

THE SONG OF THE REBEL.

"JACKSON'S UP"--Camp Talk.

Oh, not a heart in all our host,
But feels a noble thrill,
To see the bristling bayonets,
Of Jackson on the hill;
To know that he has scaled the Ridge,
And downward, onward pour,
His legions to the field, from which
The foe shall rise no more!

Make way for the "Stormy Petrel!"
Look how he rides the wind,
Down from the azure mountain,
The calm days left behind!
He comes on golden pinions
Toward the glittering East,
And the eagle-brood are gathered
To hold their bloody feast!

Hark! how the long, loud cheering
Rings through the swaying pines,
And a thousand eyes are glowing
Along the serried lines!
They know the great, calm leader
In his old grey uniform,
And the brave hearts rush to meet him
As they rush in the battle-storm!

They know the man of Kernstown—
Of all that great campaign
Far off in the snowy Valley,
Where he met, with a great disdain,
The plundering Yankee cohorts,
By Shields and Fremont led,
To the field of Port Republic,
To sleep in a gory bed!

How he fell from the mountain passes,
Like a hawk upon his prey,
And the great host of McClellan
Like a vapor passed away.
How charging at Cold Harbour,
He swept them from his path,
As the dry leaves of the forest
Are swept by the tempest's wrath.

So a health to Stonewall Jackson,
That soul so brave and true,
That never a taint of craven guile,
Or shade of falsehood knew.
Who never shrunk from foeman's steel,
In the heart of the deadliest fight,
And bears on his radiant banner's fold,
"May God defend the Right!"

In all the days of future years,
His name and fame shall shine—
The stubborn, iron Captain
Of our old Virginia Line!
And men shall tell their children,
Tho' all other memories fade,
That they fought with Stonewall Jackson,
In the old "Stonewall Brigade!"

He comes! his battle flag aloft—
His old brown coat more brown
Than when the feeble arm of Banks
Essayed to strike him down.
He comes with calm and simple air,
With kindly smile and eye—
The man for whom ten thousand braves
Would lay them down and die!

And if we cheer our hero,
Why not? No glittering lord
Calls forth that shout: a soldier
Leaning upon his sword—
A way-worn Christian soldier,
Excites that grand acclaim,
To roll forever through the walls
And down the halls of fame.

Beware! good General Burnside,
The storm is roaring down!
The foaming crest is on the wave,
And the skies begin to frown;
Beware! the Stormy Petrel
Is hovering o'er your camp,
And amid the tempest's howling
You may have a steady "tramp!"

Longstreet is here to meet him—
That other warden strong,
Who watches at the temple gate,
To guard the shrine from wrong.
Large-minded, stout in action,
A fighter to the death;
No braver soul than Longstreet
Ere drew a human breath.

It blazed out at Manassas,
And on the hard-fought field
Of Richmond, where McClellan
Died hard, but had to yield!
You know him by the steadfast eye,
And by the iron mouth—
A battle charger, large and strong—
The "war horse" of the South!

But hark! a ringing bugle!
A merry clanking sound,
With the din of clattering hoof-strokes
Upon the frosty ground;
And Stuart with his sabre keen,
And floating plume appears,
Surrounded by his gallant band
Of Southern cavaliers.

He rides his faithful "Sky-lark,"
With golden spurs on heel;
Against the tall boot rattles
His brand of burnished steel.
You read him by his lip and eye,
His bearing, bold and free;
The prince of chieftains on a raid,
And pink of chivalry.

The Yankee captains know him—
A sharp thorn in the side—
In the scouting of the Valley,
And the wild Pamunkey ride;
In the dark midnight of Cattel's,
And on Manassas plain,
And when in Pennsylvania,
He charged their ranks amain.

And lo! at his side that phantom,
Erect on a snow-white steed;
With the pallid face and the fiery eyes,
And the wounds that seem to bleed!
What august form has started
Forth from his bloody shroud,
To ride at the head of the column,
When the wild charge clashes loud?

The dead go fast! the voices
Of great men shout in the wind:
Our hero has departed,
But his brave soul stays behind.
Cold is the heart of Ashby,
That king of the battle-storm,
But it beats in the breast of Stuart,
And strikes with his heavy arm!

So a health to the daring leader,
And all his merry men,
Who oft have hunted the Yankee wolf,
And smoked him from his den;
Their deeds of chivalry bring back,
The princely days of yore,
And the brave "Earl Percy" lives again,
With the very smile he wore!

Look how the blue eyes brighten,
The eager hand extends,
To greet his brother soldier—
His faithful friend of friends.
See how two valiant spirits,
Hot with the battle's breath,
Meet on the eve of conflict,
Before the morn of death.

Long time ago they swore it—
This friendship close and true—
They clasped brave hands, as says the song,
"Ere this old coat was new;"
And in the hottest of the fight,
You'll see their forms appear—
The Chief of the Virginia Line,
Beside the cavalier.

Around them are the noble band
Of Paladins who fight,
In this, our mighty struggle,
For God and for the right.
The soldier face of Rickett,
The steady nerve of Hill,
The dashing Lees and Hampton,
Stout-hearted, strong of will.

Barksdale, that hearty fighter
As ever mounted steed;
Brave Gregg, and Uobb, and Garnett,
And Jenkins, good at need;
Cooke, obstinate in combat,
And Kemper, hot of mood,
And yonder, with the quiet smile,
The honest face of Hood.

Of Hood, the hero-hearted,
Who in the darkest hour,
Stands like a light-house on a rock,
Whatever tempest lower;
Who wrote his name on Groveton heights,
And Sharpsburg's bloody field,
A great and fearless soldier, trained
In all—but how to yield!

Near there, the younger captains,
In battle trappings stand,
In red, and gold, and scarlet,
A tried and trusty band.
Brave Rosser, Wickham, Munford,
They come in long array;
And Butler, Gordon, Martin,
First in the raid or fray.

And still behind the cavaliers,
Those other leaders come;
Who from the sullen cannon's mouth,
Hurl forth the bolt of doom:
Cool Walker, "gallant Pelham,"
Of youthful, modest met,
And Dearing with the smiling lips,
The soul in battle keen.

No harder band of gentlemen
E'er drew the keen-edged brand,
Or rode amid the battle smoke,
To guard their native land.
Forever shall their famous deeds
Shine on the glowing page,
Their name shall live thro' countless years,
Our proudest heritage!

One form alone remains behind,
And lo! the figure comes;
Not with the tinsel Yankee pomp,
Or din of rolling drums;
Wrapped in his old grey riding cape,
A grizzled cavalier,
See Lee, our spotless Southern knight,
"Without approach or fear."

We know him well, our captain—
The foremost man of all,
Whom, though the red destruction lower,
No peril can appal.
We know how he struck McClellan,
In his trebly guarded lines,
And Bully Pope sent flying,
Through the dim Manassas pines.

All honor to the chieftain
With the calm, undaunted mein,
The honest old Virginia blood,
And the great, broad soul serene,
Though all the hounds of ruin howl,
These nations shall be free.
For the Red Cross flag is borne aloft,
By the stalwart hand of Lee!

The chieftain of our chieftains,
Virginia claims her son,
But for the whole great Southern race
His deeds have glory won;
For the blood of "Light-Horse Harry"
Burns in a larger soul,
As true to the call of honor
As the needle to the pole.

As true! and who but loves him,
The man to us so dear;
Whom soil of base detraction
Has never dared come near;
Who keeps his lordly path, unmoved
Through calm or storm, and hears
Even now the calm historic voice
From out the future years.

Such is our band of heroes,
Who fight the bitter fight,
Here on our sacred Southern soil,
For our ancient English right;
Who meet and greet brave Jackson
Upon his rapid way;
For whom all patriotic hearts
Unceasing praise and pray.

So a health to Stonewall Jackson,
To Longstreet, brave as steel;
To Stuart, with the fearless soul,
A knight from plume to heel.
And last to Lee, our General,
Beneath whose flag we go,
To test the edge of Southern steel
On a vulgar, brutal foe.