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RICHMOND:

HER GLORY AND HER GRAVES.

A Poem.

IN TWO PARTS.

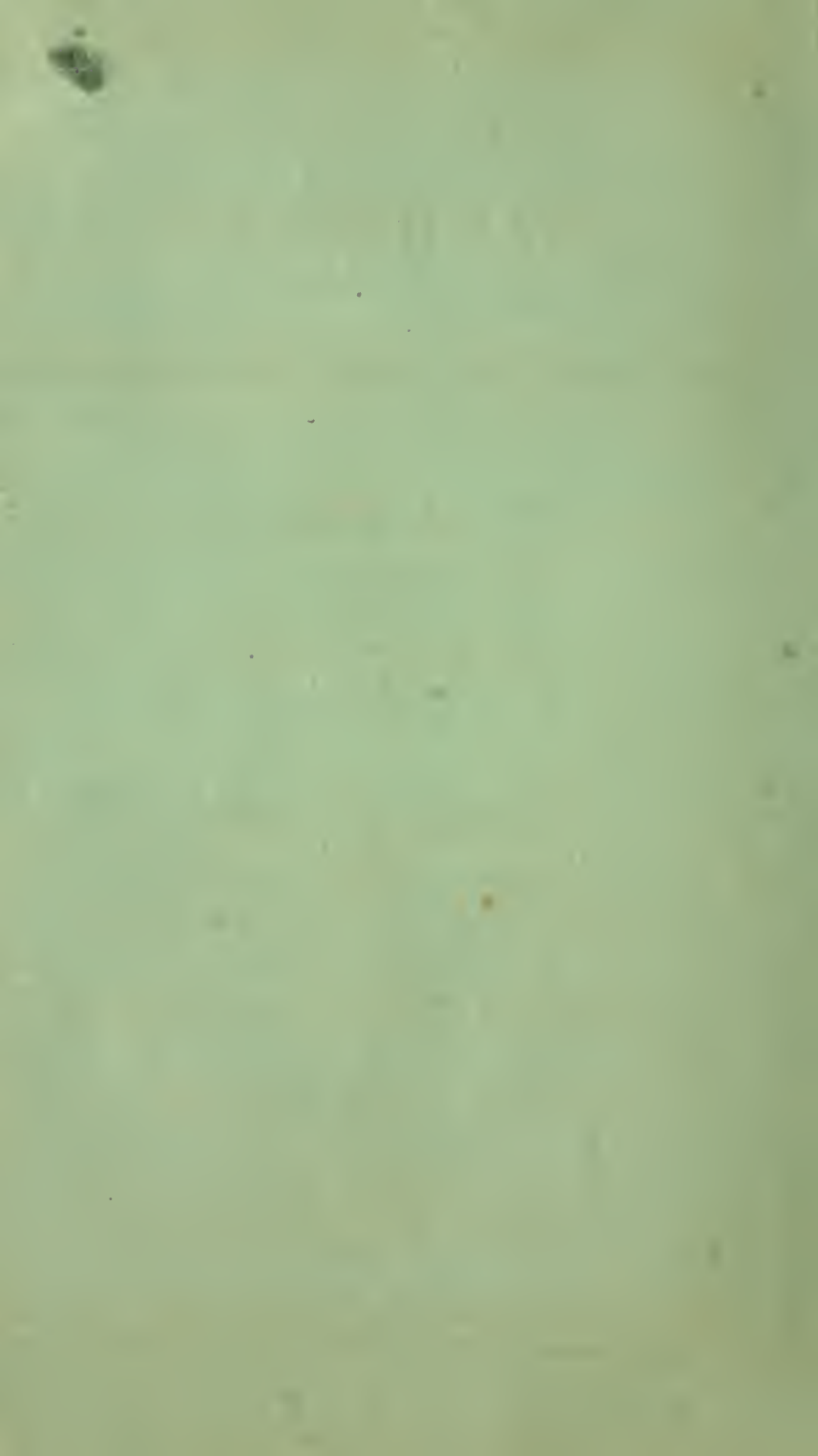
BY
CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

PATRIAE INFELICI ET MEMORIAE MORTUORUM FIDELIS.

RICHMOND, VA.

1867.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.



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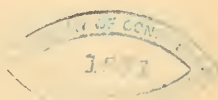
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RICHMOND, VA.
RICHMOND MEDICAL JOURNAL PRINT.
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TO THE
DISTINGUISHED PRISONER OF FORTRESS MONROE,

AND THE
Ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association,
OF RICHMOND, VA.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
With Admiration and Sympathy,

BY THE AUTHOR.

Richmond.

PART FIRST.

I.

Upon her rock-girt hills she stood,
The City of the brave and good,
Virginia's boast and pride :—
God's sunshine on her brightly smiled,
As Fortune on some favored child,
Whom Heaven no gift denied.

II.

The morning light around her shone
In roseate hues like Glory's own—
The Day a splendor wore,
That over Rome's imperial towers,
Or Babylon's enchanted bowers,
It never threw before.

III.

Sweet Night embraced her, like a friend,
Who would the quiet pillow tend
And dreams of rapture share,—
While from the far off midnight skies,
The stars looked down with sentry eyes
Upon the slumberer fair.

IV.

And side by side in solemn strength,
As the swift years rolled on, at length
 A rival City grew,—
A rival in whose still embrace,
Lay the calm brow and marble face,
 The gentle and the true.

V.

Here twilight shadows, soft and gray,
Stole through the muffled paths alway,
 With tender, noiseless tread—
And the sweet moon-beams kissed the ground
Of Hollywood, with awe profound,
 As we would kiss the dead.

VI.

But Richmond, in her living pride,
Looked on this rival by her side
 With only tenderness ;
For in that rival's bosom deep
Her lost ones found the tranquil sleep
 That weary eye-lids bless.

VII.

Ah ! little dreamed she then that those,
In whom her loftiest hopes repose,
 Would by the battle thrust,
Ere long, with all their youthful charms,
Be folded to her rival's arms,
 Commingled "*dust to dust.*"

VIII.

Lo ! by her hearth-stones all secure,
Love watched the roseate visions pure
Of infancy's calm sleep,
And mothers looked with glowing eye,
On brave sons, in whose bosoms high,
Lay mighty thoughts and deep.

IX.

Within her goodly mansions old,
Sweet girlhood did its dreams unfold,
And manhood bowed the knee,—
As beauty met, with blushing grace,
The tell-tale glance and ardent face
Of conquered chivalry.

X.

In power and splendor thus complete,
Wealth pouring treasures at her feet,—
Who might foretell her fate ?
As on her rose-crowned hills of green,
Like Thebes a wonder and like Rome a Queen,
This stateliest City sate.

XI.

But suddenly above her rolled
Fierce thunders dark, and shadows cold
Enwrapped her like a shroud,
Then lifting high her queenly head,
Her flag unfurled, her banner spread,
We hear her war-cry loud.

XII.

Full armed she riseth in her might,
Her buckler *Truth*, her shield the *Right*.

Who dare her prowess try ?
Behold ! the Northman's frown intense
Rests on her proud embattlements—
Who may *his* strength deny ?

XIII.

Four years—four weary, woeful years
Of blood and carnage, grief and tears,
Unheard of erst before,—
As bristling cannon scowl around,
While battle thunders jar the ground,
And clattering muskets roar.

XIV.

We see her struggling in her pride,
Her slow-declining strength defied,
Her brave sons, one by one,
In open field, by forest rill,
On Drury's Bluff and Malvern Hill,
Falling their swords upon.

XV.

Strewn o'er Manassas' crimson field,
Where hearts dripped gore, but would not yield,
And gallant blades were riven—
Behold them in their beauty lie !
The brave, scarred form, the stricken eye,
The dead to Glory given !

XVI.

Ah ! look !—it comes—the funeral train,
That homeward bears her battle-slain ;
 Upon his bier we see—
Crowned with green laurels that enfold
A stricken brow and forehead cold—
 The youthful martyr LEE !

XVII.

And swiftly now from other fields,
With broken swords and shattered shields
 They're gathered—here at last,
To find, upon their mother's breast
A peaceful, calm, unbroken rest—
 Life's stormy conflict past.

XVIII.

From Bethel's darkened plains afar,
From Cedar Mountain's gory scar—
 From Shenandoah's wrecked vale,
They're borne upon their blood-stained bier
To find a smooth grave-pillow here—
 All told,—Life's sorrowing tale !

XIX.

And from the sweet sequestered bowers
Of Hollywood, Spring's early flowers
 Look forth with smiling eye,
As to the low, sad, wailing tones
Of Richmond for her martyred sons,
 They breathe a mute reply.

XX.

They tell of seed in sorrow sown,
By God's own breath mysterious blown,
That we shall reap in joy—
When we have laid Earth's crosses down,
And the tuned Harp and fadeless Crown,
No rude hands may destroy.

XXI.

Oh ! who so stern as not to weep,
Where WALKER and where MUNFORD sleep—
Her beautiful, her brave !
Who would not give her tear for tear
On CUNNINGHAM'S untimely bier,
And WARWICK'S hallowed grave !

XXII.

Who does not bless the sod that lies
Above the dauntless heart of WISE ?—
The noble and the true !—
Hot tears that scorch the rose's bloom,
But water, freshen and perfume
The cypress and the yew !

XXIII.

What heart so dead as not to yield
Fresh pity for the broken shield
Of youthful RUTHERFOORD !
Death's blood-stained arrow never gave
To waiting worm, or yawning grave,
A nobler brotherhood.

XXIV.

Oh ! long, proud list ! Oh ! household names !
That each our meed of memory claims,
 We speak in trembling tone
Of you, who battled, side by side,
And for our bleeding Country died,—
 Our beautiful—our own !

XXV.

A peerless band !—we see them yet,
As ere their glorious suns were set ;
 Their martyr duty done,—
They stood where dangers thickened fast,
'Till the fierce storm had o'er them past
 And Death the victory won.

XXVI.

And now they sleep !—the young and brave,
The bold and daring—those who gave
 Their lives an offering free,—
That on that Country's hallowed shrine,
Their names, their deeds, their *cause* might shine
 Seals of her Liberty !

XXVII.

But lo ! around the mourner stands,
New gathered hordes and strengthened bands,
 That mock her still to-day—
And still with glance of living fire,
She meets their dark, revengeful ire
 With blow for blow alway.

XXVIII.

Four summer suns have rose and set!
Four winter moons the twilight met—
Four years their records told,
Of war and bloodshed, toil and strife,
Disease and danger, death and life,
And storms that darkly rolled.

XXIX.

Four years, whose awful, bloody trace,
In every heart, on every face,
Drawn furrows deep hath made—
Dark years, that on Time's landscape stand
Like Upas trees, severe and grand,
Casting their deadly shade!

XXX.

And panting still with struggling life,
Her phrenzied heart with anguish rife,
Her bosom torn and scarred,
With scornful brow and frantic hand,
She still defies the murderous band
That press her borders hard.

XXXI.

Aye, ne'er despairing, though the right
Must sometimes proudly yield to might,
We see her guardians bold,
Still holding high the "flaming sword,"
That 'gainst the Northman's clamorous horde,
Her battered gates would hold.

XXXII.

And still they're falling, one by one,
The noble sire—the gallant son—
 The fair-haired patriot boy,
Whose sunny smile must pass from earth,
To be, henceforth, at home and hearth,
 But a remembered joy !

XXXIII.

Alas ! the day shone clear and bright,
And soft and fair, a Sabbath light
 Flooded the hills around ;
The church bells rang their mellow chime,
As ever in the good old time
 Of gentle peace profound.

XXXIV.

And humble worshipers, as then,
From the rude thoroughfares of men
 Turned them with willing feet,
In God's own house of prayer to find
Rest for the weary, laden mind,
 And Heavenly solace sweet.

XXXV.

Amid the great assembled throng
He knelt—our own bold leader strong—
 Christ's lowly follower now ;
A light serene burned in his eye,
And truth sublime, and majesty
 Sat on his peerless brow.

XXXVI.

He knelt and worshiped with the rest,
That great, brave soul, whose patriot breast
 With sad emotions stirred—
As 'mid the Sabbath's quiet hum
The sound of martial trump and drum
 Were near and nearer heard.

XXXVII.

But was not Richmond safe the while
Beneath the spring day's glowing smile—
 The April skies so clear?
Was not her banner waving high,
The vaunting foeman to defy—
 Her gallant army near?

XXXVIII.

Ah, why should brave hearts feel alarm,
If God will shield the right from harm,
 How can wrong triumph then?
And while the air with war-notes rang,
Calm voices clear the chorus sang,
 Of "Peace—good will to men."

XXXIX.

The grand old anthem rose on high,
From lips that owned no prophesy
 Of evil's coming hour—
"Te deum laudamus" was sung
By many a rapt, devoted tongue,
 With more than wonted power.

XL.

But hark ! amid the organ's swell,
A note discordant strangely fell—
 A sound smote every ear !
Men glanced with nervous eye, and gave
Unuttered prayers their cause to save,
 And women paled with fear.

XLI.

“ *What is it—what !* ” is whispered low,
As through the aisles, the sexton now
 A hurried message bore—
And Davis calmly rose—no signs
Of aught to mar the tranquil lines
 His noble features wore.

XLII.

Yet as that kingly form withdrew,
Instinctively each bowed heart knew
 That danger threatened nigh ;
The booming cannon's rolling sound,
Like jarring thunder stirred the ground,
 And tears filled many an eye.

XLIII.

Too soon the startling truth is told,
That brave Lee can no longer hold
 His thin and wasted lines ;
Already from the fields afar,
Dark with the gathering storms of war,
 The foeman's emblem shines.

XLIV.

Oh Richmond !—city of the great—
Home of the brave—is this thy fate !
 To be the spoiler's prey !—
To fall within the conqueror's hands,
The booty of his hireling bands—
 Alas, alas the day !

XLV.

Granada wept no hotter tears,
For the wrecked Moslem's broken spears,
 Than we have wept for thee ;
And shall thy glory thus depart,
Bright Idol of Virginia's heart—
 Proud city of the Free !

XLVI.

Hands on our mouths—in silent trust,
Behold ! we bow us in the dust—
 God rules to-day, as when
Throughout His broad creation rang,
The joyful song the angels sang,
 Of “ *Peace—good will to men.*”

XLVII.

Hark ! in the distance now is heard
The tramp of horses hotly spurred—
 They come—behold ! they come—
And all along the crowded streets
The wild throngs press with hurried feet,
 Unmindful where they roam.

XLVIII.

And mothers pale look on the scene,
With grave, sad brows and stricken mien,
 “ All—all is lost !” they cry—
Alas ! our Country’s hapless fate !
Homes, hearts and hopes, all desolate,
 Would *we* could only die !

XLIX.

“ Would thou—would’st to thyself, oh God !
Take us who faint beneath Thy rod,
 With bruised hearts and sore ;
Better to close our eyes, than see
The want, the woe, the misery,
 That lie, alas ! before !”

L.

And timid children shrink with fear,
As the rude sound approacheth near—
 The sound of marching feet,
And closer cling to parent hands,
At the loud swell of martial bands,
 That echo through the street.

LI.

A smothered wail—a bugle note,
That mingling on the red air float—
 A banner torn and furled,
Make up the last, sad, woeful clause
In the brief story of a cause,
 To sudden ruin hurled.

PART SECOND.

I.

Oh ! there were scenes of anguish,
Ere that Sabbath sun went down ;
Sounds of woe were heard in Richmond,
When her gates were overthrown.
April decked her hills with roses,
Scattering odors fresh and sweet,
But the tramp of battle horses,
Crushed the daisies at her feet.

II.

Aged eyes looked on the picture,
With their fading light serene,
But the hoariest head had never
Bowed before a sadder scene,—
Only yesterday unbending,
In her fortitude and pride,
With a Roman will she struggled
'Gainst the foe so long defied.

III.

Now a pale and crownless mourner,
All her glory overthrown—
Weeping Rachel for her children,
Sits disconsolate and lone.
Aye ! disconsolate and lonely
Is our widowed Queen to-night,
As within her darkened chambers,
Burn no flaming torches bright.

IV.

She hath doffed her crown and sceptre,
With their jewelled splendor's glow,
For the sack-cloth and the ashes
Of an immemorial woe.
She had ventured all save honor—
All upon a single die,
And behold, to highest Heaven,
Goes her agonizing cry!

V.

Think you He will fail to hear it—
He—the God of power and might,
As upon His throne of Glory,
Lo, He sitteth “judging right!”
Clouds and darkness round about Him,
Long may hide Him from our eyes,
But, my Country! He will never
Scorn thy bleeding sacrifice!

VI.

He will not forget the record
Of thy suffering and thy wrong
And although his vengeance tarries,
'Twill, at last, be sure and strong,—
It will follow where the ruins
Of thy homesteads, fair and grand,
Tell the dark and mournful story
Of oppression's ruthless hand.

VII.

It will note the low mounds rising,
From thy bosom far and nigh,

Pointing out the green turfed chambers,
Where thy fallen heroes lie.
Aye, thy fallen !—those who perished
In a struggle most sublime,
And whose glory is not measured
By the fading light of time.

VIII.

Prominent among them, bearing
Seals upon their foreheads bright,
Are the brave who fell, oh Richmond !
Thy beleaguered homes in sight.
Those who shed their life blood freely,
For thy safety and defence,
And to whom thy love and blessing
Were the highest recompense.

IX.

Oh ! what e'er of all thy grandeur,
Conquering power and vengeance craves,
Unto thee, alone, remaineth,
Still, the glory of thy graves !
None may rob thee of this guerdon ;
'Tis a proud, though mournful prize,
And it shines a glowing picture,
To the world's admiring eyes.

X.

It will tell in song and story,
Of a prowess sorely tried—
How brave hands upheld the banner
Which their life-blood darkly dyed ;
How they rushed into the conflict,

Full of faith in God and Right—
 How they fell, at last, undaunted,
 'Neath the crushing car of might.

XI.

WALKER with his calm soul waiting,
 And his feet already shod,
 For the "forward" march, that led him
 To the bosom of his God,—
 PEGRAM with his bold eye kindled,
 And his proud lips red and warm
 With the kisses of his bride-wife,
 As he dared the battle-storm :

XII.

HARRISON and PRICE and ALLAN,—
 Noble trio,—firm and true,
 HALLOWELL, McCANCE and GRATTAN,
 POLLARD, NIMMO, DOVE and CREW,
 LEE and WYATT—those who perished
 When the strife had but begun—
 And those brave, lamented brothers,
 NICHOLAS and ROBINSON—

XIII.

HARDGROVE, JOHNSTON, WALTHALL, ELLET,
 CHRISTIAN, DABNEY, TUCKER, BROWN,
 WARWICK (Brothers,) TOMPKINS, MITCHELL,
 STROTHER, GREEN and SYMINGTON,
 WALDROP, WYNNE—alas ! why need I
 Thus the mournful list prolong ?
 None do need my humble tribute—
 Each will live in fame and song.

XIV.

Each will live, beloved and cherished—
Honored, while the lips of time
Tell the grand, ennobling story
Of a martyrdom sublime ;
Live in memory's holy chamber,
Sacred, guarded, undefiled,—
Live, while lives one stricken mother,
Still to mourn her noble child.

XV.

Lift thy weeping eyes, oh Richmond !
See them in their beauty glide ?
Crowns their blood-washed foreheads wearing,
Sealed, redeemed and glorified.
Safe from ills that vex us sorely,
They have passed beneath the rod ;
Gilead's balm their death-wounds healing—
Lo ! with Christ they live in God !

XVI.

Never more our life-paths blessing,
Nevermore our griefs to share,
Shall we feel their love's caressing,
Or behold their faces fair ;
Yet their pure and gentle spirits,
Disenthralled, will hover still,
O'er the ruined shrines and places,
Which they once were wont to fill.

XVII.

In the solemn hush of twilight,
We shall feel their presence near,

When far in the distant heavens,
One by one, the stars appear,
We shall see them in our visions,
Clothed in new celestial grace,
When some holy dream at mid-night
Brings us back the buried face.

XVIII.

When we seek the graves that hide them,
In their chambers dark and deep ;
Smoothing with our hands the grasses
Waving o'er their dreamless sleep.
They will look upon and bless us,
Smiling on our work of love,
As they note the pious duty,
From their sinless home above.

XIX.

This remains—a mission holy,
None may venture to deny—
E'er to shield, protect and honor
Places where our fallen lie.
E'er to guard from rude obtrusion
The lone couches where they sleep ;
Tenderly above their ashes,
Loving watch and ward to keep.

XX.

And when Spring returns in beauty,
Life and light and joy to give,
To the hidden germs that slumber,
And to aching hearts that live,—
Bringing flowers, of vernal sweetness,

O'er the narrow couch to spread,—
Lilies pure and budding roses,
Breathing incense o'er the dead.

XXI.

Thus thy martyred sons, Oh Richmond !
Still may claim thy loving care,
Though within thy darkened dwellings,
Vacant all their places are,—
Thus thou still may'st nobly honor
Those who perished from thy side,
Calling on thy name in accents,
Low and tender ere they died.

XXII.

Aye,—and those who came as *strangers*,
Falling in the deadly strife,—
Names unknown and unrecorded,
Save in God's own " Book of Life ;"
Love them too—revere their ashes ;
Guard from ruthless hand profane,
Every spot whose soil is hallowed
By a Southern martyr slain.

XXIII.

" Storied urn," or lettered marble,
Are not needed here to tell,
That these pale unconscious sleepers
Did their Spartan duty well :—
Did their duty when they gathered
Round that Banner, folded now
To the battle tempest baring
Each a dauntless breast and brow.

XXIV.

Did their duty, when they bore it
 Through the long and bloody strife—
 Aye, at last, to shield and save it,
 Yielding each a hero's life,—
 Did their duty, when in dying,
 Mingling with their parting prayer,
 Rose the wish that God would make it
 Still his highly favored care.

XXV.

Ended now is all the struggle—
 Lost the *cause* they died to save ;
 Folded is the war-worn banner,
 Crimsoned with the blood they gave.
But not lost, and not forgotten,
 Shall they be—the true and tried,
 Who upheld it long and nobly,
 Through the battle's angry tide.

XXVI.

Passed are they to shores supernal,
 Far beyond the rolling flood ;
 Sealed each martyr's brow immortal,
 With the sacrament of blood—
 Grounded arms for crowns of glory ;
 Swords exchanged for Heavenly palms ;
 On their death wounds Christ the Healer
 Pours the sweet Celestial Balms.

XXVII.

Then why mourn them ?—we who're blindly
 Groping in this nether dark—

Vainly yearning, in our weakness,
 O'er our wrecked and ruined barque !
 Rather let our best thanksgiving
 Rise to Him, who smote in love—
 Giving us the blow and anguish ;
 Them the peace and crown above.

XXVIII.

Oh Richmond ! though thy homesteads dear
 Once rang with joyous echoes clear
 Of laughter, song and mirth,
 Though now a brooding shadow lies
 About thy paths, and flowing eyes
 Surround each lonely hearth—

XXIX.

God to be gracious still, will not
 Forget—nor on thy fallen lot,
 Cease to extend His smile,
 If but amid the dread alarm
 Alone on His sustaining arm
 Thou wilt but lean the while.

XXX.

Thy past—the crown that decked thy brow
 Is but a faded glory now,
 Its light no more we see,
 Lost, lost thy sceptre in an hour—
 A blighted oak, a fallen tower
 Are emblems all of thee.

XXXI.

Thy forehead wears the mourner's wreath
 Of cypress, and thy burning breath
 Floats out in fevered sighs ;

Thy goodly mansions, once so fair,
Show vacant places here and there,
And tears bedim thine eyes.

XXXII.

Niobe of cities ! grief hath drunk
Thy spirit up, and sorrow sunk
Its arrows in thy heart ;
To see thy bravest champions fall,
To hear thy sufferers vainly call,
Hath been thy destined part.

XXXIII.

Yet girt with Truth's immortal will,
Great in thy desolation still,
Fair in thy swift decay—
Like Rome amid her ruins grand,
Like Thebes a marvel through the land,
Thou sitt'st a Queen to-day.

XXXIV.

And unborn nations yet will own
Thy sceptred rule, when years have flown
And by thee, side by side,
The great and good will stand to claim
The honor due thy glorious name—
Virginia's boast and pride !

XXXV.

War's blighting breath may still consume
Our temples fair—our roses' bloom
His ruthless hand may smite—
But wrong shall not always assail—
Immortal Truth must still prevail ;
God will defend the Right !

The Death of the Young Partizan.

He fell—not where numbers were falling,
Whose groans with the cannon-peal blend;
His blood with no common stream mingled,
Where legions, with legions contend—
Alone on the hill-side they found him,
With only his charger he stood,
As they leaped from their lairs in the wild-wood,
Athirst for his innocent blood.

The caitiffs were numbered by dozens—
He facing the murderous band—
To the roll of their guns he responded
With a wave of his beautiful hand;
But closer their carbines are flashing—
Their threats by their frowns are endorsed;
Poor bird! from the fowlers escape thee!
Escape! quick! no time must be lost.

His hand on the trusty rein tightens,
His spur goads the charger—away!
Ho! whirl! But alas! all around him,
The hounds hold their victim at bay.
Did he quail?—not a moment, believe me—
All true to his Truth, to the last,
He fought like a Cæsar, nor paused he,
'Till the blow and the anguish had past.

A charge up the hill-side!—a volley!

The horse leaps his rider above—

They rush for the spoils—their booty,

A scarf, a ring, and a glove.

What matters the story they utter,

His dumb lips can make no appeals,

His blood stains the scarf as it flutters,

His hand unresistingly yields.

Thank God! the worst now is over,

All past is the groan and the pain—

They may scar, they may rob, they may mangle,

But they never can kill him again.

See, see!—they are bearing him gently—

What matters their gentleness now?

Ah, cowards! you dared not dishonor

The halo that circles his brow.

They have laid him down under the hawthorn,

A ringdove is scared from her nest,

While the little brook sings in the meadow

A dirge for the hero at rest.

God's sun over all, too, is shining—

He looks from His kingdom of bliss,

On a world that for mercy and kindness,

Returns a thanksgiving like this.

Oh, Father in Heaven! befriend us—

The war-wolves are still on our track;

Our innocents take to thy bosom,

But ne'er to the spoiler give back.

They have laughed at the tears we are shedding;

They have mocked at the prayers that we gave;

Our Mother, Virginia, is wailing—

Oh, Father, deliver and save!

The prayer on the Spring breezes floated,
The tramp of the foeman was still ;
When the moon, in her calm, quiet beauty,
Rose smilingly over the hill.
Who thought in the years that have vanished—
The years of the glad Long Ago—
That her soft, gentle rays would be falling
To-night on such pictures of woe !
Who, yesterday even, would augur,
From aught that a prophet could say,
That the fair, boyish brow, then so peerless,
Would drip with its own gore to-day ?
He sleeps while his comrades are calling—
“ To saddle ! to saddle ! proclaim ! ”
He smiles in his sleep, but he heeds not
The echo that answers his name.
Oh, comrades !—*too late* for the rescue !
Strike ! strike though ! with ball and with blade !
For the murderers still howl in the distance—
He lies there asleep in the shade.
They weep—e'en the stoutest and bravest—
Tears fall on the hillock like rain—
Ha, boys ! quick ! a breath stirs the hawthorn !
To saddle ! to saddle ! again.
Oh, the hawthorn, the hawthorn, who reckoned
That ever the bank where it stood,
Would, along with the dews that impearled it,
Be crimsoned with innocent blood !
Who dreamed, as they saw it there, hiding
The nest which a ringdove had made,
That a fair, fallen son of Virginia
Would sleep in its beautiful shade.

The soft, swaying winds interlacing
The boughs to a self-woven crown,
Sighed low, as upon the green hillock,
They laid the young warrior down.
They laid him there tenderly, they who
A moment before saw him fall,
His locks dripping blood that had followed
The blow of their pitiless ball.

Ah, well may their conscience awaken
Remorse for the merciless deed ;
Each soul has a JUDGE to account to—
Each life has its hour of need.
Remember it, Vandals, remember,
You slew him alone on the hill,
And that God, whose commandments you trample,
Can be his Avenger, and *will*.

I wonder not that you should cover
His pale, stricken brow with a pall ;
You could not, you *dared* not encounter
The dumb face that smiled on you all.
'Tis over. You hurry and leave him—
The blast of your bugle is nigh ;
The wind through the hawthorn is sighing,
The streamlet goes murmuring by.

But a *heart* in the meanwhile is waiting,
Close by where the mansion-lights burn ;
An eye o'er the hill-side is peering
To see her brave soldier return.
What news shall we give her? The tidings,
That true to your leader's command,
You found him alone on the hill-side,
And slew—with a merciless hand ?

I'd rather not tell her the sequel,
How, gloatingly over your prize,
You stood all amazed at the beauty
That shone from his dark, dying eyes.

I'd rather not tell how you *hurried*
To tear off the badge from his breast,
Scarcely waiting till God's silent angel
Might bear the brave soul to its rest.

She tied on that scarf in the morning ;
She gave him the ring and the glove ;
And about him, a talisman holy,
She threw the bright shield of her love.
'Tis done. You may go to your leader,
And tell him the glorious (!) tale—
That a heart for your bold deed is breaking,
Its sighs floating out on the gale.

It were well for you, too, to remember,
Though fallen his bright, laurelled head,
That for one dauntless arm you have smitten,
A thousand will spring in its stead.
Yea, a thousand will rise to avenge him,
His name will their war-spirit thrill ;
Ah, 'twas no common prey that you hunted,
And slew all alone on the hill.

Those dark eyes you saw were his mother's,
The smile that he wore was her own,
And I know that her spirit from Heaven
Looked down on her pale, murdered son ;
And she stretched forth her arms to receive him,
When helpless, and pallid, and still,
He lay where your cruel hands left him
Alone, all alone on the hill.

There's another, immortal and glorious,
The Grandsire * who clasped to his knee,
That boy with his baby-locks floating
Around a pure brow, glad and free.
Do you think while *he* stood your defender,
And labored for Right to the last,
That he thought of an hour when you'd scoff at
The memory of services past ?

It is said that the dead do behold us
When Heaven the veil tears away,
And that spirits released still yearn fondly
For those who are struggling with clay.
Then remember *who* saw you, when pity
Failed wholly your stone hearts to move ;
When like vultures, with hands red and gory,
You murdered the child of his love.

Ah, the day will come yet in the future,
When the country *he* strove to redeem,
Will arise in her strength self-existent,
And the light of her glory shall beam.
Then the Army of Martyrs in Heaven
Will echo her glorious call,
And among them you'll see in its beauty
The dumb face that smiled on you all.

MARCH 31ST, 1865.

* Ex-President Tyler.

Virginia's Dead.

Proud mother of a race that reared
The brave and good of ours,
Lo! on thy bleeding bosom lie
Thy pale and perished flowers.
Where'er upon her own bright soil
Hosts meet their blood to shed—
Where brightly gleams the victor's sword,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And when upon the crimsoned field
The cannon loudest roars,
And hero-blood for liberty
A streaming torrent pours ;
Where fiercest grows the battle's rage
And Southern banners spread ;
Where minions crouch and vassals kneel,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

Where bright Potomac's classic wave
Rolls softly to the sea,
And Shenandoah's sweet valley smiles
In her captivity ;
Where Mississippi sullen rolls
His foaming torrent bed,
And Tennessee's smooth ripples break,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where mid dreary mountain heights
The Frost-king sternly sate,
As GARNETT cheered his legion on
And nobly met his fate ;
Where JOHNSTON, LEE and BEAUREGARD,
Their gallant armies led,
Through winter snows and tropic suns,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where through Georgia's flowery meads
The proud Savannah flows,
As soft o'er Carolina's brow
Atlantic's pure breeze blows ;
Where Florida's sweet tropic flowers
Their dewy fragrance shed,
And night-winds sigh through orange groves,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

Where Louisiana's eagle eye
Frown's darkly on her chains,
And proud New Orleans' noble streets
The Despot's heel profanes—
Where Virtue shrinks in dread dismay
And Beauty bows her head,
While Valor spurns th' oppressor's yoke,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

'Neath Alabama's sunny skies,
On Texas' burning shore,
Where blooming prairies brightly sweep
Missouri's bosom o'er,
Where bold Kentucky's lion heart
Leaps to her MORGAN'S tread,
And tyrants quail at Freedom's cry,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where the Ocean's trackless waves
O'er pallid corpses sweep,
As mid the cannon's deafening peal,
Deep calleth unto deep ;
Where ever Honor's sword is drawn
And Justice rears her head—
Where heroes fall and martyrs bleed,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

AUGUST 13th, 1862.

An Appeal for Jefferson Davis.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

Unheralded, unknown, I come to thee,
Who holdest in thy hands the scales of power ;
Assured thou will not spurn the suppliant,
Who with frail, helpless hands and burning heart,
Lays at thine honored feet *her* simple plea
Of "*Mercy for the Captive.*"

Thou hast known
The tempest-tossings of a chequered life,
The chill of adverse winds, the wintry blight
Of hopes too fondly cherished. Thou hast seen
How frail a bubble is the world's applause,

How empty its poor praise. Oh ! pity us
 On whose life-paths shadows have darkly fallen,
 Whose bruised hearts thy clemency may heal.
 We plead for one, honored, revered, beloved.
Spare him, on whose brave head cowards would lay
 A nation's penalty. If *he* has sinned,
 The humblest champion of our fallen cause
 Did just as truly sin,—if guilty he,
 Our JACKSON too was guilty, yet who seeks
 To brand *his* glorious name? Ah, who so bold
 As, with the lash of stern rebuke, to dare
 Assail whom GOD approveth?—JACKSON'S soul
 Rests with the Crucified,—shall DAVIS bear
 The penance of his guilt?

Oh, honored Chief,
 Be kind, be *just* to him whom JACKSON loved,
 And proudly honored with his high esteem :
 Upon his head blessings unspoken rest—ties
 Stronger than hooks of steel circle him round ;
 Prayers from unnumbered hearts go up for him.
 Art thou *a husband*?—for *his* safety now,
 A wife sits weeping through the lonely hours
 Of his long absence. Silent, bitter tears
 Well from her burdened heart, while boding fears
 Sadden with anxious thoughts her sleepless pillow.
 Art thou *a father*?—In their stranger home
 Young children watch for *him*, and pause to hear
 The step that comes not—aye, they often ask,
 “ *Where is our father?—why does he not come?* ”
 And grave lips blanch and quiver in reply,
 And talk of “ *prayer* ” and an “ *abiding trust* ”
 In the All-Father, God. Oh, round his neck

Fond arms would gladly circle ; prattling lips
Would pour into his ear their music-tones
Of simple, guileless love. Say, would'st thou give
Joy to these *blameless ones*? then open wide
His dreary prison door.

For this one act,
Heaven would smile on thee in that solemn hour
When life is pausing at the gates of Death,
And *thy* sole hope is CHRIST'S *beneficence*.
Aye, for this single act, *so much desired*,
A thousand hearts would pour their prayers for thee
At God's own mercy-seat ; a thousand tongues
Would speak thy praise, as that of one who knew
How, with the tempted hand of conscious power,
To shield the helpless.

Oh, most honored Chief,
Head of a mighty nation !—lend thine ear
To this poor, earnest plea for one beloved.
Set the brave captive free ! and when at last
Thy soul stands trembling at that judgment-seat
Where prayers avail not, when the written scroll
Of human deeds is opened, and there lies
The record of *thy life*,—should aught appear
Which justice would consign to punishment,
May the recording angel *blot it out*,
And o'er thy name, in testimony, write,
“ *Blessed are the merciful.*”

OCTOBER 22, 1865.

Farewell to the Flag.

Farewell, farewell to thee, glorious banner !

The hopes of a nation have followed thee long,—
The blood of her slain, like the Heaven-sent manna,
O'ershadows the ground of her suffering and wrong.
Around thee have gathered the noblest and bravest
That ever for Freedom and liberty bled,
And above thee once glistened the star of a Promise
As bright as the beams which the morning hath shed.

Farewell, farewell, faded emblem of glory,
Lost hope of a people God made to be free,
Thou'lt live yet, ennobled in song and in story,
When those that disowned thee, dishonored shall be.
Thou'lt live—aye, embalmed in the hearts, torn and bleeding,
That throbb'd for thy triumph, and wept at thy fall,
And at last when proud Liberty leaps from her thraldom
The blood of thy martyrs will answer her call.

JULY 16th, 1865.



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