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Yorktown Centennial Ode.
By JAMES BARRON HOPE.



ARMS AND THE MAN:

A METRICAL ADDRESS,

RECITED ON THE

ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY

(OCTOBER 19th, 1881,)

OF THE

SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS

AT YORKTOWN

ON INVITATION OF JOINT COMMITTEE OF BOTH HOUSES
OF CONGRESS,

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE,

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

NORFOLK, VA :
LANDMARK PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1882.

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Inscribed
to
"The Sovereign People."

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 16, 1880.

SIR :—On the 19th of October, 1881, Congress will celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and will lay the corner-stone of a monument to be erected to mark the spot of this decisive battle. It is especially desired that some gifted son of Virginia should pronounce a poem on that occasion, and we would respectfully invite you to perform that service, assuring you that we shall feel under great obligations to you for a favorable reply.

We have the honor to be

Respectfully your obedient servants,

GEO. B. LORING,	} Committee	
FRANCIS KERNAN,		on
JNO. GOODE,		Oration
E. H. ROLLINS,		and
H. B. ANTHONY,		Poem.

James Barron Hope, Esq., Norfolk, Va.

NO. 59 FREEMASON STEEET, }
NORFOLK, VA., December 17, 1880. }

GENTLEMEN :—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 16th of December, 1880, and with no little trepidation and distrust of my humble powers, I beg leave to say that I will endeavor to the best of my ability to discharge the high trust it has been your pleasure to confer upon

Your very obedient servant,

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

To Messrs. Loring, Kernan, Goode, Rollins and Anthony, Committee of the House and Senate.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, }
 WASHINGTON, D. C., October 31, 1881. }

DEAR SIR :—I have the honor to inclose herewith a copy of a resolution adopted by the Yorktown Congressional Commission at a meeting held on the 25th instant.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. S. TUCKER, *Secretary.*

Captain James Barron Hope.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, }
 WASHINGTON, D. C., October 25, 1881. }

At a meeting of the Joint Congressional Commission, charged with the conduct of the Yorktown Centennial, held this day at the Capitol in Washington, it was voted, "That this Commission tender its thanks to Captain James Barron Hope for the very eloquent and appropriate Centennial Poem, delivered by him in response to its invitation at Yorktown on the 19th of October, 1881.

"That Captain Hope be requested to furnish a copy of his Poem to the Secretary of the Commission, in order that it may be transmitted to Congress and published with the report of the Commission.

JOHN W. JOHNSTON, *Chairman.*

ATTEST :

JOHN S. TUCKER, *Secretary.*

59 FREEMASON STREET, }
 NORFOLK, VA., November 10, 1881. }

DEAR SIR :—In compliance with the request of the Committee I forward to-day the MS. of my Poem, and in so doing beg you to return my thanks to the Committee for the kind manner in which they have been pleased to recognize the poor services of

Your friend and servant,

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

*Captain John S. Tucker, Secretary to the Centennial Committee,
 Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.*

PREFACE.

In submitting this performance to the public, I beg leave to remind those who may do me the honor to read it, that, it is called "A Metrical Address ;" and to say to them that this title was deliberately adopted, in order to suggest the theory under which it was constructed.

In few words, it was composed to be *spoken*, and for immediate effect, before a great assembly of the people, as well as the illustrious company of foreign guests and native dignitaries who adorned the occasion.

The task was executed under circumstances of no little delicacy, and if the public will be good enough to bear these facts in mind, the "Yorktown Centennial Ode," as it has been called, may, perhaps, be better understood, and less liable to the animadversions of the in"judicious critic" than it would be without a word of explanation from the reader's very obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Norfolk, Va., November 20th, 1882.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

A METRICAL ADDRESS,

RECITED ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SURRENDER
OF LORD CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN ON INVITATION OF A JOINT
COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF THE UNITED STATES
CONGRESS.

PROLOGUE.

Full-burnished through the long-revolving years
The ploughshare of a Century to-day
Runs peaceful furrows where a crop of Spears
Once stood in War's array.

And we, like those who on the Trojan plain
See hoary secrets wrenched from upturned sods ;—
Who, in their fancy, hear resound again
The battle-cry of Gods ;—

We now,—this splendid scene before us spread
Where Freedom's full hexameter began—
Restore our Epic, which the Nations read
As far its thunders ran.

Here visions throng on People and on Bard,
Ranks all a-glitter in battalions massed
And closed around as like a plum-ed guard,
They lead us down the Past.

I see great Shapes in vague confusion march
Like giant shadows, moving vast and slow,
Beneath some torch-lit temple's mighty arch
Where long processions go.

I see these Shapes before me, all unfold,
But ne'er can fix them on the lofty wall,
Nor tell them, save as she of En-dor told
What she beheld to Saul.

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

I see his Shape who should have led these ranks—
GARFIELD I see whose presence had evoked
The stormy rapture of a Nation's thanks—
His chariot stands unyoked !

Unyoked and empty, and the Charioteer
To Fame's expanded arms has headlong rushed
Ending the glories of a grand career,
While all the world stood hushed.

The thunder of his wheels is done, but he
Sustained by patience, fortitude, and grace—
A Christian Hero—from the struggle free—
Has won the Christian's race !

His wheel-tracks stop not in the Valley cold
But upward lead, and on, and up, and higher,
Till Hope can realize and Faith behold
His chariot mount in fire !

Therefore, my Countrymen, lift up your hearts !
Therefore, my Countrymen, be not cast down !
He lives with those who well have done their parts,
And God bestowed his crown !

And yet another form to-day I miss ;—
Grigsby the scholar, good, and pure, and wise,
Who now, perchance, from scenes of perfect bliss
Looks down with tender eyes.

Where his great friend, through life, great Win-
throp stands,
Winthrop, whose gift, in life's departing hours,
Went to the dying Old Virginian's hands
Who died amid those flowers.*

Prayers change to blooms, the ancient Rabbins
taught ;
So his, then, seemed to blossom forth and glow,
As if his supplicating soul had brought
Sandalphon down below.

*Hugh Blair Grigsby, L.L.D., Chancellor of William and Mary College, and President of the Virginia Historical Society, Scholar and Historian, died on the day on which he received a gift of flowers from his life-long friend, Mr. Winthrop, and these literally gladdened the dying eyes of the noble gentleman whose loss will long be deplored by all who knew him, whether they live in Virginia or Massachusetts.

But, happily, that Winthrop stood to-day,
 The patriot, scholar, orator, and sage,
 To tell the meaning of this grand array
 And vindicate an Age.

That Era's life and meaning his to teach,
 To him the parchments, but the shell to me,
 His voice the voice of billows on the beach
 Wherein we heard the sea.

My voice the voice of some sequestered stream
 Which only boasts, as on its waters glide,
 That, here and there, it shows a broken gleam
 Of pictures on its tide.

II.

THE COLONIES.

The fountain of our story spreads no clouds
 Of mist above it rich in varied glows,
 None paint us Gods and Goddesses in crowds
 Where some Seamander flows.

The tale of Jamestown, which I need not gild,
With that of Plymouth, by the World is seen,
But none, in visions, fancifully build
Olympus in between.

At Jamestown stood the Saxon's home and graves,
There Britain's spray broke on the native rock,
There rose the English tide with crested waves
And overwhelming shock.

Virginia thence, stirred by a grand unrest,
Swept o'er the waters, scaled the mountain's crag,
Hewed out a more than Roman roadway West
And planted there her flag.

Her fortune was forewritten even then—
That fortune in the coming years to be
“Mother of States and unpolluted men,”
And nurse of Liberty.

Then 'twas our coast all bore Virginia's name;
Next North Virginia took its separate place,
And grew by slow degrees in wealth and fame
And Freedom's special grace.

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP.

At Plymouth Rock a handful of brave souls,
Full-armed in faith, erected home and shrine,
And flourished where the wild Atlantic rolls
Its pyramids of brine.

There rose a manly race austere and strong,
On whom no lessons of their day were lost,
Earnest as some conventicle's deep song,
And keen as their own frost.

But that shrewd frost became a friend to those
Who fronted there the Ice-King's bitter storm,
For see we not that underneath the snows
The growing wheat keeps warm ?

Soft ease and silken opulence they spurned ;
From sands of silver, and from emerald boughs
With golden ingots laden full, they turned
Like Pilgrims under vows.

For them no tropic seas, no slumbrous calms,
No rich abundance generously unrolled :
In place of Cromwell's proffered flow'rs and palms
They chose the long-drawn cold.

The more it blew, the more they faced the gale ;
The more it snowed, the more they would not freeze ;
And when crops failed on sterile hill and vale—
They went to reap the seas !

Far North, through wild and stormy brine they ran,
With hands a-cold plucked Winter by the locks !
Masterful mastered great Leviathan
And drove the foam as flocks !

Next in their order came the Middle Group,
Perchance less hardy, but as brave they grew.—
Grew straight and tall with not a bend, or stoop—
Heart-timber through and through!

Midway between the ardent heat and cold
They spread abroad, and by a homely spell,
The iron of their axes changed to gold
As fast the forests fell!

Doing the things they found to do, we see
That thus they drew a mighty empire's charts,
And, working for the present, took in fee
The future for their marts!

And there unchallenged may the boast be made,
Although they do not hold his sacred dust,
That Penn, the Founder, never once betrayed
The simple Indian's trust.

To them the genius which linked Silver Lakes
With the blue Ocean and the outer World,
And the fair banner, which their commerce shakes,
Wise Clinton's hand unfurled.

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES.

Then sweeping down below Virginia's Capes,
From Chesapeake to where Savannah flows,
We find the settlers laughing 'mid their grapes
And ignorant of snows.

The fragrant *uppowock*, and golden corn
Spread far a-field by river and lagoon,
And all the months poured out from Plenty's Horn
Were opulent as June.

Yet, they had tragedies all dark and fell!
Lone Roanoke Island rises on the view,
And this Peninsula its tale could tell
Of Opecanough!

But, when the Ocean thunders on the shore
Its waves, though broken, overflow the beach ;
So here our Fathers on and onward bore
 With English laws and speech.

Kind skies above them, underfoot rich soils ;
Silence and Savage at their presence fled ;
This Giant's Causeway, sacred through their toils,
 Resounded at their tread.

With ardent hearts, and ever-open hands,
Candid and honest, brave and proud they grew,
Their lives and habits colored by fair lands
 As skies give waters hue.

The race in semi-Feudal State appears—
Their knightly figures glow in tender mist,
With ghostly pennons flung from ghostly spears
 And ghostly hawks on wrist.

By enterprise and high adventure stirred,
From rude lunette and sentry-guarded croft
They hawked at Empire, and, as on they spurred,
Fate's falcon soared aloft !

Fate's falcon soared aloft full strong and free,
With blood on talons, plumage, beak, and breast !
Her shadow like a storm-shade on the sea
Far-sailing down the West !

Swift hoofs clang out behind that Falcon's flights—
Hoofs shod with Golden Horse Shoes catch the eye !
And as they ring, we see the Forest-Knights—
The Cavaliers ride by !

THE OLD DOMINION.

Midway between the orange and the snows
As some fair planet rounds up from the sea,
Eldest of all, the Central Power arose
In vague immensity.

She stretched from Seas in sun to Lakes in Shade
O'erstepped swift *Rio Escondido's* stream—
Her bounds expressed, as by the Tudor made,
 An Alexander's dream.

And liberal Stuart granted broad and free
Bound'ries which still the annalist may boast—
Limits which ran "throughout from sea to sea,"
 And far along the coast !

A mighty shaft through Raleigh's fingers slipped,
Smith shot it, and—a Continent awoke !
For that great arrow with an acorn tipped,
 Planted an English Oak !

III.

THE OAKS AND THE TEMPEST.

Oaks multiplied apace, and o'er the seas
Big rumors went in many a winding ring ;
And stories fabulous on every breeze
 Swept to a distant King.

Full many a tale of wild romance, and myth,
In large hyperbole the New World told,
And down from days of Raleigh and of Smith
The Colonies meant gold.

Not from Banchoonan's mines came forth the ore,
But from the waters, and the woods, and fields,
Paid for in blood, but bringing more and more
The wealth that labor yields.

Then, seeing this, that King beyond the sea,
The *jus divinum* filling all his soul,
Bethought him that he held these lands in fee
And absolute control.

When this high claim in action was displayed,
With one accord the young Plantations spoke,
And told him, English-like, they were not made
To plough with such a yoke.

Thus met, not his to falter, or to flag,
A sudden fury seized the Royal breast—
Promethius bound upon a Scythian crag
His policy expressed.

And, so, he ordered in those stormy hours
His adamantine chains for one and all, [Powers
Brute "Force" and soulless "Strength" the only
On which he chose to call.

Great men withstood him many a weary day ;
In Press and Parliament full well they strove :
But all in vain, for he was bound to play
A travesty on Jove !

Then flamed the crater ! And the flame took wing ;
Furious and far the lava blazed around,
Until at last, on this same spot that King
His Herculaneum found !

Breed's Hill became Vesuvius, and its stream
 Rushed forth through years, a God-directed tide
 To light two Worlds and realize the dream
 For which brave Warren died.

IV.

THE EMBATTLED COLONIES.

Before this though the present hour recedes,
 As from the beach a billow backward rolls,
 And the great past, rich in heroic deeds
 Illuminates our souls !

Stern Massachusetts Bay uplifts her form,
 Boston the tale of Lexington repeats,
 With breast unarmored she confronts the storm—
 New England England meets.

I see the Middle Group by Fortune made
 The bloody Flanders of the Northern Coast,
 And, in a varying play of light and shade,
 Host thundering fall on host.

I see the Carolinas, Georgia, mowed
By War the Reaper, and grim Ruin stalk
O'er wasted fields ;—but Guilford paved the way
That led to this same York.

Here, too, Virginia in the vision comes—
Full-bent to crown the battle's closing arch,
Her pulses trumpets and her heart throbs drums,
To animate her march.

As Pocahontas, in a by-gone time,
Leaped forth the wrath of Powhatan to brave,
Virginia came, and here she stood sublime
To perish, or to save.

I see her interposing now her frame
Between her sisters and the alien bands,
And taking both of Freedom and of Fame
Full seisin with her hands.

V.

WELCOME TO FRANCE.

But, in that fiery zone
She upriseth not alone,
Over all the bloody fields
Glitter Amazonian shields ;
While through the mists of years
Another form appears,
And as I bow my head
Already you have said :—

 'Tis France !

Welcome to France !

From sea to sea,

With heart and hand !

Welcome to all within the land—

 Thrice welcome let her be !

 And to France

The Union here to-day

Gives the right of this array,

And folds her to her breast
As the friend that she loves best.

Yes to France.

The proud Ruler of the West
Bows her sun-illumined crest,

Grave and slow,

In a passion of fond memories of
One hundred years ago !

France's colors wave again

High above this tented plain,

Stream and flaunt, and blaze and shine,

O'er the banner-painted brine,

Float and flow !

And the brazen trumpets blow

While upon her serried lines,

Full the light of Freedom shines

In a broad, effulgent glow.

And here this day I see

The fairest dream that ever yet

Was dreamt by History !

As in cadence, and in tinre,
To the martial throb and rhyme
Of her buglès and her drums
 Forth a stately vision comes—
Comes majestically slow—
Comes a fair and stately vision of
 One hundred years ago !

Welcome to France !
From sea to sea,
With heart and hand !
Welcome to all within the land !
 Thrice welcome let her be !
 Of Freedom's Guild made free !
 Welcome !
 Thrice Welcome !
 Welcome let her be !

And as in days of old
Walter Raleigh did unfold

His gay cloak, with all its hems
 Wrought in braided gold and gems,
 That his Queen might passing tread
 On the sumptuous cloth outspread,
 And step on the shining fold
 Or fair samnite rich in gold
 So for France—
 Splendid, grand, majestic France!—
 May Fortune down *her* mantle throw
 To mend the way that *she* may go!
 May GLORY leap before to reap—
 Up to the shoulders turned her sleeves—
 And FAME behind follow to bind
 Unnumbered honors in unnumbered sheaves!
 And may that mantle forever be
 Under thy footfall, oh France the Free!
 Forever and forever!

VI.

THE ALLIES AT YORKTOWN.

And here France came one hundred years ago!
 Red, russet, purple glowed upon the trees,

And sunset glories deepened in their glow
Along the painted seas.

A wealth of color blazed on land and wave,
Topaz, and gold, and crimson met the eye—
October hailed the ships which came to save
With banners in the sky.

DeBarras swept down from the Northern coast,
DeGrasse, foam-driving, came with favoring breeze,
And here surprised the proud, marauding host
Like spectres of the seas.

Then was no time for such a boastful strain
As Campbell sang o'er Baltic's bloody tide,
Nor did Britannia dominate the main
In customary pride.

France closed this river, and France ruled yon sea,
Held all our waters in triumphant state,
Her sails foretelling what was soon to be
Like Ministers of Fate.

And when the Union chants her proudest Lay
DeGrasse is often on her tuneful lips,
And his achievement challenges to-day
Some Homer of the ships.

So, when this spot its monument shall crown
His name upon its base two Worlds shall see,
With a fair wind his story shall sail down
Through Ages yet to be.

VII.

THE RAVAGES OF WAR.

This on the water : on the land a scene
Whose Epic scope is far beyond my power,
For on this spot a People's fate hath been
Decided in an hour.

Long was the conflict waged through weary years,
Counted from when the sturdy farmers fell :
Hopes crucified, red trenches, bitter tears,
 Made Man another hell !

See pallid women girt in woe and weeds !
See little children gaunt for lack of food !
Behold the catalogue of War's black deeds
 Where evil stands for good !

See slaughtered cattle, never more to roam,
Rot in the fields, while chimneys tall and bare
Tell in dumb pathos how some quiet home
 Lit up the midnight air !

See that burnt crop, you choked-up sylvan well,
This yeoman slain yecorven in the sun !
My God ! shreds of a woman's dress to tell
 Why murder there was done !

Such things as these gave edge to all the blows
Our fathers struck on this historic sod,
Feet, hands, and faces turned toward their foes—
Their valiant hearts to God.

VIII.

THE LINES AROUND YORKTOWN.

Troops late by Williamsburg's brave palace walls,
With trump and drum had marched down Glo'ster
street,
And some with throb of oars, and loud sea-calls
Had landed from the fleet.

And well our leader had befooled his foes—
Left them like archers blundering in the dark
To draw against the empty space their bows
While here was their true mark.

Brave Lincoln on the right with kindling eye
Smiles 'mid the cares of grave command immersed.

To see dramatic retribution nigh
And Charleston's fate reversed!

The Light Troops stood upon the curved right flank,
New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay were there,
Connecticut marched with them, rank on rank,
And gallant Delaware.

There, too, Virginia's sturdy yeomen stood,
Led on by Nelson of the open hand,
As thick and stubborn as a living wood
In some enchanted land.

Next came the steady Continental Line,
Rhode Island, and New Jersey, breast to breast,
Ready to tread the hot and smoking wine
From War's red clusters pressed.

New York and Pennsylvania on these plains
Closed boldly in on the embattled town,

Nor feared they threatened penalties and pains
Of Parliament, or Crown.

And Maryland, the gay and gallant came,
As always ready for the battle's brunt ;
And here again Virginia faced the flame
Along the deadly front.

IX.

THE FRENCH IN THE TRENCHES.

And as the allied hosts advance
All the left wing is given to France,
Is given to France and—Fame !
Yes, these together always ride
The Dioscourai of the tide
Where War plays out the game !
And that broad front 'tis her's to hold
With hand of iron, heart of gold
And helmet plumed with flame.
Across the river^a broad she sends
DeChoisy and Lauzun where ends

The leaguer far and wide,
While Weedon seconds as he may
The gallant Frenchmen in array
Upon the Gloucester side.

As waves hurled on a stranded keel
Make all the oaken timbers reel
With many a pond'rous blow,
So day by day, and night by night
The French like billows foaming white
Thunder against the foe.

X.

NELSON AND THE GUNNERS.

O'er town, and works, and waves amain
Far fell grim Ruin's furious rain,
O'er parapet and mast,
And riding on the thunder-swell
Far flew the shot, far flew the shell
Red Havoc on the blast !
Then as the flashing cannon sowed

Their iron crop brave Nelson rode,
His bridle bit all foam,
Up to the gunners, and said he :
“Batter you mansion down for me”—
“Basement, and walls, and dome!”
And better to sharpen those gunners’ wits,
“Five guineas,” he cried, “for each shot that hits!”—
That mansion was his home !

XI.

THE BELEAGUERED TOWN.

Behind the town the sun sinks down
Gilding the vane upon the spire,
While many a wall reels to its fall
Beneath the fell artillery fire.

As sinks that sun mortar and gun
Like living things leap grim and hot,
And far and wide across the tide
Spray-furrows show the flying shot.

White smoke in clouds yon earthwork shrouds
Where, steeped in battle to the lips,
The French amain pour fiery rain
On town, and walls, and English ships.

That deadly sleet smites lines and fleet,
As closes in the Autumn night,
And Aboville from head to heel
Thrills with the battles' wild delight.

At every flash oak timbers crash—
A sudden glare yon frigate dyes!
Then flames up-gush, and roar, and rush,
From deck to where her pennon flies!

Those flames on high crimson the sky
And paint their signals overhead,
And every fold of smoke is rolled
And woven in Plutonian red.

All radiant now taffril and prow,
And hull, and cordage, beams and spars,
Thus lit she sails on fiery gales
To purple seas where float the stars.

Ages ago just such a glow
Woke Agamemnon's house to joy,
Its red and gold to Argos told
The long-expected fate of Troy.

So, on these heights that flame delights
The Allies thundering at the wall,
Forewit they see the land set free
And Albion's short-lived Ilium fall !

Then as the Lilies turn to red
Dipped in the battles' wine
Another picture is outspread
Where still the figures shine—
The picture of a deadly fray
Worthy the pencil of Vernet !

XII.

STORMING THE REDOUBTS.

On the night air there floating comes, hoarse, war-
like, low and deep,
A sound as tho' the dreaming drums were talking in
their sleep.

“Fall in! Fall in!” The stormers form, in silence,
stern and grim,
Each heart full-beating out the time to Freedom's
battle hymn.—

“Charge! *en Avant!*”—The word goes forth and
forth the stormers go,
Each column like a mighty shaft shot from a mighty
bow.

And tumult rose upon the night like sound of
roaring seas,
Mars drank of the Horn of Ulphus and he drained
it to the lees!

Now by fair Freedom's splendid dreams ! it was a
gallant sight
To see the blows against the foes well struck that
Autumn night !

Gimat, and Fish, and Hamilton, and Laurens
pressed the foe,
And Olney—brave Rhode Islander !—was there,
alas ! laid low.

Viominil, and Noallies, and Damas, stout and brave,
Broke o'er the English right redoubt a steel-encrested
wave.

St. Simon from his sick couch rose wooed by the
battles charms
And like a knight of old romance went to the shock
of arms.

[But they who bore the muskets, who went charging
thro' the flame,
Deserve far more than ever will be given them by
Fame—

Then let us pour libations out!—full freely let them
flow
For the men who bore the muskets here a century
ago !]

And, then, the columns won the works, and then
uprose the cheers
That have lasted us and ours for a good one hun-
dred years !

And there were those amid the French filled with a
rapture stern
And long the cry resounded : “Live the Regiment
of Auverne !”

Long live the Gallic Army and long live splendid
France
The Power that gives to History the beauty of
Romance !

Upon our right commanded one dearer by far than
all,
The hero who first came to us and came without a
call ;

Whose name with that of his leader's all histories
entwine,
The one as is the mighty oak, the other as the vine ;

The one the staff the other the great banner on its
lance—
Now, need I name the dearest name of all the names
of France ?

Oh, Marquis brave ! Upon this shaft, deep-cut thy
cherished name
Twin Old Mortalities shall find—fond Gratitude and
Fame !

THE TWO LEADERS.

Two chieftains watch the battle's tide and listen as
it rolls
And only HEAVEN above can tell the tumult of their
souls !

Cornwallis saw the British power struck down by
one fell blow,
A Gallic spearhead on the lance that laid the Lion
low.

But the Father of his Country saw the future all
unrolled
Independence blazed before him written down in
text of gold,

Like the Hebrew, on the mountain, looking forward
then he saw

The Promised Land of Freedom blooming under
Freedom's law ;

Saw a great Republic spurring in the lists where
Nations ride

The peer of any Power in her majesty and pride ;

Saw that young Republic gazing through her hel-
mets gilded bars

Toward the West all luminous with th' light of
coming stars ;

From Atlantic to Pacific saw her banners all un-
furled

Heard sonorous trumpets blowing bless-ed Peace
with all the World !

Roused from this glorious vision, with success
within his reach,
In few and simple words he made this long-resound-
ing speech :

“The work is done, and well done:” thus spake
he on this sod,
In accents calm and measured as the accents of a
God.

God said I? Yes, his image rises on the raptured
sight
Like Baldur, the fair and blameless, the Goth’s God
of the Light !

XIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

As some spent gladiator, struck by Death
Whose reeling vision scarce a foe defines,
For one last effort gathers all his breath,
England draws in her lines.

Her blood-red flag floats out full fair, but flows
O'er crumbling bastions, in fictitious state :
Who stands a siege Cornwallis full well knows,
Plays at a game with Fate.

Siege means surrender at the bitter end,
From Ilium downward such the sword-made rule,
With few exceptions, few indeed amend
This law in any school !

The student who for these has ever sought
'Mid his exceptions Cæsar counts as one,
Besieger and besieged he, victor, fought
Under a Gallic sun.

For Vireinget'rex failed, but at the wall :
He strove and failed gilded by Glory's rays
So that true soldiership describes that Gaul
In terms of honest praise.

But there was not a Julius in the lines
 Round which our Chief the fatal leaguer drew,
 The noble Earl, though valiant, never shines
 'Mid War's majestic few.

By hopes and fears in agonies long tossed—
 [Clinton hard fixed in method's rigid groove]
 The British Leader saw the game was lost ;—
 But, still, it had one move !

Could he attain you spreading Gloucester shore ;
 Could he and his cross York's majestic tide ;
 He, then, might laugh to hear the cannon roar
 And far for safety ride.

Bold was the plan ! and generous Light Horse Lee
 Gives it full measure of unstinted praise ;
 But PROVIDENCE declared this should not be
 In its own wondrous ways.

Loud roared the storm ! The rattling thunders
rang !

Against the blast his rowers could not row !
White waves like hoary-headed Homers sang
Hexameters of woe !

Then came the time to end the mighty Play,
To drop the curtain and to quench the lamps,
And soon the story took its jocund way
Through all the Allied camps.

“Measure for measure” then was righteous law,
The cup of Lincoln bowed Cornwallis pressed,
And as he drank the wondering Nations saw
A sunrise—in the West !

Death fell upon the Royal cause that day,
The King stood like Swift's oak with blighted crest,
Headpiece and Crown both cleft he drooped away :

Hic jacet—tells the rest !

And patriots stood where traitors late were jeered,
Transformed from rebels into freemen bold,
What seemed Membrino's helmet *now* appeared
A real casque of gold !

XIV.

THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

Next came the closing scene : but shall I paint
The scarlet column, sullen, slow, and faint,
Which marched, with "colors cased" to yonder field
Where Britain threw down corselet, sword, and
shield ?
Shall I depict the anguish of the brave
Who envied comrades sleeping in the grave ?
Shall I exult o'er inoffensive dust
Of valiant men whose swords have turned to rust ?
Shall I, like Menelaus by the coast,
O'er dead Ajaces make unmanly boast ?
Shall I, in chains of an ignoble Verse,

Degrade dead Hector, and their pangs rehearse?—
Nay! such is not the mood this People feels,
Their chariots drag no foemen by the heels!
Let Ajax slumber by the sounding sea
From the fell passion of his madness free!
Let Hector's ashes unmolested sleep—
But not to-day shall any Priam weep!

OUR ANCIENT ALLIES.

Superb in white and red, and white and gold,
And white and violet, the French unfold
Their blazoned banners on the Autumn air,
While cymbals clash and brazen trumpets blare:
Steeds fret and foam, and spurs with scabbards clank
As far they form, in many a shining rank.
Dux-Ponts is there, as hilt to sword blade true,
And Guvion rises smiling on the view;
And the brave Swede, as yet untouched by Fate,
Rides 'mid his comrades with a mien elate;
And Duportail—and scores of others glance
Upon the scene and all are worthy France!
And for those Frenchmen and their splendid bands,

The very Centuries shall clap their hands,
 While at their head, as all their banners flow,
 And all their drums roll out, and trumpets blow,
 Rides first and foremost splendid Rochambeau !
 And well he rides, worthy an Epic rhyme—
 Full well he rides in attitude sublime—
 Fair Freedom's Champion in the lists of Time.

THE CONTINENTALS.

In hunting shirts, or faded blue and buff,
 And many clad in simple, rustic stuff,
 Their ensigns torn but held by Freedom's hand,
 In long-drawn lines the Continentals stand.
 To them precision if not martial grace ;
 Each heart triumphant but composed each face ;
 Well-taught in military arts by brave Steuben,
 With port of soldiers, majesty of men,
 All Fathers of their Country like a wall
 They stand at rest to see the curtain fall.
 Well-taught were they by one who learned War's
 trade
 From Fredrick whom not Ruin's self dismayed ;—

Well-taught by one who never lost the heat
Caught on an anvil where all Europe beat ;—
Beat in a storm of blows, with might and main,
But on that Prussian anvil beat in vain !
And to the gallant race of Steuben's name
That long has held close intercourse with Fame,
This great Republic bows its loft crest,
And folds his kinsmen to her ample breast :
At fray, or festival, on march or halt,
Von Steuben always far above the salt !

“THE MARQUIS.”

The Brave young Marquis, second but to one
For whom he felt the reverence of a son,
Rides at the head of his division proud—
A ray of Glory painted on the cloud !
Mad Anthony is there, and Knox—but why
Great names like battle flags attempt to fly ?
Who sings of skies lit up by Jove and Mars
Thinks not to chant a catalogue of stars !
I bow me low, and bowing low I pass

Unnumbered heroes in unnumbered mass,
 While at their head in grave, and sober state,
 Rides one whom Time has found completely great
 Master of Fortune and the match of Fate!

* * * * *

Then Tilghman mounted on these Plains of York
 Swift sped away as speeds the homing hawk,
 And soon 'twas his to wake that watchman's cry
 That woke all Nations and shall never die!

THE ANCIENT ENEMIES.

Brave was the foeman! well he held his ground!
 But here defeat at kindred hands he found!
 The shafts rained on him in a righteous cause
 Came from the quiver of Old England's laws!
 He fought in vain; and on this spot went down
 The *jus divinum*, and the kingly crown.
 But for those scenes Time long has made amends,
 The ancient enemies are present friends;
 Two swords, in Massachusetts, rich in dust,
 And, better still, the peacefulness of rust,

Told the whole story in its double parts
To one who lives in two great nations' hearts ;
And late above Old England's roar and din
Slow-tolling bells spoke sympathy of kin :
Victoria's wreath blooms on the sleeping breast
Of him just gone to his reward and rest,
And firm and fast between two mighty Powers
New treaties live in those undying flowers.

THE SPLENDID THREE.

Turned back my gaze, on Spain's romantic shore
I see Gaul bending by the grave of Moore,
And later, when the page of Fame I scan
I see brave France at deadly Inkerman,
While on red Balaklava's field I hear
Gallia's applause swell Albion's ringing cheer.
England and France, as Allies, side by side
Fought on the Pieho's melancholy tide,
And there, brave Tattnall, ere the fight was done,
Stirred English hearts as far as shone the sun,
Or tides and billows in their courses run.

That day, 'mid the dark Pieho's slaughter
He said : "Blood is thicker than water !"
And your true man though "brayed in a mortar"
 At feast, or at fray
 Will still feel it and say
As he said : "Blood is thicker than water !"

And full homely is the saying but this story always
 starts
An answer from ten thousand times ten thousand
 kindred hearts.

Then let us pray that as the sun shines ever on the
 sea
Fair Peace forevermore may smile upon the Splendid
 Three !

May happy France see purple grapes a-glow on all
 her hills,
And England breast-deep in her corn laugh back the
 laugh of rills !

May this fair land to which all roads lead as the
roads of Rome

Led to th' eternal city's gates still offer Man a home—

A home of peace and plenty, and of freedom and of
ease,

With all before him where to choose between the
shining seas!

May the war-cries of the Captains yield to happy
reapers shouts,

And the clover whiten bastions and the olive shade
redoubts!

XV.

THE WAR HORSE DRAWS THE PLOUGH.

At last our Fathers saw the Treaty sealed,
Victory unhelmed her broad, majestic brow,
The Sword became a Sickle in the field,

The war horse drew the plough.

There is a time when men shape for their Land
Its institutions 'mid some tempests' roar,
Just as the waves that thunder on the strand
Shape out and round the shore.

Then comes a day when institutions turn
And carve the men, or cast them into moulds :
One Era trembles while volcanoes burn,
Another Age beholds

The hardened lava changed to hills and leas,
With blooming glebes and orchards intermixed,
Vineyards which look abroad o'er purple seas,
And deep foundations fixed.

So, when fell Chaos like a baleful Fate
What we had won seemed bent to snatch away
Sound thinkers rose who fashioned out the State
As potters fashion clay.

XVI.

HEROES AND STATESMEN.

Of their great names I may record but few :
He who beholds the Ocean white with sails
And copies each confuses all the view,
He paints too much—and fails.

His picture shows no high, emphatic light,
Its shadows in full mass refuse to fall,
And as its broken details meet the light
Men turn it to the wall.

Of those great names but few may pass my lips,
For he who speaks of Salamis then sees
Not men who there commanded Grecian ships—
But grand Themistocles !

Yet some I mark, and there discreetly take
To grace my Verse through duty and design
As one notes barks that leave the broadest wake
Upon the stormy Brine.

These rise before me ; and there Mason stands
The Constitution-maker firm and bold,
Like Bernal Diaz, planting with kind hands
Fair trees to blaze in gold.

Amid the lofty group sedate I see, [stores,
Great Franklin muse where Truth had locked her
Holding within his steady hand the key
That opened many doors.

And Trumbull, strong as hammered steel of old,
Stands boldly out in clear and high relief,—
A blade unbending worth a hilt of gold,—
He never failed his Chief !

Then Robert Morris glides into my Verse
Turning the very stones at need to bread—
Filling the young Republic's slender purse
When Credit's self seemed dead.

Tylers I see—sprung from the sturdy Wat—
A strong armed rebel of an ancient date,
With Falkland-Carys come, to draw the lot
Cast in the helm of Fate.

And Marshall in his ermine white as snow,
Wise, learned, and profound Fame loves to draw,
His noble function on the Bench to show
That Reason is the Law.

His sword unbuckled and his brows unbent,
The gallant Hamilton again appears,
And in fair Freedom's mighty Parliament
He marches with the Peers !

Henry is there beneath his civic crown ;
He speaks in words that thunder as they flow,
And as he speaks his thunder-tones bring down
An avalanche below !

Nor does John Adams in the picture lag,
He was as bold, as resolute, and free,
As is the eagle on a misty crag
Above a stormy sea.

And 'mid his fellows in those days of need,
Inpassioned Jefferson burns like a sun, [Creed
The New World's Prophet of the New World's
Prophet and Priest in one!

These two together stood in our great past,
When Independence flamed across the land—
On Independence day these two at last
Departed hand in hand.

And they are taken by a patriot's mind
As kindred types of our great Saxon stock,
And that same thinker hopes some day to find
Both statues in one block.*

*This fine idea is borrowed from one of the addresses of Mr. Winthrop, the Orator of the occasion.

But, here I number splendid names too fast,
Heroes and Sages throng behind this group,
And thick they come as came in Homer's past
A Goddess and her troop ;—

And as that troop, 'mid frays and fell alarms,
Swept, all a-glitter, on their mission bent,
And bore from Vulcan the resplendent arms
To great Achilles sent,

So came the names that light my pious Song—
Came bearing Union forged in high debates—
A sun-illuminated Shield, and strong,
To guard these mighty States.

The Shield sent to the son of Pelius glowed
With hammered wonders, all without a flaw ;—
The Shield of Union in its splendor showed
The Compromise of Law.

And as the Epic lifts a form sublime
 For all the Ages on its plinth of gold,
 So does our Story, challenging all time,
 Its crowning Shape uphold !

XVII.

PATER PATRIÆ.

Achilles came from Homer's Jove-like brain,
 Pavilioned 'mid his ships where Thetis trod ;
 But he whose image dominates this plain
 Came from the hand of God ?

Yet, of his life, which shall all time adorn
 I dare not sing : to try the theme would be
 To drink as 'twere that Scandinavian Horn
 Whose tip was in the Sea.

I bow my head and go upon my ways,
 Who tells that story can but gild the gold—
 Could I pile Alps on Apennines of praise
 The tale would not be told.

Not his the blade which lyric fables say
Cleft Pyrenees from ridge to nether bed,
But his the sword which cleared the Sacred Way
For Freedom's feet to tread.

Not Cæsar's genius nor Napoleon's skill
Gave him proud mast'ry o'er the trembling earth ;
But great in honesty, and sense, and will—
He was the "man of worth."

He knew not North, nor South, nor West, nor East :
Childless himself Father of States he stood,
Strong and sagacious as a Knight turned Priest,
And vowed to deeds of good.

Compared with all Earth's heroes I may say
He was, with even half his virtues hid,
Greater in what his hand refrained than they,
Were great in what they did.

And thus his image dominates all time,
Uplifted like the everlasting dome
Which rises in a miracle sublime
Above eternal Rome.

On Rome's once blooming plain where'er we stray
That dome majestic rises on the view,
Its Cross a-glow with every wandering ray
That shines along the Blue.

So his vast image shadows all the lands,
So holds forever Man's adoring eye,
And o'er the Union which he left it stands
Our Cross against the sky !

XVIII.

THE FLAG OF THE REPUBLIC.

My harp soon ceases ; but I here allege
Its strings are in my heart and tremble there :
My Song's last strain shall be a claim and pledge—
A claim, a pledge, a prayer !

I stand, as stood, in storied days of old,
Vasco Balboa staring o'er bright seas
When fair Pacific's tide of limpid gold
Surged up against his knees.

For haughty Spain, her banner in his hand,
He claimed a New World, sea, and plain, and crag—
I claim the Future's Ocean for this land
And here I plant her flag !

Float out, oh flag from Freedom's burnished lance !
Float out, oh flag, in Red, and White, and Blue !
The Union's colors and the hues of France
Commingled on the view !

Float out, oh flag, and all thy splendors wake
Float out, oh flag, above our Hero's bed !
Float out, oh flag, and let thy blazon take
New glories from the dead !

Float out, oh flag, o'er Freedom's noblest types !
Float out, oh flag, all free of blot or stain !
Float out, oh flag, the "Roses" in thy stripes
Forever blent again !

Float out, oh flag, and float in every clime !
Float out, oh flag, and blaze on every sea !
Float out, oh flag, and float as long as Time
And Space themselves shall be !

Float out, oh flag, o'er Freedom's onward march !
Float out, oh flag, in Freedom's starry sheen !
Float out, oh flag, above the Union's arch
Where Washington is seen !

Float out, oh flag, above a smiling Land !
Float out, oh flag, above a peaceful sod !
Float out, oh flag, thy staff within the hand
Beneficent of God !

XIX.

THE SOUTH IN THE UNION.

An ancient Chronicle has told
That, in the famous days of old,
 In Antioch under ground
 The self-same lance was found—
 Unbitten by corrosive rust—
The lance the Roman soldier thrust
 In CHRIST'S bare side upon the Tree ;
 And that it brought
 A mighty spell
 To those who fought
 The Infidel
 And mighty victory.

 And so this day
 To you I say—
Speaking for millions of true Southern men—
 In words that have no undertow—
 I say, and say agen :
 Come weal, or woe,
 Should this Republic ever fight,

By land, or sea,
For present law, or ancient right
The South will be
As was that lance,
Albeit not found
Hid under ground
But in the forefront of the first advance !
'Twill fly a pennon fair
As ever kissed the air,
On it, for every glance,
Shall blaze majestic France
Blent with our Hero's name
In everlasting flame,
And written, fair in gold,
This legend on its fold :
Gives us back the ties of Yorktown !
Perish all the modern hates !
Let us stand together, brothers,
In defiance of the Fates ;
FOR THE SAFETY OF THE UNION
Is THE SAFETY OF THE STATES !

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

It was the Author's intention to have added a set of elaborate notes to the text of his "Centennial Ode;" but these unfortunately have been misplaced. Without the necessary leisure for their restoration, he decided to fill up this volume, to the modest size, originally intended, by the addition of the Poems which follow.

This is the result of necessity, not design, and no one can lament it more than the writer, who (by the fact above referred to) has had his entire scheme of publication seriously disconcerted.

Norfolk, December 10, 1882.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

Nolan halted where the squadrons,
 Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief dispatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches,
At a glance their meaning catches ;
 They are ordered to the fray'!

All that morning they had waited—
 As their frowning faces showed,
Horses stamping, riders fretting,
And their teeth together setting ;
Not a single sword-blade wetting
 As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken,
 Every man feels twice as large,
Every heart is fiercely leaping,
As a lion roused from sleeping,
For they know they will be sweeping
 In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
And the brazen trumpets ring ;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens widely riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning ; was not Gallia
Looking down on Albion's sons ?
In each mind this thought implanted,
Undismayed and all undaunted,
By the battle-fiends enchanted,
They ride down upon the guns.

Onward ! On ! the chargers trample ;
Quicker falls each iron heel !
And the headlong pace grows faster ;
Noble steed and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan ;
 Soldier stout he was and brave !
And his shining sabre flashes,
As upon the foe he dashes :
God ! his face turns white as ashes,
 He has ridden to his grave !

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
 Without motion, without breath,
Never more a trump to waken—
He the very first one taken,
From the bough so sorely shaken,
 In the vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling,
 He was gathered to his rest ;
In the time for which he'd waited—
With his gailant heart elated—
Down went Nolan, decorated
 With a death wound on his breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,
He is lying on the sod :
Onward still their steeds are rushing
Where the shot and shell are crushing ;
From his corpse the blood is gushing,
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions
Flit across each rider's brain !
Thoughts of maiden fair, of mothers,
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,
Blent with images of others,
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder—
Knightly hearts were their's and brave,
Men and horses without number
All the furrowed ground encumber—
Falling fast to their last slumber—
Bloody slumber ! bloody grave !

Of that charge at Balaklava—

In its chivalry sublime—

Vivid, grand, historic pages

Shall descend to future ages ;

Poets, painters, hoary sages

Shall record it for all time ;

Telling how those English horsemen

Rode the Russian gunners down ;

How with ranks all torn and shattered ;

How with helmets hacked and battered ;

How with sword arms blood-bespattered :

They won honor and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid

As a dream of old romance ;

Thinking which their Gallic neighbors

Thrilled to watch them at their labors,

Hewing red graves with their sabres

In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier ;
 Down went many a stout dragoon ;
Lying grim, and stark, and gory,
On the crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
 And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations
 Were their hearts at dawn of day ;
Now, with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
 In their silent sleep they lay.

Here a noble charger stiffens,
 There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his sabre lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy,
Trampled ground, which darkly ruddy
 Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And to-night the moon shall shudder
As she looks down on the moor,
Where the dead of hostile races
Slumber, slaughtered in their places ;
All their rigid ghastly faces
Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers ! ah, the sleepers
Make a Westminster that day ;
'Mid the seething battle's lava !
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription—BALAKLAVA,
Which shall never fade away.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM.

ALEXANDER GALT, THE SCULPTOR

Alas ! he's cold !

Cold as the marble which his fingers wrought—
Cold, but not dead ; for each embodied thought
Of his, which he from the Ideal brought
To live in stone,
Assures him immortality of fame.

Galt is not dead !

Only too soon

We saw him climb

Up to his pedestal, where equal Time
And coming generations, in the noon
Of his full reputation, yet shall stand
To pay just homage to his noble name.

Our Poet of the Quarries only sleeps,

He cleft his pathway up the future's steeps,
And now rests from his labors.

Hence 'tis I say ;

For him there is no death,
Only the stopping of the pulse and breath—
But simple breath is not the all in all ;
Man hath it but in common with the brutes—
Life is in action, and in brave pursuits !
By what we dream, and, having dreamt, dare do,
We hold our places in the world's large view,
And still have part in the affairs of men
When the long sleep is on us.

He dreamt and made his dreams perpetual things
Fit for the rugged cells of penitential saints,
Or sumptuous halls of Kings,
And showed himself a Poet in the Art :

He chiselled Lyrics with a touch so fine,
With such a tender beauty of their own,
That rarest songs broke out from every line
And Verse was audible in voiceless stone !

His Psyche,* soft in beauty and in grace,
Waits for her lover in the Western breeze,
And a swift smile irradiates her face,
As though she heard him whisper in the trees.

His passion-stricken Sappho seems alive—
Before her none can ever feel alone,
For on her face emotions so do strive
That we forget she is but pallid stone :—
And all her tragedy of love and woe
Is told us in the chilly marble's snow.†

Bacchante, with her vine-crowned hair,
Leaps to the cymbal-measured dance
With such a passion in her air—
Upon her brow—upon her lips—
As thrills you to the finger-tips,
And fascinates your glance.

*His Psyche and the Bacchante are, we believe in the possession of the heirs of the late Historian and Antiquary, the Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby, late Chancellor of William and Mary College.

†This beautiful work ornaments the mansion of the Hon. John B. Whitehead, of Norfolk, Va.

These are, as 'twere, three of his Songs in stone—
The first full of the tenderness of love,
Speaking of moon-rise, and the low wind's call :
The second of love's tragedy and fall ;
The third of shrill, mad laughter, and the tone
Of festal music, on whose rise and fall
Swift-footed dancers follow.

Nobler than these sweet lyric dreams,
Dreamt out beside Italia's streams,
He'd worked some Epic studies out, in part—
To leave them incomplete his chiefest pain
When the low pulses of his failing heart
Admonished him of death.

Aye ! he had soared upon a lofty wing,
Wet with the purple and encrimsoned rain
Of dreams, whose clouds had floated o'er his brain
Until it ached with glories.

If you would see his Epic studies, go—
Go with the student from his dim arcade—

Halt where the Statesman standeth in the hall,
And mark how careless voices hush and fall,
And all light talk to sudden pause is brought
In presence of the noble type of thought—
Embodied Independence‡ which he wrought
From stone of far Carrara.

View his Columbus : Hero grand and meek,
Scarred 'mid the battle's long-protracted brunt—
Palos and Salvador stamped on his front,
With not a line about it poor or weak—
A second Atlas, bearing on his brow
A New World, just discovered.

Go see Virginia's wise, majestic face
With some faint shadow of her coming woe
Writ on the broad, expansive, virgin snow
Of her imperial forehead, just as though
Some disembodied Prophet-hand of eld
The Sculptor's chisel in its touch had held,

‡His statue of Thomas Jefferson, at the University of Virginia.

Foreshadowing her coming crown of thorns—
Her crown and her great glory !§

These of the many ; but they are enough—
Enough to show that I have rightly said
The marble's snow bids back from him decay,
He sleepeth long ; but sleeps not with the dead
Who die, and are forgotten ere the clay
Heaped over them hath hardened in the sun.

Thus much of Galt the Artist :

Of the man

Fain would I speak, but in sad sooth I can
Ne'er find the words wherein to tell
How he was loved, or yet how well

He did deserve it.

All things of beauty were to him delight—
The sunset's clouds—the turret rent apart—
The stars which glitter in the noon of night—
Spoke in one voice unto his mind and heart,

§This noble bust, still in the clay, perished, I believe, at the evacuation of Richmond.

His love of Nature made his love of Art,
And had his span
Of life been longer

He had surely done||
Such noble things that he
Like to a soaring eagle would have been
At last—lost in the sun !

¶There are in Norfolk three beautiful works from the hand of the sculptor, who threw down his chisel and left his Florentine studio to hurry to Virginia when the late war broke out. Two of these, a Flora and a figure of Hope, both beautiful, are in the possession of his brother, William R. Galt, and the third, a Sappho, as already stated, ornaments the mansion of Mr. Whitehead.

TO THE POET-PRIEST RYAN.

The Laureate of the South.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

*Himself I read beneath the words he writes. * * * **
I may come back and sing again.—RYAN.

I.

This Bard's to me a whole-souled man
 In honesty and might,
 For when he sees Wrong in the van
 He leaps like any Knight
 To horse, and charging on the wrong
 Smites it with the great sword of Song.

II.

Beneath the cassock of the Priest
 There throbs another heart—

Another—but 'tis not the least—
Which in his Lays takes part,
So that 'mid clash of Swords and Spears
There is no lack of Pity's tears.

III.

This other heart is brave and soft,
As such hearts always are,
And plumes itself, a bird aloft,
When Morning's gates unbar—
Till high it soars above the sod
Bathed in the very light of God.

IV.

Woman and Soldier, Priest and Man,
I find within these Lays,
And the closer still th' Verse I scan
The more I see to praise :
Some of these Lyrics shower down
The glories of the Cross and Crown.

V.

To thee, oh Bard ! my head I bow,
As I'd not to a King,
And my last world, writ here and now,
Is not a little thing ;
Recall the promise of thy strain—
Thou art to “come and sing again !”



THREE NAMES.

Virginia in her proud, Colonial days,
Boasts three great names which full of glory shine ;
Two glitter like the burnished heads of spears,
The third in tender light is half divine,
Turning that page my eager fancy hears
Trumpets and drums, and fleet on fleet appears !

Those names are graven deep and broad, to last
And outlast Ages : while recording Time
Hands down their story, worth an Epic rhyme
To light her future by her splendid past :
One planned the Saxon's Empire o'er these lands,—
The other planted it with valiant hands—
The third, with Mercy's soft, celestial beams,
Lights fair romances, histories, and dreams.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Whether in velvet white, slashed, and be-pearled,
And rich in knots of clustering gems a-glow :
Or, in his rusted armor, he unfurled
St. George's Cross by Oronoko's flow ;
He was a man to note right well as one
Who shot his arrows straightway at the sun.

Dark was his hair, his beard all crisp and curled,
And narrow-lidded were his piercing eyes,
Anhungered in their glances for a World
That he might win by daring enterprise,—
Explorer, soldier, scholar, poet, he
Not only wrote but acted historie !—
And that great Captain, of our Saxon stock,
Took his last slumber on the ghastly block !

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

A yeoman born, with patrimony small,
He held the World at large as his estate ;
Found fit advices in the bugle's call
And took his part in iron-tongued debate
Where'er one sword another sword-blade notched ;
Ne'er was he slain, though often he was scotched,
Now down, now up, but always fronting Fate !

At last a figure resolute, and grand
In arms he leaped upon Virginia's strand ;
Fitted in many Schools his course to steer
He knew the ax, the musketoon, and brand,
How to obey, and better to command ;
First of his line he stood—a planted spear
The New World saw the English Pioneer !

POCAHONTAS.

Her story, sure, was fashioned out above,
Ere 't was enacted on the scene below !
For 't was a very miracle of love
When from the savage hawk's nest came the dove
With wings of peace to stay the order'd blow—
The hawk's plumes bloody, but the dove's as snow !

And here my heart oppressed by pleasant tears
Yields to a young girl's half angelic spell—
Yes, for that maiden like a Saint appears :
She needs no fresco, stone, nor shrine to tell
Her story to the people of this Land—
Saint of the Wilderness, enthroned amid
The wooded Minster where the Pagan hid !

SUNSET ON HAMPTON ROADS.

Behind me purplish lines marked out the town,
Before me stretched the noble Roadstead's tide :
And there I saw the Evening sun go down
Casting a parting glory far and wide—
A King who for the Cowl puts off his Crown—
So went the sun ; and left a wealth of light
Ere hidden by the cloister-gates of Night.

Beholding this my soul was stilled in prayer,
I understood how all men, save the blind,
Might find Religion in a scene so fair
And formulate a Creed within the mind ;—
See Prophecies in clouds ; Fates in the air ;
The skies flamed red : the murm'ring waves were
hushed—
"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

A KING'S GRATITUDE.

Plain men have fitful moods and so have Kings,
For Kings are only men, and often made
Of clay as common as ere stained a spade.
But when the great are moody, then, the strings
Of gilded harps are smitten, and their strains
Are soft and soothing as the Summer rains.

And Saul was taken by an evil mood,
He felt within himself his spirit faint :
In vain he tossed upon his couch and wooed
Refreshing slumbers. Sleep knows no constraint !
Then David came : his physie and advice
All in a harp, and cleared the mind of Saul—
And Saul thereafter launched his javlin twice
To nail the harper to the palace wall !

THE "TWINSES."

Two little children toddled up to me,
Their faces fair as faces well could be,
Roses and snow, but pale the roses were
Like flowers fainting for the lack of air.
Sad was the tender study which I gave
The winning creatures, both so sweet and grave,
Two beautiful young Saxons, scarce knee high !
As like as peas ! Two Liliiputian men !
Immortal ere they knew it by the pen
Which waketh laughter or bedews the eye.
God bless you, little people ! May His hand
Hold you within its hollow all your days !
Smooth all the rugged places, and your ways
Make long and pleasant in a fruitful land !

SUNSET ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

The setting sun shines on the heaving Bay,
The spreading waters glow beneath his rays,
And in the sky the Evening makes display
Of many tints in many wondrous ways.
Like banners blazoned with Angelic signs,
Enriched with purple, red, and blue, and gold,
The clouds are flung in many brave designs
Whose hues and figures never may be told :—
Rich miracles of light on “woven air,”
At once delight of artists and—despair !
For Nature when she thus adorns the skies
With her rare beauty every Art defies,
And as hues burn, and glow, and change, and pale
The pencil falters and the numbers fail.

AN OLD STORY.

Told in Three Sonnets.

I.

THE THEATRE.

The theatre is all a-blaze to-night
With radiant beauty, flushed, and rich, and warm,
The music breathes in passion of delight,
Now dies in dreams, now wakes in sudden storm ;
And as it floats within the splendid hall
It seems to wake the frescoes on the wall.
Delicious perfumes float upon the air ;
Sure, buds have burst beneath this music rain !
South winds have kissed these maiden's lips and hair,
And stolen odors to dispense again !
Low, rippling murmurs break around the ring ;
Ladies are busy ; dandies bow or stare ;
A thousand fans like gay birds on the wing,
Make a sharp rustle on the scented air.

II.

THE ACTOR ON THE BOARDS.

The curtain rises at the piercing call ;
Eyes outshine jewels ; viols cease and drums :
I bend me forward in my scarlet stall
For now the famous comic actor comes :
The music ceases, all are hushed, all turn
In smiling expectation, then grow stern,
And hard and critical. Lo ! he doth miss
And stumble in his part ! A freezing pause
No smile, no laugh, no thunder of applause—
Shrill in the pit there sounds a critic's hiss :
'T is the storm-signal, all the house is wild
With sibelant rebuke—low bows his head,
Choking he speaks: "Pardon, oh friends—my child,"
"My little child this very night lies dead."

III.

THE ACTOR'S HOME.

Upon the walls there are great spots of mould ;
The yellow plaster from each rafter breaks ;
The chimney grim, and cavernous, and old,
Shows a poor fire which fitfully awakes
In a pale flame that lights an humble bier
Standing sheet-covered in the dreary room ;
And a poor woman sits with Grief and Care,
Her only fellows in the chilly gloom.—
Beneath that sheet a childish figure lies
Sun on the hair, but darkness in the eyes,
Here hushed and awful rests the shrouded dead :
Yonder the theatre its gala keeps,
Where the poor actor tried to win the bread
Of one who watches while the other—sleeps.

OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.

Good is the Saxon speech ! clear, short, and strong
Its clean cut words, fit both for prayer and song ;
Good is this tongue for all the needs of life ;
Good for sweet words with friend, or child, or wife—
Seax—short sword—and like a sword its sway
Hews out a path 'mid all the forms of speech,
For in itself it hath the power to teach
Itself, while many tongues slow fade away.

'Tis good for laws ; for vows of youth and maid ;
Good for the preacher ; or shrewd folk in trade ;
Good for sea-calls when loud the rush of spray ;
Good for war-cries, where men meet hilt to hilt,
And man's best blood like new-trod wine is spilt—
Good for all times, and good for what thou wilt !

DREAMERS.

Fools laugh at dreamers, and the dreamers smile
In answer, if they any answer make :
They know that Saxon Alfred could not bake
The oaten cakes, but that he snatched his Isle
Back from the fierce and bloody-handed Dane.

And so, they leave the plodders to their gains—
Quit money-changing for the student's lamp,
And tune the harp to gain thereby some camp,
Where what they learn is worth a kingdom's crown ;
They fashion bows and arrows to bring down
The mighty truths which sail the upper air ;
To them the facts which make the fools despair
Become familiar, and a thousand things
Tell them the secrets they refuse to Kings.





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