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A. D. 1862,

OR

THE VOLUNTEER ZOUAVE

IN

BALTIMORE,

BY

AN OFFICER OF THE "GUARDS."

My Zouave your taunting voice I hear,
But dream not runaways *we* fear.

BALTIMORE:
J. DAVIS & CO.
1862.

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The Zouave in Baltimore,

IN 1862.

As Woman's champion, forth I stand,
To take this bold Zou Zou in hand;
So sweetest Muse your aid I crave,
What lady would not help the brave,
And sooth 'tis brave within our *loyal* (?) city,
To publish aught that's either true or witty.
Here dullness reigns supreme in DIX,
And double-dealing *lies* in HICKS;
But why should we at rascals rail,
Then bow submissive to McPhail—
Who does as Deputy the dirty work,
E'en teaches all *his* Pelicans to lurk
Round bar-rooms, quickly to arrest
The first secesher who, with wine oppressed,
Cries "Here's to Jeff. and Beauregard,
May they strike McClellan hard!"
"Ah, ha, my bully, say you so,
Then off unto the "Fort" you go!"

But soft, I am not "acting State's Attorney,"
 For Archie Stirling *dare* not take a journey.
 As Ladies Advocate I now appear,
 Boldly to plead my cause and without fear;
 For ladies search the wide world o'er,
 Tired you'll turn to Baltimore—
 For here the fairest you may find,
 Beauty, accomplishments combined:
 With every charm that can impart a zest,
 In form and mind and all the rest.

The reason's plain why this most amorous Zou-Zou,
 The bugle of the Muse has blown with a poor, faint too-to
 A lady-killer who had left New York,
 Because his wits *could not* buy pork.
 He went to Dixie in his breeches red,
 Got scared, and from Big Bethel fled;
 But when on fettered Baltimore,
 Abe Lincoln did these cowards pour;
 He'd strut around and boldly blow,
 That at Big Bethel he fought thus and so—
 Though coward tremors shook his frame,
 Whene'er he did that battle name.

Envy that offspring of the coward's heart,
 Which in the brave man has no part—
 Has goaded him to make his foul attack
 On every lady who presents her back,
 Instead of face, to that most warlike leer,
 Which he assumes to better mask his fear:
 And thinking that they'd all adore him,
 Grumbles to find they all abhor him:
 Forgetting that to kill each brother,

Father, husband, aye and lover,
 He's come into our sunny South
 To scatter carnage from the cannon's mouth.
 Beware, my Zouave, you little know
 The mettle of your sleeping foe ;
 The tiger roused is not more dread,
 For when our "Old Line" once makes head,
 When under weigh we'll carry all before us,
 Despite the *starch* the *Durjee* may scatter o'er us ;
 We fear ye not, but proudly claim,
 Unstained as yet, our "Virgin name."
 We pant to meet ye in the field,
 To see who then will fly, who yield—
 You ran at Bethel, but you'll *fly*
 When Elzey bids you run or die ;
 Remember Van Ingram who beat a retreat,
 Soon after achieving the desperate feat
 Of insulting three ladies he happened to meet ;
 Now he was your surgeon of warlike repute,
 Though he had a great dread of a gentleman's boot.
 Take warning by him, my Zouave, and "dry-up,"
 Just think on the slip 'twixt the lip and the cup ;
 Don't think that we're conquered, do'a't flatter yourself,
 Don't think that you only must lay on the shelf ;
 But good bye, my dear boy, you have my best wishes,
 For soon you'll be food for the birds or the fishes.

And here I'll finish my reply
 To the red-legged Zou Zou's rhyming lie ;
 The author he can find out *may be* ;
 If he should enquire for

QUIEN SABE ?

Reply to the Volunteer Square.

BY A BALTIMORE LADY.

We've seen the complaint of the red legged Zou-Zou,
Understand his sad case and pity him, too!
He's shunned in the hall—he's cut in the street,
And scorned by each *lady* he happens to meet.
What meaneth this change—it was not so of yore,
When he visited friends in sweet Baltimore.
The change is in us and the change is in you,
And the change is in all things since that time, Zou-Zou;
You came then as friends, 'twas a pleasure to greet,
You come now as foes, it is maddening to meet;
And our brain it will burn, and our blood it will boil,
'Till you take your rude foot from our Maryland soil.
We don't think it useless, nor foolish, nor wrong,
To do *all* (?) the things that you tell in your song:
For women are quick and not given to musing,
They've no thanks for "Protection," (?) that's not of *their*
choosing:
When they need *armed* attentions they'll ask you to come,
But now none are wanted, so you'd better run "*hum*."

Just think of the ladies in the city of "Tea,"
 Though not quite so warm and impulsive as we—
 Would they walk with, or talk with, or smilingly glance
 On a Southerner armed with his musket and lance,
 Who took up quarters, as though 'twas his right,
 And staid there as long as seemed good in his sight;
 Dispensing to fathers and brothers and friends,
 Such justice as suited to further his ends;
 Do you think they would greet, with a cordial face,
 The men you are striving your best to displace:
 Would you challenge their favor, would you wish them to smile
 On the men who were planting their cannon meanwhile,
 To destroy that fair city, to ruin each home,
 While the loved ones in danger and loneliness roan?
 We need not your answer, deny it who may,
 How her feelings would prompt her each woman can say.

Go back where you came from, stay there for a time,
 Learn to look on secession as less of a crime;
 Let the South make the trial to live by herself—
 The North has enough both of prudence and pelf;
 It needs not the aid of us miserable sinners—
 So let us alone to earn our own dinners;
 And Helen and Phœbe, and all the bright train
 Of ladies whose names you have brought in your strain,
 Would be cheerful and joyous and happy again,
 Not seeming as now to be haters of men.
 So go back to your city, put on your own clothes,
 When you come here again we won't meet as foes:
 If you take us as friends, we'll be faithful and true,
 But don't come again as a Yankee Zou-Zou!



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