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THE JACKET OF GREY,
AND
OTHER FUGITIVE POEMS.

BY
MRS. C. A. BALL.

In Memoriam
OF
OUR LOVED AND LOST CAUSE,
AND
OUR MARTYRED DEAD;
"OUTNUMBERED, NOT OUBRAVED."

FORWARDED BY THE BOARD OF COMMONS

CHARLESTON:

W. W. WALKER, 301 N. STATE ST. AND PRINTER
OF THE "SOUTH CAROLINA"

1866.

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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHARLESTON DAILY NEWS.

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JOSEPH WALKER, Act., STATIONER AND PRINTER,
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1866.

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THE JACKET OF GREY.

FOLD it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of grey our loved soldier boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band,
Who rose in defence of our dear Southern land,
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it? the jacket of grey.

His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love;
What anguish was her's, mortal tongue cannot say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of grey.

But her country had called, and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy in the jacket of grey.

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand;
We heard in the distance the sounds of the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of grey.

Ah! vain, all, all vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured one on the red battle field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of grey.

His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home by the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of grey.

Ah! spotted and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robes the jacket of
grey.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tribute our sad hearts could pay,
He never disgraced the jacket of grey.

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of grey our loved soldier boy wore!

Bitterly we mourn her fate,
Our Carolina;
Cherished old Palmetto State,
Dear Carolina:
Yet while the soul of man is free,
Honored forever shall she be,
The mother of our chivalry;
Brave Carolina.

Nobly now she bears her wrongs,
Our Carolina;
In her night she still hath songs,
Dear Carolina;
In the dust her sons lie low,
Yet pride is mingled with her woe,
They fell with *faces* to the foe;
Brave Carolina.

Though in fetters now she stands,
Our Carolina;
Soon she'll burst the enslaving bands,
Dear Carolina;
Her star in beauty yet shall blaze,
And pierce the gloom that hides its rays,
Glory surround her latter days;
Brave Carolina.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF OUR BELOVED

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

THERE'S a wail of woe on the summer breeze,
A cry resounding o'er land and o'er seas,
A lament for the noble, the true, the brave,
Now borne to his rest in a martyr's grave.

There is mourning on Rappahannock's shore,
Where his battle cry will be heard no more;
There is mourning in camp, and cot, and hall,
For the Christian hero, beloved of all.

Aye, death has stricken a ruthless dart,
It is quivering in a nation's heart.
And our country lies bleeding 'neath the blow,
Which has laid our honored chieftain low.

The shout of victory rent the air,
We knew not that it had cost so dear;
The shout of victory is subdued,
For 'twas purchased with our Jackson's blood.

Ah, many fell on that well fought field,
To whom all honor and praises we yield;
But the sun which set on that bloody plain
When Jackson fell, will never rise again.

He won for himself a crown of fame,
He has left behind him a deathless name,
And our children's children will rise and bless
The hero who fell in the wilderness.

But what to him is the voice of fame;
And what to him is the deathless name;
And what are glory and earth's renown,
To him who has won an immortal crown?

We thought the laurel's green wreath to weave,
For him o'er whose death cold form we grieve;
But the gathered laurels must droop and fade,
For on the bier their bright leaves are laid.

Our sunny land is deep veiled in gloom,
Her fair daughters weep o'er our chieftain's doom;
E'en our gallant braves drop the tears of woe,
O'er that well loved form in the dust laid low.

Weep on, but raise the tearful eyes,
To the glorious mansions above the skies,
Where the deeply mourned his warfare done,
His last victory gained, his rest has won.

FORGET? NEVER!

IN ANSWER TO THE SENTIMENT LATELY EXPRESSED BY MANY,

“WE SHOULD FORGET THE PAST.”

CAN the mother forget the child of her love,
Who was into her tenderest heart strings wove,
Who lisped his first prayer her knee beside,
And grew to manhood her joy and pride?
Can *she* look over his early grave,
And forgetting the cause he died to save,
Think of the past as it never had been?
Those years in her thoughts are too fresh I ween:
Forget? Never!

Can the father forget his first born son,
Who ere his boyhood was fairly run,
Shouldered his musket and left his side,
And for love of his country fought and died?
Think you oblivion's waves can roll
Over a parent's stricken soul?
Oh, no: the past with its waves of blood,
Surges his heart like a mighty flood;
Forget? Never.

Can the sister forget the brother beloved,
 Who with her through the haunts of childhood roved?
 Can she think of the wound on his manly brow,
 Which laid his proud form forever low?
 And can memory be a thing of nought,
 And the years with such terrible anguish fraught,
 Be unto *her* as they ne'er had been?
Oh, no: they will ever be fresh and green.
Forget? Never.

Can the maiden forget the noble youth,
 Who had pledged to her his love and truth?
 Can the wife forget the husband tried,
 Who for love of his country left her side?
 Can the stricken orphan dry her tears,
 And think no more of those vanished years?
 Dark years of terror, of death, and woe?
 Their bleeding hearts cry, *no*; *oh, no*.
Forget? Never.

Can any true Southern heart forget,
 While our land with blood and tears is wet?
 While the mother's, the widow's, the orphan's wail,
 Is borne to our ears from hill and vale?
 While our homesteads in ashes 'round us lie,
 And for bread our starving myriads cry?
 While he, *the chief of our fallen cause*,
 'Gainst mercy's plea, and honor's laws,
 Pines still within his prison walls,
 And justice in vain for his freedom calls;
Forget? Never.

Time may bring healing upon his wings,
May bind in our hearts the shattered strings;
Forgiveness of injuries yet may come,
Though oppression be felt in each Southern home;
But ask no more; the terrible past,
Must ever be ours while life shall last?
Ours with its memories—ours with its pain—
Ours with its best blood shed like rain—
Its sacrifices—all made in vain;

Forget? Never.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

THE cloud which shadowed our once bright land at
length has rolled away,
Though the sun of peace on Southern hearts sheds but
a feeble ray.
The din of clashing arms has ceased, and those long
forced to roam
Are returning from their wanderings to dwell in the
light of home.

Home: what a world of memories cluster round that
sweet sound;
How the heart thrills and quivers, how the glad pulses
bound,
When absent long from that well loved spot, we come
to it once more,
And see unchanged the dear roof tree, and the old
familiar door.

But, alas! alas! for those who come mourning a broken
life—
Grieving for one whose light went out on the far off
field of strife;

In vain for them is the homestead bright with flow'rets
rich and rare,
They feel but the aching void within—see naught but
the “vacant chair.”

The father bows his stately head, while tears of an-
guish flow ;
The sisters enter their once glad home with trembling
steps and slow ;
The mother cries out for her youngest born, the child
of her love and care,
And bursting sobs convulse her frame as she kneels by
the “vacant chair.”

The fire glows on the well known hearth as brightly
as of yore,
But *one* loved face in its cheerful light they will see
again no more ;
There is naught to tell of their treasure now but a
lock of shining hair,
A mound of earth—a memory—and an ever “vacant
chair.”

Time will bind up their bleeding hearts, as into the past
it rolls,
Will still the waves of bitterness now surging o'er
their souls ;
But the missing link from the chain of love, the one
who is not there,
Will ever be present to memory's eye when they see
the “vacant chair.”

Thus sad has been the coming home of many a household band,
Throughout the length and breadth of our own once
free and happy land,
Where'er we turn we miss familiar forms no longer
here;
Where'er we go, find sorrowing hearts, and see one
"vacant chair."

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

No orphan's mourn, no mother's weep,
 No sister's tears are shed,
Over the graves where calmly sleep,
 Our loved and martyred dead.
But woman's heart a blessing breathes,
And woman's hands are twining wreaths,
 Above each lowly bed.

And flowers of summer's sunshine born,
 In robes of beauty drest,
Are brought by woman to adorn
 The soldier's place of rest.
Dear was the cause for which they bled,
And honored still shall be our dead,
 Our noblest and our best.

Then come and o'er each buried head,
 Your floral offerings cast;
Meet tribute to the gallant dead,
 Who to their rest have past.
And soon above our countless slain,
Who long have all unhonored lain,
Shall monumental marble tell
How gloriously they fought and fell;
And the brave boys we loved so well,
 Will have their meed at last.

“OUR PERCY.”

FAR from the one who loved him best,
Whose eyes are dimmed with weeping,
With a fearful wound in his youthful breast,
“Our Percy” is calmly sleeping.

Swiftly and sure the death shaft sped;
And his slumber shall know no waking,
Till the trump which to life recalls the dead,
The trembling earth is shaking.

Alone he lies in Magnolia's shade,
With no marble to tell his story,
And few know the spot where our boy is laid,
Who died on the field of glory.

Yet even his isolated grave
Shall be dressed with wreath and flower,
And our own Palmetto shall o'er him wave,
With the rose of the garden bower.

For noble women tender and true,
Will seek through the silent city,
And the grave of each hero with garlands strew,
And drop o'er it the tear of pity.

While the mother mourns in her distant home,
With a grief that knows no measure,
Gentle feet to his resting place will come,
Loving hands deck the grave of her treasure.

OUR SOUTHERN WOMEN,

IN REPLY TO SUNDRY ATTACKS MADE UPON THEM BY THE
NORTHERN PRESS.

WHEN war's grim visage o'er us frowned,
And desolation reigned around—
When souls of joy and hope were shorn,
And life strings rudely rent and torn—
When e'en our bravest were unmanned,
And waves of woe rolled o'er our land—
Our Southern women fearless stood,
And firmly met the raging flood.

When fiercely rang the battle cry,
Calling our hosts to bleed and die—
When from each home some cherished form,
Went out to meet the gathering storm—
When death was showering forth his darts,
And trampling over loving hearts—
Our noble women checked each tear,
And uttered naught but words of cheer.

When after each terrific fray,
Wounded and faint our brave boys lay,
Afar from friends, afar from home,
Where best beloved ones might not come—

The gentle women of our land,
With pitying eye and tender hand,
Watched tireless by each sufferer's bed,
And wept above the unknown dead.

When for our cause each hope was lost,
And every soul was tempest tost—
When homes in ashes round us lay,
And o'er us shone no cheering ray—
When enemies with taunt and jeer,
Sought to bow *Southern hearts* in fear—
Of all but pride and honor shorn,
Our women paid back scorn for scorn.

Then let the press by Forney led,
Pour out its wrath on woman's head;
Let those who *dared not* face our men,
And wield no weapon save the pen,
Shew to the world how brave they grow,
When *woman only* is their foe.
By enemies as vile as they,
Though venom in each word may lay,
Our Southern sisters true and tried,
Care not how much they are belied;
While loved and honored still they stand,
The pride of their own sunny land.

TRIBUTE
TO
GENERAL STEPHEN ELLIOTT.

Not where the war steed thundered o'er the plain,
Not where the earth drank in the blood of myriads
 slain,
Not mid the cannon's roar, the trumpets clang,
Not where mid flashing steel the Southern war cry
 rang;
 Not there our hero died.

Gently and peacefully he sank to rest,
While loved ones in the parting hour around him prest :
Afar from all the scenes of earthly strife,
The *Christian hero* yielded up his life,
 And passed from hence away.

His epitaph is graved on each true heart,
His memory is of each Southern soul a part ;
His *own loved Carolina* mourns her son,
And crowned with glory by his valor won,
 Weeps o'er her hero dead.

And never while the walls of Sumter stand
Shall we forget *him*, who with his brave band
By day and night, our country's hope and stay,
Guarded the city gates and kept the foe at bay.
 Our warrior now dead.

No more the battle cry rings through our land ;
Crushed is each Southern heart, and powerless each
hand ;

Yet while *one pulse* can thrill to deeds of fame,
A household word will be brave Elliott's name,
Our ever honored dead.

Weep, Carolina weep, though tears are vain.
Our star has set never to rise again ;
Yet amid tears rejoice, for he we mourn
Has passed from hence unto that blessed bourne,
Where there is no more death.

OUR FETTERED CHIEFTAIN,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CHIEF of a fallen cause,
How the heart sickens o'er the tale of wrong
Done to thy manhood in that fortress strong,
Where in the power of a ruthless foe,
Who sought to bring thy noble spirit low,
Shackles were brought for thee.
"The shame! the shame!" well may that bitter cry,
Wrung from thee in thy mighty agony,
In trumpet tones ring through the Christian world;
But not on *thee*, on *them* the shame be hurled,
Who wrought the indignity.

On those thine enemies. •
No shame is written on thy lofty brow,
Fetters could not thy free soul bind or bow,
Nor cast a shadow on thine honored name,
Nor blot the writing on the scroll of fame,
Where it so brightly glows.
Discrowned, indeed, thou art, of power shorn,
No more a chief, an old man, weak and worn;
Yet to each Southern heart now dearer far,
Than when thou shon'st a bright resplendent star,
A terror to thy foes.

"Shame! shame!" the cry resounds
 Where'er the deed of darkness is unrolled,
 Where'er throughout the world the tale is told,
 A nation's heart with indignation burns,
 And o'er the wronged and outraged prisoner yearns
 With fervent sympathy.
 "Shame! shame!" to those who struck the *coward* blow,
 And heaped such insult on a fallen foe;
 But *thou*, brave, brave spirit who hast borne the wrong—
 Thou, who hast learnt to "suffer and be strong"—
 Thou, whose calm fortitude in sorrow's night
 Has shed around thy name a glorious light,
 Disgrace falls not on thee.

Our chieftain well beloved,
 Errors there may have been in thy brief reign,
 All are forgot in this thy time of pain;
 Mistakes committed in thy day of power,
 Are blotted out in this thy suffering hour,
 Thou much enduring one.
 Brave martyr to the cause we loved so well,
 Worn captive in thy lonely prison cell,
 No shame can rest on thee; and in the land
 Where once it was thy glory to command,
 Thy fearful wrongs have made thee *doubly* dear,
 And still thy name we'll honor and revere,
 'Till sets fore'er life's sun.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

In a sheltered nook by Potomac's shore,
Where the earth is darkened with Southern gore,
Sparkles and bubbles a little spring,
Which never ceases its lay to sing,

Over a lonely grave.

'Tis a spot that was made for peace and rest,
Where nature in richest of robes is drest,
Where the birds all fearlessly build their nests,

And the weeping willows wave.

Many a wounded Southern brave,
Has dragged himself here his brow to lave,
And to drink of the waters clear and bright,
Which flashed and glanced in the moon's soft light,

Unheeding his anguished moan ;

And the carpet of green around it spread,

Has pillowed full many a weary head,

And many a soul from that grassy bed

Has passed to the dark unknown.

Yet only one hillock, mossy and green,
By that joyous dancing spring is seen,
Where the sighing winds wake a mournful wail,
And the ring dove moans through the evening gale,

And the firs their tall heads rear ;

Of the countless hosts who in battle fell,

Or of those whose death hour none could tell,
Whose souls passed out from this shaded dell,
But *one* lies buried here.

And who was he? A brave young boy,
Of his Southern home the pride and joy,
The pet and darling of every heart,
Who in his bright life had shared a part,
And but seventeen summers old.
Oh, what a terrible grief was their's,
As back in their souls they crushed their fears,
And sent him forth with prayers and tears.
From the parental fold.

Precious as was the boy to all,
They gave him up at his country's call;
Honor to him was dearer than life,
And he panted to enter the field of strife,
And to shine on the roll of fame.
With a crown of blessing upon his head,
He on to the field of glory sped,
The blood of his pure young heart to shed,
And to win himself a name.

Bravely he bore him in the fray,
And wonder-struck were our boys in gray,
To see the youth with flashing eye,
Press on while shouting the battle cry,
To the thickest of the fight.
His dauntless mien, his bearing bold,
His face of rare and beauteous mould,
His head with its clustering waves of gold,
Seemed filling the field with light.

O'er the scene of blood came a joyous cry ;
 The enemy falter, they fly, they fly ;
 And as the smoke of battle rose,
 In circling wreaths above their foes,
 They were seen from the field to run.
 The gallant boy his proud head raised,
 While every feature with triumph blazed,
 And now, he cried, may our God be praised,
 For the victory we have won.

With kindling cheek, and glistening eye,
 Aye *this*, he said, were a time to die !
 The words from his lips had hardly past,
 When a rushing sound came on the blast,
 And the boy fell on the plain.
 'Twas a bullet that whistled through the air,
 And with pitiless blow struck the temple fair,
 Right in the waves of his golden hair ;
 He never rose again.

Rude men shed tears o'er that noble boy,
 So suddenly called in his hour of joy,
 When closed had seemed the murderous strife,
 And saved through all that bright young life,
 To shine on glory's roll.
 They bore him away to the shaded dell,
 And laid him to rest in his narrow cell,
 While the mourning pines sighed out a knell,
 For the departed soul.

It was meet they thought that one so fair,
 Should be laid in that spot of beauty rare,

Where the birds might warble o'er his grave,
And the foliage green above him wave,
 With the bright spring singing near ;
And this is why that of all who fell,
Or of those whose death hour none can tell,
Whose souls passed out from this shaded dell,
 But *one* lies buried here.

FORT SUMTER.

WRITTEN DURING ITS GRAND DEFENCE AS AN INFANTRY POST, BY A
BAND OF BRAVE MEN, UNDER COMMAND OF GEN. S. ELLIOTT.

PROUDLY defiant old Sumter stands,
And grimly frowns at the hostile bands,
Who have sought for many a day and hour,
To crush her pride and destroy her power.

Proudly she stands, though the raging foe
Has laid her strongest defences low;
Proudly she stands, though no cannon roar
From her mighty casemates as of yore.

The teeth of the monster have been drawn,
The Sampson has of his strength been shorn;
Then why does the foeman fear to pass,
And shrink from nearing the shapeless mass?

He knows that behind those ruined walls
Are hearts which no danger e'er appals,
And ready hands, and a storm of lead,
And he dares not approach the hidden dread.

For Sumter, grand in the olden time,
Is now in ruins a sight sublime,
And the valor of her sons is shewn,
In each fallen brick and broken stone.

Many a young head has fallen low,
Many a life stream has ceased to flow,
And freely has poured the crimson tide,
In the grand defence of our harbor's pride.

The mother sent there with prayers and tears
The son of her love, and hushed her fears;
Those tears now fall in a bitter flood,
For that bright young life has set in blood.

Sumter, thy ruins tell many a tale
Of the maiden's woe, and widow's wail,
For many a brave heart hushed in death,
Has yielded for thee its latest breath.

Honored forever be thy name,
Posterity will record thy fame,
And our children's children ages hence,
Will glory in thy brave defence.

In triumph still shall the old Fort stand,
The pride and boast of our sunny land;
The foe may hurl his shot forever,
But conquer Sumter? *Never—never!*

SEQUEL TO SUMTER.

THE Union flag waves over Sumter's walls,
No more the grand old Fort the foe appals ;
The *gallant leader* of that noble band,
Whose names are honored still throughout our land,
Who heeding neither weariness nor pain,
Held to the post mid storms of iron rain,
Lies in his narrow resting place in calm repose,
Unknowing of his much loved country's woes.
Yet that defence throughout the earth shall tell,
How fierce the struggle, ere old Sumter fell.
The victor glories in our sad defeat,
Which laid the Southern cross beneath his feet,
But conquering with *famine* and with *flame*,
His victory is but a thing of *shame* ;
For us who bravely fought, and nobly bled,
Though all our hopes are now forever dead,
The world shall know though all seems lost, "our
honor still is saved,"
And no disgrace rests on our hosts, "*outnumbered*, not
outbraved."

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