Camillus, the Roman commander. (See Plutarch's Lives.)

One fires their hearts and one incites their souls.
So when the Teutons and the Cambri¹ came
To ravage Italy with sword and flame,
Rome on Marius and Catulus² calls,
And they came forth to save her consecrated walls.

Great Massachusetts nerves her soul to raise
Her sons to fame, herself to lasting praise ;
She fires brave Andrew's heart with martial rage,
And makes of him a statesman and a sage.
Old Faneuil Hall resounds with warlike speech,
Holmes, Parker, Phillips, Garrison beseech ;
Their silvery tongues intone the deep alarms,
And call the Commonwealth to instant arms.

The troops that first were to the conflict led,
Came from New Bedford, Lynn and Marblehead ;
Worcester, Haverhill, Salem and Newburyport,
Give their beloved the doubtful strife to court.
Twice seventy regiments with banners spread
Go forth ; the land is shaken with their tread ;
The Merrimac and Charles, majestic streams,
Roused by the sound, awake from peaceful dreams ;
The former swells with patriotic pride,
The latter flows along with a majestic tide.

¹ Teutons and Cambri, names applied to the tribes of the North, especially the marauding German races, by the Greeks and Romans.

² Marius and his colleague Catulus, great Roman generals. The former was one of the greatest commanders of ancient Rome. Born 154 B.C. Died 85 B.C.

Sagacious Butler, born to wield command,
Conducts the army to the Southern land ;
In thoughtful council and mature debate
The people chose him to direct the State ;
New Hampshire gave the sapient lawyer birth,
Bench, bar and field, unite to own his worth ;
So Corinth sent Timoleon¹ to free
Down-trodden Syracuse from foreign tyranny.

Rhode Island, next, distinguished years ago,
Makes preparations to assault the foe ;
About her head a martial halo plays,
And from her eyes dart war's inspiring rays ;
The patriotic Sprague at her commands
Proclaims throughout the State the war-creating bands.

“ With swords,” he cries, “ not by vain words of
mouth
Go plead the cause of justice with the South ;
In quiet times fine speeches soothe and please,
But are ill-suited to such fearful days as these.”

In every heart the soul of freedom woke,
When the good Governor thus sagely spoke.
Newport and Bristol volunteers unite,
Inured to toils and anxious for the fight.
Pawtucket and Woonsocket launch their bands
Inflamed with rage upon the hostile lands ;

¹ Timoleon, the famous Corinthian who freed Syracuse from the Carthaginians; one of the noblest and most interesting men of ancient Greece. Lived 343 B.C. (See Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men.*)

From Providence, resolved and firm brigades,
Each well supplied with arms, the South invades ;
Nineteen stern regiments the land to keep
From the secessionists, embrace the deep ;
Twelve vessels plough them through the rolling waves,
Some few to fame, but more to unremembered graves.

Burnside appointed by the State commands,
The reins of power she places in his hands ;
Young Indiana gave the warrior birth,
His martial glory shines around the earth ;
With studied care he distributes the ranks
To men whose deeds will prove sufficient thanks.
Thus Rome chose Fabius¹ to quell the storm
When Hannibal and his Phœnician swarm
Drenched Tuscany in blood and all in vain,
Her greatest generals dared his prowess on the plain.

Connecticut determines to control
The scornful South and cleanse her sinful soul ;
Uprising in her wrath she tells her son,
The blameless Buckingham, what must be done ;
To gain recruits his messengers go out
With drums that beat and flags that flaunt about ;
Hartford and Meriden pour forth their throngs,
Accourted to avenge the Nation's wrongs ;
New London, Stamford and New Haven rise
With equal numbers of the war's supplies ;

¹ Fabius Maximus, one of the most distinguished Romans, the personification of patriotism as typified by the Roman Republic. Was five times consul. Figured 230 B.C.

Whole multitudes of heroes quit the coasts,
As mortals some return, the rest as viewless ghosts;
Twelve transports leave the strand, and each conveys
Five thousand soldiers to disperse the Grays;
The purpose to subdue the foe or die,
Inflames each face and burns in every eye;
The noble river that the State surrounds,
Swell from its bed and overleaps its bounds;
For the array of men its wondering mind astounds.

But chief of those that ruled the mighty hosts,
Sedgwick and Lyon were exalted most;
At Spottsylvania the first was slain,
An angry bullet pierced the warrior's brain.
At Wilson's Creek the last great hero fell,
His death immortalized the wooded dell.
With these great Mansfield cares and honors wields,
The trio lead the patriots to the fields;
So when old Athens rolled her greedy eyes
On Sicily, the land of cloudless skies,
Three famous men she sent to seize the land,
And gave to each much power and large command.
The names of those illustrious men were these: —
Lamachus, Nicias and Alcibiades.¹

¹ Alcibiades and his colleagues in the Sicilian expedition; they flourished 430 B.C. All were great men, but Alcibiades, though crafty and unscrupulous, was by far the most superior. He was a man of great intellectual attainments and remarkable abilities; had his virtues been equal to his mental endowments, he would have been one of the most illustrious men of all time.

With indignation blazing in her eyes,
New York to her distinguished Fenton¹ cries : —

“No longer the avenging fates debar,
Restrict the peace and liberate the war;
Ope wide at my command the brazen gates,
And flood with ruin the revolted States.
Hurl my dread legions at their throats and bring
Their flinty hearts to know and curse this evil thing.”

She said ; then sudden through his soul she ran,
Controlled the body and inspired the man ;
By proclamations scattered near and far,
The Governor released th' imprisoned war.
Long Island with the beat of drums resounds ;
Manhattan with accoutered men abounds ;
Poughkeepsie, Brooklyn, Buffalo and Troy
To the ill-fated fields courageous troops deploy.

Majestic Hudson for its scenes esteemed,
And Sleepy Hollow where Van Winkle dreamed ;
Chautauqua's hills, Wyoming's fruitful vales,
Chemung's sweet pastures, and Oneida's dales ;
Cayuga's meads, Chenango's flowery plains,
And Canandaigua rich in foodful grains ;
Fair Onondago's meadows, broad and free,
Ripe Cataragus, ample Genesee ;
Wide Saratoga for her springs renowned,
High Seneca with golden harvests crowned ;

¹ Reuben E. Fenton, governor during the war.

And great Niagara, whose waters roll
O'er the abyss and awe the poet's soul,
Behold with dread amaze the war-like trains
Of warriors sweeping to the life-destroying plains.

Four hundred vessels leave the winding shore,
On every ship a thousand men or more ;
Auspicious winds and favoring gales combine
To waft them safely o'er the liquid brine ;
But far above the rest like stars alone,
Five great commanders equal honors own ;
Dix, Sickles, Halleck, Slocum and Schofield
Arise the Nation's threatened life to shield ;
Each guides a host of adamantine souls
To where the fiery storm of battle madly rolls.

Such heroes led the Greeks to Ilion's plains,
As sung in Homer's most-exalted strains ;
When Helen was the long-contested prize,
And war was waged on earth and in the skies ;
Ulysses, Talmon and Atrides,¹
Menelaus, Diomed and Achilles ;
Inured to struggles and to battles bred,
Each to the fated walls resistless warriors led.

New Jersey with her sister States conspires
And thus incites her sons and hoary sires : —
"By noble actions in your country's cause,
Prove not unworthy her enlightened laws ;

¹ The heroes of the Trojan expedition.. (See Homer's *Iliad*.)

Compel the South at every vein to bleed,
Declare yourselves Americans indeed;
Unrighteous men have vowed to overthrow
And lay our sacred institutions low;
Rise, frightful in your wrath, and scourge the scornful
foe."

The speech inspires their patriotic souls,
And every loyal mind with zeal controls;
Each city with strong indignation flames,
Their scrolls of war soon fill with honored names;
The Paterson and Camden powers unite,
And rush impetuous to meet the fight;
From Belvidere and Orange troops advance,
Newark and Trenton wield a vigorous lance.
Great Runyun guides the mighty host along
To purge the South, twice forty thousand strong.
For some enduring praise and fame await;
For others death and unrelenting fate;
Thus marched the Romans to lay Carthage low
Led to the war by Africanus Scipio.¹

Next Pennsylvania the Key Stone State,
In words like these presaged the rebel's fate:—
"Crush the rebellion quickly to the earth;
Immortalize the State that gave you birth;
Who give their lives to keep the Union whole,
Their names shall live on fame's enduring scroll.

¹ Africanus Scipio; one of Rome's greatest generals; youngest son of Æmilius Paulus, conqueror of Carthage. Flourished 168 B.C.

Go forth, prepared to hold your parent State
Forever free from slavery's wretched fate ;
Resolved that no such foul, degrading stain
Shall ever blotch with crime her eminent domain."

Through Curtin's¹ lips she uttered these commands,
The speech aroused her patriotic bands ;
To conquer the secessionists they go,
Each loyal spirit longs to grasp a foe ;
The Philadelphians were first to rise,
With martial clamor and with warlike cries ;
Towanda, Lancaster and Allentown,
Rise in their might to put secession down ;
Altoona, Harrisburg and Scranton give
Their bravest sons that liberty may live.
Three hundred regiments, a wond'rous sight,
March from the State, to wage the lawful fight.
High swollen at the sight, with glowing pride,
Broad Susquehanna pours a larger tide ;
While Lackawanna, hearing every strain,
Responds and echoes back the martial songs again.

McClellan, Reynolds, Heintzelman and Meade,
The expedition organize and lead.
So when the Christians gained the Holy Land
From the Mohammedans, a cruel band,
Such warriors they sent to do the deed,
Armed to invade and destined to succeed ;

¹ Andrew G. Curtin, governor during the war.

Godfrey De Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse,
And Hugh Vermandois¹ were the knights they chose.
Resolved and firm the brave crusaders went,
And triumph waited on the world-renowned event.

But indecision, painful thoughts and care,
Sat on the troubled brow of Delaware ;
Her heart was faithful and her mind was true,
But slavery forbade what right would do ;
Until Columbia clasped her in her arms,
Dispersed her doubts and calmed her wild alarms.
Her patriots with concentrated will,
Arise the Nation's soul with hope to fill.
The Wilmington and Dover guards unite
To cool the rebels' rage and stem their might.
Each town and city sends its guardian troops,
And the whole State is filled with warlike groups ;
Thirteen full regiments in dauntless bands,
Go forth to subjugate the rebel lands.
Placed in command brave Thomas rules their souls,
And leads them on to where the carnage rolls ;
Thus to subdue the Medes, a cruel race,
Great Cimon² and his Greeks invaded savage Thrace.

Through the distracted vales of Maryland,
The proud secessionists usurped command,
Involved the citizens in fierce debate,

¹ Godfrey, Raymond and Vermandois, prominent leaders of the first Crusade. (See Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.)

² Cimon, Athenian statesman and warrior; son of Miltiades, the hero of Marathon. He was a rival of Pericles.

And paralyzed the action of the State.
Yet loyalty still blazed, a quenchless flame,
And many to uphold the Union came.
Annapolis, Hagerstown and Baltimore
Invade with regiments Virginia's shore ;
Not less than forty thousand men advance
And stern resolve appears in every glance.
The Shenandoah hears the glad refrain
Of drums and bugles and repeats the strain ;
Experienced Donaldson inspires the bands
To overthrow and scourge the rebel clans ;
The fearless chief was versed in deeds of arms,
Nor feared the field with all its stern alarms.
Upon the gory plains of Mexico,
He in his younger days had met the foe.
Patuxent's waters and Tahela's streams,
Where fair Columbia meditates and dreams,
Reflect the sheen of guns and burnished arms,
Till e'en the hills were stricken with alarms.
So fear-begetting shone the Italian spears,
When Garibaldi¹ and his volunteers
Went forth to liberate their native land
From Austria's haughty rule and ever-cruel hand.

But words cannot describe nor tongues relate
Kentucky's woful plight and mournful fate :
By social ties connected with the South,
While to the North she owed her wealth and growth :

¹ Garibaldi, liberator of Italy, and one of the most heroic and liberty-loving souls of modern times.

Between the stern, contending factions rolled,
Now ruled by these, and now by those controlled;
On her defenceless head there fell a flood
Of civil war that drenched her fields in blood;
Her citizens, against themselves arrayed,
Envenomed hate and frenzied rage displayed;
The parent's hand the offspring robbed of life,
And brothers mixed adversely in the strife;
While by the sons oft were the fathers slain
And cast to vultures on the gory plain;
Till Holt and Crittenden, resolved in soul
The freedom-loving patriots control,
With zeal-inspiring words incite their minds,
And drive them forth like leaves before the winds.
From Covington and Lexington there flows
A tide of men to stem the rising foes;
Frankfort and Louisville with troops abound,
The hills and mountain-tops with war resounds;
Till eighty regiments appear in arms
To swell the terror and increase the wild alarms.

Above the rest four lofty souls appear,
Whose honored names Americans revere;
Discerning Canby, fated not to die
Where cannons roar and deadly bullets fly;
McClelland, keen and vigilant in strife,
Though daring, careful of a soldier's life;
Brave Mitchell, filled with patriotic fire,
And Johnson, known to Santa Anna's ire;
Skilled in the tactics of the artful foe,
And by experience taught their secret plans to know.

These heroes guide the army to the plains,
To shield the Union when the struggle reigns.
Thus when Porsenna tried by force to bring
The Tarquin back and to proclaim him king;
Four noble Romans scorned the tyrant's pride,
And overthrew him by the Tiber's side;
Valerius, the consul, first appeared
As Poplicola, honored and revered;
With whom Horatius and Herminius came,
Patricians, eminent for wealth and fame;
And Lartius, sagacious, strong and brave;¹
These hurried forth the people's rights to save;
The legions thronged through the Sublician gate,
Destroyed the bridge and saved the self-divided State.

Ohio hears with horror, rage and grief,
Columbia's wrongs and hastes to her relief: —

"Let every free-born son of mine arise
To save the Nation's threatened life," she cries;
"Pour like a swollen and distempered flood,
And drown the rebels' treason in their blood;
He is a dastard who prefers the breath
Of fleeting life to a distinguished death.
Short are a mortal's days! Whose end so grand
As he who falls to shield his native land?"

¹ Poplicola, people-lover (Publius Valerius) and his fellow patricians, Horatius Cocles, Herminius and Lartius, flourished about 525 B.C. Poplicola, assisted by Lucius Brutus, deposed Tarquin, and was later, elected consul, the second to occupy that most exalted position in the Roman Republic. The celebrated story of how Horatius, assisted by Herminius and Lartius, held the bridge is known to all.

The man who nobly dares the foe and dies
On freedom's altar, slain a sacrifice,
His name shall live a length of endless days,
And poets will arise to sing his lasting praise."

The speech inspires all hearts and soon appears
A mighty host of loyal volunteers.
Toledo, Cleveland and Columbus serve
Whole regiments, the Union to preserve ;
With these depart the Cincinnati train,
When battle roars the terrors of the plain.
Sandusky, Bellefontaine and Steubenville
The soldiers' hearts with just ambition fill.
Three hundred thousand men secure in arms,
Swell the red war and gild its pallid charms ;
Six generals rise to guide the mighty host,
Whose actions have become a people's boast ;
McPherson, leader of the volunteers,
His grave Columbia waters with her tears ;
McDowell, who at wild Manassas led,
Where panic-struck the trembling soldiers fled ;
Bold Sheridan, director of the steeds,
Esteemed for courage and renowned for deeds ;
Great Sherman shines amid his valiant peers,
America the gallant man reveres ;
Wise Rosecrans a nation's praises greet,
Quick to attack and skilful to retreat ;
Brave Buell finishes the proud array
Of men whose fame can never fade away.
Swift in pursuit and sudden in surprise,

The foe's manœuvres ne'er escaped his eyes ;
These head the fearless and heroic bands
To triumph or to die in Southern lands.
So when the Greeks invaded Ilion's walls,
Such warriors to defend her towers she calls.
The mighty Hector fated to be slain
By Stern Achilles on the Trojan plain ;
Æneis, half a god and half a man,
Who, helped by Venus, led the Dardan van ;
Sarpedon, whom the great Patrocles slew ;
Sage Chromis, who from gods his wisdom drew ;
Pandarus, offspring of a royal race,
And brave Ascanius, famed for strength and grace ;
These heroes, urged by rage and lured by fame,
To save old Priam's throne and sacred city came.¹

Young Indiana marshals to the plains
Her hardy husbandmen and ardent swains ;
For justice, virtue, truth and freedom's sake,
Thus to their patriotic hearts she spake : —
“Your country calls you to defend her life
From treason's wiles and the assassin's knife ;
Go forth, resolved that traitor's blood shall pour ;
Return victorious, or return no more ;
The man that turns his back or basely runs
When in the war, shall find the death he shuns ;
But he that stands his ground and nobly serves,
Shall be rewarded as his deed deserves ;

¹ Hector, Æneis, Sarpedon, Chromis, Pandarus and Ascanius, the heroes who defended Troy against the invasion of the Greeks. (See Homer's *Iliad*.)

A life of happiness, a peaceful end,
While fame and riches on his hours attend ;
Or, if he falls upon the battle-field,
A nation's eyes their liquid stores will yield,
High honors guild the hero's obsequies,
And speeches end the sad solemnities ;
While grateful hands upon his tomb will raise
A towering monument to celebrate his praise."

Her earnest, pure and truthful speech controls
Their minds, augments their zeal and fires their souls ;
In awe-creating bands the patriots rise,
Death in their looks, destruction in their eyes.
From Evansville and Indianapolis throng
Determined men to subjugate the wrong ;
Fort Wayne and Lafayette due numbers send,
The men of Terre Haute and Muncie blend ;
Two hundred thousand men, a proud array,
In war's resplendent trappings march away ;
Allen and Wallace head the stately van
To where the battle cripples horse and man ;
Antietam gave the first distinguished fame ;
A dozen struggles gave the last his name ;
They march to music's most exulting strain,
To swell the mangling war and to increase the slain.

So Lucullus and Cotta¹ went of yore
With legions to subdue the Asian shore ;

¹ Lucullus and Cotta, Roman generals; colleagues in the Mithridatic war.

To give the kings of Pontus¹ to their fate,
And raise the glorious name of Rome's imperial state.

Rich Illinois the greedy war sustains
With men, accoutrements and foodful grains;
The noble Douglas, soon to be a ghost,
Inflames with loyal zeal the patriot host;
Through his prophetic lips the angry State
Announced the rebel's fast-approaching fate :

"The scornful South without a righteous cause,
Disrupts the Union and dethrones the laws;
Marque letters have been issued from the hands
Of Davis and his fratricidal bands,
Inviting pirates hither to repair
Like rabid vultures from the upper air;
To blot this Nation out is their intent,
For foreign aid ambassadors are sent;
Much have we yielded for the sake of peace,
Till shame itself exhorts our gifts to cease;
To their ripe fields of cotton hasten hence,
And undeceive their wilful ignorance;
Let hungry famine's unresisted rage,
A combat with their traitorous bodies wage;
While war's briarean² hands the slaughter spread

¹ Kings of Pontus, Mithridates and Tigranes.

² War's briarean hands, from Briareus, the monster Titan supposed to possess a hundred hands. Called by men Aegeon, and by gods Briareus; at the solicitation of Thetis, the mother of Achilles, he successfully defended Zeus against the rebellion of the gods. (See Greek Mythology.)

And ruin heap on every guilty head ;
Until bereft of pride and cleansed of lust,
Their humbled spirits groan and grovel in the dust."

The speech infuriates their loyal souls,
To the red strife the wheel of battle rolls.
Chicago sends her sons the foes to mar,
Serene in peace, but terrible in war.
Aurora, Quincy and Decatur yield
Chiefs to command and privates for the field.
Twelve thousand score of soldiers quit the State
To scourge the sullen foes and stem their hate ;
A solemn sight ! their footsteps shake the land.
Grant, Logan, Pope and Oglesby command.
Ohio gave the first sage warrior birth,
His actions proved a soul of priceless worth ;
The second and the third were natives born,
Fate hailed with blessings each auspicious morn ;
Kentucky nursed and reared the fourth to wield
The sword of freedom on the dreadful field.
Thus Greece despatched her world-subduing bands
To humble Asia and reduce her lands,
When Alexander¹ led the mighty train
To overthrow Darius on the plain ;
The chiefs were men who from no foe would fly,
Whose mission was to conquer or to die.
Craterus, Ptolemy, Clitus and Menander,
Antigonus, Hephæstian and Lysander,

¹ Alexander the Great and his generals who subdued Asia and conquered the then known world.

Creating consternations and alarms,
They seized the Orient and set the world in arms.

Indignant Michigan could scarce control
The burning anger of her loyal soul ;
To summon to the war her powerful bands,
Thus she persuades, advises and commands : —

“ Destructive war, with all its horrid sounds,
Your now defenceless President surrounds ;
The shouts of rebels and the clash of arms
Assault his peaceful breast with grim alarms ;
While hired assassins thirsty for his blood,
But wait the chance to spill the vital flood ;
So that the needed soul and priceless life
Must trust to fate to stay the fatal knife ;
In freedom's sacred name he loudly calls
For aid to save Columbia's chosen walls :
Go forth, convinced that such success awaits
The efforts of the law-abiding States.
That cause alone is strong whose aims are just ;
The traitors you will trample in the dust ;
Till future ages viewing from afar,
Will say : — ‘ Not human strength but justice won
the war.’ ”

They hear, they seize their swords and straight-
way go
To triumph or be conquered by the foe.
Alpena's youths and Osceolo's swains
With threats of vengeance hurry to the plains ;

Mecosta's husbands and Alcona's sons
Rush to the struggle armed with swords and guns.
Detroit, Lansing and Bay City yield
Whole multitudes of men to stud the field.
Twice forty regiments, a mighty band,
Go forth, responsive to the high command;
Great Augur, trained to war in Mexico,
Conducts the army to o'erwhelm the foe;
The glitter of the cannons, guns and spears,
Reflects on earth the glory of the spheres.
So did the legions of great Cæsar¹ shine
When, in defence of Gaul, the hero crossed the
Rhine.

Wisconsin was among the first to raise,
Equip and send her troops to join the frays;
"Hence to the fields, my valiant sons," she cries,
"Go strike the foe with terror and surprise;
Be warlike, fearless, resolute and strong,
And just, for justice always conquers wrong;
The virtues of your sacred cause will shield
Your precious lives on the disastrous field;
Successful, it will teach your hands to spare
The vanquished captive to his earnest prayer;
Long as the enemy remains a foe,
Be terrible, and let war's horrors grow;

¹Julius Cæsar, the greatest of all Romans and one of the most illustrious characters that ever appeared on earth; as a commander he stands the peer of Alexander the Great, Charlemagne and Napoleon; and as a statesman he occupies an exalted sphere; had he not been assassinated, the future of Rome might have been different from what history records it to have been. Flourished 55 B.C.

But when he calls for quarter, let the grace
Of pity drive the rigor from your face ;
Be merciful when victory gives you power,
To prove his greatness, that's the soldier's hour ;
'Tis mercy only gives the warrior's name,
A title to be held in lasting fame ;
His noble actions with his soul must suit,
Elsewise the martial man is but a brute ;
But mild forgiveness and resistless force,
Your arms will triumph as a consequential course."

The brave respond and with determined heart
To the wild scenes of blood and death depart ;
Eau Claire, La Crosse, Racine and Fond du Lac,
Send regiments to drive the rebels back ;
Milwaukee, Madison and Ashland give
Their honored sons that freedom's life may live.
Fairchild and Conklin hold the troops in hand,
But gallant Schurz receives supreme command.
Full ninety thousand loyal-minded souls
Array themselves beneath the spangled folds ;
They fire the heart of youth and hoary sage,
One feels advanced, and one renewed in age.
Thus Pompey¹ and his Roman legions went
To quell Jerusalem by Rome's proud people sent.

Missouri's mind was darkened with the stain
Of slavery and her mother plead in vain ;

¹ Pompey, the great triumvir. Cæsar utterly defeated him at the battle of Pharsalus, causing him to fly to Egypt, where, as he was landing to crave the protection of Ptolemy, he was basely assassinated by the command of Pothinus the eunuch. Born 106 B.C. Died 48 B.C.

Rebellious Jackson with intriguing art,
Inoculated her pro-slavery heart
With the malignant virus of the South ;
And faith and conscience drank the poisoned growth.
Envenomed thus and filled with rancorous hate,
She scarce remained a coldly-neutral State ;
But while professing peace, with cunning care
Assumed the attitude of secret war ;
Sage Lincoln understood her artful ways,
And equal ingenuity displays.
Fremont he sent to scatter the alarms
And summon every patriot to arms.
The womb of Georgia gave the hero life,
Ere yet she dreamed of fratricidal strife ;
A thankful nation owned his lofty worth,
For genius had attended on his birth.
The wilderness his dauntless steps explored,
Till plain and mountain owned him as their lord.
Attracted by his reputation, came
Men from the walks of life and paths of fame ;
One hundred thousand made their presence known,
And the conspirators were overthrown ;
" Pathfinder,"¹ resolute and firm controls
And fills with confidence the warrior's soul ;
The plains of Mexico inured his sight,
And made his mind familiar with the fight ;

¹Pathfinder; John Charles Fremont, so called because under the administration of President Polk he was commissioned to explore the far West. His successful expedition through the great plains and over the Rocky Mountains procured him the title of Pathfinder. In June, 1846, he hoisted the American flag over what is now the State of California and took possession in the name of the United States. Born 1813. Died 1890.

Above his head the "Spangled Banner" floats,
And at the sight the mighty army shouts;
Such joyful sounds did Greece exultant yield
On sacred Marathon's immortal field,
When great Miltiades¹ assumed the sway
And saved the fortunes of the ever-glorious day.

Complying with her parent's just commands,
Iowa musters in her willing bands;
But first, to raise their souls and nerve their hearts,
In words like these her counsel she imparts:—

"Rise like the Mississippi when he breaks
His winding bed and turns the meads to lakes.
Compel proud Europe's jealous powers to find
That freedom, fruitful toil and peace combined,
Produce great heroes more sublime by far,
Than their condition of continuous war;
Show them our free-born institutions yield
Men fitted for the counsel and the field,
Without the training their commander needs,
For freedom's air a natural genius breeds.
Long have they viewed with envy-tainted eyes,
The splendors of our growing greatness rise.
Rage, hate and wholesome fear, devour their hearts,
Lest their down-trodden people learn our arts,

¹ Miltiades, conqueror of Marathon and savior of Grecian liberty. Through the machinations of his enemies he was fined fifty talents (about fifty-five thousand dollars), and not being able to procure the sum, was thrown into prison, where he perished miserably, to the eternal disgrace of the Athenians of his time, who thus proved themselves ungrateful to and unworthy the man that saved their city from destruction, and all Greece from Asiatic control. After his death his son Cimon paid the fine. Lived 500 B.C.

And rising in their might dethrone the band
Of royal beggars that usurp the land ;
Dismiss them all and lift the men to power,
Whose gifts, not titles, are their native dower ;
Ah ! with what satisfaction would they gaze
Were all our cities wrapt in greedy blaze ;
The Union severed, and but smoking plains,
The mournful monuments of former gains ;
E'en now they say, with mingled pride and lust : —
'Yon proud Republic crumbles in the dust,
Without a monarch's hands to hold the rein ;
When the first shocks of war her bulwarks strain
She falls, and nought but petty States remain ;'
Convince their souls by your illustrious deeds,
That no such fickle fate our Constitution breeds."

Like savage lions molested in their lair,
Her startled soldiers to the fields repair ;
Dubuque with Council Bluffs and Davenport,
Gives to the sacred cause a full support ;
Des Moines and Burlington send honored sons
To where the crimson tide of battle runs.
In seventy regiments the warriors go,
And every manly bosom claims a foe.
The mighty army fills the road for miles,
Its beamy weapons light and dark defiles.
Not more resistless looked the troops of France,
When great Napoleon¹ bade her potent arms advance.

¹ Napoleon, the greatest warrior of modern times, born on the Island of Corsica, in 1768; died on St. Helena, 1821. The French Revolution gave him the opportunity to become great, and his innate genius for war accom-

Strong Minnesota on her polished car,
With twenty thousand men completes the war.
Immortal coursers draw along the ground
Her gilded chariot with a solemn sound.
In her right hand she holds the silken reins,
And with her left she guides them to the plains.
From the distinguished seat with kindling eyes,
The spirit to inflame her potent legion cries : —

“ My faithful sons, at length the time appears,
Foretold by prophets and religious seers ;
The Southern oligarchy now demand
The spread of human slavery o'er the land.
Two million strong their levied troops advance,
And degradation stares in every glance.
Your fathers braved the terrors of the sea,
And fled the old world's tyrants to be free.
Escaped the horrors of the gloomy main,
They faced the dangers of the dismal plain,
And oped the wilds to civilization's reign.
And why? that you, their free-born sons might be
Possessed of freedom and forever free.
Now shall those gifts to others be denied,
For which they fought, for which they would have died?
Can you to men consistently deny,
What to retain you cheerfully would die?
But now enough ! My statutes to maintain,
Is why I lead you to the sanguine plain.

plished the rest. In future times Wellington will be remembered only because he defeated Napoleon in one of his smallest battles; but the Frenchman will ever stand with Achilles, Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne, one of the very greatest warriors the world has ever seen.

These hills and vales by free-born Indians trod,
Shall be preserved to freedom and to God.
No slave o'er my free land shall clank his chain,
Or call to me for aid and call in vain.
Cause the proud tyrants of the South to quake ;
Prove worthy of your ancestors, and make
For me and for yourselves a lasting name,
For nought is more to be desired than death-subdu-
ing fame."

Like blood-hounds loosened on their lawful prey,
Her raging warriors hear and speed away.
St. Paul and Minneapolis advance,
Each with a well-trained force to wield the lance.
Beltrami's vales reëcho with a shout,
Chisago's hills with spangled banners float.
Itasca eyes with pride the martial flood,
Watonwau views prospective seas of blood.
Strong Hubbard, born to rule the loyal trains,
The legions of the mighty war restrains.
His resolute aspect and flashing eye
Proclaim a man resolved to do or die.
Such magic light illumed the eyes of Tell,
When by his burning rage the Austrian tyrant fell.

Full forty thousand trained and vigorous steeds,
Supply the loyal States with equine needs ;
Membrinos, noted for their strength and grace,
Mild Hambletonians, wisest of their race ;
Strong English Draught, to draw the stores away ;

Home, Pucheron, Clydesdale and Cleveland Bay,
Pass with the armies o'er the land and waves,
To stand the brunt where the dread conflict raves.
Such keen intelligence their acts controls,
As makes them to appear endowed with souls.
Ten thousand stallions scarce inured to reins
Impatiently await the sanguine plains;
With savage joy they roll their eyes afar,
And neigh in expectation of the war.
As many mares the war triumphant leads
To swell the strife and aid the martial deeds.
With nodding heads they flaunt their manes about,
And for the fields with reddened eyes look out.
Intrepid horsemen guide the mighty trains
To where war rages on the crimson plains.
Death and destruction every horse control,
Their nostrils sniff the war and their wild eyeballs roll.

While thus the States their just munitions yield,
A multitude of heroes seek the field;
From every portion of the earth they came,
For freedom-loving souls no special land can claim.

Veatch, Engleman and Tourtelotte command
And urge to deathless deeds a fearless band;
Pomutz, Duryea, DeRussy and Badeau
Prepare the hostile lands with death to strew.
Meagher, Kearney, Weitzel and Zagonyi rise
To rear the Union's fame and glory to the skies.

Columbia thus brings her chosen bands
To where she reigns on the Potomac's lands.
From East and West and North her legions pour
Till Washington o'erflows with open war.
On every hill a host of banners wave,
The flags of truth, the ensigns of the brave.
Mounds, plains and valleys with the troops abound,
Their myriads of tents obscure the ground.
The squadrons cover vast extents of land,
The martial scene appears sublimely grand.
Thus peace departs the ocean and the earth,
And the approaching conflict nears its fate-begotten
birth.

BOOK V.

SLAVONIA AND THE CATALOGUE OF THE SOUTHERN ARMIES.

ARGUMENT.

Slavonia, the daughter of Slavery and Barbarism, is empowered with the dominion of the South by her parents with the injunction to extend the area of slavery. She makes an inflammatory speech to the slave-holding States, inciting them to rebellion and open war against Columbia and her government. Seduced by her arguments they renounce their allegiance and secede. South Carolina takes up the strain, and incites her sister States to rebel against the United States. She proclaims the war in her own dominion, and orders her sons to the field. They respond with celerity which gives occasion to enumerate the forces of the State also the other hostile powers, who respond to the double call and bring their armies to the banks of the Potomac to drive the Union forces back. The book closes with a short catalogue of the names of the Southern generals.

THUS far Columbia has inspired my song,
Calliope incite the theme along;
Relate the forces of the Southern States,
And what commanders led them to their fates.
Sing of the men, who, fired by thirst of fame,
Or faith in slavery, to the struggle came.
You know, and you alone can fitly tell,
Since in all martial subjects you excel.

But first, exalted singer of the spheres,
Elucidate to my attentive ears
What baleful fury from the depths of hell
Induced the Southern sisters to rebel,
Involved this continent in horrid woes,
And made of sacred friends, the most embittered foes.

Slavonia, by more than mortal arts,
Seduced and brewed rebellion in their hearts.
Fierce Barbarism was her lawless sire,
He felt for Slavery the warm desire,
Embraced the cruel wanton in his arms,
And rudely ravished her degraded charms.
Soon her maternal nature bore to earth
A prodigy of preternatural birth.
Not infantile, as human children are,
But fully grown and ready for the war.
A triune frame the baneful form controls,
Each guileful shape instinct with triple souls.
With subtle actions and designing arts,
She fascinates and captures selfish hearts.
The States that look upon her face, espy
Therein the love for which their passions sigh;
They gaze in rapture on her wond'rous charms,
Become enslaved, and rush into her arms.
Ambition, lust and greed, by turns control
And fill with baleful fires the haughty Southern soul.

The father with paternal joy was wild,
Slavonia, the mother named the child ;

And gave her the dominion of the South,
With orders to enlarge its backward growth.
Her first attempt to occupy and reign,
Caused the dire struggle on the ghastly plain,
Which flung to death and to the viewless state,
The souls predestined by relentless fate.
For when Columbia had raised her bands
To overawe and quell the hostile lands,
On Mitchell's Peak¹ the ravening spirit stood,
Surrounded by dark pines, a dismal wood,
While scenes of slaughter feast her famished eyes;
Thus to inflame the proud, slave-holding States, she
cries:—

“ Hail, Sovereign States ! your warlike trains increase,
Or as illustrious powers consent to cease ;
A ruthless tyrant now invades your coast,
To drown your pride in blood, his reckless boast.
His purse is void, but in his lawless soul,
Infernal deeds and godless actions roll.
He brings a host of human fiends to slay
Your sons, and rend your sacred rights away.
What wrongs on your woe-burdened hearts shall fall,
Except ye rise responsive to my call !
Your cities burned, your people captive led,
Destruction heaped on every humbled head ;
The North and West will rule the Southern race,
And present glory yield to foul disgrace.
This wretch will desecrate your honored graves,
Enthrall yourselves, and liberate your slaves ;

¹ Mitchell's Peak in North Carolina, 6,700 feet high.

Removed from former greatness and renown,
Scorn and dishonor drag your spirits down ;
No longer rulers of your godlike fates,
But sunk in shame, remain despised and helpless States.
If carelessly this doom ye can survey,
My speech presumes ; I have no more to say ;
But if, as I opine, ye dare to go
And grapple with this crime-intending foe,
I will conduct to the avenging plains,
To ravage, while a Northerner remains ;
With such fell fury shall the carnage spread,
A hundred fields will scarce contain the dead.
The men that come to plunder on your coasts,
Shall never leave except as crippled ghosts.
Vast multitudes shall slumber with the dead.
So says my soul and so the fates have said.
Triumphant in the end, your fame shall rise,
Adored on earth, respected in the skies ;
Rise, mighty States ! attend me to the plains,
For woe, despair and death, await her who re-
mains."

The speech exasperates their minds with ire,
And sets their now-corrupted souls on fire.
With flaunting banners and defiant bands,
They haste to drive Columbia from their lands.
Up to the broad Potomac's trembling shore
They rush, intending death and breathing hostile gore.

First South Carolina, the " Palmetto State,"
Embroids her citizens in rage and hate ;

Despatches willing heralds near and far
To openly proclaim the brewing war.
While slavery's venom through her spirit ran,
Thus to excite her peers, the frenzied Power began :

“ My sisters, our adopted mother pleads,
Our freedom is secure if she succeeds ;
Her failure brings defeat and utter death
On all who breathe her slave-creating breath.
My destiny is interlaced with yours,
My rights attained, your liberty secures.
Uphold the sacred rights of sovereign States,
From Washington withdraw your delegates ;
The former union with the North disown,
Create a constitution of our own,
With slavery for a basis, we shall stand
Revered in every sphere, and feared in every land.”

While with such words their utmost rage she woke,
Through Pickens' lips thus to her sons she spoke : —

“ Devoted sons ! partake my timely fear,
And profit by the warning words you hear ;
With minds attuned to comprehend the sense,
And ponder well the woful consequence.
The Northern hordes advance, two million strong,
O'erwhelming ruin comes with them along ;
Not men but soulless brutes the throng comprise,
Lust in their hearts and murder in their eyes.
Not justice, truth or mercy rules their aims,
But hell's infernal fire their greed inflames.
To steal your property, destroy your lives,

Pollute your children's souls and rape your wives,
Subvert your freedom and subdue your lands
Is why they come in such marauding bands.
Pour on the mob a crime-avenging flood,
Cleanse their polluted souls in seas of blood ;
Their trampled bodies strew upon the strand,
And drive their spirits to the spirit land.
Restore the greatness of your former name,
Augment my even-now undying fame.
Convince mankind that slavery can create
Superior souls, predestined to be great.
So shall your memory be handed down,
And every noble brow shall wear a laurel crown."

Athirst and hungry for the greedy fray,
Her haughty warriors instantly obey.
The Capital, a swarm of rebels sends,
And every passion in their bosom blends.
Proud Charleston next arrays her frenzied hosts,
Blind mortals then, but now clear-sighted ghosts.
From Sumter's shattered towers in squadrons pour
The foes of peace to ope the pending war.
The "Black Hussars" depart with deafening cries,
Fermenting hate befouls with rage their eyes.
The strong "Palmetto Guards" equip and go
To grapple with and triumph o'er the foe.
Lancaster, Spartanburg and Chesterfield,
Their fathers, brothers, sons and husbands yield.
The mighty army like a martial flood,
Pours forth to drown the foes, and drench the land
with blood.

Oppressive Mississippi sends her sons
To slay the enemy with swords and guns.
While mad secession blazes in her eyes,
With furious words to ope the strife she cries: —

“My children! Lincoln sends a murderous band
To lay in gore and dust the Southern land.
No spark of honor animates the foes,
For human feelings not a dastard knows.
The daughter's prayers, the mother's tearful eyes,
The bride's entreaties, and the sister's cries,
The plea of age, the helpless infant's tears,
Descend on stony hearts and deafened ears.
Yourselves and institutions they despise;
With night and death go seal their gloating eyes.
Let every infant's palm and woman's hand,
Glow fierce and dreadful with a burning brand;
Give mothers, wives and daughters in the tomb,
A safe retreat though filled with deepest gloom;
But never more be subject to a race
Forever sunk in infamous disgrace;
The scoff of human-kind, whose very name
Should cause the face of man to flush with burning
shame.”

Enticed and maddened thus, with martial strains,
Their frantic spirits hasten to the plains.
Above their heads rebellion's banner floats,
Revered by all and hailed with frenzied shouts;
O'er reddened fields the “Stars and Bars” they bore,
Till trampled in the dust, and stained with gore,
The hostile ensign fell to rise no more.

Virginia next, to the Potomac leads
An arrant band to do defiant deeds.
Disloyal Letcher gathers in the bands,
Selects the leaders and appoints commands.
Manchester, Parkersburg and Richmond pour
Their eager warriors to the scenes of war;
Each city sends her sons to stem the foes,
From the whole State a tide of soldiers flows.
The angry rivers that refresh the State,
Imbibe and manifest the growing hate.
The Rappahannock, James and Rapidan,
Incensed with bitter rage, more rapid ran.
Panmunky, York and Appomattox pour
An overflowing flood of waters to the shore.

The sons of Alabama take the plain,
Scorn in their hearts and on their brows disdain.
The arrant traitor by mendacious arts
Reared false assurance in their thoughtless hearts.

“A dime will pay the war's expense,” she said,
“And this my kerchief, wipe the blood that will be
shed.”

The other States respond; from near and far
They hasten to the death-inflicting war.
Each brings her fierce, infuriated hosts,
Rash men they came, but leave as thoughtful ghosts.

The soul of the seditious strife invades
Louisiana's hills and everglades.

Cofex, Athens, Shreveport and New Orleans
Supply the greedy war with men and means.
Intriguing Georgia sends her fearless trains,
Composed of wrathful sires and angry swains.
Atlantic, Rome, Columbus and Macon,
Entice, enrage and guide their soldiers on.
Pale Altamaha and Savannah dare
Rebellious thoughts and feelings to declare.

Arkansas gives a fratricidal band,
Resolved to overthrow the hostile land.
Two hundred thousand men from Texas throng;
As many North Carolina speeds along.
An equal number Tennessee commands,
All rushing to o'erwhelm the Northern lands.
Young Florida to swell the mad alarms,
Despatches men supplied with needful arms.
The Suwanee River views the martial ranks,
And full of rebel joy, o'erflows his banks.
In all two million men, resolved and brave,
Go forth to find renown or find the grave.
Twice twenty thousand steeds whom fate awaits,
Conduct th' embattled squadrons from the States.

Celestial maid! complete thy lofty song,
Review the leaders as they march along,
The names and titles of the chiefs that came
Record, and hand them down to death-subduing fame.

Above the rest, eight mighty souls appear,
Whose memory both North and South revere.
And had they fought upon the Union side,
The world itself before their fame had died.
First Robert Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson stand,
Great warriors both, and equal in command.
The former was the hero of the South,
His name and praise the theme of every mouth.
The latter was his soldiers' boast and pride,
Though at their hands, a sad mistake, he died.

Wade Hampton, Braxton Bragg and Ambrose Hill,
Assist the scroll of deathless names to fill.
Stern Johnson, Hood and Sterling Price appear
With these and fill the Nation's mind with fear.
Fierce Shiloh gave the former to his fate.
Each left a name, lamentable as great.
Skilled in the tactics of the doubtful strife,
How many men their ire will rob of life!

Next Beauregard and Zollicoffer stand
Empowered with duty, honor and command.
McCulloch, Pillow, Toombs and Thompson take
Deluded men the lawless war to make.
Magruder, Hardee, Marmaduke and Polk
Depart to rivet firmer slavery's yoke.
Sage Joseph Johnson here, and Early there,
By dauntless deeds, enduring names prepare.

Twiggs, Thomas, Walker, Wise and Duke control
And fire with double rage the Southern soul.
Imboden, Clingman, Semmes and Daniel Hill
Arise, their country's heart with grief to fill.
McCausland, Kirby, Smith and Buckner train
A sanguine host and urge them to the plain.
Wirt Adams, Richard Anderson and Prior
Imbue their wrathful troops with greater ire.
Rust, Morgan, Pemberton and Shelby sway
Whole hosts of men, and lead their souls astray.
Bee, Pickett, Stuart, Ewell and Dahlgren,
As instruments of death approach the scene.
Leadbetter, Winder, Trimble and Van Dorn
Assist to usher in the woful morn.
Floyd, Gilman, Buford, Bonham and Longstreet
Depart with multitudes the foes to meet.
Cobb, Breckenridge and Taylor lead along
A stubborn, prejudiced, unthinking throng.
From every sphere of life these heroes came,
By slavery urged, and lured by glittering fame.
Predestined souls! condemned by fate to dwell,
In bitter meads of poisoned asphodel.
Could mortals such a hopeless cause secure,
With laurels wreathed their memories would endure;
While friends applaud, and foes around them rail,
They "point a moral and adorn a tale."

What frightful scenes shall broad Potomac know,
When he beholds the spectacle of woe!

What mournful sights shall Mississippi see,
When from his winding bed he views the sad solemnity !

For thus Slavonia and her lawless bands
Approach to heap with slain Columbia's lands.
Replete with misery and big with crime,
War and its horrors hang upon the verge of time.

BOOK VI.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

ARGUMENT.

All things being now ready to inaugurate the struggle, Columbia to avert civil war attempts to compromise the pending difficulties on an equitable basis. She assembles the States in convention, and makes an earnest appeal to the seceding powers. She portrays the past, describes the present and predicts the future. Slavonia responds on behalf of the South, demands the abrogation of the present Constitution and the adoption of the one created by the Confederacy. Columbia refuses, proclaims war, appears to Lincoln and commands him to open the conflict. In the morning he holds a conference with Generals Scott and McDowell. The former resigns and Lincoln appoints the latter Commander-in-chief of the armies. McDowell then leads fifty thousand men to Manassas to dislodge the Confederates. The army rests over night at Centreville, where he holds a council of war with his principal officers and perfects arrangements for the coming conflict.

The book closes with the various States in secret synod, completing plans for the pending battle.

NOW in the Capitol's resplendent halls,
A congress of the States Columbia calls;
If possible their passions to compose,
And reunite as friends the now embittered foes.

Young Indiana, her requests to bear,
Obscured in clouds invades the vital air,

And speeds to Richmond where in secret state
The frenzied sisters sit consulting fate.
Swift through the viewless element she flies
Until the city looms before her eyes,
Well guarded everywhere with ponderous arms,
And sentinels to give the quick alarms.
The crowded walks unnumbered warriors pace,
And sudden war appears in every face ;
Each military chief a brother greets,
While martial music fills the loud-resounding streets.

The conclave of the rebel States she found,
Slavonia in the midst, the maids around.
Deep plans and wily schemes employ their hours,
How best to overthrow the lawful powers.
In her right hand a flag of truce she bore,
And thus commenced : — " This conference give o'er ;
For one brief space let pending war await,
I come to ask you to the mild debate ;
Columbia and every Northern State
Your presence in the Senate Chamber wait ;
A peaceful ending to the threatening strife
That now endangers property and life ;
To scatter and dissolve the thickening woes,
That we may part as friends who meet as foes ;
On either side concessions to be made,
And a sure path for future progress laid ;
A lasting peace, unmixed with rage and hate,
These are the objects of the much-desired debate."

The wrathful hearers sullenly commend,
And make their preparations to attend;
Save South Carolina, that seditious maid
Disdained to come and from the Senate Chamber
stayed.

Now in the Nation's venerated hall
They sit, responsive to the earnest call,
With swords and shields in glittering armor dressed,
And wait impatiently the meek request.
Deep in their hearts fictitious triumph glows,
And every State a hidden pleasure knows.
Without the waste of war they hope to gain
What they had pled and argued for in vain—
Unbounded power for slavery's greedy reign.

But fierce Slavonia who rules the band,
Distrustful of a seat, prefers to stand;
With gloomy frowns observant on her face,
She views with eyes of hate the loyal race;
Marks their dejected looks, nor questions now,
That her rapacious claims they surely will allow.

Just on the right the faithful States appear,
Each power tremendous with a brazen spear;
Clothed in the panoply of strife, from far
Their beamy helmets nod and threaten war.
The Southern forces keep the other side,
Scorn in their mien and in their glances pride.
Both hold a stony peace and glare around

In gloomy anger and suspense profound ;
So gazed the gods on dread Olympia's height,
Ere Zeus¹ gave them leave to join the Trojan fight.

Soon on the scene Columbia appears,
Her troubled features marred with anxious fears,
And her majestic eyes bedimmed with tears.
While love maternal labored in her breast,
Enmixed with anguish scarce to be repressed,
And painful thoughts her mournful language fed,
Thus to the erring ones the pleading mother said : —
“ My daughters ! why with sorrow break my heart ?
Why will you from these tender arms depart ?
What have I done or these your sister States
To stir your angers or disturb your hates ?
The North enjoys no privilege that your land,
More favored by the skies, may not command ;
Your chosen institutions I maintain,
Secure they are and ever shall remain.
Nor do the faithful States assembled here,
Presume with your affairs to interfere ;
Their loyal minds the sacred scroll revere.
Your staple crops an equal market own
With those for which the East and West are known.
The slaves are yours to buy, present or sell,
While in my government your sons and daughters dwell.
Why therefore fill the country with alarms,
Distress my soul and call your sons to arms ?
Beneath my flag your greatness has increased,

¹ Zeus, supreme god of the Greeks, called by the Romans, Jupiter.

Till every State enjoys a genial feast.
Of fame and riches ye are all possessed,
And envious, foreign nations call you blessed.
They fear, and they respect, your growing power,
And long have waited this unhappy hour.
For under my supremely just control,
Your many bodies own a common soul.
The future beams with a surpassing fame,
With greater riches and a greater name.
Illustrious honors and enduring days,
And poets worthy their inspiring muse to sing your
praise.
Now will ye then without a lawful cause,
Disrupt the Union and o'erthrow the laws?
Bring on the helpless people horrid woes,
And turn fraternal friends to lasting foes?
Plunge this whole continent in woful strife,
Destroy a million human souls and take a nation's life?"

The guardian ceased; the rebels gazed around
In gloomy silence on the polished ground
Not knowing what to say; in every face
Compunction shone, repentance and disgrace;
Left to consider, conscience would have wrought,
And the dire war would never have been fought.
But the strong fiend that sways their feeble souls,
The rising tide of grief and shame controls;
Repressed the feeling brewing in their minds,
And circumvented all their just designs;
Then to Columbia thus disclosed her breast:—

“To me your speech should rightly be addressed,
The Southern States in me their hopes repose,
I know and represent their grievous woes.
Hear what I say, and what you hear believe;
The North no longer can the South deceive.
By force of numbers and illegal laws,
She first will cripple, then destroy our cause.
The past election clearly proves the facts,
Soon these intentions will be 'graved in acts.
Your Lincoln, trained in abolition's school,
Is that atrocious sect's unyielding tool.
Our menaced institution to maintain,
Is why we stand in arms upon the plain.
Our past relations can no more endure,
For neither side has felt nor is secure,
Full thirty years have stern and fierce debates
Embroidered the councils of the various States;
And still the mooted theme disturbs the peace;
Here let the growing agitation cease.
Adopt the constitution we designed,
The former to oblivion be consigned;
Let you and me possess an equal reign,
Your honors, rules and dignities retain;
Still may the people worship at your shrine,
The title's yours, the power and duties mine;
Then will this warlike demonstration cease,
And where contention rules there may be peace.
If not, then strife, impatient to begin,
Shall flood this continent with horrid din;
From human hearts a crimson tide shall pour,

And the dissevered States unite no more ;
Watch towers on Mississippi's banks shall stand,
And adverse flags shall wave defiance o'er the land."

Columbia hears, and her indignant soul,
Can scarce the rising storm of rage control ;
While freedom's beacon blazes in her eyes,
To end the truce, thus dreadful she replies : —

"Infernal Spirit ! madly rash to stand
Here in our presence and such things demand !
This land by God and fate was given to me,
Not to enslave, but hold forever free.
And shall I yield the Mississippi's mouth,
Majestic stream ! on which depends the growth
Of all my greatness to a foreign power ?
May my soul perish ere that fatal hour !
This continent by Nature was designed
To form a refuge for the human kind,
Where all the hatreds of the past should cease,
And every nation meet in leagues of peace.
Who then presumes the boundaries to decide,
Since she refused the country to divide ?
The plains and everlasting mountains say : —

'One people only will our lands obey ;'
Here Justice reigns ; as ages, ages span,
Man shall be nothing more nor less than man.
No vaunting lord with lawless power shall rule,
Before whose face the sage appears the fool ;
But women, noted for their virtuous worth,
And men, whose only claim is lawful birth,

Shall flourish here and use the fruitful earth —
A home where the oppressed of other lands,
Can find that freedom which the soul demands.
Enough! a truce to speech! now learn thy doom;
A shameful death and a dishonored tomb.
And ye seditious ones, whose sinful minds
Have been corrupted by this fiend's designs,
Now from my lips receive the voice of fate,
Hear the reward of such rebellious hate.
War shall exist, till ruin and defeat
Prostrate your suppliant spirits at my feet;
In blood and dust your traitorous heads shall roll,
And horror seize on every stubborn soul;
Till steeped in utter woe, ye all desire
The peace rejected now with fury, scorn and ire."

With such dire threats the fierce debate expired,
Back to their troops the various States retired.
But great Columbia to urge the fates,
And break the pride of the revolted States,
Shot from the Capitol's sky-piercing dome,
And found her son, the President, at home.
Upon his bed the restless sleeper lay,
His troubled senses scarce dissolved away.
The shades of earthly trials filled his brain
With spectral sorrows, a disordered train.
Appearing sudden to his inner sight,
She filled his half-unconscious mind with fright.
A sacred horror, mixed with sighs and groans,
Crept through his soul and chilled his flesh and
bones.

On him she fixed her war-inspiring eyes,
And thus to rouse from dreams the slumberer, applies :
 “Wake from your visions, fate-appointed Chief,
Proclaim the war and haste to my relief.
Reverses may ensue, but in the end
Successes on your efforts shall attend.
In shameful death yon rebel host shall lay,
While dogs and vultures tear their trait’rous limbs away.”

She said, then vanished from his startled gaze ;
The dreamer woke in terror and amaze ;
Immersed in sad and solemn thoughts he lay,
Till blushing dawn restored the golden day.

Soon as the morning came, the Chief arose,
And pensive, to the audience chamber goes.
For while he robed, before the spacious gate
The aged Scott and sage McDowell wait,
Their careful plans in secret to disclose,
How best to conquer the disdainful foes.
Now in the presence of the honest man,
The venerable warrior thus began : —

 “Your Excellency, the time has come to yield,
Or tempt our fortunes on the doubtful field.
This warlike peace no longer can endure,
Each moment makes the rebels more secure.
E’en now they view our troops with scornful eyes,
And deem procrastination, cowardice.
The people are impatient of delay,
While men and officers desire the fray.

The adverse armies threaten from afar,
Both sides are ready to commence the war.
Manassas seems to be the fatal place
Predestined for our glory or disgrace.
The foes are there entrenched in watchful bands,
And war-trained Beauregard the host commands.
Their strength and numbers none with truth can say,
But flying rumor speaks a vast array.
Still our grand army should inflict defeat,
And force them to precipitate retreat;
Else here, on Washington the foes will pour
And flood the city's streets with human gore.
But now dismissal from my post I ask,
I am unfitted to assume this task;
The duties, toils and honors I resign
To stouter hearts, and stronger hands than mine.
Time has involved me in a weight of years,
And cautious age obstructs my mind with fears;
But had I now the strength I once possessed,
When in the vigor of my manhood dressed,
Far o'er the sunlit plains of Mexico
I led my countrymen to meet the foe;
When Santa Anna fled before my ire,
And hills and valleys blazed with freedom's fire.
Ah! if I now could muster half the life
No soul but mine would lead the coming strife.
But why regret the days forever past?
Man has one life, which cannot always last!
Much have I done to serve my native land,
This rising war is for another hand;

Now let my mantle on McDowell fall,
The soldiers will obey his slightest call.
If faithful service a reward can claim,
He is entitled to enjoy the same ;
Experience, combined with prudent age,
Unites in him the warrior and the sage ;
While confidence in all his martial arts,
Inspires auspicious hopes in men's confiding hearts."

The hoary hero ceased ; his labored breath
Presaged the coming of all-conquering death.

Then thus the President : — " Your plans are mine,
My just approval greets your great design ;
Your age and services demand repose ;
Let stronger shoulders bear the Nation's woes ;
In well-earned rest go end your honored days,
A thankful people long will sing your praise."

Then to the younger chief : — " Accept the power
Conferred upon you this important hour ;
A greater trust on mortal never fell,
Use it judiciously and use it well.
Despatch sufficient troops with prudent care,
To seize the rebels or to drive them from their lair ;
And may our God in that dread hour his potent will
declare."

Forth from his presence brave McDowell went,
And filled with war's forebodings sought his tent ;

Then for his chiefs a speedy message sent —
Sprague, Runyon, Tyler, Hunter, Heintzelman.
The new-appointed General thus began: —

“Inaugurate the struggle, rise and go
With fifty regiments and rout the foe; .
Expel him from his stronghold on the hills;
So wish the people and so Lincoln wills;
Rid the Potomac of his forts and spears,
Fill the proud heart of Rebeldom with fears;
Make Davis totter on his lawless throne,
And prove Columbia means to repossess her own.”

The chiefs approve, and send without delay,
Swift messengers to summon the array.
The silver trumpets sound the loud alarms,
And the whole army rushes into arms.
With floating banners and with beating bands,
They march to occupy the rebel lands.
Four great divisions flood the roads afar,
With all the pomp and panoply of war;
Huge cannons, massive shells and ponderous balls
They bring to batter down the hostile walls;
With lesser guns and pointed swords to wield
At closer quarters on the direful field.
The cavalry the mighty van defends,
While scouts and spies the great Commander sends
To search for and discover lurking foes
And shield the troops from unexpected woes.
The equine breed, with death-discerning eyes,
Their fearful doom approaching near espies;

They toss their manes and utter mournful neighs,
Yet every nervous steed the gentle rein obeys.

As to the field the beamy legions roll,
War's dreadful spirit rises to control.
Shouts, warlike songs, and the inspiring strains
Of martial music animate their souls to face the plains.

The ardent leaders guide the warlike bands,
Receive instructions and explain commands;
Troop after troop the shining ranks unfold,
Their regimentals stiff with lace and gold;
The shoulders covered o'er with varied signs,
Proclaim the wearer's rank by the designs.
Some shine conspicuous in shields and stars;
With eagles some, and some with shields and bars,
According to the honors of the day;
But every heart and mind is eager for the fray.

Thus like a swollen tide they pour along,
Cheered by the drum, the bugle and the song;
Through fruitful meadows and o'er verdant hills,
Whose peaceful sides are cooled by murmuring rills;
Till Centreville unoccupied they found,
Though indications of the foe abound;
There, when strong pickets had been stationed
round,
They camped and dined upon the flowery ground;
Prone on the grass the regiments recline,
The men renew their strength with meat and wine;

And rest their bodies for the coming fight,
Or plan the secret raids with keen delight.

Now waning day to eve's embraces yields,
Her fading light departs the scented fields;
The moon above and the camp fires below,
Enmix and blend in one ethereal glow;
The lengthening shadows soon obscure the green,
Then night comes forth and reigns, the star-be-
jewelled queen.

To seize the foe and save the sinking State,
McDowell now convenes the war's debate;
By strategy or open force to quell
The haughty souls that made the South rebel;
Beneath a spreading tree the council stood,
Concealed from hostile watchers by a wood;
When all were gathered near him thus began
The sage Commander and the sober-minded man:—

“On yonder hills where all his powers combine,
The enemy awaits our bold design.
Strong is he posted, nor his strength I know;
How can we best approach this prudent foe?
Now is the time to formulate our plans,
For active deeds the coming day demands;
Say on, let each his favored scheme commend;
The wisest one we willingly attend.”

Thus spoke the Chief; Sprague of Rhode Island,
then:—

“Three paths lie open to the Union men ;
From Centreville each to the river goes,
And crossing over intercepts the foes.
Hear my advice : — Before to-morrow’s sun,
Let troops on each of these command the Run ;
Attempt the foes and occupy their minds,
And thus distract them from our real designs ;
These feints let grave and cautious chiefs command,
Five thousand men to each dissembling band ;
Meanwhile let Heintzelman and Hunter haste
To Sudley Ford and lay the traitors waste ;
From thence, descending swift the farthest bank,
Assail their rear and fall upon their flank ;
Such shrewd manœuvres will disperse the foes,
Bewildered as they then must be with blows.
But, lest instead of triumph, we should meet
Reversal, and be ordered to retreat,
With troops let Miles at Centreville remain,
The calm reserves may save the well-contested plain.”

With one accord the chiefs approve the plans ;
The thoughtful General issues his commands
Accordingly, and everything is done
That can ensure a victory at the Run.
Back to their arms the officers repair
And to their regiments devote their care ;
Stretched on the ground the weary soldiers sleep,
The sentinels their watchful vigils keep.
But some, more wakeful than the rest, indite
Epistles to their homes, and words like these they
write : —

“Dear parents :—Though the parting gave us pain,
We hope and trust that we shall meet again ;
But if our fate o’ertakes us on the fields,
That death is grand where life to duty yields ;
And not alone shall our brave spirits go,
Each for the other world intends a foe ;
A messenger to hail him on the coast,
Though ill companion for a loyal ghost.
Should such dire doom be ours, on heaven’s bright shore
Our souls shall meet, and meet to part no more.
To hear from mother always gives us joy ;
Adieu ! with love, from your brave soldier boy.”

But underneath the stars and in the air,
The chieftain spent the waning night in prayer ;
With eyes uplifted and beseeching gaze,
Thus to his Maker and his Lord he prays :—

“God of our Revolutionary sires,
Thou seest and regardest my desires ;
In thee I trust, for in thy potent hands
The issue of the dawning struggle stands ;
When thou dost aid, who can sustain defeat ?
When thou dost frown, who dare their foes to meet ?
O father ! still support thy chosen land
With the resistless force of thy Almighty hand.
Uphold the structure that our parents made,
They feared thy laws, and thy commands obeyed ;
Nerve every loyal heart to nobly dare ;
Let patriots be thy especial care ;
Protect them in the death-inflicting strife,

And give to them a long and useful life.
Discomfort in thy awful rage the foe,
Lay the slave-holding oligarchy low.
So shall thy righteous judgment still be seen,
And nations say : — 'God is as he has always been.'"

The Holy Spirit heard the earnest prayer,
But left the words to perish on the air ;
To purge the Nation's soul his just design,
Nor till that hour can his great mercy shine.
Such wisdom in a father oft appears,
Who chides a wayward son, himself in tears ;
For though the duty rends the parent's heart,
He must perforce perform the stern parental part.

Not less bold Beauregard employs the night
In forming his arrangements for the fight.
His listening spies the Federal plans o'erheard,
And safe conveyed him every whispered word ;
On every height his waiting army swarms,
The hidden valleys move with men and arms ;
Adown and up the fatal Run, afar
Their strong defences grin and threaten war ;
Obscured from view a hundred batteries wait
To drive the Union soldiers from the State.
The cannons' horrid mouths just oped to roar ;
What showers of death their ghastly throats shall pour !
Some regiments blockade the triple way,
Disposed to hold the enemy at bay.
Lee, Early, Hood and Jackson, these command,

And guard with jealous eyes the dismal strand ;
While to the ford the stern Confederate sends
His strongest forces, and himself attends,
To meet with equal arms and greater hate,
The men that have presumed to force the gate ;
There on a rising mound, whence near and far
He could behold the strife, the General waits the war.

Thus while the mortals organize their bands,
Concoct their schemes, and lay their subtle plans,
The wrathful States in secrecy prepare
Their future movements with the greatest care.
Columbia and Slavonia addressed
And filled with fury each immortal breast.
Explained the various tactics of the day,
How to inspire their leaders in the fray,
How to inflame their hearts and nerve their souls,
When the dire war its horrid arts unfolds ;
How to increase the terror of their arms,
And fill the enemies with wild alarms.
Instructed thus the hostile powers return
To guard their troops and for the struggle yearn.
All but the sentinels to slumber yield,
And death' hangs brooding o'er the sleep-enshrouded
field.

BOOK VII.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

ARGUMENT.

In the morning the hostile armies approach to the encounter. Fate gives the signal and the conflict speedily rages over the field. Heroic deeds are performed on both sides, and the fortunes of the day vary. Columbia takes part in the struggle, and with sword and shield terrifies and slays numbers of the enemy.

The States inspire and assist their officers, who accomplish valorous actions. The battle becoming severe, Heintzelman, Sprague, Corcoran, Meagher and Burnside of the Union arms, distinguish themselves and shine conspicuous amid the tumult. McDowell and Beauregard hold the reins of power and ably direct the motions of the war. Great numbers are killed on both sides.

The names of the prominent men slain are given and the manner of their death described.

The book closes with a requiem over the memory of the mighty dead on the field.

SOON as Aurora lit the Eastern hills,
And spread her blushes on the purple rills,
With martial shouts the Northern arms advance,
And the whole war appears before the glance.
Not with less show of overwhelming power,
The strong Confederates approach the war.
Each army on the other's bounds encroach,
Death, mangled wounds and hideous strife approach.

Grim, awful, vast, the wings of war extend,
Now they converge and all their forces blend.
Fate gives the signal all along the line,
And instantly the stern contestants join.
The guns resound, the deadly cannons roar,
Black showers of missiles from their stomachs pour.
Grape, shrapnel, canister and whizzing shells
Rush through the air with wild unearthly yells ;
The bombs explode, the bullets fly around,
Tear, rend and gash and devastate the ground ;
O'er vast extents of earth the fragments fall,
The smoke of battle spreads a sable pall,
And the pale, sombre shades of death envelop all.

The hostile ranks inflamed with venom'd rage,
With all their power and all their strength engage ;
And both a more-than-mortal struggle wage ;
In all directions heroes, heroes meet,
Some slay their foes and some sustain defeat ;
Now here, now there, success alternate rolls,
And everywhere men are bereft of souls.
They bring to bear their most stupendous guns,
O'er the whole field the woful conflict runs.
Men rush on men, and steeds encounter steeds,
The struggle thickens and the battle bleeds ;
And friends and enemies perform distinguished deeds.

The various States augment the rising rage,
Direct the missiles, and the carnage wage.
They skillfully control their frenzied bands,

And spread the slaughter with relentless hands.
High on the right the rebel sisters stand
To rule their troops and from that point command ;
While from the left the loyal maids look out,
Thence they inspire their chiefs and roll the war about.

The baleful fires increase ; the bullets fly ;
And thunders of artillery shake the sky.
The charge, the wild escape, the quick retreat,
The fearless capture and the stern defeat,
Commix and intermingle near and far,
Till all is one terrific scene of war.
Swords, bayonets, guns and cannons, blend and gleam,
And every valley flows a crimson stream ;
The vital fluid pours from vein and heart,
And spirits from their fleshly forms depart ;
To the far distant land of souls they fly,
And mingle with the dwellers of the sky ;
Or stretched supine upon the upper air,
Compose their wrathful minds with prudent care ;
Reform their mangled shapes, then swift below,
Rush down and aid their friends to slay the hated foe.

Now fearful shone the dauntless Heintzelman,
From regiment to regiment he ran ;
These he exhorts, and those his thought controls ;
His fervid words incite their eager souls.
Each instant sees the growing strife increase,
And every moment marks a man's decease ;
The baleful storm breaks over friends and foes,

The fury ripens and the carnage grows.
This way and that the tide of battle flows,
Till every side an equal fortune knows,
And angry fate on all the stamp of war bestows.

When raging winds encounter on the seas,
Such is the force of each tremendous breeze,
The billows, swollen by the double storm,
As thick as clustering bees the ocean swarm;
The fierce combatants hoarsely roar and rave,
And death appears on every frightful wave.
These roll on those a foam-creating tide,
And others force the strife when both have died.
The strong opponents splash the spray afar,
Till the whole ocean plies the ship-engulfing war.

Near by the rocky bridge McDowell stands,
Receives reports, and issues thence commands;
He holds the reins of war and hurls his darts
Deep in the vanguard of rebellious hearts;
While just beyond the Run, amid the strife,
Stern Beauregard beholds the waste of life;
Rolls his keen eyes around the dubious fields,
Maneuvers here, and there his forces wields;
He marks the foes with proud, disdainful eyes,
And to his Generals' queries thus replies: —
 "These Yankee cravens but pretend their parts,
They nothing know of war's sagacious arts;
Brave with their boastful tongues, but poltroons in
 their hearts."

Meanwhile Columbia intrepid stands,
Impregnable amid her loyal bands;
In sable clouds, obscured from human sight,
Her kindling soul regards the matchless fight;
Reviews the strife with clear-observing eyes,
And at the foe hurls all her energies.
As in his face each strong battalion flies,
Thus she, to urge her loyal daughters, cries:—

“War is but right when Liberty inspires,
And Justice fans the fury of her fires;
But virtuous when freedom leads the way,
And ruthless tyrants tremble in dismay.
All else is licensed murder, and the State
That dares to practise it contends with fate.
Inflamed with malice and audacious rage,
Yon rebel maids presume this strife to wage;
Nor grievous wrong, nor pressing need commands,
’Tis slavery gives the weapon to their hands.
Redeem from this foul blot my honored land,
And make them feel the vengeance of my hand;
Chastise their souls with freedom’s chastening rod,
God is with you, and you can always trust in God.”

With equal firmness dire Slavonia stands,
Arrays her troops and marshals all her bands;
To nerve their courage and augment their ire,
With words like these she sets their souls on fire:—

“On this great day the South has staked her all,
The issue sees her glories rise or fall;
Be resolute! The foes that come to fight,

Bathe in their gore or put to frenzied flight.
Succeed ! and generations yet unborn
Your brows with fadeless laurel wreaths will crown.
Fail ! and discover by a blasted name
That notoriety is nowise fame."

This said and brandishing her beamy mace,
The frantic spirit speeds from place to place.
The tumult waxes wroth ; the powers inspire,
The Northern these, and those the Southern fire.
Each leads her warriors to the dread alarms,
Secure in soul, immovable in arms.
Here, there and everywhere the soldiers fall,
And the bright spirit land receives them all.
Who stumbles on the dark and dismal field,
His trampled body must its spirit yield.
The carnage rages, and the battle roars,
And life to death her vital stream outpours.
O'er hill and hollow runs the purple tide,
And friends and foes are slaughtered side by side.
The bullets speed with well-directed aim,
Some men they slay and some they merely maim.
If any State decrees a missile flies,
A heart or brain is pierced, a warrior dies,
And to the upper world his battered spirit flies.

The turbid lake, the river and the stream,
Alive with war's unceasing echoes seem ;
The forests totter, and the solid rocks
Are shivered with reverberating shocks ;

The valleys tremble and the mountains nod,
And souls immortal wing their airy flight to God.

The Southern warriors, fearless, brave and bold,
Rush on in dreadful waves a hundred fold ;
Though oft repulsed, as oft they charge again,
And beaten back, still tempt the doubtful plain.
Their solid masses strike the stubborn foes ;
The ardor gathers and the passion grows,
And every heart and soul with exultation glows.

Two stern Zouaves of Ellsworth's noble band
Contrived to separate from their command,
And plunging where the thickest carnage raged,
In hand-to-hand encounters both engaged ;
Their youthful Captain by a wretch was slain,
Not in the war, nor on the lawful plain,
But basely murdered by the wicked host,
Fell to the floor and changed from man to ghost.
Urged by infernal hate the dastard ran,
And fired upon the unsuspecting man.
A lofty mind ! a patriotic soul !
A beauteous body to enshroud the whole ;
Could he have lived he surely would have been
A warrior such as earth has seldom seen ;
But fates averse, by too severe a doom,
Condemned his life e'en in his mother's womb.
Heroic youth ! thy name shall ever dwell
Preserved in flowers of fadeless asphodel.

And if these lines eternal fame can give,
Your memory here enshrined shall never cease to live.

Bold Meagher now, the Irish orator,
With Erin's flag came rushing through the war;
While his great soul illumines his war-lit eyes,
Thus to incite his countrymen he cries:—

“Now men of Ireland! by your deathless deeds,
Prove that the Emerald Isle true heroes breeds;
Convince mankind by acts of priceless worth,
That Irishmen are bravest men on earth.
Eternal shame on him that flies the field,
Or dares to ignominiously yield.
Subdue or die! assure the scornful foes,
A noble spirit in your bosom glows;
No craven soul inspires true Irish hearts,
A thousand wars have served to prove their match-
less arts.”

This said, the warrior rushes on before,
And cuts a swath, and bathes his path in gore;
The Irish follow where their hero leads,
From slashes, cuts and gores the army bleeds,
And common men perform immortalizing deeds.

Not less brave Corcoran inflames his bands;
“Come on, my boys,” the gallant chief commands;
“Renown awaits the hero in the strife,
Lose not the chance that comes but once in life.”

He speaks, then forward springs, they follow him,
And the fierce struggle rages great and grim.
With equal fervor the Confederates throng,
Bold as their foes and equally as strong ;
Coats, knapsacks, hats and guns they fling away,
And with their swords alone they mingle in the
fray.

Eight times New York's brave sons their post
command,
As many times were forced to quit the land.
Burnside and Sprague, illustrious honors share,
Where raged war's grimmest terrors they were there.

"Sons of New England," thus the latter says,
"This is the hour, and this the Day of days
To prove by deeds of everlasting worth,
That sons of Pilgrims still inhabit earth ;
Let not these cruel and oppressive foes
Live to enjoy our suffering country's woes.
Smite with the Pilgrim's crime-deterring rod,
And trust for victory in and to your fathers' God."

Not less Burnside the loyal spirit fires,
Their freedom-loving souls he thus inspires : —
" 'Tis patriot's blood alone that now can save
Our country from annihilation's grave ;
Each precious drop disgorged by veins this day,
Erases some of slavery's stains away ;

For every crimson drop the heart holds dear,
The Nation's sinful soul becomes more white and
clear."

Now with her two-edged sword, divinely wrought,
America's controlling spirit fought.
Before her fury, rage and deadly ire,
Whole troops of rebels wither and expire.
Long as she holds the shield on bended arm,
They merely view with doubt and vague alarm ;
But when she rears the dreadful orb on high,
Shakes it in air, and flaunts it in the sky,
Pale terror, comrade of inglorious flight,
O'erwhelms their minds and floods their souls with
fright.
They drop the weapons from their nerveless hands,
And scour away in horror-stricken bands.
The few that dare to stay, remain to die,
Their bodies could not move, though their chilled
souls would fly,
Shrieks, curses, prayers and groans, enmix and
mingle in the sky.

Now that the mighty struggle waxes strong,
Ye Muses ope, and spread your martial song ;
Sing of the men who fought a name to win,
And died renowned amid the horrid din ;
What woful scenes my eyes behold afar,
When rising in my soul I view the fratricidal war !

In the commencement of the direful strife,
Great Slocum was the first to lose his life ;
A bullet crashes through the hero's brain,
Headlong he falls, and dies upon the plain ;
Blood, mixed with splintered skull, besmears the
ground,
And the unconscious soul comes fainting from the
wound.

The lives of Coleman, Bourne and Gordon fly,
Morse, Chambers, Worthington and Souther die.
Bubb, Post and Golding change from men to ghosts,
Their spirits skim unseen above the angry hosts.

Strong Cameron was forced his life to yield,
They bore him dying from the woful field ;
Fixed in his temple stood the rebel ball,
The fainting soul could not refuse the call,
But from the gore-bestained and trampled earth,
Passed to the regions of the more-ethereal birth.

Brave Prescott and the dauntless Taylor die,
The gloom of endless night obscures their sky ;
One in the breast was pierced, one in the heart,
To lands unknown the loyal ghosts depart.
The gallant Butterworth and Monk expire,
Their faithful shades ascend through smoke and fire ;
A loving brother for the former groans,
A tender sister for the latter moans ;
But fate is deaf to prayers and every tear disowns.

Flagg, Freeman and Monroe were nearly slain,
Their mangled members strew the slippery plain;
Wood, Vose and Ricketts suffer in the strife,
Ballou and Hunter scarce escape with life.
But trembling Howard in the thick'ning fray,
Was seized with sudden terror and dismay;
Not willingly the arrant coward came,
Compelled to go, not lured by love of fame;
He drops his gun, escapes and battle shuns;
But doom o'ertakes him as the poltroon runs;
Deep in his back the whirring missile flies,
Death seals with endless night his darkened eyes;
Prone on the ground the dastard falls and dies,
And blackening in the sun his worthless body lies.

Let such as dread a military life,
Be careful to abstain from scenes of strife;
Loth to abscond, afraid to linger nigh,
Such wretches fate regards with a malignant eye.

Death on the form of Koltès cast his eyes,
And ravished thence the soul, a lawless prize;
Stretched on the ground the valiant soldier lay,
And sighed and groaned his noble soul away.
Thus when an eagle's penetrating eyes,
Discern below an unsuspecting prize,
His wings collapse, and from the aërial way
He pounces, swoops and souses down impetuous on
the prey.

Struck on the spine, young Ramsey finds his fate,
The bravest hero of his native State ;
His strength departs, prone on the swimming sod
He falls and yields his spirit up to God.
Green, Collins, Lawrence, Wardwell and Barclay
Yield up their souls and gasp their precious lives away.

From Portland in the loyal State of Maine,
To join the conflict came the youthful Vane ;
Scarcely the mottled, callow down began
To shade his upper lip and call him man ;
A widow's only son, her prop and stay,
The boy enlisted on a fatal day ;
A bursting bomb exploded where he stood,
Tore up the earth and crashed the tangled wood ;
For him his comrades searched the riven ground,
But only shreds of flesh and splintered bones were
found.

Towers, Harrington and Casey quit their bands,
And take a sudden flight to spirit lands ;
Their forms are torn to atoms by the shells,
That dropping round explode with deafening yells.
But saddest fate of all, young Thompson dies,
Unseen, unheard, amid the moans and cries ;
Old Salem gave the gallant soldier birth,
And noble deeds thus far attest his worth ;
A martial spirit forced the youth to roam
Far from his tender friends and peaceful home ;

Now smitten with the rebel's darts, he lies
And wildly stares at the smoke-laden skies;
Neglected and alone, for aid he calls,
While fast-approaching death his soul appals;
As well might he invoke the flinty stones
To stanch the crimson flow and soothe his groans;
No help is nigh, no loving hand is near
To ease the burning wounds or wipe the tear;
Death mixed with gloomy night his sight invades,
The shrinking spirit seeks the ever-viewless shades.

These on the North! while on the Southern side,
A host of brave and brilliant warriors died.
Stern Bartow was the first to quit the earth
Against his wish and seek the higher birth;
A deadly bullet speeding o'er the plain,
Passed in behind his ear and through his brain;
The trembling shade went shivering through the air,
The body fell to earth and stiffened there;
Heart-saddened Georgia mourned her warrior slain,
Well might she mourn him, for the hero died in vain.

Not less lamented, Bee in anguish lay
And sighed in gore and dust his life away;
An officer from the Palmetto State;
Death gave the restless rebel to his fate;
His soul could not endure a quiet life,
But fretted, longed and thirsted for the strife.
Grim shades of horror swim before his eyes,
And to the dark abodes the dismal spirit flies.

Jones, Branch and Fisher seek the gloomy shades,
To dwell with specters in their haunted glades;
Preceded there by Moody, Grange and Stome,
The raging ghosts above the armies roam;
Oaths, feeble curses, wails and plaintive cries,
Each wrathful phantom utters as it flies;
Wheat, nearly lost the life-sustaining breath,
A loyal dart intended him for death;
From cheek to cheek the artful bullet ran,
Snatched every tooth and nearly killed the man.
As nigh to doom strong Thomas might have died,
A fragment lacerated ribs and side;
Physicians hurriedly relieved the pain,
The stricken spirit soothed, consented to remain.

Though wounded in the shoulder, breast and thigh,
Wade Hampton's stubborn soul refused to fly;
Disdained the regions of supernal birth,
And resolute remained a denizen of earth.

Mulvaney, Crawford, Poole and Armor fell,
Their spirits go where souls unbodied dwell.
Intrepid Moore, while leading forth his band,
Was forced to hurry to the summer land;
Struck by a shell and riddled full of wounds,
The shattered spirit quits the deadly grounds;
And with a shriek of terror speeds its way
To find the realms of everlasting day.
A father's soul is steeped in bitter woes,

A mother's grief from founts of anguish flows ;
But fate and death remain inexorable foes.

Magarder's head was filled with brilliant plans ;
Man wishes, but relentless fate commands ;
Just as he pictures out his future fame,
Wreaths for his brow and glory for his name ;
Prostrate he falls, extended on a knoll,
And the cold chill of death pervades the schemer's soul.

Rebellious Mason finds a dreadful fate,
A sudden stop to his career of hate ;
Full in his face the grape and shrapnel flies,
Smashes his jaws and ravishes his eyes ;
Swift from the shattered house the spirit fled,
To where they live whom men on earth regard as dead.

A bullet snatches Radford's soul away,
And leaves the form a senseless piece of clay ;
Forgetfulness his scattered senses steep,
And the faint specter sinks to dreamless sleep :
Thus everywhere the crimson stains the sod,
And spirits fly the field to Judgment and to God.

The courage of the stern contestants grows,
As every man confronts his dauntless foes ;
Confusion reigns and dismal sounds are rife,
Both armies bleed and both are robbed of life.
Bombs, bullets, shells and other missiles fly,
Whole regiments of men like heroes fall and die.

To quench the pangs of thirst and smother pain,
The wounded call for drink, but call in vain ;
Thirst fries their tongues, fierce fever broils their brains,
Wild prayers and fearful oaths alternate rule the plains.

On either side the various leaders stand,
Cheer, urge, entreat, encourage and command.
The fratricidal carnage rages high,
Men good and bad, and men indifferent, die ;
The direful sounds by which red war is known,
Mix in the air and on the winds are blown ;
The voices of the guns, the cannon's tones,
Blend with the plaintive cries and feeble moans.
Brave souls rejoice ; the cowardly poltroon fears ;
And every tongue of war assaults men's maddened ears.

The missiles fall as thick as wintry hail
When from the North descends the frozen gale ;
They cut and scar the branches of the trees,
But far more hurtful than the frosty breeze ;
Through bodies, souls and spirits whizzing go,
And equal toll demands from friend and foe.
The murky war obscures the foaming hosts,
And lifeless bodies yield their marred and senseless
ghosts.

Now if some seer with true clairvoyant eye,
The direful scenes of slaughter could descry,
Unseen, from some high eminence survey
The extended field on this eventful day,

What dreadful views would greet his startled gaze,
And fill his mind with horror and amaze ;
The bleeding and the dying and the dead,
Limbs without bodies, forms without the head ;
The carcases of horses strewed around,
And mangled spirits rising from the ground,
His soul would sicken at the woful sight
And from its human shrine take instantaneous flight !

Ah ! could my Muse but faithfully portray
The fearful scenes of this terrific day,
So many deaths and no two deaths the same,
My brow would wear the wreath of endless fame ;
America her looked-for bard would see,
And an immortal poet would on earth appear in me !

O ! bring me flowers of fadeless asphodel,
Refreshed with waters from the living well,
And blushing roses purpled in the spring,
Such roses as Arcadian poets sing ;
These on the warrior's bodies I will strow,
These gifts that poets to their heroes owe ;
These frail and fleeting gifts at least my Muse may
well bestow !

BOOK VIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE STATES.

ARGUMENT.

The battle continues; and the States now personally engage each other and perform distinguished deeds. South Carolina and Massachusetts encounter and the former is wounded. Louisiana hurls a stone at Connecticut which prostrates her; she is carried from the field by Maine and New Hampshire, and revived by Wisconsin, who administers restoratives. Vermont and Alabama, Pennsylvania and Mississippi, Illinois and Tennessee, Rhode Island and Florida, Georgia and Indiana, struggle with various results. Virginia dares Columbia, and for her presumption is struck senseless by the latter, who extracts one of her ribs and creates the State of West Virginia. Slavonia enraged, challenges Columbia to combat; fate refuses to permit the encounter, and orders the hostile powers to finish the struggle.

Columbia rallies the States, who followed by their armies, rush over the field, and overthrow the Confederates. Whereupon Beauregard, to avert the disaster, despatches messages for the army of the Shenandoah. Johnson arrives, the tide of battle turns, and the Union army, seized with sudden fear, is routed. Great havoc ensues, and the panic-stricken Federals fly to their entrenchments on the Potomac.

The book closes with Lincoln in the "White House," who being informed of the result of the battle, offers up a fervent prayer for the preservation of the Union.

WHILE thus the armies equal slaughter wage,
The frenzied States in dubious strife engage;
Their wrath, erstwhile concealed with cunning art,
Inflames with fury each immortal heart.

First South Carolina rolls her angry eyes
On Massachusetts, and to taunt her loudly cries: —
“What fit of madness moves your frantic brain,
To bring such abject wretches to the plain?
The scum of cities! politicians' tools!
Crude farmers and mechanics, knaves and fools —
Vile creatures, forced to lawless war and then
Expected to perform the deeds of men!
Are these the best and bravest you could find?
If so what species have you left behind?
Now feel my vengeance, most detested State,
Brave only with the tongue in foul debate;
Your too free speeches in the Congress Hall
And Senate Chamber, for chastisement call.
False Puritan! this arm shall make thee yield,
Or drive thy dastard soul from the disastrous field.”

With kindling ire, her great opponent then: —
“The issue proves whose are the better men!
Slave of ambition, greed and vicious lust,
This hand shall lay thee writhing in the dust,
And force thy harsh, relentless mind to own
How far my free-born strength transcends thine own.”

With dreadful frowns the wrathful States advance
To ply the sword and hurl the distant lance;
Their adamantine shields grim noises made,
And round about them cast a gloomy shade;
Such noises and such gloom involve with fright,
When thunder, mixed with rain, descends to scourge
the night.

The Southern maid first drove her beamy spear,
The ponderous weapon hissed along in air,
And would have pierced the fearless Northern foe,
Had not her buckler turned the deadly blow.
The baffled javelin, quivering as it passed,
Sped on and in a hillock lodged at last;
So forcible the fall that where it stood,
The vast concussion crashed the thick and branchy
wood.

Columbia's favorite daughter then took aim,
Not with intent to slay, but merely maim;
By prudent feints she threw the wily foe
From off her guard, then let the weapon go;
Fate urged it on; just where the ribs divide
Below the breast, it gored Carolina's side;
Nor failed to make the living fluid spout;
The wounded spirit drew the javelin out;
And filled with sudden fear no more desired
The close assault, but from the doubtful field retired.

Meanwhile Louisiana heaved a stone
From where it lay through cycling years alone.
A massive boulder of volcanic birth,
Forced by an earthquake from the depths of earth;
Not fifty men the mighty mass could raise,
Though helped by the machinery of our days.
To give it speed she whirled it round her head,
Then at Connecticut the fragment sped;

Directed with precise, unerring aim,
Against her heart the ponderous missile came ;
Supine she falls extended on the ground,
Her shield and buckler clash, her arms resound,
And ichor issues from the jagged wound.
Maine and New Hampshire bore her from the place,
Revived her scattered thoughts and bathed her face ;
Wisconsin diagnosed the painful sore,
Removed the splinters from and closed the gore ;
Stanchd the pale flow, infused a healing balm,
And soothed her senses back to wonted calm ;
Not long in shreds the ethereal flesh remained,
Her usual vigor soon the rugged maid regained.

Vermont and Alabama spread alarms,
Each power tremendous in her brazen arms ;
With swords they fight ; down on the glittering mail
The blows descend as thick as frozen hail ;
Nor cease, till weary of the equal fight,
Both forces in a truce unwillingly unite.

To Mississippi, Pennsylvania ran,
Seized her about the neck and thus began :—
“ Miscreant ! do you dare to show your face
Stained as you are with crime and foul disgrace ?
Take what thy perjured troth so well deserves ;
Fain would I slay thee, but protecting fate preserves.”

With her mailed hand she strikes with all her might
The rebel just above the orbs of sight ;

Her senses swim; for aid she feebly cries;
Stern Arkansas to her assistance flies,
Prevents a repetition of the blow,
And bent on vengeance charges at the foe;
The faithful State had earned her parent's thanks,
She prudently retreats and joins the loyal ranks.

Great Illinois, with Tennessee engaged,
And both a fierce though bloodless struggle waged.
New York and North Carolina shook the plain,
And though immortal, both would have been slain,
Had not Kentucky rushed the foes between,
And stopped the furious struggle on the green.
Rhode Island too and Florida advance,
Each eager to attempt the deadly lance;
While Georgia and Indiana pour
On one another's heads the woful wastes of war.

But filled with pride and high presumption's rage,
Virginia dares her mother to engage;
She shakes her brazen spear and boldly stands,
And the encounter firm and fearlessly demands.

Then thus the parent to the angry child:—
“Has your brain turned, or are your senses wild?
This arm of ours, if but our will designed,
Has greater strength than all the States combined.
Now by experience forever know
How terrible it is to make Columbia your foe.”

One arm around the challenger she pressed,
And with the hand she struck her on the breast.
Prostrate the maiden fell upon the ground,
Her senses fled, the fiery spirit swooned;
Death's greedy eyes upon the rebel roll,
And he aspires to seize the now-unconscious soul.

Quick stooping down, the guardian tore away
One of her ribs and mixed it with the clay;
Then breathed thereon and wished, the warm desire
Infused the lifeless lump with vital fire;
When wondrous to relate, where late had been
The senseless heap, a new-born State was seen;
Complete in form and with a loyal heart,
Great witness of Columbia's matchless art;
The faithful powers with joy were nearly wild,
And Kanawha, they named the patriotic child.¹

This act Slavonia beheld from far,
And with a dreadful oath approached the war;
Full in Columbia's wrath-illumined face,
The hideous fury flaunts her beamy mace;
On the illustrious force she fixed her eyes,
And fulminating with resistless anger cries:—

“Deal with thine equal, not a petty State,
Draw near this arm and feel our lasting hate;
No quietude this continent shall know
Till one of us be laid forever low;

¹ Kanawha. The name first suggested for West Virginia.

Thy life may not be taken, but thy power
Departs from thee and this the fate-appointed hour."

Then answered thus the daughter of the skies : —
"Here end thy black career of fraud and lies ;
Thy falsehoods have seduced my children's hearts ;
Thy strength shall prove inferior to thine arts ;
No mercy hope from me, thy crimes demand
Thy death, and thou shalt have it at my hand ;
Round thy infernal head these darts shall roll,
And these my sandals, trample out thy hell-created soul !"

Columbia and Slavonia now advance,
Inflamed with deadly rage to try the lance ;
And had they fought the former would have won,
And the war ended, just as it begun ;
But God forbade to close the open graves,
Till freedom had been given to the slaves.
Fate sprang between the great contestants there,
And in a voice of thunder cried : — "Forbear ;
The hour is not yet ripe for you to meet,
Not yet, must either one sustain defeat ;
God so commands ! upon some future field
One triumphs, and the other one must yield ;
Which one ? seek not to know, time shall declare ;
But utter death awaits the vanquished there.
No more ! employ your yet remaining life,
Rejoin your armies, and increase the strife ;
Decide this sanguine field without delay,
Ere gloomy night obscures the waning light of day."

Commanded thus the forces re-engage,
And the redoubled war with fury wage.
As tall and gaunt as some Norwegian pine,
Death stands and views his pre-arranged design ;
Or stalks with deadly strides the fatal field,
Receiving wasteful war's too fruitful yield.
Where'er he casts a baleful, withering eye,
There warriors bleed, and fated soldiers die ;
He fans the carnage with infernal fire,
And men and steeds before the blast expire.
Their bleeding bodies strew the gory ground,
On every hill a stained and mangled corpse is found.

Thus for ten hours the dreadful battle roars ;
Fate hovers round, and death, destruction pours ;
The wild Confederates, quite devoid of fear,
Assail the front and threaten from the rear.
The thirsty bullets drink the vital streams,
And cannons belch, and the sharp bayonet gleams,
Until the swelling tide of human gore
Rolls o'er the reddened field like billows on the shore.

Above the strife at length pale Clotha stands,¹
The scales of fortune steadied in her hands ;
The mighty deeds of either host she weighs,
And dubiously the quavering pans surveys ;
On one she heaps the bodies of the slain,
The other groans beneath the living train ;
The doubtful balance wavers to and fro,

¹ Clotha. Youngest of the three Fates.

And victory seems uncertain where to go ;
Now to the North inclines, and favors now the foe.

Columbia's watchful eyes regard the seer,
The trembling issue fills her soul with fear ;
Alarmed and terrified she calls the States,
And thus to them this great resolve relates :—

“Combine your forces, all united go ;
Sweep o'er the field and trample down the foe ;
Swoop down like some vast Alpine avalanche,
Whose rumble makes the peasant's soul to blanche ;
Seize every battery ; every gun command ;
With foot opposed to foot, and hand to hand ;
And plant my standard o'er the rebel band ;
Myself will lead you to perform the deed ;
Rush on and make the guilty traitors bleed.
If you succeed, and this contention cease,
Soon may ye all resume the ways of peace ;
If not, your heroes, slaughtered on the plain,
Have spilled their blood and given their precious
lives in vain.”

Commanded thus the spirits form in line,
Ascend their cars and second the design ;
Each takes her proper place, then gives the reins
To the ethereal steeds and sweeps the plains ;
Behind, compact and strong, their troops advance,
Annihilation glares in every glance.

With equal fury and resistless might,
They rush and flood the rebels' souls with fright.
No longer in the open strife they meet
Their conquering foes, but from the war retreat ;
Height after height they are compelled to yield,
Now these, now those, are driven from the field ;
Receding back and still constrained to fly,
For if they stay, they but remain to die ;
On speed the winged legions, and their ire
Consumes the enemy like raging fire ;
O'er the whole surface of the frightful plain,
They roll the traitors back and trample down the slain.

In vain the awed Confederates make a stand,
The conquering North appears on every hand ;
The boldest Southron dreads the turning fray,
Nor dares to face the terrors of the day ;
Their tattered flags are trampled in the mire,
Their tents and baggage given to the fire ;
Their greatest guns and ammunition seized,
With insane panic every mind diseased ;
Till each misguided troop partakes alarms,
And victory perches on and gilds the Union arms.

So when the Mississippi breaks his bands,
He floods with ruin the surrounding lands ;
Towns, cities, forests, farms are swept away
With man and beast, a desolated prey.
O'er the broad meadows pours the surging tide,
And brute and human drown and perish side by side.

Now Beauregard with terror in his eyes,
Beholds the fortunes of the Union rise ;
Regards his soldiers, seized with wild alarms,
Desert their standards and forsake their arms ;
With well-timed fear the vast stampede he eyes,
And quick despatches swift and trusty spies
To hurry Johnson's army from afar,
And bid him hasten to the seat of war ;
By his o'erwhelming forces to allay
And turn the fates of the disastrous day.

The army of the Shenandoah came,
And just in time to seize the wreath of fame ;
Far on the right the marching host appears
With waving banners, guns and glittering spears.

In solemn silence the sublime array,
Fresh from the pleasures of a peaceful day,
Like some descending avalanche draws near ;
Then first the loyal warriors learn to fear.
In vain for Patterson they turn their eyes,
Their weary orbs no Grouchy there espies ;
The second Blucher only greets their sight,
And the stern vision fills their souls with fright.

In vain Columbia appeals with tears,
Her wild entreaties but augment their fears ;
In vain the States attempt to nerve their minds,
Vain their demands and fruitless their designs.

A nameless dread compels the men to yield,
And the whole force runs breathless from the field.
No man of all the mighty host remains,
They fly like timid deer, stampeded on the plains.

Discord and dire confusion then began,
Steed rushed on steed, and man encountered man ;
Both foot and cavalry were rolled away,
And mingled in the maelstrom of dismay.
Guns, cannons, wagons, baggage, teams and arms,
All are infected with the mad alarms ;
All are involved in the retreating strife,
The senseless things are smashed, the living part
with life ! ,

The panic spreads ; vast ruin mars the plain ;
On press the victors and despoil the slain ;
In wrath they drive the awe-struck ranks before,
And Southern blood gives place to Northern gore.
Whole regiments are stamped upon the ground,
The horror thickens and the wails resound.
Shrieks, groans and curses ; prayers and wild appeals
Are uttered, but no mortal hears or feels ;
The frantic mob becomes a maddened rout ;
Limbs, heads and trunks are crushed, and souls are
trampled out.

The tide of fugitives incessant flows,
While words like these are heard among the foes : —
“ Pour on the Yankee dogs a wasteful flood,
And quench their new-born zeal for war in blood ;

Are these the men, that vowed they would control
The haughty South, and quell her scornful soul?
Some great delusion surely blinds our eyes,
These are not men, but women in disguise;
Avenge our noble dead! let none survive
To prove they could escape our rage alive;
If such vile dastards dare with swords to roam,
What must the wretches be who trembling stay at
home?"

The slaughter heightens; earth imbibes the gore;
From ghastly wounds, blood, souls and spirits pour;
The victims' woful shouts appall the air;
Hope speeds away on pinions of despair;
Men fall on men; steeds trample frenzied steeds;
The torn and mangled army groans and bleeds.
A hundred roads are heaped with trampled slain
And blood and death and slaughter fill the horrify-
ing plain!

Meanwhile in Washington, the President,
Through the closed White House sad and silent
went;
Not knowing yet the issue of the strife,
But greatly fearing for the Nation's life;
And sorrowing for the host of volunteers
Whose doubtful fate involves his mind with fears;
Oft had he wandered on Potomac's coast,
Like some lost soul or melancholy ghost;

As oft in private, suppliant and alone,
His prayers arose to heaven's superior throne ;
For aid to Him from whom assistance springs,
The only comforter of Presidents and Kings.

Unhappy now, from room to room he strays,
His face the sorrows of his soul betrays ;
Anxiety, dark thoughts and gloomy care
Have stamped their impress and their image there ;
The thunder of the battle deafs his ears,
And fills his mournful heart with solemn fears.
He feels, he knows not what, but in his soul
Vague rumors and half uttered warnings roll ;
Prophetic whisperings of the brewing storm,
Around the coming martyr buzz and swarm ;
A fitful crowd ! thick as unwary bees
That night or showers of rain, compel to seek the
trees.

Now as he walks though the deserted halls,
Thus to his burdened mind his weary spirit calls : —
“O ! would to God this cruel war were o'er,
And peace established on the earth once more ;
My duties done ; the bitter factions passed ;
And human liberty secure at last.
Far from the tongue of slander or of praise,
In thankful solitude I fain would pass my days !”

Just then an aide-de-camp approached the door,
Tired from the woful field of death and gore,
And to the waiting man this dreadful message bore : —

"The army has sustained a great defeat,
Its panic-stricken regiments retreat;
Compelled, a frenzied mob, to fly the plain,
And leave behind the wounded and the slain;
How many such no one as yet can tell,
But the wild scenes outrival those of hell;
Stampeded to these strong entrenchments pour
The broken fragments of the torn and routed war."

Scarce had the messenger commenced to speak,
When all the color fled his hearer's cheek;
And when he ceased, the horror-stricken man,
Thus to avert the wrath and rage of God began:—

"Jehovah! now at last thy judgment spreads,
Thy righteous vengeance falls upon our heads;
The serpent we have fostered with such arts,
Turns his envenomed fangs and stings our hearts;
The Nation gleans the tares her acts have sown,
The causes of the struggle are her own;
She suffers justly, for thy law she braves,
And dares to hold a race of beings slaves;
Yet O! Almighty Spirit, now repent,
This indignation and this rage relent;
Let compromises now be made to spare
Thy people from the farther waste of war;
Spare for the sake of Christ thy children's blood,
And sink the angry in the wise and loving God!"