



THE GLORIOUS SOUTHERN VICTORIES!

Of "BULL'S RUN," the 18th; and MANASSEH, the 21st July, 1861.

A warning to all such fanatics as

LINCOLN, GREELEY & CO.,

By C.

August 1, 1861.

1.
When the great Judge, Supreme and Just,
Shall once inquire for blood;
The humble souls, who mourns in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2.
He from the dreadful gates of death,
Does his own Children raise;
In "Southern States," where with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3.
Our foes shall fall with heedless feet,
Into the Pit, they made;
And Fanatics perish in the net,
Which their own hands had spread.

4.
Thus by Thy judgments, mighty God,
Are Thy deep Counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The Saave must be their own.

5.
The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the rebels,
That dare forget Thee, or lend,
Against Thy known commands.

6.
Though the righteous to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7.
Rise, great Redeemer, from Thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let the North tremble at Thy feet,
And MAN prevail no more.

8.
Thy Thunder shall affright the Tyrants,
And put their hearts to pain,
Made them confess that Thou art God,
And They but fanatical wicked men.

NOTA.

A Warning to L. G. & Co.—see Psalm LIII.
1st, 2d and 3d verses. " " " LIX.
4th verse—see Psalm CXII, verses 5, 6 and 7.
5th " " " LIII, 5th v.; Psalm LV, verses 9, 10, 11, 19 & 20.
6th " " " LV, 22d & 23d v., Psalm CXII, v. 7, 8, 9 & 10.
7th " " " XLIV, verses 5, 6, &c. Psalm XCIV Psalm CVIII.
8th " " " XLVI, " 9 & 10, Psalm LXXXIII [v. 5, 6, &c.]

FREDERICKSBURG.

W. F. W.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two—
That is the number of wounded men
Who, if the telegraph's tale be true,
Reached Washington City but yester e'en
And it is but a handful, the telegrams add,
To those who are coming by boats and by cars;
Weary and wounded, dying and sad;
Covered—but only in front—with scars.

Some are wounded by Minié shot,
Others are torn by the hissing shell,
As it burst upon them as fierce and as hot
As a demon spawned in a traitor's hell,

Some are pierce by the sharp bayonet,
Others are crushed by the horses' hoof;
Or fell 'neath the shower of iron which met
Them as hail beats down on an open roof.

Shall I tell what they did to meet this fate?
Why was this living death their doom—
Why did they fall to this piteous state
'Neath the rifle's crack and the cannon's boom?

Orders arrived, and the river they crossed—
Built the bridge in the enemy's face—
No matter how many were shot and lost,
And floated—sad corpses—away from the place.

Orders they heard, and they scaled the height,
Climbing right 'into the jaws of death';
Each man grasping his rifle piece tight—
Scarcely pausing to draw his breath.

Sudden flashed on them a sheet of flame
From hidden fence and from ambuscade;
A moment more—(they say this is fame)—
A thousand dead men on the grass were laid.

Fifteen thousand in wounded and killed.
At least, is "our loss" the newspapers say,
This loss to our army must surely be filled
Against another great battle day.

"Our loss!" Whose loss? Let demagogues say
That the Cabinet, President, all are in wrong.
What do the orphans and widows pray?
'What is the burden of their sad song?

'Tis their loss! But the tears in their weeping eyes
Hide Cabinet, President, Generals—all;
And they only can see a cold form that lies
On the hillside slope, by that fatal wall.

They cannot discriminate men or means—
They only demand that this blundering cease,
In their frenzied grief they would end such scenes
Though that end be—even with traitors—peace.

Is Thy face from Thy people turned, Oh! God?
Is thy arm for the Nation no longer strong?
We cry from our homes—the dead cry from the sod
How long! oh, our righteous God, how long?

WHEN THIS WAR SHALL END.

How long! not enough, a little longer yet,
Until you withdraw the troops against us set;
Why, do you tremble, why do you fret?
Is it for your murders, now you have regret?

You call upon the spirit of OUR WASHINGTON,
To bring peace and union to this once happy land;
The Constitution by Traitors being trampled upon,
He answers! only the Bravest and Righteous shall stand

He looks down on this country he made glorious and great,
And views the carnage of vandals, in his Native State,
And answers; *Traitors!* it is too late,
I shall leave you to your *ignominious fate.*

He tells us maintain our Rights, he urges us on,
As his spirit soars o'er our Southern sky,
Avenge the Death, of JOHN A. WASHINGTON!
And for your Rights, you must *Conquer or Die.*

You beg, beseech, implore our God,
To come to you and your section's rescue;
But he points to the reeking blood, on Southern sod,
And answers; for your MURDERS, my wrath is your due.

Lay down our arms, never! no, never!
Not until, this execrable Union we shall sever;
And those hordes, of thievish renown,
Shall the deeds of their Butlers and Banks disown.

If you are frightened and torn by the hissing shell,
To you the remedy I can easily tell;
You must, fanatics all, from our shores begone,
And leave us, our Laws and Government, alone.

Many and painful are our woes,
Powerful and merciless is our foes;
But our Cause is sublime and just,
And in God alone is our trust.

Oh! our God in this Holy Cause,
For our Southern Homes and Laws,
In this Struggle for Our Rights
Make them witness many another Fredericksburg fights.

C. S. OF AMERICA, Feb., 25th 1863.

(C.)

C.S.A. 207 C.11 Crowdall 3153