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AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PROSE AND VERSE

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PROSE AND VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

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AND

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CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1917

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1917

Published October, 1917

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PREFACE

WE MAY ardently hope for the day when war shall be no more, but so long as our race endures we shall never forget the illustrious dead who have fought for this glorious land of ours. It would be most inglorious to deny honor to our heroes. Their names will be remembered by Americans long after the war virtues have passed away, and their valorous deeds will serve as everlasting memorials of the cost of human liberty. Whatever may become our American ideal of service to country, the patriots who brought honor to the flag will continue to occupy their high places in our national history.

These leaders in American life and their deeds of service have been praised by our poets; writers of prose have made memorable the stories of council chamber and camp. In their works exists today the most stirring record of our national life, and from this literature the generations of tomorrow will gain inspiration to higher patriotism. With this belief the editors have tried to present the material in a way most useful to the youth of America.

In the following pages the selections are arranged chronologically, so that the record of American history may be traced roughly from page to page. In addition to this material appears something on

American Patriotic Prose and Verse

each distinctively American holiday of patriotic sort. With the selections are given brief biographical notes and authentic data regarding the circumstances under which the pieces were composed. In every case the aim has been only to make clear, not to burden the reader with needless comment. In spite of the omission of much that might have been included, it is hoped that herein will be found every familiar selection that records a story of brave deeds, patriotic endeavor, or undying patriotism.

Chicago

THE EDITORS.



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AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PROSE AND VERSE



From "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) is perhaps the poet most beloved by the school children of America. His simple narrative poems present vivid pictures of Colonial life. In all his work one can see the hand of a kind-hearted, youth-loving American gentleman, whose greatest joy came through telling native tales for youthful readers. The present poem, written in 1849, shows his high patriotic idealism and also his deep reverence for the American Republic.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee— are all with thee!

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895), minister, editor, and author, wrote numerous books for juvenile readers and many of our most familiar hymns. As the author of "America" he has found a lasting place in the hearts of the American people. This hymn was written in February, 1832, and was first sung in public July 4, the same year, at a children's festival held in Park Street Church, Boston.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

COLUMBUS¹

JOAQUIN MILLER

Cincinnatus Hiner (Joaquin) Miller (1841-1913) was a native of Indiana, but spent most of his life among the picturesque western scenes made known through his prose and poetry. His stanzas on Columbus have the stirring vigor found in all his writings; their poetic merit is due to the fine enthusiasm of the poet in his imaginative picturing of the famous voyage.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

¹ Permission to use secured from the Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal., Publishers of Joaquin Miller's complete works.

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! at last a light!
It grew, a star-lit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA¹

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving (1783-1859), essayist, historian, etc., was doubtless naturally attracted by the story of Columbus, for it concerns the two countries Irving knew best—his native America and Spain.

IT WAS early in the morning of Friday, the third of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail from the bar of Saltes,² a small island formed by the rivers Odiel and Tinto, in front of Palos, steering for the Canary Islands, from whence he intended to strike due west. As a guide by which to sail, he had the conjectural map, or chart, sent him by Paolo Toscanelli of Florence.³ In this it is supposed the coasts of Europe and Africa, from the south of Ireland to the end of Guinea, were delineated as immediately opposite to the extremity of Asia, while the great island of Cipango, described by Marco Polo,⁴ lay between them, fifteen hundred miles from the Asiatic coast. At this island Columbus expected first to arrive.

. . . . On the seventh of October, they had come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at

¹ From *Life and Voyages of Columbus*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission.

² On the southwestern coast of Spain.

³ A famous astronomer, who made the map used by Columbus on his voyage to the new world.

⁴ Marco Polo (1254-1324), a Venetian, who spent thirty-five years in travel through the countries of Asia. The stories of his adventures reveal strange experiences in lands before then almost unknown to western Europe.

which Columbus had computed to find the island of Cipango. There were great flights of small field birds to the southwest, which seemed to indicate some neighboring land in that direction where they were sure of food and a resting-place. Yielding to the solicitations of Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers, Columbus, on the evening of the seventh, altered his course, therefore, to the west-southwest. As he advanced, the signs of land increased; the birds came singing about the ships, and herbage floated by as fresh and green as if recently from shore. When, however, on the evening of the third day of this new course, the seamen beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they again broke forth into loud clamors, and insisted upon abandoning the voyage. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and liberal promises; but finding these only increased their violence, he assumed a different tone, and told them it was useless to murmur: the expedition had been sent by the sovereign to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish his enterprise.

He was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but fortunately the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit of doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by

the ships; and a branch of thorn, with berries on it, floated by. They picked up also a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long-sought land.

In the evening when, according to custom, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*,¹ or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night, and ordered that a vigilant lookout should be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whosoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns. . . . They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville,² but native of Alcala de la Guadaira; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the Admiral for having previously seen the light. The land was now clearly seen

¹ "Hail, O queen!" The expression is from a Roman Catholic hymn to the Virgin Mary.

² One of the most flourishing commercial cities of old Spain. The books of Columbus are still preserved there, and his son Fernando is buried within the city.

about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

COLUMBUS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), clergyman, writer, and publicist, led a life of patriotic activity terminating with six years of service as chaplain of the United States Senate.

GIVE me white paper!

This which you use is black and rough with smears
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years,

When all God's children had forgot their birth,
And drudged and fought and died like beasts
of earth.

"Give me white paper!"

One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man
heard.

In answer he compelled the sea
To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well!
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind—
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the
World.

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME¹

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN

Jeremiah Eames Rankin (1828-1904) in this poem has expressed the feeling of the Pilgrims while in Holland, whither they had fled for religious freedom. Though for eleven years Leyden had served as a safe abode, these brave Englishmen were unwilling to become Dutch citizens; consequently their thoughts turned to the new land of the west. Mr. Rankin was the author of many other poems and hymns, and one of the latter, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," is widely popular.

THE word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.

¹ Used by permission of Edith Rankin White.

There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls, my will declared,
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:
I hear their voice, How long?
It mingles with their praises high,
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;
Lo, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it, too.
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;

Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose at this, God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas:
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder Zee;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) was somewhat of a youthful prodigy. He wrote verses at the age of eight, and produced "Thanatopsis" before he was eighteen years old. Busy years of newspaper work later kept him from writing poetry except at rare intervals, but what he did produce shows his deep love of nature; active service as an editor could not keep his mind completely from the woods and fields.

This poem commemorates the day on which the Pilgrim Fathers, one hundred and two days after leaving Plymouth, England, landed on a barren coast in the face of a wintry storm. One hundred and two people started in the Mayflower; during the voyage one died and one was born.

WILD was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays; but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

OUR COUNTRY

JULIA WARD HOWE

Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910) was for more than a half-century widely known as an eminent lecturer and writer in behalf of abolition, woman suffrage, and prison reform. Her entire life was a proof of her love for American institutions and ideals. "Our Country" was written in response to an appeal during war time for a national song.

ON PRIMAL rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN PIERPONT

John Pierpont (1785-1866) was a New England clergyman, noteworthy as a zealous temperance and anti-slavery speaker. What little poetry he wrote was in a patriotic vein, such as these stanzas on the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the *Mayflower* moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone—
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he lay his houseless head —
But the Pilgrim — where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest :
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed —
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled :
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the *Mayflower* lay
Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN¹

CHARLES SPRAGUE

Charles Sprague (1791-1875), a banker of Boston, was so devoted to his native state that he is said only once to have passed its borders. For his public spirit and love of New England traditions he was held in high esteem by his fellow citizens. In 1825 he was chosen as orator for the semi-centennial Fourth of July celebration of the beginning of the Revolution; his speech, "American Independence," included the passage printed below. The occasion gained added interest from the fact that shortly before, Lafayette had visited Boston to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. Moreover, in attendance at the celebration were many Revolutionary soldiers and the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Charles Carroll. Mr. Sprague had a personal inspiration in the recollection that his own father had had a hand in the Boston Tea Party in 1773.

. . . . Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and

¹ From *The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague*. A. Williams and Company, 1876.

daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld Him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from His midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious Source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a

great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian! of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck!

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

“GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH”

PATRICK HENRY

Patrick Henry (1736-1799), a Virginian, ranks with Fisher Ames as one of the greatest orators of the Revolutionary period. Nothing in his career won so much praise from men of his own day as the speech delivered before the Second Revolutionary Convention of Virginia on March 23, 1775. The speech has been preserved to us only through the recollection of his hearers, particularly from the memory of Judge John Tyler and Judge St. George Tucker. So stirring were these famous words that William Wirt wrote of their effect, “No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment several members started from their seats. The cry, ‘To arms!’ seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. They became impatient of speech—their souls were on fire for action.”

. . . . MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no

way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition¹ has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort.

. . . . They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantoms of

¹ The "Petition of Congress to the King," voted on October 25, 1774.

hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest; there is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.¹ The war is inevitable. And let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we idle here? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty

¹ General Gage began to fortify Boston during the autumn of 1774.

God! I know not what course others may take, but
as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

In this poem Longfellow has made memorable the name of Paul Revere, one of the most patriotic citizens of Boston in Revolutionary days. Paul Revere was by profession a goldsmith and engraver, and many pieces of his work are still on exhibition in Boston. He did much to advance plans for American liberty, but nothing endears him to his countrymen more than the action made famous by Longfellow's poem. While on this eventful ride he was captured by the British between Lexington and Concord, but was soon set free.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,

To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search

The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

CONCORD HYMN¹

*Sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument,
April 19, 1836*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), the scholarly lecturer, essayist, and poet, wrote a few poems on national themes. The inspiring stanzas of his "Concord Hymn" tell of the first serious engagement of the Revolution. Four hundred minute-men were guarding the old North Bridge at Concord, and there, on April 19, 1775, they began the struggle for American liberty.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

A' SONG FOR LEXINGTON

ROBERT KELLY WEEKS

Robert Kelly Weeks (1840-1876) spent his brief life in New York. Literature and law had almost equal claims upon his interest. The poem on Lexington glorifies the heroes who won a second decisive victory from the British as they were retreating towards Boston after the defeat at Concord. Both battles occurred on the same day, April 19, 1775. It should not be forgotten that Lexington was also the scene of the skirmish fought early that morning when Captain John Parker and his forty minute-men tried to hinder the British advance towards Concord.

THE spring came earlier on
Than usual that year ;
The shadiest snow was gone,
The slowest brook was clear,
'And warming in the sun
Shy flowers began to peer.

'Twas more like middle May,
The earth so seemed to thrive,
That Nineteenth April day
Of Seventeen Seventy-five ;
Winter was well away,
New England was alive !

Alive and sternly glad!
Her doubts were with the snow;
Her courage, long forbade,
Ran full to overflow;
And every hope she had
Began to bud and grow.

She rose betimes that morn,
For there was work to do;
A planting, not of corn,
Of what she hardly knew—
Blessings for men unborn;
And well she did it too!

With open hand she stood,
And sowed for all the years,
And watered it with blood,
And watered it with tears—
The seed of quickening food
For both the hemispheres.

This was the planting done
That April morn of fame;
Honor to every one
To that seed-field that came!
Honor to Lexington,
Our first immortal name!

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776

ANONYMOUS

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land, to All the Inhabitants Thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper. At the signal, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted, "Ring, ring, ring!"

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"

“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle, then!”
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sat the “Continental Congress,”
Truth and reason for their guide;
O’er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway:
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!

With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair—
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring, grandpapa!
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young:
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,

We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "Independence!"
Which, please God, shall never die!

NATHAN HALE¹

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

William Ordway Partridge (1861-), best known as a sculptor, has a reputation also as a writer. The theme of the present poem is familiar, but possibly all the details of the incident may not be known. After the Continental Army had reached Harlem Heights, near New York, Washington applied to Colonel Knowlton for some capable man to find out the intentions of the enemy. Knowlton chose Nathan Hale, a brilliant young captain. This graduate of Yale College, later a Connecticut school teacher, was then in his twenty-first year. In September, 1776, Nathan Hale crossed the Sound at Fairfield, reached New York, and made a careful study of the enemy's fortifications; but while waiting for the return ferry he was recognized and betrayed. His arrest followed, and the following day he was hanged without trial. His dying utterance was, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

ONE hero dies — a thousand new ones rise,
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall;
Then quite unknown, the name of Hale now cries
Wherever duty sounds her silent call.

¹ From *Nathan Hale, the Ideal Patriot*. Funk & Wagnalls Company. Used by permission.

With head erect he moves and stately pace,
To meet an awful doom — no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face:
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest;

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid
Farewell to home and all his heart holds dear.
Majestic presence! all man's weakness hid,
And all his strength in that last hour made clear:
"My sole regret, that it is mine to give
Only one life, that my dear land may live!"

THE BATTLE-FIELD

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

This selection has been counted among Bryant's most worthy poems ever since it appeared in the *Democratic Magazine* for October, 1837. Nothing remains to indicate precisely what battle ground was in the mind of the poet.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
 Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

From "FAREWELL ADDRESS"

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington (1732-1799), first president of the United States, ended his public service on September 19, 1796, with an address that epitomized his hopes for our country. With these words he gave his countrymen his final interpretation of the name "American," the birthright of every citizen of these United States.

. . . . CITIZENS, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must

always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. . . .

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices? . . .

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed

engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. . . .

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying, by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be, from time to time, abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay, with a portion of its independence, for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit; to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue; to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love toward it which is

so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate, with pleasing expectations, that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

EUTAW SPRINGS

PHILIP FRENEAU

Philip Freneau (1752-1832) has been called "the pioneer of our national poets." Throughout the Revolutionary War he combined with his work as a newspaper editor the writing of many patriotic poems. The battle celebrated in the following poem, was fought at Eutaw Springs, in South Carolina, and was among the last conflicts of the Revolution. It occurred on September 8, 1781. Though pronounced a British victory, the victors fled and were pursued for thirty miles by the defeated Americans. Soon afterwards South Carolina was freed of enemy troops.

AT Eutaw Springs the valiant died:
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er;
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,

Oh, smite thy gentle breast and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble groves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear:
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering standards, Greene,¹
The Britons they compelled to fly:
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved in such a cause to die.

But, like the Parthians famed of old,
Who flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

¹ General Nathaniel Greene, American commander in the South.

Now rest in peace our patriot band ;
 Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
 A brighter Phœbus of their own.

WASHINGTON

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The following stanzas were written to be sung at a dinner given by the New York Historical Society on the evening of April 30, 1839. The event was in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration. John Quincy Adams was the chief speaker, and the singing of the ode immediately preceded Mr. Adams' address. As printed below, the verses are given in *Jubilee of the Constitution*, published by the Society in 1839.

GREAT were the hearts and strong the minds
 Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
 Our fair broad empire, state with state.

And ever hallowed be the hour
 When, as the auspicious task was done,
A nation's gift, the sword of power,
 Was given to glory's unspoiled son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
 Of fifty years have risen and set;

The holy links those mighty ones
Had forged and knit, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall it stretch the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after state, a mighty train.

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), poet, novelist, and essayist, began publishing poems while still a student at Harvard. Much of his verse is in a light vein and reflects his genial spirit of humor and good-fellowship. Under his kindly exterior, however, burned the fire of an intense patriotism.

WELCOME to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow!
See the hero whom it gave us
Slumbering on a mother's breast;
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its morn forever blest!

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Hear the tale of youthful glory,
While of Britain's rescued band
Friend and foe repeat the story,
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,
Flaps above the frigate's deck,
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look! The shadow on the dial
Marks the hour of deadlier strife;
Days of terror, years of trial,
Scourge a nation into life.
Lo, the youth becomes her leader!
All her baffled tyrants yield;
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;
Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad temptation!
Not for him an earthly crown!
He whose sword hath freed a nation
Strikes the offered sceptre down.
See the throneless Conqueror seated,
Ruler by a people's choice;
See the Patriot's task completed;
Hear the Father's dying voice!

“By the name that you inherit,
By the sufferings you recall,

Cherish the fraternal spirit;
Love your country first of all!
Listen not to idle questions
If its bands may be untied;
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
Strive a nation to divide!"

Father! We whose ears have tingled
With the discord notes of shame —
We, whose sires their blood have mingled
In the battle's thunder-flame —
Gathering, while this holy morning
Lights the land from sea to sea,
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;
Trust us, while we honor thee!

WASHINGTON¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) had won fame as a patriotic poet before writing the passage printed below, which is from his long narrative poem, "Under the Old Elm," read in Cambridge on July 3, 1875, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army. In 1875 Lowell stood, as he does still, high above any other American poet of patriotism. His services as teacher at Harvard, as an American ambassador, and as a literary critic are too well known to need recounting here. The man and his work were thoroughly American.

SOLDIER and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast
mood

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's — Wash-
ington.

CROWN OUR WASHINGTON¹

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Hezekiah Butterworth (1839-1905) was for thirty-four years connected with *The Youth's Companion*. He wrote *Zig-Zag Journeys* and numerous stories for juvenile readers, as well as many poems dealing with important events in American history.

ARISE — 'Tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the
sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

¹ Used by permission of *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass.

He gave us a nation: to make it immortal
He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew,
And faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flag that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

FISHER AMES

Fisher Ames (1758-1808) was known as one of the greatest Revolutionary orators. The speech from which this selection is taken outranks in eloquence every other before the day of Daniel Webster; it is also historically significant, for it kept America from a war with England in 1796 over the rights of American trade and navigation, at a time when such a war would have been disastrous. When Ames spoke on April 28, 1796, before the House of Representatives, his oratory brought tears to the eyes of all hearers, and even his political opponents became enthusiastic in their praises.

. . . . WHAT is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir; that is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a state renounces the prin-

ciples that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others

respect, and they would, therefore, soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

HAIL, COLUMBIA

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842) was a distinguished lawyer and statesman. His one well-known contribution to American literature is this patriotic poem, written when feeling in America ran high against France on account of her unjust treatment of our envoys. This was the culmination of a long controversy caused by France's insistence that the old treaty bound us to take part in her European difficulties. Washington and then Adams determinedly refused. On May 28, 1798, Congress authorized a provisional army of 10,000 men and gave power to the President to instruct the commanders of American ships to seize French armed vessels attacking American merchantmen. Fortunately, war was needless. Hopkinson's song was first sung at the benefit performance for a popular actor in the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, in May, 1798.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour

Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

From "FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS"

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), author of the Declaration of Independence, and the great apostle of democratic simplicity, became the third president of the United States on March 4, 1801. At a time when popular government was something of an experiment he showed by word and action his belief in the right of the people to govern themselves, and his firm conviction was, as he so well expresses it here, that the United States is the "world's best hope."

LET us then, fellow citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore;¹ that this should be more feared and felt by some and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety.

¹ Jefferson referred to the French Revolution.

But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this on the contrary the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence pursue our own federal and republican principles, our at-

tachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter — with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Francis Scott Key (1780-1843) was held a prisoner aboard a small ship, by marines of the British fleet, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814. This occurred shortly before the close of the War of 1812. After a night of intense anxiety over the outcome of the engagement, Key's suspense was relieved in the gray dawn by the sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over the fort. The joy he felt in descrying the flag still flying above the ramparts, led him to write the first draft of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which he scribbled on the back of an old letter. Key gave the poem the same day to Judge Nicholson, who had it printed in the office of the *Baltimore American*, and that night it was sung at the Holiday Street Theater to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven." Soon after, it reached New Orleans, where it was played by a United States military band. Key's body lies in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Md., and a large national flag is kept floating over his grave.

OH, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
 deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
 reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
 steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
 beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
 pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
 tion!

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued
 land

Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us
a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—*"In God is our trust"*:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT UNIQUE

DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster (1782-1852), orator and statesman, delivered the address from which this selection is taken, in Fryeburg, Maine, July 4, 1802, when he was principal of the Fryeburg Academy and but twenty years of age. It remained unpublished until eighty years after its delivery, when the original manuscript was found, with a mass of private papers, in a junk shop in Boston. In 1882, the centennial year of Webster's birth, it was issued in pamphlet form.

. . . . THE true definition of despotism is government without law. It may exist, therefore, in the hands of many as well as of one. Rebellions are despotisms; factions are despotisms; loose democracies are despotisms. These are a thousand times more dreadful than the concentration of all power in the hands of a single tyrant. The despotism of one man is like the thunderbolt, which falls here and there, scorching and consuming the individual on whom it lights; but popular commotion, the des-

potism of a mob, is an earthquake, which in one moment swallows up everything. It is the excellence of our government that it is placed in a proper medium between these two extremes, that it is equally distant from mobs and from thrones.

. . . . Unhappy Europe! the judgment of God rests hard upon thee! Thy sufferings would deserve an angel's pity if an angel's tears could wash away thy crimes! The Eastern Continent seems trembling on the brink of some great catastrophe. Convulsions shake and terrors alarm it. Ancient systems are falling; works reared by ages are crumbling into atoms. Let us humbly implore Heaven that the wide-spreading desolation may never reach the shores of our native land, but let us devoutly make up our minds to do our duty in events that may happen to us. Let us cherish genuine patriotism. In that, there is a sort of inspiration that gives strength and energy almost more than human. When the mind is attached to a great object, it grows to the magnitude of its undertaking. A true patriot, with his eye and his heart on the honor and happiness of his country, hath an elevation of soul that lifts him above the rank of ordinary men. To common occurrences he is indifferent. Personal considerations dwindle into nothing in comparison with his high sense of public duty. In all the vicissitudes of fortune, he leans with pleasure on the protection of Providence and on the dignity and composure of

his own mind. While his country enjoys peace, he rejoices and is thankful; and, if it be in the counsel of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, his bosom proudly swells against the rage that assaults it. Above fear, above danger, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon if he falls in defense of the laws and liberties of his country.

LIBERTY AND UNION INSEPARABLE

DANIEL WEBSTER

This selection is taken from a speech delivered before the United States Senate on January 26, 1830. Webster was at that time in the prime of life. His black hair, high forehead, and shaggy brows gave him an appearance which was always impressive, and never more so than on this day when he held his audience spellbound by his eloquence. The speech is often called "Webster's Reply to Hayne," because it was prompted by Hayne's speech for broader state rights. Webster's famous plea for an unbroken union of states represents one of the high-water marks of American oratory.

. . . . I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That

Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

It had its origin in the necessity of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influence these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal, happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to pene-

trate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies beyond! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as “What is all this worth?” nor those other words of delusion and folly, “Liberty first, and union afterwards”—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

OLD IRONSIDES¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This splendid lyric celebrates the American frigate *Constitution*. Launched in 1797, the famous sea-fighter served against the Mediterranean pirates, and then against England in the war of 1812. One of her daring exploits during the latter struggle was the capture of the English frigate *Guerrière*. In 1830 Holmes read a newspaper story to the effect that the Navy Department had condemned the old *Constitution* to be destroyed because unseaworthy. Though still a student and barely twenty-one, Holmes wrote these lines that were to stir the feeling of the entire nation. The poem was spread broadcast, and caused such popular indignation that the order of destruction was recalled. The old *Constitution* was almost completely rebuilt in 1834, and since 1897 she has been moored in the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard, perhaps the most highly prized of all our inheritances from the past.

AY, TEAR her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,

¹From *The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

LIBERTY FOR ALL

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

William Lloyd Garrison (1805-1879) founded the American Anti-Slavery Society, and served as its president from 1843 to 1865. He was for years the leading abolitionist in the country. Twice he was imprisoned for the violent utterances with which he denounced slaveholders. He established the renowned anti-slavery paper, the *Liberator*, and wrote many poems in which he demanded the unconditional emancipation of all slaves.

THEY tell me, Liberty! that in thy name
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,

Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame:
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
God never made a tyrant nor a slave:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image!—for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And, by a mighty hand, the oppressed He yet shall
save!

STANZAS ON FREEDOM¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Lowell made great personal sacrifices in espousing the cause of abolition as early as 1843, when the issue was a very unpopular one. These stanzas, written for an anti-slavery celebration held on the anniversary of West Indian emancipation, aroused much hard feeling, and when his second book of verse was to be published, Lowell was asked if he did not wish the poem suppressed. His answer was, "Let all others be suppressed if you will—that I will never suppress."

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains —
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink

From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

THE PRESENT CRISIS¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

This poem was written in 1844, when the annexation of Texas was a topic of general discussion.

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the
broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from
east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy
sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny
stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the
instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems
to and fro;

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing
start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute
lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps
beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a
chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming
ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sym-
pathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up
by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the
nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of
right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's
vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of
joy or shame—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good
or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right.¹
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness
and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou
shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth
alone is strong,
And, albeit she wanders outcast now, I see around
her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from
all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-
moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding
cry

¹ Matthew, xxv, 32-34.

Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose
feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judg-
ment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages
but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old sys-
tems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on
the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the
dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what
is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron
helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic
cave within—
“They enslave their children's children who make
compromise with sin.”

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant
brood,

Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have
drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our
purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable
prey —
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless
children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis pros-
perous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes — they were
souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the con-
tumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden
beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their
faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding
feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that
turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each
generation learned
One new word of that great *Credo* which in prophet-
hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his
face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where today the
martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in
his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling
fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe
return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden
urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers'
graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present
light a crime—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered
by men behind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old icono-
clasts,

Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's;

But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,

Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove
them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are
traitors to our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit
altar-fires;

Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in
our haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away

To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets
of today?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient
good uncouth;

They must upward still, and onward, who would
keep abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves
must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's
blood-rusted key.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

While in Washington in 1861, the author visited an army camp near the city. There she saw the soldiers marching to the tune of "John Brown's Body." At once she made up her mind to write a marching song to fit that music, and her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was the result of this determination, was soon being sung throughout the entire North.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

UNION AND LIBERTY¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The following poem was inspired by the events of the Civil War, and is the finest patriotic utterance of Holmes. A spirit of reverent devotion to God and country lives in every rhythmical stanza.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and
flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unseptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?

¹From *The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE
LAND

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) was an ardent supporter of the Abolition cause, and in 1865 succeeded William Lloyd Garrison as president of the Anti-Slavery Society. This selection is from his address, "Under the Flag," delivered in Boston in 1861, after the capture of Fort Sumter had furnished sure proof of the determination of the North to take up arms.

. . . . I REJOICE before God today for every word that I have spoken counseling peace; but I rejoice also with an especially profound gratitude that now, the first time in my anti-slavery life, I speak under the Stars and Stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men marshaled for war. No matter what the past has been or said; today the slave asks God for a sight of this banner, and counts it the pledge of his redemption. Hitherto it may have meant what you thought, or what I did; today it represents sovereignty and justice. The only mistake that I have made was in supposing Massachusetts wholly choked with cotton dust and cankered with gold. The South thought her patient and generous willingness for peace was cowardice; today shows the mistake. She has been sleeping on her arms since 1783,¹ and the first cannon shot brings

¹ The last British troops were withdrawn from the United States in that year.

her to her feet with the war cry of the Revolution on her lips. Any man who loves either liberty or manhood must rejoice at such an hour.

Let me tell you the path by which I at least have trod my way up to this conclusion. I do not acknowledge the motto, in its full, broad significance, "Our country, right or wrong."¹ If you let it trespass on the domain of morals, it is knavish. But there is a full, broad sphere for loyalty; and no war cry ever stirred a generous people that had not in it much of truth and right. It is sublime, this rally of a great people to the defense of what they think their national honor! A "noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man from sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Just now, we saw her "reposing, peaceful, and motionless; but at the call of patriotism she ruffles, as it were, her swelling plumage, collects her scattered elements of strength, and awakens her dormant thunders."²

. . . . The government has waited until its best friends almost suspected its courage and its integrity; but the cannon shot against Fort Sumter has opened the only door out of this hour. There were but two. One was compromise; the other was battle. The integrity of the North closed the first; the generous forbearance of nineteen States closed the

¹ A quotation from the speech of Stephen Decatur, the naval captain, at a banquet in Norfolk in April, 1816.

² From Milton's "Areopagitica," a plea for freedom of the press addressed to the English Parliament in 1644.

other. The South opened this with cannon shot, and Lincoln shows himself at the door.

The war, then, is not aggressive, but in self-defense, and Washington has become the Thermopylae¹ of Liberty and Justice. Rather than surrender that capital, cover every square foot of it with a living body; crowd it with a million of men, and empty every bank vault in the North to pay the cost. Teach the world once for all, that North America belongs to the Stars and Stripes and under them no man shall wear a chain. In the whole of this conflict I have looked only at liberty—only at the slave. Perry² entered the Battle of the Lakes with “Don’t give up the ship!” floating from the masthead of the *Lawrence*. When with his fighting flag he left her crippled, heading north, and, mounting the deck of the *Niagara*, turned her bows due west, he did all for one and the same purpose—to rake the decks of the foe. Steer north or west, acknowledge secession or cannonade it. I care not which; but “Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.”³

. . . . The result is as sure as the throne of God.

¹ In 480 B. C. Leonidas and his valiant band vainly withstood the advance of the Persian army through the pass of Thermopylae.

² On September 10, 1813, Oliver Hazard Perry defeated the English fleet in the famous naval Battle of Lake Erie. The victory gave command of the Lakes to the American fleet.

³ These words are inscribed upon the rim of the Liberty Bell, which rang out news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. It is still kept in the old State House at Philadelphia.

I believe in the possibility of justice, in the certainty of union. Years hence, when the smoke of this conflict clears away, the world will see under our banner all tongues, all creeds, all races—one brotherhood; and on the banks of the Potomac, the Genius of Liberty, robed in light, four and thirty stars for her diadem, broken chains under her feet, and an olive branch in her right hand.

BOSTON HYMN¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Read in Music Hall, Boston, January 1, 1863, the day when the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect.

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel — his name is Freedom —
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;

Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field,
Hireling and him that hires ;

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men ;
'Tis nobleness to serve ;
Help them who cannot help again :
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave :
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow :

As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

Today unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long —
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,

And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

SHERMAN¹

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Richard Watson Gilder (1844-1909) was among the finest literary workmen of the past generation. His unusual lyrical power and an excellent choice of dignified poetic themes made possible a finely wrought body of verse, much of it highly patriotic in spirit. For twenty-eight years he served as editor of the *Century Magazine*.

GLORY and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for
the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant
strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war, that
war might cease.

¹From *The Complete Poetical Works of Richard Watson Gilder*. Used by permission of Rodman Gilder and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled
drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapt coffin
comes;
Fame and honor and glory, and joy for a noble soul;
For a full and splendid life, and laureled rest at the
goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier
prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls
and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of
horses' feet,
'And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting
street.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic
sorrow;
Better than praise of today, or the statue we build
tomorrow;
Better than honor or glory, and History's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his
fellow-men.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE¹

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

Abram Joseph Ryan (1839-1886), or Father Ryan, as he is now generally termed, was a Virginian. He served as a chaplain in the Confederate Army and in his writings presents the side of the South. In this poem he does honor to the man who stands first among Southerners brought into prominence by the Civil War.

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
 Beneath Virginia's sky;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where the sword led they would dare
 To follow and to die.

¹ From *Father Ryan's Poems*. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Used by permission.

Out of its scabbard! never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

ROBERT E. LEE¹

JULIA WARD HOWE

In this poem, read at the Richmond celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth, Mrs. Howe expressed the admiration of a reunited nation for one of her greatest sons. When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, he was shown the highest respect, and at his death in 1870 the press North and South paid fitting tribute to the character of this Virginia gentleman.

A GALLANT foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the hearts of nations one;
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

¹ From *At Sunset*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), sixteenth president of the United States, delivered this immortal address on the battle-field at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on November 19, 1863. On that occasion the place was dedicated as a national cemetery for the soldiers who fell during the three days' conflict, July 1-3, 1863.

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which

they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Mr. Bryant grieved deeply at the death of the President, for they had been friends from the day in 1859 when Bryant had presided at a meeting addressed by Lincoln. Lincoln said then: "It was worth the journey to the East to see such a man." But before this, in 1832, the poet had by chance seen the future president leading forth a company of Illinois volunteers across the prairie to the Black Hawk War.

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,

And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!¹

WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman (1819-1892), the "Poet of Democracy," in 1862 entered upon three years of service as a volunteer nurse in the hospitals near Washington. During this time he ministered to over one hundred thousand sick and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. He was an ardent admirer of President Lincoln, and out of his grief over the President's tragic death came the inspiration for this beautiful elegy.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

¹ From *Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman*, Small, Maynard & Co.; used by permission of the publishers and Horace Traubel.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN¹

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

Chauncey Mitchell Depew (1834-) has acquired national celebrity as an orator and after-dinner speaker. The selection given here is part of an address, "The Mutations of Time," delivered before the Lotos Club, New York City, on February 22, 1896. In that year, for the first time, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays were celebrated as legal holidays.

NEVER since the creation of man were two human beings so unlike, so nearly extremes or opposed to each other, as Washington and Lincoln. The one an aristocrat by birth, by breeding and association; the other in every sense and by every surrounding a democrat. As the richest man in America, a large slaveholder, the possessor of an enormous landed estate and the leader and representative of the property and the culture and the colleges of the Colonial period, Washington stood for the conservation and preservation of law and order. He could be a revolutionist and pledge his life and fortune and honor

¹ From *The Mutations of Time*. Parke, Austin and Lipscomb. Used by permission.

for the principles which in his judgment safeguarded the rights and liberties of his country. But in the construction of the Republic and in the formation of its institutions, and in the critical period of experiment until they could get in working order, he gave to them and implanted in them conservative elements which are found in no other system of government. And yet, millionaire, slaveholder, and aristocrat in its best sense, that he was, all his life; so at any time he would have died for the immortal principle put by the Puritans in their charter adopted in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and reenacted in the Declaration of Independence, of the equality of all men before the law, and of equal opportunity for all to rise.

Lincoln, on the other hand, was born in a cabin among that class known as "poor whites" in slaveholding times, who held and could hold no position, and whose condition was so hopeless as to paralyze ambition and effort. His situation, so far as his surroundings were concerned, had considerable mental but little moral improvement by the removal to Indiana, and subsequently to Illinois. Anywhere in the Old World a man born amid such an environment and teachings, and possessed of unconquerable energy and ambition and the greatest powers of eloquence and constructive statesmanship, would have been a socialist and the leader of a social revolt. He might have been an anarchist. His one ambition

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would have been to break the crust above him and shatter it to pieces. He would see otherwise no opportunity for himself and his fellows in social or political or professional life. But Lincoln attained from the log cabin of the poor white in the wilderness the same position which George Washington reached from his palatial mansion and baronial estate on the Potomac. He made the same fight, unselfishly, patriotically, and grandly for the preservation of the Republic that Washington had made for its creation and foundation.

Widely as they are separated, these two heroes of the two great crises of our national life stand together in representing solvent powers, inspiring processes, and the hopeful opportunities of American liberty. The one coming from the top, and the other from the bottom, to the Presidency of the United States, the leadership of the people, the building up of government and the reconstruction of States, they superbly illustrate the fact that under our institutions there is neither place nor time for the socialist or the anarchist, but there is a place and always a time, notwithstanding the discouragements of origin or of youth, for grit, pluck, ambition, honesty, and brains. . . .

From "ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD
COMMEMORATION"¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The "Harvard Commemoration Ode" is ranked by critics as the greatest single poem yet written in America. It was read on July 21, 1865, at the service held in commemoration of Harvard men who lost their lives in the Civil War. The day, the place, and the memories of his own grief as well as that of his Alma Mater combined to make the occasion one that would call forth the highest gifts of the poet. The effect of Lowell's reading of the "Ode" upon the audience is described as being overpowering. His face, always expressive, seemed to be so transfigured and illumined by an inward light that people were unable to look away from it while they listened breathlessly to the beautiful stanzas. The passage about Lincoln was not in the "Ode" as originally recited, but was added immediately afterwards.

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief,

Whom late the Nation he had led,

With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief:

Forgive me, if from present things I turn

To speak what in my heart will beat and burn.

And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote,

And cannot make a man

Save on some worn-out plan,

Repeating us by rote:

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast

Of the unexhausted West,

With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;

One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,

But by his clear-grained human worth,

And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;

They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,

And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again and
thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,

Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,

Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer

Could Nature's equal scheme deface

And thwart her genial will;

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to
face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN¹

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1881, appeared an article by Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, telling the circumstances under which he made the life-mask of Lincoln. In April, 1860, Mr. Volk heard that Lincoln was in Chicago, and he determined to use this chance to obtain a plaster impression. Lincoln had not then been nominated for the presidency, but his debates with Douglas had made him famous. Mr. Volk found him in the courtroom, and quickly arranged for daily sittings. Every morning for a week Lincoln climbed the five flights of stairs to the sculptor's studio. He was then staying at the old Tremont House, which stood at the southeast corner of Lake and Dearborn streets.

The life-mask was an entire success, and affords us the most exact image of Mr. Lincoln. Several months later the same sculptor made a cast of his hand. The two pieces, reproduced in bronze, as well as Volk's bronze bust of Lincoln, are preserved in the Art Institute of Chicago.

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that
hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Richard Watson Gilder*. Used by permission of Rodman Gilder, and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day —
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength — his pure and mighty heart.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE¹

EDWIN MARKHAM

Edwin Markham (1852-) is best known as author of "The Man with a Hoe," by one critic called "the battle cry of the next thousand years." For some time Mr. Markham has worked effectively for child labor reforms and has thus given practical proof of the beliefs expressed in his poetry. The following lines were read at a Lincoln Birthday Dinner given in New York in 1900.

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;

¹ The present version is a revised form of that printed first in Mr. Markham's *Lincoln, and Other Poems*. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1900. Used by permission of the author.

Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.

And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD¹

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Mr. Longfellow was married to Frances Appleton in 1843. On their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, with Mr. Charles Sumner, visited the Arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts. The origin of this poem is chronicled in an account of their visit, which reads: "While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggested what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged H. to write a peace poem.'" From this hint came "The Arsenal at Springfield" some months later.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
 song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursèd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts!

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

From "AN ODE FOR DECORATION DAY"¹

HENRY PETERSON

Henry Peterson (1818-1891), journalist, publisher, and poet, was one of the first of many writers to commemorate our "Decoration Day." This poem will always be worthy of remembrance for the one line, "Foes for a day and brothers for all time."

O GALLANT brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of your youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,²
Hold our dead sacred — let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best.
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a broidered mantle weave:
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.

¹ From *Poems* by Henry Peterson. J. B. Lippincott Company. Used by permission.

² An allusion to the Revolutionary and Mexican wars.

Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause —
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave,
Ne'er won a world's applause.
A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and
sighs,
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share:
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY¹

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

Francis Miles Finch (1827-1907), jurist and educator, first showed his poetic ability when he delivered a memorable class poem upon his graduation at Yale in 1849. "The Blue and the Gray" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1867. It was inspired by the fact that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, had shown themselves impartial in their tributes to the memory of the dead by placing flowers on the graves of both Confederate and Union soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,

¹ From *The Blue and the Gray and Other Verses*. Henry Holt and Company. Used by permission.

Asleep are the ranks of the dead :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day ;
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :
Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the Judgment Day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

WE KEEP MEMORIAL DAY¹

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood (1841-1914) was the founder of the Woman's Relief Corps and served as its second president. She is best known as the author of army lyrics and poems written for the celebration of military occasions.

WHEN the May has culled her flowers for the summer waiting long,
And the breath of early roses woos the hedges into song,
Comes the throb of martial music and the banners in the street,
And the marching of the millions bearing garlands fair and sweet—
'Tis the Sabbath of the Nation, 'tis the floral feast of May!

In remembrance of our heroes
We keep Memorial Day.

They are sleeping in the valleys, they are sleeping
'neath the sea,
They are sleeping by the thousands till the royal
reveille;
Let us know them, let us name them, let us honor
one and all,

¹ Used by permission of Isaac R. Sherwood.

For they loved us and they saved us, springing at
the bugle call;

Let us sound the song and cymbal, wreath the
immortelles and bay.

In the fervor of thanksgiving
We keep Memorial Day.

THE SOLDIERS' RECESSIONAL¹

JOHN H. FINLEY

John H. Finley (1863-) is an educator of international reputation. He has received honors from foreign governments, and at home has been appointed to serve on various educational commissions. As president of the University of the State of New York, Mr. Finley still finds time for occasional verse writing, for editing an important encyclopedia, and for numerous services to the cause of general education.

Down from the choir with feeble step and slow,
Singing their brave recessional they go,

Gray, broken, choristers of war,
Bearing aloft before their age-dimmed eyes,
As 'twere their cross for sign of sacrifice,
The flags which they in battle bore—

Down from the choir where late with hoarse throats
sang

¹ From *Scribner's Magazine*. Copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the author.

Till all the sky-arched vast cathedral rang
With echoes of their rough-made song,
Where roared the organ's deep artillery,
And screamed the slender pipe's dread minstrelsy
In fierce debate of right and wrong.

Down past the altar, bright with flowers, they tread,
The aisles 'neath which in sleep their comrades dead
Keep bivouac after their red strife,
Their own ranks thinner growing as they march
Into the shadows of the narrow arch
Which hides the lasting from this life.

Soon, soon will pass the last gray pilgrim through
Of that thin line in surplices of blue
Winding as some tired stream a-sea;
Soon, soon, will sound upon our list'ning ears
His last song's quaver as he disappears
Beyond our answering litany;

And soon the faint antiphonal refrain,
Which memory repeats in sweetened strain,
Will come as from some far cloud-shore;
Then, for a space the hush of unspoke prayer,
And we who've knelt shall rise with heart to dare
The thing in peace they sang in war.

ONE COUNTRY¹

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

Frank Leiby Stanton (1857-), the Georgia poet, has for many years served on the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. His musical verses have such vigor and wholesomeness that they have made him known to all lovers of popular lyrics. Probably no other poet since Civil War days has more fittingly expressed the united spirit of our democracy.

AFTER all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame —
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

After all —
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea —
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod

¹ From *Comes One With a Song*. Copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

CENTENNIAL HYMN¹

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was the poet of New England life. When he began writing, he used his poetic gifts in the cause of freedom, and it was not until the need for that service had passed that he turned to the themes which lay close to his heart—the beauties of nature, the joys of home life, and the eternal goodness of God. “Snowbound,” his masterpiece, with its picture of domestic joys and sorrows and its clear-cut character portrayals, is one of the finest descriptive poems in the language. It has been said of Whittier that more than any other American poet he diffused his own personality through all his writings. The simple truth, modesty, and beauty of his own nature appear in all his verse.

The “Centennial Hymn” was written for the International Exposition which celebrated the completion of our first century of independence. In that Exposition the arts and industries of all the world were represented. It was opened May 10, 1876, with more than one hundred thousand people present. Whittier’s hymn was sung by a chorus of one thousand voices.

OUR fathers’ God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

We meet today, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave

The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

OUR COUNTRY¹

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

During the latter years of Mr. Whittier's life he was much sought after for poems to be read upon public occasions. Whenever possible, he gladly complied with these requests. The present poem was written for a Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock, Connecticut, 1883.

WE GIVE thy natal day to hope,
O Country of our love and prayer!
The way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As wise, as true, and brave as they;
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have today.

Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime,
Within thy mighty bounds transpires,
With speed defying space and time
Comes to us on the accusing wires;

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,
Thy homes of peace, thy votes unsold,
The love that pleads for human needs,
The wrong redressed, but half is told!

We read each felon's chronicle,
His acts, his words, his gallow's mood;
We know the single sinner well
And not the nine and ninety good.

Yet if, on daily scandals fed,
We seem at times to doubt thy worth,
We know thee still, when all is said,
The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where
 Belted with flowers Los Angeles
Basks in the semi-tropic air,
 To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern winds,
 Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled;
Alone, the rounding century finds
 Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,
 Thy generous heart has borne the blame
That, with them, through thy open door,
 The old world's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,
 And labor's need and breadth of lands,
Free press and rostrum, church and school,
 Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands,

Shall mould even them to thy design,
 Making a blessing of the ban;
And Freedom's chemistry combine
 The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar
 And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
 The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Circean cup which shames and kills,
And Labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall?
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all?

Give every child his right of school,
Merge private greed in public good,
And spare a treasury overfull,
The tax upon a poor man's food?

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Huguenot and Cavalier;

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands, unstained with blood, maintained
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all
To do the work which duty bids,
And make the people's council hall
As lasting as the Pyramids!

Well have thy later years made good
Thy brave-said word a century back,
The pledge of human brotherhood,
The equal claim of white and black.

That word still echoes round the world,
And all who hear it turn to thee,
And read upon thy flag unfurled
The prophecies of destiny.

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,
The nations in thy school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
With watch-fires from thy own uplift.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee;
God of our fathers! make it true.

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!

FOURTH OF JULY ODE¹

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Fourth of July Ode was sung at a breakfast given in the Town Hall at Concord, July 4, 1857, in order to raise funds for the improvement of the famous Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

OH, TENDERLY the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold
O'ermantling land and sea,
One-third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state—
To take the statute from the mind
And make of duty fate.

¹From *The Complete Poetical Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

United States! the ages plead—
Present and Past in under-song—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll
A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

JOHN PIERPONT

The Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted by twelve colonies on the evening of July 4, 1776; New York followed on the ninth of July, as soon as her delegates could act. Rejoicing was widespread. In New York City the soldiers celebrated the event by overthrowing a statue of George III and turning it into bullets.

DAY of glory! Welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
 With the morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights were squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
 O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy stars
On their courses smite his cars;
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
 Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,

All the murmur of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er,
Oh, let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more!

TRUE PATRIOTISM

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Benjamin Harrison (1833-1901) was the great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was the twenty-third president of our country, and on March 4, 1889, delivered his inaugural address, the peroration of which is given here.

LET us exalt patriotism and moderate our party contentions. Let those who would die for the flag on the field of battle, give a better proof of their patriotism and a higher glory to their country by promoting fraternity and justice. A party success that is achieved by unfair methods or by practices that partake of revolution, is hurtful and evanescent, even from a party standpoint. We should hold our different opinions in mutual respect; and, having submitted them to the arbitrament of the ballot, should accept an adverse judgment with the same respect that we would have demanded of our opponents if the decision had been more in our favor.

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent in extent, so pleasant to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free for all the people.

I do not mistrust the future. Dangers have been in frequent ambush along our path, but we have uncovered and vanquished them all. Passion has swept some of our communities, but only to give us a new demonstration that the great body of our people are stable, patriotic, and law-abiding. No political party can long pursue advantage at the expense of public honor, or by rude and indecent methods, without protest and fatal disaffection in its own body. The peaceful agencies of commerce are more fully revealing the necessary unity of all our communities, and the increasing intercourse of our people is promoting mutual respect. We shall find unalloyed pleasure in the revelation which our census will make of the swift development of the great resources of some of the states. Each state will bring its generous contributions to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills,

and the ores from the earth, shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from all to crown with the highest honor the state that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among its people.

CUBA LIBRE¹

JOAQUIN MILLER

The cry of distress from Cuba, oppressed by Spain for centuries, finally grew so insistent that America could endure it no longer. On April 11, 1898, President McKinley sent a message to Congress in which he said, "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests . . . the war in Cuba must stop." On April 19, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, Congress resolved that Cuba must be free and authorized the President to use his power to carry out the resolution. War was declared April 25. The United States had no intention to exercise sovereignty over Cuba; the war was undertaken solely for her rescue.

COMES a cry from Cuban water —
From the warm, dusk Antilles —
From the lost Atlanta's daughter,
Drowned in blood as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish —
See her struggles, hear her cries!
Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

¹Permission to use secured from the Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal., publishers of Joaquin Miller's complete works.

She shall rise, by all that's holy!
She shall live and she shall last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lowly,
From the blackness of the past.
Bid her strike! Lo, it is written
Blood for blood and life for life.
Bid her smite, as she is smitten;
Behold, our stars were born of strife!

Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes
Till she could but yearning heed them,
Reach her hands and try to rise.
Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her
Till we scarce could hear a note.
Ah! these rusting chains that bound her!
Oh! these robbers at her throat!

And the kind who forged these fetters?
Ask five-hundred years for news.
Stake and thumbscrew for their betters?
Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What reminder
Of one red man in that land?
Why, these very chains that bind her
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise as rose Columbus
From his chains, from shame and wrong—

Rise as Morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song,—
Rise a ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified
Stars and stripes espouse her glory,
Love and Liberty allied.

From "A MESSAGE TO GARCIA"¹

ELBERT HUBBARD

Elbert Hubbard (1859-1915), lecturer and writer, was the original Roycrofter. The individual quality of his mind appears in all his biographical writings, essays, and editorials. He was a master of words and a man of ideas. When the *Lusitania* sank on May 7, 1915, torpedoed off the Irish coast, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard were among those lost.

The "Message to Garcia" is the most widely known of the many literary pieces inspired by the Spanish-American war. This "preachment" was first printed in the *Philistine Magazine* for March, 1899. Since then it has undergone countless reprintings and translations into many foreign languages.

Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan left for Cuba on April 23, 1898, and on May 11 won his way back to safety at Key West after enduring great hardship on his solitary, perilous journey. He was immediately promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel for his act.

IN ALL this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

¹ Used by permission of The Roycrofter Press.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his cooperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause

them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing — “Carry a message to Garcia!”

ONE BENEATH OLD GLORY¹

ANONYMOUS

When the United States declared war against Spain on April 25, 1898, our country was poorly prepared; the regular army was only 25,000 strong. President McKinley straightway called for 125,000 volunteers, and soon after for 75,000 more. By the end of August, 216,000 men had responded to the call of the President, many more than were needed for active service in the field.

DON'T you hear the tramp of soldiers?
Don't you hear the bugles play?
Don't you see the muskets flashing
In the sunlight far away?
Don't you feel the ground all trembling
'Neath the tread of many feet?
They are coming, tens of thousands,
To the army and the fleet.

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're from North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
When Old Glory goes before.

¹ From *Poems of American Patriotism*. The Page Company.

From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They are gath'ring round Old Glory,
And they're marching to the war.

Don't you see the harbors guarded
By those bristling dogs of war?
Don't you hear them growling, barking,
At the fleet beyond the bar?
Don't you hear the Jack Tars cheering,
Brave as sailor lads can be?
Don't you see the water boiling
Where the squadron put to sea?

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're for North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
When Old Glory goes before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They have gathered 'round Old Glory,
And they're sailing to the war.

Don't you hear the horses prancing?
Don't you hear the sabres clash?
Don't you hear the cannons roaring?
Don't you hear the muskets crash?
Don't you smell the smoke of battle?
Oh, you'll wish that you had gone,

When you hear the shouts and cheering
For the boys who whipped the Don!

There'll be Yankees, there'll be Johnnies,
There'll be North and South no more,
When the boys come marching homeward
With Old Glory borne before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They'll be one beneath Old Glory
After coming from the war.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN¹

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

Guy Wetmore Carryl (1873-1904), though but a young man at the time of his death, was ranked among the most promising of American writers. Much of his work was done in Paris, and in his magazine articles and stories he displayed a sympathetic understanding of French life in all its varied phases rarely attained by a foreigner. This greatly endeared him to the hearts of the French people. The present poem celebrates the day, August 20, 1898, when the American squadron sailed into New York, just eight days after the signing of a protocol and the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Spain.

To EASTWARD ringing, to westward ringing,
O'er mapless miles of sea,

¹ From *The Garden of Years*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission.

On winds and tides the gospel rides
That the furthestmost isles are free;
'And the furthestmost isles make answer,
Harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry, each to each,
" 'Tis the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved,
And strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas
The shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons,
Who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main,
And who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent,
And the weary watchers rest;
The black cloud dies in the August skies,
And deep in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning
A glory of crimson bars,
'And far above is the wonder of
A myriad of wakened stars!
Peace! As the tidings silence
The strenuous cannonade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast
The length of the long blockade;
And eyes of vigil weary
'Are lit with the glad release,

From ship to ship and from lip to lip,
It is "Peace! Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter
Columbia still shall show
The sons of those who swept the seas
How she bade them rise and go —
How, when the stirring summons
Smote on her children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth
And the whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story
And the heart of the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes
As right should meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs,
And then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise
To the grace of their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle,
And good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people
To the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay
Where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip
And sink her across the strait —¹

¹ On June 3, 1898, Richmond P. Hobson, of the American navy, attempted to blockade the Spanish fleet by sinking a collier, the *Merrimac*, across the harbor mouth at Santiago de Cuba.

But better the golden evening
 When the ship round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past
 In a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate
 To greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace,
 When the great gray ships come in!

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY¹

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

SHE'S up there—Old Glory—she's waving o'er-
 head;

 She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us
 dead—

She's the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,
 Nor blur on her brightness—no stain on her
 stars;

The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her
 bars—

She's the flag of our country forever!

¹ From *Comes One With a Song*. Copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820) began writing poetry when he was but fourteen years of age. His brief life was a continual struggle with poverty and ill health. The year before his death he wrote this oft-quoted poem. The line "The guard and glory of the world" originally ended the poem; but Drake's dearly loved friend Fitz-Greene Halleck suggested the final four lines, and the author gladly added them.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like sheets of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
Oh, tell us what its name may be—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*.
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Mifflin Company.

The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew —
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

E PLURIBUS UNUM

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER

George Washington Cutter (1801-1865), a native of Massachusetts, settled in Kentucky and there practiced law. When volunteers were called out for the Mexican War, Cutter went to the border as captain of a company; before leaving, however, he prepared his poems for printing in order that his wife might have some means of support during his absence. Liberal subscriptions for the book enabled her to keep back its publication until Mr. Cutter returned home, when he added poems written in camp. Thereafter he served as a clerk in the Treasury, being often called upon for public addresses on patriotic occasions.

THOUGH many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag, by our country unfurled—
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there
Like a rainbow adorning the world—
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of star-light abroad,
Ever true to themselves to that banner they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won—
Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in One."

Mid the smoke of the contest, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown,
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
Where the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of
that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their
power,
And they stopped not to number their foe.

From where our green mountain tops blend with the
sky
And the giant Saint Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquered—and dying, bequeathed to our
care
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above;
And tyrants shall quail, mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea mid the bolts of the
storm—
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck;

'And flame where our guns with their thunder grow
warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall float over his head:
And those stars shall increase till the fulness of time
Its millions of cycles has run;
Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sub-
lime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then oh, let them glow on each helmet and brand
Though our blood like our rivers shall run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one.

Then up with the flag! Let it stream in the air
Though our fathers are cold in their graves;
They had hands that could strike, they had souls
that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! Where'er it may call,

Our millions shall rally around;
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

OLD FLAG

HUBBARD PARKER

WHAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?
You are so grand in every fold,
So linked with mighty deeds of old,
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,
My throat swells at the sight of you,
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill;
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream;
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,
That you might float in glorious pride,
Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,

Sent forth a husband, lover, child;
Who labored in the field by day;
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,
And thought that God great mercy gave,
If only freely you might wave,

Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?
What, but to set all people free,
To rid the world of misery,
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,
And gather in one joyful throng
Beneath your folds in close embrace
All burdened ones of every race,

Old Flag?

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag,
Your stars shine out for liberty,
Your white stripes stand for purity,
Your crimson claims that courage high
For Honor's sake to fight and die.
Lead on against the alien shore!
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door, '

Old Flag!

THE FLAG GOES BY¹

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Henry Holcomb Bennett (1863-) is well known as a painter of animals and birds, as an ornithologist, and as a writer of stories and occasional poems dealing with frontier and army life.

HATS off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;

¹ Originally published by the *Youth's Companion*. Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Company. Used by permission.

Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE¹

SIDNEY LANIER

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) lived to produce only a small body of poetry, but one notable for rich melody and spiritual intensity. In spite of ill health and distracting duties he attained high place as a poet. It was in April, 1861, that Lanier entered the Confederate Army. In 1863 he was captured, and spent five months in prison before being exchanged. Then with his precious flute and a twenty-dollar gold piece found in his pocket when he was captured, the poet turned homeward, to resume once more his literary pursuits.

The stanza below is from the cantata set to music by Dudley Buck and sung at the Centennial Exposition in

¹ From *Poems* by Sidney Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

1876. After the rendition of Lanier's^o work President Grant declared the Exposition open, and from the first great crowds were in attendance.

These are the words of the Good Angel in reply to the Chorus questioning in regard to the future of America.

LONG as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

INAUGURATION DAY¹

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

The first inauguration day was Thursday, April 30, 1789, the ceremonies taking place in the old Federal Hall, New York City, the first capital of the United States. A few months later, Philadelphia, then the most important city in the Union, became the seat of our government. But ten years later another change seemed necessary. In the autumn of that year the District of Columbia was created, with the new capital, Washington, as the permanent home of our governmental departments. Jefferson was the first president to be inaugurated in Washington, March 4 having been set by an act of Congress as the legal inauguration day.

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Richard Watson Gilder*. Used by permission of Rodman Gilder, and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

ON THIS great day a child of time and fate
On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Tho' heavy-burdened shall his heart rejoice,
Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength but that the people give,
And in their wills, alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man,
The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons:
In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest crown,
Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed
The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard,
Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the oppressed out of the darkness grope,
'Tis as the voice of freedom and of hope.

Oh, pray that he may rightly rule the state,
And grow, in truly serving, truly great.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD¹

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833-1908), though best known as a poet and literary critic, was also a successful man of business. He aided in the construction and financing of the first Pacific railway, and was for many years an active member of the New York Stock Exchange. The present poem refers to the Bartholdi statue, a gift to America from the people of France, which was unveiled on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor, October 28, 1886.

WARDER at ocean's gate,
Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
Dazzling the waves before
Thy station great?

"My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
At ocean's gate I stand
Nor bend the knee.

¹ From *The Complete Poetical Works of Edmund Clarence Stedman*. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

“The dark Earth lay in sleep,
Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
I sprang to height, reborn:
Then with a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
And all the choir of morn
Sang anthems deep.

“Beneath yon firmament,
The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
My azure flag unrolled:
The Old World’s hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
Came from a living mould
In glory blent.

“O ye, whose broken spars
Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! fear not the bars
Across your pathway set;
Enter at Freedom’s porch,
For you I lift my torch,
For you my coronet
Is rayed with stars.

“But ye that hither draw
To desecrate my fee,

Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free —
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
My name is Liberty,
My throne is Law.”

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale;
Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place:
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be light!

O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY¹

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

Frederick L. Hosmer (1840-), a clergyman, at present resides in California and is widely known as the author of hymns and patriotic verse. The following popular hymn was written in 1884.

“O BEAUTIFUL, my country!”
Be thine a nobler care,
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvest waving fair;

¹ Used by permission of the author.

Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations,
Commingled, flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE¹

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt (1858-) in 1901 took up the labors of our third martyred president, William McKinley, and in 1904 was elected twenty-sixth president of the United States. This long term of high office was but a part of his constant service to country. He is known to all Americans as a vigorous defender of our institutions and as an untiring worker for good government in state and nation.

The paragraphs printed below formed the peroration of his speech at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on the evening of March 20, 1912.

FRIENDS, our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose. The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing.

In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside;

¹ Used by permission of Mr. Roosevelt.

and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is, "Spend and be spent." It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years: and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob, would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead.

We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in a spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose; above all, in a spirit of kindly justice toward every man and every woman. We not merely admit, but insist, that there must be self-control on the part of

the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the rights of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights.

The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment—the first that has ever been tried—in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empires of the Old World. Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which it is worth while to strive, an ideal for which at need it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our ideal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood toward each and every one of the people.

THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD ADDRESS¹

WOODROW WILSON

Woodrow Wilson (1856-), twenty-eighth president of the United States, delivered this memorial address on May 11, 1914. On that day an American battleship brought home for burial the bodies of nineteen marines and sailors who had died in the course of duty at Vera Cruz, Mexico. It was on April 21 that our marines landed at Vera Cruz, after all other means had been tried to stop indignities offered our sailors when ashore and to American citizens throughout Mexico. The following day a larger landing party brought our total of men up to three thousand, and by night the city was wholly under our control. November 23 saw the withdrawal of American troops, then under General Funston, following a satisfactory adjustment of disputed points with the *de facto* government.

I KNOW that the feelings which characterize all who stand about me and the whole Nation at this hour are not feelings which can be suitably expressed in terms of attempted oratory or eloquence. They are things too deep for ordinary speech. For my own part, I have a singular mixture of feelings. The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death; and yet there is mixed with that grief a profound pride that they should have gone as they did, and, if I may say it out of my heart, a touch of envy of those who were permitted so quietly, so nobly, to do their duty. Have you thought of it, men? Here is the roster of the Navy—the list of

¹Used by permission of the President.

the men, officers and enlisted men and marines—and suddenly there swim nineteen stars out of the list—men who have suddenly been lifted into a firmament of memory where we shall always see their names shine, not because they called upon us to admire them, but because they served us, without asking any questions and in the performance of a duty which is laid upon us as well as upon them.

Duty is not an uncommon thing, gentlemen. Men are performing it in the ordinary walks of life all around us all the time, and they are making great sacrifices to perform it. What gives men like these peculiar distinction is not merely that they did their duty, but that their duty had nothing to do with them or their own personal and peculiar interests. They did not give their lives for themselves. They gave their lives for us, because we called upon them as a Nation to perform an unexpected duty. That is the way in which men grow distinguished, and that is the only way, by serving somebody else than themselves. And what greater thing could you serve than a Nation such as this we love and are proud of? Are you sorry for these lads? Are you sorry for the way they will be remembered? Does it not quicken your pulses to think of the list of them? I hope to God none of you may join the list, but if you do you will join an immortal company.

So, while we are profoundly sorrowful, and while there goes out of our hearts a very deep and affec-

tionate sympathy for the friends and relatives of these lads who for the rest of their lives shall mourn them, though with a touch of pride, we know why we do not go away from this occasion cast down, but with our heads lifted and our eyes on the future of this country, with absolute confidence of how it will be worked out. Not only upon the mere vague future of this country, but upon the immediate future. We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind if we can find out the way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans. We want to serve the Mexicans if we can, because we know how we would like to be free, and how we would like to be served if there were friends standing by in such case ready to serve us. A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is a thing in which it is a proud thing to die.

Notice how truly these men were of our blood. I mean of our American blood, which is not drawn from any one country, which is not drawn from any one stock, which is not drawn from any one language of the modern world; but free men everywhere have sent their sons and their brothers and their daughters to this country in order to make that great compounded Nation which consists of all the sturdy elements and of all the best elements of the whole globe. I listened again to this list of the dead with a profound interest because of the mixture of the names, for the names bear the marks of the several

national stocks from which these men came. But they are not Irishmen or Germans or Frenchmen or Hebrews or Italians any more. They were not when they went to Vera Cruz; they were Americans, every one of them, and with no difference in their Americanism because of the stock from which they came. They were in a peculiar sense of our blood, and they proved it by showing that they were of our spirit—that no matter what their derivation, no matter where their people came from, they thought and wished and did the things that were American; and the flag under which they served was a flag in which all the blood of mankind is united to make a free Nation.

War, gentlemen, is only a sort of dramatic representation, a sort of dramatic symbol, of a thousand forms of duty. I never went into battle; I never was under fire; but I fancy that there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you. When they shoot at you, they can only take your natural life; when they sneer at you, they can wound your living heart, and men who are brave enough, steadfast enough, steady in their principles enough, to go about their duty with regard to their fellow-men, no matter whether there are hisses or cheers, men who can do what Rudyard Kipling in one of his poems wrote, "Meet with triumph and disaster

and treat those two impostors just the same," are men for a nation to be proud of. Morally speaking, disaster and triumph are impostors. The cheers of the moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and of the consciences of mankind.

When I look at you, I feel as if I also and we all were enlisted men. Not enlisted in your particular branch of the service, but enlisted to serve the country, no matter what may come, even though we may sacrifice our lives in the arduous endeavor. We are expected to put the utmost energy of every power that we have into the service of our fellow-men, never sparing ourselves, not condescending to think of what is going to happen to ourselves, but ready, if need be, to go to the utter length of complete self-sacrifice.

As I stand and look at you today and think of these spirits that have gone from us, I know that the road is clearer for the future. These boys have shown us the way, and it is easier to walk on it because they have gone before and shown us how. May God grant to all of us that vision of patriotic service which here in solemnity and grief and pride is borne in upon our hearts and consciences!

A SOLDIER'S LETTER¹

ALAN SEEGER

Alan Seeger (1888-1916) left the shores of America in 1912 never to return home. Before then he had spent his boyhood within sight of New York City, had travelled in Mexico and throughout the United States, and had gained his degree from Harvard University. In 1914 he joined the Foreign Legion of France and entered the Great War — an American citizen, but unwilling to await the entry of his own country in the fight for human liberty. On July 4, 1916, he fell in action in the village of Belloy-en-Santerre, leaving behind only a sheaf of noble poems and a few letters. On June 18, 1915, he wrote to his mother:

You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take a part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect, not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals, but everyone should bear some part of the burden. If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be in so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is

¹ From Alan Seeger's *Letters and Diary*. Published with permission of, and by special arrangement with the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier.

AMERICA RESURGENT¹

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

Wendell Phillips Stafford (1861-) is only an occasional writer of verse. For over twenty years he has served his country as a jurist, being now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. These lines praise America for breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany and thus becoming an active participant in the Great War.

SHE is risen from the dead!
Loose the tongue and lift the head;
Let the sons of light rejoice.
She has heard the challenge clear;
She has answered, "I am here";
She has made the stainless choice.

Bound with iron and with gold—
But her limbs they could not hold
When the word of words was spoken;
Freedom calls—
The prison walls
Tumble, and the bolts are broken!

¹ Used by permission of the author.

Hail her! She is ours again—
Hope and heart of harassed men
And the tyrants' doom and terror
Send abroad the old alarms;
Call to arms, to arms, to arms,
Hands of doubt and feet of error!

Cheer her! She is free at last,
With her back upon the past,
With her feet upon the bars.
Hosts of freedom sorely prest,
Lo, a light is in the west
And a helmet full of stars!

THE ROAD TO FRANCE¹

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

In the spring of 1917 a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered by the National Arts Club of New York City for the best patriotic poem. Mr. Henderson's stirring song was chosen from some four thousand entries.

THANK God, our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to France!
To France—the trail the Gurkhas found;
To France—old England's rallying-ground!
To France—the path the Russians strode!
To France—the Anzac's glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran

¹ Used by permission of the National Arts Club.

To fight and die for God and man!
To France — with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah, France, how could our hearts forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
How was it that we missed the way
Brave Joffre leads along today?
At last, thank God! At last, we see
There is no tribal Liberty!
No beacon lighting just our shores,
No Freedom guarding but our doors.
The flame she kindled for our sires
Burns now in Europe's battle-fires.
The soul that led our fathers west
Turns back to free the world opprest.

Allies, you have not called in vain;
We share your conflict and your pain.
"Old Glory," through new stains and rents,
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments.
Into that hell his will creates
We drive the foe — his lusts, his hates.
Last come, we will be last to stay,
Till Right has had her crowning day.
Replenish, comrades, from our veins
The blood the sword of despot drains,

And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free.
See, with what proud hearts we advance
To France!







