[Ms.?] Poem re-G-burg to be enclosed in letter # 36166 by R.K. Beecher
What is the Church? 

From middle floor,
Where into chatting the last new play,
Or whisper of a sister goose-stealing,
Or sleepy, cruel gossip, every voice
Of sweetness from some weary brown-downed grief.
Is not a place where fashion reigns supreme,
Where lack of style is sin beyond redeem?
Where ordered garb is more than mean life!

The room is here for careless jest or strife!
Or meaning glances that pretend silent scream
To cause some trembling soul to blush in fear.
All these are what the Church is not.

Things left behind, only gain, desired, forget.

What ought the Church to be? A feeding ground!
For thirled up head great and broad and strong.
When dimms are in the stars! Who ever long
To make this patient listening world rebound
With deeper music, purer, sweeter song?
A place where kindly lifting hands are seen,
And kindlier dead are seen. Where heart sanged!
Where wealth is drawn from frozen stones.
Where hands pass hands, and feet find toil, with
whose virtues in the race for fame and power,
Look back, and even in their triumph, we
To beckon others toward to the shining goal.
This is the Church, One earth, triumphant O, Heaven,
Where to us may the blood of earth, care,
Can upon and this pure, solemn life, attain?
O check love and joy, and Sweet Content shall vanish,
when lives all spent, there as sunshine all the world,
while frequent pleasure often lightens care and grief.
So Purposes, Earnest real, and that being a last, rely.
Then let our aims, Our God, whom nothing leads
him sunshine to our lives! Proofs to ending worldly deeds.
Age; Heaven shall ever bless! When home, and the soul,
Our wind and loving Father too shall bid the soul arise
For each unselfish, earthly sacrifice!

To home God, in love, man; be near, Brother, to this godly
For Right is Right, and God is God: Right the day that any sin!
To do should be disloyalty, to suffer, should be sin.
Children, their consecrated halls, find angry sound and heartless, burning tire.
Whither the truth? Whither the soul and heart, and honor God with manly

Oh, other blood of grass, whose only one has been before
Another song! Another smile, whose only tears are face above
Another hand of sympathy, whose lives are torn,
And bitter tears! To comfort those who mourn
Another rose in grief, a tear! Our hearts and souls to break!
Another rose of love, another grief of care
Where only weeds and briars, and brown thorn, a thorn!

(Oh that and birds were made the delight of your earth)
Thus let us make our homes and homes, the brightest spot of earth
And in the bed of care and grief: Your God the Father knows
The grave, Christ is gains, the departure of His shadow, and every form of earth.
Home in Heaven!

Blessed, let us write in love! With faith to this place stand late
Let us invoke the attorney, and blessings from on high
On all that's fit! On all that is, let's bring to night
God with whom our voices, and the nation, and the right;
To our obligations, let's every day, and every hour held, first of last.
And together in Heaven, we gather with the Church redeemed!
God knows
he knows the path we ought to tread,
in gladness, pain or sorrow.
He notes all change with loving hands,
today and for the morrow.

He knows the work that each must do,
before our toil is ended.
Then let us trust and wait the while,
Our wills with his are blended

With each new day he gives us grace,
To bear the world's cold, foruning,
But when is past, our life of toil.
Then all, come a day of crowning.

A comrade

c. Aug 1901
To General O. O. Howard of the U. S. R.

for Decoration Day

Who calls them dead? The Whip sleeps, his name may be forgotten, but his deed shall never die.

Who calls them dead? The Soldier Boys who fought for freedom when their linen bled, shall never die.

Who calls them dead? The Conquered North that "rallied round the flag" to keep their country free, shall never die.

Who calls them dead? The Men of to-day who struggled hard to break Slave's chains, shall never die.

Who calls them dead? They only sleep.

The Bugle call that sounds the Grand Revell shall bid them wake.

Byrne & Paul
Geneva, Ohio.
HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

Three strophes added by --?-- to Maurice Thompson's poem.

"They fell, who lifted up a hand
And made the sun of heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars.
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom?

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!"
ON GENERAL O.O. HOWARD'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Your friends unite to celebrate your seventieth birthday,
Though scattered wide through all the land they humble tribute pay,
They sing the praise of hero brave, of soldier good and true,
And pray the Lord to spare you long and cheer and comfort you.

You fought our Country's battles, made a noble sacrifice,
For liberties we now enjoy you paid a fearful price,
Laid you arm upon her altar, gave your heart to set us free,
Splendid courage, great achievement, blessing all humanity.

You have lived a blameless life, one of Nature's noblemen,
In peace and war alike Christian, finest specimen,
Valiant in the bloody strife, fearless mid the battle's din,
Braver, truer, nobler far in the awful fight with sin.

You have felt the battle's shock, worn through life its awful scars,
Victor in a deadlier strife, not a stain your record mars;
You have made impressions deep as a Christian soldier true,
Grateful friends a tribute bring, all the Country honors you.

William Wood, Berlin, N.H.
I dreamed that work but the Stewart force
Maintained a steady fire
Which crushed the Rebels men and hose,
And forced them to retreat.

But Johnston colder than the rest
Then led the Rebels on
When they'd won the Wornet West
Their leader's life was gone.

I dreamed that common clothing van,
The warring Rebel pressed;
And Webster's warring fire began
Another Wornet West.

Deyw and Beauregard recast,
Then broke the Rebel ranks
And Yankee shells unmade a fall
Upon their head and thanks.

I dreamed that variant Nelson lost
Came on to end the game.


Whose Patrick presents as a sequel
To his reply to the question "Who are the Veterans?"

The Veteran Dream.

I dreamed that I went on after the Wilt,
Whose Rebels will we forget,
We never name with always double,
Their proud flesh with regard.

Where Johnston, Beauregard and Bragg
And Breckinridge and Pogue,
Thought Grant and Sherman stood
Just for a little time.

On the 5th day thus, these Reckoners,
Rose early from their beds,
Saying "The Sun of_Conservatism"
Was shining on their hearts.
These Rooches so full of fun,
Could not put them remember
The difference between the Sun
Of April and December.

The Rooches' ranks soon swelled,
With a wild and rosy crew—
Like the host of the Prophet's armies expelled
At the battle of Tippecanoe.

On the other side a Chief was found
Like Secoy - so! stern and brave,
Who against them All would hold his ground
Or pit a bloody grave.

Sewn Generals (including Polk)
The Union force assembled
To carry out Their "Little Coke,"
Which ultimately failed.

I dreamed that I stood on "Pitch Hill"
When Sherman the Rebs deified.

And with much left skill end to win
He famed "The Bloody Tide."

I dreamed I saw a rebel bound
At Sherman's rising aim
And the Rebel head settled on the ground
In a sheet of blood and flame.

I dreamed that Price wounded Sherman rose,
Still able to repeat
The insist of his swelling foes.
Worse than the friends of Hell.

I dreamed that Breckenridge stood there
And waved his sword on high
As his men their Christian onward course.
And like a wave rushed by.

"So give them War in Cheatham's way,"
Polk set his men at work.
For he could take a Bishop's pray,
And slaughter like a Turk.
And I also dreamed what pleased me most,
That Grandfather still the same.

In vain the Rebels fought and died,
And the sea of slaughter swam.
For they were fighting on that day,
Against the Great I AM.

"For Clean purposes, and God disposed,
And the unexpected happen, as the General can truly say when he received this document.

Strange things will happen every day,
And it is strange indeed—
To have a fearful Rebel wind,
Well shaken by a breast.

July 20, 1890.
Addressed to Major General Oliver E. Howard, U.S.A.
The God of the Veterans.

Our God is like a living fire
Full of Spirit, Power and Love;
Whose length and breadth
and thickness divine,
No words can limit or define.
Sound and fury, puff and bawn,
End in vapour, snuff and fume,
And God, true and chosen men
Are Sherman, Grant & Sheridan.

April 8, 1890
When War was waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to depopulate,
And imperilled the life of the Nation;
Columbia, once so free through the storm,
With her flag flying proudly before her
Borne by Lincoln and Tolstoi twice
On to Victory, grandly they bore her,
Displaying the Red, White & Blue.

Let Virtue Beauty come together,
And fill Pleasure cups to the brim;
Let Liberty live forever within
Nor the stars of her glory grow dim.
Let the service which we so love
Be spread by their acts so true
The Army & Navy, forever
Displaying the Red, White & Blue.

Gibby 13th Feb. 1905

G. T. S. 20.


Even busy, even fighting
Something new every day,
Bick and rare story
The Patriarch still pursues his way.

Court Sayings of some of America's
Great Men discovered by the Patriarch among the unpublished MSS.
Of the Delegation Record.

Sherman.

Though our march may seem audacious,
And our patrons light and small,
Yet in spite of Lee and Davis,
The Confederacy must fall.

Abide and fight! One-hearted, see Amen!

Over
Over hill and dale and plain,
Westman brave, and Yankee lean.
Soon will end King Cotton reign.

Granite

"Rush things," forward, on upward!
Let the hills know War means fight.
Fight or die! One course is Southward.
Still pursuing day and night.

Sheridan

About! make ready, charging forward,
On Rentz! black as night,
Every Bet who sits a saddle,
Must be whipped to put to flight.

Porter

Say it To them! foot and heavy!
Make the red, white, and blue dance,
Let them talk about Gibraltar,
Strawhats not a circumstance.

Garvacut

Shame it is that men of metal,
Willing to be bound Sky-high,
In the hold of a Yea-kettle.
Should be doomed to fight and die.

Not for me such crouching viler,
Though I do not wish to brag,
Ajl not leave a stick of timber
That will bear a debt flag.

The new Red, White & Blue.

Erected from Ocean to Ocean,
The home of the brave and free.
The shrine of our Patriotic devotion.
The world pays its homage to thee.

If they call our Heroes assemble,
When glory from stand to stand.
Our banner makes singing trouble.
Displaying the Red, White & Blue.
"He felt by船了Preecha White."
"Without a quck shot down."
"I wish I had him here with me,"
"This day, said old John Brown."

5.

No more, said old John. Shall slavery bound
Five hundred free Allen, stay,
Nor eat and wash their negro slaves
As they do, every day,
Strike in! Strike in!! said old John Brown
And he the shutters down!!!
And so his Allen were led by him,
Tremendous old John Brown.

9.

And as they smashed the shutters in,
The crew, Strike in to them!
O'ver already arms enough.
For twenty thousand Allen.
But where so many soldiers were,
Or where they would come from,
A mystery was to every one,
Except tremendous John Brown.

Another of Trait from Gen. Grant
Alum. Book, intended as a
Reply to the Question
"Who was old John Brown?"

John Brown was an American,
Of wondrous spirit and nerve,
And John Brown's spirit was far beyond
To be held in reserve,
And nothing on this earthly ball,
Could keep his spirit down.
And that made a skinch of him,
Tremendous old John Brown.

2.

Of Northern bias was old John Brown,
But of a Western mind,
Resolved to free the negro slaves,
Those of the Southern kind,
And
And by his own right hand and arm
He won a channelo
And so they made a point of him
Premiered act John Brown.

3.
John being of a tender heart,
Could Slavery never abide—
And so he took the Negro part
And for the Negro died;
For nothing on this earthly host,
Could keep his Spirit down,
And so they made a point of him
Premiered act John Brown.

4.
His movements like the winds of Heaven
An mortal man might know—
Nor could his wishes live, escape
The vengeance of his blow—
Like lightning hot, which strikes blinds
Eve Thunders crash and roar—
Upon Virginia soil he came,
"The Harbinger of War."

Go Harper! Penny came John Brown,
With others, twenty more,
And took a place where "Uncle Sam,"
He is now used to store—
Strike in! Strike in! said old John Brown.
And so his men were led by him,
Premiered act John Brown.

5.

6.

Strike in! Strike in! for every blow
Will make Pre-Slavery blood,
And help to beat with the ground
The Slaves' feet as "Bastile,
Strike in! Strike in!" said old John Brown.
And so his men were led by him,
Premiered act John Brown.

7.
Strike in! Strike in!" said old John Brown,
Now remember well,
The place of Osu-wah-o-nie,
Where my son Frederick fell.

He
So instantly away from me!
And tell it to the town!
I'll fight as long as I am free!
I'm 'No Surrender Brown.'  

18.
Apparition shot on every side,
With shot as thick as hail,
They killed the most of old John Allen,
And put old John in jail.
They tried him, and the jury found
He'd won at Abingdon Corner.
And so they made a stain of him,
Shameful old John Brown.

19.
The sheriff with soldiers six
And cannon from the town,
With due formality of law
Then cannonized old John Brown,
For nothing on this earthly ball
Could keep his spirit down.
And so, to make a stain of him,
They cannonized old John Brown.

10.
John by his own right hand and Will
Began the contest on
"The Old Dominion Sacred Soil,
In the Land of Washington,
And Col. Washington on hand,
First gained their liberty
For John took Lewis prisoner
And set his Negro free.

11.
But when folks saw what John had done
Convicted with fear and doubt,
They cried for help on every one
To put "Old John Brown" out,
For nothing on this earthly ball
Could keep his spirit down.
And so it made a stain of him,
Shameful old John Brown.

12.
The Governor then called upon
The military force,
With cannon, and Artillery,
And Troops, black, white, and horse,
And thinking that was not enough, 
He called for Robert Lee, 
The Governor's force joined with him, 
Gained a great victory.

13.
Against the Free Soil Kansas Abol, 
The Governor's force marched on, 
And then the troops were led by Lee, 
Against Tremendous John.

And by his own right hand and arm, 
John won a Clear Briny Crown, 
And so his Abol were led by him, 
Tremendous old John Brown.

14.
Tremendous John and all his Abol, 
Displaying wondrous skill, 
Then fought the Sapien's force, 
On their own City of the
And by his own right hand and arm, 
John won a Clear Briny Crown, 
And so they made a saint of him, 
Tremendous old John Brown.

And old John fought with sword & gun, 
Determined not to yield, 
The very sword Great Frederick 
In battle used to wield. 
And by his own right hand & arm, 
He won a Clear Briny Crown, 
And so his Abol were led by him, 
Tremendous old John Brown.

15.
And Cleven and Watson Brown 
Fought with their aged sire, 
And ever as they fell their poor, 
As long as they could see, 
Shot down and bleeding with their kin, 
Each won a Clear Briny Crown, 
And so they made two Saints of them, 
The Sons of old John Brown.

17.
When Shrew came to John with terms, 
John said, I know your Laws! 
Don't think that I will put myself! 
Within the Devil's Pauls.
20.
And still John's virtuous spirit burns
To conquer or to die,
And cowardly Oppression turns
Compelling it to fly,
For nothing on that Earthly Ball
Could keep his Spirit down
And so it made a Saint of him,
Immortal Old John Brown.

21.
Living, though clouded in death's fame,
John did not live in vain,
And if John from the tomb could rise,
We'd do the same again,
For nothing on this Earthly Ball
Could keep his Spirit down,
And so it made a Saint of him,
Immortal Old John Brown.

22.
And just the same Brave Old Wise,
Would not call for Robert Lee,
But free Abe always will despise
Such friends of slavery.
And
And by their own right hands & Wigs,  
Can put Oppression down.  
Resolving to be free like him,  
Immortal, shot John Brown.  

Yes, free men always will aspire  
The friends of Freedom;  
And to the Good & Brave & Wise  
Who fight for Liberty,  
And by their own right hands & Wigs,  
Can put Oppression down.  
As long as they Remember him—  
Immortal, shot John Brown.

Sent: Grim says that the above is a  
true true Native American produc-
tion like "Love Oak" "Lignum Vida".

Alas! F. J. 190
"for both hands."

Then hiding in the woods all day
Until the approach of night.
We passed right through the Rebel camp.
Though the U.S. was shining bright.

"General Grim shadowless, this hiding
Did not arise from any fear which,"
"Bush had of meeting the enemy in
Broad daylight, or of being detected
in Carrying off so many Gilchrist's"
under Suspicious Circumstances But"
was intended as a Utterly Shovel Gun"
"to annoy and harass the enemy, which"
"it did; as it produced an Order from"
"Lee that it should be the especial duty"
of Picket Guards and Skirmishers to"
fire upon any wetting tree which came in
Sight, and to Continue firing until"
"something fell, But the use of the"
"boughts of trees in Actual War cannot"
be claimed by Bush as his own original"
"invention, Their use having been discarded
and adopted long before Bush time by"
Not throwing soldiers 'twixt away
As blundering Generals do.

When they had lagged, afraid to meet
The Battle's Savage count.
And cogitated what to do
Bush hastened to the front.

You what! said Bush are lines of men?
Though few there as they will,
The God of Victor gave them Strength
And guided their actions still.

In barricades and traps of slain
Bush led his columns on.
And showed his men with might Main
Now Volunteer were won.

Well mounted on his Matteed Steed
He Charged through Forest Hood.
And never left his horse or men.
Fast Shaking in their Mind.

7.
The Generals' friends would often say
He had Contempt for Life,
Which made him fearless every way.
And foremost in the Strife.

8.
Nothing on Earth could brighten him.
He had no fear of foes.
Wherever he went in to draw,
He took off all his Clothes.

9.
And having bathed himself one day,
He made him very mad,
To find some rogue had gone away
With all the Clothes he had.

10.
But pulling off some twigs he caught
Well Covered with large leaves,
He made himself a suit of clothes,
Better than 'Mother Eve'.

"Connot trim of plains, 'Mother Eve,"
"ready provided only for the front, but Bush"
"also provided for the year as well as for"
"Abimelech Judges 9. 46, and The Swat
Seven Generals (including Lee)
Who happened by the sea.
Reported at Head Quarters
They had seen a walking tree.

And all of them (excepting Lee)
Were nearly out of breath.
Looking as though they'd seen a ghost.
And were nearly scared to death.

And General Lee has oft declared
"He thought his life he owed
To the instinct of that old gray mule.
On which that night he rode."

That old gray mule, that old gray mule
Of metal hide and bone.
How long it's in the service been
With hardly one can be known.
And
And when the walking tree appeared off did not wait for, I did not wait for, go!
But went at once to Mr. Lee. The arrow flew a bow.

General Grim says that the Critic, who fancied that the above is a Nunny story founded on the bold in the wood, is mistaken.
And he thinks that a surrender without an old gray must in it would hardly be any surrender at all.

General Grim's opinion in regard to the stability of the U.S. Government.
"He thinks that the Government cannot fail as long as so many people are holding posts under it, and that it cannot fail as long as
Continuing the work begun,
And carried on by Washington
And all the Wise, and Brave,
and True,
Who fought for Peace & Liberty.

Note: This manuscript is dated Sep. 15, 1853.
And the Patrick says that
he will vouch for the originality
as he then knew the one written.
The Patrick intends to record
it at the dedication and Inaugura-
tion of Lord Lee's Statue at
Richmond, Va. as an address
in the presence of the World.

Oct/12th 1859

A Fragment of American History
 copied from Unpublished Alphabet
 "The Patrick's Record.
 Ecce Homo!
 Behold a man both great and grand,
 Ye not propped of House and land,
 Behold a man both Grand and Great,
 And yet in Rule of The State.
 Our Grant, of honest parents born,
 Who made the Rebels with such scorn,
 Who whipped them round,
 And drove them clear,
 And wherever they went
 To make a stand,
 Ride on them though shed
 Sword in hand.
 And sewed with Canvas and grape
 Instead of cloth of real tape;
 And wound out the Rebel yell,
 In stream of Shot & showers of Shell.
 Fighting the Rebels on the star
 That Arrayed fought the Mexican.

Oct/12th 1859
Not like Buchanan soft as silk,
With pounds of bread and milk
Drawing Rebellion to a head,
The blood of Union men to shed,
Carrying out the wise old saw—
"In time of Peace prepare for War,"
That white men's blood might flow fresh,
For every drop of Negro flesh,
But like Jack Taylor, rough and ready.
Strong and steadfast, firm and steady,
The General who'll be remembered.
By saying that "here we surrender."
"And when frieze clothes made gentlemen,"
"There'd be need of soldiers then."
Who striking Lee with all his force
Drove back the Rebels men and horse.
And whipped Bob: Lee especially
And caught Lee by the broad rape
And made him surrender over again,
Lee leaving Gold and silverware
And costly jewels, rich and rare.
And splendid in a brand-new coat,
The garnet buttoned to the brooch.

And dropped as for a Peace—shew,
Tendered whether he would or not.
Accepting gladly every one
The terms which Grant agreed upon.
For when the final chink was reached,
Lee did not practice what he preached.
But made a bridge for Rebel pride,
To pass across to the other side.
If Grant had brought the Rebels down,
In the forms they offered "Old John Brown,
You Negro of Pride and Pomp should be
Left for the Rebels or Bob, E. Lee.
Grant packing for his Country's good,
Arranged with Lee to furnish food,
Washing the half-starved soldiers free.
Who fought so hard for Slavery,
Enslaving Their Cotton Reign,
And making Rebellion's labor vain.

But—

Unconditional surrender, immunity from
personal violence, and bond by Lee.
Received by Mess from Philadelphia, 1869
Oct 20, 1869

[Page 129]

Fragment of American History

Captured from Unpublished Copy of "The Rebellion Record"

The Pociack says they refer to Lee falling back to cover Richmond from Grant's advance, and as it was impossible for big-hearted men of sanguine temperament and Revolutionary principles, it is adapted to the truly aims of fidelity, the title:

Grant and Victory.

Richmond will see a splendid sight,
When once our Boys are pushed right,
In throw of Union forces a sight
The funeral pile of Slavery.

And General Lee may plan and plan
And he may lay down if he can,
Beat General Grant or any man
Who fights for Grant and Victory.

O'er bugle, drum and staff are played,
Each horseman draws his battle blade,
And
And every soldier stands arrayed
To fight for Grant and Victory.
And General Lee may plan to.

The Rebels are coming, on bays on,
Give them a bunch of Lexington.
And Bunker Hill and Bennington,
On cost the Rebel Thursday.
Prop-pep-ly tap, they come they come,
Prop-pep-ly tap, they come they come,
Prop-pep-ly Tap, they come they come,
To fight for Lee and Slavery.

The Rebel Generals, great and small,
Colonels, Major's, one and all,
Are trying to exept "Stonewall",
Fighting for Lee and Slavery.
And General Lee may plan to;

"Orlando Furioso" staves,
And "Donkey Cary" leads his lines,
And "Fakshoff" pitches on his knees,
To fight for Lee and Slavery.

And General Lee may plan and plan,
And one and all, the brave and brave.
The Negro "Tyrant" and his slave,
Are trying now to beat the brave.
Who fight for Grant and Victory.
And General Lee may plan to:

Ring cotton boll guns are slain.
Tigers and Gin-kills shine in vain.
The "Boys in Blue" advance again.
Fighting for Grant and Victory.
And General Lee may plan to:

The Rebels are in true retreat,
For General Grant he can't be beat.
And now we hear the music sweet,
Played by Sykes' Artillery.

And General Lee may plan and plan,
And he may lay down if he can,
Beat General Grant for any man,
Who fights for Grant and Victory.
Convinced in every nerve and limb, With honor and self-right,
He hears Lee call on vain on him, To aid him in the fight,
But Grant who never minded him, Pursues his own designs
And makes the Rebels wish they had never seen his lines.
Then forward and onward! I think we never will forget How Sherman Thrice wove, swept every city, heard, freed alike, The Master and the Slave.
And slavery is done, says the field, Like goads to the sea,
Brave Sheridan has swept the Vale, And Grant near home in Lee.
Then forward! and onward! With new designs and chosen lines Grant presses Lee full sore, For immediate surrender, As in the Days of Yore.
But still in all these days of war, and
But the fateful day is past and gone Preceding the evacuation of Richmond.
I, Surrender of Lee.
Soot, Grant, and Victory.
Air: Bright Champion, proclaim the dawn.
Grants moving on! With all his force!
It is duty to perform!
Lee drives the Rebels! Clear and strong!
And takes their forts by storm.
Their base designs he countermined, With never flinching skill.
He never has been beaten yet,
And I hope he never will.
Choirs. Then forward and onward! and up ward! Mother.
Whether we conquer or fall,
Each State will furnish its men all,
Yell one yell crown them all.

Each State will furnish its men all,
And whether we conquer or fall,
Each State will furnish its men all,
Yell one yell crown them all.

In dreams he sees a million men
Defaced with wounds and scars
In trying to uphold a thing
They call "The States and band,
He sees a host of Fancy men,
And Stonewall Jackson's ghost
Boasts on him with the latest need,
Another Battle's lost!

Then forward, and onward he:
And then a clean armed Cap-a-Tie,
Comes swiftly in view,
His Grand, who means to strike harder.
And leave his dead in two,
He means to tear him limb from limb,
And in or out the line,
So ends the tyrant sway of him,
And his kingdom freighted with crime.

Then forward, and onward he.

His Statesmen, Scribes and Sagel,
Off of his Picture,
Humble close in gloomy doubt.
Not knowing what to do.

Then forward, and onward he.

In dreams he sees a million men
Doubled with wounds and scars
In trying to uphold a thing
They call "The States and band,
He sees a host of Fancy men,
And Stonewall Jackson's ghost
Boasts on him with the latest need,
Another Battle's lost!

Then forward, and onward he:
And then a clean armed Cap-a-Tie,
Comes swiftly in view,
His Grand, who means to strike harder.
And leave his dead in two,
He means to tear him limb from limb,
And in or out the line,
So ends the tyrant sway of him,
And his kingdom freighted with crime.

Then forward, and onward he.
And all those days long syne
There never lived a Man like Garth,
In all the Days long syne.

Then forward! and onward! to
Lee finds that spirit fire bravery
And tactics will not do.
That Garth intends to hold his own
And never yield it, too.
But Grant in his peculiar way,
Courage and Skill combined,
And makes the Rebels wish that they
Had never seen his lines.

Then forward! and onward!
All think that Richmond soon will fall.
Grant, Sherman, Sheridan,
Are trying new to capture Lee,
And I rather think they can.
Hope the next lines that I send.
To those I left behind.
Had I linger'd a great day I'll bring
To them and all mankind.

Then forward! and onward! to
This cruel War I much deplore,
And hope it soon may cease.
The Rebels fight for Victory,
We are fighting now for Peace.
But leaving to the Lord of Hosts,
To judge how it shall be.
We take up for our battle-cry,
God, Grant, and Victory.
Forward, and onward and upward,
Whether we conquer or fall.
Each State will furnish its three Men,
Still one flag covers them all.

Each State will furnish its three Men,
And whether we conquer or fall.
Each State will furnish its three Men,
Still one flag covers them all.

One flag covers them all.

C M. G.
To the “Good old Flag” and “Honest Ale”,
As they were in Fifty-two.
For the honest men,不受腐败 and unshaken
On points dehearten no patriot can kill,
Still the honest man “shalt” new life shall
awaken
The Banner of Beauty with Conquest bright.
And now his great eight Am’s at rest,
Whiffed, firm and brave,
His sword and pen have done their best,
Utter firm and brave,
And while his body rests in peace,
Whiffed, firm and brave,
His matchless Clarion goes to rest,
Whiffed, firm and brave,
His soul now lies in Heavenly light,
Whiffed, firm and brave,
His head at command with Glowy bright
Whiffed, firm and brave.

Oct 26th 1869

Addressed to Major General
Owen C. Howard
In the Celebration of President
Washing’ton’s Proclamation of
Thanksgiving
Nov. 28th 1869.

This is presented by The Papas and
is his reply to The Question
Who are the Volunteers?

While life exists and Memory holds,
The man who wielded this pen,
With her forget or cease to praise
Those brave and noble men,
Whom General Butler, forward sped,
On the first blood for Union shed,
Springing from the lines of Lexington,
And Bunker Hill and Lexington.
Who fought their way through Baltimore
Shooting Rebels, many a score.
Those who with Valiant Lyon led,
Weeping hills of Rebel dead.
And those who often filled the ranks Of Thomas, Stow, Uncle, and Banks
And those who gave heart and soul support
And for the federate, till they had fought
From the Rhine to the Allegheny
And from the hand of William Yell
With all their force and skill combined
Through the cause of Christ mankind,
The Young, the Brave, the Beautiful,
The Strong, the Wise, the Good,
All in the Cause of Unity,
Without a shoulder stood, P
And will combat forever for right
And the men who can fight,
Must have Heroes to lead them
If they wish to preserve from tyranny, light
And leave to their children the banner of freedom.
They still left here would hope or fear
For those now dead and gone.
For though their bodies turn to dust,
Their souls go marching on,
Their valiant souls still marching along
And just as firm and true.
A Charade

Excited by Mrs. Mary and Georgiana Olden, at the First Anniversary Meeting of Finity Lodge, No. 12, T. O. E., July 16th, 1868.

Georgiana.

Kind friends! a title first will run
In the charade we bring;
Then next, the Christian name of one,
In all but name a king:
And last, a surname that has won
Earth's proudest minstrelsy.

Mary.

In the battle, fierce and stormy, our first is lost and gone,
To the rule the wild surge, with undaunted aim
And, with thought quick and light, at each phase of the East,
Re-ordain his fame, and is victor at last.

Of triumphant living— the glorious dead,
All calmly entombed on the plain where they died
Let mention be made, but the trumpet of Fame,
Of all those brave thousands, sounds laudest his name.
Georgiana.
Such mud our second often won,
While battling for the right;
Till Royalty's eclipsed sun
Veiled, for a time, its light.

No worship her ever trod
Beneath the vaulted sky,
Than he, whose hosts put trust in God,
And kept their powder dry.

Mary.
Is the warrior alone to be object of praise?
No sister! our third *higher merit displays.
For the conflict, that he waged with want and despair,
Offers guerdon more bright than plumed chieftains may war.

"I was sick and in prison, then camest unto me,"
Our Savior declares what his guerdon shall be;
For the gloom of the prison, the light from God's throne—
For the hospital floor, pure breezes thence blown.
Georgiana.

Our charade's done. Our whole's it clear

To every one, we were:

For, in that form which we wore,

The Christian worker's sun

Blending a grace, that must endear,

'Neath the soldier's worm.

Solution.

† General.
† Oliver (Cromwell.)
† (John) Howard.

§ General Oliver Howard.
Heed not their plunder, oh, blood of all
Who honor courage, truth, and loyalty!
Harmlessly at thy feet their shafts shall fall,
Recollect from the shields that shelter thee.
Thy triple shields, the nation’s grateful foe,
Thine own clear conscience, point of all offence,
And better still, all earthly guards above,
The God who is His servant’s sure defence.
Art thou not buckled well? What heart can read
One, precious as the apple of His eye?
Let not the serpent’s kiss, the Sinner’s speech
Singe thee, or poison from thy brave heart one pip.
Is not His promise pure, to make thy pouy
Brighter and brighter to the perfect day?

Bettie P.
Forth from an humble, happy cot,
I sped these fair-smiling boys
Full of life’s sunny, pleasantness
And childhood’s stainless joys.

Far through the deep and darksome
With fearless step they roam,
Gathering the fallen branch and
To light the hearth of home

with well-filled basket, back again
They tread their grassy way;
Squaring time and distance, too,
With some sweet, simple lay.
Anscombe

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Howard at Atlanta
first published
Atlantic Monthly, March 1869, vol. 23,
p. 367.
first collected in
Miriam, and Other Poems, 1871

Gift of Mrs. Norton S. Coler
HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

(By John G. Whittier.)

Right in the track where sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw then passing
Their new life's portal!
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark, brown statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing;
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"

Then ran around a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken;
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether;
Fanny J. Wittern

Right in the track where Sherman,
Ploughed the key Pion's
Out of the nation's,
Up from the Collier's Purchase,
Casting the little black Baptists
With Freeman's Army column;
Where, praise be given, Forrest's reaper,
Sang the soldier's Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long enslaved.
Heathing the words of kissed
Signore the son of David.
Before I left they spoke
The path was made.

There was the pyramid's vision
Waxing into weight.

Terrorized we saw your passing
Tear you, I'll a portrait;
Almost as seen the mural
Put on the immortality.
No more with the passage of a burger
No more with the yellow and gold:
But along with many and many
In the image of God I

There was the pyramid pattern
The mountain taking.
There, in each dark, proud outline
A sound was warning.
The men of many battles
With feet on the valleys standing.
Structured each place truly forever
His one-same pleasure.

And he said: "Who fears can never
Part of it, yet you may
What shall I tell the children
"Up North, Joseph you're a
Then turn around a Whiptail's a" WAKE up! Some external sensation! 
And a little you achoo up
"Tell me where you're taking!

0 Packer of Altona!
But I was broken
The farmer's claim and the master's
Alien the preacher
The axe scythe of the race
Help both in despair!"
They are rising, - all are rising,
    The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
    Ill comes of hate and scorn;
Shall the dark faces only
    Be turned to morning?
Make time your sole avenger,
    All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate half-way, and make it
    A joy and blessing!
Try not to think - it will break us!

The back and front together!

0 plane was any better either!
II came off plane and accident!

Be careful of morning!
II meet your fate and vanish!
I'll represent, III represent!
Meet fate, III-mark, and make it
A joy and pleasure!
Faith and Hope, twin sisters, ask permission to pass in Review
before Major General O. O. Howard, U.S. Army.

All hope is onward still;
Let not the heart dismay.
Beyond the cloud of sadness shines
The brightest star of day!

For, in the midst of sorrow,
The Master's voice we hear;
Sweet whispers of redeeming love,
The sorrowing heart to cheer.

Why should we sit in sorrow,
And weep alone, in vain;
And ponder by the way side,
And miss the heavenly train?

Come board the train of honor
With the Master we adore;
And sing sweet songs of love and joy,
Till we reach the peaceful shore.
The person is changed
in His stanzas and rhythms.
Does not the Master know thy wants, destroyed?
And the darkest heart explore?
With his outstretched arm of love extends,
And knock at every door.

He moves on the untrodden roads,
And the humblest cottage seeks,
And often in little huts of woe,
we hear him gently speak?

From sorrow comes forth joy:
Love hastens to restore,
With a healing balm from Calvary,
So sorrow thou no more.

Live by faith and cherish hope:
In spring the rose will bloom;
And when this earthly race is run,
Will decorate the tomb.

The above may be time and labor lost,
The power can be true and factual
On works that never count,
But many a man has climbed the hill,
And the summit never mount.

Nevertheless we look to Him
Who has all knowledge founded;
For he who trusts in God alone,
Shall never be confounded.

We will still traverse these winding hills,
Until we reach the summit;
And hear the great archangel say,
Behold the King, He cometh, and such works

By faith we solve the mystery,
And feel the healing power,
That revives the drooping soul within
The darkest midnight hour.

By faith we see Thee as Thou art,
Upon Thy Mercy Seat;
And sing sweet songs of love and praise
Here at Thy wounded feet.
On what sort never count.
This man a man and stripped the pill
And the summer never word.

We will not promenade through
Nor can we slice in one stone
Shall never be continued.

We will not traverse these winding paths
Until we loose the summer
And we are steep exchanged
Before the king. He cannot cast you

Therefore we take the measure
And cast the peasant board.
The reason you groan may mean
The greater fortune comes.

By yird to see these to you set,
Upon Thy mercy seat.
And open sweet source of love and peace
Here is Thy wonder near.
Who trusts in faith will love all men,
And the lowest outcast raise;
And in all his sorrows give him joy,
His joy in all his sorrow is
His loving King to praise.

By faith we cross the peaceful river,
And meet beyond the shore;
And dwell with Him in a home of love;
The Master we adore.

By faith all sins are washed away,
And in battles victories won;
By faith we have salvation
From the Father through the Son.

Faith is the joy of every soul,
Drives sorrow from the breast,
And gives the pilgrim on the road
A light to rest.

By faith, the prison doors were op'd
The bolts and bars did yield;
And through it General Howard gained
Great victories on the field.
Who knows to fight with love so well.
And the lowest order rose in
And as if the heavens were free
His loving kind to praises.

Bluntly we choose the perpetual treat,
And most patiently the sorrel
And greet with him in some of love.

The master was recast
By letter, etc., the map by the own
And in whatever is visible
And never we have resolution.

From the natural strength they son.

Faintly is the joy of every son}

Please select from the present
And raise the plume on the head
A sign to his kins.

I'll help the slender goose make up's
The verse and parts that arise;
And explain to General Howard Germany
Great accolades on the trip.
This is unremedial
Through faith, all great works are done,
And the road to heaven is paved,
And the pillars beneath the Sacred throne
Of faith and hope are made.

Through faith the nation was made free,
The Stars and Stripes unfurled;
By it she holds her dignity,-
A wonder to the world!

John M. Connell,
San Quentin, Cala.
The log so pleasant is gone,
And the bittersweet and the sawed stone
Of ladder and rope are we.

A wonder to the world:

John M. Connell

Page 69, "G.E. Add U.S. Interests."

Sen Guarin Gates
OUR CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

In East Brooklyn stands a temple at Reid Avenue and Monroe,
A monument to Methodism, where the people love to go.
Around this spot a savor of sweet memory remains;
For this temple's named in honor of saintly Bishop Janes.

In its architectural beauty, and perfection of design,
It will be known forever as a blessed Wesleyan Shrine
Where a multitude come to worship, where many have found the Lord,
Deciding to believe and practice the precepts of His Word.

The timid ones when 'twas said a chapel should be built
And our church should be remodeled for more room a want was felt
Had doubts and some misgivings when considering the cost,
Now having all wheeled into line to speak in praise they are the first.

For solid men were at the helm, men too, who well deserve
Success for self-reliance, for energy, pluck and nerve.
And our indefatigable Pastor, working with earnestness and might,
Directed and advised, and said, "Go forward, you are right."

And our chapel is our joy, for 'tis chaste in style and beauty,
And we hope to many souls, 'twill be a gate to Christian duty:
Our children's Sabbath Home, and where we meet for evening prayer,
Where we sing the songs of Zion, Oh! 'tis a love feast to be there.

At last it is accomplished, our Church and Chapel is complete,

With it for spaciousness and comfort, few churches can compete.
The Lord has blessed us, will again, if for His truth we stand,
And will give us a more glorious temple when we reach the promised land.

April 18-91

Chas A Tyler
Send O. O. Howard With the complete Noratoo Key

POEM.
O LIFE! what mystery thy birth enshrouds!
For ages past hath man in vain essayed
This mystery to solve—thy origin to learn.
O Soul! my Soul! speak out and tell me clear,
Whence came thou here? whence thy deep yearning for
Immortal life? Methinks I hear thee say—
“Be still and trust. In God we live, and move,
“And have our being; more we cannot know.”
Ah, true! but this great truth, full well I know,
Thy restless spirit ne’er will satisfy.
In One all-ruling Power we must, we do
Believe. No revelation, save what all
May read in Nature’s open book, need we
To prove that this is so. When we recall
The countless wonders of the Universe,
From merest atom to the glorious sun,
And stars, and planets, in their order, all
In perfect harmony upborne,—and earth,
So fraught with beauty, grandeur, light and life,—
All, all proclaim One over-ruling Hand.

But this, does this assurance give that we,
The vale of death once passed, shall live again?
That in a higher, purer sphere, our souls
Shall mingle in communion sweet, and know.
As we, in this life present, one another know?
Mementous questions these, that ever rise
And constant audience seek. ’Tis true, the words
Of revelation come belief to claim—
All doubt dispel: yet few, methinks, are there
Who do not crave more light. Whence shall this come?
Whither, to end all doubt, seek we for proof?
Not, surely, in the groveling passions of
The carnal heart, that drag to lowest depths
And darkness dire; but upward, upward, where
The mental vision scope may take afar,
Without obstruction from the earth below.
We can ascend. United by the bonds
Of love, and taking for our guide the rule—
The Golden Rule that never leads astray—
Our souls may rise to regions clear, so full
Of heavenly light, that ’twixt eternal life
And this, no barrier appears.

Washington, D. C.
The Christian Soldier.

General O. O. Howard

Strong to fight for Country’s safety! Strong to stand for truth and right. Strong to hear our glorious banner To the unseen battle in sight.
Hail to thee, our once armed soldier! Hail to thee, so brave our Strong, Hail to thee, our Christian hero, Fighting still against the foes waging.

Thanks to him who boldly gave thee! Thanks to him who was thy shield! Thanks to him who stood beside thee On the awful battle field. She who held thy flowing banner, She who hunted down our enemies, Wounded, bleeding, yet protected, Waving still the victor’s sword.
May God bless thee noble Howard.
Christian soldier brave and true.
Still to Christ and Country loyal,
Keeping still thee right in view.
Moving on ward we shall be free.
Here the voice still in command,
Shouting, "Forward Christian solders,
Fight for God and native land."

George W. Croft

Beatrice Dec. 18, 1897