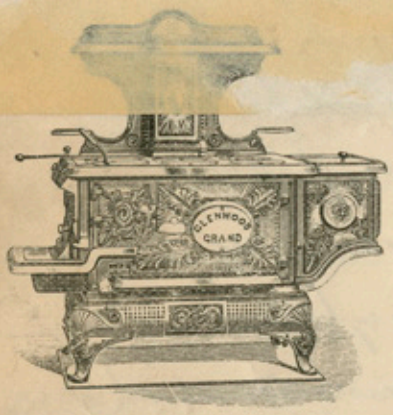
by R.K. Beecham

[Ms.?] Poem re- G-burg, to be enclosed in letter # 36166

What is the Church?
'Tis no idle place
Wherein to chatter of the last new play,
Or whisper of a sister gone astray,
Or slip with cruel gossip every trace
Of sweetness, from some life borne down with grief:
'Tis not a place where fashion reigns supreme,
Where lack of style is sin beyond redeem:
Where outward garb is more than inward life:
No room is here for careless jest or strife:
Or meaning glances that portend a silent sneer
To cause some trembling soul to blush in fear.
All these are what the Church is not
Things left behind, out grown, despised, forgot:

What ought the Church to be? A meeting ground:
For those of purpose great, and broad and strong:
Where aims are in the stars: Who ever long
To make this patient listening world resound
With sweeter music, purer cheer song:
A place where kindly lifting words are said
And kindlier deeds are done: Where hearts are fed:



PECK BROS.

AGENTS FOR

Glenwood Stoves.

DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL

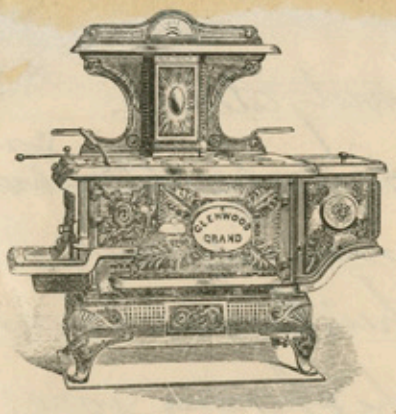
IMPLEMENTS.

Northfield, Conn. _____ 189

Where wealth of brain for poverty atones:-
Where hands grasp hands, and soul finds touch with soul;
Where victors in the race for fame and power,
Look backward, even in their triumph hour,
To beckon others onward, to the shining goal!
This is the Church! On earth triumphant, fair!
Where toilers may drop their load of earthly care:

Can you and I this pure, holier life attain?
Where love and joy and sweet content, shall banish pain?
Where lives well spent, thus sunshine all the world around!
While frequent pleasure, often lightens care and grief!
Its purpose:- earnest:- real and true: that brings at last relief!
Then let our aims, our hopes: where e'er our path may lead
Join sunshine to our lives! Impel to kindly, noble deeds!
Aye! Heaven shall ever bless: when honest hands the soil prepare!
Our kind and loving Father too, shall bid the soul arise
For each unselfish, earthly sacrifice!

To know God with love for man, be ever each brother's guide and shield:
For right is right since God is God and right the day must win!
To doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin!



PECK BROS.

AGENTS FOR

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DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL

IMPLEMENTS.

Northfield, Conn. _____ *189*

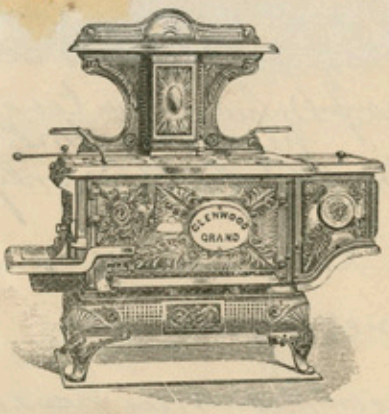
Christians all!
Sheltered within consecrated halls, fired anew with hope and cheer
persevering toil!
Who live the truth: who till the soil and Honor God with manly

× × × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

Other Blades of grass where only one has grown before
Another song: another smile, where only frowns on faces bore:
Another hand of sympathy, where lives are torn:—
And bitter healed:— To comfort those who mourn
Another kiss in fond caress: An Heart and friends to bless:
Another rose—a flower:—Another grain of corn:
Where only weeds and briars, and now and then a thorn:

(Oh that our lives and Homes were made the brighter spot of earth)
Thus let us make our lives and Homes: the brighter spot of earth:
And in the toil and care and fret: Thank God that He has given
Jesus Christ: to guide through life's pathway, and send us Home at last
The Savior Christ: to guide through life's pathway, and win for us at last a
Home in Heaven!

Brethern: let us unite in love: with faith my sisters stand by:
Let us in work & fraternity: And blessings shower on High
On all that's just: On all that's true, let Right make Might:
And with union of our voices: And with endeavor for the Right:
To our obligations: let us every day, and every hour hold fast
And together in Heaven: we'll gather with the church redeemed at last:



PECK BROS.

AGENTS FOR

Glenwood Stoves.

DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL

IMPLEMENTS.

Northfield, Conn. 189

[ca. May 25, 1896]

God Knows

He Knows the path we ought to tread,
in Gladness, Pain or Sorrow.
He metes 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 worlds. Cold, frowning,
but when is past, our life of toil,
then all, come a day of Crowning.

A Comerade

CA. Aug 1901

174

57

To General O. O. Howard and The G. A. R.

— for Decoration Day —

Who calls them dead? The Hero sleeps,
His name may be forgotten, but his deeds
Shall never die. —
Who calls them dead? The Soldier Boys
Who fought for Union when that Union bled,
Shall never die. —
Who calls them dead? The Undaunted Host
That "rallied round the flag" to keep their country free
Shall never die. —
Who calls them dead? The Men so true
Who struggled hard and bled to break Slave's chains
Shall never die. —
[illegible] calls them dead? They only sleep
The Bugle Call that sounds the Grand Reveillé
Shall bid them wake.

Clement T. Paull
Geneva Ohio.

auto,
file
a.a.K.

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

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

-- -- -- --

"They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade 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!"

Sent to Gen H.
by Prof. Goodrich
Burlington
Vt.

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

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

-- -- -- --

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade 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 night's defiance!
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 led
The ripples for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

[Nov. 8, 1900]

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 Hurlbut's Stalwart force,
Maintained a deadly fire
Which crushed the Rebels men and horse,
And forced them to retire

But Johnston bolder than the rest
Then led the Rebels on
But when they'd won "The Hornet's nest",
Their leader's life was gone.

I dreamed that Ammen's dashing van,
The wavering Rebels pressed,
And Webster's withering fire began
Another "Hornet's nest.

Delay and Beauregard's recall,
Then broke the Rebel Ranks
And Yankee Shells were made to fall
Upon their rear and flanks.

I dreamed that valiant Nelson's host
Came on to end the Game.

And

Addressed to Major General Oliver O. Howard, U. S. A.

This the Patriarch presents as a sequel to his reply to the question "Who are the Veterans"?

The Veteran's Dream.

I dreamed that I stood on "Shiloh Hill",
Which Rebs will ne'er forget,
Its very name with always chill,
Their proud flesh with regret.

Where Johnston, Beauregard and Bragg
And Breckenridge and Polk,
Thought Grant and Sherman's force to bag,
Just for a little Joke.

On the Sixth day then, these Roosterwits,
Rose early from their beds,
Saying "The Sun of Austerlitz
Was shining on their heads.

These Roosterwits so full of fun,
Could not just then remember
The difference between the Sun
Of April and December.

The Roosterwits' ranks soon swelled,
With a wild and motley crew
Like the host of the "Prophet" our sires repelled
At the battle of "Tippecanoe".

On the other side a Chief was found
Like "Tecum-seh" stern and brave,
Who 'gainst them All would hold his ground,
Or fill a bloody grave.

Seven Generals (including Polk)
The Union force assisted
To carry out their "Little Joke",
Which ultimately failed.

I dreamed that I stood on "Shiloh Hill",
When "Sherman" the Rebs defied,
And with matchless skill and dauntless will
He stemmed "The Bloody Tide".

I dreamed I saw a rebel hound
At Sherman taking aim
And the Rebel's head rolled on the ground
In a sheet of blood and flame.

I dreamed thrice wounded Sherman rose,
Still able to repel
The onsets of his swarming foes,
Worse than the fiends of Hell.

I dreamed that Breckenridge raved & swore
And waved his Sword on high
As his men their Chieftain onward bore
And like a wave rushed by.

"To give them War in Cheatham's way",
Polk set his men at work
For he could like a Bishop pray,
And slaughter like a Turk.

Poem 1

File-

And I also dreamed what pleased me most,
That Grant looked still the same.

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

"Man proposes, and God disposes."
"And the unexpected happens," as the
General can truly say when he re-
ceives this document.

Strange things will happen every day,
And it is strange indeed
To have a furious Rebel wind
Well shaken by. Ot Reed.

Feby 1st A.D. 1890.

Addressed to Major-
General Oliver O. Howard. U.S.A.

The God of the Veterans.

Our God is like a living fire
Full of Spirit, Power and Ire,
Whose length and breadth
and Truth divine,
No words can limit or define.
Sound and fury, puff and boom,
End in vapour, smoke and fume,
And God's tried and chosen men
Are Sherman, Grant & Sheridan.

Apl 8th 1890

Poem - 15 -

When War wage d its wide desolation,
And threatened our Land to deform,
And imperilled the Life of the Nation
Columbia rode safe through the Storm
With her flag floating proudly before her,
Borne by Lincoln and Patriots true,
On to Victory, grandly they bore her
Displaying the Red White & Blue.

Let Virtue & Beauty come hither,
And fill Pleasure's cup to the brim
Let "Liberty's Tree" never wither
Nor the stars of her Glory grow dim.
Let the Service united ne'er sever
But stand by their colors so true
The Army & Navy, forever,
Displaying the Red White & Blue.

Feby 15th 1890.

Addressed to Major-General, Oliver O. Howard; U. S. A.

Ever busy, ever finding
Something novel every day,
Rich, and rare & Racy
The Patriarch still pursues his way.

Curt sayings of some of America's Great men discovered by the Patriarch among the unpublished MSS. of "The Rebelion Record.

Sherman.

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

March and fight, true hearted Yee Men!

Over

Over hill and dale and plain.
Western braves, and Yankee seamen.
Soon will end King Cotton's reign.

Grant.

"Push things"! forward! on & upward!
Let the Rebs know "War means fight,"
Fight or die! our course is Southward
Still pursuing day and night.

Sheridan.

Mount! make ready! charging forward,
On Rienzi! black as night,
Every Reb who strides a saddle,
Must be whipped or put to flight.

Porter.

Say it to them! hot and heavy!
Make the Rebel Pirates dance
Let them talk about Gibraltar?
Gibraltar's not a circumstance.

Farragut.

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

Not for me such crouching valor,
(Though I do not wish to brag,)
I'll not leave a stick of timber
That will bear a rebel flag.

The new Red, White & Blue.

1. Columbia from Ocean to Ocean,
The Home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of our Patriots' devotion
The World pays its homage to thee.
When thy Call our Heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view
Thy banner makes Tyranny tremble,
Displaying the Red, White & Blue.

When

He fell by that old "Preacher White"
Without a fault shot down,
I wish I had him here with me,
This day, said old John Brown.

8.

No more, said John, shall Slavery's hounds
Free hearted free Men, stay,
Nor cut and lash their Negro-slaves,
As they do, every day,
Strike in! Strike in!! said old John Brown
And hew the Shutters down!!!
And so his Men were led by him,
Tremendous old John Brown.

9.

And as they smashed the shutters in,
He cried, Strike in to them!
I see already arms enough.
For twenty-thousand Men.
But where so many Soldiers were,
Or where they would come from,
A Mystery was to every one
Except Tremendous John.

Addressed to Major-General, Oliver Otis, Howard. U. S. A.

Another extract from Gen.l Grim's Mem: Book, intended as a reply to the Question "Who was Old John Brown?"

John Brown was an American,
Of wondrous Pluck and Nerve,
And John Brown's pluck was far too grand,
To be held in reserve,
And nothing on this Earthly Ball,
Could keep his Spirit down
And so it made a Saint, of him
Tremendous Old John Brown.

2.

Of Northern birth 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 Vim
He won a Martyr's Crown
And so they made a Saint of him
Tremendous old John Brown.

3.

John being of a tender heart,
Could Slavery ne'er abide
And so he took the Negro's part
And for the Negro died,
For nothing on this Earthly Ball,
Could keep his Spirit down,
And so they made a Saint of him,
Tremendous old John Brown.

4.

His movements like the winds of Heaven
No mortal man might know
Nor could his wiliest foe escape
The Vengeance of his blow,
Like Lightning too, which strikes & blinds
Ere Thunders crash and roar
Upon Virginia's soil he came,
"The Harbinger of War".

Ga Harper's Ferry came John Brown,
With others, twenty more,
And took a place where "Uncle Sam,"
His cannon used to store
Strike in! Strike in!! said old John Brown
And hew the Shutters down,!!!
And so his men were led by him,
Tremendous old John Brown.

6.

Strike in! Strike in!! for every blow
Will make "Pro-Slavery" reel,
And help to level with the ground
The Slaveholders "Bastile",
Strike in! Strike in!! said old John Brown
And hew the Shutters down!
And so his men were led by him,
Tremendous old John Brown.

7.

Strike in! Strike in!! said old John Brown
I now remember well,
The place at Ossa-wat-o-mie.
Where my son Frederick fell,

He

Go 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.

Assailing John on every side
With shot as thick as Hail,
They killed the most of old John's Men,
And put old John in Jail,
They tried him, and the Jury found
"He'd won a Martyr's Crown"
And so they made a Saint of him
Tremendous old John Brown.

19.

The Sheriff with Militia men
And cannon from the Town,
With due formality of Law
Then cannonized John Brown,
For nothing on this Earthly Ball
Could not keep his Spirit down
And so, to make a Saint of him
They cannonized John Brown.

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

11.

But when folks saw what John had done.
Convulsed with fear and doubt,
They cried for help on every one,
To put "Old John Brown" out,
For nothing on this "Earthly Ball"
Could not keep his Spirit down
And so it made a Saint of him
Tremendous old John Brown.

12.

The Governor Wise then called upon
The Military force,
With cannon, and Artillery,
And Troops, both Men and Horse,

And

And thinking that was not enough
He called for Robert Lee
Who joining with the Governor's force
Gained a great Vic-to-ry.

13.

Against the "Free Soil Kansas Men",
The Governor's force marched on
And then the troops were led by Lee,
Against Tremendous John.
And by his own right hand and Vim
John won a Martyr's Crown,
And so his Men were led by him
Tremendous old John Brown.

14.

Tremendous John and all his Men
Displaying wondrous skill,
Then fought the Sapient Governor's force
In their own Citadel,
And by his own right hand and Vim
John won a Martyr's 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 & Vim,
He won a Martyr's Crown,
And so his Men were led by him
Tremendous old John Brown.

16.

And Oliver and Watson Brown
Fought with their aged sire,
And true as steel they held their ground
As long as they could fire,
Shot down and bleeding with their sire
Each won a Martyr's Crown
And so they made two Saints of them,
The sons of old John Brown.

17.

When Stuart came to John with terms
John said, I know your Laws!
Don't think that I, with put myself—!
Within the Devil's claws!

20.

And still John's valiant spirit burns
To conquer or to die,
And cowardly Oppression spurns,
Compelling it to fly,
For nothing on this Earthly Ball,
Could keep his Spirit down
And so it made a Saint of him,
Immortal Old John Brown.

21.

Living, though dead, in deathless 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 Gov: Wise
Would call for Robert Lee,
But free Men always will despise
Such friends of Slavery,

And

Poem - 4

And by their own right hands & Vim,
Can put Oppression down
Resolving to be free like him,
Immortal Old John Brown.

23.

Yes, free Men always will despise
The friends of Slavery,
And love the Good - and Brave - & Wise
Who fight for Liberty,
And by their own right hands & Vim,
Can put Oppression down -
As long as they Remember him
Immortal Old John Brown.

Gent: Grim says that the above is a true blue Native American production like "Live Oak" & "Lignum Vitae".

May 7th 1890

"for both flanks."

II.

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

"(General Grim explains) 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 Greenbacks"
" under Suspicious Circumstances But"
" was intended as a Military Stratagem"
" to annoy and terrify 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 walking tree which came in"
" Sight, and to continue firing until "
" something fell, But the use of the "
" boughs of trees in Actual War cannot"
" be claimed by Bush as his own original"
" invention, their use having been discovered"
" and applied long before Bush time by"

Addressed to Major General.
Oliver Otis Howard U. S. A.

As a mark of distinguished favor, The Patriarch has been permitted to copy from the Mem: Book of the Stat wart Veteran, Genl: Grim, the following Story as Related by the General not long after Lee' Surrender to General U. S. Grant. Apl 9th AD 1865.

Genl: BUSH,

his daylight and Sunlight, and
Midnight and Moonlight adven-
ture.

1.

The General in the Union Cause
Fought bravely and hit hard,
And Nothing but a great Earthquake
His movements could retard.

2.

Though Nothing could impede his way,
He fought with Indomitable Love,
Not

Not throwing Soldiers' lives away
As bungling Generals do.

3.

When others lagged, afraid to meet
The Battle's Savage brunt,
And Cogitated what to do
Bush hastened to the front.

4.

For what! said Bush are lives of men?
Rough hew them as they will,
The God of Nature gives them Strength
And guides their actions still.

5.

O'er barricades and heaps of Slain
Bush led his Colums on.
And Showed his men with might & Main
How Victories were won.

6.

Well mounted on his Mottled Steed
He Charged through Fire & Flood.
And never left his horse or Men.
Fast Sticking in the Mud.

7.

The General's 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 frighten him
He had no fear of foes.
Whenever he went in to Swim,
He took off all his Clothes.

9.

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

10.

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

"(General Grim explains.) Mother Eve, we"
" ready provided only for the front, but Bush"
" also provided for the rear as well as"
for

"Abimelech Judges. 9. 48. and the Scot"
"Fish Prince Malcolm, Macbeth q.v."

12.

Seven Generals (including Lee,)
Who happened Bush to see.
Reported at Head Quarters
They had seen a walking tree.

13.

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.

14.

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

15.

That old gray mule! that old gray mule
Of metal hide and bone
How long its in the Service been
Will hardly e'er be known.

And

And when the walking Tree appeared
It did not wait for, So!
But went at once Im-Meade yet Lee.
Like arrow from a bow.

General Grim says that the Critic who fancies that the above is a Nancy-Story founded on "the babes in the Wood" is mistaken.
And he thinks that a Surrender without an old gray Mule 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
" as the Receipts are greater than the
" Expenditures.

April 24th/90.

Continuing the work begun,
And carried on by Washington
And All the Wise, and Brave
and Free,
Who fought for Peace & Liberty.

Note. The manuscript from which the above is copied is dated Sept 18. 1865.
And the Patriarch says that he will vouch for its originality as he then knew the one who wrote it.
The Patriarch intends to recite it at the dedication and inauguration of Gent Lee's Statue at Richmond, Va: as an address to the "Freemen of the World."

Oct 12th /89

Poem. 12
Oct '14 Recd by mail from Philadelphia.
Woman's attacks.

A Fragment of American History
copied from Unpublished Abst: of
"The Rebellion Record."

Ecce Homo!

Behold a man both great and grand,
Yet not possessed of House and Land,
Behold a man both Grand and Great,
And Yet no ruler of the State.
Our Grant, of honest parents born,
Who treats the Rebels with sick scorn,
Who whipped them out,
And drove them about,
And wherever they tried
To make a Stand,
Rode over them Rough Shod
Sword in hand.
And served out Cannister and grape
Instead of doses of red tape
And drowned out the Rebel Yell,
In streams of Shot & Showers of Shell.
Fighting the Rebels on the plan
That Taylor fought the Mexican.

Not

Not like Buchanan, soft as silk
With poultices 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 afresh,
For every loss of negro flesh,
But like Zack Taylor, rough and ready,
Strong and stalwart, firm and steady,
The General who'll be remembered
By saying that "he ne'er surrendered."
"And When fine clothes made gentlemen"
"There'd be no need of soldiers then".
Who striking Lee with all his force
Drove back the Rebels, men and horse
And whipped Bob: Lee, effectually
And caught Lee by the bridle rein
And made him surrender over again,
Lee bearing gold and silverware
And costly jewels, rich and rare,
And splendid in a brand-new coat,
The garment buttoned to the throat,
And dressed as for a Parce-show,
Surrendered whether he would or no;
Accepting gladly every one
The Terms which Grant agreed upon,
For when the final ditch was reached,
Lee did not practice what was preached,
But made a bridge for Rebel pride,
To pass across to t'other side.
If Grant had brought the Rebels down,
To the* Terms they offered "Old John Brown,"
Not much of Pride and Pomp there'd be
Left for the Rebs or Bob: E, Lee.
Grant acting for his Country's good,
Arranged with Lee to furnish food,
Setting the half-starved soldiers free
Who fought so hard for Slavery,
Ending thus King Cotton's Reign,
And making Rebellion's labor vain,
Con-

* Unconditional surrender, immunity from personal violence, and trial by Law.

Received by mail from Philadelphia, no name
Oct 20. 1889

Q. 20
Penn.

127

A Fragment of American History. 129.

copied from Unpublished Mss. of
"The Rebellion Record."

The Patriarch says this refers to "Lee"'s falling back to cover Richmond from Grants Advance, and as it was composed for big-hearted Men of Sanguine temperaments, and "Never say die" Principles, it is adapted to the lively Air of Yeddy the Piper.

Grant and Victory.

Richmond will see a splendid sight,
When once our Boys are pushed right,
To throw in Union fire to light
The funeral pile of Slavery.
And General Lee may plan and plan
And he may try then if he can,
Beat General Grant or any man
Who fights for Grant and Victory

Now bugle, drum and fife, are played,
Each horseman draws his battle blade,
And

And every soldier stands arrayed
To fight for Grant and Victory
And General Lee may stan &c:

The Rebs are coming, on boys on!
Give them a lunch of Lexington
And Bunker Hill and Benington,
To cool the Rebel Chivalry.
Rap-perly-tap, they come they come,
Rap-perly-tap, they come they come,
Rap-perly-tap, they come they come,
To fight for Lee and Slavery.

The Rebel Generals, great and small,
Colonels, Majors, one and all
Are trying to excel "Stonewall",
Fighting for Lee and Slavery.
And General Lee may stan &c:

"Orlando Furioso" raves,
And "Donkey Cody" leads his braves
And "Falstaff" pitches in his knaves
To fight for Lee and Slavery,
and

And General Lee may stan and stan.

And one and all, the dupe and knave
The Negro's Tyrant and his Slave.
Are trying now to beat the brave
Who fight for Grant and Victory.
And General Lee may stan &c:

King Cotton's body guards are slain
Tigers and Gin-rits strive in vain
The "Boys in Blue" advance again.
Fighting for Grant and Victory.
And General Lee may stan &c:

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

And General Lee may stan and stan,
And he may try then if he can,
Beat General Grant or any Man,
Who fights for Grant and Victory.

Convulsed in every nerve and limb,
With terror and affright,
He hears Lee call in vain on him
To aid him in the fight,
But Grant who never minded him
Pursues his own designs
And makes the Rebels wish that they
Had never seen his lines.
Then forward! and onward! &c
I think we never will forget
How Sherman's tidal wave,
Swept every dyke and freed alike
The Master and the Slave,
His blasting simoom drove the Rebs,
Like Locusts to the Sea,
Brave Sheridan has swept the Vale,
And Grant now hems in Lee.
Then forward! and onward! &c:
With new designs and closer lines
Grant presses Lee full sore,
For immediate Surrender,
As in the days of Yore.
But still in all those days of yore
and

A Fragment of American History.

Copied from unpublished MS: of "The Rebellion Record."

This the Patriarch says refers to events preceeding the Evacuation of Richmond & Surrender of Lee.

God, Grant, and Victory.

Air. Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
O. Keefe.

Grants moving on!
With all his force!
His duty to perform
He drives the Rebels!
Men and horse!
And takes their forts by storm.
Their base designs he countermines,
With never faltering skill.
He never has been beaten yet,
And I hope he never will.
Chorus. Then forward! and onward!
and upward!
Whether

Whether we conquer or fall
Each State will furnish its free Men,
Till one flag covers them all,

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

Incessantly the same sad lay
His cannons' mouths do sing
It seems more doubtful every day,
That Cotton will be King,
When'er he comes within Grant's grip,
His Crown he'll surely tyne
And Cotton never will be King,
As in the days lang syne
Then forward! and onward! &c:
King Cotton finds his Generals,
His Colonels, and Majors too,
Are by great odds too numerous
And his soldiers are too few,

His

His Statesmen, scribes and Sages,
All of his Retinue
Stumble about in gloomy doubt
Not knowing what to do.
Then forward! and onward! &c:
In dreams he sees a million men
Defaced with wounds and scars
In trying to uphold a thing
They call "the Stars and bars",
He sees a host of starving men,
And Stonewall Jackson's ghost
Bursts on him with the latest news,
Another Battle's lost!
Then forward! and onward! &c:
And then a Man armed Cap-a-Pie,
Comes suddenly in view,
'Tis Grant! who means to strike him down
And cleave his skull in two,
He means to tear him limb from limb,
And in a little time,
To end the Tyrant sway of him
And his Kingdom fetted with crime.
Then forward! and onward! &c:

Con—

And all those days lang syne.
There never lived a Man like Grant,
In all the Days lang syne.
Then forward! and onward! &c
Lee finds that Spit-fire bravery
And tactics will not do,
That Grant intends to hold his own
And never yield it, too,
But Grant in his peculiar way,
Courage and Skill combines,
And makes the Rebels wish that they
Had never seen his lines.
Then forward! and onward! &c
All think that Richmond soon will fall
Grant, Sherman, Sheridan,
Are trying now to capture Lee,
And I rather think they can.
I hope the next lines that I send
To those I left behind
Glad tidings and great Joy will bring
To them and all mankind.
Then forward! and onward! &c

This

Poem 20

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 rule how it shall be
We take up for our battle-cry.
God, Grant, and Victory.

The forward, and onward and upward
Whether we conger or fall
Each State will furnish its free Men
Gill one flag covers them all.

Each State will furnish its free Men,
And whether we conquer or fall
Each State will furnish its free Men,
Gill one flag covers them all

Gill
one flag
covers them
All.

Oct 26 59

Poem 25

For the "good old flag" and "Honest Abe,"
As they wore in Sixty-two.
For the honest man's sentiments firm and
unshaken.
No pains dishearten no bullet can kill,
Till the honest man's dust new life shall
awaken
The "Banner of Beauty" will cover it still.
And now his great right arm's at rest,
Ulysses, firm and brave,
His sword and pen have done their best,
Ulysses, firm and brave,
And while his body turns to dust,
Ulysses, firm and brave,
His matchless Armor goes to rust,
Ulysses, firm and brave,
His Soul now lives in Heavenly light
Ulysses firm and brave,
His head is crowned with Glory bright
Ulysses,
Firm and Brave.

Nov 25th/89

Addressed to Major General,
Oliver Otis, Howard.
for the Celebration of President
Harrison's Proclamation of
Thanksgiving
Nov 28th A. D 1889.

This is presented by the Patriarch as
his reply to the Question
Who are the Veterans?

While life exists and Memory holds,
The man who wields this pen,
Will ne'er forget or cease to praise
Those brave and noble men.
Whom General Butler forward sped,
And the first blood for Union shed,
Sprung from the Sires of Lexington,
And Bunker Hill and Bennington
Who fought their way through Baltimore
Shooting Rebels, many a score.
Those who with Valiant Lyon bled,
Heaping hills of Rebel dead,

Cr

Or fought for Sherman, side by side
To roll back Shiloh's bloody tide
Thrice struck he felt, thrice wounded rose
Still more determined to oppose
His valarous and swarming foes,
Or marching with Ammen's Brigade
Hastened to Grant and Sherman's aid
Or forming in "Bull Nelson"s Van
To fright compelled the Rebel clan,
Breckenridge with other folk,
Cheatham and Cleburne leading Polk,
A Bishop mounted on a nag.
Like Hardee, Beauregard and Bragg.
Or held "Allatoona Pass" with Corse
Against an overwhelming force.
And on ravine and mountain side
For-gallant Howard fighting died.
They who with Sickles gathered in
Those Rebs who tried "Burnd Tops" to spin
Or joining with the sons of Penn,
Destruction hurled on Pickett's men,
And who with Hancock, Hunt and Webb
To death or flight put every Reb.

And

And those who often filled the ranks
Of Thomas, Slocum, Meade and Banks
And those who gave Rosecrans support,
And for the Liberal, Pd Willie, had fought
From the Rhine and the Moselle,
And from the land of William Tell,
With all their force and skill combined
To fight the cause of all mankind.
The Young, the Brave, the Beautiful,
The Strong, the Wise, the Good,
All, in the cause of Unity,
Shoulder to shoulder stood,
And will combat forever for "Freedom & Right"
And the men who can fight,
Must have Heroes to lead them
If they wish to secure from Tyranny's blight
And leave to their Children the banner of Freedom.
Those still left here wont mope or fear
For those now dead and gone,
For though their bodies turn to dust,
Their Souls go marching on,
Their valiant Souls still march along
And just as firm and true

For

A Charade

recited by Misses Mary and Georgiana Colder, at the First Anniversary Meeting of Parity Lodge No. 12, I. O. G. T., 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 minstreling.

Mary.

In the battle's fierce fortune, our first* is best seen,
As he rules its wild surges with undaunted mien;
And, with thought quick as light, at each phase of its blast,
Re-orders his plans, and is victor at last.

Of the triumphant living — the glorious dead,
All calmly entombed on the plain where they bled —
Let mention be made; but the trumpet of Fame,
Of all those brave thousands, sounds loudest his name.

Georgiana.

Such meed our second† often won,
While battling for the right;
Till Royalty's eclipsed sun
Veiled, for a time, its light.

No worthier hero 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 chieftain may wear.

"I was sick and in prison, — thou cam'st 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's fetor, pure breezes thence blown.

Georgiana.

Our charade 's done. Our whole§ is clear
To every one, we ween;
For, in that form which we revere,
The Christian worker's seen
Blending a grace, that must endear,
Unto the soldier's mien.

Solution.

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

§ General Oliver Howard.

1868

July 16

Heed not their slanders, oh! beloved of all
Who honor courage, truth, and loyalty!
Harmlessly at thy feet their shafts shall fall,
Recoiling from the shields that shelter thee.
Thy triple shields, — the nation's grateful love,
Thine own clear conscience, void 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 harm can reach
One, precious as the apple of His eye?
Let not the serpent's hiss, the scorner's speech
Grieve thee, or poring from thy brave heart one sigh.
Is not His promise sure, to make thy way
Brighter and brighter to the perfect day?

Bessie R——

Forth from an humble, happy cot,
Sped three fair, smiling boys
Full of life's sunny pleasantness
And childhood's stainless joys.

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

With well-filled basket, back again
They tredd their grassy way,
Beguiling time and distan, too,
With some sweet, simple lay.

Howard at Atlanta

First published
Atlantic Monthly, March 1869, vol 23,
p. 367

First collected in
Miriam, and Other Poems, 1871

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;

TOWARD AT ATLANTA.

(By John G. Whittier.)

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Plowghed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
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In the image of God !

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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 here 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 deviating;
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;

They are rising, - all are rising,
    The black and White together !

O brave men and fair women !
    Ill comes of hate and scorning;
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 !

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A joy and blessing !

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.

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With the Master we adore,
And sing sweet songs of love and joy
Till we reach the peaceful shore.

The person is changed in this stanza and the rythm destroyed

They has no noun preceding it

Does not the Master know thy wants,

And the darkest heart explore?

With his outstretched arm of love extends,

And knock at every door.

He moves on th~~e~~ untrodden roads,

And th~~e~~ humblest cottage seeks,

And often in little huts of woe,

And ~~We~~ hear, ~~him~~ he gently speaks

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,

Does not the Master know thy wants,
And the darkest heart explore?
With his outstretched arm of love extends,
And knock at every door.

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And the humblest cottage seeks,
And often in little huts of woe,
He hear, ~~him~~ gently speak.

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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,

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 commit. no such word

By faith, we solve the mystery,

And feel the healing power,

That revives the drooping soul ~~within~~

In 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.

These two stanzas are only prose in consideration and doubtless stryne

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,

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And feel the healing power,

That revives the drooping soul

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.

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~~ realms of love;

The Master we adore.

By faith, all sins are washed away,

And ~~in battles~~ noble victories won;

~~And by it~~ 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 ~~eternal~~ blissful 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 trusts in faith will love all men,

And the lowest outcast raise;

~~And in all his sorrows give him joy~~

His loving King to praise.

By faith we cross the peaceful river,

And meet beyond the shore;

And dwell with Him in ~~a home~~ realms of love;

The Master we adore.

By faith, all sins are washed away,

And ~~in battles~~ victories won;

~~And~~ 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 ~~guide~~ delightful 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.

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,

Late Co."C",8th U.S.Infantry.

San Quentin,Cala.

12

Through the greatest 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,

Late Co. "C", 8th U.S.Infantry.

San Quentin,Cal.

468.

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

Tyler Chas. A.

18

297.

Genl O. O. Howard
With the compliments of
Horatio King

POEM

Mrs. Edgar Park
175 Mt. J-8

LIFE.

—o—

BY HON. HORATIO KING.

—o—

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?
Momentous questions these, that ever rise
And constant audience seek. 'T is 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 his country's battles!
Strong to stand for truth and right
Strong to bear our glorious banner
To the summit bathed in light.
Hail to thee, our one-armed soldier!
Hail to thee, so brave and strong.
Hail to thee, our Christian hero,
Fighting still against the wrong.

Thanks to Him who kindly gave thee!
Thanks to Him who was thy shield!
Thanks to Him who stood beside thee
On the awful battle-field!
Tho' like hail flew hissing bullets,
Tho' like thunder cannon roared,
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 the right in view.
Mooring onward we behold thee,
Hear thy voice still in command,
Shouting "Forward Christian soldiers,
Fight for God and mortal lands!"

George W. Croft

Beatrice Dec. 15, 1891